

Fantasy Island Part 1

“What am I--hic!--doing wrong?!”

Ashley burst out of the cafe’s front door. Face red and hot, she could hardly see through the veil of tears filling her eyes and watering her cheeks.

“I...I’m doing my best!! Why is it never enough?!”

People stared as she coughed for air against the emotional frustration. Seeking any kind of privacy, she wiped her eyes and fled around the corner to the back of the building. It was quiet in the alley. Her apron came off and went to the ground in a crumpled heap as she leaned against a brick wall. She wanted to scream.

It was the fourth job she’d lost in three months. All had been food service related. It wasn’t that she was a poor worker; Ashley simply found it difficult to deal with customers. Crippling shyness refused to let her build any form of confidence when approaching a social problem, even more so if the customer was irate.

She couldn’t help but freeze up. Panic. Retreat into herself while the world outside continued to spin and the customers grew angrier. She’d tried to get better with it, and in truth the exercises had helped a lot since high school, but banishing shyness wasn’t so easy.

Ashley sniffled and wiped her face again. Any makeup she’d put on that morning was beyond ruined. Looking down, she saw her new blouse soaked with coffee. The same coffee she’d spilled on herself in a flurry of emotional panic. It had left the white fabric clingy and transparent, glued to her chest as if excited to show off her C-cup bust within.

“I just bought this too...” she sighed. Crying faded to a deep aching in her chest. She hated herself and the things her personality made her do. “Why can’t I just keep a damn job?! *Why can’t I talk to people?! Why can’t I--*”

“Excuse me...?”

Ashley squeaked, her mouth clamping shut when someone came around the corner. Anxiety grew worse when she saw it was the same man she was serving before being fired. He approached, wearing a button-up linen shirt and khaki shorts. It might have looked casual, but Ashley knew the outfit cost more than she’d made all year.

“S-Sorry, sir...” she said in a tiny voice. “They’ll... They’ll give you another drink. But I don’t--” The words didn’t want to come. Ashley began backing away before turning to run for her car out of shame.

“Wait, please.”

Ashley paused her escape. As shy as she was, she couldn’t help listening to authority figures. Even if they were strangers. She turned back to face him, keeping her eyes on her feet.

“You’re not in trouble or anything. The opposite, actually!”

She looked up. His voice was kind but stern. There wasn’t any malice she could sense. Her lips remained silent.

“My name is Maximilian Moore. You may call me Max, if you would like.”

“N-Nice to meet you... I’m--”

“Ashley. I saw your nametag before.”

She said nothing.

“You’re having trouble keeping a job, am I right?”

Her lips trembled. Fate was cruel but it didn’t have to rub it in her face. “Y...Yes...” she confirmed, feeling sadness returning.

“Well I’m here to offer you the job of a lifetime. One with far better pay and benefits than what this cafe could ever offer, I’m certain.”

Now Ashley bristled. Social anxiety turned into caution. Being offered an unknown job by a random man in an alley wasn’t something that usually led to wholesome employment. “I-I actually have...to get going...”

An amused laugh soothed some worry. “I assure you it’s nothing like that. All above board! I just see something in you and think you would be a great fit. You’ll even receive room and board. Although it does involve relocation.”

“To where, exactly?”

“My private island.”

It was Ashley’s turn to laugh. Almost scoff. “Thank you, but--”

“I’ll give you five thousand dollars to simply visit the island and entertain the job.”

She stopped in her tracks. Her knees almost buckled from the value. Five thousand wasn’t a lot to some people, but to most, like her, it was life-changing. “F...Five thousand...? *Dollars?*”

Max nodded. “You may tell anyone you wish when and where you’re going, of course. I’ll even give them my credentials so there’s no confusion. It’s completely safe.”

“I-- Maybe--”

He smiled. “And you’ll never have to deal with customers again.”

Ashley’s head was spinning. It seemed too good to be true. Looking at her apron, now soaking up dirty water in a puddle, she wasn’t sure why she would think to refuse such an offer.

Max held out a hand. “So, what do you say? Ready to stop working and start having fun?”



Ashley listened to the engine hum of Max’s private plane. Hardly a day had passed since she’d been fired from her barista job, and now she was on her way to a private island with someone promising the job of her dreams. It didn’t feel like reality. Ashley wrestled with the decision even as an attendant poured champagne. A few friends and her parents knew where she was heading as well as Max’s full name. Brief research confirmed his excessive wealth, as well

as the island destination. Everything seemed on the up and up. Even so, she couldn't calm the fluttering of her heart.

"Ashley," Max said, relaxing into his chair.

She perked up like a stray cat, still timid before the man.

"Before we land, I would like to ask something." He reached into his shirt's breast pocket. From within he pulled a sleek, glossy-black remote small enough to fit in his palm. Its rounded edges gave it the appearance of a pill. Near the bottom, stamped in shiny gold, was the logo from one of the more exotic companies: IncrediBust. Holding it toward her, Max asked, "Do you know what this is?"

Redness took over Ashley's face and betrayed her knowledge. She'd seen the remote on various fetish-oriented websites. It was infamous among those with expansive tastes. The tiny device had the power to bring fantasies to life, including her own bra-busting daydreams she'd gotten lost in since puberty. Such hopes were as unobtainable as owning an IncrediBust remote; the tiny controller was so advanced it was prohibitively expensive.

Unless you owned a private island.

Not daring to make eye contact, Ashley stared at her knees and felt her chest grow warm beneath her t-shirt. Subconsciously, she arched her back to puff her chest toward Max; it was almost eager to be so close to the remote. She nodded. "I-I've...uh...heard rumors about them..."

Max raised an eyebrow with an upward curve to his lips. "Rumors, huh? And have you heard about an establishment by the name of the Kink Club?"

Ashley's hands clenched. Breath stuck in her chest. If her face was burning before, it was a supernova now. There was hardly anyone in town who hadn't heard of the Kink Club. It made national news after a particular city-shaking incident.

She fidgeted and shifted in her seat, hoping her t-shirt wasn't as tight as it felt. Her lungs didn't want to fully inflate against her bra's tension. "T-That place that was destroyed a year or two ago? I think I...remember seeing it on TV?" This was only half true; Ashley had lain awake through many nights wondering what went on within those walls.

He didn't respond other than to give a satisfied, if not knowing, smile. Max sat back and replaced the remote within his pocket. Knowing eyes looked Ashley up and down as if inspecting her build. Her breasts pushed between her arms with her inhales.

"S-Sir?" she squeaked.

He waved a hand. "Nothing, nothing. If you'll excuse me, I need to make a call. Please make yourself at home. We'll be landing within the hour."

Max left her, secluding himself to a room at the back of the plane and leaving her alone with whirling thoughts and an awkward silence broken only by the pounding of her heart. Part of her was glad he'd left; seeing an IncrediBust remote in person had left Ashley trembling.



A warm, tropical breeze teased Ashley's brown hair around her face as she followed Max along a path. Manicured trees and shrubs lined the walkway leading to a stunning house at the center of the island. Disconnected from the world, the small spit of land seemed to include only Max's estate, a small runway, several beaches, and a tropical forest as a buffer between everything. They had been able to walk from the plane to his manor within fifteen minutes. Sun poured over them like warm honey. Ashley could feel herself sweating through her top. Max couldn't have been more relaxed in his linen.

"Here we are," he announced, leading Ashley up a flight of stone steps. A fountain of a goddess-like woman pouring water from her bust to a pond below gurgled behind them.

A wooden door opened at their approach, releasing a greeting from within.

"Welcome home, Master~"

The voice's sultry warmth took Ashley by surprise, but upon seeing the speaker's appearance, she stopped dead in her tracks with her jaw on the ground.

A maid stood at the entrance to Max's manor. Wearing only heels, stockings, and a skirt, her topless bravado short-circuited Ashley's brain. Breasts twice the size of her head hung heavy and full off the woman's torso in fat, jutting droplets of flawless pale flesh. Permanently hard nipples stood proud atop risen areolas pointing slightly upward. Even at what Ashley guessed to be almost seven feet tall, the woman's bust dominated her figure as her crowning achievement. Red hair tumbled down her back in a fluffy waterfall of flame. The maid stood with a prominent arch to her back, as if to present her mammaries to the world.

"Ah, Sasha. Always adore your welcomes." Max took her in like a piece of prized art. "Would you be so kind as to show our guest to her room?"

There came a slight bow that Ashley was certain lifted the maid's skirt high enough to cause exposure. Her breasts swayed with the motion and hung in a way that accentuated their weight. "Of course, Master."

"Ashley," Max said, "It's late and I wouldn't want to overload you after our flight. We can talk business tomorrow. For now, please enjoy your night and make yourself at home. Sasha is available for whatever you may need."

Unsure of where to look, Ashley stammered, "T-T-Thank you! I--"

"Right this way," Sasha insisted, motioning for her to enter the manor.

The interior was ornate and polished. Much of it was made of stone and tile, mostly whites with subtle gold accents. Her shoes squeaked over the polished floor as Sasha's clicked with firm heel strikes. Every sure-footed step sent a teasing jolt through her body that caused her breasts to lurch.

As impressive as Max's house was, Ashley couldn't help but look at his maid. She was a work of art in every way. To ignore her breasts felt like a crime given their obvious and obscene presentation. Ignoring them would have been rude.

They walked in silence as Sasha led her up the stairs and down a corridor. A rug muffled her footsteps here, but brought the ever-so-gentle slapping of swollen flesh to the forefront. Ashley blushed when she realized it was her breasts colliding.

Confusion and anxiety gnawed at her. The scenery might have been tantalizing and the money a godsend, but Max's intentions remained shrouded in mystery. Ashley swallowed and found a spark of courage. Piping behind Sasha like a mouse, she asked, "W...What exactly is it that Max wants me to--"

Green eyes flashed when Sasha looked over her shoulder. "He didn't even tell you about the 'job', did he?"

Ashley shook her head, shrinking in Sasha's impressive shadow as they passed in front of windows. "He just said it would pay well..."

A sigh lifted the maid's chest and let it fall. "That man... He's the nicest guy in the world, but he has the communication skills of a handless mute." Sasha smoothed her skirt. "Here's the gist; I can't take care of this place on my own anymore. It's too big for one maid." She snorted and added, "But lucky for me, Max was *thrilled* when I voiced the need for another girl around here...!"

Fright bucked Ashley's heart. Being a maid was one thing, but wearing a revealing uniform, or in Sasha's case half a uniform, was something else entirely. "I-I wouldn't have to wear--"

Sasha paused in the hall and spun around. Ashley barely managed to stop before running head-first into her breasts. They stared back with nipples as thick as her thumb. "You're wondering why I'm running around topless?"

A quick nod came in reply.

"It was my decision, believe it or not!" Sasha looked down at herself. "Heard of the Kink Club?"

"M-Mhm..."

"Long story short, *I'm* probably the reason most people know about it. There was an...incident, let's say. My remote malfunctioned while I was in a private room with Max one night. I grew beyond the limiters and things got out of hand. And out of the walls... And the club... *And* the city block..."

Amazement mooned Ashley's eyes. "*That was you?!?*"

A look of pride made Sasha blush. "Almost hard to believe, huh? Well despite the trouble, Max had a *fantastic* time. He covered all the damages to the club. On top of that, he pulled some strings to make sure the blame didn't fall on IncrediBust! Can you imagine the power that guy must have?? All he asked for in return was a supply of remotes with no limiters

and no questions asked. One thing led to another, and I find him at my door a few days later offering me a maid position at this island. I couldn't say yes fast enough."

"But...weren't you scared??"

"*Scared?* Let me tell you something; after you go full-on *Attack of the Fifty-Foot Woman* and destroy a building or two, people don't exactly let you live it down. I couldn't go *anywhere* without someone recognizing me. Most of the world had seen me buck naked and as tall as a skyscraper. A woman can't just put on a hoodie and escape that kind of attention. And... Believe it or not, before the incident, I looked a lot like you."

Ashley's mouth fell open. She compared Sasha's breasts and height to her own and her mind refused to accept it. "S-So this is because of a remote?? Normally you don't look like--"

Sasha groped her chest, squeezing the watermelon-sized mounds as best her hands could manage. "No no, this *IS* my new normal after the incident. Turns out the limiters weren't just there to prevent property damage. When you grow as big as I did, you can't fully revert. It changes your body for good. Permanent like." She looked down at the overgrown breasts in her embrace. A weakness came over her eyes. "Which...brings me back to your question... After ending up like this, with my tits so...*BIG*...my nipples just got... So... *Sensitive*... I can't bear to put on a t-shirt. Or a bra. Much less a stiff maid's corset with all that...t-that...*lace*..."

Heavy breaths fell over Sasha. They seemed to flutter through her breasts, puffing them gently into her palms. A weak, nervous laugh made them jiggle. "Hell, I-I can't even sleep with the sheets pulled over them... Not unless I want to...s-stay up for another hour...or two..." Finger twitched as if resisting the urge to circle a teacup areola. "It's... *It's a lot*. It's like I still have the nipples of a woman capable of crushing a building, but they're the size of thimbles..." She shuddered and fought with herself to unhand her bust. "But I wouldn't trade this new body for anything..."

Ashley's mouth was dry. The scene had sent her to another planet. Another dimension.

Hands pulled away. Sasha was sweating. "Anyway, we're here~" She motioned to a door and swung it open, revealing a guest room fit for royalty. A bed twice the size of Ashley's stood to the far side of the room with a comforter as thick as her pillow back home. "This will be your room during your interview period. And--" She dug into a small pocket in her skirt. "Here; Max wanted me to give you this as part of the tour."

A sleek pill-shaped device fell into Ashley's hands. Seeing the IncrediBust logo glint on the remote sent her heart to space. Her stomach did flips at the power she'd just been handed. Her eyes widened. "This--"

"You're free to use it to your heart's content before deciding if you would like the position. Control of your own personal IncrediBust remote is a perk of the job. And it's a *very* nice perk, let me tell you. Ours have limiters, but Max's master remote has complete reign *without* limiters. On your nightstand you'll find a pill that will deliver the nanobots to your system and link your body to the remote. They're just for a trial run, so they'll last for twenty four hours before-- Ashley?"

“T-This...”

Sasha frowned and leaned forward. “*Ashley? Helloooooo~*”

Distant eyes stared at the remote. Her nipples burned in her bra. High school daydreams of exploding bra clasps rushed back, finally within reach. Deep, heavy breathing sent tremors down her frame. “T...This--”

Simply holding the remote was borderline orgasmic with the fantasies she harbored.

“*ASHLEY!*”

Clap!

“*AH!!!*”

Sasha smacked her hands. Lightning flashed in Ashley’s mind and brought her back to reality.

“Did you get all that?” Sasha asked, hands on her hips. “Give the remote a test run. Nanobot pill on your nightstand. Have fun. Dinner at six.”

“H...Have fun...” Ashley nodded slowly, dazed. Looking at the remote, she closed her hands around it suddenly and made for the door. “*T-Thank you!! I WILL!!*” Her face reddened. “*I-I-I mean... No! Not like that! I mean have fun in general! I think I’ll just...shower! I-I-It was a long flight, after all!!*” Standing in her doorway, Ashley trembled with an energy of a bomb seconds from exploding. “*T-Thank you for showing me to my room! I’m going to shower now!*”

“You’re very welco--”

Click!

The door closed. It didn’t slam, but there was an urgency.

Sasha smirked and turned back down the hall. An amused sigh gave its blessing and she let a finger trace circles around a nipple, fattening the nub to the point of her areola half swallowing its fully erect mass. She shivered and felt her inner thighs grow wet. “Looks like Max managed to find himself another gem...” Bolts of pleasure made her bite her lip. “*That little deviant might make him wish he’d bought a bigger island.*”

To be continued