

# Future Back problems

## Chapter 1

Hello, my name is Ava and I want to warn you never to make a deal with the devil. Should be obvious right? Devil, bad guy, right? Well, the thing is, he is good at what he does, he will disguise himself and prey on your weaknesses.

My weakness? Ambition, determination, a need to win more than anything else. The cost? Well... Let me take you back to the start.

I was always a competitive kid, I loved anything that came with a medal for first place. I loved the thrill of the win. In my formative years I kept a rigorous training regimen and competed in everything I could. Eventually I needed to specialise, couldn't keep up with the shot-put girls and do the 500m. I enjoyed running the most, all sorts of running but I excelled at the 100m sprint. Thankfully, in school I was able to compete in all the races and I would win them all. Not to brag but I was the best in the school by a long shot.

Moving onto college I really started to shine as a true track star, it was clear that I was destined for remarkable things. I started competing in national competitions and I was outpacing the under 18s and even the under 21s. I was even being considered for the national team. That was until I pulled my quad.

Agony, despair, and suffering.

It was torture, to have come so far just to fall at the end. Never mind. I was a determined person, and I was back on my feet within 5 weeks, beating my recovery time. Maybe my haste to get back is what caused the next injury... Maybe not... I shouldn't dwell on it but from that point on I was tainted goods. My injuries didn't hamper my running as much as they should've but because I was injury prone now and there was significant pain, I was slowly starting to show my wear and tear. Rapidly before my very eyes I could see my track career slipping away before it even started.

One particular day, I had just got back from a check-up with the doctor, and I arrived in my flat on campus.

"Ava, is that you?" Riley called out from the kitchen.

"Yeah." I replied grumpily. Throwing myself onto the couch.

Riley came into the room. Riley was my childhood friend, we used to train together and even compete together, sometimes on the same team but sometimes against each other. We had an inseparable bond and thankfully she didn't move away for college, it only made sense that we would get a flat together.

Riley was blessed and cursed. She wanted to follow my path with track but unfortunately genetics played their part to stop that. When we were in our teens, my puberty didn't do much, but Riley was another story. She developed fast, the women in her family were busty so it was only natural that she would follow in their footsteps... or Bra cups?

In the space of a summer, she grew from an A cup to a C, over the next two years she filled out more, finishing her growth on an F cup. She was the bustiest girl in the year and probably the school to be honest. She wasn't much of a looker, she seemingly had a skin condition that caused her skin to look almost like she had acne, she wasn't ugly, but she wasn't drop dead gorgeous either. She was very self-conscious of her looks and tended to hide away where she could. Her interests were a lot more academic than most of the athletes, so she didn't fit in other than with me. After that summer's growth we realised that she wouldn't be racing anymore, not with the added weight to her chest. She described the pain to me once and I remember crying on her behalf, thinking we wouldn't be friends anymore.

Thankfully, her big brain got her more into sports science and nutrition. She was effectively becoming my trainer by the time we got into college. Her meal plans and training plans kept me ahead of the competition, literally.

Riley was 6"1 and about 150lbs, since filling her bra she was steadily putting on weight, lean muscle started to be replaced by a bit of chub, but she still was surprisingly fit, she still did exercise often, but she wasn't in peak form anymore. She had long black hair that she usually tied up into a high ponytail, her face had a few blemishes, she didn't spend enough time looking after her skin, more concerned with extra-curricular studies. She didn't have much sense of fashion, nor did I to be honest, this didn't help her when it came to fitting in.

Then there was her chest. Her boobs were big, certainly the biggest I had seen. We shared a changing room often and they looked even bigger exposed. They weighed heavily on her chest, which would explain why she could no longer run. She would stuff them into her giant bras but she wasn't good with sizing so she would be bulging over them often enough. That would usually get the boys attention, but she was too shy because she was an introvert.

"What did the doctor say?" She asks with concern in her voice.

"Physically I should be fine to compete, but they can't help with the pain. They hope it'll go away soon but they haven't got anything to help." Tears fill my eyes as the reality hits home.

Riley sits beside me and pulls me close for a hug, my head resting on her soft bosom.

"Look, I am sure I can find something to help. I won't stop looking, we will get you back out there soon. For now, rest up, continue to diet, and work out your core and arms, leave the legs for now. They need to recover." Riley reassures me. "I know how much you want this, Ava; you've always been so driven. I promise I will help you however I can."

Her words don't make me feel better, they should've.

"I'm going to go to bed. I've had a long and upsetting day. I think it best if I get some sleep." I tell Riley.

Entering my room, I close the door and look myself over in the mirror. Taking in the body I have sculpted for myself.

Unlike Riley, I am in peak shape. Standing at 5"10 and weighing 132lbs, most of that is lean muscle, I am sitting around 8.6% body fat.

*I should be competing with a body like this...*

My lean frame has thick muscles on my legs from years of training. I have powerful legs, abs, and muscular arms. The boob fairy thankfully didn't bless me when I was going through puberty, I only managed to get B cups, although I wouldn't have minded sticking to an A. I am a natural blonde and although I like to have long hair, much like Riley, I wear it up for the most part, gets in the way when running. I did spend time looking after my skin and body. I look at my cute face in the mirror, observing how thin my face looks, how defined my features are and how blemish free my skin is.

*All this work... A body like this... For nothing...*

Frustratedly, I throw myself onto the bed and close my eyes.

*Hopefully tomorrow is better...*

Unbeknownst to me, Riley was a woman of her word. Whilst I slept that night, she was searching for ways to help my situation. The next morning, my alarm goes off early, ready for my morning training before classes.

Exiting my room, I see Riley sitting at the dining table in the light of her laptop, a few cans of energy drink and a big empty cup of coffee on the table. I notice her eyes are looking a bit bloodshot, heavy bags formed under her eyes.

"All nighter?" I ask.

"AVA! Holy shit! Come here! I found something!"

*My morning weights can wait.*

"What?" I rush to her side, leaning over her shoulder.

"This guy can help you! There are loads of people who have seen him, and all have made recoveries. People in your similar situation. He can help! He is free next weekend; we should go see him!" Riley is overcome with excitement; it is hard not to be with results like that.

Maybe I was too desperate or too excited to compete again but very quickly we arranged to meet him.

We went to his clinic; it was oddly right down the road.

"What are the odds?" I remember Riley asking at the time.

I remember walking into the clinic, it looked so clean and sterile. There was very little on the walls, it looked a bit off. There was one cabinet of photos of people with the Doctor, all smiling at the camera. The clinic specialised in sports injuries and recovery, that is why I am surprised I have never heard of it.

Very quickly a tall gentleman comes out of the rear door and introduces himself.

"Hello, Ava I presume? And Riley?" He outstretches a hand for me to shake.

“Yes, and you are?”

“Doctor L. Blakley, at your service.” He bows his head; his alluring smile disarms both me and Riley.

“Pleased to meet you, I hope you can be of service.” I replied.

“I have had over 1000 people come through those doors and every single person has left happy. Let me add you to that list. Come with me.”

I enter his office alone and spend the next 20 minutes describing my medical history and issues. The whole time I ignore the signs that something seems off. Dr Blakley talks through what he intends to do, a non-invasive massage, in hopes that he can ease my pain without surgical intervention at first. He goes on to explain that the massage is free.

“No need to spend money for me to rub your back, I think this might work and it is quick, and I would benefit more from word of mouth than your money. If we need to progress to surgery, then there will be a bit of a cost. Hopefully, this should do the trick. For liability reasons, can you sign this?” He hands me a stack of paper.

I look at him wide eyed. “What is this?”

“Just boilerplate stuff, make sure that you are happy for me to perform the procedure without you wanting to press charges. You know how the world is.”

“Right...” I start to read, and the text is so boring that I can feel my eyes glazing over. “Look Doc, I just want to get back out there and compete, can you promise me that?”

“Absolutely.”

I flip to the end and am about to sign.

“Wait.”

I pause.

“If you aren’t going to read it, I need to tell you this one thing. If you agree, I will get you back competing, but I can’t promise your future pain. I will ease your past and present pains for future back problems.”

“You can have me competing and have me winning medals again for a bad back in the future? Deal.”

I sign without another thought. My first undeniable mistake.

Dr Blakley got me to lay down on the examination couch and spent a few minutes massaging my back, no real discomfort but I was shocked when it was over. It worked. Not only did it work immediately but I felt better than I had ever felt.

“I was right, it was a displacement of a few nerves that was causing you that pain, I haven’t really ever got it done as quick as that, usually it is multiple sessions, but your low body fat must mean it is that much easier.” He tells me.

In all honesty, he could’ve said anything to me at that point and I would’ve just believed him. He outreaches his hand to give it another shake and I go in for a hug, squeezing him tight, excitement getting the better of me.

“Sorry... I am just so happy... Thank you” I say crying.

“It is alright, just tell your friends.”

Leaving his office, I see Riley and rush over to her and hug her, sobbing. “It worked; I don’t feel the pain anymore.”

“Wow! I don’t believe it!”

“Me either, I’m going to run home, meet you there?” I say excitedly as I dry my eyes.

“Sure, I’ll see you at home.”

I rush out the door. Sprinting home as fast as I can, not paying attention to Riley as she walks over to the doctor rather than follow me.

Getting home before Riley, I pick up my phone and start messaging my teammates.

“I’m back.”

## **Chapter 2**

The first week I was back at it, full training, full sprints, long distance running too! I was back and better than ever. I qualified for the national team a few weeks later, and I was quickly on a course to the Olympics. Life couldn’t get any better. My dream of competing in the Olympics was becoming a reality. I couldn’t wait.

Three months pass and I notice that I am feeling less and less fatigue and pain when training. Riley would often tell me to slow down and ease up on the workouts lest I tear a muscle. I found that my body was getting stronger, more durable and my previous peak was now only a forward camp on the way to my true peak.

I won a bunch of local and regional competitions; I was well and truly back. Three months down the road I was truly back and was just waiting to get to the Olympics. That was the next event on the calendar. It was close, six months from now and I would be on the biggest stage of them all.

Training increased and my efforts doubled, no, tripled as I prepared. Every morning I would wake up at 5am to train before class, then I would train again in the late afternoon. Riley of course was at my side, that brain box giving me all the best advice to make sure my diet was perfect, and my training was targeting the best areas at the best time so I could shave fractions of seconds off my times.

One morning, I noticed that my sports bra was a bit tighter than normal, significantly so.

*Am I a cup size bigger? That just doesn't happen... Must be diet? I'll speak to Riley, see if we can just watch the fat intake.*

Hopping on the scale my weight was up slightly.

*Probably just water weight.*

I enter the kitchen ready to have my morning pre-workout shake, I look around and notice that Riley isn't there. She usually is there with the shake, and she usually starts on my breakfast and meals for the day at this time in the morning.

*Very unlike her, oh well, I'll make it myself.*

Quickly making the shake, I rush out the house to do a few laps on the track. Doing a few laps, something is off. I finish up and find that I am a bit more sluggish on the return to my room.

*What is going on today...*

I feel a dull ache in my back.

*That is new.*

Returning to my room, Riley still isn't up. I knocked on the door to check in on her. Seems maybe over the top but she is never not up around now.

"Riley? You up?" I call into the room. "You have class soon; you are usually up by now."

No answer. Worried, I let myself in, she is fast asleep. Her room is as tidy as ever, her make up all organised.

*She really does like her make up.*

Placing my hand on her shoulder, I give her a little shake and she turns over. She startles me, she has a facemask on, the thick but solidified goop is a deep green in colour.

"Jesus, you scared me then!" I blurt out.

"What?"

"I forgot you wear a facemask to bed," I answered.

"What do you mean?" She asks, groggy and confused.

"I don't?"

"Could've fooled me greenie." I laugh at my joke.

She jumps out of bed and checks the mirror. She is reacting if she hasn't been wearing them to bed for ages.

"What is this? A joke?" She asks.

"Er... What do you mean?"

"This mask, why did you put this on?"

*Is she ok?*

"I didn't... Riley... You've put them on for at least the past year... Don't you remember, when we went to that beauty place, and you were there for ages trying to work out the best one?"

"N- Oh right... yes." She says, unconvinced.

*How strange.*

"Aaaaanyway... You've got class this morning, you are usually up by now."

"Crap! What time is it?"

"6:45 or thereabouts, I know you usually like to have time in the bathroom to do your makeup so I wanted to make sure you had time, last time you didn't have time to do it you skipped class, can't be having that." I giggle.

"Makeup... Skipped class? What are you on about?"

"Are you ok?" I ask, concerned.

"Yeah... Just still half asleep I guess..." Her voice trails off. "Things seem a bit strange today."

"You too? I've been having pain in my back today; I haven't had pain from exercising for a while." I state.

"What? You have always struggled with your back, that is what you get for having C cups, I did suggest getting a reduction, but you said that seems extreme."

*What...*

"C? I'm a B..."

"Not since you had that accident six months ago. You remember? You were in the hospital for a while and you complained that you put on a few pounds, it mostly went to your chest though."

*What the fuck is she on about.*

“Right...” I reply, too shocked to even question it. “Well... Bathroom is free... I’m going to stretch in my room.”

I turn and leave Riley’s room at pace, quickly ducking into my room and closing the door tight, I pick up my phone and look through my photos. Looking at the photos to see if I can find anything on this crash and before I scroll, I immediately notice something.

*She is right.*

I am bustier in the photos. Not by much but I can tell the difference. Looking down I cup my breasts.

*They do feel bigger.*

At a loss for words, I return to my phone and scroll and find that I was in a crash six months ago. There are numerous photos there of a destroyed car and me in a hospital hooked up to a few things. I am giving a thumbs up in the photo.

*I... don't remember this...*

I spend more time looking through my photos and reading statuses on social media I was posting at the time, and it is all there, clear as day. Before I know it, I am running late for class. Rushing out my room I call for Riley, but she already has left.

*I guess my questions will need to wait until later.*

Fear lingers in my mind all day; I can barely concentrate on class. After I am finished for the day, I do my laps in the afternoon and the same pain is there as the morning, my times are slightly slower than normal.

*Probably because my mind isn't in it.*

Getting home I see there is a note from Riley on the kitchen counter. I open it to read.

I know it is my time to cook but I had to pop out to do something, sorry Ava. I have prepared food though, it is in the oven, turn the dial to 6 and leave for 40 minutes. It'll be good by then.

See you later

Riley

xx

I cooked up the food and cleaned up the mess I made. There was a lot there, so I left the rest to cool on the side for Riley when she got home. I have a quick bath to soak my muscles, after a very relaxing soak I am struggling to keep my eyes open.

*7:45... And I am this tired...*

Thinking nothing of it, I slip into bed and fall asleep.

Waking up the next day is hard. My alarm is ringing loudly, and I dismiss it.

*Why does my chest feel so tight? Like heavy. Not more muscle issues, I hope.*

Turning the light on I am shocked to see what I am greeted by. Looking down my formerly B cups are way gone and, in their place, much bigger breasts sit. I was never good at sizes, but I would guess around Riley's size, maybe a size smaller? So, an E cup?

I scream. I hear a crash from the room next door and quick thuds as my door bursts open and I see Riley.

*How does she always look so good?*

My 5"5 best friend kicked down the door.

"I heard a scream!"

I took a second, just staring at her face.

*Does she go to sleep in makeup or did she do it before kicking down the door.*

"My..." My voice is shaky. I look down and gesture to my boobs.

"What about them?" Riley says angrily.

"What do you mean! I wasn't this big yesterday!" I picked up my phone and opened my gallery, thankfully it was still on the same image as yesterday only this time I was even bustier in it. "What..."

"You look the same size there... that was taken last year when you had that accident. Remember?"

*No... I thought that was 6 months ago...*

"Yeah... Sorry..."

"Right... I'm going to start getting ready I guess, seeing as I am up" Riley turns away and leaves the room.

Flicking through my phone I see that the photo from after the accident I was looking at yesterday was indeed taken last year. Looking through my photos I can see that I was my normal size, I was in an accident and then I was busty.

*So... Bizarre...*

Jumping out of the bed I feel myself jiggle excessively. Oddly enough my top fits great. I head to the wardrobe to get dressed and find that my Bras are all the right size. E cups indeed.

*What magic is this...*

The next surprise happens when I look at my trophy cabinet. Ok, maybe it's a bit big headed of me to have one but I always like to look at my trophies to motivate me for the day. I notice more in there than before.

Carefully casting my eyes over the new additions, there are many, I notice I have won more competitions and got higher speeds and I even beat some records that I hadn't previously bested.

*What is going on...*

I pick up my phone and check the photos pre accident again, this time going further back. There are more photos of me on the podium, with famous runners and even on TV.

*This isn't my life...*

My eyes tear up as I try to understand what has happened.

*That doctor!*

### **Chapter 3**

I rush out the door, not even taking time to say goodbye to Riley. I stumble about the place as I rush to the doctor's office, stumbling simply because of the new additions on my chest. My formally nearly flat chest now replaced with two jiggly masses really throwing me off balance.

I see the entrance to the doctor's clinic, and I run the last 100m or so, a big mistake. My tits bounce wildly and tug down on my chest, pulling me forward and on each raise of my body they bounce and nearly hit my chin. I have to stop after only about 10m as I realise that my bra isn't quite as restrictive as it needs to be to run.

*How am I going to run with these...?*

Power Walking through the door I see doctor Blakley standing in the waiting room.

"Ava, hello, you are looking well. It is so nice to have a local celebrity in." He winks.

"What did you do!" I can't help but blurt out. I see a sickening smirk spread across his face.

"This way." He points towards his office. "I'll be with you in just a second, I've got someone else who is just behind you."

I turn and see Riley rushing through the door. Similarly hindered because of her bust she power walks in.

“What did you do!” She blurts out, the same as me.

“Riley?” I get her attention.

“Ava?” She seems confused.

“Well, you both could’ve left at the same time, kept yourselves company at least. Come on, let’s all get in here together.”

Riley walks towards me, she always was so incredibly beautiful, some people were put off by her height, she wasn’t tall like the other girls our age, but I think that just made her look cuter.

*Why is she here?*

We both take a seat and before we can engage with each other Doctor Blakley speaks up.

“So, ladies, at a guess, you’ve noticed some changes and you aren’t happy?” He says arrogantly as he sits on the corner of his desk.

Me and Riley look at one another before saying aloud, “Yes.”

“Just to keep you up to speed, you both don’t know each other’s changes, why don’t you tell each other.” He says as he watches intently.

“Well. I wasn’t an E cup two days ago.” I say, pointing down to my chest.

Riley looks confused.

“I wasn’t in an accident however long ago... There was no accident... I just had lingering pain from injuries, and I came here to have it looked at... I was here a few months ago, I was fixed and then two days ago I noticed I was a C cup, you told me about the accident and then this morning I woke up to these.” Shaking my chest for emphasis “and now I am too busy to run...” My eyes filled with tears.

“But you did run, you did amazing things, you were celebrated so much for your running, the accident took you out of sports because it was so debilitating, the doctor said you could come back from it but you started to put on weight, mostly on your chest. You tried a little bit to lose it, but it wouldn’t come off, you loved them, so you have been happy ever since.” Riley fills me in on my own history.

Crying now, I look at her with a frown. “What about you?” I ask, trying to change the subject, lest I become more upset.

“I came here... I think I was here with you...”

“You were.” The doctor chimes in.

“I found this place because I was looking at ways to help my skin, I wanted to feel beautiful.”

“You are!” I cut her off.

"I wasn't. My skin was awful and whenever we went out... Did we even go out?... Anyway, I was always overlooked because of my skin, the only boys who bothered with me were the creeps, they were happy to just stare at my tits." She pauses to wipe her eyes. "Doctor Blakley gave me some cream to put on my face in the morning, nothing changed too much over the past few months but two days ago I woke up and my skin looked amazing, significantly better than it ever had looked, not perfect but it finally seemed to work. I didn't even notice I had shrunk a few inches until halfway through the day. This morning I woke up like *this*" She pointed to her face.

Riley's skin was flawless, her make up looked incredible and her face was comparable to a supermodel.

"But I measured myself and I am now 5"5. I was 6"1."

I gasp and place a palm over my mouth. "You've always looked like that, and you've always been 5"5. Since puberty, you stopped at 5"5 and you never got acne or any outbreaks, you were the envy of every girl in school. The boys were always coming to me to get to you."

Riley leaps forward and wraps her arms around me, we both have a little cry before we break the embrace. Turning to Doctor Blakley.

"Well, that was fun! Let me just dispel the illusion." He clicks his fingers and suddenly we both clutch at our heads as the memories we just discussed are erased and replaced with the true version of history.

"Ah! What the hell!" I yell.

"I thought it would be nice if you could both see what has happened." He raises his hand threateningly. "I can undo it if you like?"

"No!" We both shout in unison.

"That is what I thought. So why are you girls here?"

"I don't want this. I don't want to grow bigger; I want my B cups back."

"And I don't want to shrink. I am scared."

He cackles. "I love you humans. Always so eager to get what you want you never think of the cost." He lifts two sheets of paper. "You both signed these, I'm afraid you are bound now to this fate."

"So... We are just going to keep changing..."

"Yeah, I think you've still got a bit more to go ladies" He gives us a smile, it is meant to be sincere, but it cuts through us.

"Well... I want to cancel or redo or anything." Riley says.

“No cancellations, we could try and rework but, I’ll give you this one for free, do you really want to make a new deal with me?” He leers at her.

“N-N...o” Riley leans back in her seat uncomfortably.

“Didn’t think so. Well, that was a very fun morning visit. I’ve got plenty more people to see today, up you get.”

“But what about our changes...” I ask dumbly.

“You made the deals; you must now live with the costs.” He prods my chest with his pen and pats Riley on the head patronisingly. “I won’t undo you both knowing about each other’s changes. Usually that costs extra but you two seem like nice ladies. Right, run along” He shoos us out of the office.

On the way out we see a woman come into the office, heavily pregnant, her stomach gargantuan, easily carrying four children in there. We both look at her and she looks at us knowingly. “I hope you two were careful what you wished for.” She pats her stomach. “I just wanted a family...” She says as she waddles past us.

Two scared to stop and speak to her, we both rush out.

“So... What do we do?” Riley asks.

“I don’t know... Surely, we can’t change much more?”

How wrong I was.

## **Chapter 4**

The rest of the day flew by, we had class today, but our minds were too distracted to think about the subject matters. One thing on our mind more than anything else. What awaits us tomorrow morning.

As day turned to night, we sat at home theorising ways to slow it down or stop it. We tried to stay up that night, sure it won’t be a permanent solution, but it would save us a day of growth, right?

Wrong.

As the clock struck 11:50 we both were hit by a massive wave of sleepiness, similar to when being anaesthetised. I remember looking at Riley one last time on the other end of the sofa as my vision turned to darkness.

I hear rushing footsteps that cause me to bolt upright, pure adrenaline powering my movement. I only manage to see Riley’s door close. Groggily I lift my arm to wipe the sleep

from my eyes, my right-hand impacts something soft, it sinks into the warm resistance. Looking down I immediately see the issue. My chest.

Overnight I had grown once again, this time my boobs stuck out a much further as my boobs now must dwarf Riley's Fs. I suspect I am towards the middle of the alphabet at this point. My huge jiggling breasts rest heavily on my chest, but they are supported by my sturdy bra.

*At least the magic means I have clothes to wear.*

I give my boobs a test squeeze, impressed by the firmness of the flesh and even more shocked at how it feels. My hands are tiny compared to the surface area of my newly expanded breasts. I quickly lift my top over my head and reveal my breasts. The top catches on the apex of my tits and they shake and jiggle as they are jostled out of their snug covering.

I let out a scream much like yesterday and I heard a thud.

*Déjà vu.*

However, this time there was a big... or small difference. Riley jumps to her feet but instead of the 5"5 beauty I am greeted by a short supermodel. She hardly looks recognisable. Her tits are the same size despite her lowering height, they look immense on such a small frame.

*Probably the same proportions as me...*

She screams as she sees my chest.

*Maybe not?*

Her beautiful face is so smooth and bright, she genuinely looks like the most beautiful woman in the world, her height just making her look all the cuter. I have to see the height comparison, I stand, with considerable effort.

My naked breasts flop against my stomach, they protrude so far out and most certainly are bigger than my head. My upper torso is entirely covered with them. Only now realising my nakedness I place my hands over my nipples, my hands entirely filled with my soft breasts. Most of my forearms are covered with my boobs. Finally at my feet I take a step towards Riley. I see her eyes grow wide.

At her height she is eye level to my giant breasts. As I take a second step my breasts close the distance between us, and I feel her breath on my exposed cleavage. Looking down at her I have the overwhelming urge to part my breasts and envelope her.

*That would be a bit unreasonable...*

Jumping from the sudden shock, I feel a prod against my exposed skin.

"Hey! They are sensitive you know" I chastise my short friend.

"I can't believe they are real." She places a palm on the side of my left breast. Her small hand pressed against my giant boob is quite surreal. "Can you take a step back; I feel a bit claustrophobic"

"Oh... Sure..." I take a step back and reveal my friend who was hidden beneath my chest. "I... I am big, huh?"

"Very." Riley stares wide eyed at my boobs.

"How big do you think?"

"J cup or something."

"Let me check." I walk to my bra drawer and pick up a nice looking black one. "K cup!" I say, flabbergasted that they even make bras this big.

"I was so close."

"What about you? 4"10?"

"8 actually..."

"We need to get this fixed. I can't get any bigger."

"I can't get any smaller. What do you propose we do Ava?" Riley looks up at me desperately.

I pick up my phone and swipe through my photos. The accident photos are dated 18 months ago. Scrolling through the photos I can see my breasts growing, almost like a time lapse. I snatch Riley's phone from her and do the same.

"Hey!" She protests.

"You've always been this short." I gasp. "If you didn't have big boobs, I would've said you missed puberty."

"You're one to talk." She prods my breasts again.

"I'm going to put them away. Don't worry." I turn around and heft my bulky chest into my bra cups. They fit snugly. "Where did I even get this bra? Where do you go to get bras this big?"

"I have no idea. I guess I know where my clothes come from..."

*Kids section...*

"You look great though. I mean, you look so beautiful, I can't get over it and your boobs look massive on your small frame"

"Not as big as yours, trust me."

We both laugh out loud.

“We have to go back to see the Doctor, we have to make a new deal or something. I am going to be more tit than woman soon.” I say, hefting my now covered breasts. “Shit! They are heavy.”

Without warning I feel Riley again touch my bulbous breasts, with a grunt she lifts them, I feel them rising towards my chin.

“How are you carrying them?” She asks, shocked.

“I don’t know, they don’t hurt my back at all... I guess part of the magic?”

“At least he isn’t entirely a bastard then...” Riley adds.

“We need to draft a new contract; we have to think of a way to beat him. It is the only way. He used a loophole for us, it’s time for us to dupe him.” I place my finger on my chin and look towards the ceiling as I start to think deeply on how we can word something to best him.

“He has been doing this for... Who knows how long? I mean he is like a demon or the devil, right?”

“What do you mean?”

“Don’t make a deal with the devil, that’s the saying, right? And you are suggesting not only do we go back there but make ANOTHER deal with the devil?” Riley looks at me sceptically.

“I don’t have anything better... Do you?” I ask frustratedly.

She shakes her head.

“If you are not sure, maybe we see if the magic has run out... He did say it would end soon, right?” I add.

“I guess... Maybe we leave it another day? I am just worried that making another deal will be too costly.” She says with fear in her voice.

“Yeah... But tomorrow I am going to be halfway through the Alphabet if the magic doesn’t finish... And you won’t be tall enough to ride on roller coasters...”

Riley looks up at me and nervously smiles. “I mean I’m not tall enough now to ride them I think” She giggles but with a sense of sorrow in her voice.

I take a step forward and embrace her in a big hug. Not really thinking about it. Her shorter stature has her upper torso covered by my breasts, Riley sinks into the soft pillowy flesh. I hold her tight as I fight back tears, only to be interrupted by her groans. I release and she bounces off my breasts as she takes a step back gasping for air.

“You need to be careful with those things!”

We both laugh again.

After that exchange we decided to get ready to start our days. I can't help but think of ways to best the doctor, but Riley seems to just want to get on with her life, blissfully unaware of the fact that she could shrink even more by tomorrow morning.

The day goes by quickly, many guys try to hit me up, clearly only there for two reasons. I had a bit of fun with them because why not? I have never been busty and although I've been sought after before I always had an excuse of training to push them away. Now with these things I am no longer training, my running days are over.

Locally I am a town hero for my accomplishments who had a terrible accident and now is known for her huge bust. The boys on campus would stare, I found it quite invigorating truth be told. There is something about yawning and stretching and hearing my clothes creak and watching everyone turn to my chest. They must be thinking "She is going to pop out!". Much to their dismay, I remained clothed.

Thankfully nobody was a jerk, and nobody tried to force themselves on me or grope me or anything. Living with these things was rather interesting, somehow, I remembered what it was like having them for all those years? So, I was pretty good with them unless I stopped and thought about it, at which point I would forget their dimensions.

One particular interaction was when I pulled a book out of my bag and put it on my desk, leaning up to start to write, I absolutely smashed my tits on the desk, the slam reverberated throughout the class. The person sitting next to me said under their breath. "Easy... You'll break the desk!"

I was embarrassed for about two seconds before I laughed it off. It was quite surreal being this busty when not a few days ago I was but a B cup.

Classes finished and I went straight home, Riley already there. She sat on the sofa in silence. The small girl looked up at me as I came into the house. Boobs leading the way, it caused her to go wide eyed.

"I forgot how big they were..." She trails off. "I think we should leave it a day... The magic could have worn off. I mean how much shorter could I get? How much buster could you get?"

"I agree... I think we've grown over a number of days, and it was a big change last night... It is probably over, right?"

Riley nods.

We spend the rest of the night hanging out, trying to keep our minds off what might greet us tomorrow morning. Alas, the clock marches forward, 23:30.

"I can't have another night on the sofa... I'm going to turn in." I say, rising to my feet, my boobs quaking from the movement.

Riley timidly gets up. She looks up to my face over my breasts. "Well... Good night..."

“Good night, Riley.” I give her another hug, this time trying to avoid suffocating her.  
“Hopefully, we look the same tomorrow morning.”

“Yeah...” She trails off as if she knows something.

“O...k, Night...” I cautiously walk away and enter my room.

*Strange.*

I take off my shirt and stare for just a minute at myself in the mirror.

*Fuck, I am huge...*

I slowly start to lift my bra off, giving myself a front row seat to a boob drop to end all boob drops.

Slowly more and more underboob is revealed, slowly tumbling out of the bra until their weight passes the point of no return. Keeping my hand still I feel a massive shift in my centre of gravity as my huge boobs flop out and smack on my stomach.

*Truly magnificent.*

I stare in awe at the size of my K cups as they are splayed over my torso.

*Almost curious to see how they would be bigger...*

I pinch myself and look at myself in the mirror. “Don’t be dense!”

I jump into bed, the heavy weight on my chest pressing against me... comforting almost. I look down at my peaks lifting the blanket high before me.

*Good night...*

## **Chapter 5**

I start to come around, the weight on my chest is much more extreme than the day before.

*Holy shit... I’m bigger...*

I lay there for a few seconds, my eyes closed, I struggle to find the will to open them.

*3... 2... 1...*

Opening my eyes, I am met with a wall of blanket. My boobs rise high from my chest, even on my back they cover most of my field of view. I timidly lift a hand and poke the right one. It is surprisingly firm; it yields very little to my prod. The poke causes my right boob to jostle over my chest and crash against the left.

I just stare for a few seconds at the boobquake I have set in motion. Still not quite comprehending that these are my massive tits.

I place my hands on the side of each of them and squeeze them together with some considerable effort. They bulge towards my face and smother my chin. It feels like my hands barely cover 1/10<sup>th</sup> of them.

I let out a scream like the other mornings. I heard the familiar thud from the room next door but this time it is met with another thud and a scream.

“Riley?” I call out in a panic.

No reply.

Adrenaline taking over I jump up and rush out the room or try too. Hopping to my feet, I feel my boobs pull me forward. They project out from my torso so far now that I can struggle to reach my nipples.

*I had a massive growth spurt last night...*

I try to wrap my arms around my breasts to stop them from jiggling and shaking as I rush to Riley’s room. I am in awe at their size, shocked at the fact that my arms barely reach around them now. My boobs bulged from my arms squeezing them.

Each step causes them to shake between my arms, the overflowing bust jiggling wildly as I rush out the door. Turning the corner is even hard, as I was moving too fast, so it almost pulls me into a drift. I control my gait and arrive at Riley’s door; I call out once more.

“Riley? Are you ok?”

I hear no response for a second followed by a whimper.

“Riley?”

“I made a mistake Ava.”

Confused, I ask for clarity. “What do you mean?”

“Come in...”

“I rushed here... I am topless and I did some more growing last night so be warned.”

“Me too...”

???

I let go of my breasts and feel them drop and hit my stomach and pull me forward with the sudden movement of mass, it causes me to crash into the door, the cold wooden door causes me to yelp.

“Are you ok?” She calls out.

“Yeah... Your door is cold.” I reply with a shiver.

I turn the handle and push the door open. We both see each other and scream. Riley the once short supermodel is no longer that. She is tall, incredibly so. She is on the floor, and she comes up to my chest height. Her torso is easily 5 feet in itself. Her looks haven't changed at all, she looks as beautiful as yesterday but now she is just bigger.

Her long legs stretch across the room towards the door, the longest legs I have ever seen. She is rubbing her head and looking up. I glance up and notice a dent in the ceiling.

*The second thud is from when she hit her head jumping out of bed.*

Her arms along with the rest of her are incredibly long, she is just so... Big. The magic at play has kept her clothed and her wardrobe seems to have fallen in line with her growth. Her slippers by the side of her bed look absolutely massive.

Looking over her body I notice her breasts. They too have grown along with her height. Proportioned the same as before they look immense. Very perky and sitting firmly on her huge torso. They cover a good portion of her chest like before, but I cannot get over their size. They are almost comparable to basketballs because of the increased mass to keep up with her proportions.

Alas they are still not comparable to mine.

Riley stares wide eyed at my huge bust. It is huge. No other way to describe it. Hanging off my chest are two massive melons that cover almost all of my torso, they are just so big, almost impossible to fathom. Neither of us have seen boobs this big before so we don't even have a reference point for them.

They are just massive.

Standing topless in her room she has seen my nipples before me, I'd wager they are stiff thanks to the interaction with the door, only adding to the shock value.

“What happened to you!” I ask.

Riley hangs her head.

“What is it?” I press her for an answer.

“I'm sorry...”

Confused, I moved closer to her and lowered myself onto the bed by her side. Sitting upright on the floor her head is now level with mine, maybe even a fraction taller. My boobs make contact with my lap, my massive cleavage is so deep and cavernous, I can't help but stare for a moment before grilling Riley further.

“Why are you sorry?”

“Because it is all my fault.” She says solemnly.

"I don't understand. How is this your fault, we each made a deal."

"No. I went there yesterday."

"What?"

"I thought I could beat him, and I thought I could help us both. I am the one who recommended it in the first place, I just wanted to make it right." She starts to cry. "Now look at us."

I place my hand on her large shoulder. "You meant well..." I try to comfort her.

"But it backfired even worse..." She sobs.

"I guess he just beat you, it is what he is good at right. So, what did you ask him for?"

"I asked for the changes to stop and that I wanted to be taller. God, even saying it out loud, it was so stupid."

*So, this is it then... This is my new life...*

I look down and softly stroke the tops of my breasts. "Well... at least we aren't growing anymore..." I say, trying to find the positive in this.

"Yeah, but you are fucking massive. Look at you! You are so busty, who the fuck has tits that big!" She says harshly. "Sorry... I mean they look amazing but like... I did this to you; I ruined your life..."

"Well... They are big, sure but... They aren't so bad." I try to reassure her, only half lying. "They feel so heavy and big." I shake them slightly from side to side for emphasis.

"They look enormous."

"Because they are. Have a feel." I offer, pushing my chest forward.

Her large hands come up and although they make a much better effort of covering my boobs, she still is too small to fully cup them now. Riley gives a testing squeeze which altogether proves too much for me and I let out a soft moan.

Riley's hands jump back, and I turn red.

"Sorry... I guess they are pretty sensitive." I say before laughing to diffuse the situation.

Still tears in her eyes, Riley looks down at her own chest and body in general. "I am so big..."

"Yes, you are..." I say, she turns to me with a shocked expression. "Hey... No sugar coating it, I've seen the dent in the ceiling, seven or eight feet off the floor?"

I watch in awe as Riley works her way onto her feet, slowly so as not to hit the ceiling again, her head hunched over, she even has to bend at the waist for the room to accommodate her height. I'd guess her to be nine feet tall.

Towering over me, I stare up at her large frame and huge breasts as they fill her PJ top to capacity.

"Wow..." I say under my breath.

"You are one to talk. From this angle you look more boob than woman."

I look down and realise she is probably right; she can't see my legs from her elevated angle and my boobs cover most of my torso. I give them a light rub, enjoying the sensation I feel.

*It's like I've got a million nerve endings in them... It feels amazing just to feel my fingers on them...*

"We should look at our galleries... See if anything has changed... I already saw that I have been this tall for quite some time." Riley points to the photo on the wall of her with her family. She towers above them by several feet.

I quickly pick up my phone and scroll through. I quickly open my favourite photos and the accident is there. Dated three years ago.

"Three years!" I look down at my boobs and then at Riley in shock.

I quickly scroll forward and see my rapid expansion over the next year, within 12 months I look as though I am 80% of what I am now. Each photo in the first year I appear bigger and bigger, straining my top more and more as my bust takes over my torso.

I have a few photos with friends where they are posing with them. One picture shows me in a very low-cut top, there is more boob on show there than Riley used to have before all these changes. Lots of photos I can see people staring into my vast cleavage. It is hard to blame them.

"That is insane," Riley says over my shoulder. "You grew so quickly."

I press back into the main gallery and look back at previous pictures, prior to the accident.

"Holy shit!" Riley blurts out.

She catches the same picture that I do. I am on the podium at the Olympics. 18-year-old me with a gold medal around my neck.

I start crying and rush to my room as quick as my boobs let me wobble. Riley cautiously crawls through the door into my room.

I look at the wall and see a frame. Three beautiful golden medals. 100m, 200m, 500m. I pick up the frame and pull out the glass and pick up the medals and put them on. A tear rolls down my face and splashes on my giant boob.

“I think we might need to have another conversation with Doctor Blakley”

## **Chapter 6**

I open my wardrobe and pull-out clothes that look more akin to tents. I squeeze myself into the top, a snug fit but remarkably it does get over my colossal chest. It takes me some time with my increased size but thanks to the magic I look great in clothes that fit.

*Where the hell would I even get something this size.*

I look at myself in the mirror and just gawk. My boobs dominate my body, even constrained in my gigantic bra and top. It honestly looks as though I am smuggling small gym balls under my top. Much like my last expansion, my body seems to be used to their mass when I am not thinking about them, like a learned muscle memory from the magic. I do a few twists and light bounces and my giant boobs shake massively on my chest.

*I bet I would turn some heads on a night out, that is for sure...*

I leave my room to find Riley sitting down on the floor by the door. Again, thanks to magic she is fully clothed. She looks really good actually, freakishly tall but honestly still looks so beautiful. I give her a smile and although I can tell she has been crying she does give me a quick smile.

“So... What’s the plan?” She asks.

“I’ll do all the talking.”

She looks defeated by this comment.

“I just have a great idea that I know will work.”

She nods, still saddened by the events of this morning.

We get outside and we start to walk towards the doctor’s office. Standing beside me, Riley is massive. There is no other word to describe her size. She is almost twice my height; I am eye level with her stomach and for each of her long strides I need to take 6 of my steps.

“Slow down long legs!” I shout jokingly at her. We both giggle. “These tits weigh a fair bit! And despite the strongest bra engineers can fashion, it doesn’t stop them from jiggling.” Riley is roaring now with laughter.

We draw many looks; it is hard to blame them. A Nine-foot-tall goddess walking next to likely one of the bustiest women on the planet. Not an everyday occurrence.

*Although to them it is? Hmmm...*

We arrive at the office quickly and Riley ducks through the door. Thankfully, the ceiling is nice and tall inside so she can stand fully.

Doctor Blakley comes out of his office as if he was expecting us. "My oh my, you girls sure have some growing." He smirks.

"Yes, indeed." I play along nicely. "Quite a bit, Riley said she visited you."

"Ah yes, I guess she got what she wanted, she is tall, and your growth stopped... well after finishing of course." He cackles.

"Yeah... I'm getting used to them to be honest." I bounce slightly on my heels.

"Well at least someone is enjoying the gift I gave them." He looks at Riley who looks disgusted.

"Yeah... It's great..." She says sarcastically.

"Well, I wanted to thank you and make one final deal actually if that is ok?" I take his attention away from Riley.

"Oh, you do?" He seems caught off guard slightly. "I must say, I wasn't quite expecting that."

"Well... Like I said, I am getting used to these but Riley... Not so much..." I point to her and turn to give her a quick wink, thankfully the Doctor doesn't seem to notice. "I propose a new deal, a final deal."

"I'm all ears Ava, tell me what you want to bargain for." He leans slightly forward for effect.

"I think we should take this into your office."

"Oh yes, where are my manners?" He gestures to my office. "After you..."

I walk past him, bumping him with my boobs. I continue on only to be grabbed by my shoulder. I feel his cold breath on my neck.

"Don't think I don't know what you are doing..." He releases my shoulder and spans my ass to rush me in.

"Riley, wait there." I say as I enter his office.

"What? No!"

"Just trust me please." I called out.

"Listen to your friend Riley, I think you've done enough already, don't you?" He hisses as he closes the door behind him, only lingering for a second to savour the image of Riley starting to cry.

Inside his office I take a seat, making myself comfortable. I watch as he slithers to his desk and takes a seat. His hands gesture to me. "I'm waiting Ava."

“I want you to return Riley to her original height of 6”1.”

“Rather demanding. What have you got to offer? What about you?”

“I don’t want anything; I am getting used to these.” I pat the tops of my breasts. “I can live with these. She can’t live being that tall.” I say confidently.

“Very noble of you. I don’t believe you; I think you want to shrink too... I can do that...” He says in an alluring tone.

“No. I’ve learnt from asking for too much.” I replied.

“Well, you are smarter than most who enter my office. So, what are the terms then?”

“You return Riley to a height of 6”1 but she keeps the other changes she has undergone, specifically her complexion and beautification. I want her to look like a supermodel as she does now but just at her normal 6”1.”

“Right... That is a tall order, I hope you are willing to pay up.” He grins.

“I am.” I pause for a second. Taking a deep breath, I start. “I will give you what I cherished most in my life.” I hang my head.

“Ooooooh that is good... Hmmm I wonder what that will be... Very interesting.” He muses.

“Do we have a deal?” I cut in.

“Sure, let me just think a second...” He pauses. “What would that be... Your ability to run? You’ve always been an athlete so... your mobility? Yes! That’s it, what is an athlete who can’t move! You think you are big now Ava?... I don’t like revealing the curses before I write them but since you got in here you were giving off such a confident vibe... I must say, watching the dread overcome someone... It is the reason I do this... So!” He claps his hands. “Yes! We have a deal!” He points his fingers at me. About to click.

“Wait! I want a redo!” I plead.

“Hahahaha! Not a chance! Welcome to immobility Ava!”

I quickly jump to my feet and rush out the door. “Riley!” I rushed to her. My huge breasts squished into her legs.

I turn around and see the true nature of the Doctor in his eyes. A red hue to them.

“Fine! I fucked up! But make it happen straight away. I don’t want to wait until I fall asleep. I’m sure you’ll get off on that more anyway! I scream!”

“Riley what-“

“Shut your mouth, Riley.” He clicks his fingers and Riley’s voice turns into a puff of air.

“Alright. You make an excellent point Ava. Let’s make it happen over seconds rather than overnight. Now let go of your friend and prepare for your new reality.” He cackles.

"It'll be ok Riley." I wink.

I stand in the centre of the main reception and spread my arms wide. My huge breasts are a clear target for the Doctor. I close my eyes and wait.

\*Snap\*

"Hahahaha!" He laughs.

Riley's voice comes back. "Ooooh..." I open my eyes and look to my right. I watch in real time as Riley shrinks, she is shaky on her legs as they wobble to deal with the changing proportions. Her clothes continue to fit her as they follow suit with her shrinking anatomy. Seconds go by as do inches. Rapidly shrinks in stature, eventually finishing up at her original height of 6'1 and just as beautiful as ever.

"What... What did you do?" Riley asks, tears forming in her eyes.

"Ha ha ha! She traded her mobility to return your height to normal! And now she is giving up what she cherishes most in her life! Yes!" He cackles more as his eyes become fixed on me. "Watch Riley as your friend becomes immobile from her tits. It is so evil!" He cackles.

"Not quite." I interrupt. Silencing the demon Doctor mid laugh.

"What?"

"I said I would give up that which I cherished most in life." I corrected him.

"Yes, your ability to move and run, as we agreed."

"No, I didn't cherish that the most in my life. I cherished the trophies I won, the win is why I did it, I used to compete in everything I could win in. These are proof of my ambition." I pull out my three gold medals from my pocket. "This is why I competed. This is what I cherished more than anything else. This is what I traded you for." I throw them at his feet.

He stands there dumbfounded. Looking at the medals as they fade out of existence.

"Now I cherish Riley and all that she did for me to get me those medals, I cherish my friend who came here alone and risked everything to try and fix me." I turn to Riley who has tears streaming down her face.

"Ava..." She says softly.

"Come on, let's go." I start to make for the door, turning my back on the doctor who now has fallen to his knees.

"What about your boobs?"

"I'll get used to them; they are kind of fun."

"Well played Ava..." The Doctor whispers as the door closes behind us.

They say don't make a deal with the devil, but in my unique circumstance I managed to get away relatively unscathed. Some people would kill to have tits like mine. I am just grateful the magic helps me deal with their weight. Looking back in my past revealed that I bloomed early, and I rapidly grew throughout puberty. Over the course of my teens, I grew from an A cup to the girl I am today. Thankfully, the magic has given me a wardrobe of clothes.

Riley has been so much happier since the deal. She got everything she wanted, she feels guilty about the hand I was dealt but honestly, it isn't that bad. I genuinely am growing to like them.

I wouldn't change it for the world.