

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Woman wakes up with a hangover, and is confused by sudden addition of massive knockers.

Contains: Breast Expansion

The Morning After

Zoe groaned as the light from the window landed on her face, bringing her to unwelcome consciousness. She rolled over and pulled the blankets over her head, but with the sun beating down on her, it was now too warm to fall back asleep.

“God damn it.”

Zoe’s head pounded, her muscles ached, and her mouth had a faint metallic flavor that tasted like shame and regret. She grabbed the blankets and threw them down to her waist in annoyance.

“I’m *never* drinking tequila again!” She said to her empty apartment.

Rolling over to look for her phone, Zoe felt an unfamiliar weight tug on her chest. Looking down, she found a pair of massive stripper tits where her B-cups should have been.

“What the fuck?”

Zoe sat up, then immediately regretted the motion. Her temples throbbed, and the room seemed to spin. She put a hand to her forehead with a groan.

When the room settled, Zoe reached up to investigate. Her breasts filled her hands to overflowing. They were bouncy and firm but pliable enough that she knew they weren’t implants. Zoe squeezed and groped herself, then found her thick nipples growing hard under her touch. She gave one a pinch, and a thrill of pleasure spread down her body.

The sensation mixed with her aches to make a chorus of misery.

Zoe climbed slowly out of bed and went to the kitchen. She needed water. And some Advil.

As she walked, Zoe's new breasts bounced and swayed. She was aware of every motion as the cotton of her sleep tee rubbed roughly against her distended nipples. Under normal circumstances, the sensation would be quite pleasant. In her current state, she wished they would just sit still.

"I should put a bra on... if I had anything that would fit these monsters..."

After draining a glass of water and refilling it, Zoe collapsed onto the couch. Her boobs didn't move around as much if *she* was sitting still. Zoe texted each of her friends, desperately trying to find answers. She had a lot of questions about what happened after their third bar of the night, and while some of the blanks were filled in, nobody knew anything about her tits somehow growing four times their size overnight.

<What, they swelled up? Is it that time of the month?>

{No, idiot. They're not just swollen. They're like the size of melons!}

<No shit? Pics or it didn't happen.>

"Fuck sake."

Zoe pulled her sleep tee tight against her torso and took a selfie.

<😂😂😂>

<Good one. You got pillows in there or something?>

Zoe cursed again and took another photo pulling the neckline down to show her plump, tanned cleavage.

<Jesus those are real?>

{That's what I'm saying!}

<Damn it I want huge boobs! How'd you do it?>

{I don't know! They were like this when I woke up!}

<What did you drink last night?>

{Idk, mostly tequila}

Her friend didn't respond after that, so Zoe dropped her phone on the couch beside her. She laid her head back against the couch and listened to the TV.

Forty minutes later, her friend knocked on the door and then let herself in. She was carrying four bottles of tequila.