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<Thick as Thieves No Nut November>

by <Growing Desires>



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*Thank you for two wonderful years*

*-Growing Desires*

## *Chapter One*

The house party was in full swing, I had drunk more than a few, it was mostly just my closest friends. There were five of us, we met in our teenage years thanks to school, and we became thick as thieves. We took the same classes in the same college and the same for university. It started as a bit of a joke so that we could be in the same classes, but it turned out to be one of those “manifest destiny” moments. We would help each other with coursework, studying and because of our matching timetables, it also meant that we could spend our time together all the time. When we moved into a student flat together, it made it even easier.

We have used nicknames almost ever since we met so that is how we refer to each other for the most part. I’m T, I chose this name even before I met them all. I always hated my name, Theodore, whenever I told people that was my real name, most people would try to call me Teddy. I despised it, there were very few exceptions when I would let people call me that. One or two girlfriends would call me Teddy. I allowed that, but mostly no. I was the youngest in the group, only by a few months, but coming up to my 22nd birthday, I was a “whole year” younger than everyone now, as they would often joke.

James “Hench” was my closest friend in the group. I met him first. During a lunch break I was getting picked on by some older kids. They had called me Teddy and I didn’t like it. I wasn’t one to back down from a fight, even when the odds were that unfavourable. I found four or so boots kicking at my ribs a few seconds after I threw the first punch. Thankfully Hench came to my defence. Hench was his name

because of his insane genetics, the kid was built like a tank, he was a towering 6'7 and about as broad. He was a giant. Nobody messed with me after that day because they knew that he was on my side. Hench threw the boys who were kicking me that day and the one to stand his ground got a swift right to the chin. That right hook got me and him in detention and we quickly became friends. Hench was a gentle giant mostly; he just couldn't stand back and watch when he could do something about it. As the years went on, we had a few scuffles because his sense of justice got us into some sticky situations but it was always for the right reasons.

Matthew "Jonesy" was named as such because there was another Matthew in the same class, the differing surnames meant that they were both assigned names based on their last name, simple enough. Jonesy was a good guy; he was a ladies' man and a looker too. Whenever we needed a wingman, he was our guy. A solid 6' tall and toned, he was the draw of a lot of eyes when he would walk into a bar. He never let it go to his head, he knew his strength and he played it right. Jonesy joined the group after Me and Hench went to the school disco at the end of the first semester. He came over and joined in with Me and Hench with some ladies, despite taking the girl's attention off us at first, we all ended up kissing a girl by the end of the night on the dance floor.

Mark "Greggy" was just Mark for some time but the only one without a nickname, it felt a bit wrong so we did what any teenager would do, pick the laziest name. Greggy. Much like Matthew, his name was based on his surname. Greggy was part of our football team, which is how we met. He was quick and nimble; he was focused on his athletics a lot and was much smaller built but that never stopped him.

Last to join our group was Megan "Boobs". Her brilliantly thought of name was given to her because, well, she had boobs. It was a bit of a joke of a name because Megan wasn't even that busty, but she was just part of the crew and the only one with female genitalia. She was 5'5 and had some curves to her hips but her chest was barely a B. None of us had ever dared to approach her for a date or a fun time but to say the thought hadn't crossed my mind would be a lie. You know how horny teens get. As time went on, I would refer to Boobs as Megan. I didn't like the name as we grew up, but she seemed fine with

it. When it was me and her alone, I'd call her Meg, but Boobs with the rest of the group. Megan joined us when some girls were making fun of her, she approached Hench and Jonesy to talk to them about the music that Jonesy was playing on his phone, at almost the same second that a group of girls were trying to chat up the two of them. Me and Gregggy arrived just in time to see Jonesy let down the group of girls by complimenting Meg and draping his arm around her shoulders and walking away from the girls.

I can still remember Meg's reaction "Thank you, but unlike those girls, I don't want to snog you".

It was the first and last time we would hear a girl turn down Jonesy, we knew that she was a good one, especially when she started to speak to Hench about the band, we all had a shared interest in. From that day on, she was in the group, at Jonesy's expense at first but she stuck around by being super cool and on all of our wavelengths.

So here we were, more than tipsy, the five of us in the small kitchen of whoever's flat this was, it was a Halloween party. We were all stoked because we had just handed in a big assignment and we were free from studies for a few weeks, so obviously time to let our hair down.

"Next exam is in December." Jonesy said.

"Ah Shut the fuck up man" Gregggy punched Jonesy's arm.

"Yeah." Me and Meg said in unison.

Hench lowered himself and wrapped his arm around Jonesy. "If you mention Uni work one more time, I'll throw you out the window" He joked.

We all gave a chuckle.

"So that means we have a free November though, right?" Jonesy added, trying to continue the conversation.

"Yeah, I guess that is right." I replied.

"Well, I guess I should go on the prowl tonight then." Jonesy said.

"How you get women to sleep with you is absolutely beyond me," Meg added.

Jonesy shrugged. "Well, you are still the only one to resist my charm, maybe it could be you?" He started laughing, unable to contain it as he told his inside joke.

Meg punched him, significantly harder than Gregggy.

"Alrite Boobs, calm down." Jonesy said, nursing his arm. "That'll bruise mind."

"Awh diddums" Meg mocked him.

"Jonesy, honest to fuck, can you go a single week without a shag." Gregggy accused.

Hench laughed, "Bet he has never heard of no nut November".

We all roared in laughter drunkenly.

"There is no way he could do that." I chimed in.

"I so could." He smiled, "Not wanking for a month? Easy, I'll just lay a girl a day."

"You moron, it means you can't have sex either." Meg corrected him.

His face dropped. "Oh..."

"See, told you, even he knows he couldn't do it." I said, chuckling.

"Oh, and you lovely twats could?" Jonesy said defensively. "I'll do it if you all do it."

"No Thanks, I'm Go-" I was cut off by the enthusiastic Gregggy.

"Oi, hang about, you're telling me that if I try not to cum for a month, you'll do the same." Gregggy stared at Jonesy.

The ladies' man nodded back.

"Fuck off, no way man, I'm in on that. Ain't no way this cunt can last 3 days let alone 30" Gregggy outstretched his hand as if to make a deal.

"Only if they all do it too." Jonesy extended his hand.

Gregggy looked at me and Hench expectantly.

"Fine." Me and Hench say in unison.

"Boobs too!" Jonesy remarks.

"What? Fuck off, as if I'd tell you if I cum or not." Meg snapped.

"Hit a nerve there Jonesy, leave Boobs out of it." Hench put a hand on Jonesy's shoulder.

Before he could nod and agree Meg interrupted.

"No, fuck that, I am going to prove to Jonesy I can do it. I am so certain that if I fail, I will sleep with him."

Silence descends over the room.

"Deal." Jonesy says, out stretching his hand once more.

All five of us put our hands together and agree.

*No Nut November is on.*

## Chapter Two

Megan goes outside for some “fresh air”, wanting to cool off after her stand-off with Jonesy. I couldn’t let her go out alone, I followed her and smelled the delicious fragrance of the blue raspberry e-cigarette she has.

“Meg, you alright?” I asked.

“Yeah. Fine. Just Jonesy is always a bit of a twat when he has had a few and I wasn’t in the mood for it tonight...” She grumbled. “I mean, it is stupid... Why did I agree... It is just a stupid game...”

“You aren’t worried, are you?”

“About what? Failing?” She scoffs. “Oh Yes T, I am just so overwhelmed with my sexual energy on a daily basis I don’t know how I will cope.” She says sarcastically. “Whatever will my aching lady bits do tomorrow, T. Will you help me?” She gives me pleading eyes.

*She is a good actor.*

“Don’t answer that T.” She grunts and turns around to take another toke from her vape pen.

“I wasn’t” I chuckled. “He really gets under your skin doesn’t he.”

“You have no idea. I feel like he is alright most of the time but when he wants to get me, he gets me good.”

“Well, yeah, this game won’t last until the 30th anyway, there is no way he will last the week.” I laughed.

“Definitely.”

*-Four days later-*

Jonesy still hasn't caved, allegedly but nor have the rest of us. A week went by rather quick, there were a few remarks about it but overall, it wasn't anything substantial, that was until the evening on day seven. I was sat in the living room of the flat, playing a game with Jonesy and Meg came into the room. She called me over to her.

Me and Meg were close, the closet one to me in the group for sure, the feeling is mutual. Jonesy saw me heading towards Meg and couldn't resist.

"That desperate that you'll see T before me?" He laughed.

Meg's face scowled and she replied. "I'm sure not as desperate as you, blue balls. A birdie told me that you were chatting to Hannah yesterday." She grinned as she saw his face drop.

"That'll shut him up." Meg said under her breath to me before leading me out of the room.

"What is it, Meg?" I asked her.

"Are we really doing this..." she said to me.

I raised an eyebrow and cocked my head to the side like a confused puppy.

"This... No nut November shit. I mean, he must've caved, there is no way he has lasted."

"I mean, we can only take his word right... I mean, I trust the guy." I assured her.

"Me too... Despite him being an ass constantly"

"You... Aren't struggling, are you?" I asked with a timid tone.

She snapped "No! Of course not, you idiot."

*Something seems up with her...*

"Sorry, I just am not sure why you care so much, I didn't think it would affect you, what's up then?"

"I just think this game is rather childish and stupid..." Meg said, readjusting her bra.

*She's done that a few times...*

"Right, I guess... But we agreed and it would be good to prove Jonesy wrong."

She nodded, with a strange look on her face. "Yeah... Want to play some games or something?"

"Sure."

We played games for a few hours, it was good, but it was easy to tell that Megan was distracted by something. I noticed that she was tugging on her bra quite a bit when we started. Without much warning she paused the game and looked out the window.

"We aren't going out today, are we?" She questioned.

"I don't think so."

"Good." With a swift motion she undid her bra, let out a heavy sigh of relief and pulled it through the sleeve of her arm.

She would do this fairly often with me, but I noticed that her nipples were hard and very visible through her top. For the next few levels of our game, I was trailing behind in score. She did make a few remarks about me slacking.

*I hope she doesn't realise why.*

We finished a level and there was a loud grumble from my stomach. She looked at me and laughed.

"Hungry T?"

I hadn't thought much about it, but I nodded.

"Me too, let's order something, I got my student loan last week, I'll buy us a pizza."

As she said this, she stood up to grab her phone on the other side of the room and I noticed her chest again. Her top did very little to hide her nipples, the thick nubs looked rock solid.

I hadn't thought about Megan in a while, we were just too close as friends by this point that the thought would only ever creep in when I was alone with myself and some tissues. I would often feel guilt for it later but in the moment, it was a fun thought. However now I felt something different.

*I need to stop.*

For two reasons, one, the game, but two, she is my best friend.

*Keep it together.*

We ate pizza and played games into the wee hours of the morning and fell asleep on the futon with our controllers in our hands. I woke up to a strange sensation. My morning wood, raging and pulsating, was pressed against something. In my daze, I didn't think much of it, instinctually I started to gyrate slowly, my dick rubbing against something that was firm but yielding. My hands were on someone. I

took a few seconds to realise that it was Megan. My eyes bolted open, and I quickly realised what had happened. Sleeping so close to one another on the pull out meant that we were practically cuddling, in my sleep my morning wood made contact with her rear, and I was gyrating.

I stopped out of panic, but I felt something strange back.

*She is gyrating too...*

I tried to play it off and just move back but the arm I had draped over her body was now being led by her hand.

*Was she sleeping...*

Meg's firm grip moved my hand to her chest and pressed it into her boobs. I could feel her thick and hard nipples immediately against my hands. I had never felt her tits before, we did joke a few times when drunk about getting to know "Boobs" better, but it was a stupid inside joke. This was very real.

It felt as you'd imagine, very erotic, my cock was already engorged but now it was begging for more, despite me trying to resist.

Her boobs felt different to how I'd imagined. I'd caught a few glimpses in the past, what I was feeling felt much firmer and a bit bigger than I was expecting. It wasn't a bad thing by any means, just surprising.

Her ass was pushing against my cock harder now, my hands were kneading her breasts because of her hands manipulating my own.

*This isn't right...*

I went to open my mouth, but I was shocked to hear Meg's voice.

"Oh Teddy..." She moaned softly.

The desperation in her voice was palpable, the lust from her words and drawn-out breath lingered in the air.

"Meg..." I responded, a little too sexually charged myself.

"Fuck... I am so horny..." She gasped as my hands took over from hers. "Maybe we could..."

*Was she seriously propositioning me...*

Despite my growing desire for Meg, I knew this wasn't right, we were both in a daze, we couldn't do this.

*Could we?*

"Meg." I said with more of a serious tone. "I... I don't know if this is a good idea..."

She flipped over, her heavy eyes briefly met mine before she came to her senses. She pushed away from me and looked at me with a look of shock and embarrassment on her face.

"Oh, my fucking God T!" She covered her mouth with her palm.  
"I'm so sorry, I..."

"It's ok Meg, don't worry about it. We all get urges, and not like I'm blameless."

She looked dishevelled.

"Hey, let's just forget about it. Let's move on, we're fine."

She almost looked as if her world was collapsing around her.

*I wonder what is going on in her head.*

"Hey, we can't let Jonesy win anyway, right?" I joked with her.

Her face brightened up. "I.. I don't know what to say..."

"You don't need to say anything." I reassured her.

Her hands went to her boobs, and she covered her hard nipples, very visible through her top. "Umm..." She looked confused, she didn't say anything for a few seconds and then continued. "I'm going to hop in the shower. Meet you for breakfast?"

"Sure thing."

I watched Meg jump to her feet, her hands covering her breasts the whole time, she walked out the room, still blushing. I turned onto my back and looked up at the ceiling.

*I didn't have to say anything... Why did I say anything...*

"It was the right thing to do..." I said under my breath.

### Chapter Three

I waited for my erection to subside before I got up, the need to touch it was a bit higher than I was expecting.

*It had only been a few days...*

I guess I was more affected by Meg than I was expecting.

Nevertheless, I resisted and made my way to the kitchen. I was shocked to see the other boys already there.

"Unlike you guys to get up before me."

"Thing is T, we only just got in." Hench said, his speech was slightly slurred.

"It was fucking great mate, should've seen all the birds trying to shag Jonesy, when we told them he made a bet for no nut November, they went feral. Look at him!"

Jonesy was sitting on the table, staring off into the distance. It appeared that his soul had left his body.

"You shouldn't tease him Gregg, the man has endured enough."

"Did you see them... Their tits were so perky..." Jonesy said, his voice distant and devoid of emotion.

Gregg burst into laughter. "Well, at least you held it in Jonesy, I thought you might've jet your pants man" He taunted.

"I think it is time we got some sleep lads." Hench wrapped his large arms around the two guys. "Shame you couldn't join us T." Hench nodded his head and escorted the two boys towards their rooms.

I grabbed some bread and turned on the grill.

*Toast sounds good.*

"Toast sounds good." Meg said behind me, causing me to jump and nearly drop the butter knife I had just picked up.

"Jesus Christ Meg, you can't be—"

I paused. It was impossible not to. My eyes saw something I had not ever really paid much attention to.

*Megan's boobs.*

Despite her name, I never really paid much attention, she was my friend after all. The events of this morning still lingering in my mind certainly didn't help my train of thought, nor did the fact we were on day five of no nut November. However, Megan's boobs were really popping out of her bra. It was something I couldn't ignore; they were bulging over the cups and her nipples were very visible through the cups. Her B cup bra looked like it was holding on for dear life. Bulging under and over, it would be a fair guess to suggest she was boarding a Dat at this point.

"That noticeable?" Meg said, thrusting her chest out slightly and looking down at them. "Or was this morning still running in your head?" She teased.

*It wasn't like a normal Meg tease... It was more... Charged.*

I blushed. "Well... Your bra... Umm..."

"Uhh... It shrunk in the wash..." She stammered in response.

The awkwardness in the air was rife. I smelt the familiar smell of burning toast and panicked to pull out the blackened bread from the grill.

"I'll get the next one..." She joked, she bounced on the balls of her feet, it only drew my eyes to her much jigglier breasts.

*Something about her demeanour is different.*

I could feel myself getting aroused.

*There is something different about me...*

My thoughts were filled with the impure fantasies that usually would only surface when I would be with someone.

*Or alone...*

I put more bread into the grill, trying desperately to move my morning along. It was a hard feat, what with Meg now resting her boobs on the breakfast bar. At some point she had removed her bra, I could see them almost perfectly, especially the thick and hard nipples. She looked at me with something in her eyes I hadn't seen before from

her. I tried to play it off, as did she. We weren't fooling each other though.

"So... What are your plans for today?" She asked me.

"Well... Seeing as I have free time... I might just play some games again today; the lads are off on their trip." I started.

"Why aren't you going again?" She inquired.

"I hurt my leg at the start of the season, so the team is going for an away match, and I am staying home because of the injury."

"Ah yes... Your thigh, right?" Meg remembered, she stood up and went to grab a drink, not before resting her hand on my right thigh. "This one, right?"

I could only nod, her hands were close to my hardening cock.

"Sorry..." She said, not really meaning it.

"So... Umm... Games, sounds good to me..." My voice was exasperated.

"Toast and games." She corrected, giving me a hug from behind, her boobs squashing into my back. "Thank you for doing my toast." She gave me a quick squeeze before returning to the breakfast bar.

I could start to smell the toast starting to burn, thankfully I saved this second batch, I buttered it and applied a generous layer of jam to it before handing a plate to Megan and sitting at the bar with her tucking into mine quickly. I could barely take my eyes off her boobs.

*What is wrong with me?*

I reached down to adjust my semi and I felt a lot more than I usually would.

*What the fuck.*

My hands cupped my balls, they were bigger than normal, my cock too felt thicker.

*What.*

The shock must've been on my face because Megan spoke up.

"Everything alright?" Her voice was filled with concern but the way I was playing under the table, she must've thought something naughty because she looked ready to pounce.

"Um... Yes! Don't worry... Uhh... Fine..." I started to scoff the toast down in a rush to get back to my room to inspect what was going on in private.

"T... I don't have any plans today, could I maybe join you again?"

*How could I say no... I need to check this thing out but... Meg...*

"Of course."

*I couldn't possibly say no without her thinking something was up.*

"Awesome... I think I might need to change into something a bit comfier, do you mind if I wear my PJs?"

"Of course not."

We finished up and Meg went to her room, and I had a few moments to get into my room before she would arrive. I pulled my pants down and gawked at what I saw. My balls felt as if they had grown in size. It was a rather drastic change. My cock too was thicker and longer, it was hard to see from looking but feeling it in my hands, I was amazed at my transformation.

*Why...*

It was the only question I could think of.

*Why would I start growing now?*

I Didn't have a second to think about this as I heard footsteps approaching my door. I quickly removed my hands from my pants and turned, just in time to see Megan standing in the doorway.

*Woah.*

Her PJs left little to the imagination, not because of how revealing they are but more that it wasn't a loose of a fit already, with the new growth, it seemed that it too had "shrunk in the wash."

Braless, busty suddenly compared to before, I stared. My cock was already a semi and was in danger of becoming fully erect if I kept my gaze on her chest for a moment longer. I turned away and quickly grabbed the controllers.

"I was just turning it on, you want in?" I said, reaching out a controller towards Meg.

"No, it's ok, I'll just watch for a bit."

*Somehow that made me even more uneasy.*

Nervously, I sat down on the futon, wincing as I didn't quite account for my new growth. I sat and stared at the TV as I felt the futon shake when Megan lowered herself onto the seat next to me, her phone in her hand. She acted like she wasn't looking, as did I, but my act wasn't as believable as I didn't press any buttons when prompted by the console to start the game, because I was staring at her wobbling bosom in her top.

“Aren’t you going to start?” Meg’s voice teased.

She clearly knew my attention was drawn to her. I nodded and the game music started as I started to work my way through the menus. Thankfully for me, I was able to focus on the game and make some good progress, not only for my want to complete the game, but rather, it was so that I didn’t let myself become a product of my own lust when looking at Meg.

*Today has been rather odd... Maybe tomorrow it’ll all be fine.*

It was a nice thought, this feeling would fade, like I had just woken up on the wrong side of the bed or something, or rather, the wrong side of your best friend. However, this thought did skip over one massive fact, the day wasn’t over yet, it was barely halfway through morning and here I was sat; confused about my growing predicament but also enamoured by Meg’s growing predicaments.

*This was going to be a long day.*

## Chapter Four

We were so close as friends that we became like background noise for each other so often, today was no exception, by about mid-afternoon, I felt an uncomfortable pang, two actually.

My stomach growled, loudly. It startled both of us.

*I was hungry.*

I felt like the noise brought me out of another universe, the game world fading from my mind as I thought about grabbing a bite to eat. I turned to Meg and noticed she was still leaning back on the futon, her chest looked bigger from the angle I was at as it was blocking some of her face. I had barely noticed that her feet were next to my thighs. I stared at her face, and she did the same back to me.

“Hungry?” She asked. Her sultry voice was the first sound other than the game I had heard in a while.

It reminded me of my other pang.

*My balls.*

I had a low dull ache in them, being reminded of them made me conscious of where they were, currently they were pressing into my inner thighs. I spread my legs to accommodate them but that had an unintended side effect. Megan lifted her legs and draped her feet over my lap, the back of her calves on my thighs.

*Oh no.*

My cock was already starting to stir from being reminded of her breasts, let alone her voice, and now this.

“Yeah, let’s get some food.” I motioned to stand up, but Megan used her legs to pin me to the seat.

"Not so fast, I fancy a sub from that place down the road, I'll order it now on the app, I'll get your usual."

"Cool..."

*A great and kind gesture but with the current seating arrangement, I need to move...*

I am in my head about this, and I can feel my erection starting to form in my pants. I pick up the controller and try to distract myself.

*What is that...*

Her legs, they are wriggling on my thighs. An innocent enough gesture, but thanks to my heightened arousal I am growing more aroused by the second.

*No...*

"There... Done!" She beams.

"Thank you." I smile and nod at her.

*Am I that awkward... Or...*

"T."

*Fuck.*

"You, ok?" She continues.

I nod. "Fine."

"You look... A bit... Uneasy..." Megan sits up, her legs still on my thighs, her boobs pressed together by her arms.

*Are they bigger...*

I was in my own head, thinking about crazy things.

*Tits don't just grow.*

Yet here they were. Formerly a modest B but now a sizable C.

*Maybe more...*

It was obvious I was staring, Meg laughed. I blushed.

"It's ok. This game is hard." Megan added. "No nut November." She rubbed my arm.

I panicked and looked away. Only when I did that did I feel something that I should've noticed sooner.

My rock-hard dick was pressing against her calves.

*Shit.*

"Meg..." I started to try to do some damage control, but she just smiled at me.

"It's ok..." She moved her legs with intention now, it was clear to me.

“What are you...”

“It’s ok... I won’t tell them about the game...”

The game.

“I don’t care about the game... I care about you... This isn’t right...”

Her eyes filled up. “That is so sweet...” with a flick of her legs, she moved off of me and rested her tits against my chest and planted a huge kiss on my lips.

My world was rocked, every emotion, every pent-up desire from this morning was coming back out. My dick felt like it was going to tear through my trousers. I felt her hand graciously trace its girth in my pants.

“My... My...” She cooed in my face. “Looks like I wasn’t the only one who grew...”

*She did grow! I knew it!*

“I don’t remember it being quite *this* big...” She moaned, her breath hot and heavy on my face. “Same for *these*...” Meg leaned back, using her spare arm she hefted her tits towards her chin.

My cock pulsed and flexed against her hand, and I moaned.

“I think you like that...” She moaned. “I know I like *this* and *these*”.

“Megan...” I panted weakly.

“What’s causing it do you think...” Her hand started to be firmer with my dick. “I can’t imagine having done this to you a few days ago... So, what changed?”

Megan was always logical; she was a thinker. Right now, I do not have the capacity for such things. I could do but one thing.

“Please...” I begged.

“Do you think... Do you think it’s the game...”

“What are you on about?” I asked, confused, not following her train of thought.

Meg jumped up and straddled my lap, my cock’s length pressing against the curve of her ass. Her chest mere centimetres away from my face. “I think it is...” She moaned, feeling my engorged cock flex beneath her. “As much as I want *all* of this... Not yet.”

She planted another kiss on my lips and jumped off, “You’ll have to wait.”

The doorbell rang and her ears perked up.

“Food’s here anyway. I think it best if I eat it in my room, you stay here, I’ll bring it up in a sec.

She rushed out the door and left me gasping on the futon, my cock aching for release.

*Fuck...*

It was nearly impossible to resist wanking, the only reason I didn’t right then and there was because Meg sent me a photo. The picture was of her topless, but she had censored her nipples.

“You’ll get the uncensored version if you don’t cum. We aren’t letting Jonesy win.”

*What kind of deal is that?*

I grit my teeth and bury my head into a pillow and screamed loudly for a few seconds before I noticed Megan was at the door again with my sub.

“Maybe I should watch you, make sure you don’t...” For safety, I’ll sit on the bed though... You stay there...” Her eyes were staring at my still erect dick.

*This is a stupid game.*

Impossibly, I resisted, Megan offered to text me that picture the next day. For fear of losing the game and not wanting to cash in on my friend like that, I declined.

The next week was weird.

The tension in the air was weird between me and Meg, every time we saw each other we were like horny teens. Meg kept herself covered in a robe to reduce the risk of me getting hard but thanks to my continued growth, I was never far away from an erection. I could only imagine to myself what was under that fluffy robe. I went about my day as normal as possible, but I found myself being drawn to Meg. Every day when I’d get home I’d stand near her door and try to build the courage to knock but I always bailed.

I felt a longing for her, the excitement about what changes she has undergone was also very much at the forefront of my brain. My desperation was starting to take over my mind.

Going outside was starting to become a bit more awkward, my balls had swollen more over the past few days, as had my cock, the morning woods were becoming almost unbearable too. My daily life

was being impacted by my girth. I found a few girls would give shocked faces and some would even wink at me. If not for the thought of Meg, I would've caved immediately. My balls were about 25% bigger than normal and my cock too, it was only the 11th of November at this point, the last day of the guy's trip, they were due back tomorrow afternoon.

The urgency of our situation and our time in the flat alone was very much on my mind. I had thought about messaging Meg on the way home but again, I was fearful of what it might do to our friendship. I left it.

Opening the door to our shared apartment, I headed to my room and opened the door, only to jump out of my skin when I saw Megan on the futon.

"Christ alive Meg... You scared the shit out of me..." I sighed.

"T. We need to talk." She said firmly.

## Chapter Five

Sitting on the futon, Megan's body was still covered in that robe, it was quickly becoming the bane of my existence it seemed. I tried to make out anything about her body, but she wore it in a way that really did obfuscate her figure. I did think her boobs looked bigger, but it was hard to tell exactly how much.

*If I grew, it would stand to reason so did she.*

Speaking of growth, I saw her eyes shoot to my bulge in my trousers and her eyes went wide.

"I see your growth has continued..."

I blushed. "Is it that obvious..."

She nodded and stood up. "Are these that obvious too?"

Meg stared deep into my eyes and opened her robe, exposing her own growth. Megan "Boobs" Davies was truly living up to her nickname now, her top was stretched tight over her tits. The top was meant to be fairly conservative but thanks to her expansion, it was much lower cut than intended. Each of her breasts were much larger than they were when I saw her almost a week ago. Near Ds were now huge H's, at a guess. They were big. My mind struggled to comprehend their new size. I had never seen breasts that big in person, I probably had in some videos or pictures online, but it was entirely different standing before someone who, not only has boobs that big, but also boobs that are barely contained within her top because of her sudden growth.

I was begging for release this morning, my cock ached for attention and release. That was before I saw Meg and her new assets.

I was solid.

My cock was fully erect, it seemed even bigger than when I woke up with morning wood. My balls ached and I stood there almost panting at the sight before me.

“Oh my~” Megan cooed.

I followed her gaze and saw my dick, making the largest of porn stars look almost inadequate.

*Woah...*

I took a step toward Meg, my inhibitions all but gone, desire fuelling my motor functions. I reached out, much like a zombie trying to grab their victim, my arms were outstretched. Unlike a brainless husk, my focus was her large melons on her chest.

I felt a finger press into the centre of my chest.

“Nuh uh uh” She teased. “Just because you are horny Mr Stevens, doesn’t mean you get to have the goods.”

Meg thrust her chest out and showed off her new growth. My knees wobbled; my cock throbbed. My face must’ve been pleading because I could see her eyes soften and look at me with pity.

“Seeing as you look so desperate...” Megan removed her finger from the centre of my sternum, and I fell forward.

The sudden movement caught me off guard, I fell, face first into a soft heaven.

I couldn’t move, my body was frozen for a few seconds, my face being enveloped between those bountiful breasts. The thing that snapped me from my paralysis was her touch. Her hands ran through my hair.

It felt nice.

“M-M..eg...” I barely formed the word.

“Hmm?” She replied.

“I... Can’t handle it...” I pleaded.

“Oh Honey...” Her hand tickled my scalp. “Why not think of it this way... The longer you last... The bigger I’ll grow...”

She spoke with such authority; I couldn’t argue with it. In my aroused state, I couldn’t even connect the dots that if she grew bigger, so would I.

Megan lifted my head out from her cleavage and looked at me with heavy eyes.

"I know you want that..." Her voice was a low whisper, her hand grabbed my cock, and she gripped it tightly. "And I want it too..."

*She wants me bigger...*

"I can see by your eyes that you look shocked, but... Think of it this way... The bigger you get, the more you feel turned on to me... Your arousal gets me off..." Her revelation has me stunned.

"I wonder if I'm not big enough to completely swallow it between these..." Megan looks down at her vast cleavage. "It sounds like a fun arms race if you ask me..."

Her hand hadn't left my dick, in fact, she was slowly starting to move it up and down. My toes curled.

"M.. M..." I stuttered.

"Oh sorry..." Megan blushes, realising that she was giving in too much to her desires. "Maybe it is better that we don't see each other until the end of the month."

My face dropped. That was the opposite to what I wanted. The clairvoyant Meg immediately recognised my facial expression. Her hand softly rested on my chest.

"I guess you think you are strong enough to resist then?" She wrapped her hand around her wrist and pulled her arms straight.

The sight was unbelievable. One of my best friends was now sporting a huge pair of tits and now they were being trusted towards my face. The soft flesh was bulging through the boob window, and I could only stare at the swollen mounds before me, my own swollen growth trying to bust through my pants too.

"Even when they..." She squeezes her arms together more, making her boobs appear to bulge and swell. "Grow..."

My knees trembled and I wobbled on my feet.

*She was right.*

I couldn't answer her, it took all of my willpower not to do anything. Thankfully she moved and grabbed her robe from the futon.

"I think it'll be fun to try." Meg wrapped herself up in the robe. "Don't you?"

I slowly nodded my head.

She pressed herself closer to me and leaned in for a kiss, struggling slightly as her boobs blocked her advance. I felt her hot breath on my face.

"I can't even kiss you... I'm not done growing yet... Am I?" She asked me as if I had control.

*I guess I do...*

"Are you going to let me get bigger?" She covertly slipped a hand to her robe and pulled it aside to reveal her boobs again. "Or shall I take this back off?"

I was losing the fight in real time, keeping still was all I could do, becoming a statue, I stared at her.

"I'll give you this one for free." Megan covered her boobs once more and took her leave. "See you soon T."

*This was going to be much harder than I thought.*

## Chapter Six

The guys were all back this afternoon, it was a big deal as it meant that I could try and use them as a distraction from Megan and her growing tits.

*I need to last...*

I had a deep desire to see Megan grow bigger, even at the expense of my cock. This morning my morning wood was particularly difficult to subdue. A cold shower did nothing and it was easy to see and feel that I was bigger again this morning.

*That means Megan is too...*

The thought ran through me like a bolt of lightning, undoing any work I had done this morning to try to calm myself, I just sat on my bed and looked at my phone.

My phone pinged. Megan had messaged me.

Meg: Any bigger this morning?

Me: Yes...

Meg: Me too.

Before I could think to reply, I saw a picture pop up with a one time view. I knew what it would be, it didn't take a detective to work it out. I thought about resisting, knowing that it would just wind me up more, but it proved impossible. My curiosity got the better of me and I tapped the icon.

The photo that filled my screen was better than I thought possible. It was a picture from her bed, laying on her back, Megan's tits were

rising high, blocking her field of vision. She still had the same top on so I could see her cleavage, but more than that, her top had ripped. I could see the frayed fabric desperately trying to cover her breasts.

*Thank God for mobile phone companies and their camera pride.*

It is hard to gauge the size difference, but from this angle she looks huge. Even if she had sent that message yesterday, there is no telling how big she would've looked then. I gawked at the image, my mouth agape, my cock's stiffness renewed. I just kept thinking about how big they looked, I tried to gauge how big they were even by laying down and placing the phone as if it was my point of view. I just couldn't believe what I was looking at.

I spent so much time staring and so turned on, I felt my cock start to leak some precum.

*I need to stop...*

I didn't know if I came, whether that would stop her growing or not, I wasn't about to chance it.

I closed the image down and saw one more message from Meg.

Meg: Come down... I'll show you...

I threw my phone to the bed and closed my eyes. My phone went off a few more times, I didn't have the grit to pick it up and read at that moment, I waited a few minutes before checking. It was from the boys; they were on their way home. They would arrive in a few hours.

Something clicked within me. It was like a timer, notifying me that if I didn't take my chance now, I might not get it again. I rushed to Megan's door and knocked it frantically.

"The guys will be here in a few hours..." I said with desperation.

"And?" her cool, calm and seductive reply sent shivers down my spine.

"What do we do..."

"About what?" She teased.

"You know what..."

I felt her footsteps vibrating the floor as she walked over to the door. I saw her handle turn. The door opened slightly, and I saw Megan's face peering through the gap.

"Are you sure this is wise T..." She looked down at my trousers.

“What with... *That...*”

*She was right, what was I doing, why was I here...*

“I... I don’t know... I am all sorts of messed up... I... I am so horny...” I walked backwards and leaned against the wall behind me.

“If me coming out there could help, I would... But T... I don’t think you should see them right now...” I noticed her eyes were trained on my cock. “I know I certainly shouldn’t come out there...”

“Why...” I dumbly said.

“Because if I get any closer, I don’t know if I could resist anymore...”

*Is she serious?*

I stood still for a few seconds, watching her face, she remained focused on my bulging cock. In complete silence, I lowered my hand to my bulge, and I started to slowly stroke it through my pants. Its girth was impressive, it was covering a good distance towards my knee now, thick and rigid, I stroked it. I could see the desire in her eyes, she watched on as my fingers traced my length.

I was becoming too aroused, I pulled my waist band and exposed my cock, it stuck out before me like a metal rod, pointing directly at Megan. I stared at her face, my cock twitching in the air. She closed the door.

I felt rejected.

*I fucked up.*

I heard her hasty footsteps and the sound of her body hitting the bed. Standing there in the hallway, on the precipice of giving into lust, I felt empty inside.

“Come in...” Her voice beckoned me.

I timidly opened the door, slowly I entered, guiding my cock through the frame, something I never thought I’d have to be mindful about. Megan was sitting on the edge of the bed. My eyes went to where her chest should be, but I was met with a pillow and her hands wrapped around the soft surface.

*She is hiding them... Maybe she is worried...*

Standing there exposed now made me feel even worse, I went to tuck my cock back into my pants, but she stopped me.

“Don’t.” She commanded.

I looked at her confused, I thought I had fucked it up, but she

wasn't letting me cover up. I looked at her face and could see the arousal still on it, she was almost drooling. I noticed something else. She was wearing something different, she had thin straps which were cutting into her shoulders. They didn't look like bra straps, or anything substantial, more like the thin straps of a crop top. I felt my pulse beat harder.

"Are you sure..." She asked.

To me it was clear that we were going to lose the game here. There was no way I could resist any longer, her inviting me into the room sealed her fate too. I looked her in the eyes and I saw the smirk spread over her face.

She dropped the pillow.

Before me she sat, bustier than yesterday, considerably so. Her boobs were barely contained in the crop top she was wearing. No bra that she owned could contain her melons now. The soft flesh being pressed into one another caused her to have a wall of cleavage. Her nipples were hard, they were so thick. My cock twitched and pointed at her.

"Guess we find out..."

I cocked my head to the side.

"Who won the arms race?" She moaned, leaning back onto her hand and thrusting her chest out.

Her boobs looked so perky and round, tightly packed into her top. Her boulders were juxtaposed to her body, they looked impossible. The fabric creaked from her movements and her underboob cleavage was something that looked nothing short of inviting. I saw her eyes peering over the top of the crest of her tits.

"Come on... *they're* waiting..."

## *Chapter Seven*

After the briefest of pauses, I walked forward, my cock pointed firmly towards their target. As I was within touching distance, she lifted her contained breasts and sheathed my cock in the underside of her bust.

The shock from the movement almost made me explode instantly. Meg sensed this and froze solid. My cock had penetrated her vast boobage, not wholly, but it was still covered by her gigantic melons. We both stared at each other with our mouths agape. My fists were clenched, I desperately didn't want to explode before I got to have my fun.

"Well, looks like I won." Meg said triumphantly.

I couldn't speak, I needed my focus to resist a sticky end so early. I slowly leaned forward. Each millimetre I moved was ecstasy.

I held on.

Meg's face quickly turned from a smile of a proud victory into a lust filled stare. She could feel it. My cock was burrowing deeper into the underside of her boobs. Separating her boobs as it carried on its advance. I panted and gasped as her tits continued to take my elongated cock. It took a few seconds of my slow movement to finally feel her swollen orbs to rest against my lower abdomen but as they did, I saw my cock finally breach her cleavage. The thick engorged head was pointed at her chin.

"I think... I won..." I said between gasps.

Meg's mouth wrapped around the head of my cock, and I felt her tongue swirl around my sensitive head. I leaned back and thrust even farther into her boobs, squashing them from my motion. I caught a

glimpse as Megan swallowed more of my cock and her boobs started to be mashed against her face.

*I was going to suffocate her if I thrust anymore.*

"Meg... I..." I warned her of my looming explosion.

She stopped and I felt my dick come out of her mouth with an audible pop. Her eyes were wide, and the lustful horny look was fading quickly. She had a new found confidence spreading across her.

*What was she doing?*

"Don't say it's over..." She started.

I felt a movement around my cock, like she thrust her chest out. I glanced down and saw her boobs were covering more of my cock than a few seconds prior.

"When I haven't finished yet..." She moaned.

Her boobs were now actively growing, I could feel them spreading over my lap and my eyes confirmed my suspicions. Her breasts were inflating before my eyes. It wasn't long before my cock was being swallowed by her growing breasts. Her smirk was growing wider by the second and I felt her press her boobs together, sandwiching my penis.

"I think we put an end to this game..."

Before I could protest, Megan started to move her boobs up and down. The feeling of all that boob stroking my cock was too much, despite trying to hold out, it was no use. I felt my eruption well up within my balls. I closed my eyes and exploded deep within her cleavage.

I came and came and came.

Her cleavage was oozing my cum as I released a torrent of the stuff, my eyes rolled back into my head and my toes curled as I let out my pent-up orgasm. I had lost No Nut November, but in the best way possible.

I slumped forward after my orgasm subsided and Meg guided my spent body to the bed. I had made an incredible mess, I could immediately feel my balls were smaller, however my cock was still massive. I looked at Megan through half opened eyes and saw her face twisting from pleasure. Her hands were twisting her nipples, they had undergone their own expansion and were thick and long.

I felt a second wind and I sat up, reaching out and taking over for

her. My hands kneaded her nipples, I pinched and teased them. I revelled in the power I had over her body.

*I was suddenly in the driver's seat.*

I worked on them for a minute or so and it was clear to tell that she wasn't going to last much longer. I decided to be bold. I pulled her closer and felt her tits mash against my chest with a slick slap. My still hard cock was now pinned to my leg by her, her pussy was right against its girth. She knew it, her eyes went wide, and she panted.

"Look at how big you made me Meg..."

She moaned loudly, she became feral and started dry humping my massive rod.

"You turned me on so much... You made me grow..." I continued. "How could I resist... *These*" I pinched her nipples.

Megan's voice yelled out throughout the house. Her body convulsed on top of mine, she screeched and continued to grind against my rod until her strength started to dissipate. She collapsed on top of my body.

We were both so spent, we fell asleep like that. Naked and I was pinned under her huge boobs.

I woke up with a fright, there was a loud bang, and I was alerted to the fact that the boys had returned. I looked down at Meg, who was still asleep, but I was more shocked to see that her boobs had shrunk. Not entirely, but they were no longer watermelons, they now were probably solid Ds. I slid out from under her and felt my own appendage and realised that I too had shrunk. Again, not entirely, but considerably. I heard footsteps approach the door and I panicked. I rushed and held the door handle.

A gentle knock made me jump.

"Hey Meg, it's Hench, we're home. You'll never guess what, Jonesy lost No Nut November, first day away." Hench's laugh boomed through the wood. "Anyway, I'm going to unpack, we're thinking of food, meet you downstairs."

I didn't say a word, I just held my breath.

"The *first* night?" Meg's voice almost made me scream. I hadn't heard her move at all. "Makes you think of all the fun we could've had sooner." She teased. "Although I guess we wouldn't have gotten so... *big*."

I turned to her and saw her chest now exposed and much more realistic, still far too big for Meg's normal body, but she was certainly worthy of the nickname "Boobs".

"Although... November isn't over yet..."

*What's she getting at?*

I saw her close her eyes and I watched on in awe as her boobs grew a cup size before my eyes.

"Oh... So that still works... Maybe we can see how big they can get before the month is over."

I gawked at her E cups. My cock was rigid. I felt her hand reach and stroke it teasingly.

"Think I can make this *bigger* again too? I have a few more ideas about what to do with it..."

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