

DD Cafe Part 2 Teaser

“I thought it might be *fun*,” Crystal grinned. Maddy was too stupefied to stop her when she plucked a brown orb from the back and popped it between her lips. “*Mmm... You want one?*”

“*C-Crystal! We’re in public!! And I didn’t wear clothes that would fit me if my breasts grew!*”

Biting a ruby lip, Crystal moaned and leaned back into her seat to arch her back. Her leather jacket fell away to reveal breasts lifting into the air. “*Mmmngh... Neither did I...*”

Maddy’s eyes widened at perhaps the greatest preview to a movie she’d ever seen. The concert tee knew its job well and constricted Crystal’s bust like paint. Hugging tight, every little change to her mammaries was broadcast by bulges and ridges. The erotic outline of a bra rubbed against a slightly warped Wolfmother logo. Watching what could only be her underwire lift away from a small overflow of underboob was more than Maddy could take. She squeaked and watched them move with Crystal’s heated breaths. Her breasts looked far too packed within the shirt; they wanted out.

“Wow, this is already getting a little tight on me...!” Crystal mused. A tempting finger prodded the top of a breast through her shirt. “What do you say we make a little game out of it?”

Maddy’s throat was too dry to swallow. “What...What do you mean?”

The bag of malts was set in the cupholder between them. “We’re not allowed to eat any candy ourselves, but if one of us offers one to the other, we *have* to eat it. Deal?”

Excitement coursed through Maddy’s veins like caffeine. The rest of the theater was a blur. She could no longer hear the ads over her own heartbeat. Having worn a push-up bra, even just a few of the malts would be devastating to her outfit. Watching two men approach their corner and sit in the row in front of them only made the scene riskier. At the distance between them, they would surely hear a bra creak or pop.

She couldn’t stop herself. “D-Deal.”

Crystal’s eyes glistened. “Ooooh! You’re more daring than I thought! I was certain you were going to say no and--”

The bag crinkled when Maddy dug into the chocolates. Her palm came to rest in front of Crystal with three malts waiting patiently. “Eat up.”

The redhead narrowed her eyes at Maddy’s surprising playfulness. “Oh so *that’s* how it’s going to be...”

Without hesitation, Crystal gathered the malts in her fingers and dropped them into her mouth one by one. Each one crunched with growth-inducing sweetness. Their effect was instant.

“*Mmmngh!!!*”

STRRRRTCH

A sound of what could only be stretching spandex and cotton emanated from Crystal’s t-shirt. Having doubled in size, her breasts curved outward from her body like two halves of a cantaloupe. They were immune to gravity so long as her bra remained taut and prison-like.

Drastic overflows of flesh and cleavage pushed into the fabric. Maddy could only imagine how firm they would feel to lay her head upon.

A weak laugh came from Crystal as she watched several cups-worth of growth come to an end. “Why do I...*mmgnh*...get the feeling you’re not going to be showing my bra any mercy?”

Maddy was drunk with arousal. Though still nervous, the two emotions combined into a dangerous cocktail of sexual bravery. “It only seems fair! The poppers were *your* idea, after all. Your bra *shouldn't* expect any mercy.”