

“Our story starts in the late 90's. The Iron Curtain had fallen and Yvette Seleski had a dream. She wanted to be famous, to be known as someone the world over instead of a girl lost to time in eastern Europe. However, growing up in the recovering Ukraine hardly offered opportunities for higher education and she had few physical talents to speak of. She could not sing, dance, or even act her way to stardom. However, she was brilliant and incredibly gifted with her hands. Her grandmother had taught her to play the piano, people had even praised her as a prodigy but, training, lessons, and the influence that came from them cost money. Money she did not have.”

“Why are you telling me this, exactly?” Aya huffed under her breath as her tall, thin, and blonde roommate stuck her tongue out. The bus, which was empty aside from them and a couple of teenage boys upfront, hit a bump. “You’ve sent me the story. Multiple times.”

“But you’ve said you never read it!” Kelly shot back. “Can I continue?”

“Whatever, I’m just here to make sure you don’t get jumped going into downtown by yourself at night.” Not reading it had been quite the accomplishment really. Kelly had been obsessed with urban myth since she stumbled across it on reddit. So much so the pair of sophomores were spending spring break traveling to the source or the rumor instead of anywhere else.

Not that she really had any plans. Aya was not above admitting she had been looking forward to just laying in bed and half hoping to never wake up. Quite a few people thought the sophomore's gothy presentation meant she was suicidal, especially since she was not white. To her though, the Gothic nihilism she harbored was more like a feeling that there was no reason to do anything more than survive, to endure. Trying and caring both only resulted in being hurt. It was easier to deal with disappointments when you did not invest anything.

“Anyway,” Kelly said clearing her throat as she continued. “Fortunately for Yvette, the internet was a new frontier. Someone with dexterous fingers, the ability to learn dirty words and phrases, and some imagination could quickly build a following of people interested in experimenting. Within months she had built herself an online persona that could not have been further from reality. She

called herself Jessica, after the busty cartoon lounge singer. She added Jiggs for that American porn star feel.”

Kelly kept talking as the bus trundled on. Aya half listened while looking at her phone and aimlessly browsing the web. Unbothered, her roommate faithfully chronicled how Yvette wrote about having an extreme puberty which left her tall, stacked, curvy. While the would-be internet porn star was, in reality, very tall and not exactly thin, she was hardly the bombshell she pretended to be. It did not matter to the people she talked to. All they wanted was to have an experience with a woman they would never have a chance with in the real world.

“You know, I still don’t get that,” Aya said looking up from her phone. “Why sex chat and not like...photos or something? I mean, sure, video like we have now wasn’t a thing but, I can’t imagine myself getting off while typing.”

“A lot of it is stranger on a train type stuff,” Kelly said with a roll of her eyes at being interrupted again. “A single passionate contact that has no consequence to the real world.”

“Besides,” she said fixing Aya with a side eye glance. “You spend a lot of time talking with digital people, surely you get the sensation of developing feelings for someone you’ve never actually met.”

Aya raised an eyebrow, a slight blush showing through her light brown skin and smattering of freckles. “Sure...and I guess people looking for that feeling would be more prone to experiencing it.”

“Yeah and Yvette apparently wasn’t immune either. While she had started the whole affair as just a means to make money, she started to get off on the idea of being built like her persona. She wanted people to whisper behind their hands as she walked past them. She wanted to feel her oversexed body jiggling in tight clothes. Her chats become more and more about growing in all manner of ways. Soon, she was looking for a way to actually become Jessica.”

“Which is what fascinates you, right? You’ve got that same obsession.”

“I won’t deny I write a lot of stories about me becoming all sorts of body types.”

“Okay,” Aya said, finding herself drawn into the story despite herself. “How did she plan to become this cartoon-esc bombshell then? How do you?”

“My challenges are a bit more steep. She had the advantage of looking when the holy grail was available. In the late nineties, there was a plastic surgeon working out of a clinic in Houston who was making strides with a new type of breast implant. One that would likely grow indefinitely. She got in touch with him and expressed interest. He said he had an opening. She cashed out her internet bank account for a ticket to America that day. A week later she was standing in lobby of his clinic.”

“Which is where we’re headed?”

“Sort of. See, the initial consult was promising. A surgery date was set. She had a week to change her mind. A week later, she was walking to the appointment when the cable of a suspended I-beam snapped over head. She had a moment to look up before everything went white.”

“That’s a horrible ending!”

“Only, it doesn’t end there. Yvette opened her eyes a moment later and a young woman in a slightly rumpled business suit had a hand on her shoulder. She asked if Yvette was okay. The woman was flushed and a little out of breath, as if she had just done something physically taxing.”

“Whew,” Aya let out the breath she realized she was hoping. “Okay. So what happened? Did the woman save her?”

“I’m getting there! Yvette replied that she was okay and she was lucky to avoid such a close call. The woman agreed, saying she had not expected him to cum inside her. Yvette blinked, that was not the response she expected. She turned to point out the I-beam which had just fallen. Only, there was no metal girder, no crater. The high rise that had just been under construction was complete with people in many of the office windows. Yvette asked the woman what day it was and, when she glanced at her watch, Yvette followed her gaze. The woman’s blazer was pulled tight across two perfectly round boobs. Yvette's hands absently rose to her own chest as she remembered her appointment. Conversation forgotten, she turned to walk the remaining distance to the clinic.”

“So did she make it?”

Kelly shook her head. “The woman was oddly upset about being blown off. There was an altercation and Yvette fell to land face first between impossible cleavage. She reached out to push away, but her hand passed right through the other woman. Curiously, she could feel the woman's hand on her shoulder like it was her own. On a hunch, she jumped off the ground as if to tackle her apparent assailant. The next thing she knew, she was looking out of her eyes.”

“So she did die...”

“Yeah...”

They were silent for a moment, the sound of bus engine filling the gap between them.

“Anyway, somehow Yvette’s soul had remained here after being killed. The surprise of broke that her possession and she passed out of the woman's back to stumble on the sidewalk. The woman spun to face her. Her flush replaced with an expression of terror. She slowly backed away until she was a few feet from the office building and then ran inside. Yvette lay on the sidewalk confused. No one else seemed to notice her. In fact, a man walking towards her did not even blink as his strides carried him right through her legs.”

The bus groaned to a stop and Kelly said this was where they would get off. As they got to their feet, Kelly explained that when Yvette got to hers, an unexpected weight shifted on her chest. Looking down, she seemed to be as endowed as the woman had been. Groping herself, she realized her boobs were not filled with silicone like the office woman, but felt one hundred percent real.

“According to the myth,” Kelly continued as they stepped down to the curb. “Yvette's ghost kept possessing women with the same dream as her since they were the only souls who could see her. Her presence in their bodies would cause her measurements to be added to her hosts and, when she left, her own bust was increased to match. According to the last witness, she was beyond rational measurement.”

“Okay,” Aya replied, tucking her phone in a pocket. “So we're here in the middle of the night

to find her and what? Have her possess you?”

“That’s the plan. I want to be the biggest and, by all accounts, her dimensions are beyond normal measurements now.”

Aya crossed her arms over her chest, squishing her own reasonable bust beneath her purple and black hoodie. She just did not understand why anyone would want to have boobs that could really only be measured by weight. Hell, she hated how much her girls weighed and she was just barely on the top end of average. Big as the rest her family was, she was thankful for only being a 36D.

“You’re sure that’s what you want?”

“Without a doubt.”

“Then we ‘ave something to discuss,” said a heavily accented voice from behind them.

Sitting on the bench at the bus stop was the bustiest woman in the biggest sweater Aya had ever seen. Her hair was a chaotic whirl of pink, white, and purple spread over hundreds of ringlets. She might have even been more boob than body from how they filled her top, her lap, and even the bench before enveloping nearly all of her calves as well.

“Are you Yvette?” Kelly asked.

“Da, I am. Who might you—”

“Those are insane,” Aya said, unable to hold back her shock. “Like, being that size is impossible.”

“Oh, anythin’ is possible when I don’t ‘ave a body,” Yvette said with a huge grin. “I’m just energy after all. If I really wanted, this could be height or ass but, I am all about these, how you say, sweater puppies.”

“What happens when you possess someone like that though? Wasn’t the myth that they grew to match you?”

“Oh, they do. Almost at once.”

“Is it...?”

“Permanent? I mean, there is some permanent growth but, the expansion shrinks back down eventually. Mine, too actually. So I have to keep eating, as it were, to keep my girlish figure.” She laughed at that, each report a deep sultry noise that caused her entire body to quiver.

“What if,” Kelly began. “What if someone surrendered their body to you? Like totally.”

“I am...unsure. I ‘ave never possessed anyone for more than a couple hours.”

Kelly planted her feet and held her arms out. “Do me.”

“You do realize what you’re saying right?”

“Oh I think she does, my freckled friend,” Yvette said to Aya before turning her attention to Kelly. “You want to ride shotgun in a body built for the impossible, nyet?”

“As long as the ride lasts, yeah.”

Yvette laughed harder than before, her tits quaking from the motion. “I like you, kitten. I’ll make sure to take good care of you.” The ghost stood then, her body rising with a fluid grace that should have been impossible with her bulk. Her sweater looked like it was filled with two massive balloons. She strode towards Kelly with a strut that dripped confidence and sex as her body wobbled back and forth with each step.

For her part, Kelly was almost vibrating from excitement. Aya could not bring herself to look away. She wondered for a moment what it would be like to have her soul pushed down into her subconscious as another person took over. It would probably be a painless way to go and her body would continue living on. Granted, she would be a different person but, at least it was not like she would be in the ground either.

The ghost raised her arm, her hand clipping Aya’s bust before coming to rest on Kelly’s flat chest. There was a burst of light and both of them squinted until the brilliance faded.

Yvette was nowhere to be found.

Kelly was still flat.

And Aya found herself looking at her body from the outside.

“Something went very wrong,” she heard herself say.

“Fucking right it did! Aya! Give me Yvette!” Kelly began to hammer on her friend’s shoulder.

Aya watched her lip curl. She could do nothing as her freckled hands flew up to put Kelly’s face in a vice grip. As Yvette kissed Kelly with her lips, she felt her knees go weak. She had always wanted to kiss her roommate, they had gotten close once over a bottle of wine.

Her friend twitched in the ghost's grasp as the embrace stretched on and on and it seemed like each movement caused more jiggling from head to toe. It was not long before Kelly's body was straining her already tight clothes. Every few inches of bust seemed to add another inch the rest of her thickness. Her stretchy jeans creaked as the spandex was pushed to its limit. Her shirt rode up, revealing a cutely pudgy tummy.

As suddenly as she had moved, Yvette broke off their connection and dropped Kelly to the ground. She looked right at Aya and grinned before mouthing something about going for a joyride.

“There,” she said, looking back down at Kelly. “A little something to make up for this and there's more if you help me.”

“Why not just leave her body and enter mine? Give it to me all at once?”

“I can't seem to leave. Something about what happened has to--oh!”

She gripped her sides and dropped to her knees. In an instant her boobs had doubled in size. There was a tearing sound as Aya's hoodie began to give way under the sudden pressure. Light-brown flesh bubbled up through the side seams. Freckled cleavage forced the zipper down.

That was not the end either.

With a audible gurgle, Yvette’s influence forced Aya’s bust to swell even larger until the hoodie completely split along its sides. The freed curves hung to her waist and were probably wider than her shoulders.

Though she could not control her body, it did not stop Aya from experiencing all of the sensations it felt. It felt like her mind was wrapped in a cloud of pleasure as thousands of new nerves

blinked into being. While the number was suitably balanced for tits twice the size of her head, her astral body had not grown and all of those pleasure centers were crammed tight in her comparatively tiny bust.

Yvette absently began to paw at her heaving endowments, her fingers working Aya's nipples until they were hard. Her eye glazing over, Kelly undid the zipper and buried her face in that vast, plush cleavage. The ghost pulled Aya's hoodie off and directed Kelly to suck on her left nipple.

With Kelly's lips around them, both Aya and Yvette were hit with a quick micro orgasm. In Kelly's mouth, the turgid flesh throbbed as it began to grow. Gaining inch upon inch, the end slipped further between Kelly's tongue and the the roof of her mouth. At the same time, it was thickening. Its girth approaching and then passing a dime.

Kelly pulled back with a gasp and Yvette steered her to the other one. The contact was even more intense, causing Aya to lose her sense of reality for a moment as Yvette made her other nipple grow to match the first.

“Yes, that's it, kitten. Now, keep sucking and I promise you'll grow as well.”

Kelly bit down on the fat nipple in her mouth and bobbed against it. Her boobs swelled. Her shirt's seams began to give. Her suckling grew more emphatic, her moans traveling through her teeth and Yvette to Aya's astral form. Her ass widened, her thighs thickened, her pants came apart with a slow tearing noise. All the while her boobs kept growing. Her bust engorging until it filled the space between her arms and began to push back against Yvette.

The feeling of all that soft flesh rubbing against each other pushed Aya over the edge and she felt her awareness flicker as the most intense orgasm ever gripped her mind. The scene flickered in and out as Kelly suggested they take this somewhere more private and Yvette agreed.

Aya blacked out from an overload of pleasure as Yvette began making with Kelly in the back seat of an Uber.

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Kelly lost track of where they were going as Yvette showered her with physical affection. When they finally stopped, they were at a self-storage unit. Kelly was unsure as to why they had come here.

“I 'ave a collection of things in a unit under my stage name.”

“Jessica? Surely people don't believe that.”

“They did not care when I showed up and paid cash for five years.”

“Okay. How do you expect to get into your locker? It's not like Aya has the key.”

“I 'ave a combination lock, of course. For just that reason.”

The lock came undone with a couple quick spins of the dial. The door barely rattled as it rolled up. In the unit was an entire wardrobe of clothing cut to cope with Yvette's, as well as Kelly's, expansive endowments. They arrived none too soon as Aya's body began to throb and gurgle.

Already mind bendingly large, Yvette's influence was pushing Aya's body to grow even more. To grow to match that sublime size of her ghostly form. As a tide, speckled flesh surged out in all directions. The heaving swelling did not end until her endowments were wider than her shoulders. While their bulk settled on her stomach, they also flowed over her sides. Her dark, bumpy areolae covered much of her tits and her nipples had grown to be about as big around as a quarter.

Kelly felt hot and sick and angry all at once. That was supposed to be her and yet, watching it happen was nearly as arousing as the thought of further growth of her own. She bit her knuckle as a pulse of growth made Yvette's huge boobs grow slightly once more.

She realized that she had thought of her friend as the ghost. Though it was to be expected, the woman gasping and moaning from her growth might have had the same iced latte complexion, the same sparkling green eyes but, Aya was not the mind in the body anymore.

There was more to come, too. Even with all the growth, Yvette was barely over halfway to the size she had been before the possession and Aya had a fair amount of bust herself to begin with.

Yvette must have caught her expression because she made that same lip curling grin as

before. "Do you want more?"

"Yes, please!"

"In time, kitten. In time. You know, I feel so much stronger in this body. With every hour that passes, I can feel my spirit knitting more firmly to bone and muscle." Aya's voice was slowly becoming Yvette's heavily accented one. Her kinky black hair had shoots of pink and purple in it now.

"What does that mean for me?"

"It means that, eventually, I will be able to pass on some more of my essence and fill you out even further."

She shuddered at the thought. "I would like that, though maybe just up top."

"Do you not love being thicker all over? Did you not desire to be soaked in overwhelming sexual prowess?"

"I did just..." She gripped her ass, her fingers sinking into the pliable flesh. "Didn't expect to be this..."

"Lush, but of course," she leaned into Kelly. Her teeth grazed her neck and Kelly felt a warmth spread through her. Her mind raced as a lifetime of sexual experience flooded her awareness.

"More of that, yes. Give me more."

Yvette raised an eyebrow. "Why do you not seek to make me leave. Why do you not repulse me? Are you telling me you'd trade your friend for my enhancements?"

"In a heartbeat," she said it at once.

Yvette seemed surprised and then laughed. "Well, if that is the case. I will move up my plans a little. Let's say we go have a girls night out."

As they got dressed, Kelly happened to look in the mirror. Though Yvette was standing behind her, it was Aya was staring out of it over her shoulder.

Kelly! She mouthed. I am still alive, for now at least.

"I thought you wanted to not be alive, isn't this perfect for you?"

You know, I had that thought the moment before Yvette tried to possess you...Anyway, actually pretty afraid of dying.

“Okay so...what? You want me to exorcise Yvette or something?”

Yeah! I know how to as well.

“How?”

“Are you done with the mirror, kitten?”

I have access to her memories like she does mine. There is a platinum coin in the unit, it is supposed to absorb evil. Grab it and when you get a chance, press it to my forehead. It will trap her in the coin.

Trap her in the coin? Kelly felt a plan beginning to brew that would ensure she both came out ahead of Yvette and got Aya back.

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They arrived several moments later at a high end nightclub. This time, Yvette had called a limo and, as she exited the back seat in an outfit that had more in common with a sling-bikini than a dress, Kelly understood why. The bouncer let them in with only a second glance at Kelly's own, equally provocative attire.

“So what are we doing here anyway?”

“You want to grow big, nyet? I am going to need to consume a lot of energy for that to happen.”

“Can you even, er, eat anymore.”

“Actually, good point. Unsure.”

With that she raised her voice and pointed to a group of girls. “You there, my friend doesn't think I can get a stranger to kiss me.”

There were several raised eyebrows and a couple nervous giggles but, one of them walked over with a strut that dripped swagger. She was over all average though her confidence certainly raised

her appeal. A yellow cocktail dress clung to a modest bust, hints of tan lines peeked from around the straps and hem. A cup of colorful liquid was clutched in one hand, she used her free hand to pull Yvette down to her. The kiss was not brief. Finally though, she stepped back. Though she looked a little dazed, it was hard to mistake the smirk of satisfaction. Yvette was also grinning, but she seemed at a loss.

“You okay?”

“Yeah, I just think that was not a normal woman. However, I do feel my body straining against my dress, well, even more than before, so I know I can still gain essence. It is just a matter of making contact with enough people.”

“If we were on the floor in the press of people, would that work?”

“Very likely and, as I start to gather energy like that, it will attract other people.”

The sea of people parted for Yvette's massive rack as she strode directly to the center. She grabbed Kelly's hips and began to grind on her from behind. Kelly could feel her body pulsing. Growing as it absorbed Yvette's essence and then shrinking as Yvette pulled on hers.

As the music began to pound in time with her cycles of growth, Kelly lost track of anything beyond Yvette's hands on her hips and the feeling of her moans in her throat. Every inch of her body felt like a pleasure center and it was likely only going to get more intense as the ghost got warmed up.

Someone approached her and put their arms around her neck. Their hips moved in time with hers. She wanted to kiss them. She puckered her lips and theirs met hers. A tongue caressed her own. She became aware of hands on her throbbing boobs. Powerful fingers were kneading her wanting flesh, the digits teasing her nipples. At some point Yvette let go and someone else began to grind against her. She could feel their erection through her lace panties as it twitched against her ass.

Just as she was considering tell the guy to fuck her, the lights began to flicker. The music hiccuped and died. Free from her trance, Kelly looked around at the mass of people pressed in around her and Yvette. Eerie green fog was swirling between the dancers. Even with the lights out, the space was lit by whatever it was.

Glancing over her shoulder at her possessed roommate, she was something that took her breath away. Yvette's boobs had grown to the floor, perhaps even more since she was standing on tiptoes with her legs around a woman who was eating her out. Tens of people were rubbing against her tits. All of them moaning her name.

The pink and purple highlights in Yvette's hair were glowing. Her eyes were closed as she enjoyed the worship of a body beyond even her wildest dreams. If ever there was a time to use the coin, it was now. Kelly undid the clasp for the chain, she reached around Yvette's neck. The clasp was almost closed when she was suddenly unable to move.

“Tsk, tsk, kitten. We can't be 'aving that.”

Kelly found herself suspended in the air, slowly orbiting Yvette until the two women were face to face.

“I thought you wanted to grow and here you are trying to banish me. Well, still, you helped me eat my fill so a deal is a deal.”

She caressed Kelly's chin and pulled her in for another kiss. Which is exactly when Kelly fought with all her might to swing the coin around. There was a sound like a gong as it came into contact with Yvette's head.

The swilling mist began to spin. Yvette's tits began to shrink. The coin grew brighter and brighter until there was a flash. Kelly hit the floor, the coin clattered next to her. She was back to normal, much to her dismay. A much more normal looking Aya dropped to her knees nearby. All around, the dance floor was filled with passed out people.

“Hey, that you in there?”

“Yes, Kelly, it's me.”

“This was not what I wanted to happen...” she began as she got to her feet.

“I know but, for now, let's just get home.”

Kelly nodded, slipping the coin into her pocket.

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The next morning Kelly fished the coin necklace out of her pocket as she waited for the shower to warm up. As soon as she clasped it behind her neck, she felt jolt. Her boobs smoothly grew from nothing to mounds that filled her cupped hand between breaths. They continued to inflate as her fingers began to spread and she had a hunch they would grow further if she let them.

Much, much further...