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Contains: *Breast Expansion*

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## The Counter

Ashleigh's counting started as a way to cope with her "big feelings." That trite, cliché bit of condescending advice from her mother turned out to actually work. Whenever one of the girls in the mean girl clique bumped her shoulder in the hallway, every time a professor scolded her for not putting in extra effort when she'd done exactly what was assigned, and each and every asshole who cut her off in traffic. Ashleigh simply took a deep breath, counted to ten, and she was calm again. The practice carried her through the last year of high school, all four years of college, and into her career working in an office. It was her secret superpower. In a world of unreasonable clients, arbitrary deadlines, and obtuse middle managers nagging her to justify their salaries, Ashleigh could count to ten and stay perfectly civil despite the infuriating people around her.

She got better at it as the years went by. She tried other methods and techniques—meditation, guided breathing, and yoga—none of them worked as well as her simple counting. The moment Ashleigh reached that final number, her mind cleared, her emotions stabilized, and she gained perfect consciousness.

Until the inevitable day that Ashleigh's counting betrayed her. Brian, her boyfriend of over three years, broke up with her. He said she wasn't "emotionally present," whatever that meant. She knew what it meant, of course. Every time Brian spent a whole weekend watching sports, vetoed her movie pick to make her watch something dumb with guns and cars, or left his dirty clothes on the bedroom floor, she counted to ten, and everything was fine. They never fought, because, in her post-counting clarity, Ashleigh accepted that she couldn't change him, and having *someone* was better than being alone. Sure, it took a lot of the passion out of their relationship, but Ashleigh

knew that if she let her emotions run wild, she'd be in a constant state of rage or despair. She felt everything deeply and intensely, and the only way she knew how to deal with those feelings was to count them away.

When photos started popping up on Brian's social media of him together with his new girlfriend, something in Ashleigh broke. She sat in her apartment for an entire weekend crying and bingeing ice cream and rom-coms. With no one around to judge her or say she was being too emotional, she was free to feel her feelings without shame. Until late Sunday afternoon, when she was out of food and out of tears, Ashleigh got out her phone and ordered delivery. Knowing she'd have to interact with a person—never mind that they'd be a stranger, and the interaction would only last a few seconds—Ashleigh put on pants and sat on her couch, preparing her reliable ritual.

"One, two, three..."

A slideshow of moments shared with Brian flashed through her mind. All the things she could have said but didn't.

"Four, five, six..."

The photos of his new girlfriend, big perky tits in a pink sundress.

"Seven, eight..."

Her own body; fit and trim; but flat as an ironing board.

"Nine... Ten."

The room around Ashleigh dimmed at the edges but brightened wherever she looked. She could see every color in the fibers of carpet and couch. She smelled the soap and shampoo she'd used an hour ago, the must of the sofa, and the traces of a plug-in air freshener that needed refilling a week ago. She heard birds chirping outside though no windows were open, and the soft hum of electric wires in the walls. Ashleigh felt her body, the blood pumping, her muscles clenching, and the slow, rhythmic susurrant of air flowing in and out of her lungs. She sensed all of these things and none of them. Her focus became razor-sharp, fully obedient to her will.

Ashleigh sensed the small soft mounds of flesh beneath her nipples and raised both hands to her chest. She imagined the systems in her body sending nutrients to those glands, feeding them so they could grow in the way puberty had failed to make them

grow. A soft tingling covered her body, intensifying the longer she focused her attention on her breasts. She nearly lost her grip on serenity when she felt the small mounds under her hands press tighter against her palms, but surprise is an emotion, and it rolled off her like rain on a windshield. The tingling heat in Ashleigh's chest was mirrored in her thighs and bottom as her body moved what little fat it had to where she willed it to go. One millimeter at a time, the buds in her hands swelled, filling with excess fat and pushing her hands forward until her fingertips left her ribs.

She owned no proper bras; she'd never needed them. Only a collection of bralettes and undershirts to keep her lighter tops from being see-through. As such, she had no idea how cup sizes worked or what size her breasts were. But they filled her hands with a little flesh to spare. Her small tee shirt stretched to accommodate her new shape, and she felt cool air on her waist as it slowly turned into a crop top. Her breasts were still growing, overflowing her hands as they absorbed every spare ounce.

A knock at the door shattered Ashleigh's calm. The tingling in her body vanished, replaced by a tidal wave of pleasure from her breasts. Her back arched reflexively, and she clutched herself tighter with both hands. The press of her fingers and her nipples rubbing slightly against her palms sent fireworks across her vision. All her peaceful rationality was replaced by primal ecstasy; Ashleigh saw none of the room around her, heard and smelled nothing; her world had narrowed to how good it felt to have tits in her hands and hands on her tits—how gloriously, mind-blowingly amazing those few seconds were. As Ashleigh was a hair's breadth away from climax, the knock repeated.

Ashleigh's hands dropped. She stood on wobbly knees and checked herself in the mirror. She'd only put on basic makeup after her shower, but she looked good. Good enough to interact with a delivery driver, anyway. In truth, Ashleigh had never felt so... desirable. She was still herself, but emphasized, accentuated in a way she couldn't put words to. She tore her gaze away from her reflection to answer the door.

The delivery driver was a woman a few years older than Ashleigh, redheaded with freckles and curves. Up until a few minutes ago, Ashleigh would have said she had a decent-sized chest. When she smiled, Ashleigh blurted, "Wow, you're really pretty."

The woman's smile widened. "Thanks!" Her eyes briefly slid over Ashleigh's body, taking in her tiny exposed midriff, boy shorts showing off a significant thigh gap, and the cleavage peeking from a now much too-tight tee shirt. "So are you..."

Ashleigh hadn't been with a woman since college, and that had only been one time. Not enough that she would call herself bi, but in that moment, she wanted this woman more than she'd ever wanted anything.

She returned the woman's smile. "Do you... wanna come in?"

The driver's eyes widened, and she checked her watch. "You know... this was my last delivery for the day, so sure!" She handed the bag of food to Ashleigh. "My name's Moira."

Ashleigh let a finger brush against Moira's as she took the bag. "Nice to meet you, Moira."

Moira followed Ashleigh into her apartment. Ashleigh dropped the food on her coffee table and turned to find the redhead standing close, very close. Her cheeks blazed, and she let a hand drift forward slightly. Moira took it, and a heartbeat later, their lips met. They fell together onto the couch, Ashleigh straddling Moira's lap as their tongues danced. Sex with Brian had never been *bad*, but Ashleigh's body was on fire. Not a single night with her ex had equaled what she felt while fondling herself just a moment ago, and having her body pressed against Moira's, skin on skin and flesh against flesh, made pleasuring herself seem like a hollow imitation. When she guided Moira's hands to her breasts, and Moira pinched her nipples, Ashleigh came.

By the time Ashleigh ate her dinner, the food was cold.

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From that day on, Ashleigh lived a different life. A life of color and sensation, of feeling, of pleasure and light. Her encounter with Moira didn't turn into a relationship, but it wasn't a one-time thing, either. She went on a shopping spree, filling her wardrobe with cute tops and dresses that showed off her figure. She got a bra fitting for the first time and learned she now wore a 28E. She started going out to bars, even joining her coworkers for the occasional happy hour. Her new body was a magnet for anyone with femme proclivities, and she never slept alone.

Less than a week after she altered her body, Ashleigh went home with an Asian girl named Yuki, whose boobs were even bigger than hers. Together in Yuki's bed, they confirmed it by pressing their naked globes together. Rubbing her nipples against another woman's nipples drove Ashleigh to new heights of pleasure, but she couldn't

get the encounter out of her head. The next day, she counted to ten and tried to make herself bigger. Nothing happened. Yet, in her state of rational clarity, Ashleigh understood that she couldn't move what she didn't have.

Ashleigh wasn't a woman who'd ever needed to diet, but she started eating whatever and whenever she could. She made frequent trips to the office break room for donuts and desserts she'd previously ignored. She ate at buffets for lunch, stuffing herself until she was just short of being sick. It was a long, slow process, and patience was difficult, but every few weeks, whenever Ashleigh's pants started getting snug, she'd count to ten and make her chest a little bigger.

Six months after the breakup, Ashleigh ran into Brian. She was out trawling the bar, wearing a 30L she had plans to outgrow the following Saturday. He was alone, and she felt a thrill of *schadenfreude*—she'd seen on social media that he was single again. His relationship with Sundress Girl had lasted less than a month, and Ashleigh knew she was now at least half a dozen cup sizes bigger than her. Brian noticed her and did a double-take. She was still in her work clothes, covered almost to her neck, but her breasts were quite literally too big to hide. As he approached, she quickly counted to ten.

"Hello, Brian."

"H-hey..." He glanced at her chest, then back up, no doubt believing he'd been subtle. Ashleigh understood what he'd seen in the sundress girl and at least one of the unspoken reasons she'd left him. He said, "You look great."

"Thanks." Ashleigh let her serenity slip—just a little bit. She wouldn't let herself become completely emotional, but she wanted to feel some of her feelings. To remind herself what she'd gone through and get a taste of revenge.

"Are you here by yourself?" She asked, keeping a smirk from her lips.

"Just some guys from work," Brian said, pointing to a table near the door. He snuck another look at Ashleigh's chest, and she nearly rolled her eyes. "Hey," he said, his voice sounding almost sincere, "Do you want to hang out sometime?"

He wanted her back. Now that she had gorgeous, show-stopping tits, this scumbag wanted her back. It was more delicious than she could have imagined. She crossed her arms under her chest. It was a gesture usually interpreted as standoffish or defensive, but on Ashleigh, it emphasized her chest, lifting it and making her tits look even bigger, and she knew it. "I don't think so, Brian. Actually, I have to go."

Before he could say more, Ashleigh brushed past him, letting her left tit bump lightly into his elbow. "I'm meeting someone for dinner."

Back in her apartment, Moira kneaded Ashleigh's boobs in both hands, peppering kisses on Ashleigh's fat pink nipples as she moaned. "I swear they get bigger every time I see you..."

Ashleigh ground her hips against Moira's pelvis. "It's all that good food you bring me. The more I eat, the bigger they get."

Moira raised an eyebrow but couldn't refute the evidence before her eyes. She wrapped her legs around Ashleigh's waist and flipped them over. As she slid two fingers into Ashleigh's folds and leaned down to kiss her, she said, "I'll have to start bringing extra, then."