

I recalled the first time I saw it occur. I had recently begun seeing someone fresh, and I felt alive because of everything about them. Every time they smiled at me, I felt a tingling sensation on my skin and a skip in my pulse.

As our bond deepened, I started to notice physical changes. I could feel my breasts getting bigger, but not by much. They were larger, heavier, and more sensitive than previously.

It wasn't until our first significant dispute that I realized the connection between my emotions and breast size. I didn't realize how closely my emotions and breast size were related until our first major argument. As we quarreled and exchanged cruel comments, I physically felt myself starting to withdraw away.

My breasts started to shrink, going from C cups to B cups in a few short days. It seemed as though my body was reversing the growth in response to the bad feelings.

But when we made up and our love for each other grew stronger once more, so did my breasts.

The sound of stretching fabric became all too familiar as I struggled to find bras that fit comfortably.

Back then, I thought D cups were enormous; I had no idea what was going to happen.

As time went on, I realized that this association between breast size and affection extended beyond romantic partnerships. My breasts would develop as I focused on self-acceptance and self-care and loved myself more.

I can still clearly recall the day I began to love who I was. I had a weird tingling feeling that started in my chest and spread outward. I felt a glow within.

As I looked in the mirror, I noticed something peculiar—my breasts were growing. The growth wasn't slight, either. They were rapidly expanding, bursting through bra after bra as if they possessed their own will.

"There goes another bra," I'd say to myself, laughing as I tossed the too-small garment aside.

"My puppies were getting bigger every day." Some mornings, I'd wake up and they'd be smaller again—sometimes even shrinking down a few cups—but overall, they just kept growing.

FWupp... FWupp...

I loved watching them bounce as I walked down the hallway or jogged through the park. The motion was hypnotic, and I couldn't help but feel proud of my expanding chest.

As the months passed, my breasts continued to grow. Q cups arrived sooner than expected—and for a while, I thought that was it. That was as big as they could possibly get.

But then something changed within me. Maybe it was all those hours at the gym or eating nutritious meals; whatever it was, it sparked another growth spurt.

R cups... S cups... T cups... U cups...

Crreeeeakkkk Crreeeeakkkk

Each milestone brought new challenges and joys. Clothes didn't fit anymore; blouses would gape open or refuse to button up altogether.

"I was so proud when I got those S-cup blouses," I reminisced with a chuckle, "but just one month later... nope! Couldn't even squeeze into them."

The seamstress at my favorite boutique threw up her hands in exasperation when she tried to tailor clothes for me in a U-cup size. "You've gained weight!" she accused playfully.

But deep down, we both knew better.

Eventually, Z cup sizes arrived!

Each new blouse, custom-designed for me, fits perfectly around my gorgeous breasts. "I mean, look how beautifully these pockets wrap around them."

Wub wub wub...

Sloshing sounds followed every movement, echoing everywhere off walls, making smiles uncontrollably shine their way across faces each time.

"It's so loud, haha."

I had grown accustomed to the constant changes in my body, but nothing could have prepared me for the day I met Mikell. It was as if fate had brought us together, our paths crossing in a way that would alter my life forever.

I was at a coffee shop, sipping on a latte and enjoying the quiet atmosphere, when I saw him walk in. He was tall and lean, with piercing blue eyes that seemed to see right through me. I felt a shiver run down my spine as he caught my gaze, his expression unreadable.

For a moment, we just stared at each other, the air thick with tension. Then, without breaking eye contact, he walked over to me and sat down beside me.

"Mind if I join you?" he asked, his voice low and smooth.

I shook my head, feeling a little taken aback by his forwardness. "Not at all," I replied, trying to sound calm.

We introduced ourselves, and I learned that Mikell was a freelance writer, working on his first novel. As we talked, I found myself drawn to him in ways I couldn't explain. It wasn't just his good looks or charming smile; there was something about him that resonated deep within me.

As we chatted, I noticed that Mikell seemed completely unfazed by my... ahem, generous proportions. Most men would have been staring at my chest by now, but not him. He looked at me like he actually saw me, not just my breasts.

It was refreshing, to say the least.

But little did I know that our meeting would set off a chain reaction of events that would change everything...

As I sat beside Mikell on the couch, I couldn't help but feel a sense of nervousness. I had just finished telling him about my breasts growing and shrinking with my emotions.

"...and then, eventually, Z cup sizes arrived!" I exclaimed, a smile spreading across my face. "With each new blouse designed specifically for me, fitting perfectly around these gorgeous breasts... I mean, look how beautifully these pockets wrap around them."

As Jade looked up at Mikell sitting beside him on the couch, his eyes fixed intently on hers; he could see every emotion reflected back at him like ripples on still water.

Mikell shifted uncomfortably under Jade's gaze before finally speaking up: 'You've told me your story before,' he said softly, trying not to break eye contact. 'What makes this time different?'

Jade took one last glance down before meeting Mikell's expectant stare head-on. A shy blush creeping up along the neckline, reaching cheeks already flushed with a warm pink hue, replied quietly yet unwaveringly.

"I have never been this big before." It was hard to tell, but the bra was overflowing; she indeed was a slight bit bigger.

As Jade continued to explain, her words tumbled out in a passionate torrent. "I think... I think I love you... and it's making me bigger... Your love has replaced my own; it's surpassed my own." Her breasts palpitated with an otherworldly energy, as if responding to the emotions coursing through her veins.

Mikell's eyes widened in surprise, his voice laced with unease. "Jade... that's... freaky."

Jade nodded fervently, her face alight with an intense glow. "Lovegigantomastia, I told you I suffer from Lovegigantomastia. The more I—"

In unison, they chimed in: "THE MORE you I love, the bigger me your breasts become."

Mikell shifted uncomfortably on the couch, his eyes darting back to the TV screen. "If it's an issue, don't love me so much... It's a bit annoying, Jade; I'm watching a movie."

Jade's face fell, but only for a moment. A sly smile crept onto her lips as she leaned in closer to Mikell. "You don't understand... I don't control it; I love you THIS MUCH," she emphasized with a squeeze of her breasts, "and shit, I may get bigger... Treat me like that, yes... treat me poorly."

Mikell snorted with derision. "You are a whore bitch-ass nobody with no talent."

But instead of taking offense, Jade blushed deeply; her breathing quickened as she gazed up at Mikell through heavy-lidded eyes. "You don't mean it," she whispered huskily. "I can't believe this; you're making me horny."

A sarcastic tone dripped from Mikell's lips like honey as he replied: 'Ok, you are sweet cutie pie,' followed by another sickly-sweet endearment, 'And itty pie, cute bug.'

The effect was instantaneous.

Jade moaned loudly; both hands flew up clutching at each breast, now throbbing visibly beneath stretched fabric

"Ahhhh AHHHHH AHHHHHHHHHH! CAN'T OMG OMG! My left breast hurts! Shit, its both now!"

With growing alarm on his face, Mikell reached for phone muttering "I'm calling-"

"Mike! Ive grown and shrunk a thousand times! Yes, it is the largest I have ever been; however, the physician advised that it would be more prudent to allow it to subside. Its an emotional-induced magicogigantomastia known as Lovegigantomastia, a pretty common thing too." She gasped, still wincing in pain

As they stared transfixed by what happening before their very eyes

"Are they seriously getting even bigger?"

Mikell's gaze was fixed on Jade's breasts, his voice barely rising above a defeated whisper. "Are they seriously getting bigger...?"

Jade nodded, her face scrunched up in discomfort. "These do not grow in real-time, haha, but I may need bigger bras this weekend. This is good."

Mikell shook his head, his gaze still fixed on Jade's expanding chest. "Be normal for once..."

Jade shot him a wry smile. "This is 'my' normal..."

A pang of guilt seemed to strike Mikell, and he looked away, muttering a hasty apology. "Sorry..."

But Jade was beyond consolation, her breasts throbbing with an otherworldly energy. She whimpered softly, clutching at them as if trying to contain their growth.

"Ow OW OW"

As she did so, Mikell got a glint in his eye; it sparkled like mischief

"I'm SOOOOO SORRY, my cutie pie I'm going to make you immobile with my wuv, my sweetie," he cooed

Jade pouted, rolling her eyes heavenward

"That's not going to work... I'm not 2.... OWWWW OWWWW
OWWWW AHH AHH"

The sound sent shivers down Mikell's spine

"hehe," he chuckled, his low, husky voice sending tremors through Jade's very being

She tried pushing him away only half-heartedly, struggling against grip solid, strong, unyielding hands wrapped each wrist, pinning helpless beneath strength far superior hers

"Don't," she whispered. "I don't know what my limit is... I haven't been this big since leaving high school. Z cups—what even is after Z cups? its a full alphabet."

Mikell just responded in utmost casualty, "Just add a number $Z+1 + 2$. I don't know; besides, I love your boobs; they look great."

As Jade's breasts squeezed against Mikell's chest, she purred contentedly, her voice husky with desire. "You like every bit of me, honey... I know personally..."

With a sly smile, she slowly began to hump and squeeze her breasts against him, the friction sending shivers down his spine. Mikell's eyes widened in surprise as he felt himself getting aroused.

"Jade, you will make me..." he trailed off, his voice thick with need.

But Jade just laughed, a throaty sound that sent tremors through Mikell's entire being. "Oh, the irony of the situation... you're such an easy target! OW OWWWW OWWW"

As she spoke, she jumped up, clutching at her breasts in surprise. "IS EVERYTHING YOU DO MAKING ME GROW?? OMG"

Mikell smirked at her reaction. "Whatever size you are, you always shrink down to an A cup when you're depressed; it's not permanent."

Jade's eyes sparkled with mischief as she gazed at him. "You want to see me expand?"

Mikell shrugged nonchalantly. "It's not permanent; besides, more of you is more to love?"

The words sent Jade over the edge; she let out a series of high-pitched squeals as her breasts seemed to surge forward once more

"AHHH AHFFF AHFFF"

That night was a blur of passion and desire as they fucked hard and fast but it was nothing compared what happened next

The next morning Jade woke screaming—not from pain or nightmares but something far simpler

She had outgrown PJs overnight by what looked like 20 percent bigger across!!!

As Jade woke up to find herself 20% bigger overnight, she was furious. She glared at Mikell, accusing him of somehow triggering this latest growth spurt.

"This is all your fault!" she shouted, her voice echoing through the room. "I'm never having sex with you again! You're just making me too big!"

Mikell held up his hands in defense. "Jade, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—"

However, each utterance from his lips appeared to initiate an additional surge of expansion. Jade's breasts pulsed and throbbed, straining against her already tight PJs.

"Stop talking! Just stop!" she begged, covering her ears as if that could block out the sound of his voice.

Later that morning, I found them in the kitchen, where a still-fuming Jade slammed down a perfectly prepared English breakfast on the table before him

"I HATE YOU!"

Mikell raised an eyebrow at this declaration but simply replied

"Sure..."

Jade huffed; despite anger radiating from every pore, she managed perfect poise, handing him tea cup

"I HAVE A DUTY TO FEED YOU; I CAN COMPARTA-MENATAMENALIZE."

Mikell opened mouth only for correction

"Compartime—"

A look stopped him cold as ice—frozen solid mid sentence

"I KNOW WHAT I SAID; now enjoy it."

As Jade stomped into the kitchen, her massive Zx2 breasts straining against her blouse, she let out a frustrated sigh. She needed to get the salt from the pantry, but the small door was proving to be a challenge.

"Are you kidding? Are you kidding me? I'm not that big, I'm not that big!" she exclaimed, trying to squeeze through the narrow opening.

Mikell, who was standing nearby, tried to calm her down. "Hey, yeah, it's okay. Let me help you."

But Jade was having none of it. "No, you don't dare! You cannot calm me down! I need to get the salt, damn it, damn it all!"

She struggled to maneuver her enormous breasts through the doorway; her sweater rolled up and stretched to its limits. Mikell couldn't help but stare at the sight before him.

"Aren't there any pills to prevent this? Your condition?" he asked, trying to sound sympathetic.

Jade glared at him. "I wish... I heard that if you feel loved and hate yourself, they cancel each other out? And antidepressants will trigger regrowth that is instant. If I... learn to hate myself, I could control the size."

Mikell's eyes widened in surprise. "Like instant? Inflating like a balloon instant?"

Jade nodded. "Yeah, there are videos of it. Want to see?"

Mikell hesitated for a moment before responding. "Sure, but first let me take out the spices before you outgrow the kitchen any further."

As he began to pick out the spices from the pantry, he asked Jade a question that made her pause.

"So there is a limit? You were a Z cup; now you're twice that size in a day... how big can you get?"

Jade looked taken aback by the question. She held her breasts in pain as she thought about it.

"I have never asked that question... How big can these grow?" she stammered.

Mikell looked concerned. "Lovegigantomastia has no limit."

Jade shook her head uncertainly. "I don't know..."

Feeling guilty for triggering another growth spurt with his question alone

"Sorry, sorry, I forgot. I sort of trigger it right now." Mikell apologized

But Jade reassured him with tears welling up on those beautiful green eyes

"No, no, its ok. I don't hate you; never did."

With one last stomp off muttering under breath pain evident both physical and emotional turmoil brewing inside

"Oow ow ow omg ow ow owwww." It seemed no matter how hard she tried to fight these feelings away or rage against the situation, she could not stop it.

As the night fell, Jade crawled into bed, her breasts now a staggering Zx2 cups. She glared down at Mikell, her eyes blazing with a mix of anger and desire.

"This is YOUR FAULT!" she hissed, "not a word more."

Mikell just shrugged, his eyes locked on hers. "Okay, then transform into a hot-air balloon and see if I care."

But Jade's response was not what he expected. She leaned in close, her lips brushing against his in an intense kiss.

"Mike!"

The passion ignited once more as they devoured each other through the night, their love growing stronger with every passing moment

But come morning light revealed something truly astonishing— ZX3 cups were no joke Two-meter bustline? 40 cm diameter for each breast?!

Jade stared at herself in horror

"Where is all this... fat coming from? I've never been this size. I'm a freak. I thought Z cups were big, but this is something."

Mikell's jaw dropped as he took in the sight before him two mountains jutting from his girl's small chest

"JEEEZUS Mary and Joe, what the hell, Jade?"

Jade shot back defiance, lacing every word

"Like your ass doesn't LOVE IT!!!"

Mikell approached cautiously, concern etched on face

"Jade, are you ok?"

A beatific smile spread across Jade's face, radiating pure joy

"Never the finer, the way you kissed me, 'did' me last night. You like this more than you are actually saying!?"

A sheepish grin crept onto Mikell's face

"I've told you i love big breasts Whats so?"

"I thought... there was, you know..."

"A limit??" Mikell finished for her

"There isn't the more I grow? The more you like my body?"
Disbelieving wonder filled every word

A casual shrug followed by affirmation sealed it all

"UHm yeah!? I've said this a million times."

It proved too much for Jade.

With a start, Jade woke up, her body feeling weak and her throat scratchy. She tried to sit up, but a wave of dizziness washed over her, forcing her to lie back down.

Mikell was by her side in an instant, concern etched on his face. "Jade, what's wrong? You fainted, didn't you realize you were... pushing yourself?"

Jade's eyes fluttered open, and she gazed up at Mikell with a mixture of confusion and panic. "My tits? I'm FLAT!" she exclaimed, her voice laced with desperation.

Mikell chuckled softly. He tried to reassure her by saying, "They're quite a handful."

But Jade was beyond consolation. She crossed her arms over her chest, only to realize that she could actually cross them on top of her breasts. A look of horror dawned on her face.

"E-e-easy for YOU to say boobs don't matter if I was some guy... guys don't have boobs, I-III," she stammered, her voice trembling with rage.

Mikell held up his hands in defense. "You shrink and inflate like a balloon, and that's a fever; take it easy," he said calmly.

Just then, Jade let out a massive sneeze. "Achoo!" she screamed, her body jerking violently.

As she sat up again, Mikell handed her a tissue. But Jade was too far gone to care about blowing her nose. She glared at Mikell accusingly.

"DID YOU STOP LOVING ME?" she exclaimed loudly.

Mikell looked taken aback by the ferocity in Jade's voice. "Jade, no! Of course not," he protested.

But Jade just shook his head wildly. "No no no! You must have! Why else would my breasts be so small?"

As if on cue another massive sneeze wracked through jade's entire being

"Achoo! Ah-CHOO!"

She clutched at Mikell's arm as tears began streaming down from those perfect diamond green eyes

"Oh NOOOOO! It's worse! I HAVE A COLD!"

Her small B cup breasts jiggled slightly as she sniffled pitifully

THE COLD

A day later, Jade stepped into the shower.

“Ahh AHHH ACHOO”

Her B cup breasts barely jiggled as she moved. She pressed against the glass door, her eyes barely functional. “I need some warmth,” she tells herself as she drags her sick self to the shower.

“Ueeeh,” she gets shot by warm water. As she does, she looks down at her thin body and says, “I look so horrid, too thin.”

Mikell entered to use the bathroom; she took long showers, so the agreement was he could enter.

“BOO!” she shouted, making Mikell jump in surprise.

“Watch it!” he warned, laughing as Jade's breasts sort of pressed against the glass. They were already closer to C cups now, and Mikell couldn't help but notice how they filled out her petite frame.

By nightfall, Jade's breasts had grown even more. As she changed into a new bra, Mikell caught a glimpse of her side profile.

“Whoa, see? They're growing very fast!” he exclaimed.

Jade looked disappointed for a moment before smiling wilyly. “Uhm... I mean... I think so! Hope I'm closer to a 3-meter bustline tomorrow!”

Her D cup breasts jutted out from her chest, perfectly rounded and firm. Mikell couldn't help but stare at how hot she looked.

As they snuggled up in bed that night—Sunday night—not too happy about having to wake up early for work on Monday

Mikell whispered, “You look great already.”

Jade winced as if insulted but didn't say a word. Instead, she whispered, “Friday... I will have them back by then.”

As they drifted off to sleep, little did they know this was going to be sooner than later...

The next morning, Jade woke up with a smile on her face and an unmistakable bounce in her step

"Oh, NOW this IS finally a real breast size!" she smirked in smug satisfaction as she gazed down at her G cup breasts

Mikell chuckled good-naturedly, "Don't talk down on 99% of breasts."

But his words only seemed to energize Jade's breasts, which grumbled softly like thunder on a summer day

"Calm down girls..." Jade whispered soothingly before turning an angry gaze on Mikell

"If what you mean is... that I'm in the top 1% better than everyone, I can accept that!"

Mikell just rolled his eyes good-naturedly and walked away to the bathroom, leaving jade looking after him

"Come on, it was a jooooooke."

Throughout that day, jade grew steadily, reaching P cups by lunchtime

Then almost N cups by nightfall...

She glared at the measuring tape with anger

"Not even S cup breasts?? come on! cannot go to sleep yet!" frustration etched every line of jade's perfect diamond-shaped face

Despite exhaustion creeping over every limb, eventually sleep won over frustration...

And when morning came again...

"Oh my god! Finally! Now these are REAL BOOBS!"

Jade shrieked, bouncing out of bed like rubber ball clutching Z-cup-sized beasts

As the day wore on, Jade's breasts continued to grow at an alarming rate. By mid-day, she was already a staggering Zx2 size, her massive chest straining against her clothes.

Mikell couldn't resist staring in amazement as Jade's breasts appeared to grow uncontrollably. He had never seen anything like it before.

But even as he watched, Jade's breasts continued to grow. By nightfall, she was a mind-boggling Zx2.5 size, her massive chest towering over everything else in the room.

Jade gazed down at her enormous breasts with a mixture of wonder and trepidation. "I'm still growing," she whispered, her voice trembling with fear. "This is as big as I was... OHH, you proved you loved me at my worst OH NO, OH NO, I... I may explode."

Mikell got up from his seat, concern etched on his face. "What?" he asked softly.

But Jade just held her Zx2.5 breasts with caution and a weary smile. "Hehehehe, oh my god..." she whispered, her eyes shining with tears.

As she spoke, her massive breasts seemed to shudder and tremble beneath her hands. The sound of stretching fabric filled the air as they strained against their confines.

FWupp... FWupp...

Mikell, gazing at Jade in awe, felt shivers run down his spine due to the noise.

"Jade... maybe you should try to calm down," he suggested softly.

But Jade just shook her head wildly. "No no no! This is it! This is what I've been waiting for!"

BACK IN STYLE

As Jade woke up, she was greeted by the sight of her even larger breasts, now a staggering ZX3+5 or maybe Z+57. Mikell tried to help her stand, but her legs shook like a phone in extreme vibrating mode.

"It will take some time to... get used to this," she said, her voice trembling. "I feel like there's not much more growth, but oh man, this is a lot."

Mikell's face was etched with concern. "What do you mean, get used to it? You can't live like this."

Jade's eyes welled up with tears. "How can I live without? This is MY LOVE FOR YOU... I thought... I thought you liked this size."

But Mikell shook his head firmly. "I don't care what I like. You are clearly suffering."

Just then, something strange happened. Jade stopped shaking; her boobs softened slightly but remained the same size; and her back aligned perfectly.

"What DID you do?" she asked Mikell in wonder.

"Nothing," he replied.

But Jade knew something had changed

"They feel weightless... I don't have to carry my love alone!"

Mikell raised an eyebrow

"This is... not metaphoric; those things most likely weigh.... 35 kg each; you can't magically—"

Jade cut him off

"You don't understand! My breasts are as big as my love for you! This love was all on me?! So you saying you don't want me to suffer dispelled the curse!"

Mikell pointed out the obvious

"Maybe the cold passed?"

But Jade wouldn't let him interrupt

"Let me talk!"

And when he nodded for her, continue

"We share the weight of my love! So they feel lighter."

Determined prove point lifted massive breast one hand, it twisting like heavy lead yet cotton ball lightness under her arms. The visuals defied logic.

"Wubble wubble," it bounced

"OW OW omg will get even bigger honey... more of me, love," she answered with mania in her voice.

"This isn't good," she warned "You have to stop loving me so much its getting out hand."

She chuckled, making a pun: "I can't fit them in my hands... Are you crazy, honey?... I want them to grow... what size said? hot air balloons—that's goal—outgrow room."

As the day wore on, Jade's frustration grew. She tried everything to make her love for Mikell grow stronger—cooking his favorite meals, wearing revealing outfits, and even attempting to seduce him with sultry dances. But no matter what she did, her breasts refused to budge.

"Ugh!" she stomped her foot in frustration "Why aren't I growing anymore?!"

Mikell looked at her warily "Uh, maybe because you're already huge?"

Jade scowled at him "That's not it! It's like... my love for you has plateaued or something."

She paced back and forth across the room, trying think of what could be wrong

"This doesn't make sense," she muttered under breath "I should still be growing."

As night fell on this bizarre day of non-growth teases, frustration mounted within breast-expanding beauty...

Her crossing her arms on top of her absurd breasts "Maybe sex! Sex could work; that would make me love you more."

But Mikell just shook his head

"I think its very obvious, don't you think? You love ME 3 times more than YOU love yourself, which is why you are three times the size to your og Z cup breasts You literally cannot love me more; that's the issue."

Jade's face turned bright red as she blushed furiously

"THATS NOT TRUE! I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU SO MUCH I COULD DIE. I LOVE YOU. I LOVE YOU. I FUCKING ADORE YOU!"

Mikell tried to calm her down

"Stop it"

But Jade was beyond reason

"I CANNOT STOP THINKING ABOUT IT MY BODY MY BREASTS ARE VISIBLY 'THAT' ITS LOVE ALL THAT LOVE CANNOT BE A SIZE WITH SOME LIMIT!"

She took a deep breath before proclaiming

"I told you, my love! I CANNOT BE CONTAINED."

Despite the passion burning within her chest (and spilling out in every direction), disappointment etched itself onto Jade's face

With one last defeated look, Mikell crawled into bed beside him

Just as he leaned over kiss forehead, goodnight pain screamed through every nerve, ending once again

As the night wore on, Jade's body seemed to respond to her fervent declarations of love. Despite her frustration and disappointment from the day before, she woke up to find herself a bit bigger.

Her breasts had grown slightly, straining against the fabric of her nightgown. The seams creaked and groaned as she shifted in bed, threatening to burst open at any moment.

Jade's eyes lit up with excitement as she felt the familiar sensation of growth coursing through her veins. She reached down to cup her breasts, marveling at their new size.

"Ahahahaha!" she squealed in delight. "I KNEW IT! I KNEW I COULD DO IT!" screaming like she won a gold medal in a marathon.

Mikell stirred beside her, rubbing his eyes sleepily

"What's going on?" he mumbled

Jade bounced up and down in bed like a rubber ball

"I GREW! I GREW A LITTLE BIT MORE! SEE? SEE?"

She proudly displayed her expanded chest for Mikell's inspection

But instead of being impressed, Mikell just looked concerned

"Jade... maybe you should calm down. You're getting too big."

Jade pouted playfully

"Oh, come on! Just a little bit more won't hurt anyone. Besides, it means my love for you is growing stronger."

Mikell sighed, knowing better than argue with Jade when she was this worked up

As Jade's breasts continued to grow, everyday tasks became increasingly challenging.

One of the most daunting tasks was taking a bath. Her usual shower stall on the lower floor was her go-to spot for a quick clean, but it was starting to get cramped.

One day, as Mikell was using the bathroom, Jade snuck up behind him and pressed her massive Zx3+ cups against the glass door. "BOO!" she shouted.

Mikell jumped in surprise but quickly regained his composure. "I knew you were showering," he said nonchalantly.

Jade smirked at him through the glass. "Then why are you jumpy? Is there porn on your phone? Are you cheating?"

Mikell rolled his eyes and shook his head. "No, I'm just... surprised."

Jade giggled and continued her shower, enjoying the way her breasts floated in the water like two buoys. She loved that they floated; it made her feel like she was defying gravity.

"Keep getting bigger; Daddy loves me BIG," she whispered to herself as she washed her hair.

But despite her love for bathing in the upper room's large bathtub, Jade often found herself using the smaller shower stall on the lower floor when she was in a hurry. It was faster and more convenient, even if it meant squeezing herself into a tiny space.

As she grew larger, however—reaching sizes like Zx4 and beyond—even the smaller shower stall became too cramped for comfort. One day, as she pressed against the glass door at Zx4 size, Mikell let out a startled yelp.

"JADE!" he shouted.

But by Zx9 size, Mikell's reactions had dulled significantly. When Jade boomed against the glass door once more—this time with an ear-shattering BOO!—he barely flinched.

"What?" he asked calmly from behind his phone screen.

Jade pouted at him through tears of sadness and frustration. How could he be so unmoved by her antics?

Later that evening, I found Jade staring at herself in front of a mirror with a towel wrapped around her head, turban-style.

"You can't seriously STILL be growing... You usually get a cold and shrink," Mikell said from behind her back

She snickered before replying

"What? Are you afraid I'm more breasts than women?"

As Jade's breasts continued to grow, they began to pose a significant challenge to her daily routine. One day, as she was trying to bathe in the large bathtub upstairs, she realized that she had become stuck.

"Here I... GO!" she shouted as she jumped into the tub, but it was too late. The water overflowed, and Jade found herself wedged in the tub, unable to move.

"I'm... I'm... STUCK?!" She cried out in panic. "It's cold... I'm stuck in a jacuzzi-sized bathtub! Are you kidding me?!"

Mikell rushed to her aid, laughing at the absurdity of the situation. "Well, this is a first," he said with a chuckle.

Jade glared at him through tears of frustration. "This is not funny! Get me out of here!"

Mikell tried his best to help her out, but it soon became apparent that they needed something more—lubricating. He fetched some cooking oil from the kitchen and poured it into the tub.

With some careful maneuvering and plenty of oil, Mikell managed to free Jade from her porcelain prison.

"To think cooking oil saved the day," Jade said with a laugh as Mikell helped her clean up. "But now I really need a bath. I'm all glossy."

Mikell smiled and handed her a sponge. "I'll help you clean up."

As they sponged each other down—seriously and stoically—Jade couldn't help but feel grateful for Mikell's care.

"Thanks, babe," she whispered as he washed her back.

Despite their earlier struggles with bathing, they decided to make love that night—even at Zx9 size.

As they lay together on their custom-made bed—designed specifically for Jade's unique proportions—Mikell took his time exploring every curve and contour of her massive breasts.

Jade gazed up at him with adoration in her eyes. "Why do you like me THIS big?" she asked once more.

This time, however, Mikell hesitated before responding. "It's probably some fetish or something," he said nonchalantly. "It's okay."

Jade looked puzzled by his response but pressed on regardless

"You are fucking me harder; you are taking better care; YOU adore me!?" Her words hung heavy with accusation

Mikell gazed back at her with an undercurrent anger brewing beneath his calm facade

He didn't say anything

Undeterred by this sudden change in mood, jade started pressing both massive breasts closer together

"Do you still like the ME connected to THESE?"

"The oil made them easier to grip; perhaps sensitivity has something to do with it?" He replied, dodging main question

"I'm more sensitive, but that's besides the point," Jade said, her voice trembling with emotion. "You give me MORE attention."

Mikell shook his head, his expression skeptical. "I don't think this is at all true."

But Jade refused to back down. "You love me more, I grow bigger; you love me more, and I grow and grow and grow!"

Mikell's eyes narrowed, a hint of defensiveness creeping into his voice. "Are you implying it's my fault? I believe it's mostly in your head."

Jade's face lit up with fierce determination. "MIKELL, YOU DO LIKE ME MORE!"

Mikell shrugged, a dismissive smile playing on his lips. "Whatever..."

Despite the tension between them, they both drifted off to sleep soon after—somehow happy despite their disagreement.

However...

As they slept, Jade's breasts continued to grow—imperceptibly at first, but with increasing speed as the hours passed.

By morning light, she had grown another few cup sizes...

GEOMETRY

Jade stepped into the elevator, her massive breasts bouncing with each step. She took up almost three-quarters of the elevator, her chest pressed against the walls on either side. As she tried to get comfortable, the doors didn't close instead flashed and beeped with a warning instead.

"Maximum weight capacity exceeded," a robotic voice announced.

Jade's eyes widened in annoyance. "What? I'm not fat! I'm... I'm actually pretty toned, if I do say so myself."

She tried to shift her position, but it was no use. The elevator refused to move.

Just then, a guard nearby approached Jade and cleared his throat politely. "Ma'am? I think it would be better if you took the stairs."

Jade glared at him incredulously. "SIR! I weigh almost 1000 pounds! You cannot expect me to climb stairs! That's just cruel!"

The guard looked taken aback by her outburst but stood firm. "I apologize, ma'am, but it's for your own safety."

Just then, another guard intervened. "Wait! We have a service elevator that can handle heavy equipment... or in this case..."

He trailed off as he gazed at Jade's massive breasts.

"Overcapacity... I see," Jade muttered under her breath as she was led away from the regular elevators.

As they made their way to the service elevator, Jade couldn't help but feel embarrassed by her situation.

When they arrived at the doctor's office later that day...

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Jade's breasts continued to grow slowly but steadily as the days went by. She was now at a staggering 2-meter diameter per breast, and her body was starting to show the effects. But unlike before, she wasn't experiencing any back pain.

As she lay on her massive chest, she sighed with relief, "No more back pain." "I'm just floating on my breasts now."

But with that relief came a new challenge: immobility.

"I literally can't even move," Jade said, laughing in frustration. "My breasts are so big and heavy that I'm stuck here."

Mikell looked on in concern as Jade lay there, her massive chest towering over everything else in the room.

"Jade, maybe you should try to slow down," he suggested one day as they were watching TV together. "You're getting too big."

But Jade just smiled sweetly.

"Oh, come on!" she said with a playful pout.

As they sat there, Mikell couldn't help but notice how enormous Jade's breasts were getting. They were now so big that they blocked his view of the TV screen.

"Uh... can you maybe move a bit?" he asked politely.

But Jade just laughed. "I told you, I'm stuck here! You'll have to come around me if you want to see the TV."

Mikell sighed and got up from his seat. As he walked around to the other side of Jade's massive chest, he couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by their sheer size.

"FWupp... FWupp..." The sound of his footsteps echoing off Jade's breasts was almost comical.

Just then, Jade let out a squeal of delight as she realized something amazing had happened—each breast now weighed an astonishing 4000 kg!

"Wubble wubble!" Her massive chest jiggled up and down as she bounced slightly from excitement

"I did it! I'm finally at 4000 kg per breast! Oh my god..."

Mikell shook his head in wonder

"How are you even... existing?"

Jade beamed proudly

"It's because my love for you is carrying me through!"

Mikell stood at the door, his hand on the handle, as he looked back at Jade. She lay on her massive chest, a sweet smile on her face.

"I'm going out for a bit," he said, trying to sound casual.

But Jade's eyes narrowed. "Where are you going?" she asked, her voice tinged with suspicion.

Mikell hesitated before answering. "I'm going to get some help. The situation is rapidly escalating.

Jade's face fell, but she quickly recovered. "You can't leave me!" she exclaimed, her voice rising in panic. "I need you!"

Mikell sighed and rubbed his temples. He had already made his decision.

"I've called your mom," he said gently. "She's coming over to take care of you."

Jade's eyes widened in shock. "NOOOO! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME! I'LL DIE WITHOUT YOU!"

Mikell winced at the desperation in her voice.

"Jade, listen to me," he said firmly. "This is unhealthy. You're 8 tons now, and 99.9% of that is your breasts. You can't even move anymore."

But Jade just shot back with a sly smile.

"YOU LOVE THEM THOUGH," she purred, her eyes glinting with mischief.

Mikell shook his head in frustration.

"That's not the point!" he exclaimed. "The point is that you're not living a normal life anymore. You're stuck here, unable to move or do anything for yourself."

Just then, the doorbell rang.

"That must be your mom," Mikell said quietly.

He opened the door to reveal Jade's mom standing there, a look of shock on her face as she took in the sight of Jade's massive chest.

"Oh dear heavens, Jadeka..." she breathed.

Jade smiled weakly at her mom before turning back to Mikell with pleading eyes

"Don't go..."

But Mikell just shook his head and walked out the door, leaving Jade alone with her mother

Jade looked down at her body, her eyes scanning the massive expanse of her breasts. They seemed to stretch on forever, a sea of flesh that threatened to engulf her at any moment.

She felt a pang of disgust wash over her, followed by a wave of anger. Why had she let herself become this way? Why had she allowed her love for Mikell to consume her so completely?

As she gazed at her breasts, Jade felt a tiny spark of hatred ignite within her. It was small, but it was enough to make her feel... different.

"Sorry, Mom." Jade's voice trailed off, barely audible above a whisper.

Mikell sat at the bar, nursing a beer as he stared out into the crowd. It had been almost 3 months since he'd left Jade, and he couldn't help but wonder what had happened to her.

Just then, a figure emerged from the crowd. It was Jade, but she looked... different. Her breasts were now a small B cup size, and she seemed almost embarrassed by them. accommodating the black dress around them for what seemed like a nervous tick.

She walked up to Mikell with a confident stride, her eyes locked on his. She was wearing a black dress that seemed to be made of some kind of elastic material, and it hugged her curves in all the right places.

"Hey," she said with a smile as she hugged him tightly.

Mikell's eyes widened in surprise as he felt her small breasts squeezed against him.

"My mom told me... You wanted me to learn to deal with these; it was unhealthful. You really, really love me," she whispered in his ear.

As they pulled back, Mikell couldn't help but notice the changes in Jade. She seemed way more mature and confident now, but there was something off about her too. She looked tired and aged somehow, with dark circles under her eyes.

But despite all that, she still exuded an aura of seduction. Her hair was short and well kept now, and she had piercings that added to her allure.

Mikell smirked at her new look, and Jade leaned in to kiss him deeply.

"When I heard that, I grew some more and almost broke the entire building," she whispered against his lips.

Mikell's eyes widened in shock as he pulled back to stare at her.

"I've been working on myself, trying to understand why I let my love for you consume me so much," Jade said, looking down at her smaller breasts. "I realized I needed to learn to hate myself, just a little bit. It's weird, but it's like my body is responding to that hatred by shrinking back down."

As they sat down at the bar together, Mikell asked, "Vodka on the rocks?"

But Jade just smiled slyly, "I want the whole bottle, and I want YOU back."

She pulled him close as they sipped their drinks together

"I have a new trick I learned, and it involves some alcohol..." Jade whispered seductively

Mikell blushed bright red

But before he could respond, Jade took another sip off his beer

"What if I told you... If i stop hating myself... things happen?"

Right before Mikell's shocked eyes, Jade's breasts began to rapidly expand, growing from B cups to G cups.

The growth didn't seem stop there either

"Well?" Jade asked, looking up at him seductively, "Best of both worlds, but once all hate disappears, its back to sofa-sized me. I hope you are ready."

"So alcohol was the solution.." Mikell trailed off, still staring at Jades chest, stunned

Jade shot back

"Jeez Mike you didn't hear what fuck? MY BODY is what made you leave me! Hell, I was flat this morning. I can't stop with this. I can't stop with this. I'm so big."

With each word more venomous than last, Jades anger-fueled growth returned Z cups, taking over half the table, crushing glasses, and pushing bottles aside.

Jade gazed up at Mikell with dark, mature seductive energy emanating from every pore

"Whelp Z cups is how YOU met me... I will save the rest for later."

Her voice dripped honey-sweet nothings, sending shivers down Mike's spine and making it clear: She needed intimate time now.

Without breaking eye contact or saying another word, Mike raised his arm, calling the waiter over the pay bill, leaving an unspoken promise hanging heavy air between them—the end.