

## Gotta be Love Preview

A few cup sizes in swelling every now and then was fine; I could handle that. The watermelons I was having to lug around last night? Uh uh. Nope. I *can not* have that happen during school. I prayed it wouldn't happen during school.

There was a time I nearly thought it would though. The second day we were supposed to work on our projects, Parker and I moved our desks together again. I felt giddy around him, almost electric. I had stopped trying to deny my feelings; I liked this guy. I liked being near him, I liked listening to him, and I liked how he made my tits tingle when he spoke to me.

But then the scare happened.

Mrs. Lee wasn't exactly flat. And she enjoyed showing it, to a degree at least. Something had fallen off her desk, and I had caught Parker looking straight down her blouse as she bent over. *Dammit!* had been what ran through my mind as I saw her ample chest pushed together for cleavage. I held my breath, fully ready to grab my bag and run to the restroom, hiding until school ended.

One cup size. *Ok, get ready to go...*

Another. *Get your bag.*

A cup and a half! *Holy tits, my bra can't take another! Go! Now!*

But that was it. I felt like I was sweating as I sighed, not able to breathe fully with my bra overflowing at the limits. At least I had been smart enough to wear a baggy shirt. Thanks mom!

*Parker has a hard-on right now. A foot away from you.* The thought just entered my mind. I felt myself get hot a little bit, and my face flushed. The way he smiled at me as he looked up from his paper made me jiggle. I could get lost in his blue eyes.

"Should we get together after class and work on this? I feel like we need to."

*I feel like we need to get together too...* "Yea, there's a lot to cover for this stupid thing."

"I have baseball practice tonight, but I could meet at seven? In the library?"

"That works!" *Like you would have said no to anything he said,* I told myself. Besides, if we're working on the project, he can't focus on something else. Like sex. I had to keep his mind clear.

Later that night, I met him in the campus library. I had run home to change into a sports bra, just in case of an emergency.

"Ready to get to work?" he asked, sitting down.

"Brought my bikini and everything." *You're an idiot. You know that? A total moron.*

He laughed, opening his notebook. "That might be more suited for a library section students never go in, maybe the business textbooks."

I know he was trying to play it off as a joke, but the boobs don't lie. He was imagining a whole slew of library shenanigans right now. The swelling coconuts in my tightening sports bra told me so. I leaned forward to hide them under the table as best I could. This swelling was a bit more intense than the usual boner; it had been smart to change into a sports bra.