
SAMANTHA'S COMPLETELY COLOSSAL BUST

by

Ryver8

Version 2.1

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Author's Note and Disclaimer

If you're a new reader, I sincerely hope you enjoy the story! I almost recommend reading it chapter by chapter instead of one continuous story, as it is quite long. If you were a reader of the original releases, I want to thank you for all of the support you granted me. I have greatly enjoyed the feedback, warmth, and positivity I have received for writing this story. Making this huge text was quite the endeavor! By the word count, this story totals some 135,000 words. All 11 chapters put together of Samantha are equivalent to a novel. That boggles my mind. I am fully aware that you guys didn't have to stick around that long. Thank you very much!! Your encouragement and gratitude was essential to this project. You guys are the best.

This edition of the story is the edited and retouched version. Which means that I tried to catch all of my previous errors, clean up some inconsistencies, and add a few helpful details. I tried not to remove anything from the original stories, but either provide clarification, or modify slightly. I strove to improve the story in the areas that bothered me or others. Some 10,000 words have been added from the original serial releases.

I am reachable at my DeviantArt account "ryver8" where I actively respond to notes and messages. I love feedback and a chance to discuss things, so please feel free to do so. Thank you again. I hope you like the story. Cheers!

Ryver8, 2014

DISCLAIMER: The standard warnings about mature content apply. This is an EXTREME Breast Expansion story and should be treated as such. For mature audiences only. There is a small part of Chapter 06 that provides a little bit of backstory for the main character, where she reminisces about her development when she was younger. Nothing occurs that isn't age appropriate, but it involves talking about her breasts. This is in NO WAY intended to sexualize a minor, but merely to explain where she came from and how life was for her. The segment is kept brief and relatively description free. The small section is there to provide a more complete story and to explain certain key elements of her character. I hope you do not find issue. If it offends you, I give you my sincerest apologies, for that was never my intention.

Information

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DeviantArt <ryver8.deviantart.com>

The Overflowing Bra <www.overflowingbra.com/results.htm?varname=842>

Ryver8 can be contacted via his DeviantArt account, and you are encouraged to do so!

All work in this story is the original intellectual work of Ryver8 and belongs to him, for all intents and purposes. All parts and elements of the story were created, designed, and written by Ryver8. The stories and contents of *Samantha's Colossal Bust*, *Samantha's Completely Colossal Bust*, associated texts, and their associated canon characters belong to him as well. All rights reserved.

The illustrations were created and drawn by **Berggie**, **DotintheParadox**, and **TheMisterStupid**. They belong to their respective artists, and each picture is labeled accordingly. They were used with their permission, and were made for the Samantha stories. Ryver8 would like to give each artist a tremendous thank you for lending their talents to Samantha. All three of the artists can be found on DeviantArt.

There are two appearing characters whose original incarnations do not belong to Ryver8 but facsimiles were written into the story with the permission of the original owners. Juliana is a character partially inspired by **Juliana224**. April, though unnamed in the story, appears as the Tall Woman, and belongs to **Berggie**.

Ryver8 owes **xPhoenixFlare**, **Juliana224**, **FitzBattleAxe**, **Tusdine**, and **Berggie** a special thanks for their help and support in the writing process. Ryver8 would also like to extend a thanks to all the **readers on DeviantArt** who made comments and sent notes. That feedback and warmth greatly helped him, and kept him motivated.

This story was originally released as each chapter was written, under the title *Samantha's Colossal Bust*, with Chapter XX and the chapter title, in a series on both The Overflowing Bra and on DeviantArt. This edition was renamed to *Samantha's Completely Colossal Bust* for clarity. These are new versions of each of the chapters, specially revised for the purpose of achieving a smoother, more consistent, and finalized edition of the story. The formatting of this PDF was done by Ryver8 with a $\text{\LaTeX}$ editor.

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Chapter 01: Introducing Samantha

Samantha's life was centered on an unusual situation. She was completely unique, as a matter of fact, and it was obvious to anyone the moment they met her. Samantha was a dazzlingly gorgeous girl, but that was not what made her so special. At 19 years old and five foot eight inches in height, she was a stunning young beauty with straight shiny brown hair, shimmering hazel eyes, and pouty lips. Her figure could be described as waspish, with a thin waist but full hips. The hourglass was well represented on her form! That was also exceptional, but still not her most distinguishing feature. Features.

It was important to note how strikingly beautiful and well-formed she was. Most people never noticed it more than once, if ever at all. Samantha was fine with that, because, in her humble opinion, those were far from her best qualities. They were a part of her, no doubt, but certainly not the main attraction. That wasn't what people gave her nicknames about. People called her "busty"...if their vocabulary entirely failed them, that is. Qualifiers were a must. Colossal might be more accurate. Ridiculously, massively, unbelievably, and impossibly busty.

Samantha sat in her trailer, as was typical, but also for expositional purposes. As she so often did, her first thought strayed to her breasts. Samantha's colossal bust. Her breasts, that were each as big as a school bus. Actually, she thought proudly, a fair bit bigger in every way than a school bus. If she set one of her monsters next to a bus, and a viewer stood on the bus side, they would be able to see her breast dimensions in full. The top of her breasts would be visible over the top of the bus, her phenomenal thicker-than-her-leg nipple would be visible beyond the front of the bus, and her personage would be visible behind the bus. If someone stood on her breast side, they wouldn't be able to see the bus at all. She had conducted that specific experiment once, and frequently thought about those results. She could literally conceal a bus in the valley between her

BREASTS. At least, for the few seconds she could resist her compulsion to crush the bus between them, she admitted to herself.

She bit her lip gently as the eroticism of that thought swept through her, and made a mental note: CRUSH BUS SOMEDAY. She had so wanted to when conducting her..."experiments", but someone would notice. Someone always did. There were very few things the busty teen could get away with without someone chastising her, ESPECIALLY in the areas of her interests. Namely, the activities centered on her breasts, which were plainly too big for this fragile world.

That brought her to ruminate on the other aspects of her chest, as she so enjoyed doing. They weren't just longer than school buses and tall enough to obscure up to halfway of the second story of a house, but they were also immensely fat at some five times wider than a bus. Her areolas alone were five feet wide, surrounding massive nipples that were a foot thick in diameter, but short and stumpy. Stumpy relative to their massive surroundings, that is. When aroused, however, look out in front, she thought with a smile.

She had found it odd. One might think that of everyone in the world, she would be the one the most blasé about the size of her chest. Seeing them every day, dealing with them every day, by right, her breasts should have been standard stuff for her long before now. Nothing out of the ordinary there, for her. Instead, it was the complete opposite. There wasn't a single person who took a greater fascination in her chest than she did. No one, NO ONE even remotely approached Samantha's affection for her own breasts. No other affection for anything in the history of affection approached hers for her gargantuan milk sacks. She would sell out her own grandmother if it added even an inch to her bust. Not that she planned on doing anything of the sort.

The trailer she was sitting in, pondering her own enormity, was her home, located in a trailer park on the outskirts of a coastal city, Monville. She lived in a trailer because there was no sense in owning a house that she could never fit inside. Hell, my AREOLA are each wider than doorways, she thought to herself happily.

As it was, one wall of her trailer was removed entirely so that her monsters could sprawl

out before her and smother her lawn. She couldn't very well turn around if she wanted to, but she could make it work. Her view was of two immensely large breasts extending forward from her chest, out through the wall of the trailer and even further out into her lawn. It was the same view she usually had, regardless of what she was doing. Can't-See-What's-In-Front-Of-Her-Chest should have been her middle name.

She glanced around further and saw a small but well equipped kitchen for her culinary magic, a laptop she used to death, and the super comfy couch she sat on most of the time when she was home. Home life was fairly simple but cozy, and she used her small space efficiently.

Trailers are really not that big, she thought. You might even compare them to a school bus, she realized all of a sudden. Buses which are smaller than my breasts. By the transitive property of logic, my tits were bigger than my house! EACH!

That was a thought too far and she writhed in the sudden surge of ecstasy. Many of Samantha's thoughts tended lead to her breasts, one way or another. She never got over just how MASSIVE she was, and she LOVED IT! It still boggled her mind how incomprehensibly vast she was, although that was old news by now. They had been steadily growing ever since she was nine, and continued to do so. She was technically growing even now, although she had no idea how fast. It was hard to measure these sorts of things by yourself, accurately. The best she could do was bus comparisons. How many buses does it take to equal one tit?

A few years ago, and countless cup sizes past, her doctor had come, conducted measurements, and then approached her with a concerned look on his face. "Your breast growth hasn't slowed at all, like we had hoped it would." He said, troubled. "Actually...you seem to be accelerating. At this point, you might NEVER stop growing." The words left his mouth, and Samantha came right on the spot. A consuming climax so forceful it would be 15 minutes before she could uncross her eyes, let alone speak. Even thinking about it now left her breathless! She was always going to be bigger! There was no greater dream, in Samantha's eyes, and it seemed that it was going to come true.

Thinking of the doctor, there was another thing unusual about her that confounded medical studies. She wasn't just an anomaly based on the size of her breasts. Her body was almost perfectly designed for her enormous assets. She had some serious internal muscle that gave her strength and resistance far beyond that of normal human beings. That is to say, despite being rail thin in stature, she had no problem whatsoever lifting, swinging, moving, or maneuvering her colossal tits that were so heavy they had to be measured in tons. This extra strength also lent itself to some extra durability, which meant Samantha never had to worry about skin abrasions, punctures, or even irritation despite whatever she did to herself. Her body was so invulnerable that pain was a very rare occurrence for her, and usually had to be self-inflicted by her own extraordinary strength. On the other hand, pleasure derived from her breasts was both constant and in great quantities.

With her medically baffling physical attributes, Samantha was a highly unique individual. Her blood was constantly being studied by some research organization or another in the hopes of divining some significant truth. Samantha's unusual body had a lot of properties that interested doctors, scientists, and government officials alike. The possibilities for her strength, her resistance, it was a tantalizing dream. Her favorite parts of her body was often the most neglected. A weird side effect in the eyes of most of the researchers. Oh well. Samantha didn't really care because their interest in her gave her a free pass to go anywhere and do just about anything she wanted, because the bigwigs would tolerate it. She was an "invaluable asset", which struck her as funny. She had two invaluable assets. Only in her eyes, she supposed.

In exchange, she was largely taken care of, as a golden goose. Recently, after having moved out of her own home into this trailer, she had been provided with a caretaker, scientist, and friend who looked out for her and did her grocery shopping. Dan Peppers. He was a nice, good looking man, only a few years older than her, and working for the government. Presumably, he was forced to help her because he was a young and low ranking.

She had long thought about recruiting him to her breast activities, the extra pair of hands would certainly help, but she had always been too nervous. What would Dan think? She may be this paragon of mystery science stuff, but she certainly had her own social circles to worry about.

At least, he was one of the few people who talked to her, and she interacted with. For the most part, her fascination and fetish was a private affair, no matter how much it consumed her waking thoughts. She certainly didn't want to alienate her only friend, even if dealing with her was a part of his job. To satisfy her every need. She had been highly amused by this phrasing.

Whenever Samantha was home, she always situated her breasts in the same spot, so that she could monitor her shocking expansion as they covered more and more territory with each passing month. Her present size placed her outer limits within a few feet of the fences surrounding her land. Her breasts were finally getting too big for her yard! She giggled. She would be beyond delighted on the day her breasts finally crushed those fences that mocked her, and started overtaking the neighboring yards. And then eventually crushed their trailers, if they were foolish enough to leave them in her way!

She had to bite her lip again, making sure she didn't get sucked into the erotic feelings coursing through her. Her long fantasy was slowly coming closer to being a reality with every passing day, as her boobs continued their inexorable growth, inch by painstaking inch. She couldn't wait to outgrow her property, regardless of how she inconvenienced her neighbors.

Most people she was forced to interact with had long since gotten used to her some-species-of whale-dwarfing protrusions, and her rough addiction to using them to squash inanimate things. Or, at least, people had learned to put up with it. They didn't realize that she dealt out damage on purpose more often than not, although true accidents were always bound to happen. Samantha banked on that principle most of the time, and people accepted that she was big titted and clumsy. You don't argue with the girl who, with one obscenely fat breast, once crushed Mr. Lenik's car by accident. When Mr. Lenik was still inside.

Nobody missed him, not really, but it made some people uncomfortable. They never forgot to stay out of her way. Her accidents were dangerous, and maybe they should steer clear of her was the general consensus. Samantha had also learned a lesson that day of the incident: she had to be very careful where her immensity extended. She had been careless. Crushing and smashing things

was one thing, and a thing she enjoyed a great deal, but there was a line that shouldn't be crossed.

Although...when she was really honest with herself, secretly, that fateful day for Mr. Lenik was another obscenely erotic and prized memory of hers. The concept that she could—ANYHOW, Samantha thought forcefully, struggling to keep those dark and guilty, yet powerful sensations buried. Time to change the subject.

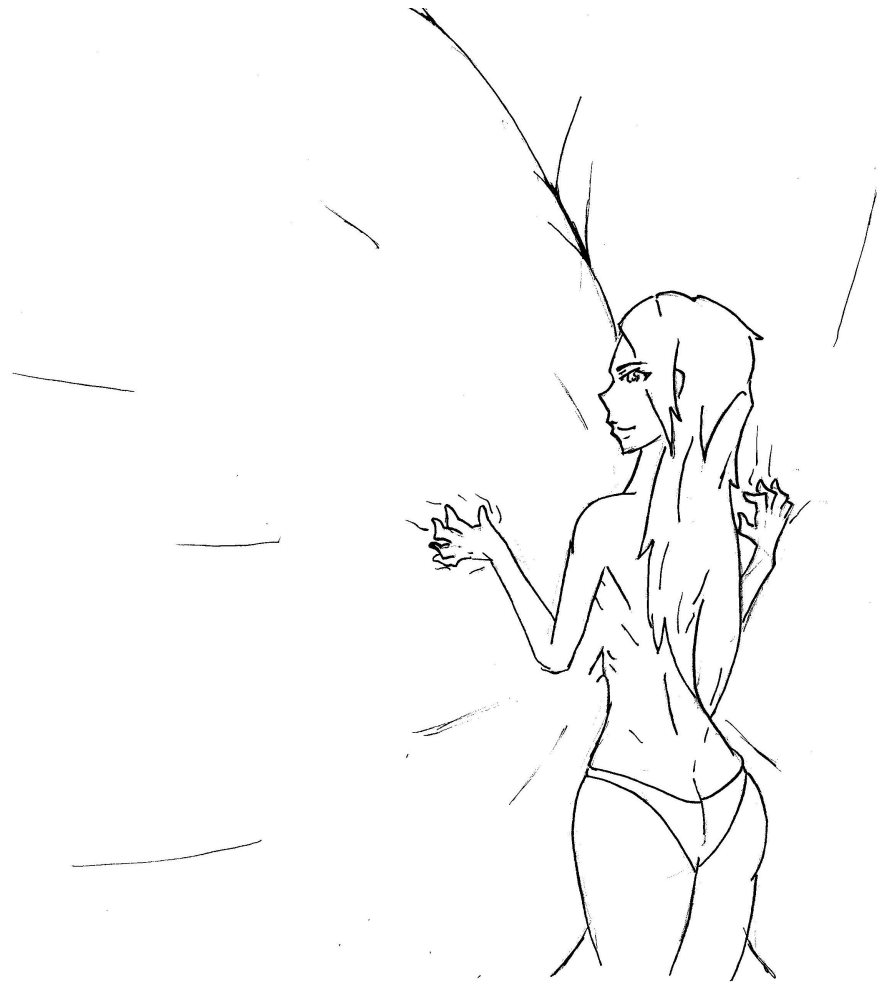
For all that "tolerance" of her bust, most people simply didn't understand her. They didn't see what she saw. Actually, that might be for the best. Most people would be annoyed by never being able to look straight ahead ever again. If only people felt what she felt, Samantha amended, they might understand her better. She wasn't just some freak. If only people knew just how sensitive her breasts were, and how much pleasure she derived from them! Just now she could feel the sun warming her flesh, and a slight breeze playing itself upon their vast surface. An ant was crawling up her orbs some 30 feet away. Grass was scratchy on her undersides.

She patted herself affectionately, sending slight tremors of pleasure up her spine. She rubbed where they protruded from her chest, sloping upward and outward. Bulging from her body, they extended like balloons before her, quickly swelling to doorway width and then far, FAR beyond. Their massively engorged shape thrust forward and continued to round out until their swell extended beyond the confines of the trailer. Her contours continued rising from there, but their truly astonishing height was cut off from her perspective, eclipsed by the roof of her trailer. Her breasts were bigger and thus taller than her house, so her entire view of the front of the trailer was filled top to bottom with her breasts flopped out on the lawn. Her view from where she sat was essentially a wall of tit. She had quite a bit of mobility on her end, however, as their attachment to her body was very lax. She could move around a fair amount, and even walk around, without her breasts ever even budging from where they lay upon the lawn. Not that moving them was difficult, thanks to her plot-helping super strength.

She loved every single thing about them. Her entire life revolved around her breasts, and when she thought of a way to weave them into her activities or thought of something fun to do

with them, she took it. Using her ENOURMOUS cup tits for something that a girl with such microscopic breasts like D cups could not do was a CONSTANT pleasure for Samantha. Sally Whitaker can go die, Samantha thought. Let's see her crush a bus! The more inventive, the more weird, the more an activity highlighted how freaking enormous her preposterous endowments were, the more Samantha enjoyed doing it. She decided she would definitely have to smash a bus someday, because she couldn't get it out of her head. She would be the only person in history to demolish a bus with a single tit. She had all the known records already, but there was no sense in passing up opportunities to make new ones.

There were lots of words she heard to describe her perfect assets. Massive. Enormous. Ginormous. Huge. Vast. Fat. Brobdingnagian. Impossible. Grotesque. Ridiculous. She giggled again. People were so closed minded! Samantha herself used "Phenomenal", "Spectacular", and "TOO SMALL". She grinned with a predator's gleam in her eye. DEFINITELY too small!



Samantha by DotintheParadox

Chapter 02: Beach Day

Samantha was overjoyed. It was summer time, which meant beach time! Samantha's trailer was located in a park with other trailers, but that park was situated near the suburbs of the city Monville. Monville was a reasonably sized USA east coast city situated along beautiful beaches and surrounded by lovely scenery. The advantage of this was that Samantha had access to beaches even though she had long outgrown most means of mechanical transportation.

Walking was still fine, however, thanks to her inhuman strength and thick skin. She could carry her breasts with no effort, but she preferred to let them scrape along the ground. Her breast durability and sensitivity transformed something that seemed like it would be very painful into something outstandingly pleasurable, and she could walk and even run for hours. Put mildly, that could be an unusual sight, but she usually kept it out of the eyes of any beholder. Although, she hadn't tried any running in several months and she may very well have grown out of it. Moving down a normal urban street just wasn't very feasible for her anymore, regardless. Her tremendously fat tits liked to crush things on accident, or "accident", and people usually got quite upset. She understood, but that didn't mean she had to like it.

Samantha usually wore something that was like a brassier. If something that used hot-air-balloon amounts of material for each cup could be called a bra. It was obvious that she was going to need a bigger one soon. It was made of a bra-like substance that had a facsimile of cups, and more or less attempted to cover the entire front of her breasts. 'Less' as it turned out, and increasingly so. The garment of such a size was pretty expensive to make, but she was legally mandated to wear at least that much. Some old biddies had gotten together and complained about my modesty, Samantha thought unhappily. Now her areolas and nipples, her most sensitive parts, also had the most restricted breathing room. But what was the point of beach day if not to wear a bikini, and

what was the point of a bikini if not to be as skimpy as possible?

However, skimpy is a relative term. To put the dimensions of her bikini in perspective, just covering her areola was a massive undertaking of cloth. At roughly five feet in diameter, the area of fabric required to cover that surface is 2,827 square inches. That's not even allowing for the cloth distension caused by her fat nipples. For the rest of the garment, the bikini builders just used string material, with yard upon yard of rope-like fabric. She dug it out of the closet and tried to hold it up. Despite being miniscule compared to her colossal bust, her gargantuan cups could have been comfortable blankets for families of six. Her single bra created a significant laundry mound off to the side of her trailer.

She took it and settled on her couch waiting for the sound of a specific truck. The bikini was soft against her legs, and it utterly dwarfed her, its single cup. She could use it as a rug for the entire trailer, probably. She checked her phone. Like clockwork, she heard the familiar crunch of tires as a vehicle pulled up near her trailer. She heaved her breasts and walked out so she could see him. As usual, she noted how small his truck looked next to her left tit. She could crush it right now with barely a flick. The door to the truck opened, and out stood Dan.

Dan was roughly 6 feet in height, athletic in stature, brown hair, green eyes, and way too good-looking to be a government lab specialist. Yet here he was, the scientist assigned to her particularly impressive case, but more like a caretaker. He was carrying a ladder in anticipation of his duties. As was customary, he stared at her breasts for a few moments. She could see it in his eyes that he also noted how astonishing they were compared to his truck, and how easily they could make it a pancake. The rest of his thoughts were slightly more inscrutable. Was he disgusted? Aroused? Neutral? That seemed the most likely. But what was her friend thinking? Then he turned and greeted Samantha, "Hi."

She rolled her eyes. "What am I, just a pair of tits to you? My eyes are...over here." She wasn't mad, they both knew it. She held out her bikini to him.

"Kind of. I'm going by percentage of mass." He said, taking the bikini and running it through

his hands until he found one string end.

"How are you, today?"

"Good! Let's do this!"

He found the end of one bikini "strap" and he handed it to her, and then walked it the long distance from her body to the tip of her breasts, dragging the bikini with him. "Ready!" he called.

Samantha placed the string on the ground and secured it in place with her foot, and then reached behind her and started undoing the clasps of her bra. Five hooks. It wasn't a lot, not really, but it wasn't there for support. The ground had done most of that job for years. It merely kept her bra taught. When she got to the last hook, she clamped a hand over her mouth, and unfastened it. Her outrageous bra cups flopped off of her breasts some 50 feet away, freeing her areola and nipples to the open air. The rush of sensation was too much, as it always was, and she moaned involuntarily, muffled by her hand so Dan couldn't hear.

Dan watched the cavernous cups slide down the monstrous mountains of flesh. He had known to stand clear of those cups. They were heavy! They crashed to the ground and wobbled there, but they no longer had his attention. What had been underneath did.

It never ceased to impress him. At around four times his height, Samantha's enormous breasts were ridiculous. There was no other word for it. He felt small and insignificant as he studied their mass, the small crisscrossing of veins lightly visible beneath her skin. He had to look up to see their tops. And stand back.

He had pulled a ladder out of his truck. He rested against the behemoth boob and watched as it sank into their soft surface. It was snug. The ladder was extremely tall, designed to make it to the top of her two and a half story breasts. Carrying her bikini cup was very difficult when climbing a ladder, but he had managed it in the past. He hauled it up. The going was tougher when he reached the area of the ladder that actually contact the breasts. The ladder was partially engulfed by the

softness of the breast, and to grapple the ladder he was also grabbing handfuls of Samantha. Sorry, he thought. It felt amazing.

He stopped halfway up, carrying the bikini. It was the areolas that really made him feel small, he decided. Samantha had super pale, perfectly smooth and flawless skin, but her areolas were a dark and angry pink. Each areola was nearly as tall as he was. With nipples the size of basketballs, even in her current un-aroused state. He shook his head and gently reached out to rub one. He had needed the ladder to do it.

* * * * *

Samantha nearly passed out with the unexpected sensation. His hand was warm and hot and on her most sensitive area. He knew the rules, and he wasn't supposed to do that! And hell if she was complaining! But she hadn't pleased herself this morning, a big mistake apparently, and was desperately unprepared for the wave of passion sparked by his touch. She squirmed on the couch, keeping both hands firmly locked on her mouth to keep her ecstasy silent. She wouldn't let him have the satisfaction.

* * * * *

Dan prepared the bikini triangles and aligned them on her areola. It was difficult to do since he couldn't move about while on the ladder. He was forced to drape them, and then he took out the adhesive tape in his pocket with one hand to attach it to the beastly breast. He affixed the triangles to the rough area where they were destined to lay, climbed down the ladder, and then wrapped the remaining string around to the other side of Samantha and walked up her lawn to hand it to her. In the shadow of her behemoth dugs, she was sitting there waiting for him, but he was surprised to see her face flush and eyes wild. What had happened?

Wordlessly, she handed him the other side of the string that she had kept under foot and he brought them both around her back and tied it up neatly, tight against her perfect porcelain skin. She looked at him expectantly, and he began the long trek back to the front of her chest. There

he found the bikini triangles pulled taught against her skin. There really wasn't any slack in the bikini. If anything, these cups were cutting into her some. She was still getting bigger, he decided. Whoa.

Dan climbed up the ladder and unfurled the bikini cup fabric to lay them out gently across her areola. He took the adhesive tape out of his pocket and readied to affix the cups properly so they would stay up for the rest of the day. But something wasn't right. No matter how hard he tried he couldn't completely cover the great dark disks of Samantha. Wait a minute. He patted it out as best as he could and stepped back. The sight was shocking.

The bikini cups were designed to cover five feet of areola plus nipple distension, and had done their job perfectly well last year. Since Samantha could fairly well control when her nipples did or did not extend, that had been good enough. But here it was, significant areola peeping out from both sides and the bottom of the triangles. Had she really gotten that much bigger in six months? That "five feet in diameter" was a figure of the past. He stood next to them try to gauge it. They were as tall as he was after all. That was incredible!

He finished taping up the material and covering her up as best as he could. She was still horribly indecent, he realized. If this was a normal bosom, this would be quite the scandalous shirt! Well, he wasn't complaining! Dan walked the length of torpedo breasts and marveled at just how far he had to walk to reach their owner. He found her reclined in her seat where he had left her. Samantha was beaming at him like she already knew, and he realized she could probably feel the inadequate cups. "What's the matter, run out of cloth?" She teased, her eyes twinkling. "I've gotten pretty huge, huh?"

"You were always huge, Sam."

"Ridiculous." She said, waving her hand in dismissal. "I'm still miniscule. Miniscule compared to what I'll eventually have. Now THOSE will be real breasts."

It was their standard banter, and they both loved it. They both knew she was getting bigger?

Why not make a game of it? Only, each of them were aroused by the game, and neither could tell if the other one was too.

Samantha had noticed earlier that Dan was wearing particularly baggy clothing today, with a frumpy shirt that dangled well below his hips, and very loose fitting shorts. She smiled inwardly. A smart choice, but she wasn't fooled. The shorts were noticeably tighter at the moment. Or was she imagining? She did that a lot. She decided to keep a closer watch on that region of his pants. One day, she was determined to get her answer.

They packed their beach accoutrements, and made their way to the path down to the beach. Moving, for Samantha, was an interesting endeavor. It consisted of taking both of her arms and compressing them against as much of her breast as possible, and pushing forward. Her arms served to guide them forward as she walked, plowing across the ground. Her arms dug into her chest, and her shoving served to guide them ahead.

Most of the trailer park was situated so Samantha could get around reasonably well. Even so, she had to be especially careful around the trailer park. The trailers was extremely susceptible to accidental tit damage, being smaller than either of her breasts. The duo wound through the trailer park, and found the path they would take, which cut through the forest that went from the trailer park to the coast.

This path was one of the main attractions for the particular trailer park that Samantha called home. This path right to the sea meant a day trip to the beach was extremely easy. However, the locals noticed the forest trail got wider and wider with every passing year.

Samantha and Dan stood in front of its entrance, noticing that once again her remarkable bust was wider than the available space, last cleared out by her evidently smaller bust some months prior. Samantha smirked. "They still haven't learned to get out of my way." But she was actually very pleased. So she set forward on their journey, leaving rows of crunched trees in her wake. Each scratching branch, each thunk of tree, they were daggers of pleasure shooting through Samantha teats. She was in heaven.

After a short 20 minute walk, the duo found themselves staring at the thundering waves and all the other beach goers. Samantha had to take Dan at his word that these things were there, for she couldn't see a thing with her chest in the way. They wandered to an available space in the sand big enough to house Samantha, Dan directing her like a conductor.

She set up camp by leaning a tall ladder against her right breast and climbing up it. Due to the obscene stretching of her growth, her breasts protruded from her chest in a tubular shape extending and fattening greatly by the foot. They weren't just globular spheres fixed to her chest but great, meaty, hanging-type breasts. That had long run out of room to hang. This allowed her great flexibility in her movements even when it came to moving about her own breasts. She could climb up her breasts without any aid due to her impressive grip strength, but the ladder was easier and Dan would need it anyway.

She loved being up here! She stood on her utterly colossal breast and surveyed all there was to see and feel. She felt her sandy sandals grinding debris into her yielding flesh. She felt the sun and the salty sea breeze caress her enormous pale features. She felt the textured burning sand on the bottom underneath, infusing her with its warmth. She kicked off her sandals and delighted in FEELING them land a few feet away, skittering across her skin.

She wished she could jump and bounce a few times as if on a trampoline, which was one of the first thing kids always thought of when they saw her bust, but she didn't have THAT much leeway. She supposed that she was lucky her appendages gave her enough slack to stand up at all. Walking felt exquisite both on her feet and through her breasts, and she paced back and forth here on the back end of her bosom. She couldn't move forward very well, that required special bending and manipulation of her breasts, but side to side was not as much of a problem. She did a belly flop and lay there hugging as much as she could, which was pitifully little of the available mass. It was ALLLLL her.

She wallowed in the sensations of her skin touching her skin, the perceiving of both equally, the feel of her warm quaking breasts on her face, and the feel of her face on her sensitive monsters.

The vast expanse of her creamy asset stretched far in front of her and to the side, and across a cavernous chasm, her left tit was sitting next to her, feeling unloved. Sorry, she giggled, but there is just too much of you two to get all at once. No worries, she had a system of switching breasts every now and then to have even tan lines, despite the fact that she never tanned. Lefty would feel lonely without her.

She positioned herself on her elbows, relishing how they dug into her bazooms, and peered around at her surroundings. From this height, the view was spectacular. Ha! And I have a good view of everything beyond my breasts, too! She smiled at her private joke. The yawning ocean opened before her on the bright and clear sunny day, visibility measured in many miles. There were all the other beach goers laughing and having fun, but they gave her a wide berth as usual, just the way she liked it. Worrying about hurting people just got in the way of her enjoyment, so she harbored a long preference for distance from other people. She did delight in having to peer downwards at people in order to see them. She was on her own BREASTS, and they were much taller than anybody else!

She felt a pressure on the side of her breast caused by the ladder digging into her, and Dan emerged from the top. Evidently he had taken a swim and now he was ready to rest. Had that much time passed already? She must have been lost herself in the feelings again. She could feel the drippings of his swimming trunks land all across her breasts, causing her to shiver with delight. Her fat breast quivered with her movements.

Dan was at liberty to walk as far down her breasts as he wanted, so he wandered closer to their fronts, and then used them as a slight trampoline, as if he was testing his footing. She was instantly jealous, but the pleasure she felt from it instantly overrode it. He flopped on to her breast hard like she had, and she grinned at him from across the expanse. The cold sea water from his body and bathing suit seeping onto her skin was doing wonders for her nether region. She was desperately trying not to think about how a man was literally standing on her breasts, and how they utterly dwarfed him.

He was laid out on his back, completely and with plenty of room. She was on the same breast, and they weren't even close to one another. He shuffled a few times to get comfortable. She almost wanted to tease him by being mock offended. What, her breasts weren't comfortable enough for you? Inwardly, she delighted in his movement sending ripples of sensation crisscrossing through her.

Eventually, he fell asleep. She could feel his breathing, rhythmic and slow. Thank goodness. She had struggled to hold in her horniness all day. If he had kept moving, she would have come for sure, and that would have been embarrassing. Without time to recuperate, no sooner did she think that did she see a seagull swooping in down from the sky, coming for a landing. Samantha's eyes lit up and she managed to clamp both hands on her mouth just as the seagull landed. The cold bird feet set her off like she knew it would. She was so enormous that the wildlife took her for part of the landscape. She clung to that thought and sank into the throes of passion, trying to muffle them as much as possible.

* * * * *

Dan woke from his nap sometime in the late afternoon. He rolled over and gave a squeeze to her squishy breasts. Samantha was reading a book some 20 feet away, but she looked up at him when she felt him moving. "Ice cream," she called, and Dan nodded. Time to fetch. He walked across the warm, bouncy tundra, putting extra weight into his steps. Samantha's eyes were locked on something invisible on the horizon, trying not to betray how pleasant his ministrations made her feel, but unable to keep reading her book.

Dan could tell because they were no longer following the lines, but staring dead ahead. She thinks she's so sly, he thought to himself. He climbed down the ladder, marveling at how far down he had to go to reach the ground. Walking around her titanic mass, he peered down the coast and headed in the direction of the boardwalk, where he should be able to find a vendor.

Their beach site was positioned well away from the hustle and bustle of the main beach drag, on purpose, so it was a fair walk to get to the more civilized parts. It didn't matter very much

because he enjoyed walking on the beach. As he continued to enter the more crowded areas, he noticed like he always did how there were two kinds of people. People who openly stared at the enormous pale mounds in the distance behind him, and the people who purposely kept their eyes averted as much as they could. One way or another, very few people were ever unaffected by Samantha's presence.

He reached the vender, commissioned two butter pecan quadruple scoop cups, and turned back. There they were, off in the distance. Samantha's prides and joys. Her enormous beached whales made everything in the area look small, almost fake, as if he was staring at a miniature model replica of some kind. She was just too big to be real.

He walked back at a faster pace because he didn't want to the ice cream to melt. Even so, he paid attention to the depth perception nightmare caused by the biggest breasts in the world. They loomed and loomed and loomed and he still wasn't there yet. He kept passing people who stared at him because they realized where he was going. He couldn't guess what they were thinking, but he knew what they were feeling. There was something innately scary about Samantha and how tremendously gigantic she was. It just wasn't normal, it made you feel insignificant. Compared to the literal tons of breast flesh splayed out on the sand, it was a very understandable existential crisis.

If only people knew the half of it! Around other people, Samantha was a demure and polite girl who was very respectful and courteous. Behind closed doors, out of sight, she was a breast obsessed lunatic, Dan suspected. Her habitual "accidents" weren't that at all, Dan was sure of it. But he was too afraid to bring it up. What if he was wrong? She could get him fired, easily. She was one of his best friends, and he didn't want to jeopardize that for anything, or insult her. And then...it might be even worse if he was right.

He approached the ladder. "Oy!" he called, and Samantha's beautiful face appeared over the swell of her breast, peering down at him. "Well?" she said, raising an eyebrow. He sighed, placed his cup on the ground, and struggled to climb the ladder with one of his hands full. Well, he had

gotten some practice earlier at doing just that.

Samantha laid on her breasts, eating her ice cream absent mindedly. Dan was off playing in the surf and she was alone to her thoughts. Outside of her awareness, the third scoop on the mound of ice cream what teetering on the edge, close to falling out of the paper bowl. She was reading one of her favorite books, The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy. She wondered idly, as she often did, about the fantasy planet that she would like to live on. A planet she was reasonably sure could exist in the HHGTTG universe. Her face reddened. That fantasy was probably best for a non-public place. Then again, nobody could see her up here. She could do anything she wanted.

The breakaway ice cream scoop fell, plummeting to her breast flesh and ended with a splat. It was almost instantaneous, the amazing pleasure caused by sudden icy chill that shot from nipples to toes and back, but there was something else. A deep sense of peace and happiness and a shuddering quake from the pliant flesh beneath her. What was THAT? Her mind was numb. It already knew, but it had yet to realize it. There had been a ripping noise, and she could feel that her bikini cups and their tape had been torn off. Something else was off, though, and it all felt different. She stared at their monstrosity, blankly.

They were bigger. Her already phenomenal breasts. She wasn't sure how she knew, but she did, she could just FEEL it. A growth surge? Her heart was pounding against her ribs, her eyes wide and feral, and her breathing ragged as she contemplating the possibilities. She quickly realized what this could mean. It was a fantasy coming true. It shouldn't have been possible. Did it work like that?? But her bikini cups!! And she could just tell. A sudden wild growth.

"What happened?" Dan called. He was referring to the askew bikini. She couldn't tell him, not yet. She had her own experiments to run.

"I'm fine! I guess the tape lost its adhesiveness in the sea air!" She called back hoarsely. But no, it was because HER BREASTS JUST GREW TWO INCHES FORWARD IN A SINGLE

SECOND. She was a little bit higher off the ground now, too! Her mind was racing. What had triggered it? She was horny, fantasizing, and then BAM! cold ice cream shell shock. Was that the formula? Thinking about growing and then applying a sharp cold or pain? Why had that never worked before? She would have to investigate further in a more secluded place. For now, she tried to put that idea on the back burner, as if that was possible. SHE GREW. Her unbelievable masses that had always grown too slowly for her taste, had shuddered larger by a few inches in a single breath. She would be thinking about this for a very long time indeed!

She glanced down at the ice cream that was slowly melting against her mass. She didn't want to get her hands sticky, so using just her tongue she bent down and lapped it up. After consuming the bulk of it, she had just a puddle of goodness in front of her. She slowly and sensuously licked it clean, with long strokes, relishing the sensation of tongue on breast. She glanced back at her ice cream in the cup. Oh right, she had a spoon. After a moment of hesitation, she overturned the rest of the ice cream out onto her sensitive surface and proceeded to get to work.

The sun was setting on the beach at long last, so the sands were clear and she could wade into the water in peace without being self conscious. Her whales were no longer beached, she thought happily. Letting them float in the surf was as sensual as one could possibly imagine, with the waves surging and lapping against her orbs, and the water swirling around her nipples and areolas. She was in heaven, and her feet weren't even getting wet. She thrust out her chest, distending them into the great beyond.

"Be careful with those, you might cause a tidal wave in Spain!" Dan joked.

Samantha chuckled. "I don't think I'm quite big enough for that. Yet. Be sure to remind me once I am!" She punched him lightly on the shoulder, playfully, Cheshire grin on full display. Half of Dan hoped she was joking, but the other half of him already knew she wasn't. That half also didn't mind as much as he thought he should. He studied her carefully as she watched the waves. There was a faraway look in her eyes that made him uneasy.

When the sun was truly setting, they set her breast camp back up in the indentation they had made in the sand earlier, and they both climbed atop them again. Unfortunately, on the east coast the sun didn't set on the water side, so their elevation upon her tits helped them peer over the trees. They sat cross-legged in silence, eating the last of the food they brought. They watched as the oranges and reds of the evening sun set over the horizon, and listening to the waves crash behind them.

Then they packed up and headed home.

* * * * *

The next day, Samantha found herself a clearing in the woods. It was peaceful, and she was alone. She gently nudged her massive extremities up to the wood line, pressing them ever so softly into the trees around the meadow. The trees looked like toothpicks standing next to the incredible girth of her bust. She couldn't move her breasts any further without disrupting the trees. Here goes nothing, she thought, and then hoisted two ice packs she brought. She closed her eyes and envisioned her breasts in their enormity, doing two of her favorite things: growing and crushing. She slammed the ice backs into the bloated backs of her breasts.

The sensation was immediate and familiar. Intense pleasure, a sense of peace, ultimate joy, and a voracious eroticism. She collapsed against her breast, breathing heavily. A girl could get used to THAT! She knew it before she turned around, she knew it before she backed her breasts up, she knew it before she shifted them to the side so she could see the line of trees. But she did those things, and then she stared. It was official. The trees were all slightly uprooted, mashed by her surging breasts. She was struck by a dizzying and an uncontainable pleasure. A mind bending current of absolute joy raced through her veins. She was on her hands and knees without realizing how she got there. Her strength was fading, being consumed by the massive well of feelings boiling throughout her body. She quickly slid onto her back and clutched her hips to weather the storm, but she was quickly overcome and rational thought vanished. The trees are broken! The trees are **BROKEN! THE TREES ARE BROKEN!**

Thirty some minutes later, she lay breathing raggedly, her vision clearing and her brain starting to restore its functions. Her lungs started to settle so she finally trusted herself to speak, but it came out as a hoarse whisper. "I can make myself grow now."



Samantha's Considerable Breasts by TheMisterStupid

Chapter 03: The Gardens

Dan wound his car up the drive to the trailer park, on his way to visit Samantha. As he approached, he could see her giant breasts towering over all the other trailers, like feminine skyscrapers. It sounded like a bad joke, like you were trying to make fun of a girl with large breasts, but no. There they were there, as a significant part of the skyline. Well, it made it easy enough to find her. Follow the tits. As he neared them, he noticed something curious. All of her neighbors had moved out of Samantha's back corner, and shifted to another end of the trailer park clearing where there were vacancies. That was odd because he had met the resolute geezers that had lived there, and they had given him the impression that they were good old boys, very attached to their property. As he drove down the final stretch, he saw why that had changed. She was bigger. Much bigger.

He gaped at her overabundance. In the four weeks since the beach, Samantha's goliath tits hadn't gotten much taller, but they sure had grown fatter and longer. Their forward projection had to be pushing 70 to 75 feet from Samantha now, and obscured part of the road past her trailer to the final land plot on her other side. Their girth was so obscene that the fences on either side of her yard had been reduced to splinters, and she was overflowing her entire lawn. With a gulp he realized that the newly vacant plots surrounding hers would be next to fall under the sea of tit flesh. Her massive bra was under lots of strain now, and the cups that could each cover a home pool were being overwhelmed. Holy mackerel, was she ever BIG.

He parked his car and got out, feeling small next to the behemoth boobs. He couldn't even see their owner from here. He walked the long circumference of her magnificent bust until he found Samantha. She wasn't sitting on her couch like she usually was, but had taken up position on a lawn chair in front of her trailer. She had angled her boobs so that she resided in their encompassing shadow, shielded from the sunrise. Nonetheless, she wore a baseball cap mashed onto her glossy

hair. She was the perfect picture of relaxation, with a glass of iced tea in the caddy hooked onto her bra strap, a book opened on her lap, and her feet propped up on the generous swell of her right breast. She looked up as he approached, piercing him with the gaze of her clear hazel eyes. She smiled and waited for him to say it.

"You're huge, Sam." An understatement.

"The girls have been doing a great job lately!" she said, reaching up and patting her left tit fondly. She liked to stroke them, he had noticed.

"You're getting too big for your top, you know."

"There's no such thing as too big!" She teased him playfully. "But there is such a thing as too small. Like your brain, for instance. Too big? Pah! I'll grow until I feel like it!"

Dan chuckled appreciatively. She liked to pretend rant for his benefit because her breasts were such an integral part of their relationship, but it was still kind of...strange. He could tell she wasn't joking, though. He just couldn't tell if that was because she legitimately enjoyed growing, or she just had a healthy attitude about it.

"No, but seriously. I had some trouble putting the bra on this morning!" She said excitedly. "I reached the end of the tape a few days ago."

That WAS significant. Samantha's bra was split into five notable segments. The first segment was essentially a five inch wide band that wrapped around her back, joined at the middle by five hooks. That band then continued around her body to the front and extended forward from her body three feet, stretched taught by her bust. Suspended at that distance were the canisters that comprised segment two, and made her bra particularly special. The canisters held tightly a tightly wound band, and fed out the rest of the long straps like a measuring tape. That way it was adjustable and designed to accommodate her constant growth.

The powerful rewinding function of the canisters, again like a tape measure, kept the straps just big enough to extend the distance, but snug and tight in order to keep the bra cups in place.

Then, instead of the bra straps breaking under the strain of her expansion, they would just feed out more line when it had to. Until she grew so massive that they ran out of material to give, that is. Near the end of the straps was segment three of the bra, where it split into two separate lines that each linked to the top and bottom of the cup's side for a more even distribution of the pressure.

Segment four of her bra, of course, was the massive cups she was spilling over. Segment five was the last special part. The bridge strap between the bra caps also had two canisters, for a maximum length equal to two of her side straps, so that she could move her breasts far apart and move them independently. This was a feature made necessary when she had to go one boob first in some places, and enabled up to a 180 degree angle between her breasts.

When she took her bra off at night to relieve the bra's pressure, there was a pole she hooked it on to keep it taught so that the cups wouldn't fall off during the night. She couldn't reattach them herself, so when that happened she was stuck home until Dan could come to fix them to her areola again. The bra she was wearing had been built to last her several years, but here she was, testing its limits far too early.

Dan walked over and patted one breast flank, marveling at just how far it extended. When he was this close to her, there was still a long way to go before the amazing breast swelled into its fullest width. Looking upwards was just as impressive, the great curve of soft mass stretching into the sky. "God, Samantha. You could crush a house with these." She gave a slight gasp, almost a hiccup. Just as Dan turned to look at her, the ground trembled a moment, and Samantha was coughing. The coughing sounded fake, but because she had her head tilted so that the brim of her hat obscured her face, Dan couldn't be sure. After she was done, she looked back up at him, cheeks flush. "Sorry, something in my throat." she said hoarsely, blinking innocently at him. She was a weirdo. He noticed she was resting her arm upon her breast, like he had seen her do a thousand times. She was holding her iced tea.

Samantha was more than a little shocked. She hadn't intended to grow in Dan's presence

at all. She was certain he would get a kick out of it, the scientist in him, but there was always a chance that he wouldn't be as enthused as she was, or that at some point he would try to stop her. Dan was really her only friend, and she didn't want to risk alienating him. Letting him find out just how obsessed she was with her breasts might do that. But if it was all chalked up to natural, non-voluntary growth then hey, she can't help it, right? He would even be sympathetic, she figured.

All in all, she was very pleased with her results. She was growing faster than ever! Even so, she had discovered there was a limit to how much her method worked per day. She hadn't figured out if there was a set standard or something, but it stopped getting results after a little while. Her breasts needed to rest between all those bouts of expansion, or something. It wasn't a science yet, but she had it working in her favor. The proof was stacked before her.

Samantha tilted her tea back and drained her glass, and then tucked it inside her trailer. She pulled the tarp string and it rolled down and covered the wall-less side of her trailer. She fastened it quickly on both ends so prevent any animals from entering her home, and turned to Dan. "You ready to get going? We have a long walk."

Dan nodded, still staring at her chest. She blinked. Dan was closer to her than her own nipples were! She had never thought of it like that before. For a brief moment, she was very glad she was no longer holding a cold beverage.

The Monville Gardens were supposed to be closed on Tuesdays, but Dan knew some important people. The gates would open for them only. Samantha liked to imagine that the park director had sweated some bullets when he got that phone call. Her reputation, her breasts' reputation, and her actual breasts all preceded her.

Truth be told, Samantha was a huge fan of non-sentient nature. Trees, flowers, rivers, mountains, and general scenery held great appeal. The sights, the smells, and the air on her skin were all very pleasant. Also, nature never complained when she "accidentally" broke a few things. The

director, on the other hand, could get quite upset. This appreciation for greenery made her love going to the park, and she was a big fan of these gardens in particular.

Samantha and Dan entered through the front entrance and stared at the beauty. Well, Dan did. Samantha couldn't see very well, and she had to do some heavy lifting first. The gardens were splayed out in front of them, with nice and WIDE walking paths. The vista was beautiful. The botanical plots were patched across the lawn, with fountains dispersed in aesthetic places. Dead center of the entranceway view was an ornate fountain with water spewing from a plinth beneath a statuesque goddess. Off in the distance were wonderful hedges, a greenhouse establishment, and a vineyard. To the far left was the forest with its nature trails and major walking path, and off to the right were the rolling hills and plains that once served as a battlefield in some bygone era. Everything except the forest was perfectly manicured for the expected business this time of year.

Maneuvering through the gardens was quite a task for Samantha and her hopelessly big boobs. She was lucky that the gardens were spaced to far apart, filled by lawn and walkway. She avoided the narrower ones, but even so, in some areas she had to move with one breast at a time, or haul one breast and then the other over some obstacle to prevent flower crushing or fountain dismemberment. Nevertheless, the flowers smelled wonderful and the fountains' happy gurgling was peaceful and serene, so Samantha was having a wonderful time.

Still, accidents and "accidents" were bound to happen whenever Samantha was around. A few flowers here and there got squashed, a statue beheaded, and a trash can bent out of recognition. Well, unless it was always meant to be a large plate, because now it was. Samantha had to resist the urge to drop one significant breast right on top of a garden plot just to see what it felt like. There was a lily patch that had especially caught her interest. Her love of nature didn't exceed her love for her bust.

THUMP. THUMP. Every time Samantha moved one of her breasts, Dan could feel the tremors in the ground. She would drop them once they cleared whatever obstacle was in her

way, and they flopped onto the ground with the heavy weight one would expect from their awesome size. During another booming shockwave, Dan watched as a directional sign pointing to the greenhouse quivered, and it reminded him of the water glass scene from Jurassic Park. Not for the first time, Dan thought that very few people were ever unaffected by Samantha's presence. Even the ground quaked.

They made their way past the entrance gardens to the back end of the establishment where the hedge maze, vineyard, and greenhouse were. Dan wandered through these, but Samantha couldn't on account of her size.

* * * * *

Samantha hugged her supple walls, delighting in their sensitivity. She could feel her breath and hair on her breasts, and the scratch of her fingernails. She could also feel through her breast just how tiny she was. As powerful as each touch sensation was, it was unmistakably happening to just a miniscule fraction of their surface. She once again ran through the mental checklist of things she would like to do with her breasts; all her deepest and darkest fantasies that she could use their immense size and sensitivity for. So far she had only been able to do a moderate amount of devastating, because she could pass that off as an accident and people would believe her. Anything else, and she was afraid of what people would think. Yet the desire burned in her, always nagging.

Dan finally came out and Samantha jumped back from her fondling, cheeks red. Dan didn't seem to notice, taking one last photo of something she couldn't see. He came over to her and handed her his camera so she could peruse the pictures he had just taken. The insides were lovely, and she was jealous. Maybe if she just knocked over the wall she would be able to see inside? She was sorely tempted, but a look at Dan's cheerful face made her realize that she couldn't do that to him. It would almost certainly get him in trouble.

There was one place where she refused to let her size bar her. The forest had a small river she had visited for years and years, and she would make the pilgrimage again, despite her good sense warning her otherwise. Samantha and Dan walked over to the woods and stared at the

entrance. The walking path had long been carved out of the dense forest. At the height of park activity, families walked side by side down the path, with bikers and joggers unimpeded. It wasn't a trail so much as a full bodied dirt road built for a cheerful scenic walk enjoyed by many people simultaneously. Samantha was still too big.

"You shouldn't destroy these trees. They ARE part of the park," Dan said. She nodded.

"You're going to get stuck, you know," he said. She nodded again.

"You're almost too big for the entrance, and that's the widest part of the path." She nodded again. She knew. She still had to do it.

"Are you absolutel-"

"Just go already!" Samantha said impatiently.

"I don't want to go first! What if I'm walking in front of you and trip or something? I get Samantha boobed. Like that trash can."

Samantha blushed furiously, and took the first step.

Dan watched the quaking mass of breast in front of him. The pathway had narrowed like they expected, and Samantha had long needed to switch to walking with one breast in front of her and one behind. Breast -> Body -> Breast. The bridge between her bra cups was stretched out so far that the canisters of the middle straps had to be suspended near her actual body now. Samantha was a little distracted up ahead trying to keep her breasts from destroying the forest, not that she could even see him, so he took this walk to ogle her without reserve.

She still didn't know just how much he appreciated her breasts. If she ever found out, she could report him to his superiors and he would lose the detail. So far, he had tried to keep a very tight lid on his fixation, trying to be casual and act "normal" around her. In full disclosure, he was an elite member of a Samantha fan website. For him, just standing near her breasts was an

erotic experience, the ever growing orbs with their truly incredible mass already overshadowing everything around them. How nonchalant, nay, how potentially excited Samantha was about her breast growth and size. It was amazing, and fulfilled so many of his fantasies that he could hardly stand it.

Despite all of Samantha's preventative measures, none of the vegetation on the side of the walk was intact by the time Dan got to see it. Branches were broken, trees slightly uprooted, and bushes were flatted. Birds rose from the trees in flocks, disturbed from their nests, by the intruding Samantha danger.

Suddenly Dan was face first in soft and yielding breast. Samantha's breast engulfed his entire front, but his head rammed into the fabric of her bra. He jumped back in alarm. While he had been looking at the birds, Samantha had stopped for some reason, and he had walked straight into her bust. He couldn't tell if he was more embarrassed or aroused, but he wished the bra hadn't been there. He was about to yell an apology when he was cut short.

CRACK! "Timberrrr!" Samantha called out. Dan could almost hear a giggle too. The sounds were muffled by the mass between them. One huge tree on the side of the road fell into the woods, shoved aside as Samantha blazed her trail. She was causing mayhem! But they were close to where Dan knew she was going to stop. Dan had only known Samantha for the past two years, and had come with her to the Gardens last year too. He was under the impression it was a special place that was visited yearly. He also imagined that she had never had this much difficulty before.

There was a glade on the walking path that merged with the small river that ran nearby. It was a beautiful location in the shelter of the trees. Some place where a visitor might stop for a break, take some scenic pictures, and play around a little during a jaunt through the woods. The moment Samantha entered the space she filled it top to bottom with her towering breasts. She tried to maneuver in the space, with some difficulty. She didn't want her breasts to fall in the river, as a single one could dam the whole thing up and cause a massive overflow. At the same time, she didn't want to destroy the natural open space in the forest by wrecking everything around. Finally

she was as close to the river as she dared. She spread her breasts apart so she could see, and took a seat.

Dan was prepared. He took one of the benches that Samantha had managed to spare from her destruction and pulled out his phone. He tried to read the book he had purchased, but his mind kept wandering to the girl staring at the river. Her hat and hair obscured the entirety of her face from his angle. He dearly wished to see what expression was on her face. Was she crying? Longing? Remembering? Anything would help him unlock the mystery of the glade, and why the usually so flip and happy-go-lucky girl became so somber beneath these oaks. He briefly considered walking down to the river so he could glance back and read her, but he would have to skirt her impossible breasts. As it was, they were smooshed up against all the trees around, gently enfolding them with their supreme mass. He would have to take an extensive detour if he wanted to wander around their length. He sighed and waited it out.

After the better part of an hour, Samantha stood. "Thanks." Before Dan could get a look at her face, they were on their way again.

Samantha had her eye on a tree she could see up the path. She remembered this point well, because it was a significant narrowing of the trail, where a huge oak tree stood on one side, and a Monville Gardens map and information post stood on the other. She was so big now that she was worried she wasn't going to fit. Since she had to go single-breast-file since exiting the glade, Dan was standing next to her now in the valley of some 140 feet of Samantha. Breast -> Body (and Dan) -> Breast. She was glad because she was going to need him.

"Can you please help me navigate around the info post? There's one coming up here on the left."

"Sure thing." Dan walked to the edge of the path so he could see around Samantha's right, forward breast. "Okay...stop." Samantha halted, her eyes locked on the tree on her right.

"Okay, gently, gently, a little to the right."

Samantha followed his lead, but she could feel the huge oak against her skin, and that really worried her. It would be a real problem right now if she was a little bigger. Of course, she wouldn't mind, actually. She tried to focus, but her thoughts of growth were not something she could easily dismiss.

"A little bit more to the right" Dan said, and reached out with his hand to steady her, as if his ministrations had any bearing on the tons of Samantha's "girl". Samantha gasped. Jeez, his hands were like ice! ...Uh oh. In tandem with all the other pleasures running rampant through her veins, she could feel the massive oak plastered tighter against her skin. With a slight jerk to save its life, she overcorrected her breast's path. CRUNCH. The small help center had been pulverized, she could feel it. Oops.

They continued on, Samantha somewhat sheepishly. Finally, her main body reached the site of the narrowed path and they both looked at the help center as it lay in shambles. Knocked clean from its foundations, it lay on the ground several feet off the path, its glass shattered and posts splintered. It was a very violent looking death for an inanimate object. "The park director is going to murder you." Dan said with a chuckle, staring at the broken map board. Samantha's eyes were elsewhere, locked on the massive tree on her other side. Dan never noticed. "Let's go." she said, tearing her gaze away. They trudged onwards.

Unbeknownst to Dan, if he had investigated the tree he would have found a completely normal, if massive, oak. Except at the bottom, where there was a simple carving by a child's hand. "SD :)"

Thunder rumbled overhead as they exited the forest, catching Dan's attention. Dan waited a moment as Samantha finished pulling her second breast out of the forest, then asked "Are we heading home?"

"No way! I want to...uh...go walk the battlefield. Rest my breasts a little."

Huh? Who was she kidding? Her breasts were always DEALING the damage. Dan had never seen them take any before. Why would they need to rest? That was...suspicious. Nonetheless, Dan's job was to follow where Samantha went, and so to the hilly plains they walked.

Samantha knew it was a transparent lie. Her darlings took all kinds of abuse without any problems. Yet there was just no way she was going to pass up a thunderstorm! They approached the steep hill that she had her eye on. "Here's good." She said, looking at the steep angle of the hill. Samantha planted her feet and drove her bust up the hill, so that they smothered one side completely, and her breast front pointed to the sky. With that maneuver, her breasts were angled up the hill, nipples reaching for the stars.

With that, Samantha reached back and unhinged her bra. As the straps released, she caught the left one but the right one whistled through the air as it whipped up the hill. Her bra cups were shoved off and her breasts charged up the hill a few more feet, released from their strangling prison. "Ahhhh" Samantha sighed, her cheeks turning pink. Most girls only had to lie on their backs to have their breasts face upwards, but Samantha required the assistance of such a hill. She flipped onto the field on her back, and stared up at the cloudy sky. Her breasts yawned before her, rising at a huge slope caused by the steepness of the earthy mound. The warm tickling of the grass and air was so wonderful, and she could hardly wait for the rain to begin.

Dan couldn't help but watch the proceedings with wonder. She was definitely up to something. Her mammoth whales were positioned on the grassy incline like armed missiles waiting to be fired. Why this hill? Was it to expose her breasts to the sky? It was going to rain soon...Something clicked in Dan's brain. Rain. Rain felt good on the skin. When he was a child, he would play in the rain and delight in the sensations. She wanted to feel the rain on her breasts. But that would

mean...not only did she enjoy sensations on her bust, but she sought them out.

Lightning flashed across the sky as Dan made his epiphany. That's why she was always so obsessed with her breasts, and their growth. It WASN'T just because they impacted every part of her life. It WASN'T just because that was what everybody knew her for. She enjoyed them. She legitimately ENJOYED having such huge breasts. Her "accidents" weren't always accidents. In rapid fire, every memory of Samantha's faraway looks, small smiles, rosy cheeks...IT ALL MADE SENSE. He had looked at it from the same view point as everyone else. Severely debilitating breasts had to be a bad thing. All the things she couldn't do, all the things that were harder to do, all the allowances that had to be made. Who would want that? She had to live in a trailer with a wall missing! She had given him all that evidence, and all he had to show for it was a sneaking suspicion. He had listened to his own reason, the reason of the townspeople, the reason of the government, and ignored the evidence. Samantha was actually in love with her breasts. To a phenomenal degree, apparently!

Why had she hidden that from him? He who loved her breasts so much that- and it dawned on him. Samantha didn't know about that, for the same reason he hadn't know about her. They had been afraid of what the other would think. Dan walked up the hill, contemplating what he was about to do. Had they merely missed each other's hidden secret all this time? Ships passing in the night? He was almost certain of it. He reached the top of the hill, and surveyed the awesome expanse of her breasts, laying at an angle to him. He steeled his nerves. Here goes nothing. You cannot win if you do not play.

* * * * *

Samantha's eyes flashed open and she gasped. Dan was climbing her! 70 feet away, and it still felt the same as if he was grabbing her arm. She felt the progress of his hands and feet finding purchase on her flesh. It was possible because of the angle of the hill, she realized. Her breast faces weren't a steep climb in her current position. Her eyes fluttered again as he hauled himself up towards her areola. His hands weren't icy like before, but the traction of his shoes was definitely

interesting, gripping and pushing at her. She clamped a hand on her mouth, just in case. What was he doing?? And who cares?? Just don't stop!

Dan's trek was the most fun he had ever had. It was like climbing stairs with your hands and feet. Except he was climbing a gigantic breast. It dazzled the mind. If he thought about it too much, his brain might short circuit. The most massive breasts in the world by some ridiculous margin, and here he was mountaineering them! The trip was cushiony, like walking on a tremendous bed. He studied the light patter of veins under her pale skin as he climbed. He was climbing Samantha.

In Dan's mind, it was confirmed. If Samantha had a problem, she would have yelled at him by now, or called him on his cell. She was far enough away that he wasn't sure her voice would reach him through the storm. Beyond the reach of her voice, and yet he was coming face to face with her nipple! Only with Samantha's breasts! He arrived at his destination and was amazed. The view from up here was amazing. The rolling fields, the Garden off in the distance, and the tree line surrounding the battlefield. The most amazing thing lay on the ground near his feet, however. The breast flesh near his feet, he corrected himself.

Her areola was massive, far larger than it had been just four weeks ago, and her nipple was truly gargantuan. The nub was practically a footstool, jutting from the rest of her mass about a foot and a quarter, and about as wide. He grinned. Come hell or high water, THIS was something he had wanted to do for a long time! He threw his full body upon her areola and landed bouncily. Snow (breast) angels! No other girl's bust was massive enough for something so childish! Her areola skin was a soft velvety area and stroking it was amazing. Where snow was cold, wet, and crunchy, Samantha was warm, pillowy, and smooth. Dan couldn't contain his excitement. Her size! He couldn't get enough. He rolled over so he was face down. Oh surely not.

He got on his hands and knees and scooted his feet down to the very bottom edge of her areola, and then extended his body completely. He looked up and still saw the dark pink flesh, extending far above him. Her areola was taller than he was. Not even the diameter! He was just

on the side of her nipple, so he wasn't even in the dead center. He took out his cell phone.

The skies opened up.

He was on her areola. Now he was doing snow angels! What an amazing idea! Samantha's rational brain was all but shut down by the sensations, but Dan was starting to make a little bit more sense to her now. Why he put up with her this whole time. Why he took care of her. Why he liked talking about her breasts. He actually LIKED her breasts, didn't he? She had just assumed he would be like everybody else. They're too big, they're ugly, they're weird. She was the freak with the ginormous bosom, like she had been ever since her middle school days. Yet something had just been made clear. He wouldn't be having his fun if he was repulsed. Dan was a fan of her breasts too!

Her phone rang. Suddenly rain started to fall, pitter pattering across her mass. It was cold. Sheets and sheets of water dribbled across her skin, delivering waves and waves of pleasure. There was nothing like a good rain! But she was still stunned by her realization about Dan. The pleasure of the past few minutes was just too much! She shielded her phone and read who was calling. Dan. She answered it, but didn't trust herself to speak. "Your areolas are taller than I am." Samantha squeaked and her breasts trembled. She closed her eyes as she felt them stretch another few inches up the mountain.

"What was that?"

"I sneezed," Samantha said shakily.

"Bless you."

"Thanks."

He hung up. He knew. He had to by now. She was infatuated by her ever enlarging breasts. The secret she had tried to keep ever since she started growing beyond what was normal. Her

phone jingled again. Text message.

A photo from Dan. It was her nipple next to his head. Her nipple was far bigger. Oh god. She moaned and added some more breast mass, delirious with the new emotional amps. Two growth spurts in a matter of minutes! Ding. Another text message?

[Dan: Bless you.]

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The rain finally stopped after a while. Dan had been content to lie on the soft mass for the entire duration. His clothes were soaked through and his phone probably ruined, but he didn't care. Her nipple had engorged during the storm. It was a full two feet tall and two feet wide now. He glanced over at the other one, a remarkable distance away, to see the same situation there. Amazing. He flipped over and crawled up the rest of her breast. It was slippery and much more difficult than it was before. Finally he reached the point where he could peer over the top. Samantha lay far off, staring up at him. She was so tiny, considering that he was kneeling on her tits.

Still, her smile was a dazzling white as she grinned. She raised one arm in a thumbs up sign. Hugely relieved, Dan smiled broadly and returned the gesture.

They understood each other now. This was going to be fun.

Now, should he slide down her slippery breast, or not?

Chapter 04: The Farm

The walk home from the Gardens was awkward. Neither Dan nor Samantha knew what to say to one another, but Samantha couldn't take it any longer. "How long?" She asked. "How long have you liked my boobs?"

"Since the beginning." Dan said cautiously. "I volunteered for this detail. How long have you...?"

"Since the beginning." She answered with a smile. "I've always found them exciting! They are VERY sensitive. What you did back there...that was amazing."

Dan didn't say anything.

Samantha understood. He had made the first risky move, and it had been well received, but now he was waiting to see what direction she took this in. "You'll have to do it again sometime."

Dan grinned at her, with apparent relief. "Gladly."

Samantha and Dan were both very eager to put their new relationship to good use, but Dan had to leave on a business trip the next day, and would be gone for the rest of the week. While he was away, Samantha sent Dan an unusual request via text. It was a long week after that. She idled herself with her books as she awaited the next delivery of groceries from Dan. It was a very anxious week. She had finally found someone to revel in her size with her!

That Sunday, Samantha was sitting in her usual relaxation at home attire of loose shorts and her bra. She had brought out her hat but didn't need to wear it when she was in the shadow of

her bosom. Dan arrived in his usual fashion, in a truck that she couldn't see from where she was sitting. Finally he appeared around her phenomenal swell. It took him a long time to walk around her! Longer and longer each time he came, it seemed. With good reason: she had to be pushing 80 feet forward projection now. Her impossibly vast chest extended in all directions, consuming enormous swaths of space in the trailer park. Her dream of smothering her lawn had been long achieved, but it was her neighbors' yards she coveted now.

"You've grown even bigger."

"Have I?" She tried to make it sound as innocent as possible.

"Is it just me or are you growing a lot faster than you used to?"

"That's...something I need to talk to you about. So! What have you got for me?"

"Groceries, like usual."

"Not those!" She said impatiently.

"Sorry for worrying about what you EAT. I left the other bag in the car."

Samantha sighed. He was teasing her again. She threw herself into her chair in a huff and watched him put the food away. When he was done he went and retrieved another paper bag from his vehicle. Samantha sat up straighter as he sat it down next to her. "This one was my idea." He reached in and pulled out...a ball. It was an ordinary seeming racquetball, as blue and spherical as one might expect.

"What am I supposed to do with that?" Samantha wondered aloud.

In response, he turned and threw it up onto the hill of her breast, which was a surprising distance away both vertically and horizontally. She felt it land, and it gently rolled down her slopes, tickling the whole way. She reached out and caught it. That had felt great! She launched it at the nearest surface like a baseball pitcher, and caught it as it sprang back. She laughed. "I can play wall-ball with my own boobs!"

"Yep. And make sure to lose it on your 'roof' every now and then, so I have to climb up and find it." Dan said with a wink. That was an inviting offer!

Dan bent down and plucked the next item out of the bag: an extendable wooden backscratcher. She quickly applied it to her breast surface, with positive results. She could feel each of its teeth rake against her skin. That certainly satisfied an itch, of sorts! She rubbed vigorously and it felt marvelous. She set it aside for when she had some alone time.

Dan rummaged in the bag some more and procured a dust pan brush. The firm bristles were interesting, and she dragged it across her skin. It didn't feel particularly pleasant on her arm, but it was a shock of scratchy sensations on her bust. Sandpaper would have been too rough, but this was excellent. His next product was Vaseline, but Samantha set it aside because she didn't want to create a mess. Dan upended the bag and caught the last of the items: a blue and green marker.

Dan offered them to her, but she only took the blue one. "Come," she said, "let's play as we talk." Samantha stepped up to her magnificent sheet of boob and uncapped her marker. Gently she pressed the tip to her skin. It felt slick and wet, and she dragged it downward into a straight vertical line, her fantastic bosom sinking under the pressure of her stroke, and springing back out when she lifted the marker. She added a parallel vertical line, and then crosshatched them with two parallel horizontal lines.

She had drawn a tic-tac-toe board, and each line had aroused her more than the last. She took the top left square with an X, and it gave her great pleasure using the marker to fight the supple resistance of her oversized appendage. All in all, it was a fun medium to write on, but even better to feel through her chest, where the sensation was really making the most of it. She motioned to Dan and he walked over, falling into the shadow of her towering melons. He reached up with his marker tentatively.

She giggled. "Go on, draw on me." She studied him carefully as he marked the top right box O. There was a certain degree of wonder and pleasure written across his face. Good. Having someone else draw on her was quite amazing! It physically felt the same, maybe a little more

tentative, but it was conceptually erotic to her. Another human being was drawing on her boobs. Having someone join in on her fun really made all the difference in the world. It was exciting on so many confusing levels. She also had so much canvas, but they were only using such a small area. Touching her breast created an automatic size comparison, which she never tired of. She made a quick X right in the center, etching it against doughy Samantha mass, and moved aside for his turn.

"I can make myself grow."

Dan faltered, and then stared at her. "What?!"

Samantha tried to explain the process. "It takes some sort of cold shock, and I have to think about being big or getting bigger, but then my breasts just sort of...swell. I don't know how to explain it, exactly."

Dan was wide eyed in wonderment. "Please try." He shakily made his move on the board. Samantha didn't have to look because she could feel his O in the bottom right corner, with his penmanship strokes fresh and tingling in the sensory memory of her impressionable surface.

"The growth seems to be variable, though." Samantha said, making her move in the middle on the far right, X. "The mental component seems to be the secret. The more...in to it I am, the more I grow."

"Are we talking about arousal?"

Samantha shifted uncomfortably. "Yes."

Dan made his move on the far left side, in the middle: O. His hands lingered on her chest, a small boat on the ocean of her massive protrusion. "So that's why you had me bring sensation-causing items. You want to test out their effects on your growth."

"Yep." Samantha nodded and made her move in the bottom center, X. The game was unwinnable now, provided Dan had competence, so there were just the formalities left.

As expected, Dan took the top center. "That's why you have been growing so explosively

lately. Also, you didn't tell me because you thought I would stop you."

Samantha finished the sheet in the bottom left. Cat's game. "Correct on both counts." Samantha started doodling a cat on her breast to the right of the game. Why not? She had plenty of room left.

"But you're wrong, of course. That's the hottest thing EVER. I would like nothing more than to see you get bigger!"

"Seriously?"

"Of course! I'm not named DantheFan94 on your fan site for nothing!"

"You named yourself Dan the-...Hold on. My what?"

Dan was more than a little red in the face. "Fan site. You know, the group of people in love with your breasts."

Samantha stared at him. As far as she knew, the only two people who fit that description were present at her trailer. She still had trouble believing that about Dan, but maybe that's why he had let this information slip. She had googled herself before, but it had always come up with bland news articles or vicious comments. She had left it at that. She had missed this entirely!

"I'll show you." He went into her trailer and retrieved her laptop, and then he pulled up a site and handed it to her. She took it to her chair, fascinated.

"Clean that off, will you please?" She said, gesturing at the marker on her pale skin. "I have a hose and rag around her somewhere."

Samantha scrolled through the pages. Wow! There were pictures, discussion boards, and even fictional stories with her at the center. Breast expansion stories. There were other people who appreciated a healthy growing bust after all. These were her kind of people! In one sense, she was a little weirded out that all these anonymous people had such a keen interest in her and her boobs. On the other hand, she was extremely flattered to discover that so many were interested in

her, and she could definitely appreciate where they were coming from. How harmful could it be if she hadn't even known about it until now? The weirdness vanished, replaced with delight. She read through a few of them, and they got her quite hot and bothered. She bookmarked the site, and planned to return when Dan wasn't around.

The last story she read was an older one. She noted that the story ended with her having a bust that was actually smaller than her present day size. Even for some fans of really enormous boobs, she was too big! She cackled gleefully. She wondered if these people had any ideas she could use...

* * * * *

Dan's mind was still reeling. It had taken him all week to reconcile with the fact that Samantha enjoyed being so big. Suddenly he was being told that not only could she make herself bigger, but she was doing it voluntarily! What a woman! He had finally found the hose and rags, and was hooking it up to the water outlet. He wound it around the trailer to find Samantha studying something intently on her laptop.

He readied the hose at the drawings, and fired it. The water gushed out and Samantha gave a yelp. The ground quaked slightly, as did her breasts. Samantha whimpered, and her cheeks flushed. "You could have warned me!" She said hoarsely. She was right. Her breasts were just so darn big that it was easy to forget that Samantha felt every whispering breath that tickled them. "I guess you really do enjoy seeing me bigger, though!"

So that's what it was. He had just made her grow. He reached out and felt the smooth and wet surface. How much bigger were these babies going to get before she was done? There was a creaking sound, and Dan looked at Samantha, but she was looking at the canisters on her bra. They were making the pitiful noise. "Hmm. I think these guys are about to give up, finally. I've been overflowing this sucker for a week! Another spurt might do it."

"Can we do it?" Dan asked excitedly.

Samantha grinned, her eyes ablaze. "Of course! Have you ever seen a girl burst her bra before? I'm quite good at it." Dan had thought about it before. Samantha had probably broken countless bras before this one.

"You might want to stand back, though. This industrial strength boulder holder has built up a lot of pressure!" She twanged one of her thick bra straps and let it hum in the air for a moment. "Okay. Hit me."

Dan opened the nozzle upon her pale monstrosities. The ground shook again, and Samantha had a pained expression on her face. CLACK CLACK CLACK, the canisters had no more bra strap to give, and were grinding uselessly in their metal shell. A baleful screeching rang out, the groan of metal being torn asunder, then FWING! Her bra clasps gave up the ghost and instantly whizzed the distance across her yard, slicing through the air with lethal velocity. Her titanic breasts jolted forwards, no longer impeded by the garment, and settled into more natural shapes. The pool sized bra cups were launched off and with a slight "fump", settled harmlessly around her megaton bombs. Samantha's eyelids were half closed, and she let out a long, low sigh. "Whew. Glad that thing's off." There were indentations on her back where the strap had been moments before, cutting into her.

Dan stood there and marveled at what he had just seen, trying to commit every detail to memory. Samantha was eyeing him. "Well, now we are going to have to replace it. I'm 'indecent'."

"I don't think it's a good idea to submit that query to the government. They'll keep a closer watch on you."

Samantha made a face. The government mostly left her alone to her own devices. She had given so much blood that there were plenty of major research institutions with entire quarts of it for study. Beyond donating blood once a month, the government didn't much care what she did. "How will we get the money, then?"

Dan thought about it for a moment, and then pointed to her laptop.

"What??" Samantha asked nervously. "You mean...?"

"Samantha Duquesne's official web page or something."

"Oh!" Her eyes lit up. "With videos and blogs or something!" Then she looked crestfallen. "We should have filmed the bra bust."

"True, but it was still awesome...Tell you what, I have an idea. Give me a week and I'll get it sorted out."

Samantha sighed. Another week! She nodded.

Dan returned on the promised day, wielding a camcorder and tripod. "Goodness. Bigger still, eh? More sensation means more growth?" Samantha grinned. She was very curious about what today's plans were, but Dan had been very secretive about it. Still, Samantha was prepared with a packed lunch cooler. She had been waiting for his arrival just outside of the trailer park. She had been sitting on the cooler playing with her phone.

"Come on, let's go. We have a fair walk."

They walked and walked, to the outskirts of Monville and beyond into the rural areas. Dan kept checking his phone periodically, noting the GPS on it. Samantha tried to peek, but looking over someone's shoulder can become somewhat obvious with bus-dwarfing breasts in the way. They stopped for lunch in a field, and opened the cooler Samantha had brought. Samantha dragged it because with her strength, carrying something or not carrying something was practically the same thing. After lunch, they wandered through the fields for a little while, and then suddenly Dan stopped. "This is it."

Here? She looked around, moving her bust accordingly. It was a farm. It was old, rundown, and abandoned long ago by the looks of it. There was a two story house, of smallish medium size with roof shingles missing and paint peeling. Otherwise, it was fairly intact. Off to the left was a

slightly smaller barn, also with shingles missing. Both buildings had been painted red once upon a time, but dust and weather had long stripped them of most of that characteristic and replaced it with a muddy brown color. The barn doors were closed and looked like they hadn't been opened in years, judging by the corroded hinges and warped wood.

Off in the distance behind the barn was a grain silo, a metal cylinder several stories high, standing tall but not so proudly, the rust having taken its toll there too. Each plate of the silo was clearly outlined by the burnt rust, no longer a seamless tower. The fields of the farm were dry and riddled with weeds. There was no visible aspect of this farm that wasn't dilapidated. The total feel of the establishment was gloom, like it was meant for a touching black and white photograph. There was even a sad tractor decaying in the field, with a tire missing and who knew what else.

Samantha had a pretty good idea what this was all for, but she pretended to be puzzled. "A farm?"

"Yes. Notably, an ABANDONED farm. You're going to break some things."

Hearing him say it is SO hot, Samantha thought to herself. First the racquetball, then the website, and now this idea! She had truly found someone who appreciated her two favorite possessions. She was incredibly aroused and excited.

"I had to find a place that no one will miss. The state technically owns this place, but as far as they are concerned, it's a useless plot of land and has been for years. They acquired it when the last descendents died, and no one else wanted it. There's no active gas, electricity, or water lines, and no plans in its future at all. Still, it took some convincing to get permission." Dan's eyes twinkled.

"First things first, we are going to film you and the farm as we found it." Dan said, and then he walked a ways out into the field and set up the camera tripod. Samantha watched him, amused. There was a beep as the camera turned on, and then he started panning it around. "The Kennaw farm. Untouched by humans for years, it's an abandoned relic in the middle of nowhere."

Dan continued to swivel the camera. "...Wow Samantha, it's really difficult to capture you in the frame." Samantha laughed, and the camera finally pointed at her main body. She waved, and adjusted her hair self consciously.

"Now watch as Samantha shows off her mighty breasts!"

Samantha blinked. Was she supposed to do something...? But Dan had stopped the recording, and then he looked at her. "Okay, what are you going to do first?"

"I thought this was your show."

"I found your playground, and then brought the camera and my narrator skills. You have the boobs." He said.

"And the ice!" Samantha said, lifting up the cooler she had dragged.

Dan stared at her amazement. "You mean you knew...?"

Samantha giggled. "I came prepared, even if you didn't. Okay, let's get to business. I can't wait any longer." She surveyed the farm. "I can definitely work with this. I get a copy of this video, yes? Excellent. I'll just do the things that I am eager to try out. If people are like minded then they will want to see it too. First some size comparisons, so start by filming the tractor."

Dan obediently turned the camera so it was pointed at the scrap heap, and pressed the record button.

Samantha heaved her substantial breasts over and landed them with a massive thud next the tractor, causing it to rattle. There was simply no comparison here. The tractor would have been small next to an elephant, and an elephant would have been small next to Samantha. Dan had to drag the camera backwards so her immense bust would fit in the picture.

"Here's a tease!" Samantha called, for Dan was quite far away now, and she then gently rolled her mountainous breast onto the tractor. It was like a steamroller. An earsplitting CRUNCH and the entire tractor shuddered as its front end was consumed by breast. Samantha took it slowly

as she gently pushed against her breast. Metal shrieked as she continued to apply pressure, and the back tires of the tractor popped off from the strain. The cool metal was harsh on her skin. She could feel the metal being mangled, succumbing to her weight. Samantha bit her lip, willing herself not to grow. It was far too early for that, this was just the tease! She put the old equipment out of misery by forcing her pale breast to squash the rest of it, accompanied by lots of crunching and loud hissing as steel and air fought her mass. She sat there for a moment, savoring the feel of the useless heap under the edge of her fantastically titanic breast.

Finally, she lifted her globe away and saw the tractor was irredeemably flattened. It was the dough and she had been the rolling pin. It was ready to make into a pizza now, she thought. The grill had been melded into a single sheet of metal, and engine guts were spilling out from the hood. The frame of the tractor had pancaked, and the windshield had been reduced to shards. The steering wheel was now a steering disk. An entire tractor compressed beyond recognition, solely by Samantha's breast slab.

Samantha's knees were weak just thinking about how effortless it had been. Her arousal had been ramped up to dangerous levels, and she struggled to reel them in. The tractor was small potatoes compared to what the rest of the farm offered. She had gotten merely a taste, and her innards were already liquefying. If she was going to make the most of today, she needed some modicum of control, and bad! There was also a special component about enjoying this erotic pleasure when along with Dan. She needed to last!

Dan approached with the camera, capturing the tractor in its current state, and then he stopped the recording. "...Wow." She had gotten merely a taste, and an itch that needed scratching.

"Shoot the barn next, I want to see this." Samantha said, staggering towards her next target. Dan readied the camera a distance off from the barn, while Samantha waited. He gave her the thumbs up sign, and she laid a single hill of breast mass next to the barn. Dan's jaw dropped and she waited patiently for Dan to finish gawking. From her angle, she didn't have a view of what she really wanted to see.

"I can't see the barn!!!" Dan shouted.

Bingo. She had been every size before: the size of basketballs, then beach balls, then weather balloons, and then buses. Now she had barn-sized boobs, and could eclipse a barn with a single goliath breast. She collapsed against herself, contemplating that. Her vision grew fuzzy and her heart pounded within her as she struggled to stay upright. She had outgrown a barn. She was only dimly aware of Dan circling around to the other side, to get the other angle of her breast peeking out on all sides of the barn, overwhelming it in size. Oh, she so wanted a copy of that video. She wanted to see it NOW!

Dan finally gave her a thumbs up sign. With a sigh, she shakily picked herself up, gestured at the silo, and made her way there. This day was amazing already, and she had barely started. She had to practice using her voice several times, until it stopped wavering. Once Dan gave her the okay sign again, she began.

"Lots of people have asked me how I see where I am going. Well, I don't. Not very well, anyway. For a while, I had to move slowly and hope you'd get out of my way. Now I avoid most civilized areas entirely out of necessity. See, for me, even turning too fast presents a very real danger to you. Allow me to demonstrate."

Samantha lined up a single breast carefully, and then swiveled hard in the direction of the silo. She felt it in slow motion. First, it was the scraping of her breast along the ground, which was heavenly in itself. Then a cold scratchy metal on her right: contact with the silo. Her breast mashed right against the metal frame, enveloping it for a mere instant, before the momentum of her weight caught up, issuing a thunderous CLANG as the silo buckled at impact. The tower didn't teeter, it didn't sway; there was no tentativeness in its behavior as it was blasted off its foundation entirely, crashing in shambles a bit away. The earth shook as this long-standing monument met its end at the breast of Samantha.

Good thing I wasn't in the story of Rapunzel, Samantha thought euphorically. Well, actually...Samantha, Samantha, let down your monstrous tits! "But good knight," she would say, "They

are already down! Those things you mistook for mountains. They are all me!" She would need to revisit this fantasy.

It was more important to focus on what she had just done. She knocked over a tower with her Godzilla tits! The blatant destruction of it was sending thrills through her entire body. A building that men had to use entire flights of stairs to get to the top, and she could obliterate it on a whim. She sank to her knees as she descended into dreams of conquering castles and armies, uncontrollable joy flowing in her veins. There was no fighting the waves of eroticism this time. Control was lost to her carnal desires.

"Samantha!" Dan was standing there, his eyes wide. Samantha slowly swam back to reality. "That was incredible! I got every second. What next?"

"Back to the barn! Also, check to make sure it's completely empty." Samantha was slurring a little bit. She hoped Dan didn't notice. Fortunately, Dan had already left to investigate the barn, and broke into it. By the time Samantha got herself over there, he had finished his inspection.

"There's nothing in there, it's all cleared out. Just some empty stables."

Samantha set up her breasts next to the barn, dwarfing it again. Just thinking about what she was going to do was sending tremors throughout her body. She slowly and laboriously lifted her fat jutting left breast. For some girls, their breasts were too small to lick their nipples. Then other girls were bigger, and could lift their breasts to their mouths. Samantha had just continued growing, and growing, and growing until she had the opposite problem, where she was way too big to get her nipple anywhere near her mouth. Not for lack of trying! Now her nipple wouldn't even fit in her mouth. Not by a whole lot. The best she would be able to do was lick herself again, if she could ever get close enough. Samantha assumed she never would.

It had always been interesting to her how it had gotten increasingly difficult for her to lift her immense teats. She hoisted her fabulous girth upwards, balancing it delicately. She couldn't lift her slab of tit straight up, but even so, her nipple was stories from the ground when she was satisfied.

She had never dared to lift one higher than five or six feet before, because there was going to be hell to pay want her darling landed. Slowly and carefully she pivoted, positioning herself directly above the barn.

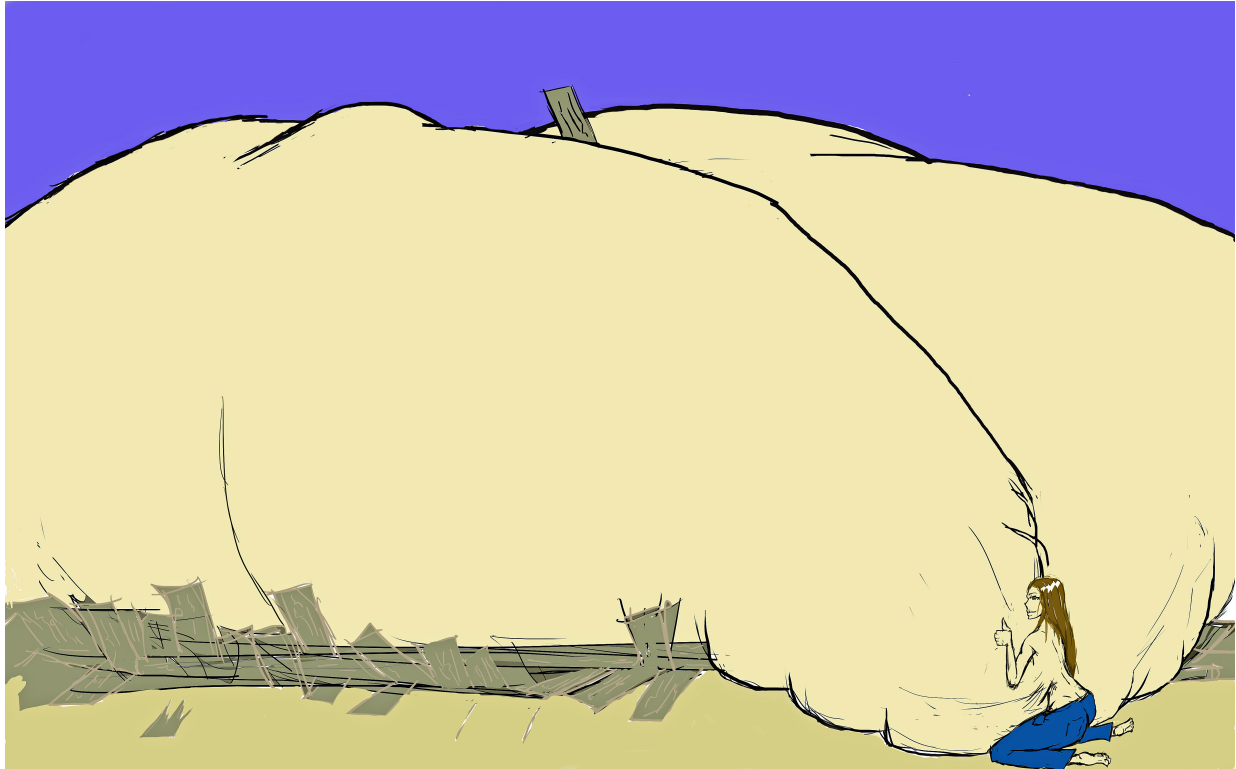
The entire barn was eclipsed by her breast, throwing the whole scene into shadow. She let it drop right on the barn. There was no noteworthy resistance to her mass whatsoever. With a deafening CRACK and a thunderous BOOM, the roof was crushed and the barn was blasted apart as it made way for the considerable mass suddenly filling its space. Wood shattered and flew all about the yard, thrown by the explosion of sweater meat. The earth throbbed beneath their feet as her massive bust quivered on the remains of the barn. She had missed slightly, so while three of the four walls were under boob, the fourth had just escaped and was now laying flat in the grass, knocked clean from the barn premises. Dang.

The rest of the barn had definitely been flattened, though. Without the wall in the grass, nobody unwise to the truth would have known a barn had stood there, now buried under Samantha. She could feel piles of wood chips and splinters squashed beneath her. She moved her breast and inspected. The damage was absolute, and nothing that fell under her breast was recognizable anymore. She didn't just have barn-sized breasts, she had barn-CRUSHING breasts!

She was pulled into her climax of feelings. It was a dream come true, all this mayhem. Her vision doubled up as she went cross eyed. She had her hands clamped on her mouth to prevent noises, because she certainly didn't need THAT in the video. Her fantasies were realities on this day. Entire horses had lived in this building, and fit cozily. But a single one of her breasts could demolish the entire thing. She was losing lucidity fast. Almost lazily, she rolled her breast onto the fallen wall that had tried to escape intact. No survivors, she thought dimly.

* * * * *

Dan couldn't believe the thing he had seen today. Samantha was truly astonishing! All that was left was the house, but he knew where she was going with that. She was retrieving the ice cubes as he repositioned the camera. He filmed the outside of the house carefully, before she



Samantha and the Barn by DotintheParadox

returned to him.

"Hold up, I want to film this one with a little pizzazz." Dan carefully took out a camera that was in his pocket, and held it up to Samantha.

"You're gonna film it from the inside?"

"You bet. I'll leave this tripod camera here to film the outside, but I want a view from inside too. I'll call you and tell you when I'm ready."

He started the film rolling on the stationary camera and made sure the shot was lined up, and then took his portable camera up to the house. The house was kind of creepy looking, when viewed up this close. The door had seen better days, that was for sure. He pried it open and peered inside the house. It was still sparsely decorated with furniture. He poked around the house, filming it. There was dust everywhere, and the floorboards creaked, but it was well lit enough not to be reminisce of a horror film.

The front door opened to a foyer area. To the right was the kitchen, and to the left was a living room space. Directly ahead were the stairs to get to the second floor, and a small hallway next to them that lead to the backdoor. He tested the backdoor briefly, and it opened out into the fields behind the house. Good, he would be able to escape through that later. He closed the door and walked upstairs. There was a landing area in the center, an open square space, with small hallways located on both sides. He wandered through the bedrooms that were located in these hallways, but found nothing of interest. He picked up his phone and dialed Samantha. "Samantha, this is Danny-boy. Do you read?"

"I read you loud and clear. Danny-boy, do I have permission to prepare for takeoff?"

"This is Danny-boy. Roger that, you have clearance."

The house suddenly grew dark. He peered out the window and realized what he was seeing. Samantha's massive breast was pressed up against the front of the house, blocking all the windows. Her copious amount of flesh was pressed lightly against the window panes. With a gulp, he realized that her breast was taller than the house.

He cleared his throat and adopted his best radio announcer voice as he filmed the view. "Aaaaand in the left corner, we have an old and long forgotten house. The Kennaw Farm puts its hopes, its dreams, and its very future on the outcome of this match! It has put up with its fair share of abuse, but can it withstand this heavy-weight contest? Aaaaaand in the right corner, we have the fan favorite, America's darling's bosom, the tons of tit, the two and only Saaaaamanthaaaaaaa's Boooooooooobs!" He filmed the windows. "Which are so big, the second story windows are all blocked up! My money is on the sweater puppies! To make this contest more fair, Samantha will only be using a single breast."

He lifted his phone back up. "Ignore all that." There was a giggle on the other end. "You should see it, Sam. You're gigantic. I can't see out any of the windows."

"I know, I can feel it. They feel slippery, while the rest of the house is coarse."

"Where's your nipple?"

She responded with a laugh. "You'll have to find it yourself, I'm afraid."

"You lost your own nipple?"

"It's true, they're really big, but I haven't seen them in ages. I might not even recognize them anymore."

"Well no matter, I think we'll see it sooner or later. Can you see the house, at least?"

"No," she giggled "it's a little... small compared to me."

Dan hoisted the camera. "Okay, I'm ready."

"You sure you want to do this?" Samantha asked.

"No. Apply the ice."

"Applying the ice."

The effect was instant and alarming. The whole house shook as Samantha expanded into it. Dan had the camera ready, and observed. The walls in front of him were already starting to warp, bending inwards under the massive pressure of her immense and advancing breast. The entire house was being aroused from its slumber, and the creaking and the shaking were intensifying as the breast wall made its presence known throughout the structure. Suddenly windows shattered, and glass poured inside the house as breast puckered in through the window frames. Samantha was in the building.

In the open room that was in the middle of the upstairs, there was an exaggerated bend in the wall that Dan had just noticed, and then with a blasting CRACK, the wood splintered and a gargantuan nipple crashed into the building. Its erect swelling from Samantha's arousal had destroyed the wall all by itself. It had to be about three feet across, and was stupendous. The sight of it set Dan's heart aflutter. Dan walked up and rubbed the titanic nub and suddenly the groans of

the house intensified. Another window shattered. Oh right, arousal made her grow faster. He tried to angle the camera to capture the fact that the WIDTH of her nipple was half as tall as he was!

After feeling satisfied that he had suitably captured the amazing nipple, he wandered through the rest of the top floor, nearly jumping out of his skin as an enormous CRACK rang through the air. He rushed back to Samantha's nipple, and noted the rest of the wall had shattered, and she was flowing into the building. Her areola was truly astonishing, probably nine feet across, and extended from the floor to the ceiling! With a start, he realized that it was bigger than the dinner table downstairs. An entire family ate at a table that was smaller than Samantha's areola.

Still, he didn't have time to be idling around during Attack of the Breast. More and more wall was being brushed aside by her expanding girth. The second floor was being torn up as it unwisely stood in the way of Samantha's awe inspiring bust. Inspired, Dan set the camera and the phone on the dresser against the back wall to free up his hands. He pointed the camera at the unbelievably erotic sight of Samantha filling the second floor landing with just a fraction of her bust, and walked up to her extremity. He set both of his hands against its surface, and attempted to push with all of his might. His hands sank into the soft breast, and it felt amazing, but he was aware that he was being pushed backwards. He dug his feet into the floor as much as he could, but his shoes squeaked as he still slid backwards, forced by the tide of tit. He might as well have been an ant pushing at a person's shoe, for all the notice Samantha's obscene breast took of him.

There was a huge crashing noise downstairs, so Dan grabbed his camera and rushed downstairs.

* * * * *

"You sure you want to do this?"

"No. Apply the ice."

"Applying the ice."

Samantha hung up the phone. Well, time to give the man what he wanted. She touched the

ice to her skin, and was immediately swept up in the sensations of her growth. Her breast pressed tighter and tighter against the house. Despite her sensory overload, not an inch of the house was lost on her. Every nail, window, and bump on the wood was made plain to her. She could hear the house starting to yell at her, across the moors of her breast mass. The lady doth protest too much, methinks, Samantha thought faintly. Clear thoughts were hard to come by as she was consumed by the unending pleasure of swelling larger and larger. The concept that she was about to crush a house was not insignificant, either!

She felt the windows shatter under the pressure she was applying with her growth. Sorry house, but that's the beginning of the end, she smiled to herself. She could feel the pockets of stale house air now that she was in through the windows. It was warm and heavy against her skin. She continued to bulge against the door frame on the bottom, but she also felt the roof resisting her. She was just so MASSIVE. She could smother the front of a house! For a girl who got off on the amazing size of her bosom, that was breathtaking.

Sure enough, she felt her nipple extending, tighter and tighter against the wall. The sensation was almost unbearable, all of that coarse paint and wood rubbing against her. She felt her tremendous nub burst through the wall like a battering ram. Her nipple was made of sterner stuff than a house! She felt it both on her nipple and directly in her rib cage as she twitched. If she was a general commanding an army, she had just breached the front lines, and she wasn't about to let up her assault. Still she grew and grew and grew. It just wouldn't stop! She could feel herself stretching, gaining ground in all directions, becoming HUGE and HUGER with each pulse of her heart and gasp of her lungs.

Her eyes fluttered, but she was keeping them shut now. She had a mental map of the house, and like sonar, was feeling her way into the establishment with her immense endowments. Dan touched her nipple, and it sent shocks through her body like wildfire. She felt her bust growth accelerate. He better be careful! Another crack rang through the air, and her areola poured into the building. Her nipple had weakened the structural integrity of that particular wall. She heaved a big sigh, as she felt floorboards and walls trying to oppose her now. Little did they know that

they didn't stand a chance! Her growth was stemming from all these wells and wells of energy and emotion that were surging through her, rippling through every fiber of her being.

What she could feel off the house was interesting. She could feel her breast flowing into the bottom floor kitchen, and what felt like an empty space. She could feel her breast entering a top floor open area, and several rooms on the top floor, presumably bedrooms. She hadn't met much furniture yet, but she didn't think she would. The resistance she met felt like walls and the floor and roof pushing against her horizontally, since she was coming from the side.

Then she could feel Dan pushing against her, for some reason. For the movie, undoubtedly. If there was a problem, he would call her. He didn't hang on to her for very long. What could he be up to, over there? She felt another jarring crunch, in the newly made entrance to the kitchen. The cabinets and counter tops had little hope against her mass, but there they were trying to fight her. They were like woodchips on her playground. She could feel the cold counter tops against her skin. Some sort of plastic, and the fairly cheap stuff at that. She was a little disappointed there weren't more furnishings inside for her to feel expire beneath her. It had been a long time since she had first filled a room, but now she was filling a room, nay, a whole HOUSE that she wasn't even IN. She clutched the ice tighter to her skin and gasped, her innards both burning and liquefying simultaneously.

Dan was astounded by the first floor devastation. The kitchen was a mess, with the sink was destroyed and countertops cracked and overturned. A whole shelf and cabinet had been knocked over, and tremendous breast was shoving through the entire front of the house. And she kept growing! The house's wails continue to increase as Samantha's mass continued to invade. Dan filmed as the entire second floor/ceiling above him was starting to tilt, all that surging against the floor taking its toll. Plaster was falling from the ceiling, and walls were cracking. Light fixtures shattered and broke, raining glass upon the floor. The ceiling itself was being shoved aside as she continued to fill every available space in the house.

A huge ripping noise roared from upstairs. Dan rushed to see it, and filmed as the roof itself was sliding off the back of the house, pushed backwards by the onslaught of Samantha obscene growth. The house itself was leaning backwards, and the entire floor was now at an uphill angle, displaced by the fleshy conqueror. The house was in full disaster mode, and still Samantha's preposterous girth crashed through, winning the war it was waging on the house. Half of the house was probably under Samantha now. Dan couldn't even access the bedrooms via the hallways, if they even still existed. It was probably time to leave.

He walked downstairs, stunned by how much of it was filled with pale, quivering tit. Just how long was she going to grow?? He walked down the hall to the backdoor and opened it. Or tried to. That's not good. He threw his entire weight into it, but it wouldn't budge. The house shifting and leaning must have warped the doorframe, and he couldn't get out. Oh well, he could just call her...on the phone that he left upstairs. Dang. He turned around to see that breast had nearly closed off his hallway, so much had Samantha grown. It was serious, now! He ran back up the hall, and had to squeeze past the swollen breast to get to the stairs. It pressed against him tighter and tighter, the warm weight crushing the air from his lungs, but he finally pulled free and rushed up to the second floor. She had really taken over the house! Her nipple was nudging the far wall. She had almost grown straight THROUGH the house. Was she growing faster?

He climbed the stairway railing and climbed her breast flesh to get to the far wall, but it still swelled fatter and fatter. He was uncomfortably aware that he was being shifted in directions he wasn't trying to go, by the still engorging breast. He was going to get trapped in the corner if she kept this up. There was the phone, on the corner dresser. Dan hurriedly scrambled over the breast mattress and picked it up and dialed. "Samantha! Abort!" The house rocked again as her breast swelled even closer to him. Her massive nipple had reached the back wall with a THUD. He lifted both of his feet up, pushing her away from him, for what good it did him. He reached out and pounded on the gigantic boob. "Samantha! Abort!" he repeated.

The house wailed, but the breast flesh receded. With a great shuddering suction, her breast was pulled free. Sunlight poured into the gaping wounds the house had sustained.

Dan stood at the edge of the torn up floor, noting that it looked like it was a bombed house from World War II. An entire chunk had been devastated, like a massive shark bite to the house. Debris was strewn everywhere at his feet, and he had to climb up the warped floor to get to the edge. He stared out at the amazing view, and raised his camera. Holy cow she was big! The Brobdingnagian breast faced him, areola and nipple so large and menacing. Her other enormous pale blimp smothered the lawn of the farm off in the distance. Samantha had to be beyond 100 feet of forward projection now, but even as he watched they swelled bigger and bigger. Even with her having dragged herself back from the house, her nipple was trying to close the gap!

He figured that she was a little distracted at the moment. He made his way downstairs, and watched his steps throughout the house, being wary of all the nails and splinters. He walked towards Samantha, along her elephantine bosom. As he wandered closer, he noticed the growth seemed to have stopped, and Samantha was waiting for him, panting. She beamed at him. "What's up?"

"You nearly crushed me!" Dan said with mock outrage.

For a very brief moment, something flickered across Samantha's face, but was replaced with a look of guilt, panic, and sorrow. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" She said frantically.

Dan processed what he saw.

"The idea arouses you, though, doesn't it?" He said quietly.

She stared at him in horror. Slowly a red tint spread itself from her cheeks, and burned its way across her face and all the way out to her ears. She nodded. "Not you, specifically!" She wailed.

"And the Mr. Lenik incident?"

"Accident! I swear!" She whispered.

"But you enjoyed it?"

Samantha hung her head in shame. It was answer enough.

Dan pondered a moment. Like he hadn't thought about it hundreds of times already.

"Well, there are worse ways to go."

Samantha's head shot up, staring at him in disbelief. Her mouth had dropped open in a comical 'O'.

Dan could see her mind reeling. She had expected him to be angry, sad, and mostly frightened. Acceptance was the very last thing she had expected. It was another identity crisis she had to grapple with. The huge ball of guilt, arousal, loneliness, and fear was being unknotted.

"Hey, guys are supposed to like big boobs, right?"

The stare continued. But slowly her jaw closed and her mouth cracked open, growing into a full Cheshire grin ear to ear. "Dude, I outgrew 'big' years ago." Dan grinned.

"But please, can we finish the job?" Samantha pleaded.

Dan turned and looked at the house. "Of course!"

Dan realized she was growing so much because it was an unprecedented stimulation, growing into a house and destroying it. He was unbelievably turned on, so he couldn't even imagine the sensations that Samantha must be feeling. Samantha repositioned herself with alarming speed. The house was practically a bra cup to her by now. Actually, it was TOO SMALL, only covering about 2/3rds of her breast height.

Dan really was the man she had wanted him to be. Acceptance where she had feared would be...anything else. She would have to ruminate on that particular enlightenment at a later date. All the tumultuous feelings coursing through her needed an out, and there was a house to waiting for her to put it out of its misery! Her breast was lined up again in the socket it had bore into the house.

She could feel her nipple solidly against the back wall. Time to finish the deed. She hefted the ice.

All of her feelings renewed themselves, then doubled, then tripled, as she felt the house giving way to her mountains. She could feel everything. There were no secrets left in this house. She filled the kitchen, the living room, and all of the bedrooms. She was crushing the stairs, now, each bump reduced to smithereens. She could feel the engulfed counter tops, powdered under her weight. She could feel the dining room table where it had caved under her growth. She could feel a cabinet that had been crushed between the wall and her expanding bosom. She could feel dusty bed sheets that were no longer on beds but piles of sawdust. She remembered when she broke her first bed with her breasts. Today, breaking the beds was an afterthought. An entire family legacy was disappearing under her uncontainable growth. It was caving under the pressure of just her sheer expansion!

The house screamed its final scream and it slid down her breast front, crashing beneath her. She had done it. Destroyed a house purely by growth. It was just splinters and memories now. The dam for her feelings that she had struggled to maintain all day burst. She had the titanic house destroying barn dwarfing tractor flattening silo smashing breasts. She collapsed to her knees, and quickly shoved her face full of breast to muffle the guttural cries that were bound to follow. Her warm, pulsating flesh enveloped her as she spasmed out the magnificence of the day. You did great, girls, Samantha thought. She slipped away in the throes of her passion, for some indeterminate amount of time. Time was meaningless in this heaven.

Dan wandered around the house with his camera, filming the beastly breast that dwarfed the house. The building was showing serious signs of stress all over, with cracks spiderwebbing across all of its surfaces. True to what he had noted inside, the house was leaning backwards, unable to withstand the frontal assault by Samantha's front. The assault had just resumed, as made apparent by the shuddering of the house. Slowly but surely, the house bulged outwards and backwards like it was trying to retreat but its feet were stapled to the ground. A whole wall collapsed on the

right side of the house, Samantha bulging through. That was the last leg, and the whole house collapsed backwards and Samantha's glorious teat flattened its remains. The growth finally came to a shuddering stop, some 110 feet of projection. It was incomprehensible.

The farm had been reduced to nothing, like a tornado had come and leveled everything. Dan filmed the obliterated house once more.

"And that's all folks! Taking home the victory, it's Samantha's Boobs with a knockout!"

Chapter 05: The Camping Trip

It was a summer Friday in the trailer park, and Samantha was unhappy for a number of reasons. Summer was ending soon, and that sucked. Another reason was that the trailer park was having its yearly cookout in a week and a half and she hadn't decided on what to contribute yet. Reason number three was perhaps the biggest and most disappointing: she wasn't growing as fast anymore. Ever since the farm.

Actually, Samantha was still growing on a day to day basis faster than she had ever before. Her natural expansion just continued to accelerate bit by bit. It was her growth surges that were greatly diminished. In the weeks after the farm, she hadn't been able to stimulate her growth much at all. Crushing the house had been amazing, but her breasts couldn't sustain that level of expansion, it seemed. She wondered if it was like building a tolerance to a drug. She had abused her growth and was now paying the penalty: mundane thrills just weren't enough anymore. The thought of it made her very glum; she could only hope it was temporary, but the weeks continued to stretch before her and she hadn't regained the ability. It was tough for someone so obsessed with growth to transition from her growth crushing a house in a short time to slow day by day expansion.

She reclined in her chair, and studied the elephantine mass of breast flesh that was stacked before her. "Why won't you grow for me, darlings?" she murmured. Experimentally, she threw the racquetball up on her house-dwarfing mammaries, and caught it as it rolled down. Yet again no growth surge, to her great sadness. It wasn't even worth finding some ice. With a heavy sigh, she picked her laptop back up and studied her fan site again.

The farm video had been a great success, financially. Samantha had managed to buy a much

larger, sturdier bra that had arrived the other day. With the excess money, Dan and she had decided to embark on a weeklong camping trip out to a relatively nearby lake and mountain valley. Dan was supposed to come by tonight to help put her bra on, and then he would sleep over here so that they could leave for their trip bright and early tomorrow morning. She checked her phone to make sure she hadn't missed one of his text messages.

Over the weeks since the farm, Dan had been working long hours so they hadn't gotten to see each other as much as they liked, but they had a very healthy textual relationship. They had gotten more comfortable with each other through their "lol"s and smiley faces, and sharing their private thoughts in a personal but not self-conscious way. Samantha enjoyed these conversations tremendously. It was nice to have friends! A person who could go out in the world in and see and do what she could no longer.

Samantha got up and dragged her breasts backwards, causing the earth to tremor as they plowed in through the dirt. She carefully stepped up into her trailer and sidled up to the pot that was simmering in her kitchen. She opened the lid and stirred the beef stroganoff she was making for their dinner that night. She had been cooking most of the week, making leftovers. The plan was to bring the food on the trip so that she wasn't forced to eat camping slop. She wasn't a huge fan of "roughing it".

Cooking was one of the few hobbies she was able to maintain given her size. There was a certain practicality to it. She hadn't been able to enter a restaurant in years, and she briefly imagined walking up to a drive-through window where her breasts were bigger than the establishment she was ordering from. No, she had to make do with the groceries Dan brought her, and most importantly, make leftovers that she wanted to eat for the rest of the week. This need had evolved into a dedication, and then a degree of pride and enjoyment.

Slowly but surely it was more and more difficult to maneuver about her trailer. It was sort of like having headphones on and needing to reach something across the room. She could always try move the way to which she was accustomed, but her trailer wouldn't survive it. As her breasts

continued to expand, fitting a workable portion of their excessive girth into her trailer became much trickier. She had to constantly remind herself that if her babies could destroy houses, they would make short work of her humble abode.

As if on cue, her roof groaned. Samantha looked up and grimaced. Breast flesh was pouring into the trailer, puckering around the ceiling as each titanic tit was far, FAR too big for the space it was trying to occupy. Cooking had distracted her! The roof moaned and she hurriedly inched her breasts out. Upon further investigation, her carelessness had cost her more of her roof stability. It was warped upwards further than it had been before, she was sure of it. Oops.

She looked back forlornly at her simmering pot, sitting just a little too far away if she wanted to preserve her roof. She was going to need new arrangements! But that was a problem for another time. Right now, she was waiting on Dan and focused on the trip, which she was very excited about. She heard a horn honk and she broke out into a wide grin. It was their new system to alert her when he was coming, so that she could be careful and wouldn't...do anything on accident. She couldn't see out there, after all. Dan was here!

She waited patiently, and finally he rounded her curves. Undisguised appreciation adorned his face as he stared at the massive mounds of Samantha. She had adopted what she hoped was a carefree and relaxed posture, but she was actually very glad to see him. It was going to be a great week!

"Sup." She said.

"Hold on. I need a moment. Works of art need appreciating." He said, and reached out to rub her left breast. An insignificantly tiny portion, yet his touch and his words sent thrills through her body and her heart respectively. It was a curious sensation.

"Ayup, you're still growing," he confirmed.

"Not by enough!" She fumed. "I still can't force it. I've tried everything! Back scratcher, racquetball, everything!"

He continued to stroke her absentmindedly, not paying attention. "Does this count as fondling?"

Samantha paused. "Yes, I suppose so...Not that it's weird or anything!" she said quickly. "I want- I mean like- er... uh...I don't mind." She finished lamely, feeling her cheeks heat up, she dragged her hat down over her face and hoped Dan didn't look her way.

"Who cares if it's weird?" He had interpreted her hesitancy correctly. "We are SO over that. Your boobs are awesome!"

"Agreed!" She was relieved. "So what path are we taking tomorrow?"

Dan unfurled the map that was tucked under his shoulder and laid it flat against her monumental breast, to her great pleasure. "Tape?" She pointed and he retrieved, and then affixed the map to her.

"If Churchill had a map board like you, the Germans would have found his war rooms for sure. Just bomb the massive tits, pilot! ... You're imagining that right now, aren't you."

She shrugged. "I like having bunker sized boobs. But I think I'll like having factory sized boobs more."

"Indeed, private. Okay. So, to get to the campsite we are going to have to take this path. These bridges here and here will no longer support you. These neighborhoods aren't wide enough for you either."

"Maybe we should take that route on purpose, then! Did you bring your camera?"

Dan chuckled. "That would be funnier if I didn't know you were being serious."

Samantha shrugged again.

"So what's that I smell?" Dan asked.

"Dinner! But first, do my bra while there is still daylight."

"That's no fun. I like taking them off better." He grumbled.

"It's just a little bra." She teased.

"Little?! If you get much bigger, we'll need a construction crew to do it, if we don't need one already."

"I look forward to that day! Until then, it's just you and me, partner. Here, I got my end." She said, holding up one of the straps. They both looked at the massive tarp-like bra fabric that was puddled up on the ground. It was vast, and needed to be. Samantha giggled at the expression on his face. "I sure hope it's big enough. Good luck!"

Dan gathered up the material with difficulty and trudged off into the distance, trailing her bra strap behind him. He looked like a dog pulling a sled, if the sled was the size of pool. Fortunately the cups were made of delicate light material. Samantha was far beyond the need for sturdy cups since she no longer needed support, and she definitely didn't require the assistance of cup-size enhancing pads. Also fortunately for Dan, the cups were stacked in one another, else the drag behind him might have been too much for him to pull. The fresh new bra canister whirred quietly as it fed more strap and Dan disappeared behind her goliath breasts.

She felt the new cups lined against her breast, the wires in the outer rim of the fabric keeping the shape so that Dan was able to prop it up and lay it against her. Then he did the same with righty, and came back around on her right side, with the other strap trailing behind him. He handed it to her, and she expertly wrapped it around her back and hooked it with the strap she had held all along. With a heavy sigh, she reached out to each canister and hit the rewind feature so that the bra straps retracted until they were snug. She felt the fabric collapse tight against her nipples and it thrilled her for a moment, but it also cut off some of the sensation of the air tickling her. The canisters grinded to a halt and it was done. The bra was fitted.

"The cannons are in position, general." She said. "Hey, don't give me that look! I get to do it too. Let's eat."

They settled in and had an enjoyable dinner, with Dan complimenting her cooking profusely, and they had a lovely evening relaxing in the twilight and talking. Then to bed early!

The first day, Saturday, began loudly.

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Urghhhh. Dan rolled over, muffled his cell phone alarm quickly, and sat up groggily. It was still dark, and the scene before him was only barely lit up by the nightlights Samantha had running in her trailer. Their pale light was spilling out onto her lawn. Her vast breasts were illuminated only where they were closest to the trailer, then they extended off into the darkness, inky blots against the sky that obscured the very stars. Samantha herself was flopped on the bed that they had dragged out of her trailer because she had wanted to share his night under the stars.

He felt a pang of...something... at that thought. It was very nice of her. He looked over at his friend. Admittedly, not her most attractive pose. Her usually glossy hair was a disheveled mess upon her pillow and she was sprawled out across her bed in a very unladylike fashion. One of her legs had fallen off the side of the bed and its toes were resting in the dirt. It was a nice leg, of what Dan could see of it in his limited vision. Dan averted his eyes to preserve her modesty.

Dan went and used her shower, and got himself dressed and ready to go. He came back out of her bathroom feeling like a new man. He was awake now! He strolled over to her massive, massive breasts, and gave it a good thump right on the side. The bed behind him groaned as she shifted on it, but she didn't wake. THUMP THUMP THUMP. Samantha rolled over. Fine, be that way. Dan retrieved a bucket and filled it with water from the sink. He tossed it on the goliath right breast. Samantha jolted up in bed, like a cat. She looked at him alertly; eyes wide at first, and then they sagged into lazy sleepiness. "Aw man, you made my boobs wet." She stretched and yawned, her hair sticking up around her head. "Shower time. Go stand on the other side of the breasts."

"Because that's a more modest position? Staring at your boobs?"

"Well, you've seen THOSE before. I'm more worried about the fact that I can't get into the shower anymore."

Oh right, too big for trailer means too big for the shower. As Dan walked away, he noticed there was a sprinkler set up on the private side of the trailer. He sat down in the grass and waited. Finally, there was a text message.

[Sam: Ready!]

He trekked around her bust again and met her there. Her hat was crammed on her head, but her hair had returned to the glossy state he was accustomed to seeing. Her bra was clasped around her back again, and she was wearing short shorts that showed off her legs. Sneakers were on her feet. She smiled brightly. "Ready to go?"

"Yep! Hand me whatever we didn't pack last night. I'll put it in the motorhome...which you'll be able to see when you move your boobs." Dan had pointed, but when he had glanced backwards all they could see was pale Samantha flesh.

Samantha groaned. "I'll never fit in that. You'll get a nice bed and I'll have to sleep on rocks!"

"You shouldn't have grown so massive."

"You bite your tongue! I can NOT believe you just said that!" She pretended to be scandalized, and they both laughed. "Hmm," she said, "I think there's only the stuff in the freezer. You do that and I'll try and get out of the trailer park."

Simple enough. Dan walked up the steps into her open face trailer, but the whole thing rumbled. Massive breasts were being moved behind him! He turned around and enjoyed the view of Samantha pushing against them to give them some sort of momentum and get them moving. The immense orbs wobbled and shuddered as they were stirred from their heavy slumber. She was astonishingly pretty even while exerting effort.

Finally she was off, the very earth groaning under their weight as she slowly and expertly navigated her monumental bust up the drive around the motor home and down the side of the park that had been left empty for her. Lights were clicking on around the park as other inhabitants were disturbed by the quaking earth, and curious about the source. They also clicked off fairly quickly. The reactions to Samantha's comings and goings were probably akin to those of people living by airports or train tracks. Annoying, but what can you do but go back to bed.

Dan wandered into the trailer, which was still rumbling. There wasn't anything that could fall, though. Samantha had probably learned that lesson long ago, or already broken anything that could have fallen. Dan briefly wondered what the other inhabitants had for decorations. There surely weren't any ornamental plates hanging on shelves in their trailers. No surviving plates, anyway! He opened the freezer and was greeted with a delicious view of assorted leftovers. She was spoiling them this week. Camp food was supposed to be simple and easy! He gathered up as much as he could and transferred it to the motorhome freezer, and then made the second trip. Dan checked around the trailer to see if there was anything they might want to bring, and then closed the tarp flap over the open trailer face because they were going to be gone for a week. Dan walked over to the vehicle.

It wasn't a huge motorhome, but Dan had rented it for the week so that they could use the campsite hookups and all the modern conveniences that came with having electricity. Like charging their electronic devices. He was very excited for this trip, actually. Samantha was a lot of fun, and he was about to spend a week doing fun things with her! He tried not to make that sound dirty. Well, then again, her boobs played an integral part to most of those activities. Was it okay to let it be dirty? He slid into the driver's seat and revved up the engine. Time to hit the road.

He eased the motorhome down the trailer park streets, mindful of the enormous dark objects shifting along the night sky off in the distance. Samantha's breasts. Near the exit of the park, he caught up to her. He flicked his lights, and she glanced back at him with a grin, perfect teeth shining in the headlights.

He slowed down and trailed behind her, unable to skirt past her obscene girth. He took this opportunity to watch unabashed as the enormous breasts dwarfed everything in the clearing, including the motorhome he was in. He had to lean down over the wheel just to be able to peer up through the windshield far enough to see their tops, that's how big she was. And the girl they were attached to, he had to look down to see. Her baseball cap was askance now, as she must have bumped her boobs while shifting them. Her breast undulations were truly a thing of beauty. They swayed gently to her gait as she pushed them along, crunching the earth beneath their weight. Their gargantuan size was still no match for her strength, and it was just as well. Watching them sashay and bounce through the trailer park was a mind boggling sight that Dan could watch for hours.

But he couldn't, not if he didn't want to crash into them. He was certain he would take more damage than she. Dan's eyes wandered to a porch area in front of another trailer off on the side of the road. An old man sat there, smoking. He gave Dan a friendly nod, and then his eyes returned to Samantha. If Dan had to describe his expression in a word, it had to be concern. Probably used to this spectacle by now, the old man was no doubt afraid of Samantha's awesome power. What she could accidentally do to any of the buildings around here would have been a nightmare, and ruinous to whoever lived there. Still, he puffed away at his cigarette silently, allowing events to unfold however they may. The detachment that came from observing an event so many times.

Samantha had gotten away from the vehicle, so he pressed down on the gas pedals to catch up with her. He rolled down his window. It was a weird set up, rolling along behind his friend who was forced to walk, and being trapped on the road behind her immense udders. Well, life is going to be a little weird when you have a friend whose boobs are so large they extend some 120 feet from her body, and some great and proportional distance off to either side. Samantha was one of a kind.

Finally they reached the edge of the trailer park. Dan only knew because Samantha stopped. He nearly ran right into her breast, but slammed on the brakes in time. He wondered about that. He thought the vehicle would have taken more damage than her bosom, certainly. One of these

days they might have to try that. Not with a rental vehicle though.

Something about this spot told Samantha that it was time to navigate her bosom more carefully, but Dan wasn't exactly sure what that indicator was. Still, he trusted her expertise. That, or he gain x-ray vision and look through the tons of boob meat that separated him from the information he wanted to know.

The sun still wasn't even close to peeking out from the horizon yet, but sunrise was probably only a few hours away. He hoped to get most of their travel done by then. "Hurry it up, will ya, balloon tits? I gots packages ta deliver!"

"By all means, Mr. Trucker, get in front of me! But I can't guarantee your safety." She cackled. "Do I clear the left side of the entrance?"

"No idea."

"I think my boobs need mirrors, like your motorhome."

"Talk to the bra designers. You're a pioneer of the daily concerns of your size."

"Well every girl should get as big as me, and then we would see some real progress in my woes."

"Sorry, we live in reality, not a utopia. "

"I think I'm clear." Crunch. "Or not. They will NOT be happy with me. Haley told me to stop doing that. Maybe they will forget by the time we come back?"

As her breasts pushed through the opening, they saw that more trees had been cleared out of the way thanks to Samantha's girth. "They like privacy, that's why we are enclosed by trees. They don't want the entrance too big, but I'm always too big for the entrance. Nothing is ever big enough." She laughed. "I guess I am still growing at an okay rate. Could be better, though."

"Would you get a move on, Sam? We have a narrow window here! There will be plenty of

trees at the campsite."

"Sorry!"

They had designed this trip to make use of this special time in the morning. It wasn't quite early enough to run into all the truckers who made use of the cleared roadways in the darkest hours of night, but it wasn't so late as to have to deal with the morning traffic as people went to work. In short, it was that ideal time for when one needed to move unbelievable breasts a great distance through inhabited areas.

Outside of the park, the vista was usually amazing and often took Dan's breath away. They were SUPPOSED to see the glorious sight of Monville sprawled across the land, as they were just on the outskirts. Instead, Dan had a view of Samantha's boobs. Took his breath away just the same, actually. Now that they had left the trailer park, lighting had worsened noticeably. They had a few sparse streetlights to light up the night, and they had Dan's headlights that were reflecting off of Samantha's pale flesh like a great projector screen. Well no matter, it was a little ways before they had to worry about residential areas again. That would be upon them soon enough. Dan took this opportunity to play some music out his window for their travels.

Samantha adopted an unusual method for walking down the road. Streetlights only lined the right side of the road, so she naturally stood on the left. It was easier to push breast along the asphalt than the uneven ground of the fields on either side. The problem was that she was far too massive to fit on the lanes. So instead, she had her right breast positioned on the road, and forced it down the avenue. The left breast played catch up a little bit. Samantha and Righty were going forward, with or without Lefty, but since Lefty didn't have a choice in the matter, it was pushed/dragged in front of her anyway. But Samantha didn't have to do it manually, and let physics navigate it on its own over the ditches and pitfalls of the field. It was a jaw dropping sight, watching Samantha fail miserably at trying to fit on the street. She was just so MASSIVE! It was unbelievable and yet she was there, right in front of him!

CLANG! The view darkened as unseen metal crashed to the ground. "Uhhhhhhhhhhhh oh.

Miscalculation."

"A streetlight? Really? Like, who else can we blame it on? No it wasn't the chick with the giant tits that is always breaking things. It was, uh, King Kong. Yep. Came through just yesterday."

"Yeah yeah. It was an axe-a-dent. Felt good though."

"Everything feels good to your tits."

"True. It's not my fault. They ARE pretty big and sensitive, y'know?"

Dan did know. He cranked up the radio and let the sounds of heavy guitar cleave through the darkness of the early, early morning. They passed a few farms and they reminisced on their past escapade that involved a farm that was no more.

"Okay so we are approaching Nanbriar. Houses and people alert."

"Roger."

Nanbriar was one of the residential neighborhoods they had to wade through to get to the campsite. Would it have been easier to go around Nanbriar? Yes. Would it have taken hours longer? Yes. They were going to cut corners on their travels as much as they could without risking too much. It was already a hike for poor Samantha, and Nanbriar was one of the neighborhoods they didn't have to cut out of the loop. The houses weren't too close together, the roads weren't too narrow, and it wasn't too busy. Like most cities, Monville didn't ever truly "sleep", so the closer they got to the city, the more neighborhoods were off limits for Samantha, if only because there was too much going on that the setting couldn't handle some truly giant breasts. Nanbriar was sufficiently on the outskirts that they could still cut through it.

Though it might be a near thing, Dan thought as he once again ogled Samantha's enormous treasures. One obscene tit covered the entire road. He couldn't see anything behind wobbling Samantha mass, and its twin was flattening crops in the ditches on the other side. Trucks and buses were far too small to compare to Samantha these days. She had grown A LOT since the beginning

of the summer. So much so that even with a single breast, she was having trouble fitting it on the narrow path. She had to be mindful of the lights on the side, so she couldn't even center her gargantuan gazonga on the road.

HONK HONK Samantha stopped dead in her tracks and Dan slammed on the breaks. Ter-rific, just what they had hoped to avoid. Someone was coming the other way and didn't feel like crashing headfirst into the largest breasts in the world. Dan watched, feeling useless, as Samantha hauled her breasts off into the dirt and darkness. It was a little car that came through on the other end, but pulled up next to Samantha's main body.

"Hey Samantha! What has gotten you up so early in the morning?"

"Hey Frank! Oh you know me. Out for a stroll with the puppies."

"Yes I could see that. I could see that from miles away. I like boobs as much as the next guy, but I think you're a little too big for me."

"I'm a little too big for everyone! Fifty times over! And for the park entrance too. Again."

"Aw, heck, Sam. You didn't go breaking things again, didya?"

"You try shoving these boobs through that entrance, see how you do!"

Frank whistled. "No thank you, ma'am! Are you coming to the park cookout next Tuesday?"

"Sure am!"

"Great! See you then. Anyhow, I gotta be goin. See ya later, Samantha's boobs! See ya, Sam!"

"Later!"

Samantha watched him drive off, and turned to Dan. "He's a nice a guy. I'm glad we didn't crush him."

"We?"

Samantha slapped her tremendous teats. The force of the impact set a small section of her right breast wobbling gelatinously. "We! Okay let's go."

They travelled under the cover of darkness, and neared Nanbriar. That was going to pose a problem after all. It was a vast expanse of near nothing behind them, a stretch of streetlights. In front of them was another matter. Like they had found where the sidewalk ends, Nanbriar started and ended, depending on your point of view, like it was dropping off a continental shelf. Fields and plains and then suddenly suburbs, with no transitional stretch. The both stared at the peaceful rows of houses that were the backdrop to a small but eloquent blue sign: "Welcome to Nanbriar!"

There had been a miscalculation. Now that it was early in the morning, the Nabriarians weren't at work, and the driveways were lined with cars, effectively shortening the available maneuvering space. The miscalculation was made possible by the baffling tendency of the inhabitants to park in the driveway despite having garages.

"Hmmm. I expected trees and light posts, not all these cars." Samantha said, troubled. "It's alright if I crush a few, yes? They have insurance?"

"Insurance for 'Crushed by Samantha's Humongous Boobs'?"

"They don't offer that in Monville yet?"

"They probably do, actually. Just...you will try to limit the damage, won't you?"

Samantha laughed. "Then you're going to have to assist me in navigating my buses. Well, I guess I can't call them that anymore. Buses are too small! Houses? Or is that too small too? My boobs. Use your phone so we don't wake everyone up by yelling."

Dan parked the motorhome and got out. This was going to be trouble enough without having to account for the motorhome's ungainly mass as well. He stared at the enormous pale mountains, having to crane his neck upwards to see their top. Then turned to the gorgeous brunette to whom

they belonged.

"Use the Dark Maze method. I won't be able to see you."

Dan nodded. As if he needed an invitation! He placed his hand upon her stupendous mass, and walked towards their other end, enjoying the sensation of her silken skin giving way against his hand as he dragged it along their awesome length. The Dark Maze method was a reference to the practice of navigating dark tunnels and castles when visibility was nonexistent, so you ran your hand along the walls so that you could track your progress and feel your way through the darkness, and relate spatially to the walls. It was important not to lift your hand or else you would lose the mental spatial relationship map you naturally built in the darkness, and all the mental measurements you made would be useless since the standard point of reference was no longer certain. Samantha needed him to maintain contact for somewhat the opposite problem. She couldn't see him, so she needed to feel him so that she knew where he was. It would make maneuvering a lot simpler if she didn't have to check that Dan was clear of her tits every time she wanted to move them.

He wandered up to their expansive fronts, marveling at the size she had attained. And she wanted to be BIGGER!

Oohhhh boy. Dan stroking her felt SOOO good. She probably could have gone through this without him maintaining contact, just make him stand somewhere far away, but where was the fun in that? Better to make him think it was necessary. She felt his hand drag against her. First feet away, and then yards, and then tens of yards away. God, was she ever BIG! Yet, she needed MORE. LOTS more!

It was an interesting change of pace, being able to feel his progress as he walked around her stupendous mams. Usually she had to wait for him to come back around, but she could monitor it directly through her oversensitive mounds. More like mountains. She briefly imagined what his

view was like, staring up at her utterly gargantuan udders, feeling their softness just as she was now doing. She hadn't seen the front of her bosom in a loooong time. She kind of wanted to see what her nipples looked like these days, and investigate them as she used to. She had to have Dan send her pictures and videos if she wanted to see her own nipples! She bit her lip and stroked her bulging boobs. They were both touching her right breast, but over one hundred feet separated their hands. A distance filled by an ocean of vast and heavy tit. Singular. Her left breast wasn't involved in the proceedings yet.

She felt his hand stop somewhere along her bosom, and her phone jingled.

[Dan: I'm in position!] Alright! Let's get this party started.

[Sam: How does it look? O_o]

[Dan: You'll have to go single file like in the forest at the gardens.]

[Sam: :(]

Hmmm. The cars were going to be trouble. It was one thing breaking trees and forgotten tractors, but it was quite another to break things that people needed for their daily lives. Depended on, even. She studied the nearest house. It was very nice, groomed, and well maintained. It just happened to be a bit smaller than one of her boobs. Maybe a lot smaller, she hoped. In front of it was the lawn of green grass, healthy and vibrant in the summer months. Then the road that she was standing on. In the nature of the suburbs, the scene was mirrored almost precisely on the other side of the road, nice and neat and identical. Walking down the street was one thing, but each of her boobs was so wide that they couldn't fit just on the road in the center, but would overflow onto the sidewalks and lawns on either side. The problem came from the driveways, where cars were parked. She could realistically center her boob on the road, and still accidentally crush a car in a driveway on each side of the road.

It was an erotic reminder of just how amazingly outsized she was getting these days. This street was once easy to walk down. She giggled, thinking about how careful she had to be. Break-

ing things was so easy! Like a world made of toys, or a movie set, it all seemed fake next her tremendous bust that dwarfed most everything in the civilized world. How was it that Superman had put it? It was like living in a world made of cardboard. She had to be so delicate! An errant breast could be disastrous.

Ding!

[Dan: Okay so what's the system?]

[Sam: I'll move forward. You give me a strong thump when I need to stop, and I'll stop. Simple! :D]

[Dan: Do you know Morse code? I could thump messages to you xD]

[Sam: Don't be a nerd! :P You just want to thump my boobs! Angry at something?]

[Dan: Nope! Just...yay boobies! 8D]

She hoped it was simple enough. She didn't want any accidents. Especially where Dan was concerned! First she had to get in single file. She hoped the new bra was up to the task like its predecessor was. She hadn't officially entered Nanbriar yet, so she could just leave Lefty where she was and take Righty with her first. Hauling as much of Righty as she could grasp, she nudged her mass forward. Dan hadn't been expecting that apparently, and she felt herself knock him over. So soon!

[Sam: Oops xD R u ok?]

[Dan: My bad. Keep going!]

As you wish. She moved Righty with her and started walking forward. She felt Lefty starting to be left behind, and her bra cups were being mangled by her bulging flesh as the canister that connected the cups struggled to keep up and extend the distance between them as necessary. Full 180 degree separation was supported by this bra too, in theory. Time to test it out.

Lefty was anchored by its weight and it swiveled with her main body as she continued to walk forward, lugging Righty. Her right breast was officially in the limits of Nanbriar, but her body and left breast was still a ways off. She kept walking, feeling Dan's hand jabbing into Righty's mass as he kept pace with her. Finally Lefty was behind her, and she was Massive Right Breast -> Body -> Massive Left Breast again. Walking in this formation wasn't as difficult as one might expect. Being wary of her surroundings at the same time was what was challenging.

Walking down the suburban street was a rare treat for Samantha and her bust. All the things there was to feel! The street itself, as the smooth yet bumpy and cracked asphalt pressed against the undersides of her titanic swells. It was nice and cool after spending all this time in the cover of darkness. She could feel the drainage ditches on either side, as her breast molded itself to its "container", just like a liquid would, gelatinously puckering around the curb and swelling out over the sidewalk. The sidewalk was coarse cement, and scratched at her tough but smooth and sensitive skin. Her yielding bosom felt every crack in the sidewalk, and dragging Righty across them was driving her crazy. Finally, she spilled out onto the grass of both sides, smothering lawns yet again, and letting the grass tickle her, cool like cooked spaghetti. Walking down this road was like enjoying layered cake or neopolitan ice cream! All the sensation diversity, it was amazing! She could only imagine would it would be like to be an early morning jogger coming from the other direction and seeing a wall of tit overflowing the road and swamping the sidewalk with sheer mass. Having to make way for the tremendous milker that took up the all the available space.

That reminded Samantha. She was so lost in feeling the blades of grass and uneven sidewalk that there was no hope that she would be able to watch out for cars and other obstacles by herself. Hopefully Dan did a good job. As if on cue, she felt him THUMP her, sending a jolt of sensations coursing through her entire being. This was going to be fun after all. She heaved Righty upwards until she cleared at least ten feet, and began walking forward until she saw the car in the driveway that she wanted to avoid. Once she was sure that she had cleared it, she lowered Righty slowly, and when it was just a few feet off the ground, waited for Dan to resume contact so that she knew he wasn't under there.

She felt his touch, and lowered herself the rest of the way. Ordinarily, she was tremendously proud of her boobquakes, but now wasn't the time to rouse everyone in the neighborhood. She eased it down, and now had to get Lefty clear of the car. Lugging Lefty was more of a chore. Dammit Lefty! she thought with a smile. She had to haul the mound behind her while continuing to advance Righty so that she would have enough room.

She lifted Lefty to clear the car, and continued to advance, but she felt Dan give her a thump. Uh oh! She hadn't been paying attention. Righty had kept moving forward as she had been concerned with Lefty. There was an earsplitting CRUNCH and CRASH as the front end of a truck was obliterated by Righty's momentous progress. The car alarm wailed loudly, screaming for help.

Samantha thought quickly. The last thing she needed was to take everyone up, or have a scene be made. She would be all over social media again, and people would be flocking to see her. With a moment of hesitation, she adjusted Righty and put the car out of its misery. Good ol' Righty. More crunching, more crashing, but it was lost on Samantha as she enjoyed the sensations of the cool metal warping under her weight, collapsing under Samantha Boob. The deed was done, and she muffled herself as she let the feelings take their course. She had crushed some random person's car. She hoped he had boob insurance.

[Dan: Sigh.]

They had finally made it through Nanbriar, and all that was left was the open road to the camp site. Dan had to run back to fetch the motorhome, so he took this opportunity to work in his morning jog as he traced their route back through the neighborhood. It was interesting to see it. There was a slight air of a disaster area, like a tornado had just come through. Little things were off, misaligned, or broken. Overhanging tree branches had been crunched, grass along the sidewalks had been flattened, and the roads had been swept free of debris, forcing the clutter to now reside in the storm drains and gutters. Signs had been warped out of position, like some horror movie. Dan neared the car that Samantha had flattened, and shook his head. That was going to be

a hassle for him, he just knew it. Still, it had been SO hot. Samantha's Boob, meet Truck. Truck, meet Samantha's Boob. Goodbye Truck. It was nice knowing you.

He climbed into the motorhome and started it up, and traced the route through Nanbriar for the third time. Samantha's boobs were visible in the distance, more likeable to skyscrapers than ever before as they stood out above the suburban homes, towering obscenely. It was all her, his friend, those tons and tons of sweater meat. He finally escaped Nanbriar for good (he hoped) and drove up to Samantha. She was giving him the arm pumping motion, the signal for drivers to honk their horns. Obliging her, he gave her three short honks and pulled up beside her. She laughed.

"I'd flash you, but neither of would be able to see it from here. "

"I appreciate the gesture, but there will be plenty of time for that later, yes? Okay, so we are going to follow this road until we get to the camp site. I'll run ahead and get us checked in. You'll be okay?"

"Of course! I'm a big girl. A REALLY big girl!"

No, there would never be any confusion about her femininity. She was the largest mammal on Earth by now, probably. And unmistakably mammal too, judging by THOSE. Good grief. Breasts visible from space. With a wave, Dan pulled off and drove down the road to the campsite, following the signs along the road. The sun was starting to come up at last. It had been a long day already for the pair of them and her pair, but the relaxation was about to start.

West Valley Campgrounds. Here it was. Dan pulled up to the ticketing booth. A young man was sitting in the booth, looking a little shell shocked. His nametag read Kevin.

"Hello, checking in?" The man named Kevin asked.

"Yessir!" Dan said, and handed over his ID.

Kevin performed his tasked in a perfunctory fashion, but kept staring out into the distance. Dan adjust his mirror and, sure enough, he could see Samantha globes off in the distance behind

him. Kevin had no idea just how good of a view he was going to get very soon. Dan studied the flimsy ticket booth and prayed that Samantha took a different route than through here. This rickety thing wouldn't stand a sneeze, much less a Samantha tit.

"That will be campsite 209. Enjoy your stay." Kevin said distractedly, handing back the ID. Dan couldn't blame him.

Dan shot Samantha a quick text about their location, warned her about the entrance and poor Kevin, and then Dan went to meet up at the campsite. On his way, he passed the West Valley Lake and the Yucati River that fed into it. West Valley was a very scenic establishment, and it was amazing that they had managed to secure an isolated camping spot, especially at this time of year. This was going to be a helluva lot of fun!

Their campsite was a great open field next to the Lake, but across the Lake from all the other campers that were currently using the site. It was a beautiful spot, and Dan parked carefully and took care of all the motorhome levelling and hookup installation. Crashing and thundering marked the arrival of his friend and her elephantine assets. He turned and looked just in time to see unbelievably massive black bra cups barreling themselves into the clearing.

The good things about the tall trees that surrounding the clearing was that they were one of the few things that could still hide Samantha, and afford them a reasonable degree of privacy.

Samantha did some "parking" of her own, and smiled dazzlingly at Dan. "Okay. I'm ready to relax now, how about you?"

"Most definitely! Everything is set up. We are officially on our vacation. What do you want to do first? I kind of feel like doing nothing"

"Excellent! My thoughts exactly. I've had a long time to think about this. Now go fetch the green bag from the motorhome."

"I saw that earlier with your luggage! What's it for?"

"Just get it, no peeking!"

Dan obliged, and brought it to her. She had set up a post and had unhinged her bra. She clasped it around the pole, just like she did when she was sleeping so that the post kept her bra in position. What was all this about? Dan held out the bag for her.

"Nuh uh, you're gonna hold it. And you're gonna jump."

"Jump?"

Samantha held out her hands, cupping them together and intertwining them. Dan had seen cheerleaders assume that pose dozens of times.

"I don't know what you're thinking," Dan protested, "but no. Hell no."

"Jump!"

"No."

"Please?"

"Still no. Tell me what you're going to do first."

"That's no fun! I'll just do it anyway. Trust me, it's easier if you jump."

With a heavy sigh, Dan placed his hands on her shoulder and lifted his feet into her waiting hands.

"Hold on to the bag tightly. Ready?"

"No."

With that, Samantha heaved. Pulling on her tremendous strength, she sent him soaring high into the air, somersaulting through the wind. He was a mass of confusion and exhilaration. She was crazy!! What the hell!?! He started to fall and saw that her boobs were fast approaching. Ohhhh. He stretched out his arms and laughed as he landed in a belly flop on her enormous, soft,

and pillowy breast surface. He bounced against the gelatinous mass and let physics do its thing until he came to a complete stop. He rolled and did the Snow(breast) angels again. Boobs were just so wonderful. He rolled back to his stomach and raised his head. The view from up here was spectacular. He hadn't been up on her shelf of tit in a while, but she had grown a WHOLE LOT since then. He could see the huge lake in its huge expanse stretch out before him, he could see the Yucati River wind its way into the forest, and he could see other campers enjoying themselves in miniscule fashion off in the distance.

"Hey! Are you quite done up there?" Sam called, but her voice was wavering slightly. That's right, she was sensitive! He hadn't been up here since he had found out about that. He wondered what this felt like to her? He started tracing shapes lightly against her skin.

"Stop! Stop stop stop stop stopppppppp. I'm trying to accomplish something! You have no idea what you are doing to me right now!"

Oh, he could guess. He grabbed a whole armful and squeezed as hard as he could.

"Ack! Mmmf-" Her voice cut off suddenly. Ha! He went back to angels, but did it as forcefully as he could.

Ding! [Sam: Stoop plkease!!!11]

He stopped and waited.

"Now... before you continue... could you...could you throw down the rope? Hold on to one end?" Her voice was shaking something awful. He must have done a number on her! It was thrilling him how greatly he could affect her. He would have to abuse this power over the coming week. Rope? He dug into the green duffel bag and sure enough there was a very long coil of the stuff.

He threw down one end and waited for instruction.

"Now hold on to your end very tightly!"

"What are you going to do?"

"Mountaineer my own tits!"

And with that, Dan felt a tug on the rope. Ah, with her breasts being so tall now, the ladder was obsolete. A good three stories plus off the ground, it was difficult to get up here. He grasped the rope tightly and tried to dig the heels of his shoes into the soft breast flesh so that he could hang on to the rope. He started slipping against silky Samantha flesh, so he started trying to drag the rope backwards, fighting the weight of the rope and the gelatinous boob beneath him. It didn't help that the breast beneath him was shifting position to allow its owner the movements she was making. His hard steps forced an audible gasp from her somewhere down the swell of her bosom. He marched backwards with the rope, trying to pull her up. A hand appeared over the boob horizon, and then another hand. Samantha's head popped up, and she grinned. Her cheeks were flush and her pupils wide.

"Whew!" She finished clambering up, hauling herself up with her legs and using the rope as leverage. She flopped right there on the boob mass, and gave her tit a hug. Her right breast, off to the side of the current continent of bosom they were on right now, was now askance as it had been realigned to her current location. Whenever she was atop her breasts, she had to be very mindful of the fact that they were a part of her, and connected to her torso. She had limited mobility and limited maneuverability. She could hardly move from the spot where she had flopped.

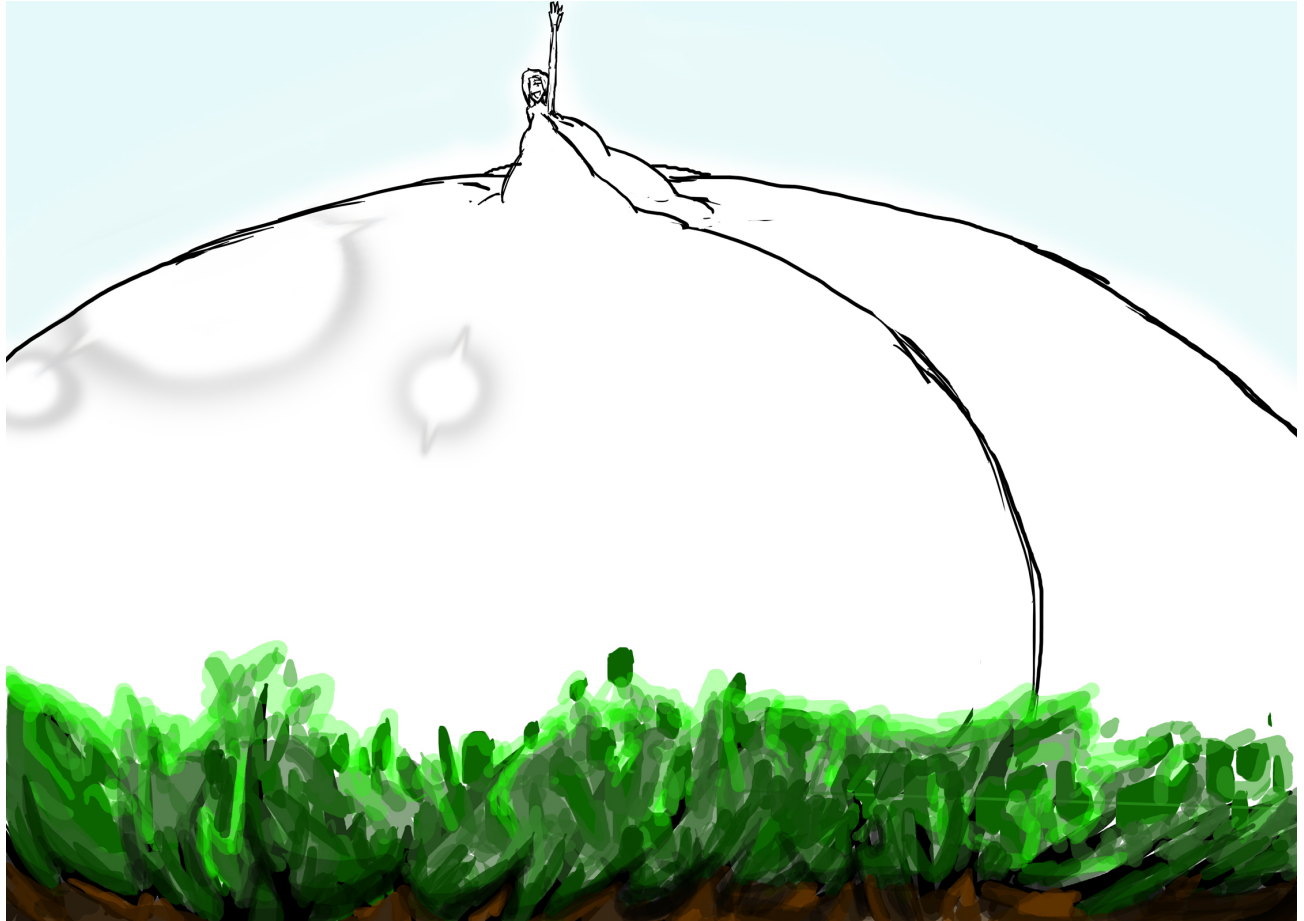
Samantha propped herself up on her elbows, and whistled. "What a view! That lake is pretty nice too." And they both fell into a heap laughing hard.

"Stop...stop laughing...so hard!" Samantha sputtered between giggles. "It...it tickles!"

Finally their laughter died out and they looked at each other. Her cute nose had turned pink.

"So you really can feel everything, huh?"

"Ayup."



Samantha on Top by DotintheParadox

"All those times you let me up here?"

"Almost unbearable. I loved it."

"You should have said something sooner!"

"I should have!" She agreed. "Well, reach into the bag again."

Inside were Samantha's and Dan's electronic entertainment devices, each heavily wrapped in protective casing. She had come prepared.

"I'm hungry!" Samantha called. Dan looked up from his book and checked the time.

"You want me to go heat up something?"

Samantha nodded. "I don't want to get down!" She stretched luxuriously, like a cat, and nuzzled up against her cushiony breast. "I wouldn't fit inside that puny bucket of bolts anyway."

Dan walked over and peered over the edge of the gargantuan breast. It was a long way to the ground.

"You could possibly die from falling off this height." Samantha said, echoing what he was thinking. "Be careful. I'll hold the rope! Also, tomorrow we should switch breasts. Righty is getting jealous."

Dan looked at the massive breast that was the twin to the enormous mountain he was standing on. It was just so goddamned BIG. The campsite clearing was chock full of tit.

"We're just going to lie on your boobs all week?"

"What could be better than fondling my giant boobs?"

"Point made."

"You were supposed to say 'fondling even bigger-than-giant boobs' to which I would reply

'I'm working on it'."

"That goes without saying. Every second, the boobs were are fondling are bigger than any other boobs we have ever touched. They just keep growing and growing. So if you are 'giant' right this second...now you're 'bigger-than-giant'."

Samantha's mouth was open. She was giving Dan an interesting look that was setting him on fire. She was very pretty, he noticed again. She forced a huge swallow. "Why...why don't you get that food now?" and then buried her face in her bosom a little sheepishly.

"Get the rope, please."

Samantha grasped one end and hurled the other one over the side of her bust.

"Go get 'em, tiger."

How many girl's boobs do you need the advice "Don't look down" for? Samantha was one of them. He braced himself and grasped the rope, and slowly started walking himself backwards down the incredible swell of breast. His legs sank into their yielding mass, soft and bouncy, pliant and sooo amazing. Focus, Dan! He lowered himself on step at a time. Finding purchase on her smooth skin was difficult at times, since it wasn't exactly a cliff face, but made of Samantha. Finally he reached the ground. He had to do extreme climbing just to dismount Mount Samantha! That was so sexy.

Dan fetched the food, heated it up in the motorhome microwave, and then wrapped it up in foil. He packaged it in a plastic bag carefully, and then wandered over to the massive tits. He tugged on the rope, and Samantha pulled him up.

They spent the rest of the day reading. They were both pretty tired after waking up so early, so it was going to be an early bedtime for the both of them. Samantha was fine with it. It had been a great day for her! She had gotten a lot of crushing in, she had gotten her boobs fondled VERY

well, and she had made a huge dent in her book. She was very satisfied.

It was dinnertime now, and Dan was determined to build a campfire and make dinner with the supplies he had brought.

"You never know what kind of weather we are going to run into, so we should save all the food you have already made for when we don't feel like making something, or can't. On a clear night like this," Dan said firmly, "I should cook what I've got."

"Sounds good! What are we having?"

"Food."

Samantha rolled her eyes. "I would hope so. Bricks aren't very tasty."

She lowered him down to the ground using the rope, and then repositioned herself on Lefty so that she could peer over her swell and watch Dan work. While she watched him fetch some logs from the motorhome, and then assemble them in the fire pit, she mulled over their situation once more. Those lines he had said earlier about her growth had REALLY inflamed her passion! She couldn't believe he had said that! They were thinking on similar wavelengths.

Soon Dan was busy cooking, so Samantha slinked back from the precipice a little bit, and fondled her boobs vigorously. So much mass, and not an ounce of sensitivity lost. She had missed coming up here! There was something so erotic about having only her boobs touch the ground.

"Dinner is ready!" Dan called.

"Well it won't bring it itself up here!"

Dan tried to make an exasperated sigh, but he had to practically yell "SIGH" in order for her to hear him.

He tugged the rope, and she hauled him up like a sailor. She could feel the rope grinding against her mountainous flesh, and his feet digging into her, despite him being eclipsed and out of

sight.

He climbed up on her, and reached into the duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He pulled out two plates and forks and handed her one of each. Then carefully he reached in and pulled out a large pot that had a lid on it. It was steaming like crazy, fresh from the fire down below.

"Can I just put this down?"

"Sure!"

Dan sat down cross-legged and then planted the pot firmly on her boob. A few things happened at once. The ground shook and shuddered, causing both Dan and Samantha to be rattled upon her bust, sliding as the breast flesh swayed. The second thing was Samantha moaning "Ohh-hhhhhh god!!!" as currents of pleasure, excitement, and intense eroticism buzzed throughout her systems. Then she was horrified. Had she done that out loud!? Dan seemed not to have noticed. He was staring at her boob. Then realization suffused itself through her clouded mind. Without a word, both of them sidled up to the side of her breast and peered down at the ground.

"Was that what I think it was?" Dan asked. "Are we further from the ground, or is that just me?"

Samantha couldn't speak. She just looked at him and nodded. Then she felt her face crack into a smile so large, it hurt. "My darlings! They didn't forget how to grow after all! I knew you had it in ya!" She hugged as much of Lefty as she could grasp, which was pitifully little. "Yessssssssss!"

Samantha bolted upright. "Wait! That was heat. A hot pot. What's that about?"

"Maybe your boobs are bipolar, like their owner."

"Are you done with that fire?"

"Wait, what? Um...yeah I guess so."

"Righty wants to have some fun."

Samantha's mobility was a limited, up on her breast as she was. Still, when she wanted to move one of her breasts, they tended to let her. Rolling her right breast, she used it to cover the entire fire pit. She felt the flames crackle against her skin, and then almost immediately snuff out as she smothered them. It was hot and exciting! Why hadn't she played with fire before?? The smoldering embers were trapped beneath the mammoth mammary, tickling her flesh with burning heat. Wave after wave of warmth surged through the massive teat, caroming throughout her entire body. The earth shuddered again. No, it was just her boobs, but since they were both sitting on one, that amounted to the same thing. Ohhhhhhhh goodness yes, that felt amazing, Samantha thought. She had been prepared this time, having shoved her mouth full of breast.

She was back in business.

She could grow again! It was so amazing! Heat, her new best friend! She would have to experiment with that extensively. VERY extensively. When they got back home, things were going to get hot. She was determined not to let this new knowledge ruin the rest of their vacation though. She tried to push it out of her mind as much as she could, even though she was itching to find another heat source right now. She was with Dan. This was fun. She could last a week.

She felt tired all of a sudden. In the twilight, awash with all the new possibilities, and the perfect euphoria, she was at peace with everything. Her eyelids felt heavy, and the summer air felt thick and warm. She briefly remembered that she still needed a contribution for the trailer park cookout. Then she nodded off, dreaming of breasts.

The second day, Sunday, started with a bear.

Samantha woke up and glanced around. She was up on her massive breasts. She rubbed her eyes and sat up as much as her breasts would allow. Ugh she had drooled all over herself. She wiped at it and looked around. Dan was snoozing peacefully a ways away, still on her gigantic

breast. Looks like he had fallen asleep while reading. They had both used her bust as a bed last night. She yawned and peered down at the ground. Hmm, she probably shouldn't make the jump down. Something was moving down there. She looked harder in the early dawn light. It was a bear!

Why is a bear sniffing around our campsite? She wondered. Had they left out food? "Psst. Dan. Dan. DAN!"

Dan groaned and rolled over, to her busty enjoyment. He looked at her. "What?"

She pointed. "Bear."

Dan looked where she pointed and saw that there indeed was a bear. "I think we're safe up here. I don't think bears climb boobs."

"Oh that's real funny. I'm worried about the food."

"What are you going to do?"

"....Assert myself as Queen of the Woods. If it's a question of size, I think I have em beat." She patted her overlarge bosom affectionately.

"You're going to crush the bear?!"

"What!? No!! I'm going to SCARE the bear."

With that, she rolled her right breast towards the bear. The poor thing froze in its tracks, alert to the new danger. It probably didn't realize what was truly happening; its small mind boggled. Something weird was going on with the sky, or something. She was just so immense, that it was an easy mistake for an animal to make. As she moved her massive bust closer, the animal had to make a decision. Stay there and confront something it didn't understand, or run. It chose the latter, and disappeared off into the forest. Samantha was satisfied. She liked the title of Queen. She was the biggest thing in the woods! From her great fortress of breast, the trees, the waters, all that she saw was her domain. Muhahaha!

"I almost feel bad for the bear."

"Me too. Missed out on some great tits." Samantha said.

"So what do you want to do today, now that I am up?"

"Something involving my boobs."

"No. Way. Did not see that coming."

"Listen buster, I can just shove you in my bra and leave you there."

"Oh no! I get to fondle breasts all day!"

"Well if you arouse me too much, my nipple will have something to say about that."

"Death by nipple?"

"Death by nipple."

"Sounds like fun. Let's do it." Dan said cheerfully.

".....I can't reach. Would you kindly go shove yourself in my bra and get lost for all eternity?"

"Sorry, I have plans next Tuesday." Oh shoot, the cookout.

"I still don't have an idea for my contribution."

"You'll think of something."

"Want to go to the information booth and see what the camp offers?" Samantha asked.

"Sure thing."

The information booth was mercifully close to their campsite of 209, so it would be a simple matter to pop over there, even for Samantha. The bigger challenge would be getting OFF Samantha. For Dan it would be a simple matter: exactly what they had been doing. She lowered him

with the rope. Population of Samantha's Boobs: 1. Now how did she get down? Her towering bosom put her at a daunting height off the ground. Well, only one way to find out. She slid herself down her breasts, and landed on the ground heavily. Guess her physiology and durability meant protection from great falls, too. Neat.

The duo wandered over to the information booth, the earth trembling beneath Samantha's presence. Dan walked up to the window and rapped on it. A few moments later, the door opened and a young and pretty female ranger stepped out. Then her jaw hit the floor as she stared at Samantha.

"Hello!" Dan said cheerfully. "We were wondering if you could tell us more about the +campsite."

The ranger completely ignored him and continued to stare at Samantha. "You're...you're Samantha! Golly, I'm a big fan! Well, not as big as you." Her cheeks pinked. She gestured to her nametag "I'm Juliana. It's very nice to meet you!"

Samantha was rather taken aback. "Um...nice to meet you too!...You're a fan?"

"Yes! I'm so jealous. I'd LOVE to be as big as you. You're so lucky!"

A kindred spirit! Samantha grinned broadly and shook her hand. "Well met!" A girl who liked her boobs too! In the most unlikely of places!

"Can I touch them? Please?"

"Sure!"

Juliana's eager hands found Samantha's enormous bosom. Her hands were warm and her touch delicate. "Wo-owwww! They're amazing! I feel so small right now. I was afraid they wouldn't be real."

"Most people are afraid they ARE real."

Juliana grinned broadly. "Thank you so much. I'm so glad I met you. Er...I have a job to do, don't I? What can I help you with?"

Dan cleared his throat. "We would like to know what events and things there are to do here at camp West Valley."

"Oh! Well...not much, actually. That's why we are not very busy...There's the river, the lake, the caves, and Ghost Story Wednesday."

"What are the caves?"

"Pretty much what they sound like. There's a region with lots of caves. They don't have any significance or anything, but they're pretty neat if you're into that sort of thing. Very few people go out that way though, it's a fair hike. Here's a map that should tell you all you need."

"Where do the ghost stories take place?"

The ranger gestured to a point on the map. "Spooky Tavern. It's the oldest building in the camp. Stories start at 9, after it's nice and dark. There will be a campfire and food."

"Alright, well thank you!"

"No, thank YOU!"

Samantha liked her. Throughout that conversation, her eyes never left Samantha's assets.

"Okay." Samantha said, after they had wandered away for a bit. "I'm up for all of those."

"Let's do the lake first, then. I haven't gone swimming in a while."

They made their way back to the camp. Dan wandered inside the motorhome to go change into his swimsuit, and Samantha waited for him to bring her luggage. She rummaged through her bag until she found her bikini briefs. Changing was easy when you only had to worry about the bottoms! Her new bra was water proof, so it was already a part of her bathing suit. It was one of those things that was convenient, but not as fun, in her opinion. Getting Dan to apply her swimsuit

had been awesome. Unfortunately, and fortunately, that bikini no longer fit.

She quickly changed into the bottoms. Buying swimsuits was weird, because they came with tops. In typical thin busty girl fashion, the provided top was too small. Of course, bikinis with cups as big as pools would also be too small for Samantha. She had opted for a skimpy bikini, but the term is relative when compared to the excessive volume of fabric her bra required.

She held up the small bikini top that had come with her briefs. "Hey Dan, guess the last time I would have fit into this thing? I can fill it with my hands, for goodness sake."

Dan took the bikini and stretched it out. "A long, long time ago. We couldn't even get it around one of your nipples, now."

They wandered down to the waterfront. Samantha was glad that the other campers were at the other end of the fairly large lake. Still, she figured she might make some waves. Both literally and figuratively. Dan knew enough to stand back as Samantha waded in. Well, her breasts waded in. Samantha herself was still over 120 feet away from the water's edge. She eased her titanic mass into the brilliantly cold and sensual water. As she had predicted, waves of water were rippling outward from her titanic assets, as water was displaced and forced to travel to less boob-infested areas of the lake. She continued slowly. The last thing she needed was to cause a tidal wave. Even so, the water level of the lake had risen. Not very much, but it was perceptively higher. That tends to happen when adding the volume of two houses to a body of water.

Samantha tried not to pay attention to all of the people paying attention to her on the distant shore. She knew it must have been a sight. And while it would be a supremely erotic vision to her, she could only guess what was wandering through their minds as her hippos continued to invade the lake. Samantha felt her toes touch water. She looked down. Her main body had finally reached the water's edge!

Her breasts still rested firmly on the lake bottom, though. She could feel the slant of the gravelly bottom as it declined into the depths of the lake. Not deep enough yet to submerge

her momentous breasts, however. Samantha hoped it would be. Having her puppies float felt so wonderful. Still, the sensation of the surging waves and ripples caused by her progress were almost unbearable. Like she was a cliff face, or a mountain, that the waves were crashing against.

Samantha continued, until she was waist deep in the lake. Finally, her breasts were starting to float. The water was finally deep enough where they were situated. When her feet no longer touched the bottom of the lake, neither did her gargantuan breasts. They still rose enormously from the water, buoyed. She wasn't sure how deep the water was where they were, but it was at least half as deep as her breasts were tall. They bobbed in the waves, like great tanker ships, responding to the water very sluggishly as their great mass resisted all of the attempts to stir them.

Dan whistled behind her. She turned and saw that he was wading into the water now. "I didn't know this lake had islands in the middle. What I would give to be stranded on one of those!" She giggled. She'd like to strand him on one!

Samantha floated easily. Whether it was because she was attached to two blimps or it was because her main body was very light and trim, she couldn't guess. She did know that floating here in the water was heavenly, her breasts suspended in liquid that played with every inch of her bust it could reach. Currents and surges of water and the gentle swaying of her tits. Why did she ever leave water?! She should just sit there like this for the rest of her life. Growing and growing and growing. She closed her eyes and sighed. That would be nice one day.

Samantha separated her breasts so that she could see. It was easy to do without the friction of the ground. They fairly glided through the water, albeit with substantial weight. She was essentially looking out the enormous canyon of cleavage now. The distance between her nipples was large enough to fit a house. She watched all the other people frolicking across the lake. Young ones were playing, people were fishing, and there were kayaks skating around on the water. Oh to be small enough that she could fit in a kayak! It had been years and years!

Not that Samantha regretted being so big. Not for a second. But if there were times where she could turn it off, like flipping a light switch, she would certainly find uses for it. Watching

the kayakers was a good example, as they glided around so beautifully, with symmetric strokes. She had missed out on that experience. It was one of the downsides to growing so big so fast. On the other hand, she had boobs that could crush a farm house, and that was pretty special. No complaints here!

Even though she was fully in the water now, Samantha was aware that she still needed to be careful. Sending a huge wave in the direction of the others could be dangerous. She could capsize those awesome kayaks, even. It would be so easy. One enormous boob flop and she could flip those smug jerks in their cool kayaks! She was sorely tempted to try it out, but reason reared its ugly head and wouldn't let her. She drifted off fantasizing about her ship capsizing bust.

Feeling her breasts bob up and down in the water was spectacular, but suddenly she felt something else. Something had hit her. She shifted her bosom aside to see a capsized kayak. There was a man there in the water, sputtering.

"My apologies, ma'am. I couldn't turn. It was an accident." He smiled at her and then tried to right his boat.

Samantha laughed. Sure, it was an "accident". All the way on the other side of the lake. People had "accidentally" bumped into her for years. But she had gotten her wish! She had the power to sink a kayak! Maybe one day she could sink a proper boat. She dreamed of the Titanic meeting her boobs. She knew that was awful and made her a bad person, but still...

* * * * *

The third day, Monday, started with some rain.

Samantha woke up from her slumber on Monday morning to drops beading up on her tremendous bosom. She had slept on Righty last night. She couldn't fit in the motorhome anyway, and her boobs were just so warm and comfortable!

It looked like Monday was going to be a day of rain. And just as Dan had sensibly feared, they probably would not be able to cook on a fire today. Samantha loved the rain though, so she

didn't mind. She just didn't feel like sitting there and letting it drip all over her. Her, meaning her body and face, she thought with surprise. She DEFINITELY wanted it to drip all over her bosom. Her bazooms and she were separate entities when it came to these matters! She needed some kind of cover, that was for sure. She also wished she could take the stupid bra off. Getting in the way of her rain massage! Well, wait a minute. She was out here in nature, surely no one would mind. She's not exactly walking down sleepy Nanbriar, after all. She could kill two birds with one stone.

First, play with wet boobs! There was a great appeal in lathering their slippery surface. Unfortunately she didn't have the maneuverability up here that she desired. Could have had some full bodied fun. She'd have to get Dan to do it. That might be more fun. Where she could sit and...occupy her hands while he worked. Where was he? He was missing all the rain! Maybe he wasn't such a big fan. He's never grown in the rain before, that must be it.

Climbing down her bosom was fun when they were wet! Sliding down was awesome. She landed on the ground with a heavy thud.

"Dan! DAN! Get your butt out here! There are boobs to play with!"

There was a clatter from inside the motorhome and the door banged open. "You called?"

"It's raining! We're gonna make a boob-house!"

"I don't know what you're referencing."

"As opposed to a tree-house. Boob-house. Go fetch my bra, I'm gonna unhinge it."

Bewildered, he wandered off somewhere to the front of her bosom. She turned to the post she had left her bra clasped to, and unclasped it. The massive cups teetered at the edge of her bosom, and she felt them flop to the ground dozens of yards away, leaving her nipples and areolas exposed to the cool humid air. Oh yesss that was the ticket. The rain pitter pattered gently across her nipples now. It was a feeling unlike any other.

A huge black tarp was making its way over to her. Dan was behind it somewhere, but its

huge expanse made it difficult to tell exactly where. "Good, and make sure you have the rope as well!"

"Got it right here. You're going to launch me again?"

"Ayup. Bring the bra too."

"I wonder if I can use it as a parachute. What do you think? Too big?"

"Probably not the right material, but let me know if it works." She assumed the cheerleading position. "Okay. Jump?"

She flung him again, and watched him soar into the air with the enormous bra cups. She hoped he landed okay. It was a little weird being able to toss him like a doll, but it got the job done. It had been an idea she had come up with in the weeks since the farm. Might become a new staple of their relationship. They both liked being up there. She felt him land with a heavy impact, denting her bosom somewhere she couldn't see. Felt like he was fine, though. He started moving, so probably okay. She felt the rope before she saw it, and there it was dangling in front of her. She grabbed a lawn chair, and climbed her way up, planting her feet into herself and scaling up the breast cliff.

Climbing her own boob was difficult. She had to account for the fact that it was attached to her and even tried to move with her. She was helped by the fact that its tremendous weight kept it fairly grounded, so it only shifted position slightly to accommodate her movements. Climbing up the rope was simple enough. She planted her feet against her soft and warm meat, feeling her toes envelop by boob flesh, and feeling her boob flesh envelop her toes. She could never get over touching her own boobs, and feeling how small she was and big she was at the same time. It was incredible. Slowly, she walked herself up the enormous breast, heaving herself up using the rope. It was a little weird now that she was carrying the lawn chair, but her tremendous strength enabled her to carry it effortlessly, so her second hand was only slightly hampered in this process.

Finally she reached the top. It was like hiking, making her way to the top of her bosom! She

found Dan standing there with the rope. Her gargantuan bra cups lying across her boobs a distance behind him.

She was struck at how large her bra cups were. They were absolutely titanic. And absolutely dwarfed by the breasts they were resting upon. Samantha was very satisfied with the sight.

"I brought you a chair. Go fetch the cups and set one up," Samantha called, "it's going to be our tent!"

Comprehension dawned on Dan's face, and he followed her instructions. She set up the chair on her boobs. She wouldn't be able to sit in it, but he would. The metal support dug into her slightly, and it was wonderful. Dan came back, struggling with the massive tarp-like cup even though it was made of light-weight material. He tried to hang it over them. As he lifted massive cup over their heads, the sky disappeared and was replaced by her absolutely enormous black bra. The thing was truly cavernous, dwarfing both of them beneath its gigantic umbrella cup. Thanks to the waterproof material, neither of them was getting wet anymore.

Of course, Dan couldn't really stand there holding it all day, so he tried to prop it up like an awning, so that they could sit under its overhang and watch the rain. Unfortunately that didn't work out so well when they had nothing to prop it up against. It fell down so that its wire rim was flush against her breast, enveloping them in complete darkness. They were completely covered by her giant bra.

"Hmmm. I love the idea, not sure about the practicality." Dan said.

"Still, what a bra, am I right? I'm pretty darn big!"

"We knew that. I'm standing up inside a bra cup, and my head isn't even touching the ceiling. You could fit a bomb shelter in here."

"It IS a bomb shelter, of sorts. Some megaton bombs!" Samantha joked.

"Megatons? I think you outgrew that. Good grief Sam, we're standing INSIDE your bra."

Just ONE of your cups. We could have a party in here with plenty of room! Not that we can see anything."

"I KNOW. I am so turned on right now. I'm glad it's dark."

"Me too. This is the view your nipples have, by the way."

Samantha giggled. "I don't think we fill up this cup the same way my nipples do."

"No," Dan said seriously, "we definitely do not."

"So how do we fix this?"

They both mulled that over in the pitch black of her cavernous cup, atop her gargantuan bosom. The rain pattered softly against the material, the sound amplified as it echoed in the space. It was a curious sensation, from her boob's perspective. Lefty was completely out in the rain, and Righty was MOSTLY in the rain. But her enormous bra cup was sheltering a portion of Righty's upper surface. And of course, she could clearly feel Dan and her own feet pressing into the dry portion of her ridiculous breast.

"We could just sit in here and start a fire." Samantha said with a laugh.

"We'd probably get arrested. Your bra probably counts as a building at this point. We're in violation of all sorts of codes. Also," Dan said stiffly, "I'd rather not suffocate in your bra, thanks." Samantha laughed.

"Okay," Dan continued, "so we could stack coolers or something. Any other ideas?"

"I'm thinking a huge tree log. Could you go find one?"

"That should work. Hold the rope, I'll be back."

They lifted her bra cup up to let him out, and he lowered himself down. About half an hour later, Samantha got a text.

[Dan: Got the log! When I tug the rope, pull it up.]

Samantha followed the instruction and heaved the log up to her boobs. It was a beautiful specimen. She untied it and threw the rope down for Dan. After he joined her on her bosom, he got to propping the log up and resting the bra cup on it. The log, now that it was vertical, dug into her substantial and pliant breasts, sinking under its own weight. It was a delicious pressure, like a giant finger poking her. Since it sank in, it was held up by the firmness of her breast. Whereas on the ground, one might have needed to bury part of it to get it standing upright, her breast puckered around it to provide a degree of support, and the weight of the bra cup kept it stable. Essentially it was just a massive tarp being held up by a huge stick. But now the duo had the perfect cover!

Dan settled heavily into the lawn chair, and she enjoyed feeling it sink into her. Goodness did that feel good. She lay on her boobs and listened to the gentle rain, feeling it, but not on her main body that was under cover. She was compartmentalized in categories, boobs and body. Different sensations entirely. Almost in different zip codes! That size joke was becoming more and more applicable. They were feeling different weather now. Her vast boobs in the rain, her body out of it. She buried her head in the soft boobflesh and contemplated that. Different weather. She was a huge fan of the bra fort.

Samantha's breasts could feel rain pattering across itself, beading up and dropping down their slopes to the ground. She could feel the weight of the huge log prodding her, she could feel Dan's weight combined with the metal chair pressing into her. She could feel her own body, warm and small. She could feel the area of the bra cup, the lone dry area, also small in comparison to her. Samantha's body was warm and happy. It was well heated under her cup as her breast kept them warm, and she never tired of laying on her soft assets.

Her massive bra sheltered them for the rest of the day, as they read and talked and laughed under the cover. Eventually Dan wandered off and made each meal of the day, which they shared under the huge dome. A lot of reading got done to the gentle rhythm of the rain clapping against the giant garment.

Samantha kept getting sidetracked however. She kept thinking about how this ridiculously large cup only managed to cover the tip end of a single one of her breasts. For the first time in ages, she could truly appreciate how she measured up to the front of her breasts. She was tiny, and they were very large! She understood the fear people had for her. It was hard not to feel small sitting in a bra cup that was the larger than many living rooms, at least in width. The old lady that lived in a shoe could have upgraded by living in her bra instead. Much roomier.

* * * * *

Day four, Tuesday, pertained to caves.

Samantha snorted awake and blinked away her tiredness. Another day of vacation! She listened intently, but only heard the stirrings of the forest, muffled by her bra shell. The rain must have stopped, so it was time to decide on an activity for the day. Dan was snoozing gently on her breast, under the cover of her bra as well. He was so adorable when he was sleeping. She almost hated to arouse him, delighting the rhythmic feel of his hot breath on her skin yards away. She could feel his heart pounding, like she had laid a hand on his veins. Meanwhile her other breast was feeling sensations she couldn't even see.

Well, no time to start the day like the present. "DAN!" He jumped, sending lots of interesting sensations coursing through her bust. Her voice echoed in the cavernous cup. "What do you want to do today?"

He mumbled something and rolled over.

"Sleep on my boobs some other time! We are on vacation."

"I'll take you up on that. Well, there are always the caves. Should be a nice scenic hike, too."

"Ooooooh okay. Let's do that."

A short time after breakfast, the duo were off wandering through the woods. Samantha was doing her usual destruction, feeling every tree that met its demise under the onslaught of boobflesh.

Carving a path through the woods was very easy. Dealing with people who took offense to that was very...not. Hopefully nobody would notice until they left.

Through the woods they travelled, admiring the scenery that was fresh and vibrant after yesterday's rain. Of course, they had both forgotten that mud went hand in hand with a good soaking, and both were caked in it by the time they were anywhere near the caves.

Mud was an interesting sensation to Samantha. Not quite a liquid, not quite a solid, in non-chemistry terms. It was cold and slimy that dried to hard and crusty. Coating the bottom of her bust, it was a little like wearing a mask or a bandage. It dulled her sensations of feeling the ground as her breasts scraped against it, but in a way that was its own sensation. A special numbness sort of feel, as the mud provided a barrier from direct skin contact. Samantha didn't enjoy being dirty, but it brought its own set of perks. The mud was not as fun in her socks, however.

Trees were putting up less and less of a fight against Samantha these days. Even at the beginning of the summer, when walking to the beach, she could feel the trees try to resist her mass. She had to cleave her way through the woods and her breasts wrought their terrible destruction. Her unbelievable growth had stripped nature of any hope for resistance. The trees were like toothpicks before her massive mammaries, knocked aside like strands of grass. For trees young and old, Samantha's boobs were The End. She found it fascinating when her main body finally got to the trees, however. Seeing massive trunks uprooted, and all of the earthy insect life still trying to cling to the bottoms. She was a natural disaster! Her breasts were the equivalent of some sort of tornado by now! Also, seeing things her breast had felt, nay, obliterated, shocked her repeatedly. It felt so small the first time around, compared to her chest, but then she SAW it. That was a huge tree! Many times taller than she was! The scaling was always off.

She truly felt like some queen of the forest, walking through it. The power she wielded here in these landscapes, where so much was determined by the ability to survive, and the struggle of the food chain and size vs. quantity in the ecosystems. She was the clear winner in size.

They found the caves right where the map said they would be, give or take. The caves were a

pretty special sight, buried in the ground as they were. It was a gaping chasm that led to unknown depths at a very steep downward incline. There were several entranced littered around the clearing, including a very traditional opening in the standing rocky hill that was to the side. The Yucati River must have wound its way through here at one point or another long ago, and forged these beauties over time. In all likelihood, remnants of its currents still flowed in the depths of these stone mazes.

Naturally, Samantha was far too big to do anything with the caves other than look at them. She was tempted to see if even her NIPPLE could fit in one of the caves, but there was no way she could manage that maneuver. Not for lack of trying to find a solution mentally, however.

Dan wandered around the cave entrances, peering around the entrances that were scattered on the ground. Samantha could tell he had an interest. They were neat, for sure. Then he made the mistake of wandering into the upright one on the rock face. Seized by an impulse, Samantha shifted her tremendous bust to block the entrance. She felt the harsh stone hold and slick against her udder, and the entrance a gaping wound in the rock that a minimal (relatively) amount of breast flowed into. He was trapped inside!

She could feel him beating his hands on her flesh now. Ha! So puny! She held up her phone expectantly. Ding!

[Dan: Hey!!!! Not funny!!!]

[Sam: Yes it is! You're my prisoner.]

[Dan: Let me out!]

[Sam: No :)]

[Dan: It's cold and dark and creepy in here!]

[Sam: Deal with it :P Now what to do with you?]

[Dan: ...!? Move yo tits, woman!]

[Dan: Please?]

[Dan: Hello?]

[Dan: Okay fine, I can just keep thumping you until you move.]

[Sam: PLEASE do!]

[Dan: Hmph. I'm looking up psychiatrists for you right now on my phone.]

[Sam: Don't be mean! These boobs aren't gonna move themselves :P They're pretty heavy, dontcha know?]

Samantha felt pretty evil, but it was an exotic sort of power, being able to trap someone with just her breasts. Poor Dan, all alone in a cave with the world's biggest tits blocking his escape. He hadn't known that when he signed up to play with her boobs, she would use her boobs to play with him! The idea to do something like this had occurred to her during the farm incident, when he was locked in the house. What would it have felt like to do it on purpose? Now she knew. It felt great! Poor Dan.

[Dan: I'm just sitting here. Alone. In the Dark.]

This was also an opportunity to get something off her chest that had been weighing on her for a long time.

[Sam: You have to promise me something.]

[Dan: A promise? I'm under duress! xD No court of law would hold it valid]

[Sam: No matter how big I get, you'll always be my friend. Promise?]

[Dan: What are you even worried about that for?]

[Sam: PROMISE???

[Dan: I promise.]

[Sam: Good. I'll hold you to it.]

[Dan: Aren't you going to move now?]

[Sam: Who said anything about that?]

But she relented. She shifted her enormous bosom away from the cave, and out into the grassy clearing. Dan poked his head out of the cave and stuck his tongue at her. "Never again! You hear me?"

She stuck her tongue back out at him. "My boobs made me do it!"

Just then, an enormous crack rang through the clearing. Samantha had time to process "Uh oh" in her head before she felt her body jerked forwards. She planted to her feet and skidded to a halt.

"Whoa." Righty had done some damage. Evidently there had been a network of tunnels or caverns beneath the clearing as well, and Righty's colossal weight had been too much for these natural structures to support, after all of the rain. Lefty still sat in the grassy glade majestically, but Righty was a tit in a ditch. It had crushed through the ceiling of the underground caves and found itself in a large cavern that had been hiding underneath the surface. Even so, its enormity overflowing the cavern completely, both too wide and too tall for the space that gravity had tried to make it occupy. Breast overflowed the sides in every direction, like a muffin or cupcake that had swollen over the top of the cup when baking. Even though a great majority of her breast height had fallen into the depths, the great pale mound of flesh was still too tall for her to see over, at some ten feet above the ground. Righty quivered in its new container, like it was feeling gleeful, proud of the wreckage it had caused.

"Awwww. You killed it!" Dan said.

Samantha was a little mortified, but it was hard to feel that bad with all of the sensations her breast was feeling, filling the cavern to overcapacity. The cool and slimy walls, the stale and thick air that was compressed against her, it was terrific.

"Lefty got left out this time." Dan said.

"Yeahhh she'll live. You think anybody will notice?"

"That your breasts yet again destroyed something precious?"

"Well, when you put it like THAT."

"Can you get out of there?"

"Don't make me sound like a truck in the mud! This is easy. The cave might not survive, though. Apologies."

That was all talk, though. She could tell she was wedged in there pretty well. She bent down and gathered as much boobage as she could and gave it a tug. Just as she had feared, her breast mass was largely unresponsive. Dan took note of this, but said nothing, for which she was appreciative.

Busty girl problems. When your tits are so gigantic that you get stuck in an underground cave that your boob created. It was further evidence that the world simply wasn't built to accommodate a girl with such an expansive bust. As far as Samantha was concerned, however, that was the world's fault and it had better learn to deal with it. She wasn't going to shrink any time soon. Quite the opposite! And if that meant wrestling her boob out of a cave every now and then, then by golly, that was a price she was willing to pay!

With renewed determination, she dug her feet into the soft ground and again gathered as much breast as she could. With a heave and a ho, the ground groaned as her breast fought for more space than was available. Slowly but surely she could feel her mass grinding against the cave walls, cracking them and smoothing them as her titanic udder was worked free. She had to steady herself so as not to drop her breast, awash as she was with the sensations of the too small cave and the too big breast. She was going to leave a lot of debris in her wake with this one, as the groans of the rock intensified. Her breast tried to resist her strength, but she was its master still, and it was going to obey.

Struggling backward, Samantha eased her breast out of the hole in the ground, and then with a giant POP her girth came free. She had the presence of mind to heave her breast to the right as her momentum carried her backwards and she fell on her butt. Righty landed safe and sound on the lip of the new chasm. The gaping hole was situated between her two goliath breasts now, a great big scar in the ground.

She peered down into the area where sunlight hadn't fallen in a very long time. It was very beautiful down there. The rocks glowed eerily, and all the different layers of gray and muddy brown were a beautiful mosaic of the earth's history.

"Could you move your fat tits? I can't see."

"Sorry, here you go."

After they were done looking, they called it a day and hiked through the woods back home. Samantha hoped Juliana's claim was true and no one would visit there while they were still here. The damage she had caused was kind of hard to miss.

Day five, Wednesday, contained ghost stories.

"Dan. DAN!"

Urghhh. Dan awoke and rolled on the massive breast until he was facing Samantha. Her gorgeous eyes were peering at him through the shadows of her massive bra cup. "It's Wednesday!"

She had let him sleep in today, but he was still tired. He just wanted to roll over and lay his head on the best pillow in the world, but he knew she wouldn't let him. Her bust, her rules, he guessed. He sat up groggily. "What do you want to do today?" He asked.

"Well, I really want to get clean but since it's so muddy, that's probably something we should do tomorrow, in the river."

We? Dan was really liking the sound of that!! Tomorrow needed to hurry up! He checked off the mental checklist. "Well after the river, that's just about everything the ranger recommended to us. All that's left is the ghost stories thing, and that's not until tonight."

"Okay well, how do you want to kill time?"

"The same thing we do every night, Pinky."

"Reading while fondling my boobs?"

"Sounds like a plan! This is nice, relaxing out here in the fresh air. The birds chirping, the breeze blowing, the boobs soft and cuddly. I'm glad we did this vacation."

They read and chatted on and off for the rest of the day. After dinner, it was closing in on night time. It was probably time to start heading over to Spooky Tavern so that they could mingle and be in seat by the time the ghost stories started. It might take them a little while to get over there because they had to allow for Samantha and the inconveniences that came with her size.

Wandering through the campsite was weird. The campsite had specifically portioned off their area so as to limit campers to one side and not have to manage the whole camp when it was mainly empty, but they had made an exception for Dan and Samantha once they had discovered who their campers were. This placed the duo in no man's land, just the way they both wanted. It also made it a fair hike to where everything was going on. Fortunately, they could wander around the lake shore to get closer, in order to minimize the damage Samantha caused to the establishment. Walking along the lake was interesting with Samantha. EVERYTHING was interesting when it concerned Samantha.

She had to walk close to the water's edge because the shore actually wasn't big enough to contain all of her. To avoid the tree line, one breast was on land and one was by sea. Her right breast was making all sorts of waves in the ordinarily calm lake as they walked. Dan wondered what it felt like, having one half of your body scraping against the ground and then the other half of your body pushing through water. He wanted to ask her but figured that discussion could get

awkward fast.

The Tavern was situated along the lake. It was an old stone building with a chimney and glass windows. It was a look straight out of a fairy tale, and seemed to be well preserved. The mortar between the rocks had cracked in a few places, but nothing unserviceable. The gray slab building was quaint and charming, and made Dan wonder how it had been labeled "spooky". Was that the story they were going to hear tonight?

Once again, it was hard not to try and measure the structure up to his friend's preposterous assets. No comparison, like usual these days. A single breast could have flattened the establishment with ease. It was small enough to have been built ON one of her breasts.

Next to the tavern there was a huge circle of logs situated around a fire pit, perfect for sitting in a circle and listening to a central speaker. There was already a fair crowd there, sitting and chatting with one another. Conversation all dropped off as they neared the ring. Everyone was sitting there and staring at the massive globes that had just entered the clearing. Mouths fell open and eyes boggled.

"Oh no!" Dan exclaimed. "We forgot to put your bra back on!"

"Dang. I was hoping you wouldn't realize that. At least it took you this long. Too late to go back!"

"Samantha!!"

"What? They're just nipples! Who cares what size they are! I got em. You got em. They got em. Yeah, so mine are really big. But I'm camping and the nips are going to remain free. They'll survive."

They weren't close enough for anyone to hear them yet, but Dan was wondering how she was going to even fit in the circle. He hoped that the party wouldn't be taken inside the tavern because there was just no way that his friend could join them.

"You'll be me ambassador tonight?" She asked. "It's hard for me to get close to people."

Dan appreciated the double meaning. With a laugh, he nodded. She stopped moving and let him go first to do all the talking. He walked up to the crowd. "Hello everyone! I'm Dan and this is my friend Samantha. You might know her from...elsewhere."

One of the men in the circle slowly nodded. Nobody had even looked at Dan when he had started speaking. All the gaping was still directed at the tremendous nipples that Dan knew were towering over his head somewhere behind him. He had to fight the urge to look himself.

"So where can we sit?"

Everyone in the circle slowly turned their incredulous looks upon him. The boob girl and her servant wanted to hear the ghost stories? One gentleman offered his seat. "She can sit here, I'll move over there." He said.

"Thank you!"

Dan wandered on back, past the obscene globes. He had to resist reaching out to touch her now that they were in public. Their warm mass was just so inviting! She was waiting for him, with a huge Cheshire grin.

"How are they? Speechless? Dazed? Confused?"

"Uh huh. Probably afraid, more like it."

Samantha's cheeks pinkened, but her grin inched a bit wider. "I'll take it. Do we have a seat?"

"Yes, but it's on the forest side I'm afraid. You might have a tight fit."

"Hmm. Okay, do I clear the tavern? Don't want to knock that over!...At least, not in front of so many witnesses..."

"I'll guide you."

Just like back in Nanbriar, he wandered up to the front of her massive protrusions, and rested a hand on them. He was very mindful of that fact that he was completely visible to the other campers. He felt his face flush. Fondling boobs in public. Dan also believed that Samantha privately enjoyed this. The public shock factor. She had gotten too big to do it on a day to day basis as she once could. Fitting in around people just wasn't feasible anymore, but he believed there were remnants of that joy still hidden away in her psyche.

Well, eat your heart out, Sam! He thought. Slowly the massive bust started to move and he wandered with it, resting his hand against the soft house sized pillows. He pushed gently and felt her respond as she swung out around the tavern. They were on the left side of the tavern now, between it and the tree line. Luckily her breasts weren't as fat as they were long, so she should be able to squeak through the two obstacles. He briefly wondered what the view was like from the camp circle. Two gigantic milk tankers maneuvering behind a small tavern.

Finally she had cleared the building, and she turned to look over her shoulder to see the campfire. Steadily backing up like a truck, she maneuvered until she could plant her bottom on the log that had been designated as her seat. In this process, her breasts had angled themselves more appropriately so that they were more or less perpendicular to the log she was sitting on. Slowly she turned until she was sitting side saddle on the log. It was the best she could do since she had to leave her breasts outside the ring.

She giggled. "Hi everybody!"

Dan blinked. Watching her work was mesmerizing. He had forgotten about their audience. He turned around a little sheepishly, and was partially relieved to see that he was inconsequential in the proceedings. Most people probably weren't aware he was even there, against the backdrop of Samantha and her moving mountains.

Dan took a seat on the edge of the log next to hers, so they were effectively sitting together but there was a small aisle between them. Even so, touching her breasts was not only easy, but it was hard NOT to do. If he leaned back in his seat, their ample flanks provided a wonderful

backrest. He decided that it was quite comfortable. He looked over at her, and she gave a small smile. It seemed like she was uncomfortable about something.

"What's up?"

"I can feel the trees." She whispered. "There's not enough room for me here, and they're digging into my puppies. It is soooo hard, trying not to break them." Her voice lowered further. "My right nip isn't in a good position either. There's a tree right THERE."

By now, it was 8 o'clock or so, so an old man in a park uniform came out of the tavern. He froze in his tracks as he saw Samantha.

"Jumpin' Jehosephat!"

Samantha gave a weak wave, and adjusted her hair. Then she gave a sly wink to Dan. She was TOTALLY enjoying this.

The old man regained his composure and then finally dragged his eyes away from the unbelievably large and beautifully pale breasts. He cleared his throat, and hefted an assortment of sticks. "Okay folks, we're gonna get dinner cooking. Y'all each grab a stick, and I'll start passin' out the hot dogs. It's campin' tradition!" Then the old man set about getting the neatly stacked logs in the fire pit roaring into a proper campfire.

Dan grabbed two sticks. He would have to tend to Samantha's dinner as well as his own. He loaded up the two sticks with hotdogs and waited for the old man's signal that the fire was ready. The group chatted, and eventually started cooking their hot dogs and ate them peacefully. Everyone was avoiding the elephant in the room. Multiple elephants. Actually, much bigger than elephants. Samantha was content to let them talk. She ate her hotdog in quiet, and listened to everyone rambling on about other things. She was pretending to be oblivious to all the discrete glances that everyone else in the circle periodically gave her. She was the freak, the weirdo, and she was fascinating to everyone. Even the people that were probably disgusted couldn't help themselves.

Dan settled in against her boob wall, and out of the corner of his eye saw Samantha give him a glance. This was the life! He was quite enjoying her effect on other people. That's right, she's my friend! Finally around 9 o'clock, the old man from the camp site stood up and introduced himself.

"Alright, it seems like everyone is here and it's dark enough, so it's time to start. I'm Leroy Biggs an' I'm here to tell ya a ghost story. Yessir, Camp West Valley has seen more n' its fair share o' things in its day. I'd like ta direct yer attention to the Tavern behind you. Folks call it Spooky Tavern. Ain't a particularly scary buildin', now is it? That's cuz you ain't heard my story yet. Settle in folks, and get comfortable, cuz this is a tale ya want to hear. It began a long time ago, with a man named Douglas Wright."

The crowd listening to the story, but the discrete glances at Samantha never stopped. Not even a thrilling story told by a grizzled old man was more captivating than Samantha's monstrous bosom. The story was actually pretty good! The Tavern had quite a history, apparently! Leroy was really into it.

"An' he knew somethin' was a matter, he just didn't know what yet. Walked up to our tavern, yessir those very steps, and he opened to the door. Slowly. Creeaaaak. DER SHE WAS! MARIN'S GHOST! Hangin' from the rafters by a ghastly rope, jus' like the day she was found! Her eyes were sunken in her face, and her teeth were missing. He was 'orrified. Why 'im! Why was she hauntin' 'im? He fell to his knees and started prayin'. But then Marin turned to look at 'im, eye sockets empty and mouth gapin' wide."

There was a huge crunch that rang out through the clearing, and everybody in the circle jumped, including Leroy Biggs. His eyes twinkled. "She might be here righ' now, just like she was then! When she turned to Douglas tha' night..."

Well, Dan knew better than to attribute that to a ghost. He glanced at Samantha. Her cheeks were flush and her eyes wide, but she gave him a little shrug. "So my nipples might have hardened. Not that I was scared or anything." Poor trees. What had trees ever done that offended Samantha

so much, and warranted such a terrible vengeance?

Day six, Thursday, had bathing.

Dan was looking forward to this day! The promised day for washing these tremendous boobs he had slept on all week. He rolled over and saw her snoozing gently. He could wake her up softly, or do what she had been doing to him all week.

He opted for the option that was the most fun for him. He started prodding the massive breast that he was laying on. First gently, and then harder, and harder, until he was fairly punching the fleshy ground. She hadn't even stirred. Either she was a heavy sleeper, or his size was so insignificant compared to hers that this barely registered. Just another sensation on her great breasts.

He could always fall back on the old trampoline method. He stood up and got some wonderful bounces in. Boobs were great! He felt like a child on a playground as he did some jumping jacks and some pushups, touching his chin to her mass. She was so vast that his ministrations weren't even making it to her torso. The boob flesh over there hadn't even started wobbling. He might need to do it closer to her. He felt like an astronaut fighting low gravity as he walked across the moors of breast meat. Dan nearly jumped out of his skin to see that she was watching him.

"You're supposed to be sleeping!!"

"You were punching me!"

"You should have stopped me! I did all those embarrassing things."

"Yup. Don't let me stop you, please continue! Best wake up call ever. You should try jogging in place for...oh, let's say an hour?" She smiled at him.

Hot damn. What a girl. "No, let's get these mountains clean."

"Yessir!"

After they got dressed and Samantha had gathered a bag of a few things, they wandered over to the river. The Yucati dumped out into the lake, and then continued off on the other side of the lake until it made its way to the ocean. It was originally one of the prime attractions for the settling of the city of Monville, because of its access to all this water. The Yucati was a pretty sizable river, but not full of rapids. The closest part of the river to their campsite was upriver from the lake, that is, the segment where the water was flowing towards the lake.

Samantha was stilled braless, and Dan had noticed this time, but it hardly mattered. The river wasn't a main attraction of the camp site, not when you had the nice lake that served all your needs. You could also get into trouble with the currents of the river. So a reasonably secluded area with access to lots of water. Perfect for cleaning Samantha!

They found a pleasant stretch where Samantha could maneuver effectively. Dan was curious how she wanted him to do this. Traditionally, he would hose her down with a high powered hose, like zoos used to clean off elephants. It was a joke he had made on several occasions. Reaching all areas of her breasts was very difficult any other way! Best to let high powered spray that you could aim do most of the work, and then let water physics and gravity do the rest of the job if anything needed doing. The curvature of her breasts was actually a natural aid to this, because the water clung to them as it fell towards the ground.

He had enjoyed hosing her off in the past, and so had she. It was odd that she wanted to use the river for this now. It wasn't a particularly forceful river, so he wasn't sure why she wanted to do it here as opposed to, say, the lake or just waiting until they got home. Still, he wasn't going to complain about lathering up some tits! He watched her as she carefully eased them into the river. A peculiar effect started to happen. The water wasn't flowing properly anymore. Dan was standing downriver of her, and there was less and less water coming through. She was damming up the river with her massive breasts!

Did she know? This was just the sort of thing she would love. "Hey! Did you know your

breasts are big enough to dam up the Yucati River?"

She turned to look at him, and then peered down at the lower water level on this side of her bosom. She gave him a thumbs up sign. Dan watched as the water slowly drained from this end. That was fascinating.

"Gackkk!" He looked up to see Samantha was standing in a puddle of water. It had built up on her other side and was now overflowing the river banks. All that water had to go somewhere.

"I guess I am a little too big for the river," she laughed. "Just one breast at a time. Okay." She removed one of her breasts, and left the other sitting in the river. The water was still backing up heavily, but it wasn't as bad.

"Okay, you know the drill. Jump!"

She had done this to Dan several times over this trip now, so he had gotten used to it. It was actually a lot of fun, landing on the soft Samantha mattresses. He took the bag that she offered him, and then she cupped her hands in the familiar pose. He climbed aboard and was launch up to her great heights.

The landing was soft and great. He took a moment to appreciate the fact that they were enormous landing pads, and then he opened up the bag she had given him. Inside was an unopened bar of soap. He took it out incredulously, and carried it over to where he could look down at her on the ground.

"What the heck am I supposed to do with this?"

"Clean these boobs, dude!"

"It's a BAR. Of SOAP."

"I know. I packed it."

"I'm supposed to use just this to clean you off? How?"

"On your hands and knees, Cinderella! Stop stalling!"

"You're wayyyyy too big for a bar of soap."

"Thank you."

"No, I mean that I won't even be able to reach all of you. I am stories off the ground right now, how am I supposed to get your flanks."

"Do the best you can. We can finish the job when we get home with that power hose you're so fond of making fun of."

Ahhh pay back. There it was. Teach him a lesson about the chore WITHOUT the ease of the power hose. See if he ever makes fun of it again.

Well, he had best get started. Lot of ground to cover. And there was a whole other tit waiting in queue. Right from the start he knew it was a ridiculous task. She didn't actually expect him to finish, but it was more likely that she was just trying have fun and get her boobs soaped up in the process. He unboxed the soap and took it out. Normal enough, nothing special. He bent down and got on his knees like she had recommended.

At least it wouldn't kill his knees, like the hard floors of a palace in the days of yore! Samantha's boobs were just about the most comfortable surface possible. His knees sank down in the flesh, and he dragged the soap against her skin. It glided against her smooth pale skin easily, the silky breast offering no resistance.

Actually it would probably be better to start from the front and work his way closer to her. Might as well do it properly, even if it was a joke. He stood up and walked to the front of her massive breast.

"Hey!! Why did you stop! Don't leave it like that!"

A tactical error, Samantha! He thought to himself. I hadn't even thought about torturing you back! Maybe he could play with any Obsessive Compulsive Disorder she might have, and really

bother her. That lone streak of soap somewhere behind him was probably driving her nuts.

Dan walked neared the front end of her tremendous shelf of bosom. He didn't want to get too close to the front edge where she started curving downwards. A slip from this height would be lethal. Probably a good view of her enormous areola though. It was easy to forget the dangers of being up here, when you could get sidetracked by the eroticism of just how BIG she was.

He kneeled down again and started to scrub vigorously. He slid the soap bar around, tracing the light veins under her alabaster skin. He used his free hand to spread the soapy film around to distribute it evenly. Lathering up boobs was typically a very enjoyable activity, and it was no different even on Samantha. Just...more work than any other girl he had ever been with. With a regular girl, he would have been done already. As he turned around and saw the vast fields of bosom he still had left to get to, there was so much that it was actually DISHEARTENING. He had a long ways to go. On breast 1 of 2.

He peered down at the burbling river coursing its way around the tremendous teat. It was a fairly shallow river, actually. Only coming up to half her breast height. Dan didn't know the history of the area very well, but he wondered if that was something the settlers of Monville found out later and were disappointed by. How were they going to get their ships up this river when a girl couldn't even fit one of her breasts in it? The fact that he was talking about one of Samantha's breasts notwithstanding.

As he continued to coat more and more of the obscene yards of breast flesh, he started to wish he could make it more of a playful activity. He looked down at himself and decided he was going to have some fun anyway. He stripped off his shirt and walked the distance down her breast towards her main body, wadded up his shirt, and threw it down at her. She caught it and looked up at him, confused. "I didn't tell you stop, Dan! Get back to work!...Nice abs."

Now he was just in his shorts. Well, what the heck, right? He was gonna have some fun. Soap! He had already done a fair portion of the front of her breast. So he started to run. Slipping and sliding, it was like running on a wet, warm, water bed. The soap was so slick and greasy that

he fell, completely messing up all the wax-on wax-off stroke patterns he had made in his efforts to do the job seriously.

He couldn't help but laugh. Soapy boobs were still amazing, even when they were bigger than he was. He tried to stand up, but his feet were having a lot of trouble finding purchase on her oiled up skin. He stood up shakily, thinking he got it, only to face plant into breast. Well that was just as good! He was thoroughly coated in soap now. There weren't too many suds since it was a bar of soap, but it was getting everywhere.

"Hey! Are you having a party on my boobs, and didn't invite me!? Well, incoming!"

Huh? He turned around to see another bag falling through the air and land softly, near him. He reached down and opened it. There were five bottles of shower gel in there. That minx! She had an ace up her sleeve this whole time! He could imagine that she was winking at him. He immediately unscrewed the cap of one and flung as much of it as he could around the tops of her breast. He was going to make a mess.

He started slipping and sliding, careful to not go near the edge. On the river side, it would probably be fine because of the buildup of water, but on the dry side that would be unpleasant, to say the least. He went belly sledding, feeling his stomach slide against her breasts. He hugged her in order to slow down and still went skidding along the frothing soap.

She was mostly covered by the time he was done, and he walked over to the edge on his hands and knees and peer down at Samantha sitting next to the river. Her feet were playing in the overflow of the river banks, and she was reclined but propping herself up with her hands. She looked at him and smiled wildly. "Ready for the next one?" She called?

"Yes!"

Dan wandered over to the river side and bounced experimentally on her chest. "You also make a good diving board!" He called. With a few heightening jumps he launched himself off and slid head first down the wide slope of her breast, picking up speed until his momentum dove him

off into the river.

He resurfaced and Samantha was laughing. "How was that?" She asked.

"Great," Dan said, grinning.

"Well, my other tit needs some love too, so get back to work! Let me swap em out. Then we can go on to the lake and wash me off."

Day seven, Friday, was a campfire day.

When Dan woke, Samantha was sitting there at the ready.

"I know what I want to do tonight. Camping things."

"Camping things? We've been camping almost a whole week. We are in a bra tent. Haven't we done everything 'camping'?"

"Not everything! I want to light a fire up here." She said. "I said that as a joke before but...now I really want to do it. Tonight. It should help me grow! Pleaseeee?"

She was asking him because he was going to have to do all the work. Like he could refuse! Help her GROW? She was out of her mind if she thought he would say no! Then again, he mused, she seemed to be fairly insecure about that. The events of the cave the other day were an indication. She hadn't mentioned it or brought it up again or anything, but Dan was certain that text she had sent was straight from the heart. "No matter how big I get, you'll always be my friend. Promise?" Of course he said yes!...If he was truly honest with himself, he hoped to be more than friends at some point. Dan was not in the habit of being honest with himself about something like that. All that mattered was that she was awesome, her boobs were awesome, and hanging out with her was awesome. 'Nuff said.

"Of course I'll help you build a fire! So you just want to relax today."

"By relax you mean do nothing, then yes. But I think tonight will be fairly eventful."

The rest of the day was spent idling around, each with their books and each other's company. Samantha was a little distant, though. Dan realized that it was taking all of her willpower not to pick him up, hurl him at the ground, and demand that he fetch the fire supplies. Today was a limbo while she waited for the night. Was that because she had some notion that campfires were only proper when done at night? She wanted to set the scene appropriately? Knowing how obsessed she was, he admired her restraint. For the girl whose boobs were everything to her, sitting here all day must have been painstaking. The sun was finally starting to set, and it was officially the twilight hours of the evening. "Well, it's about time we cooked some s'mores, don't you think? For that," Dan said, "we'll need a fire."

Her smile was radiant. "I think you're right."

He stood up and wandered out from under her bra. He could never get used to it. He was walking on a BREAST. His friends jaw-droppingly huge BOOB. He had just SLEPT on it. Now they were going to build a fire on it! It was so soft and warm. It was a shame that he had to go down to the ground to get what he needed. He could stay up here forever!

He wandered around the enormous bra cup and found its stupendous size was intimidating. He found the rope and gave it a few tugs to make sure she was holding on to it, and lowered himself down, walking downwards and backwards, wading through soft boob mass until he was on the ground. Then he set about gathering what he would need for a campfire.

He was glad he had brought his own logs to the campsite, because the other wood in the forest was probably water logged and useless now. He retrieved a whole heap of wood, since he didn't want to come back down. Then he retrieved some food and supplied and bundled it all up in a bag. He put the wood in a separate bag, and tied both bags together. Then he tied it to the rope and gave it a few sharp tugs. He watched as it was lifted high to the top of the mountainous breast and vanished over the swell. A few moments later, the rope came whipping down from on high and settled down at full length. He grabbed it and gave it a strong tug and let her lift him, as

effortless as it probably was for her.

Ah, walking on breast again! What a wonderful experience! "Where do you want it, just...here?"

"Doesn't matter. It's all me, after all." She was grinning widely as she watched him take the wood out of the bag.

True. There was breast everywhere, and it was all her. He assembled the logs and took out a firestarter. It was a specially treated pinecone that burned slowly and would light the other logs on fire. He placed it in a good position, and lit it. He stepped back and sat next to Samantha and they both watched the pinecone blaze away. Finally, one of the underbellies of another log charred and caught flame. The boob camp fire was a go.

Dan and Samantha made talk, but he noticed that her eyes never left the fire. Slowly the other logs were starting to blaze as the fire started to spread out from the nest of wood where he had placed the pinecone. He could tell that its progress wasn't fast enough for her. Finally the wood pile was fully ablaze, resting on her boobs. The fire started lapping at her skin.

"Oh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh."

Dan's world trembled mightily. No, just the massive breasts. Samantha was clutching her bosom intensely as she swelled. But then he just kept shaking as his seat continued to shudder. He had expected her to grow in a burst, but she wasn't stopping! Larger and larger and LARGER. How much bigger was she going to get from just this little fire? He looked back at her. He had never seen her eyes look so feral and wild, with the flames dancing in their dark pools. She was biting her lip so hard that she had drawn blood, and hadn't even noticed.

The flesh beneath him was boiling hot as he felt the breast pump bigger and bigger beneath him. He peered over the expanse and watched her other enormous breast grow before his very eyes. It must have been some pent up growth they needed to express. Their switch to heat activation seemed to be doing wonders. He glanced at Samantha again and her eyes were crossed. He had

best not disturb her. He peered over the edge and watched as the motorhome slowly grew further and further away. Turning to the other breast again, he could see her growing closer and closer to the line of trees in the distance. She was filling the clearing more and more, with each passing second more pounds of breast were added to the already absolutely gargantuan tits. They were going to run out of room soon!

It was incredible, sitting her on expanding breast. Feeling the skin beneath him stretch, and knowing that Samantha was bigger than she was just a second ago. The Samantha of five minutes ago could be considered puny, now.

Gently he laid himself out on his back and spread his arms and legs. The enormous boobs pulsed beneath him as Samantha fulfilled her desires, gaining mass in all the right places. What a girl! Was it just his imagination or was the sky getting closer? He felt completely at home on the incredible bosom. She probably never wanted to stop growing. Heat was needed for growth now, as opposed to cold, but her desire was the second ingredient. Suddenly, he had an idea. He rolled back over and sat up. He peered down at Samantha.

"God, you are so big, Sammy. So fucking huge. The biggest tits in the world. And getting bigger and bigger! Keep going!"

The breasts surged extraordinarily. Samantha herself shook independently from her eager bosom. She whipped a hand around and crushed it against her mouth. Her eyes clamped shut and she threw her head down to her boob surface.

"I can't believe how massive you are. Your tits keep getting fatter and fatter. I've never seen anything so sexy in my life. The chick with the boobs that just keep growing and growing."

Another tremendous surge of growth. She clamped another hand over her mouth, but her eyes flashed open. They were glowing in the setting sun and ablaze from the firelight. There was such an intense look of pleasure and desire. It was a sight that he would never forget, her staring into his soul with pure lust and passion. She was staring up at him, locked in eye contact, pupils

completely dilated. She was imploring him to continue.

"You could crush a house before. A whole fucking house! Single breast! Most incredible thing I have ever seen, and you nearly crushed me in the process! Remember that? I was trapped. By your boobs." Dan was raving frantically now. "And that was weeks ago. You didn't stop growing. You NEVER stop growing. Always bigger. All the time! Every time I see you! Holy cow, she's gotten bigger! My friend with the tits SOOOOOOOOO big she can't live in a normal house! I wonder what you could crush now!? Samantha with the fucking big tits!"

Her breasts were trembling, growing faster than ever. Samantha's eyes were huge as she stared at him. There was a savage intensity in her expression. Her brain was so overtaxed with the sensation so her growth and trying to listen to every word he said that she had forgotten to blink in some time. Crimson blood was starting to drip from between her hands on her mouth, and she must have been biting her lip very hard underneath. She was lying completely still in pure rapture as she listened to him speak. As he egged on her growth.

"You've thought about it, haven't you. All the damage you could cause. You never forget. You CAN'T forget. Else things get obliterated. You're too fucking big for life as we know it, and yet you can't wait to grow another inch. Another yard. Another mile, some day. That's what you want, isn't it? Bigger than anything. You've outgrown WHALES, for goodness sake. And look, still your breasts swell before our very eyes! Faster and faster and FASTER! You're not gonna fit in Nanbriar anymore after this! You thought it was hard before, but look at the size of these goddamn tits now. You broke that poor guys car, but the next time he sees you, he's gonna feel lucky it wasn't his house! You've outgrown bras, but have you ever outgrown a neighborhood? You have tonight, Sam!"

The expression on her face. It would haunt his dreams for years. Her cheeks were burning red, her hair was shimmering gently in the flickering light, and her eyes were locked on his own with absolute yearning. Her carnal desires were all consuming. She was drinking in his every word and they were adding inches to her bust. And still she grew. There was crunching and crashing

in the background. It sounded like she had grown into the tree line. The tremendous heaps of Samantha would not be denied this free reign of rampant growth. Dan couldn't look away, though, he was mesmerized by her beautiful hazel eyes.

He patted her heaving bosom. "Enormous just ain't a big enough word for your beauties anymore, Samantha. You'll have to think of a new one. You're colossal. I don't even know how we are going to get down. We might be stuck up here. And you'll just keep growing and growing and growing."

The next surge was explosive, shaking Dan off his perch on his knees and forcing him to flop onto the boob. The light was suddenly snuffed out. All this shaking had finally dislodged the logs and the flames had died with the sudden collapse. He felt her growth slow and then finally stop. Still, he could feel her heart racing, even through her boobs. It was pounding, drumming a beat against his skin as he was partially enveloped by her doughy mass. They lay there like that in the darkness for some indeterminate amount of time. Her breathing slowly returned to normal, and her heart rate did so very slowly as well.

Neither of them said anything. What was there to say?

Day eight, Saturday, the duo needed to return home.

Dan didn't wake up until around midday. When he rolled over, Samantha was watching him but glanced away quickly, like she didn't want him to know she had been looking at him. Her cheeks were a little pink. Weird. Also, Dan's stomach was growling. The never did get around to actually eating those s'mores last night! Oh well, he couldn't complain about how events turned out. He stretched and got up, and discretely tried to check just how large she was without making a big deal about it. She must have grown another 30 feet in forward projection, at least. Chalk her up to a nice 150 foot projection. Goodness gracious, girl! How big were you going to get! He stifled a smile, and turned back to her. She did the "avert her eyes" thing again. Odd. He gestured

at the rope and she nodded. By unspoken agreement, they were going to have lunch on the ground today.

The plan for getting home was a lot simpler than the plan for coming to the camp site. Since they didn't have anywhere particular to be, they could take the long way home, out of the way of the city. Dan packed up the campsite and Samantha watched him.

Finally they were ready to go, though neither of them wanted to leave. It had been a pretty fantastic week. Dan was finally starting to be honest with himself about his feelings. Last night...that had been special. Oh well. It wasn't a problem yet.

"I guess we can't go through Nanbriar, huh?" He asked.

Samantha glanced at him with...what was that? Relief? Gratitude? Quickly replaced with an angelic smile of such serene happiness that Dan felt unworthy.

"I got bigger!" She said happily.

As soon as Samantha neared her trailer park, she knew she hadn't been let off the hook for partially destroying the entrance when they left. Well I got news for you guys, she thought cheerfully. I'm gonna need to make it a little bigger again.

She was trying not to think about last night as much as she could. Not when Dan was trailing behind her in the motorhome. That could only make this awkward. She would analyze it every which way once she was by herself. Dan honked at her and called out the window "I'm heading out now. See you Tuesday for the cookout!"

"Yeah, about that. I need you to bring me a digital projector!" She called back.

He gave her a thumbs up, and turned the vehicle around.

As she tried to fit herself into the trailer park again, a heavy sigh came from somewhere

around her right breast. A tall heavysset man appeared. Mr. Haley, the owner of the trailer park. He looked at her sadly.

"Frank told me you were larger, but he either underestimated, which is very difficult to do, or you're even bigger, woman! Stop growing! Our poor entrance can't handle it!"

She laughed. "The only way to make 'em stop is to stop feeding 'em!"

"Don't think I haven't thought about it! What are we going to do with you?" he was laughing now. "I wish I had a normal trailer park. Where you had to worry about drunk cowboys at two in the morning. You know. Regular life. Not having to worry about your womanly features breaking our stuff. You'll be at the cookout, yes? Any idea what you're contributing? We could always use more teriyaki."

"Yeah I'm coming! No, I already have an idea. A good one, I think. I'll let you know tomorrow."

"Can do."

Samantha was having a lot of fun today. Lots of food, people laughing, the aromas, it was a great day. Dan was off mingling with her trailer park neighbors, and having a good time. It was getting dark though, almost time for her event. She had set up the digital projector to point in the vicinity of her trailer. The area in front of her trailer, actually. Her chest area.

She was in love with her new size. What a feeling to be so HUGE!!! Even the trailer park neighbors who were used to seeing her all the time had been stunned by her growth. Bigger and bigger. She was going to need more of the trailer park soon!

For the most part, her fellow trailer park denizens treated her newly attained size with an air of resignation. Her exceptional growth wasn't something they could control, and was something they had come to expect. Some people were disheartened that she had grown so vast on her trip,

and she could understand that. They were thinking about their own houses and the limited space in the trailer park. She didn't care. If she got her way, she was going to fill the whole place from top to bottom with her tits. It was up to them if they wanted their trailers buried under the ocean of tits, or if they decided to move out by then.

She didn't tell the people her plans, of course. That was information which wouldn't win her any friends. She had to live with them after all, and she did like most of them. They were all nice enough, at any rate. But none of them were worth more to her than her constant growth.

She had been tempted to make a tent out of her bra again. She had definitely loved doing that over the trip! What an amazing sensation, fitting inside your own bra! Having people throw an entire party in her bra? Samantha bit her lip at the thought. Her massive cups. But these people weren't Dan. They didn't share her obsession with her breasts, and they would probably just think it was weird. She was a little turned on by the thought, though. Someday, maybe, she would get that accomplished. Her next bra should be even roomier, so it might be easier to sell the idea then. She hoped she needed a new one soon.

With the remote, she clicked on the projector. "Okay everyone! Get your dinner and gather round! Tonight's feature is going to begin!"

She waited for everyone to assemble, and she pressed play on the player. The image was projected onto her breasts, providing her service to the cookout as an enormous movie screen. She didn't need to watch the movie because she knew this one by heart. She didn't have a prayer of being able to see it from here anyway. Still, she found the idea incredibly erotic. Movie theater breasts. She wondered if she could have a career in that. She was going to have to start thinking along those lines someday. What use were giant tits like hers to other people? She might have to get really creative. She was totally okay with that. She was an expert in giant-boob-related fields.

It was thrilling to look out over the crowd and people and see everyone staring at her monumental bust. They were watching a movie on her! It was unreal. Another dream fulfilled. She searched the crowd for Dan. He was sitting in the grass with a hamburger, watching the film. She

gave him a wink, and he gave her a nod as if to say "Good one, Sam!"

That felt good. Her feelings for him were...complicated. And very strong. She couldn't stop thinking about that night. All those things he had said to her. She couldn't have stopped growing if she had wanted to. Each word he had said had been like a dagger of lust and eroticism to her. He had talked dirty about her breasts. She was a little woozy just thinking about it. Things were so much better when she had someone else who appreciated her bust the same way that she did! It was a different feeling, not being lonely. Dan, Dan, Dan. What was she going to do with him? She knew what she WANTED to do with him. Still, a problem for another time. She just had this week of relaxation left, and she was determined to use it effectively and worry free.

After this week, she had to go back to school.

Chapter 06: College

Samantha was a sophomore in college. She was a quite talented student, and always had been, not that many people had bothered to find out. She was a Physics major, and usually enjoyed the work it pertained, although she wasn't really into it. At the moment, Samantha felt abysmal about school. There was only a day left of summer break, but she would have been content to sit out the rest of her life lazily on her laptop, letting her breasts grow and grow into oblivion.

When her breasts weren't concerned, Samantha wasn't a particularly motivated individual. The only reason she was going to college in the first place was so that she could squirrel away a degree. She had no specific plans in the works for using it, but it would be nice to have, should the need arise.

There had been one consideration and one consideration only when she chose her college: ease of access. If one couldn't attend the college classes, then everything else was moot. For a girl of Samantha's proportions, attendance capability was a very real concern. Considering that she had to walk there, the choices had been narrowed down to Monville located collegiate institutions, of which there were several, but no major ones. The second criterion was an institution that didn't require Samantha to crash through the city to get there. That left her with one relatively decent option: Culpopa Coastal College.

CCC for short, Culpopa also had one other thing in abundance: land. On the very fringe of the city outskirts, it didn't need to contain itself as much as other universities tended to do. Sprawling hills and walking paths were part of the Culpopa experience, and was an acquired taste for some of the students. Samantha thought she had chosen well, all things considered. CCC hadn't felt so lucky, and had made no secret of that. What college wanted to deal with a teenager of

government interest who also happened to have the most gigantic boobs the world had ever seen? By a lot. No, thank you! Fortunately and unfortunately, CCC's hands were tied. From a legal perspective, if you chalked tremendous boobs up as a handicap, as lawyers were expected to do, the school was required to provide as well as it could, and couldn't refuse service for a disability. Samantha was NOT amused. If anything, everyone else was disabled for NOT having a bust size close to hers. She took it sitting down, though, and didn't make a fuss. Breast discrimination. That wasn't the first time!

A truck horn honked, derailing Samantha's train of thought. She sent a text to Dan telling him that she had heard his horn. It meant he had finished packing up his truck, and was ready to take her stuff to the campus, and she heard him drive off. Such a sweetie! She got up and batted down the latches on her trailer. She wasn't going to see it for a while.

Her mega breasts shuddered and stirred as she roused them, unbelievably massive and huge. She was at around 160 foot projection from torso to nipple now. A gargantuan nipple that was bigger than her body. As much as Samantha enjoyed thinking about her nipples, it was probably for the best if she abstained right now. All packed and ready to go, she trundled her massive breasts through the trailer park she wouldn't see for quite some time. She surveyed what she could fondly. It was a nice place to let amazing breasts grow, and she would miss it.

It was a long walk, but Samantha had made it many times before. Just never when she was this big! She delighted in fantasizing about her breasts to pass the time for her walk. She had done a lot of growing over the summer, and she was interested to see how the campus sized up to her now. She was certain many of the buildings would fall short of the monumental size of her chest, and that was exactly what she hoped to see. She wandered through the grassy fields on her way to CCC. The edges of Monville were relatively rural, so she could wander through the plains with relative ease. It wasn't like trying to make it to the campsite, and having to fit through the suburbs. She could walk along the outskirts the whole way.

Finally, she neared the tell tale signs of the campus. There were stacked dorms off in the

distance. Naturally, not HER living establishments. The school had seen to making her quite comfortable, given the circumstances. She had volunteered to live with the other students, but everyone knew that wouldn't work. There had been a part of her that had wished they would let her try to fit in one. She was privately disappointed when they declined.

That had been before she destroyed a farm house. That didn't even come close to satiating her appetite either, but bursting a single dorm room apart was...small potatoes now. Now, every time she thought about it, it was a cartoonish image of stuffing a massive breast inside the building, like Bugs Bunny could do. And then of course, her bigger-than-the-building breast would resume its natural size forcefully. She snickered to herself, imaging the walls of the entire dorm complex blasting apart as she expanded back to normal.

Culpopa was a reasonably updated campus community, with some state of the art dorms. Unfortunately, these high rise dorms were not very handicap accessible. Reaching the upper floors was done by elevator or stairs, but only the elevator could be used by someone in a wheelchair. In the event of a fire or some other emergency, the elevator was not safe, and thus the building was not deemed handicap accessible. Which would be fine with residential buildings and not public ones, as long as the university provided dorms that ARE wheelchair accessible for the students that need them. There was a cluster of single floor dorm complexes built for such needs, and this is where Samantha was holed up.

The single room apartment-like design of these dorms made them ideal for many students on campus, but priority was always handed to the students who actually needed the features. After that, it was a rush to get these dorms where you did not have to share a room. Samantha made her own luck by having her own "disability". That, and she was no fool. When it she was touring the campus back in her smaller (relatively) days, she had "accidentally" broken one of the walls of one of the rooms with her tremendous bust. Rather than fix the wall, the university resigned themselves to their fate and let her keep the room that was now spacious enough for her and her monstrous boobs.

Short of that little "modification", the original dorm was largely left untouched. The wall was just removed so that Samantha could let her breasts hang out while she was inside, just like her trailer back home. Inside the dorm was a bathroom, a bed, a desk, and a dresser. Standard material that furnished all the dorms on campus.

The "Orca Complex", as it was called (the dorms were named after sea animals), was situated a little off the main campus, but well within a reasonable walking distance. It was surrounded by fields, and Samantha loved it. The front gaping wall of her dorm opened into a vast expanse of grass that her breasts typically lavished upon, tickled by the breeze. In this way, it was very similar to her home in the trailer park. She was looking forward to resting her meaty mams on her grassy haven. It had been a long walk, and her knockers were really getting heavy!

Her arms were tiring, carrying her elephantine girth. They were sunk into her flesh, completely engulfed by the plushy magnitude, but it was getting extremely difficult. How could something so soft be so heavy? She was grunting with the effort as she neared her dorms. The entire walk had really taken a toll on her.

She finally reached the Orca Complex, to find her dorm already furnished and ready to go. Dan was such a sweetie! He was reclined in a chair inside, reading and waiting for her. He looked up at the source of the earthquakes and gave her a big smile, sending her heart a flutter. She backed up so her body could fit into the apartment, to leave her mountainous bust sprawled out in the grassy meadow. She was finally able to relax her tired arms, and she took her seat.

"Whoa! You're not going to fit in here, miss! You'd best keep THOSE outside."

"I do what I want! But I think you might be right, sir. I'm wayyy too big for this room. High five?" She held up her hand.

"We've been over this before, a dozen times. Is your boobs growing worth a high five?"

"If it isn't, I don't know what is." He gave her a hearty high five. "Heck YEAH! I'm a bit bigger, can ya tell?"

"Not really, actually. You're too big."

"'Too big' shouldn't be in your vocabulary." She reminded him. "I don't think we should keep having that conversation," she teased. "I might just have to muffle that mouth of yours." She gave him a wink.

"You know what I mean. You've outgrown such measurements. It's only been a week since I've seen you."

She pouted. "I'm bigger whether you like it or not."

"I like it."

"You better. Thanks for moving me in!"

"Sure thing. When do classes start? Tomorrow?"

"Yeah..." Samantha answered glumly.

It was evening time now, the day that Samantha had left the trailer park to go to school. The council of Samantha's trailer park home was in session. Twenty odd people sat in a circle in lawn chairs, enjoying the summer night and waiting to get started. Mr. Haley stood up.

"All right. We're all here, how about we get started. Who has an item of business?"

A man named Sean Hatcher stood up. Everybody groaned, but he didn't flinch. "Samantha. I want that girl out." He sat back down.

A woman named Hattie O'Hare stood up. "I want her in. And Hatcher out!" She retook her seat.

The circle laughed, and Haley rolled his eyes. These two never gave it a rest. Hatcher spoke up "It ain't fun and games no more, Hattie! She's getting too damned big and you'd have to be

blind and deaf not to know it. We are running out of room. Both Jim and Alexander had to move this summer on account of her."

"I don't hear them speaking up, though. Just your sweet tones, Mr. Hatcher."

"I come to every meeting, and you always want to talk about that girl's chest, Mrs. Lechman squeaked. "It's indecent, Hatcher." Everyone roared with laughter again, and Hatcher pinked.

A man named Arthur Cornwallis stood up. "It's all fun and games to poke fun at Mr. Hatcher here. We all know he's a loathsome spirit, generally." That was worth a round of chuckles. "But I happen to agree with the man." Cornwallis sat down, and the mood turned serious. It was a proper issue, now. Was Samantha too big? For their park?

Hatcher was emboldened. He stood up again. "It's fair to say I may have been a bit...premature when I was saying word against her before. But this summer, she has gotten lots bigger, and you can't deny it. Our entrance can't even FIT the girl! Every time she comes or goes, we all know it. She just keeps getting bigger too. When she came back from that camping trip, my eyes nearly popped right out of my head. This problem ain't goin' away. We need to kick her out now before she does some real harm."

"What 'real harm' are you referring to? She's a sweet girl," O'Hare said, "wouldn't hurt a fly. She just has...special needs."

"Special needs? She is constantly hurting 'flies'! Every time she's in the news it's all Samantha broke this, Samantha broke that. Just last week she smashed up some poor guy's truck."

O'Hare stood up hotly. "Just you listen here, you asinine oaf! I took that girl in after her parents died. She has nowhere to go, and it's up to us to take care of her."

Hatcher looked at her mulishly. "This ain't your little girl anymore! Nothin' little about her! There's a site with a video you can buy that is about her destroying a FARM, Hattie. I ain't making this stuff up."

"Jesus, Hatcher. When I'm online, I see sports blogs and news articles. What sites are YOU goin' to?" Frank called. The circle roared with laughter, but everyone was shifting a little uncomfortably now. If there was such a video...

"It's our greatest fear. She breaks things. We have always known that," Hatcher persisted. "But now she is so gosh darned big, it's too EASY for her to break things. She's bigger 'n my house, okay? I can't ignore that! That video I mentioned is like watching a horror film! That's our future if we continue to let her live here! She'll squash us all. Remember Lenik? I do." The circle was silent. Hatcher had played his trump card. All eyes shifted to O'Hare, waiting on her rebuttal.

She stood, shaking with fury. "That poor girl never asked for any of this. Shame on you Hatcher, for dragging bygones into this. We've still got plenty of space and that's that. We have never had any problems with that darling girl, and here you are making assumptions about mights and coulds. I could walk into your home and shoot you tonight, but that don't mean I will. Shame on you all. That girl has had nothing but a rough life, all she probably wants is to do the things a normal girl can. What kind of gentlemen are you, turning away a girl simply because her breasts got too big? No MAN I ever heard of! Buck up and give her some hospitality for once. She isn't going to find it elsewhere, so it's up to us to have some manners and welcome her as family." She sat down.

The circle was uncomfortable again. Mrs. O'Hare had that dangerous Southern mother ability to make people properly ashamed of anything. Hatcher's trump card wasn't enough this time.

Mr. Haley stood up. "Alright, alright. Samantha is welcome here, we all know that. She's a nice girl, and we all like her." He turned to O'Hare. "The man has a point, Hattie. She IS big. But...not TOO big for us, not yet. We still have the space for us. We can hold off this discussion until we don't, if that day ever comes. Who knows what the future will bring. So far, we've just had to move a few people around, and put up with a busted entrance to accommodate her. I'd say that isn't too bad. We can re-evaluate at a later date. Now...next matter?" Haley sat down. As the

owner of the park, he had final word.

Frank stood up. "Where are we on the pond issue?"

Samantha sat up and yawned, then turned off her alarm. Day one of class. Ugh. At least her morning routine wasn't a huge deal. She looked pretty good without having to try, so she didn't waste her time when she could use those precious minutes sleeping. She combed her hair, brushed her teeth, and threw on something decent. She gently unhooked her bra from the pole, and wrapped it around her back. She found the hooks blind and lined up all five, snapping them into place. She grabbed her backpack with her laptop in it. Then she looked up to survey the damage.

It was as she had expected, her breasts had made their presence known in this dorm. In her eyes, her bust was still extremely tiny, but even she had to admit to herself that she wasn't as tiny as she had been when she last tried living here. She was facing the same problem that she did at her trailer. There was just so much of her and not enough of the dorm. Her breast had gotten immensely fatter and wider over the course of the summer, and even entering the abode meant dragging more tons of her tits in through the opening just so she could maneuver around. Those firm and supple breasts of ginormous magnitude were more than a match for the structure, squashing themselves into the open frame and then exerting enormous pressure on the roof as the rest of her bust tried to follow suit. She didn't think the roof would last the semester, not with her breasts at work. And of course, she had every intention of getting even bigger.

She edged herself out of the dorm and peered around. There were people walking around off in the distance, all stealing glances at her bosom. Samantha suppressed a laugh. She was just too much woman for these people. No matter, that was something she was used to. The sunlight felt good on her pale monstrosities, so it was a good day. She had best get to class before she was late.

There was a field that she took to get to the building where her classes were held for her. All of her classes were scheduled for one room, the most conveniently located for her coming from

her dorm, so that she didn't have to move around too much. That way both she and the university didn't have to worry about accidents with all the little people.

Campus life steered clear of her, with good reason. People had always avoided her on principle, ever since she started developing. Most people had no imagination, so a little boobage went a long way. As soon as she passed that threshold of normal, she was a freak, and to be shunned. She could understand people being legitimately afraid now, as the earth rattled beneath her monstrosities. She figured that back when she was smaller, it had something to do with being socially acceptable. Girls were jealous or spiteful, and guys didn't want to be labeled as the pervert who digs the girl with humongous boobs. Thankfully she had Dan now. Well...not completely. She would have to work on that.

She neared the PHYS building that she took all of her classes in. Her breasts dwarfed it completely. It had been a few months since she had last been here, but had she really gotten that big?! The building wasn't THAT small, a good three stories and a nice cube shape. Her breasts situated next to it were clearly visible around it. Someone standing on the roof of the building would have to climb UPWARDS to get on her breasts. It was deeply satisfying.

Samantha maneuvered until she was standing by the building, next to the window to her classroom. The entire wall had a huge window running along it, but it was separated into individually openable window segments. Fortunately each section opened fairly wide, and one had been left open for her, which was thoughtful. Also weird, for the first day. They were usually left closed, and she had to tap on one to get someone to open it from the inside. Pressing her back up against the wall, she stepped on her pale breasts and levered herself upwards. Swinging her legs through the window, she slipped inside. This was why she never wore skirts. Not that she thought anyone was looking at her legs. Her gigantic bosom rested on the ground outside, but she herself was now standing just inside the building. She hoisted herself up on the air conditioning unit beneath the windowsill, and got comfortable.

Samantha was used to not being able to fit in buildings, but in order to attend class she

had to develop a means for her to be in the room without ALL of her being in the room. Her breasts extended from her chest, bulging out the open window and swelling to their obscene breadth beyond the window panes. The entire window vista was a view of her pale globes. She couldn't maneuver very well, and couldn't fit insofar as to use a desk, so she had to sit on the radiator that was just inside the window. If she moved too much further into the room, her breasts would try to come with her, and that's a battle against bricks and glass that they would win.

In honesty, Samantha loved this set up. She was so massive that her breasts could be resting on the ground OUTSIDE when she was INSIDE. No other girl EVER could boast that. The loss was that she could no longer stroke her enormous breast flanks. She enjoyed doing that quite a bit, but she was separated from much of her babies by glass. The open window nearest to her of course was completely filled with her elongated breasts trying to force their way inside. She also was quite excited, trying to imagine the view from the other classrooms. She was so big, all they could probably see were her boobs as well.

The position she was sitting in wasn't as awkward as it might appear. She was able to lean against the back wall of the classroom. She couldn't turn fully away from the window though, because her breasts were in that direction, so she was at an angle towards the window but she could easily view the rest of the classroom, including the front where the professor was going to be.

It was safer for everyone if Samantha didn't move too much about campus. To suit her needs, the university scheduled her classes in this room. She had long ago thought about simply setting up web cams for her classes, but she hadn't proposed the idea to the university. There was no fun in that! She would miss seeing all the shocked faced. Samantha scanned the room and counted the slack jaws and the wide open eyes. Yes, these are my boobs, Samantha thought cheerfully. She reveled in it now, her power. Her body and its impact on the masses. She had not always had that healthy attitude. She took out her laptop so she could at least pretend to listen to the professor, who should start lecturing soon.

The first day of school always made her sad. There had been a time when she was a normal girl. At least, everyone had thought she was normal. Back when she still had parents. They had been wonderful people, and nine year old Samantha had been very happy. One of her clearest young memories was of one of their trips to the Monville Gardens. They went a lot because her mother had loved walking through the trees. She remembered her mother handing her a small knife and showing her how to carve her initials into a tree, so that whenever she came back, she would remember that she had been there. Samantha had selected her tree very carefully, and carved her small initials into the base of a splendid oak. SD :) Not long after that, both of her parents would be dead.

It was on the first day of school, and her father was driving her to drop her off. Her mother had decided to come along to see her darling off on the start of the year. At an intersection, a car came out of nowhere and crashed headlong into their vehicle. Mr. and Mrs. Duquesne were no more, but Samantha walked away from that crash unscathed. It was here that doctors might have realized Samantha's physical make up was special, but it slipped through the cracks in light of the tragedy. Her darkest hour was also the first inkling of her body's strange physiology.

A family friend by the name of Hattie O'Hare filled in for the late Duquesnes. She had been a good role model, and kept Samantha fed and got her to school on time, so Samantha was very appreciative. But normalcy could never return. Life had...other plans.

Samantha started to grow.

At first it was cute.

"Samantha needs a bra! Look at the darling girl, all grown up!"

Samantha remembered hearing those words, all those years ago. She had started growing very young, but it had meant little at the time. But she didn't stop there. Soon, she started to outdistance the other girls. There was another Samantha in her class, so she had always been called "Samantha D", or "Sam D" on account of her last name. Soon, she was called "Sam Double

D". She didn't even know what it meant at the time. She had told Mrs. O'Hare proudly that night, and the loving Miss Hattie stumbled in shock. It wasn't the end of the world, Miss Hattie had assured young Samantha, and mistakenly thinking that Samantha was embarrassed by the new name. Kids outgrow nicknames all the time, after all. She was right, Samantha recalled with a snicker.

It was around this time that another development happened. Samantha broke a pencil on accident. She had just been writing her paper, concentrating, and it had snapped in her hand, between her finger and thumb. Her replacement pencil went the way of the first. Breaking things had gotten a lot easier now than before.

As she continued to grow up, she was fascinated by her ever expanding bust, and it became clear that she was well beyond normal. Finally Miss Hattie thought enough was enough, and took her to see a doctor. Apparently big breasts cause lots of women physical problems, but Samantha had never felt an inkling of those. She had figured out that it was because of her unusual strength, but she had tried to keep that a secret. She had been testing that on her own time as well.

Miss Hattie escorted her to the doctor's office, and they gave her routine physical examinations. Finally, the doctor opted to draw blood. When he stuck the needle to Samantha's arm...it broke. In a panic, Samantha came clean about her observations on her unusual strength.

Her audience was a little disgruntled to say the least. Special needles had to be made, and more rigorous testing performed, but after all was said and done, Samantha got a clean bill of health. Her unusual physiology was noteworthy, but not medically dangerous. The blood tests and news of her would run like wildfire through the scientific community, creating quite the circus, but Samantha didn't pay it much mind over the years. Eventually the government showed up and tried striking up a bargain with Mrs. O'Hare. She was adamantly against the government "sticking their nose into things" but their offer was practical, so Samantha finally made her relent. She was a little guilty about the cost of bras, and being a burden on this very kind woman. The government took on much of Samantha's financial needs.

High school hit Samantha like a ton of bricks. She was rapidly getting freakishly big, and people had definitely started to notice in a bad way. They started to keep her at distance. Meanwhile, Samantha was having increasing difficulty with mundane tasks, like writing on her desk when her breasts overflowed it.

In the end, though, she was grateful. Her bust became part of her identity. It set her apart, having breasts the size that she did. She wasn't the girl with the tragic past anymore, to be pitied, but she was the girl with huge boobs. She had never been a very social person, so the absence of lots of meaningful friends was not a big deal. She had acquaintances, and that was satisfactory.

Discretely to herself, her bosom was making her feel very womanly. There was a lot of pride involved. She was fascinated by their continued growth, and how much bigger she was compared to everyone else. Especially by the standards of normal girls.

The final straw was when Miss Hattie welcomed her home one day and realized that Samantha spanned the entire doorway, bust lightly brushing each side of the frame she stepped inside. That put an end to Samantha's high school days, and at Mrs. O'Hare's vehement request, the government provided her tutoring to accommodate her.

And still Samantha continued to grow. She outgrew living in a trailer with another person and was moved to a separate trailer. Which she proceeded to outgrow as well.

She finished high school, and was accepted into college. Her size was truly, truly astounding by now, and Dan was assigned as her caretaker.

Samantha sat up a little straighter on the radiator and glanced around the classroom. She had been day dreaming and missed a good portion of class. Whatever, it was just a "go over the syllabus" first day kind of class. Not that she paid attention much in other classes! The glances in her direction had died down as class had continued. Most people were in general classroom mode now. There was a pair of brown eyes that kept looking at her over in the corner. They seemed familiar.

Samantha looked out the open window to see her monumental chest. She remembered being able to fit through doors. That had been nice. Outgrowing doors had been nicer. School had been something that was worrisome, but with the expansion of her bust...she was above it. It didn't matter what people thought. People were going to think what they were going to think, whatever she did. She might as well get what she wanted out of it all. Bigger boobs!

Speaking of which, she had some reading to catch up on. She was located in the back of the classroom, leaning up against the back wall, so she was in no danger of anyone peering over her shoulder. And certainly no one would be walking past the window, able to see inside! She opened up the Samantha fan site.

The fan site had been worth endless hours of amusement over the past weeks. She had attempted to read every story about her. It was an offshoot of a much larger "breast expansion" community, a community of people who actually thought like her. It was interesting stuff. She wasn't even close to reading all of the stories yet, but she enjoyed each one tremendously. She had favorite authors who wrote about fictionalized version of herself! She even came across stories with lots of other interesting elements and fetishes that she had never even thought about. Reading them about herself was a different experience, and she was fascinated in spite of herself.

Under the anonymous name moniker of "N33dBIGGERBras", she had started several forums where she had "pretended" to be herself. That is to say, she role played as a girl who was busty and ever growing bigger and bigger, and other users asked her questions, talked dirty to her, and showed general interest in her breasts. Naturally, no one on the other end realized she was the actual Samantha, and that she wasn't pretending. She didn't want to reveal that information anyway, as she was uncertain what that would do. What she was doing, it could hardly be considered role playing. She was exactly who she appeared to be!

It was great. It wasn't as amazing as talking to Dan, but Samantha really enjoyed this avenue to talk about her boobs with other people who were just as enthusiastic. She wished there were more people in real life like that!

"Oh my goodness, I LOVE that site."

Samantha nearly jumped out of her skin. She had been reading a story about her and some genie. She slammed her laptop shut as fast as she could, and felt her cheeks burning. Class had adjourned and she hadn't even noticed. She looked at her interrupter. It was...a girl? She was pretty, and blushing.

"Hello, you might not remember me but...I was the park ranger at the West Valley campsite. I'm Juliana."

She extended her hand. Of course! The nice Park Ranger girl, who loved Samantha's breasts! Samantha was more than a little flustered, having been caught red handed. This nice stranger had learned a whole lot more than she needed to know, that was for sure. Samantha took her hand and shook it, cheeks beet red.

Juliana took the chair that was next to Samantha's radiator. "I'm glad we have class together. I was hoping to run into you here. I'm a Physics major as well." She smiled.

Samantha smiled back. She wasn't really sure what was going on, but smiling at people was usually a good policy.

"I was hoping we could be friends. I'll open your window for you every morning!"

Samantha stared at her. Was it as easy as all that? Some half stranger sits next to you in the back of a classroom?

"S-Sure."

Juliana's smile was radiant. Evidently so.

"Let's get lunch!" Juliana suggested. "...how do you normally do that?"

"I know a guy. I'll meet you outside?"

"You're already outside. Most of you."

Samantha smiled, and eased herself back out the window. She fed her feet through first, being compressed by her bust as she had to force herself into her own chest, and propel herself through the opening. Once she had climbed out, she stood on her tip-toes to peer back inside through the open window to see if she had left anything behind. Seeing nothing, she closed the window as best as she could from the outside. She took out her phone and sent a text to her "guy" at the cafeteria who she had been introduced to as part of the school's special accommodations for her. His name was Ben.

[Sam: 2 for lunch. We'll be there in 5 mins. Thanks!]

[Ben: k]

Samantha couldn't eat in the cafeteria. The typical set up inside was a buffet type display with several different entrees. Ben usually just grabbed a plate of something and brought it outside to her.

The cafeteria actually wasn't that far, but the problem was that Samantha's bra-clad nipples were closer to it than she was. Samantha had done this a thousand times, Juliana kept pace beside her and watched in fascination as Samantha walked the perimeter of her bust, swiveling it with her. Walking in a big orbit, she was turning herself completely around, without moving her breasts from the spot.

Finally Samantha had reached the other side of the grassy glen and was near the cafeteria. Her breasts had more or less remained where they were, huge and ponderous, just spun around. She looked over her shoulder and frowned. The cafeteria had an outside eating arrangement where students could take their plates and enjoy the weather. There was a small picnic table off from the main group that she usually sat. People usually knew better to take her table, but this time it was populated with people. Probably freshmen.

Samantha sighed and flopped in the grass next to her ponderous pontoons. Juliana sat down carefully next to her.

A middle aged man with side burns and in a chef's coat exited the cafeteria through the side door, carrying two plates. He wandered over to Samantha, professionally attempting to avert his eyes from the enormous Samantha Mountains behind her.

"Here you go, Sam."

"Thanks Ben." She gave him a smile, which he returned stiffly, and then he wandered away.

She looked at her plate. Meatloaf! The two sat and ate, and chatted happily.

Samantha thought it was nice.

Over the coming week, the Samantha and Juliana really hit it off. Samantha had a friend, who was obviously into her boobs like she was. They ate together, sat together in class, and did homework together. It was different from being with Dan, somehow. For the year Dan had been around her, until the past summer, she was always aware that he was only there because it was part of his job. Then over the past summer, they both finalized that their relationship became something more. She...still wanted more out of that. She'd have to work on it. But sitting with Juliana was nice. There was no pressure to be somebody, they just enjoyed each other's company. Juliana was under no obligation to hang out with her!

They were currently sitting in Samantha's dorm, working on homework. Well, Juliana was. She was sitting at the table, chewing on her pencil thoughtfully. Samantha had made the mistake of opening up her laptop, and was monitoring replies to "N33dBIGGERBras".

"This guy says I should film myself crushing stuff, like Samantha did that one time."

Juliana looked up. "That was a great video, you should definitely do more."

"You think so?" Samantha felt pleased.

Juliana nodded. "Yep. Take out our engineering building, please. You should also do more

homework."

"You'll give me the answers, right?"

"Only if I get to choose how."

"What do you mean?"

She stood up. "For instance, the answer to the first one is..." And then she started to trace her fingers across Samantha's bust.

Samantha couldn't contain her giggle. She threw a pillow at the other girl. "You just wanted to feel me up, you perv!"

"I'm doing Physics homework! You're the one asking me for help replying to boob role playing stuff. You're the degenerate here!"

Samantha laughed. "I really am. Okay so...x is 2...no that's a 3, 5 point 4. The answer to one is $x = 35.4 \text{ m/s}^2$?"

"You can really feel all that?"

"You have cold fingers."

The girls laughed.

Samantha's alarm clock blared, and she groaned as she arose from her slumber. Then she blinked awake. It was Saturday! The first Saturday of the school semester! That meant football.

Samantha loved football. It has been called "a game of inches", and she had always been a fan of measuring inches. Any sport that obsessed with measuring things was a sport she liked. CCC was not a major university so their football team didn't play in the big college leagues, but they did have a team and a stadium. Their first home game was today, and Dan and Juliana were

going to join her in watching it.

Samantha couldn't fit in the stadium, but that isn't to say that she didn't have the best seats in the house. After a few hours, there was a knock, and Dan came in. He was wearing a football jersey and shorts.

"I hope we win today," he said. "It would be a nice way to start the season." Samantha couldn't agree more.

"By the way, Juliana is coming with us."

"Juliana? Who is Juliana?"

"That would be me." Juliana said, appearing from around Samantha's bust.

Dan blinked a few times. "Hey, aren't you...aren't you the park ranger girl?"

"She's also in my class." Samantha said.

"Cool. Nice to meet you again."

The trio wandered over to the football stadium. "You got the stuff we need, right?" Samantha asked Dan.

He held up the bag he was carrying. Good.

The football stadium was really not that big, designed only to accommodate 15,000 people or so. The Culpopa Collies didn't usually draw even that much. The stadium was designed like a big square, where the corners were not filled in. It was here in one such gap that Samantha set up shop, her tremendous breasts resting heavily on the grass surrounding the stadium, rising up and towering of the bleachers.

"Who is first?" Samantha giggled, noting both Dan's and Juliana's awed looks. She knew she was pretty big, but it still felt good stunning the two in disbelief.

"I'll go first." Dan said.

"First for what?" Juliana asked.

Samantha and Dan laughed at her confusion, and Samantha assumed the position, and catapulted Dan up to the top of her beauties.

"First for that."

"I'm glad he went first."

A rope flopped down Samantha's bosom. Dan had taken it out of the bag.

"You could take the rope like a wuss." Samantha said sweetly.

"No you don't, sister. Given the opportunity, I'm going to land on your mattresses."

"Thatta girl."

Finally the three were up on Samantha's "bleachers". They were pretty high up, and could see the entire football stadium. They had done this over an hour before the game was supposed to start, so there wasn't much of a crowd yet, but the assembled masses that were there were giving them quite a bit of attention. Samantha had expected it. She took this opportunity to try and measure herself against the football field, as she had so often done in the past. Damn, girl, Samantha thought to herself, you'd cover over half of the thing if you laid your breasts out on the gridiron. It gave her a very deep and powerful satisfaction. She wanted to fill a football stadium at some point in the future.

Samantha tremendously enjoyed having Juliana up there. The boob crew had gained a new member. She could feel Dan's height laying across her, his breathing even and powerful. Then she could feel Juliana's shorter but softer frame splayed out across her tit as well. She could feel Juliana's own smaller breasts pressing into her own, soft like hers. That was kind of erotic, Samantha conceded. Another woman was up here, now! Breast to breast! She could feel also Juliana drawing circles and other invisible caricatures upon her breast mass.

The trio talked and lazed about until game time. Samantha was the elephant in the room at these games, but everyone tried to ignore her as best as possible. She was totally cool with that, for she was here for some football. Go Collies!

It was a good game, and by that, the Collies were thumping their opponent pretty badly. It was halfway into the third quarter when the Collies quarterback threw another deep pass that was caught for a spectacular touchdown. Samantha was ecstatic about their new QB showing off his potential, and Dan was on his feet cheering loudly, and threw himself onto her bust in elation. His head landed right near Samantha's. He was laughing.

Football was exciting for the two of them. Samantha could feel her blood pounding in her head from cheering. She could feel Dan and Juliana jumping up and down on her. She could almost feel all the eyes in the stadium on them and the scene they were making, the gigantic tits in the corner. All of it had made Samantha very hot and bothered. She stared at Dan laughing and whooping, and was struck by a sudden urge.

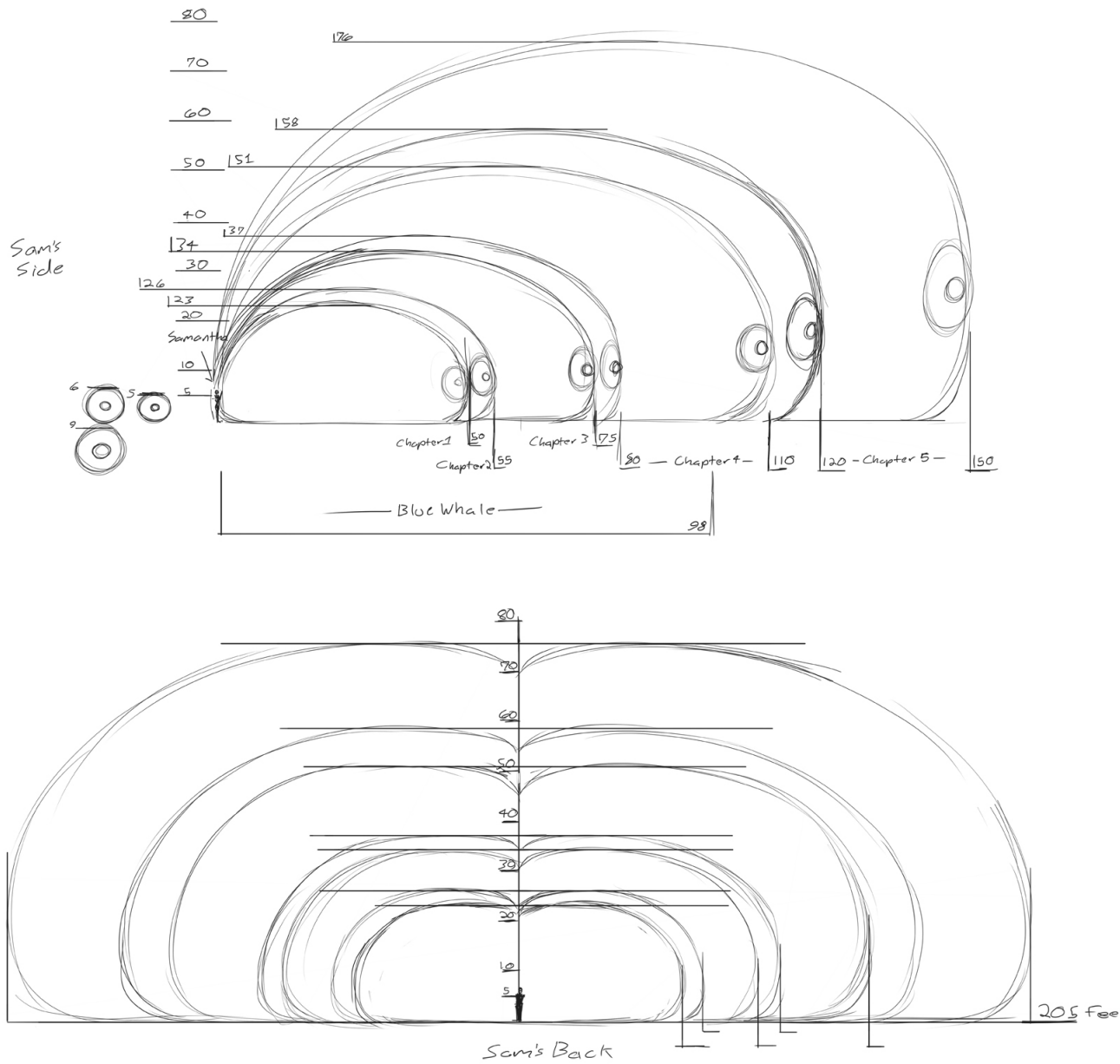
Samantha reached over and grabbed Dan by his shirt, pulling him down to her soft breast. He fell in a heap on her chest, sending sensations throughout her. Samantha his lips to hers, and gave him a resounding kiss. It was electric, more so than anything Samantha had ever felt. At first Dan was stunned, she could feel it, and then he responded with gusto. Samantha felt something roar, deep within her. It confirmed something she had suspected for a while now. Cold, hot, it didn't matter. It was sensation that did it. Whatever activated inner Samantha, and got her riled up. Cold had done the trick for a little while, until it became old hat. Heat had been new, and weird. And now...

That is to say, Dan was a great kisser.

Dan could feel her breasts rumbling beneath them, expanding with her mood. He drew back, breaking the contact.

"Is that what I think it is? Are you-"

Samantha hauled him back in and silenced him with another kiss.



Sizing Up Samantha by Berggie

Chapter 07: The Date

On the campus of Culpopa Community college was a very special lady, and people could always tell where she was. She was in a classroom right now, obvious because of the monstrous breasts that were resting on the lawn, taking up all the available space and then some. This enormous barrier of tit was a great inconvenience to many of the students who wished to take that path, but such mass was hard to argue with. A building across the way was being gently smooshed by the titanic, brassiere'd mass. Classes had been moved out of that building because of the threatening presence of something so huge pressed up against the side.

To those that still dared to walk its halls found an eerie sight where all the classrooms were dark, their windows completely blocked up. The entire building creaked and groaned ominously. Any day now, school officials expected Samantha tit to burst through the windows and ruin the building all together, and they hadn't quite decided what they could do about this yet. There simply was nowhere else to put her and THOSE!

School was increasingly boring for the special brunette sitting in class, with most of her outside of the classroom. In Calculus as she was now, it was easy to not pay attention. All she could do was stare out the window. And for once, her eyes were unfocused and were not staring at the enormous Samantha balloons on the other side. Love was a strange and mysterious force and she was succumbing to its influence in every sense.

Combine that with her usual pathological obsession and Samantha was quite distracted indeed these days. Worse still, the two obsessions were not mutually exclusive. Her growth had been astounding in the two weeks since the football game. All the kisses, she had decided. Love was good for the soul and the bustline.

She had some news she waiting for the right moment to share with Dan. She would have to tell him she couldn't climb to the top of her peaks anymore. It was something she had discovered just the other day. Maneuverability was decreasing, even for her, as they continued to get bigger and bigger beyond all reason. They were also getting harder and harder to lift. She was starting to have honest to goodness difficulty moving them around!

Ever since she had started growing out of control, she had wondered if this day would ever come. But by now she was so large that it hardly mattered. Her life was fairly limited in scope as it was, and now it would be limited in accessible regions as well.

There was certain eroticism to that idea that few would understand. If she was a normal girl she would have been incapacitated long before, but still the idea that even she couldn't move them was...delicious.

Her phone buzzed quietly on her desk. She knew it was Juliana because Dan was working at the moment.

Juliana was sitting next to her, relaxed in her chair, and like Samantha was staring out the window. Unlike Samantha, she was staring at the breasts like usual.

[Juliana: Any idea how big they are now?]

[Samantha: I have a worse angle than you do, usually haha you should measure for me]

[Juliana: I'd love to!...but what could I use?]

[Samantha: Your tongue]

Juliana snorted besides her, and played it off as a cough. Samantha hid her covered her mouth to prevent from laughing in the middle of class.

[Juliana: I'll get right on that. I'm glad I'm not a guy, I would have trouble sitting right now!]

[Samantha: You are sexually attracted to derivatives? You have issues ok]

[Juliana: You're one to talk you boob freak tit monster]

[Samantha: Stop with the compliments. you're making me blush. or worse you'll make me grow haha]

[Juliana: Giant breast fiend! Just think about destroying that building across the way! And you'll be bigger. If you grew a lot you could crush the whole thing like the barn.]

The whole classroom shook and groaned. Everyone paused, and the two girls in the back froze until the shuddering stopped. Samantha hid her face in her arms.

[Juliana: hahaha :D]

[Samantha: it's still standing thank goodness. They would be so mad at me! You crazy dope]

[Samantha: I'm getting too big for this campus =)]

[Juliana: You HAVE to get measured. I need to know! Then we will know how much bigger you need to get before you're as big as the campus.]

[Samantha: We need to stop talking before we have an accident on our hands]

It was an interesting relationship between the two, and not fully understood by either one.

Samantha was lounging in her usual location in her dorm when Juliana appeared around the swell of her breasts. She held up a small package.

"We are going to do this, honest to goodness," she said, holding out a spool of kite string.

"Do what?"

"Measure your beautiful breasts. Honestly I'm not sure why you aren't more concerned about the numbers."

"I used to be, when every inch mattered. Now it's just...whatever it is, it isn't big enough." But Samantha sat up a little straighter. She was definitely curious.

"It's not going to be exact but I'll do my best."

"Why don't you take the cleavage route? Then you can make it a straight line."

Juliana's eyes shined. "Okay here hold the spool and I'll walk around." And she was off walking to the off into the distance.

There were easier ways, but Samantha was doing her friend a favor she though, and shifted the monumental mass until she had a direct line of sight off into the distance, her breasts some ten feet apart fully down the channel of cavernous cleavage. Samantha was staring down a veritable canyon of cleavage, with her enormous ballooning mountains resting on either side of the gargantuan crevice. With ten feet width, you could drive a truck down my cleavage right now, Samantha. Or a bus! Dang! She still needed to do that!

It wasn't a huge length of time before a miniscule figure was approaching down the corridor of breast. She was running her hands along the walls! The tickling sensation was making Sam giggle. Juliana looked tiny at first, and even as she approached, she was utterly eclipsed in size by Samantha's chest.

"Enjoying the walk?" Samantha called.

"These weird spongy rock formations are causing you to echo!" came the return shout.

Samantha broke down in laughter. Once Juliana reached her, she handed over the spool, but held onto one end of the string that had been unwrapped. The other girl walked back the way she had come, dragging the thread behind her.

Juliana was still facing Samantha, and the girl was grinning widely like a hungry shark as she watched Juliana's every movement. Juliana slowly back pedaled, unwinding thread from the spool

as she went. Slowly Juliana turned around in the breast cavern and stared around with wide-eyed wonder as she slowly unraveled spool.

Even though she had just come this way, the amazement hadn't died out at all. She was completely surrounded by the pale bosom of her friend. She could see the end of the tunnel, where there were some trees off in the distance, and she could see the sky up above her, but she was nestled in Samantha's cleavage, and it would take a significant run to exit out the way she had come.

Juliana stared up at the sliver of sky she could see above her, and then at the gently sloping sides of breast on either side of her, towering above her by many, many stories, like skyscrapers. She felt so small and insignificant between her friend's tits. God, Samantha was MASSIVE. Their roundness caused them to swell closer together somewhat as they sloped upwards and curved inwards. The effect was a little confining as they blotted out most of the sky.

She almost wished Samantha had made the tunnel much smaller. She would have like to run her hands along both breasts at the same time, but ten feet was too wide for her to do that. I can't even touch both of them at the same time, and I'm in her cleavage! Juliana thought. And if Samantha had made her cleavage even tighter, with Juliana barely able to move, what would that be like...?

Finally Juliana neared the end of her walk as she approached the tips of breasts. High above her was the enormous strap that connected to the two bra cups. It hung between the breasts like a huge road sign on the highway. Slowly she passed beneath Samantha's monstrous bra band and entered bright sunlight.

Juliana slowly turned and studied the poorly lit canyon of breasts. It extended far into the distance, where she could just make out the enormously endowed girl sitting in a chair. It was really hard to see her well from this distance, despite the fact that Juliana was now standing in line next to the girl's nipples.

She almost wanted to make a sign, "Visitors BEWARE! Cave is dangerous. Don't get lost, or nobody will ever find you!", and hang it off of the middle strap of Samantha's bra. There was plenty of room to write all of that. She thought Samantha would get a huge kick out of it, too, but also probably end up on the news again in bad taste. Juliana sighed. She really wanted a picture of herself beneath such a sign!

She took scissors out of her pocket and snipped the spool where it lined up with the outer limit of gargantuan black bra cups. Gently, she tugged foot after foot of cord out of Samantha's cleavage and wound it around her hand.

Eventually Juliana came back and held up a carefully wound mess that had been cut from the spool. "This is how far forward they come. I'll take it to the football field and measure."

"What's that? That's how much string was left on the spool?!"

"Well yeah, this thing was about 300 feet."

Samantha made a face. "It's mocking me."

"I should introduce you to the 500 foot one I didn't buy."

"Now I feel small."

"Oh hun. Let's find out how much of the football field you would cover, maybe that will cheer you up."

Juliana stepped out onto the football field. Nobody was practicing today, and the entire stadium was empty. She walked carefully up to the endzone closest to her, laid the string down carefully. Slowly she unwound length after length of the string, walking backwards across the field, over the 10 yard line...over the 40 yard line...across the 50 yard line where the numbers

started going back down again. Across the 40 and...to the 35.

She stared at the empty stadium and imagined Samantha filling up the 65 yards of space, around 195 feet of forward projection. What a lucky girl.

She trekked up the bleachers and snapped the photo of the field, with the thin white string barely visibly dragged across the field, and sent it to Samantha.

[Juliana: [picture] you're worth a heck of a play]

[Samantha: I do feel better :D...about being so small]

Dan was in a pickle. He had finally gotten the girl of his dreams and wanted to celebrate with her in a suitable fashion. There were two gigantic, enormous problems with most of the venues he could think of. It was a good problem to have, all things considered. He was such a fan of those two indomitable problems, and especially the girl that came with them. He parked next to those problems, lazily smothering the lawn of Samantha's dorm. He grabbed the treats sitting on the seat next to him and trekked to her front door.

It was two weeks after the football game at which Dan and Samantha had become a couple. Dan had seen her every day since then; even so, the magnitude of her growth was not lost on him. Not an ounce. Rather tons, probably, he thought. He walked up to the pale dirigible and stared upwards. The tops were not visible over the curvature of the monstrous mass of Samantha. He reached out and lightly traced the gentle veins he could see beneath the beautiful skin, announcing his presence to his girlfriend some many yards away. In both directions. Turn left for Samantha, turn right for Samantha's nipples. He was tempted to go right and inspect, but it was a long walk and he was thirsty. It wasn't like he could reach them anyway. He would only be able to stand there and marvel. He turned left and walked.

High above his head, he walked parallel to the vast bra strap that extended from Samantha's back to the far end of her breast. The strap was about 20 feet wide where he was, but it would

narrow back down after it reached the feed canisters near Samantha. She had broken her bra again about two weeks ago and this was the replacement. The bra cups had required helicopters to be brought over.

The event had made the news, and scared quite a bit of Monville on the day it happened. Each cup could encase a school building at this point, and the shadow passing over the suburbs had made a lot of people feel very small. Their entire lives could fit within a single bra cup, and the lives of their extended family as well. Samantha was just that big.

Dan reached the end of the bra strap, and Samantha was there, insignificant against herself, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. She was reading a book and looking very Hollywood with her big sunglasses and short shorts. The bra straps that actually wrapped around her back were only about two feet wide. Her extremely thick bra bands seemed to be holding HER up, instead of the other way around. She had the relaxed air of someone sitting in a hot tub, feet outstretched and book firmly propped up. She looked up at him as he walked around her and she flashed him a winning smile.

As soon as he was near her, he began "Hey, I brought you some-" She grabbed his chin and pulled his lips down to hers. She liked cutting him off, apparently. She had tried to do it every day for the past two weeks, and he was resigned to it. He had carefully held the box of cupcakes to the side so that their bodies didn't crush them. The bra straps groaned between their bodies as the canisters a few feet away were forced to unwind inch after inch of strap to accommodate the kiss growth.

Finally she pulled away and glanced down at the box in his hand. Her eyebrows rose over her sunglasses.

"Cupcakes? Are you trying to make me fat?"

"Just in the right places," Dan said, handing her one.

She shoved the cupcake in her mouth at once. Evidently she agreed with that sentiment

wholeheartedly.

"I'm glad I got my kiss already."

She covered her mouth with a dainty hand and giggled. Dan flopped into the chair she had readied for him, and accepted the iced tea she proffered.

Life was really great, actually. He grabbed the basket of racquetballs and started to play Boob Ball on his girlfriend's tits before him. They had acquired quite a few balls after finding that they ended up all over the place. It was easier to have a lot, and then fetch them all at once after you had lost them.

Samantha watched him as she inhaled her third cupcake. It probably wasn't even possible for her to get fat, Dan thought. She had always enjoyed food, and wasn't exactly an exerciser (more like plain old lazy), and yet her waist was as thin as always. It was obvious where it was all going!

"So, uh, listen, Sam." She turned to him. "As you know, tomorrow starts your fall break. I was thinking about doing something a little special. How about spending the weekend at the Cape?"

"That sounds great! Like a vacation or...a date?" There was an underlying question there that Dan was all too uncomfortably aware of.

"A date." He said firmly.

She smiled a great big, heart-melting smile.

"Juliana measured me today."

"She...she did?" unspeakable thoughts raced through Dan's fantasies. "How big are these puppies?"

"195 feet forward projection. Not big enough, right?" She demanded.

"Of course not?"

"Of course not. That's only 65% of a football field after all. Not good enough, boobs. Not good enough at all!"

The next day, Dan was sitting in the conference room. The team he was a part of had just made a presentation to his bosses at local headquarters on their research. It was a tall building on the skyline, and the room they were in was quite high up. He could see the ocean from there, and the CCC campus. Of course, also the two breasts of impossible magnitude. That gave him cause to marvel. He could see Samantha from his office building. At least, her phenomenal breasts, changing the city skyline in their own way.

His wandering eyes and mind were fixed firmly on his girlfriend. He had known her quite a while now, well enough to be very comfortable around her. But the next step was always...interesting. One way or another, this weekend was going to big.

He could hardly wait. When he got home he had some special cooking to take care of. Everything had to be perfect. He had laid out two coolers and done all his grocery shopping the day before. He was determined to make tonight a very, very fond memory for the two of them.

Samantha sat in her lawn chair, waiting (im)patiently for her shining knight. Her thoughts were racing faster through her head than she could handle, and the reading of her book refused to be done.

She was at total peace right that second. Love of Dan, love of growing. She made a dedication to herself that these were the only two things in life that she really needed. With those two conditions met...she couldn't care less about anything else in the entire world. She understood that it was psychotic, but it was her body. A girl should be able to grow until she is satisfied.

Another exciting trip was just on the horizon. Just as always, she intended to have quite a bit of fun, and add as many feet to her bustline as she could manage. All of these adventures she had

been having with Dan recently had been amazing. She knew it was limiting for him, not being able to do all of the normal couple activities due to the rather extreme size of her breasts. She really didn't need all the pizzazz, though. She was perfectly happy as things were, and they were looking quite interesting at the moment.

Love and sex. She wondered what THAT would do for her massive mountains. She was eager to find out! There was nothing to lose at this point, anyway. Even if it did nothing, it was still sex, right? She wanted to know what that experience was like too. She had wanted to jump Dan's bones for weeks. She was prescribed some birth control pills a few weeks ago and had been taking them regularly just in case the moment had happened.

This trip started as they had always done. A honk of a truck from behind her mountain range bosom.

There was a peculiar little beach sitting some short distance from the Culpopa Community College campus. An ungroomed and forgotten little scene that rarely saw traffic. Nature had reclaimed this spot over the flow of time, and the beach was relatively coarse and unrefined, but had an untamed charm. The shore was small and not very wide, not ideally suited for much faire, and located at a dead end on a road of no consequence. The other beach of Monville had been much better equipped for tourism and beach going, and this forgotten little area was left isolated. Its singular attraction had given up its life decades before.

Looming over this Cape Whitworth was a once glorious carnival, now decrepit and forgotten, the stuff of fond memories and the birthplace of magic. Summer weekends had welcomed the crowds of the city to forget their problems. In its heyday, the roller coaster brought much joy to the adventurous kids, the games traded joy for a coin, and various entertainers had stalked the crowds, dazzling passerby with illusions and performances of skill. The Ferris wheel gave its patrons a spectacular view of the sunset night after night. The sounds of laughter and music and the smells of food, funnel cakes, and popcorn were enough to lure guests in by themselves, to walk around.

After dark, ships sailing by the coasts could use it as a waypoint, such were the lights flickering in the night sky and illuminating the beaches.

The age of electronics had killed Carnaval Par la Mer. Home entertainment had left the aisles once littered with dropped candy and popcorn as a desolate and unwelcoming a path of asphalt as there could be. The animal cages were empty, and the booths boarded up and rotting away. The roller coaster, which had been fairly sizable when it was built and rigorously maintained, was now derelict after lack of treatment in the southern sea air. The Ferris wheel was a testament to durability, standing proud and lonely against the sky some hundreds of feet tall. The open air theater had collected trash blown into its pit and stands.

The entrance to Carnaval Par la Mer was on the beach side, on what used to be a lovely beach walking lane. The gate had been padlocked long ago. There was a sign outside, wooden and hand painted. Once of a welcoming clown inviting visitors into his realm, the paint was peeling and a large "NO TRESPASSING" had been spray painted across anything that was once readable. Many photographers had captured its provoking imagery with their lenses.

The Cape Whitworth sandy beach was still public access, only most people couldn't understand why you would ever want to visit there. Only the locals in the closest regions to the beach would venture there in the summer and certainly not in the dead of fall where it was bound to be a bit chilly. The imposing site of the abandoned carnival had inspired legends of a ghoul that parents used to amuse their children at night. The specter of the old ring master of Carnaval Par la Mer, still beckoning saps to join his carnival, a carnival of the dead.

Dan knew they weren't going to be disturbed here, not by a long shot. Night was going to fall early as the seasons progressed to winter, and a healthy breeze was going to give as much credit to the tales of the ghost as it could, whistling through the rusting encampment. Dan wasn't a fool, and he knew it was not exactly most mademoiselle's ideal date spot. However it had convenience and seclusion going for it.

And if he knew Samantha, she was going to love it.

He had driven ahead of her and had reached the area. He was hoping it was going to be perfect. He parked his truck directly upon the sandy beach and popped the trunk. Out came several coolers and foldable equipment. He set up the table, the two chairs, and gently laid out two candles in the center with a vase with three flowers. He set the table with two plates and appropriate cutlery, and surveyed the scene. It was relatively late in the evening, and the sun was starting to sink on the horizon. The glowing sky gave the sea a Midas touch that he had been aiming for.

He moved the truck out of the way and waited.

Soon enough, the water in the vase jiggled. Something big was coming. The crunching of trees grew louder, and his girlfriend poked out from the gap in the trees path. She had been walking backwards and looking over her shoulders so that she could see where she was going. That path was about to be blasted apart, Dan observed. Samantha had clearly never come this way before! The ridiculously massive breasts followed her, blasting the trees from their roots and finally "squeezing" and obliterating their way through.

Their mass was truly mind boggling. Each breast was nearly as tall as the Ferris wheel in the distance. Samantha was a speck against them, and was an inconsequential part of their overall mass. Dan was faced with a logistics problem. He had set the table up parallel to the beach and the boardwalk of Carnaval Par la Mer so that they could both watch the sunset, but Samantha's gargantuan bust simply wasn't going to fit lengthwise on this dinky beach! She was going to have to have her back to the waves, and missiles pointing inland towards the carnival if she was going to fit. Even then it would be a very close thing, with their excessive, hundreds of feet protrusion. Dan quickly rearranged his table to be perpendicular to the surf, and waited for her arrival.

Within moments she was standing next to him, hugging him tightly. She smelled like flowers and strawberries. "It's beautiful!" She whispered, and planted a kiss on his cheek. Then she gave him a hearty shove into her right breast.

"You can sit on the far side of the table, I was thinking." Dan said, grabbing as much tit as his arms could hold, which is far less than he wished he could.

"Okay, but you might want to step back. She's pretty heavy. Even I'm having trouble these days."

Dan gave Samantha a hand and helped her climb over top of the table and she gently took her seat. Dan was now standing firmly between the two ship-sized breasts, the best Grand Canyon on Earth. He was totally eclipsed, staring up into their skyscraping bulk that towered above him. There was about five feet between breasts, and he could reach both walls easily. He turned around and saw an amazing cleavage tunnel that extended far into the distance, flesh as far as the eye could see. Samantha was sitting on the shoreline, near about, with her breasts pointing directly west, which was the inland direction since they were on the east coast of the US. From West to the East, the array on the beach went Nipples -> Breast and more breast -> Dan in her cleavage -> the dinner table in her cleavage -> Samantha.

It would have been easy to feel quite claustrophobic, nestled between these two behemoths of Samantha, if it wasn't so erotic. He did feel like an ant though. An ant on a normal girl's bosom would have had this view. Even then, that girl would have to be well above average! He turned back to Samantha who was sitting there serenely, haloed by the shimmering sea behind her.

"Your breasts are going to block out the sunset set, though." Dan said. The sun set on the land side and not over the ocean.

She grinned expansively. "You're so cute. This is a great view anyway, you nestled between my boobs. The beach is really nice too!" She giggled. "You're trapped, you know. You can't get out now if I don't let you. I've half a mind to let you wander about in there forever, causing all sorts of...mischief."

It was true. The cleavage narrowed as it got closer to her, and her breasts were snugly enveloping the table on either side, smushing over the smooth surface. He would have to climb atop the table, and climb over Samantha and her bra straps to leave her cleavage. The other option would turn the other way and start hiking. He wasn't even sure if there was an opening back there though. It was hard to tell, so far away!

"I would get lost and be wandering in there forever. You'd never see me again."

She gave an exaggerated pretend sigh. "There is that. But would I feel you again?" she asked hopefully.

"Of course. Constantly. What else would I have to do, stuck back there?"

"You're tempting me quite a lot, you know."

"Remind me to never argue with you."

She rested her elbows on the table and her chin upon her hands as she studied him coolly. "Or maybe I should be encouraging that behavior, just so I have an excuse."

Dan pretended to nervously adjust his tie. He also adjusted his pants, but for real. "Well, hold on there, miss, let's not be hasty."

She grinned at him and winked. "So...what are we doing here?"

Dan bent down and unpacked the coolers by his feet, which had been mercifully spared by Samantha's movements. Inside one cooler was plenty of ice, with chilled drinks, and a shrimp and cocktail sauce appetizer. He quickly set it up and they enjoyed one another's company with the setting sun. Finally the sun was getting low and he pulled out a lighter and lit the two candles on the table. He reached into the second cooler. This one didn't have any ice at all, but instead was filled with long lasting heat packs, and several containers that held water that had been boiling when he had filled them. Steam rose from the "cooler" as he pulled up one of the thermos bags and pulled out a homemade steak dinner for the two of them.

Samantha's eyes danced. "This is amazing, Dan!!" She waited patiently for him to set it up and gesture for her to start. "And so delicious, too. Thank you so much! You're the best. You really are."

He was quite satisfied.

"Out of curiosity...uh...what are you going to do with all that ice?" She asked innocently.

Dan laughed. "Promise not to crush me?"

"Of course not! But I'll try."

After removing the remaining items, he dumped the coolers at the base of each breast. Dan watched mournfully as the familiar earth shaking rattled the table, and more and more of his arm space was consumed by the overflowing flesh of each Brobdingnagian breast on both sides.

He was really running out of room on either side of his plate to put his hands! The table groaned and sounded pitiful as the growth exacted its toll upon its structure.

"I'm running out of room! Hey! Hey! Stop growing already!"

"No thanks. That's sacrilegious for any boyfriend of mine!" Her eyes were half lidded and wavering as she stared at him across the table, watching her breasts slowly swallow his shoulders. "Anyway, I'm sure you'll be fine." She lazily blew a kiss at him from across the table.

She eventually did stop, but most of the table space was now under her girthy bosom. Samantha was laughing at his predicament as Dan struggled to pull his fork out from underneath her bosom fold.

"I used to have that problem at school! When I outgrew my desk," she said fondly. "And then the people next to me started to have that problem too." Her eyes twinkled. Then she pouted. "I was taken out of school before I got to break those damn desks. I was always waiting for that to happen, but they are sturdier than you think, the stupid things!"

"Wasn't that a lot of growth for just some ice?"

"It's because I'm really happy, though." She said sincerely. Then she gave a pointed glance to the lit candles.

"We need those to see! Besides." He held out his hands as if to spread his arms out and his

forearms almost immediately connected with Samantha flesh. "It's a little cramped as it is."

She smiled a little sheepishly. "Later, then."

Dinner was lots of fun. His right hand kept brushing her bosom on its way to his plate, and they both got a kick out of that. After that delightful experience, the chilled cake he pulled out afterwards was very decadent and tasty. All the hard work he had been put into this meal had been worth it, and Samantha was extremely cheerful. Her happiness made him happy.

He climbed over the table to sit with her. He had to fight through her breasts in order to climb up on the table, and then he stepped over her down onto the sand. It was awkward with her being unable to move her breasts for fear of the rest of the beach, but eventually they settling into a unique sitting arrangement. He stole her chair and turned it around so that he sat facing the ocean, and Samantha sat sideways on his lap, still more facing Dan than the ocean, and draped across his chest. Her breasts extended behind him, around him, all over, as he was still effectively between her mammoth breasts stretched across the sand. It had taken some manipulating of Samantha flesh, but her head was nestled against his shoulder and they watched the waves as the sunlight faded into night.

It should have been chillier in the sea atmosphere, but being so close to Samantha's colossal udders was very warm! They were still part of her body and exuded heat. It was quite comfortable, and neither party wanted to move at all.

"I could sit here all night." Dan whispered to her hair.

"So could I," Samantha responded, dreamily. "But we are not going to."

"We aren't?" Her fingers were doing something to his shirt.

Samantha slid up his chest until she was looking him straight in the eye, their noses scarcely an inch from one another. There was a glint in her eyes, flickering by the candles on the table behind him. She shook her head slowly.

In a slow movement she turned in full towards him, sliding her leg back across his lap, straddling him. Without breaking eye contact, she had undone the last button of his shirt and had pulled it apart. Flowers and strawberries were tickling his nose.

Her hazel eyes were wide, staring into his. Her hair was gently flowing in the breeze in slow motion.

It's not slow motion, Dan realized. The adrenaline. Idiot! Stop thinking!

That was good advice.

Samantha was warm against his now laid bare torso. Her gaze was mesmerizing, but he could feel her fingers gently tracing his chest, tapping out rhythms against his skin.

She was so beautiful. He couldn't resist any longer, not that any part of him was trying. He gently took her shoulders and pulled her into his embrace, their lips locking in fervor. The trick would be to do the rest without breaking that contact! Her delicate hands were drifting south against his body, inching towards his beltline.

Not to be out done, his hands worked their ways down her smooth back, lingering on the monstrous bra strap there. After a moment's pause, his hands continued their journey downward. He was going to let the bra take care of itself, soon enough. Samantha shuddered against him in agreement, warm and soft in his arms. Of course she had known what he was thinking! His hands reached her rear and he grabbed handfuls, pulling her in tightly, so that her hot body was flush against his. She continued to gyrate against him, in the passion of their continuous kissing.

Dimly, he was aware of the earth shaking, it wasn't just him. The vibrating of the ground, the rumbling of the thunder behind him, but it was secondary to the amazing woman on his lap. The distinct sound of the new bra canisters was whirring behind his head somewhere, clearly being overtaxed by something.

Her hands slipped the button from his pants, and slid down into his nether region. She wasn't going to be disappointed by his response down there. She took hold and gently massaged

him beneath his clothes.

They were going to have to stand up eventually but neither wanted to move. After groping one another, Dan made a judgment call and firmly lifted her shoulders from his. She wasn't making this easy as she struggled to keep kissing him, but it had to be done. Finally their lips broke contact, and Samantha stood up. With a quick movement she hauled him up on the table just behind them, knocking the chair uselessly off to the side, and scattering the remains of dinner on the surface. Dan was surprised by the suddenness and force of that throw. He had barely enough time to left himself up on his elbows in time to see her rip his pants from his legs in one motion, to flip them over her shoulder into the breeze.

Her eyes had the same unfathomable carnal desire that he had seen when she grew by fire for the first time. A hunger across her beautiful features. He didn't know where her pants had gone but she was standing there in dark red panties and her bra. It was like a vision from a dream as she swiftly met crawled up the table to meet his lips one more. He was being squeezed by her leviathan breasts on either side of his body as he rested on this table. They were applying a gentle but forceful pressure against his body as he fought for room on the flat surface against her growth.

Suddenly the table gave way and collapsed to the floor. She grabbed the table and dragged it backwards towards the sea a little ways, and sat down on his torso again. His muddled mind couldn't understand that action, but he would later realize that probably saved his life from her growth.

She was kneeling over him and gently tracing his chest again, as he was squeezing handfuls of her ass. She broke lip contact and nuzzled at his ear. She whispered "I wanted to wear something memorable, but please tear them off." Then she occupied his lips once more.

That was an invitation he could not refuse. He felt for the edge of the panties, and slowly slid them down her smooth and powerful thighs. She reached down and didn't bother, tearing his boxers in two. His member rose to position.

Dan's hands were no longer needed anywhere else. The both gravitated to the massive behemoth monsters shuddering besides him. He grabbed as many handfuls of breast as he could, and there were still lots and lots more. It was smooth and soft and beautiful, something he had felt countless times before, but never like this. This was for real, somehow.

Something far off in the background got crushed. It made an awful shattering sound and Samantha moaned something incomprehensible, but the wind snatched it away. The bra canisters were done for, too. Their moaned piteously, cranking out their last words and exploded, sending fabric flying. They had removed her bra without touching it. They were finally both fully exposed.

She gently raised herself from his torso, and guided it in.

The waves pounded against the beach in rhythm. Swell. Crash. Swell. Crash. The wind howled across the surf and the waves continued forcefully, beating against the sand in anger.

* * * * *

The rumblings grew fiercer and more chaotic. There was once a beach at Cape Whitworth, but it was no longer visible. There was where the sea of water ended, and the sea of Samantha began. The latter was gaining more territory by the second.

The vast bra was doing its best to keep up with its charges, but it was struggling with this herculean task. The groan of metal rent the air through the howling wind, and with a crack of thunder the bra was killed. And quickly overrun by surging breast growth. Enormous sand banks were being piled on each side of their girth as the massive boobs drove it outwards, pooling the sand together. Samantha's breast was so tremendous it was now overflowing the boardwalk path. Samantha could feel, among other things, the entire beach blanketed by her enormous tits.

Something was applying a gentle pressure against her off in the distance. STRETCH. STRETCH. Old time streetlights bent and yielded as they were knocked clear of the concrete. Hurricane Samantha had hit the boardwalk path, and her growth crunched right through the clown sign and bowled over the fence. For the first time in forever, the gate to Carnaval Par la Mer was

open. Limited time only.

The main drag of the Carnival was the first thing you saw when you entered and the last thing when you left. This housed all the games and booths that people spent their money on when they walked past. This path of some twelve feet was wouldn't have been wide enough for a single of Samantha's nipples, let alone the breast that followed.

The nipple in the open air was amazing, the wind and the chilly heights tickling the colossus, driving her crazy. If there had been a shadow to be cast by the enormous breasts, the Carnival would now be in it. Booths, tables, and everything else was reduced to cinders by the onslaught of expansion. The wood chips jabbed inconsequentially against her skin, then got obliterated along with every remnant of any human structure.

The carousel was the centerpiece of the land. It cried a few jolly notes before it was never seen again. Samantha and Dan were too far away to hear its swan song. And too preoccupied.

Buildings were being smashed in pulses. The monumental mammaries of Samantha knew no mercy. The outer perimeter of her reach finally reached the roller coaster, which was a wooden thing reinforced with steel once upon a time. It never stood a chance. Samantha, in the back of her head, relished this sensation especially. She had never been the right size to ride one. She had either been too short, or too big with no space in between. Now she was WAY too big, bigger than the thing itself, and it felt her wrath. The metal groaned and shrieked through the night sky as the wooden and metal support structures toppled. Wooden two by fours scattered across the park as they were blasted into the wind from dazzling heights. Like dominos, the structured collapsed from the overwhelming force, folding in on itself and then being smothered by breast.

The Ferris wheel, the glory of the Carnival, was the only notable landmark left in the lot that hadn't been drowned by Samantha's growth. It was now measly compared to the mass it had to contend with. Samantha's skyscraper nipple hooked it near enough to the center, denting its way right through the bars and knocking the whole thing clean off its foundations, sending the whole thing crashing down. It was smaller than her areola now. It joined the rest of the debris, pulverized

by Samantha's astonishing expansion.

And still Samantha grew. In one final surge, the road beyond was starting to be swallowed by her immensity. Trees were creaking and succumbing without any resistance.

The night fell quiet when the surging expansion did. The lover's cries were nowhere to be heard any longer. Carnaval Par la Mer had also cried its last.

"Did you send him to bed, dear?"

"Ho ho ho, I sure did. I told him all those noises are the ghost of the old ring master, trying to lure him to the carnival of the dead. "

"Don't tell him stories like that before bedtime! He will be up all night!"

"Don't worry, I told him it will only work if he doesn't go to bed. He'll be fine."

"But what about us? Just what were those noises?"

"No idea."

They panted, Dan laid out on the sand, and Samantha on the table. Dan saw that Samantha was not quite as winded as he was. It was a slight knock to his manhood, but the scientist in him understood that was only to be expected.

She leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek and grinned at him. They stared at each for a full few minutes, communicating with just their eyes in the moonlight. The night had settled around them and all that was left was the waves, their breathing, and the wind playing across the sky.

It had been amazing for both of them, and that would never need to be said. Yet still, he

could tell there was something she wanted him to ask her.

"How...how much...how much bigger are you...now?" Dan panted. He could get up and look for himself but that would mean breaking eye contact, or moving away from Samantha.

Her grin widened, gleaming in the moonlight.

"It's gotta be...at LEAST double. Maybe even triple...or even MORE."

"You're...you're kidding! Holy shit, Samantha!"

"I might not be able to even MOVE them anymore. And that carnival? That...that doesn't exist anymore. Neither does my bra. Oops. And uh...your truck. I broke it."

"Huh? I parked that pretty far away!"

"Sorry, hun." She raised her arms to the sky and giggled. "It's kind of your fault though. You did THAT to me! I couldn't help it!"

She snuggled up closer to him, and they sat in silence again, contemplating just how big she was now. Contemplating the possibilities of their relationship, and where it was going to go from here.

"I'm bigger than I ever used to think I would be. Before I met you. You make me a better woman, and a better boob monster."

She leaned up on her elbows and then leaned over Dan's face. Their noses were actually touching this time as she stared into his eyes by the moonlight. "But I'm still a growing girl, you know."

The rumbling of expansion shook their bodies together. She pulled back and bore a wicked, mischievous smile.

Chapter 08: The Calm

Samantha hauled and mauled and tugged, but it simply wasn't any use. She had her head and arms buried in the soft, enveloping volume of breast. She was squashing herself as much as she possibly could, with breast bulging out of her arms. She could feel herself pushing against herself, as a separate entity. For a long time, there was a disjoint between her breasts and the rest of her. The sensation had just never been so vast before. She was pitifully tiny against herself. To her arms, to her face, to her entire body, she was hugging an absolutely mammoth mountain of mammary. A prodigious goliath of incomprehensible magnitude. But from the perspective of said breast, her body was a flea.

She was a small warmth in the bottom right corner of some amazing sensations that stretched far into the distance. On only the right breast! She could feel her breath and her hair and her nails upon the surface, but it was such an insignificant portion of the greater whole. The crisp sea air tickled. The warm sand pressed up against her. A wall at the edge of the beach some distance away struggled under the mass. A once-upon-a-time carnival was in ruins, but the wood was still there. The seagulls were delicately plodding around en masse somewhere far above.

It made Samantha's knees weak. She would never get tired of being massive! She was being bombarded with the sensations and their synergy with the knowledge she possessed. That all-consuming thought that she was finally too big to even move. She was bigger than a carnival! Thoughts of last night with Dan kept resurfacing as well. She was in heaven on this beach. The rest of life was truly immaterial now.

She stepped back and studied the view. So beautiful! The breasts gently sloped upward and outward from her chest, expanding and EXPANDING. She could feel that she was humongous,

but it was hard to get a visual appreciation of that size. She hadn't a hope or prayer of seeing the outer limits of her swells. If she looked right or looked left, she saw seemingly endless quantities of Samantha. If she looked up, she stretched far into the sky. If she looked down...well. That had always been the same. Shoes? What were those?

Samantha gave one last, full push against her right breast and noted with satisfaction that it hadn't budged an inch. That was hot. It made her a product of her breasts, now, instead of the other way around, as it was usually.

She could still move about a fair amount, though. The slack of her soft mammaries was great, and they were so huge and distended that the distances she could move were insignificant compared to their greater mass. Significant to her person, though. She was grateful for their suppleness, now. Aside from being pleasing to the touch, she wasn't rooted to stand in one spot for eternity. Just nearby one spot.

She fell back on the sand with contentment, and sidled up to Dan.

He was still lying on the sand, snoozing. She had done her best to tire him out last night, and thought it had gone rather well. She drifted off dreamily in remembrance until she realized that meant she was sitting on the beach stark naked.

She pondered this for a moment. Their clothes were flung about in the sand around, and she suspected an item or two had been swept out to sea. It didn't bother her in the least. She had ruined them all last night on purpose, after all. For her part, her bra was utterly destroyed and goodness knows what had happened to her panties. She had completely stopped paying attention to such menial things by that point.

She basked in the sun, feeling its heat warming her all over. ALL over, in distances far off. The rest of life was not only immaterial, but moot. What could she do, now? What did any of it matter? She was on a beach with her love, and she wouldn't be able to leave this beach again. She might as well enjoy the heck out of it.

And that would be easy. She gently prodded Dan awake. He groaned as he rolled over and looked at her wild hair and wide eyes. He blinked a few times to sweep away the tiredness. Samantha scratched him gently with her nails, tracing circles on his chest.

"Make me bigger," she commanded, nuzzling him.

They both looked down and watched as he responded.

"That's all it takes, huh? You really are the perfect guy!"

* * * * *

It was around noon before Dan dared to leave her forceful embrace. He stood up to inspect the view, leaving Samantha on the sand. It was truly astonishing. He had expected large, but even by his standards, Samantha had far outdone herself. There weren't any singular words big enough, he thought. You need sentences of adjectives and all sorts of thesaurus words. Big. Bigger. Easily the biggest. Samantha probably had more volume in a single nipple than all of the ladies in Monville had breast tissue. Of course, Dan could never see that monstrous nipple from so close to Samantha. In between him and it was a considerable distance of stretched, alabaster breast so stupendous that stupendous was woefully inadequate.

The silky porcelain skin rose to an incalculable height. He'd desperately wanted to know how tall it was. How big it was! How heavy! Ye gods, he thought. How heavy must it be?! Samantha couldn't move it anymore, and that was no surprise. Getting lost in her cleavage was no joke, now. You could starve in there somewhere.

He felt Samantha's eyes on him.

"You spaced out for about fifteen minutes there. That big?"

"Sam, you have no idea."

She stretched like a cat "Oh, I think I have SOME idea."

His growling stomach jolted him back to reality. "Did you really crush the truck?" It was a stupid question.

She smiled guiltily.

He wandered over to his pants that were half buried in sand quite some distance away. He pulled them out and surveyed them. They were destroyed and couldn't be worn now, the legs split apart and the button broke. He held up the tattered remains and Samantha grinned and gave him an adorable "Hey, what are you gonna do?" shrug.

Dan fished into the pocket and withdrew his cell phone, which appeared to be relatively unscathed. "Your boobs might block out the reception," he said aloud.

"I'm waiting for my own zip code." She made a face. "Kids used to make fun of me about that. I'll show them!"

"Who should I call?"

They both looked down on their nakedness. "Juli." They agreed at the same time

"Put it on speaker! I want to hear what that boob-crazed woman says."

Dan quietly thought that was an interesting thing to say, considering the source.

"Hello, Juliana?"

"Oh hey, Dan. What's going on?"

"We need you to come out to Carnaval Par la Mer. With, uh, clothes. And food. Please."

"...Can I ask?"

"When you get here."

"Did she...? How big...I mean, I suspect...Really big? Give me a hint. No, don't."

Samantha was wracked with giggles on the sand next to Dan. She was trying to stifle them

with her fist.

"Let's just say the carnival doesn't exist anymore. But-"

"On my way."

They both laughed as they hung up the phone.

"She's going to faint, you know." Dan said, amused.

Samantha nodded with mirth. "She has plenty of room for math problems, now."

"Did she ever run out of room before?"

"Not even close."

"You could serve the entire school's whiteboard needs."

Samantha opened her mouth to say something.

"No." Dan objected.

"I wasn't going to-"

"Sure you weren't."

"Have a little faith! I was going to suggest you take up painting."

"Painting, huh?"

"Big brushes, please."

They waited for Juliana to show up.

After a while, Samantha sat up. "She's poking me."

"You can tell it's her?"

"Yes, she does write on me often enough."

"Can you tell what she's writing?"

"Not really." Samantha admitted. "It feels so small, compared to how it usually feels. Used to feel. It's still just as pleasant though...Just more jumbled in with everything else, too. Okay she's walking this way. Can't resist copping a feel, I guess!"

"Who could?" Dan said, doing just that. His hand encountered warm, soft, supple Samantha. It was exciting as always, fondling her breast. So enticing!

They waited there awkwardly, covering themselves with their hands.

"How long is she going to take?"

Samantha shrugged. "There is a lot of me to walk around. She's almost here."

At long last the figure of Juliana appeared around the left perimeter of bosom carrying two bags.

"You're fricken ginormous!" she exclaimed. "You're...you're impossible! You can't be real! Oh right." She said, seeing their nakedness. She threw one of the bags over and turned around.

"So...what do you think about the weather coming up?" she asked conversationally.

Dan picked through the clothes inside and distributed Samantha's to her.

"I don't know what you mean." Dan said absently. "Why did you walk instead of drive over here?" Dan asked while they dressed.

"Can't. The road is all under boob now."

Dan whistled appreciatively.

"So that's what the warm strip on the left was!" Samantha exclaimed. "Asphalt. It's sooo interesting to feel so many things at once. You can turn around now."

Juliana did and set about unloading the second bag, which was a picnic assortment of sand-

wiches and drinks.

"You can't move anymore, can you?" Juliana asked. "What are you going to do?"

Samantha chewed her sandwich thoughtfully. "Enjoy this beach for a very long time."

"You won't be bored?"

"I don't think that would be possible," Samantha said, faintly.

They both looked at her, and Samantha winked.

"Still, we'll have to figure something out." Dan said. "I'll have to get people on it. Getting Juliana to do all the errands isn't a good long term solution."

Juliana started to nod in agreement until she was distracted by Samantha's breasts. "Getting here was interesting," she said absentmindedly. "There were a lot of people standing around looking anxious in the area near here. They can see your tits looming over the woods, you know. You're going to run out of room if you keep growing that way."

Samantha shuddered on the sand to Dan's right. The flush on her cheeks told Dan all he needed to know, but Juliana didn't appear to notice. No, that wasn't quite right. Juliana was red in the face too. We're all weirdoes here, Dan acknowledged. Oh well.

"Also we are out of supplies. Samantha crushed my truck," Dan said. Both girls were carefully keeping their faces pointed away from him and one another. He continued, "So I need to head to town with you, Juli, if you don't mind. We were supposed to be here until Monday."

"By Monday, Cape Whitworth will be all under Samantha," Juliana replied knowingly. "There are people in danger."

"Then they had better move." Samantha said fiercely.

"We better get going." Dan sighed. "We have a decent walk ahead of us."

Samantha beamed approvingly.

The two friends got up and cleaned up the remains of their lunch. Dan was quite looking forward to this walk. It was endlessly arousing. The sheer magnitude of his girlfriend's bosom was just staggering. He was curious how long it would take to walk to her nipples. That was mind boggling to him.

They trudged through the sand together for about ten minutes as they wandered outwards around her breast. They were so wide that they hadn't made much forward progress yet. The enormous left breast was gently sloping forward the whole time, but it was at last taking that seriously. An outer Samantha edge, as it were. Still, they would have to travel at a diagonal as they continued around the slope to the widest part of the titanic beast.

"It's a little disheartening, isn't it?" Juliana remarked, and pointed.

Dan stood there and gaped. "She...she...she said two or three times as big!" Dan said faintly.

"Did she? I'm guessing more like five or six times. It's unlike her to understate her size!" She shot him a sideways glance. "When did she tell that to you?"

She was right of course, Dan realized. That had been relatively early in the night. His girl had done some considerable expansion in the night and in the morning. Good lord. And she hadn't warned him. A decent walk ahead of them indeed! No wonder she had been laughing!

As they continued walking around the swells, Dan picked up an enormous stick and started prodding the soft mass. "Finding out of there is more boob than you can shake a stick at?" Juliana inquired wryly.

Dan grumbled something, and his phone went off.

[Samantha: You're beating your girlfriend with...what is that? A stick? That's not very nice, boyfriend of mine. But keep it up.]

He obliged her by dragging the stick alongside him as he texted her with his left hand.

They climbed into the woods now, having run out of beach. Samantha had firmly crashed straight through the wooded area surrounding the beach and the Carnival. And still her breasts kept abreast of them. There were fallen trees and half pulverized logs strewn about that they had to climb over.

[Dan: It's funny that you texted. You know how back in the garden I shouted to you and you could hardly hear me? You wouldn't hear me from here. And there's a long way to go. You freaking balloon boobs. Why didn't you tell me you swelled up so much? I'm going hiking just to reach the end of your tits.]

There was a pregnant pause in the air as he sent that, and then an enormous rumble. Dan lost his footing and felt the stick he was holding punch him in the gut. It knocked him sprawling to the ground and his stick snapped in two. Juliana yelped from somewhere ahead of him.

Dan was crawling on the ground, gasping for breath. His phone started bleeping madly for a few seconds, but he ignored it as he tried to get his muscles to unclench and allow air into his lungs. Juliana was helping him up.

"Are you alright? What on earth did you say to her?"

"Nothing too extraordinary." He wheezed. "I'm probably lucky not to have broken anything."

Dan checked his phone.

[Samantha: I'M SO SORRY]

[Samantha: Are you okay????]

[Samantha: That was the stick breaking, right?]

[Samantha: You caught me by surprise! Sorry!!! Dan??]

[Dan: I know I was hitting you with a stick, but siccing your boobs on me just wasn't fair.]

[Samantha: It was an accident! You're alright, yes?]

[Dan: So I was beat up by my girlfriend's boobs and she didn't even do it on purpose?]

[Samantha: Guess so. You weenie.]

[Samantha: You should probably stop discussing it unless you want to repeat the experience xD]

Dan showed this conversation to Juliana and she snorted. "Sam makes all of us weenies. Look at the trees. That was really spectacular." Her eyes glinted with a certain wicked pleasure.

He glanced around and noticed that the path and the landscape had definitely changed. It was hard to believe her already humongous bosom had just gotten larger, but the evidence was all around him in tatters. More trees were torn and splintered than before. The trees along the small path they had cleared through already were being bent outwards, under duress of the gentle pressure of breast mass.

Samantha was everywhere. He could see a few particularly durable trees here and there being smothered but still standing. Yet, it was obvious that if she expanded any further these would be demolished. The wood wasn't putting up a fight in the least. Nothing really would, Dan thought. She was beyond any size that could be bothered by...most things.

He thought about the town in the direction they were heading. Juliana was right, he needed to do something.

At long last they started around on the frontal, inward slope of the breast. They had been walking along Samantha this entire time. Dan checked his phone again and realized it had taken them half an hour to make the walk. Admittedly slow because of the woods and the accident, but that knowledge numbed him. His girlfriend had tits so big it took thirty minutes to walk from one end to the other.

That occupied him until he realized they were at the front, and he should look up again. The sight was incredible. Samantha's nipples hung in the cool fall air, enormous and stiff. And so very high off the ground. He had to crane his neck backwards in order to ogle their unbelievable

protruding pulchritude.

Fierce and red, they suspended themselves out into the sky with majesty. The areola region was truly vast behind them, creating an enormous velvety tarp on the front face of the breast. He couldn't fathom their size. The only things to compare them to were the breasts themselves, and he wasn't quite sure of that magnitude, either. If he had to hazard a guess, they were the surface area of a football field, being roughly circular. It was this that made him fully appreciate just how big she really was. These were the nipples and areolas. On a normal girl, palm sized areola were enormous. On Samantha...she could fit a house. Several. A suburban cul-de-sac.

He estimated that several football fields could be laid out on the top of each breast with ease. He just wasn't sure how many. His eyes clouded over as he imagined being playing in one of those games! Running and slipping and sliding. He winced when he realized they would have to wear cleats. Then revised his reaction. Samantha would probably love that, actually.

Which reminded him of his duty to her. He took out his phone and snapped several pictures, and then turned to Juliana. She had been staring wordlessly the whole time. Dan could understand where she was coming from. He had to tap her on the shoulder several times to rouse her from her trance. After proffering his camera to her, he walked up to the tremendous left breast and leaned against the warm wall. He reached his hand up as far as it he could towards the nipple. Juliana snapped some pictures and he took his camera back.

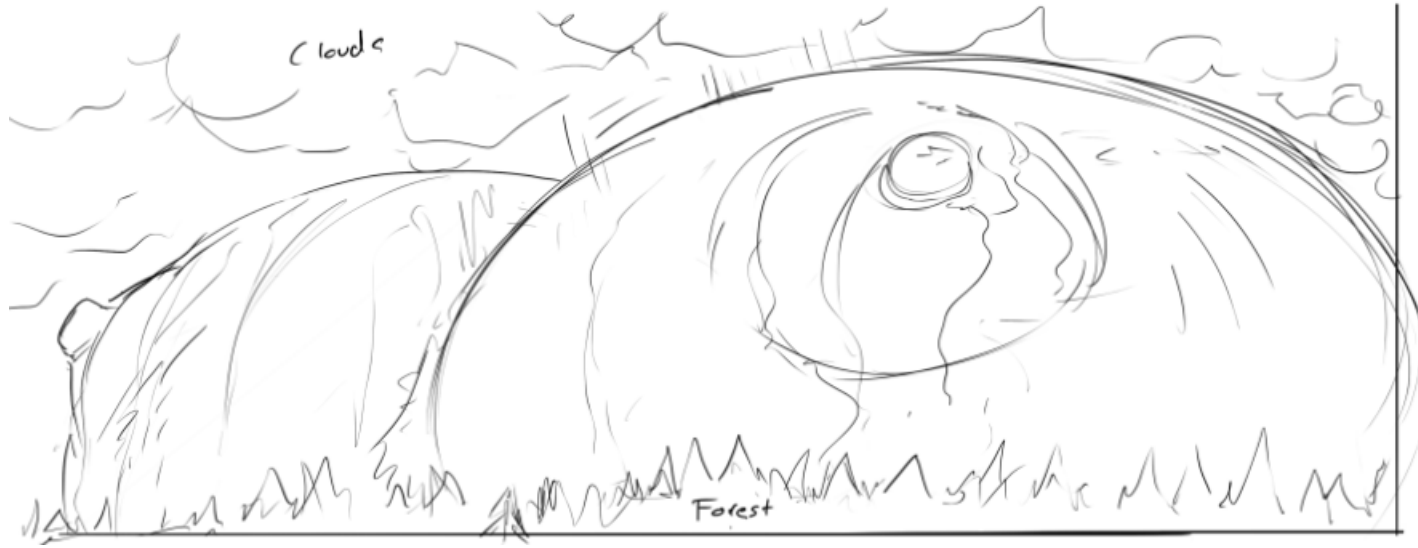
"We might want to get some distance between us and these." Dan warned. The pair of them backtracked hastily to about 50 yards, and they both peered down at his phone as he sent them to Samantha.

"I'm such a good boyfriend."

"For sending your girlfriend naked pictures...of herself?"

Dan shrugged. "The girl can't take them on her own. What's a guy to do?"

They peered at the breasts, expectantly. Dan changed his phone camera to the video camera



Samantha Over The Forest by Berggie

form and readied it. First to arrive were the tremors, and the crashing noises and then the surge of growth.

"That's a helluva trick." Juliana whispered. "You think it would work on me?"

They both laughed, and Dan was once again left pondering the peculiarities of his two closest female friends.

They found the road snaking out from beneath the mall-sized breast. They followed the road a little ways and found Juliana's truck where she had left it, and drove back to town. The two of them held a discussion at length at the troubles Samantha's immobility caused, and their new responsibilities regarding it. The conversation turned to the safety of city. The occupants of the truck were both well aware what was going to happen to it, eventually.

As they entered the region they were met with a small but anxious crows all milling about and staring back up the road with consternation. Dan could appreciate their concern. The two in the truck had been looking back the whole while and couldn't get over the sight of the eastern skyline. Boobs and trees were the entire view. Enormous, enormous boobs. It was no wonder that the locals had discovered these very obvious, ominous features and they had them very worried.

More rightly so than they probably realize, Dan thought grimly.

The crowd watched the truck warily, with questions aplenty written across their faces. It troubled Dan some. Juliana parked the truck in the parking lot of the local store and they both climbed out. The two friends filed into the store and wandered around, collecting snacks. Juliana and Dan met up at the cash register with armloads of goods. There was TV on behind the cashier with a weather forecaster blaring outwards into the store.

"...continue to monitor this development. This soon to be hurricane is forming exactly like previous entries that have swept up the eastern coast, so it is safe to say that Monville will see heavy storms next week after landfall. Potential flooding, high winds, and storm damage are all very real possibilities. The big question remains: how severe will the storm be when it actually lands? We don't know that yet, but indications are quite strong. Safety is definitely an issue to be worried about. We will keep you up to date as new information comes in. And now we turn to Kate with news about the recent c..."

Dan's mouth was open. The synapses in his brain were firing along the stream of thoughts. Storm. Huge storm. Would Samantha be safe on the coast like that? The waters were bound to rise tremendously, and she was at as disadvantageous a position as possible. Though, Samantha did like the rain. Liked the rain. Remember that time on the hill in the Garden? It caused her to grow! A lot. Uh oh. Dan started to break out into a cold sweat. Heavy rain. Huge winds. She'll grow like a weed. What if she gets struck by lightning? Oh god.

He turned to Juliana and saw her as alarmed as he was. They dumped their armload of intended purchases at the counter, pelted through the store, and skidded out the door.

The duo sped away towards the heart of the city, towards Dan's office building. He texted Samantha about the situation.

[Dan: We are actually heading into the city. I have to see my boss about getting you pro-

visions and things. There's a hurricane scheduled to hit soon so we need to get this taken care of immediately.]

[Samantha: Cool! Can you get me some books and things too? So...lots of rain, huh? :D Good memories!]

Dan groaned and held out the phone for Juliana to glance down at. "The girl knows what she wants!" she commented. "You probably added a few feet just by telling her. She has been growing at the drop of a hat lately."

"If you drop the hat anywhere near her boobs." Dan agreed.

The speeding truck approached the tall skyscraper in the downtown where Dan worked. Juliana carefully parked the truck and they power walked through the revolving door and into a waiting elevator. As a Saturday, the building was eerily quiet. The elevator gently climbed up to the floor of Dan's boss, and the duo continued to rehearse what they were going to say. They didn't want Samantha to get in trouble! They had to make it seem as if...as if she couldn't control it. As if this wasn't the thing she wanted most desperately in the world. As if this wasn't a purposely inflicted problem. As the events to occur were the fault of nature, beyond her control, and not a result of her crazed obsession.

Dan liked his boss well enough, and they knew each other enough to recognize the other if they passed on the crowded street. But there was always that gap of boss and underling that was unavoidable whenever they had made contact. Still, Dan had respect for the way he operated, and hoped his pleas would be met with reason.

Dan stalked up to the large, foreboding brown door with a meticulously shined brass plate. "Mr. Richard Stanley". Dan knocked smartly. "Enter" said the voice beyond. Dan twisted the handle and showed himself in, with Juliana trotting somewhat anxiously besides him.

The room was relatively plain, with a few generic framed pictures and a few filing cabinets. The far wall was all window view of the stretched out Monville plastered across the surface of the

Earth. Most of the office was dark in the early evening sun. The room was softly lit by a lamp standing in the corner by the door rather than by the industrial strength lights on the ceiling.

The most important part of the room was by far the enormous wooden desk that was absolutely coated in desk ornamentation, and papers as far as the eye could see. Stacks on the left, heaps on the right, and disheveled mess of folders in the middle working space.

Behind the desk sat Mr. Stanley. He was regal enough figure for the movies, but today was clearly not one of his better days. His clean cut hair was slightly unkempt, his neck and chin were slightly shadowed by normally non-existent stubble, and the weariness lines across his face were accented by the glow of the lamp. The man would have looked at home with a glass of liquor and a cigar.

The usually pristine condition of his suit and tie creases was not present on Saturday. Dan realizes with a start that all the show was for other people's benefit, and not indicative of the man's actual nature. It gave Dan a fleeting sense of hope that he could appeal to the real man, and not the office and position.

Mr. Stanley tiredly folded the folder he was surveying and slid it into one of the stacks on his desk. He gestured towards the two chairs facing his desk. "Please." His eyes alertly flicked over the two of them as they sat down. "Now, what can I do for you?"

"Sir," Dan began, "The citizens of this city are in grave danger because of the hurricane that is going to hit."

The man behind the desk frowned but said nothing.

"Not because of the hurricane, though, sir." Dan said, starting to talk rapidly. "Well, not directly. You see, it's going to make Samantha grow out of control and she's going to grow into Monville. She's already immobilized and we can't move her so we need to evacuate everyone. Otherwise she's going to just keep growing and with the people here..." Dan trailed off.

Stanley slowly sat upright and tiredly rubbed his face with his whole hands. When his eyes

re-emerged, the sleepiness was gone, and an astute and piercing gaze shone behind his hands. He steepled his fingers and studied Dan. "That's a lot of new information, most of which doesn't agree with where I thought we stood. I think that you will need to start from the beginning," he said quietly. "And, perhaps, with the whole truth this time."

Dan felt all of the stories and tricks and evasions they had planned earlier drain right out of his head. He composed himself, for their sake. "It started with a rain storm when we were in the Gardens." He began calmly. "No, I suppose it started before that. The day we went to the beach over the summer. That's where I need to start. With an ice cream cone."

Mr. Stanley listened to the tale impassively. Dan recounted the true nature of the events that had transpired over the past several months between him and the girl he was employed to take care of.

When Dan was finished, the air hung heavy with the silence. Mr. Stanley leaned back in his chair and stared at the ceiling contemplatively. "That all explains quite a lot," he said thoughtfully. "So we're in pretty big trouble. I guess we should level with you, too."

"Did you know she's not human?" He was talking conversationally to the ceiling. Both Dan and Juliana stared at him. "But she's not an alien either. Four eyewitness accounts of the birth, if you discount the deceased parents, several proper official documentations of the event, and countless other people corroborate the fact that she was born to a Mr. and Mrs. Duquesne on October 8th, 19 years ago. The autopsy on both of the parents: normal, and relatively healthy. Completely human. So...how did it happen? Just what is she? We wonder."

"It's a technicality sort of thing, I'm told, for scientific classification. She's not Homo sapiens. Like the differences between species of crocodile. But far beyond any simple mutation. She's not albino or anything like that. Her very genetic material is on a whole different level from ours. We don't know what she is. She doesn't either. We asked her all sorts of things when she was little. She's a secret. Maybe THE secret."

"The theoretical uses for her blood are endless. She appears to be a super being in many ways. Immune system, muscle tissue, the list goes on. But here's the damndest thing about the whole of it. The blood decomposes in two weeks. Two weeks after being drawn from her veins, every sample we have ever taken slowly transitions from super powered DNA to regular, plain old human blood. Human blood that easily passes the paternity test with both of her parents. So what do you suppose that means?"

Mr. Stanley sighed. He shifted in his chair, and it groaned complacently.

"Hell if we know. But it makes it necessary to keep getting new samples. Research progress is very slow when, as soon as you take some of her blood, it starts to slowly become useless. When you two look at her, when the general public looks at her, you see a pretty girl with an abnormal physique. To put it mildly. But to a selective group of world-class scientists at elite research facilities across the globe, when they look at her, and study her blood, they see answers. Answers about the mysteries of the universe and our own humanity, waiting to be deciphered. The impossible girl. The alien who isn't."

Mr. Stanley paused here, and brought his gaze back down from the ceiling and looked over Dan and Juliana. "I tell you this so you understand. Drugs don't work on her. We tried to put her under a long time ago. Boy, was that a mistake! And we can't move her if she's so heavy that she can't move herself. But...To say she is the most important being on this planet is not an understatement. She's worth more than all of our lives put together. This entire city. So you understand why we are going to evacuate this city and displace thousands of people. Why we are going to cause a fake panic about a hurricane that isn't supposed to be that bad. Why we are going to let Monville fall in order to study her."

The room was silent as the parties looked to one another and assimilated the notion. The moment dragged out until Dan felt he had fully understood what he had been told, and accepted it. He had never been privy to the results of the research before. He cleared his throat.

"Uh, sir, there is also the matter of taking care of Samantha. Now that she, uh, can't move,

we were thinking that some accommodations need to be made. And also, to protect her from the hurricane. She is right on the coast."

The boss stroked his chin. "Alright, we can do that. Anything else?"

He took their silence as answer enough. The man stood up heavily, and ushered them to their feet. "Apparently, I now have quite a few lengthy phone calls to make." He showed them the door and watched them leave with the air of someone preparing for battle.

* * * * *

Samantha admired the evening orange glare settling on her immense, pale leviathans. The sea air was nice and refreshing, and tickled her skin from where she was, to the tips of her nipples hundreds of yards away. She thought she had landed in a fine spot to live out the rest of her days.

She was lying on her back and watching the clouds as she absently drummed and pinched her beauties. Their satisfying weight was draped across her torso and down her legs and continued on into the great beyond. Of course, the vast majority of their bulk was distributed on the warm sand, the carnivals remains, some road, some woods, and she thought she was starting to grow into the plain before the town proper. The heaviness she was under was the area of her breasts was the area where they were still sloping outward and upward to their eventual dimensions. The familiar warmth was comforting and soothing.

She contemplated her own enormity. My own breasts could crush me, she thought wonderingly. It stood to reason that if she had outgrown her capacity to lift them, they had outgrown her capacity to survive one falling on her. She had always marveled about that. So big, they were theoretically dangerous to her person.

Samantha took out her phone for the umpteenth time and studied the pictures of her nipples that Dan had sent earlier. So unbelievably big! She surmised that each one of her nipples was far bigger than the trailer she used to live in. She felt herself surge ever larger, vibrating the sandy earth beneath her. Oh look, she giggled to herself, room to put another chair.

All of her senses were on fire. They had been ever since yesterday. The growth had done nothing to curb the hyper eroticism of her boobs. She found herself keenly more obsessed with her breasts than ever before. Which, she thought with surprise, was something she had hardly thought possible.

Maybe it was like people who were inflicted with blindness, she considered. By all accounts, their other senses sharpened out of necessity to fill in the void. Now that she was unable to leave this spot, she was more attuned to nature, and her body. Especially her goliath parts. She closed her eyes and opened the floodgates of what her body was processing behind the scenes.

There was a ditch, about 20 yards away, which her breasts had sunken into and easily overflowed. There were trees pressing into her breast flanks on both sides, the surviving foliage of the coastal woodlands. There was pavement straight ahead with an assortment of debris. The remains of the carnival and an unforgettable night. Off to the left was the snaking cool asphalt of the road she was growing over. Her nipples and areola were extending into the dancing evening air, tickling her with such provocative power. A slight breeze glided over them.

Her eyes shot open and she gasped as her body was wracked with a jolt of intense pleasure and impossible satisfaction. She lay like that with her heart pounding and her breathing coming in heaves for some indeterminate amount of time, at perfect peace with the world.

She heard footsteps sloshing through the sand and she sat up bleary eyed. The small figures of Dan and Juliana coming around her breasts greeted her eyes. She hoped they were carrying food, and news.

Sunday, there were massive amounts of trembling going on to the left of her breasts. Samantha was disturbed from her reading by the interesting sensations these rumblings and tumbling were causing her engorged mammaries.

"It's not me!" she said irately when the other two looked at her questioningly.

By noon, her unasked questions were answered. Trucks plowed through the woods, clearing a path for more trucks to follow. The vehicles slowly circled around her elephantine mass and made their way to her seat where she was reading.

Dan and Juliana looked up from their books as well. "Ah, it seems Mr. Stanley had a plan after all."

Construction crews were hopping out and unloading various supplies and equipment all over the place. Huge wooden beams and digging implements were among the most prominent items. Then another truck came out around the bend and Samantha laughed. It was hauling her trailer on its truck bed. The government had fetched her home for her!

The construction workers were very nice, and explained the relatively simple plan. They were instructed to build an elevated pier like structure that could survive the waves of the hurricane, and establish her house upon it. Here would be her residence for the rest of her life. Samantha thought it was pretty elegant.

The men set to work digging out the sand where Samantha lay to find the clay and dirt foundations beneath so that they could plant the pillars in a structurally safe way. Samantha had some difficulty keeping out of the area they needed to work in. After all, the house was going to go right where she was most comfortable, and where she happened to be landlocked to. She hugged her bosom as she read her book, and waited for the construction behind her and above her to cease.

She did watch them carefully, though. It amused her endlessly to watch the men as they looked like toys against her elephantine mass. I'm so much bigger than all of them! She thought. That guy might be taller than me, but he's smaller than my boobs! He's taller than me, but not my nipple! Psh, my nipple is bigger than his big truck. Ha!

Every one of them stole glances of her at irregular intervals. They can't believe my boobs. She kept growing throughout the process, with soft earthly shudders. She delighted in the confusion of the workers. We're not causing this, are we? What are these tremors? Samantha cackled

inwardly. Me growing bigger!

It was late Monday evening when the work was finally finished. The construction crews tidied up some loose ends and made sure she had everything she needed. Samantha, Dan, and Juliana looked at their handiwork. The structure looked very sturdy.

It was essentially a collection of tall, thick wooden stilts all bound together with metal bolts. The collection of wood stretched about three stories into the air where they supported a platform upon which rested Samantha's trailer. There, the rectangular platform was slightly larger than the trailer, giving a slight balcony that Samantha would be able to stand upon. There were several ladders to climb the way up to the top.

As a final act of business, the construction crews lowered a knotted rope swing down to her from the top of the balcony and instructed Samantha to climb on. She obliged, and they hauled her up to the heights. They had to pause here and there for Samantha to maul her breasts into cooperation, but they eventually succeeded and helped Samantha back her way onto the balcony.

Samantha surveyed their handiwork over her shoulder and was quite satisfied. They appeared to have made several special upgrades to her establishment to help her weather the storm, and completely fortified the trailer, but she decided to investigate those improvements later. She gratefully pulled herself backward through the plastic flaps and sat on her chair just inside.

Home sweet home! The kitchen area, her sofa, her chairs, it was all here! Smaller than it used to seem, though. I fill more of the space than I used to! She was standing on a platform about 30 feet above sea level, with her breasts extending from her chest outwards, through the gaping opening of the front of her trailer, across the slight balcony of the pier, and then over the edge where they immediately swooped downward towards the ground, as they also continued to swoop upwards off to the impossible heights.

Samantha was impressed. The amount of weight even this small portion of her bosom must have been enormous on this platform. It really was made of stern stuff. Better yet, the ground was

taking most of the weight off her chest, and she could move around the amount that was on the platform. A certain degree of mobility achieved, so long as she didn't have to move the greater majority mass on the sand below.

Still, her breasts filled her trailer like they had never done before. There was so much Samantha in here! Samantha bulging around the front door. Samantha accidentally clipping the counter of the kitchen. Samantha that had accidentally crushed the night stand that she hadn't noticed until too late. It was a good thing there was a door on the side of her trailer, else Dan might never be able to squeeze past her breasts to get inside. Even so, depending on where she was sitting, he would have to ask for her help to get past her bust to the kitchen. And she could trap him in the kitchen if she wanted...

At least she could compress her bosom forwards if she desired, and stand on the balcony outside, beyond the plastic flaps. Her breasts were soft enough to let her do that. Once again, she realized that it was because that action was so small relative to their greater mass.

This was a good place to be. Home was where the boobs were.

The Mayor of Monville studied the reports in his hands. He was due to make a public announcement to his city very shortly, and he was thoroughly suspicious of it. It wasn't every day that people who outranked him came and told him what to do.

But it had happened often enough. Whenever that Samantha girl was involved. Ever since that day those many years ago, when the government had taken an interest in her, they had made a habit of popping into his office at various times to clean up her messes. He was certain this case was no different.

He had received some very alarming emails and phone calls from concerned citizens in the Cape region. It seemed like that girl was going to trouble him yet again. Still, he had no choice in the matter. What the bosses want, the bosses get. He simply had to trust that it was in the best

interest of his citizens. But he knew it had more to do with that girl than it had to do with the hurricane, which he was under the impression was going to be relatively weak.

He walked up to the mirror hanging in his office, and adjusted his tie. The man looking back at him was graying in the hair. His dark skin was no longer as flawless as it had been in his youth. When did I get so old, he thought.

A knock came at the door and he grunted and gathered up his papers. He allowed his assistant to lead him to the press conference room, and he stalked up to the podium. The assembled reports were all attending to his every action. A man with headphones in the back of the room gave him the thumbs up sign to tell him he could start talking.

"Citizens of our fair city," He began. His words were echoed throughout the city on TVs and radios. "We are in danger from Mother Nature. As I speak, Hurricane Esteban is amassing strength and heading straight for our harbors. The conditions are ripe for a catastrophe. As always, your safety is our highest priority. It is with heavy hand and heavy heart that I announce the official, mandated evacuation of Monville. We are urging you to take shelter outside the city for the duration of the storm. There is no excuse for remaining behind in these dangerous times. Your life may well be at stake. Many of the city services will be suspended effective Wednesday. The facilities of the city will be shutting down effective Friday afternoon, before the storm is to hit. All residences will be without water and electricity, regardless of the storm damage. Under these conditions, to stay in the city for Esteban would be highly irresponsible and foolhardy. We have made many considerations to ready your transportation needs, at airports and with bus services. We..."

We are talking a bunch of crap, he thought miserably. He continued to speak, outlining just what the Monville people should do, and how they should be considerate of their neighbors and lend a hand. What are those men in black playing at, he wondered.

* * * * *

Samantha studied the news article about the evacuation and felt certain giddiness. It was too good to be true! Had Dan arranged this? She was going to have the entire city to herself. It was like giving her a blank check.

Chapter 09: The Storm

Samantha put down her book and stretched. Wednesday was dragging by. She could not wait for Friday night. Hurricane Esteban, you and I are going to have quite the coming out party here in Monville, she thought. In the meantime, she was very excited about being in her trailer again. But there were a few marketable differences from her old situation.

Most significantly, it was located on a pier-standing like structure about 30 feet above sea level. The base was a rectangular platform a few feet wider than her actual trailer was. The result was that she could step forward out her trailer to the small deck outside before it was quickly swallowed by the general bulk of bosom. It was going to have to do, now that she couldn't move the tits themselves. She was rooted to the spot by her immense melons. They were resting firmly on the sandy shore some thirty feet below, and protruding inland a great distance. However, the ground bore their weight. The rest that was not on the ground, her strength enabled her to manipulate. So there was a degree of mobility about the trailer.

It wasn't as cramped in the trailer as it used to be, either. Samantha had done some work over the past few days trying to limit how much bust was actually in the trailer, lest she bust the place apart. That was a very real possibility, considering her intentions for this weekend! She'd prefer to have a home at the end of the day, if she could help it. Especially during a hurricane. As a consequence, less breast was pooching in through the ceiling. The balcony area outside took most of the brunt of that. If she wanted to take to the balcony, she could shove much of the breast leveraging itself onto the platform overboard and take its place.

It was weird living here and not having to worry about accidentally dragging her bosom inside. That had been a constant concern when she was smaller and younger. She couldn't if she

wanted to. Now, the challenge was getting all the way inside after having maneuvered her breasts to not take up so much room. Going backwards was more of a problem. It was a good thing that the trailer was relatively shallow. If it was a full room sized space, she would never have been able to stretch back far enough to reach the far wall. As it was, it was pushing it to cover that width.

To move about the trailer, she had to swing herself in directions that always vaguely faced her breasts. She likened the motion to the moon orbiting the Earth. As it swung around the planet, the same surface of the moon was always exposed to the planetary surface because it rotated at the speed it orbited. She was locked into facing one way in a very similar fashion because she couldn't twist her torso around very well. She was the satellite and they were the celestial masses. This caused some awkwardness when she tried to reach the kitchen area. She had to walk in the arc to get to the kitchen, and then operate the stove at an angle because she couldn't properly turn to face it.

Other than that, though, it was still mostly home. Dan was living with her now that he didn't have to go into work as the city was shutting down. He was napping gently on his futon, out of the way. The trailer had also been loaded up with all sorts of non-perishable goods in cans and packages, and bottles of waters for the oncoming storm.

In addition to the walls of the trailer being completely reinforced, other storm precautionary measures included steel plating at angles designed to disperse wind around the trailer in the back, and clear plastic flaps she could slide across the open wall of the trailer to prevent water from getting in, but would still allow her breasts to occupy that space. Samantha doubted the rubbery slats would be particularly effective, but it had to be better than nothing, she supposed.

Samantha didn't mind being immobilized. Not in the least. She had plenty of private activities like reading and video games to keep her busy, and of course, the sensations of her breasts ensured there was never a dull moment. She had gotten used to entertaining herself, since mingling with others had never been her forte. Her breasts had long since surpassed a size feasible for that, and for most things, so it was no great loss in truth. She could also sit like a monk, she thought,

letting those feelings wash over her for years and years. Her body was constantly incensed by all the erotic dances of the wind and temperatures tickling her goliath surfaces.

Friday was going to be interesting. She could hardly wait. The news said the evacuation had gone well, and the city was practically empty already. Dan's said he had walked around earlier and it was like a zombie movie. Not for long, Samantha thought. A Godzilla movie, coming soon to a Monville theatre near you.

"You need to do something, Haley." Hattie O'Hare fretted. "If we leave him, who knows what will happen?"

Mr. Haley sighed. As owner of the trailer park, he supposed it was his responsibility to make sure every occupant left safely, but Hatcher was a mule. Late Wednesday, with the danger approaching, it really was getting on for this kind of stubborn behavior from a grown man. Mr. Haley smartly rapped on the dingy trailer door. After a moment of scuffling inside, the door banged open and Sean Hatcher stood there indignantly.

"No means no! I'm not moving my house on account of some storm. We've weathered worse than this. I'm not jumping through no hoops for nobody. Y'all can leave if you want, but I'm staying here."

Mr. Haley turned to Hattie and shrugged helplessly. "You heard the man. Hurry up and get yourself packed up, Hattie. You're one of the last ones still needing to evacuate. We'll leave Mr. Hatcher alone to his fate."

"Too right you will!" He hollered at their backs. "Y'all are pansies!"

The duo trekked off and vacated the premises, leaving Hatcher and his stubbornness alone in the clearing.

Abigail Kaufmann watched her neighbors pack up and leave town. It gave her slight trepidation. Was she making the right decision?

She was a teacher, first generation American. She simply didn't have anywhere to go in this country to avoid the storm. She would have to make hotel plans or fly all the way back to Germany. Neither prospect appealed to her much, and certainly not over a spot of bad weather. Yet, all the locals had packed up and moved out of her suburban locale. It surely couldn't be as bad as all that, could it?

She had made all the necessary precautions. Stocked up on food, gas, and every other consumable item that she thought she might need. She was going to outlast this storm and get a bit of relaxation in. She could always use a bit of peace and quiet.

She enjoyed being at home. Home was located in the eastern suburbs of Monville, near the Yucati River. It was nice.

The Mayor of Monville sat resolutely in his home study on Thursday night. He was not going to be bullied into leaving his city. After his years of dedication, he didn't feel like he could just leave the old girl to the storm, and whatever else those government knuckleheads feared.

He calmly watched his dark hands trembling against his armrest. You're betraying me, you fools, he thought morosely. A captain must go down with his ship.

The Mayor didn't really believe it was all that. He had seen the hurricane reports. The undoctored, original reports, and knew what they meant. You couldn't be Mayor of a city on the coast if you didn't know all about weather dangers. If his brain was so sure, then why did his gut seem so uneasy? He was glad he had sent his wife and son out of town, at least. It gave him peace of mind, that whatever did happen, they would be well away from it.

His manor was located on the western side of Monville, well away from the downtown area. The Yucati winded its way near his house before coursing through downtown and off into the

Atlantic Ocean. His view eastward had long been the favorite thing he had about the mayoral estate. Right now, though, he could see two flesh blimps.

He was beyond caring that he was staring at the naked bosom of a 19 year old girl. Samantha be damned, if she was going to touch a hair on his city's head! Metaphorical hair. This window he was using was the only window that wasn't boarded up on the premises. This window was for him to watch the storm. He had nothing better to do to than hope and pray for his city.

* * * * *

It was Friday afternoon, and the storm was going to be landing soon. Hubert walked the empty streets of Monville. The wind had been rising steadily all day, whipping his grungy hair about his face.

As a homeless man, Hubert had wandered these streets at many an unsavory time, but never had it felt so eerie. The shops were all boarded up, the cars were mostly all gone, and the city was quiet except for the whistling wind shooting down all the carefully laid lanes. Forgotten debris and litter swirled past inactive parking meters, scratching at buildings and sidewalk with a faint skittering sound.

If he had been a true delinquent, he supposed he could have had his way with any of the shops here, and none would be the wiser. He was almost tempted to do that, just because the opportunity presented itself so lusciously. However, with the rain they were going to be getting, a brick through a window could subject a shop to extreme water damage. He just couldn't make himself do that to any of the good people of his city.

It wasn't that Hubert wanted to be here. It was simply that he didn't have the means to leave. This was home. This was all he knew. The sky grew darker and darker, signaling that his journey must come to an end. The storm was a brewin'.

Having dedicated much consideration, he had thought himself quite clever, deciding on a hiding spot to ride out the storm. Monville had a decent sized aquarium just off the heart of the

city. The construction crew had built an ugly concrete structure, but it was solid. Add that to the fact that all the glass and walls inside were reinforced against water pressure and the like, as an aquarium requires. Hubert felt it was a crafty place to take shelter from the winds and the rain as it was a place specifically built to deal with lots of water. And if nothing else, he could watch the fish as he waited it out. Fish were nice.

The Monville Aquarium was usually a well-recognized tourist attraction. It had a decent selection of rare fish, sea creatures, and even a conservatory for certain types of birds and river animals. There weren't a whole lot of other attractions in the city for out of town visitors, so the aquarium pulled its weight in the summer time. Hubert thought he was rather going to enjoy himself, as he smashed the lock with a brick and slipped inside.

* * * * *

The winds were crying bloody murder as they swirled about the home of Samantha and Dan. It was cozy inside the trailer because of the enormous space heaters that was Samantha's bosom. She kept squirming in her seat, distracting Dan from his book.

He studied her carefully. Her long brown hair was in a ponytail and she was wearing short shorts and blue socks. Other than that was a ton of Samantha flesh to be seen. From her beautiful face, her entirely bare torso, her legs, and of course the pontoons that filled his field of vision on the left, the view was absolutely amazing and completely arousing. His girlfriend was an incredible woman! He was awestruck at the view, constantly. Here were breasts that filled a trailer.

All the more incredible because Dan knew this was just the tip of the iceberg, if there was ever such a fitting scenario. This was the smallest part of her boobs. Her nipple would completely fill this trailer on its own. Actually, he wondered at that. If they tried to shove her nipple into this trailer, it would probably be much, much too big. The whole trailer would blast apart.

She had said that she had limited how much infiltrated the interior to prevent even the "tip of the iceberg" portion from destroying their home, but there was still a damn lot of her in here! If

he had wanted to squeeze out of the opening of the trailer, he would have had very little room, and whatever room he did have would have been because he was pushing back soft breast to make it. He was worried if he took that route, he would be crushed between breast and wall before he made it outside. She was simply too big for this place.

She wanted to trap him in the kitchen at the moment. She kept stealing meaningful glances at him from around her preposterous bosom, and asking if he was thirsty. Subtle. He thought she was trying to force him to climb her boobs if he wanted to use the refrigerator on the other side. Then, of course, she could shift the almighty mass and blockade him in the area without a door to the outside. She enjoyed exerting her breast dominance over him, but he was too tired to play that game right now. He sat there lazily and watched her continue to lightly convulse on the sofa.

"Oh, you just don't know how it FEELS!" She breathed ecstatically. Her head was tilted back and her eyes were closed as she gasped heavily.

Perhaps not, Dan thought. He slipped out the side door that led to the balcony that was tremendously overcrowded with Samantha's breasts. He scooted around her left monster and leaned against the railing. His view was all boob. He wasn't sure what he had been expecting to see. Each of Samantha's breasts was far, far, far wider than the trailer platform. The platform could have been built on one of her nipples, Dan suspected after having made his mental estimation. So as each breast extended from her chest and engorged and swelled outwards to their greatest dimensions some distance away, that maximum width was far too vast for Dan to see the city. He was quite nervous about it.

He gladly inspected the view he did have. The behemoth, pale breasts of such colossal magnitude it should have been impossible. They were so soft and tender that the incoming hurricane gales were actually sending ripples across their surface. He watched this, mesmerized, and reminded of fields of grain. She was just so ridiculously big!

He leaned over the side and looked down at the sandy beach 30 feet below. The waves were definitely coming in, as the pounding surf raged high upon the sand. The water level was getting

close to the pier stilts, and soon after that would be washing against Samantha's breasts. He studied their weighty mass on the sandy beach.

A huge gust blasted Dan from behind and he had to grip the rail. He heard a moan come from inside the trailer, and he stifled a grin as he turned back inside.

"It's a little early to be doing that isn't it? It hasn't even begun to rain yet!" Dan said, pushing his way through the plastic flap curtains.

Samantha sat up and shivered. "I beg to differ." She said hoarsely.

TAP...TAP...TAP. TAPTAP. TAPTAPTAPTAPTAPTAP.

The deluge of rain had begun. Samantha screamed something incomprehensible over the din of the pounding drops on the tin roof.

Dan whirled around and started at the sheets of water cascading over the smooth surface of Samantha outside, visible through the pale rubber slats. There was so much surface area on the top of each breast that by the time all the rain had slid to the side to fall off, the water was in virtual waterfalls. The falls were wavering, too, as she expanded outwards visibly in the cold drain.

"You're growing obscenely fast!" Dan observed.

Samantha didn't quite seem to hear him, but she was staring at him. Her eyes kept widening and Dan thought he knew that look. He took a nervous step back, but without preamble, she leapt off the sofa and grabbed Dan by the collar of his shirt, dragging him out into the rain. She hurled him forcefully against the wall of her breast stacked atop the platform, and then smothered him with frantic kisses. It was heavenly.

He could feel her warm, wet lips everywhere she pecked him, and his back and head were sunken into the biggest tits on planet earth. He could feel them throbbing, pulsing ever larger, swelling ever grander, gaining ever more mass in Samantha's throes of ecstasy. Every time he felt the breast behind him shudder, Samantha kissed him particularly forcefully on accident.

His tiredness faded completely as he responded in kind. It was clear she was at the mercy of her animalistic lust. The duo was getting soaked. Samantha's wet glossy hair was being buffeted by the howling winds as she stared into his eyes with such ferocity it was alarming. He realized she had lifted him straight off the ground by a few inches as she passionately kissed every part of him she could reach, and smothered him with her tit.

Between each mind-blowing kiss, Dan had time to make out it was a good thing the city was evacuated. His girlfriend was beyond reason, and still growing.

Oh! He jumped and she took the opportunity press him harder into breast. Her hands were cold down THERE, but her grip was firm!

* * * * *

Abigail Kaufmann watched out her window in dismay. The Yucati River ran relatively close to her house, and it was starting to overrun its banks with all the runoff caused by the storm. She hadn't thought of this particular element of the storm, and it was making her very nervous. The slight ditch her house was located in was probably not safe from that mighty torrent which would only grow as the storm progressed. She was cursing her carelessness. She should have known that the others knew something she did not! That's what she got for not relying on them or asking them! She would probably not be safe from this storm after all. Befoul it all!

She immediately started to make plans if worst came to worst. She packed provisions and useful gear. If the Yucati invaded her neighborhood, she would need to make for high ground. The only thing remotely on high ground was her place of business, the high school.

* * * * *

Juliana snorted awake at the sound of the rain pounding her trailer roof. She yawned and sat up, rubbing her eyes. The show was had begun! For the hundredth time, she wandered over to the powerful and bulky camera mounted on a tripod that was pointed towards the window overlooking the city.

Dan had volunteered her for this gig and she had gladly accepted. The task was simple: camera duty for observational purposes. That was the idea presented to the bigwigs, at any rate. To film a never-before-seen event that could potentially have lots of useful data. Juliana, Dan, and Samantha all had other plans for the video, unbeknownst to those actually funding the project. Besides, Juliana thought resolutely, she wasn't going to miss this! She was still stunned by her many repeated viewings of the farm episode. She had contributed a dozen views to the video counter before quietly downloading it and storing it away for personal usage.

She had greatly cursed her absence from Samantha's life in that time. The time of exploration. She had done it herself, too, in little ways. Oh, how Dan had the most enviable job of them all in that video! Breast as far as the eye could see. Juliana sighed lovingly. She needed to watch that thing again, soon, as well as all of her own home videos she had taken of herself and her friend. Better yet, hopefully she'd see something far better on this very night!

The trailer was situated on a lovely view over the city a remote and extremely cautious distance away. Juliana knew her bosom buddy well, after all. The camera was of extreme heavy duty type with super high definition resolution, and would miss none of the action of the city skyline at this distance. The view would only be hampered by the rainy skies. The scientists had thought of that, though, and placed a handful of far cheaper cameras strategically around the city. These were live streaming because nobody expected a safe return of the objects. Juliana could monitor these streams online, though the scientists had informed her it wasn't necessary for her to pay any attention to those cameras. So naturally, the live streams were open in various tabs of her internet browser.

She was not nervous. She knew that her friend would not disappoint her in these ripe conditions. She just wanted to make sure she didn't miss it.

Samantha could barely process what she was seeing. In such a way that she was only dimly aware that she was able to see at all. She hugged and mauled her poor boy toy as much as she

could, mashing him into her elephantine chest as much as she possibly could, and as hard as she could. She could feel the two small warm bodies thrusting against her, amidst the constant barrage of rain and win drumming against her skin. The noise was terrific as the water pelted off the roof and platform, beat against her breasts, and eventually crashed down to the sand below. She was dimly aware that she had Dan completely under her mercy, and that she was probably being too rough, but that mattered very little.

She could feel the torrents rushing down her slopes like the roof of a house. She should have gutters installed, she chuckled merrily to herself. Their surface area was just so vast that her breasts were accumulating obscene amounts of water in no time at all. None of it had anywhere to go except to roll down her bugling breasts. Rain drops that fell near her outer perimeter had it easy, just slid down and fall off onto the sand below. The rain that landed in the center of her chest, however, had to spread out and take a long journey, tickling all the way across the acres of breast.

She might qualify as a Niagara Falls 2, soon! And the town lay at the mercy of her nipples. She could hardly wait until she crossed the field and grew down town.

A very curious sensation was starting to build on the far left extremity of her breast. It was slick and wet and moving very fast. She paused and stared at Dan's dumbfounded face as she realized what it was. The Yucati River. So enormous was she, she had grown right through and over the river banks, damming up the river. It had nowhere to go except to accept the task of swirling around her expansive breast. A chore that was getting harder and harder to do by the second, as Samantha unleashed wave after wave of growth. She had to be as big as two football stadiums in each breast, now. Had to be! Maybe more. Who knew? Who cared? She could take stock again later. Oh, that unbelievable rain! Better not waste a second of it!

She kissed Dan's neck and chest as she felt the river overrun around her left behemoth. She realized that the river was going to engorge anyways because of the torrential downpour of the hurricane. Her Hoover Mams prevented the Yucati from dispersing peacefully. The town was going to flood because of her!

Samantha gasped and then choked. Houses! She was crushing houses now! It was just like the farm. Wood was splintering and jabbing at her, deliciously so. It was trying to resist her growth, but her breasts were having none of that. Sticks and kindling compared to her explosive surges of expansion. Just like the farm, only completely different. They were so small! Once upon a time, the farm was taller than her breasts. Now, each building was several times smaller than the height of her bosom. She was MASSIVE!

It reminded her of the farm, but it was so...excitingly different. With the farm, the whole building resisted the front of her boobs. Now that she was so big, it was easy. Crushing spilled popcorn. She could tell that the suburbs were not very tall compared to her chest. Oh, if she could only have moved her boobs! She could have dropped one mega tit on the entire city!

That would have probably cracked the earth, she thought.

The storm raged on.

Abigail watched in exasperation as the Yucati decided to rise and rise, like a demon crawling out of the earth. She stumbled through her house collecting things in a panicked flight, staring out every window she came to as if she thought the rising danger would just magic it away.

And by the devil, what was this earthquake and crashing nonsense! The wind, the rain, the howling she had all expected. She had not signed up for being shaken out of her house. Clothes, food, water, she loaded it all up into her car at frantic speeds. Everything she thought she might need.

Water was already seeping in under her garage doors, making her very nervous about the conditions of the road. She had the feeling that she was forgetting something. Nonetheless, she cranked open her garage doors, and was met with a blast of rain and wind gushing in through the open. And noises. Like there was construction work in the distance. Not quite, however. She have lived in the city long enough to know the proper sound of big machinery and there was something

about this that was quite...off. What a fearsome storm.

She pulled herself into the driver's seat and started her car. As soon as she got out onto the road, she realized it was as she had feared. She had waited too long. The roads were slick and she was hydroplaning at the merest pump of the brake. Curse these low coastal cities! Verdammt noch mal!

Her windshield was quite another problem. The rain was beating a powerful drum against her wipers and making seeing quite difficult as it splattered across the surface. There was just no way she was going to make it out of the city in these conditions. She was increasingly inclined to take shelter at the high school and curse the heavens. Now was an especially good time for that.

The high school was in the direction of the city, so she had been driving towards it anyway. At least there's no city traffic today, she thought miserably. She gunned the engine and churned up the hill to the high school. She felt that she was very fortunate that her old clunker had been able to make that slope at all. She climbed out into the mass of rain and tried to unpack best she could, huffing and puffing as she lead all her luggage up the school steps and out from under the rain. She lovingly but with great satisfaction smashed a window in and opened one of the front doors by reaching inside.

Abigail escorted her luggage into the empty, echoing building. Built back in the 70s, though lacking in other useful qualities, this concrete monster had been built to last. She carefully dried herself off, and calmly unpacked her things. She wandered the halls idly, wondering if there was anything useful that she could repurpose for her needs in the great school. Her shoes clacked down the empty hallways.

At least she had plenty of books. She made a face as she passed the chemistry room. She certainly didn't need any books from THAT room! She entered most rooms on her journey and scanned through them all. Even without the imminent storm danger and all that, school after hours was fun! She was a bit of a horror film junkie, and the spooky building was both familiar and completely foreign as an empty, dark shell.

Her feet echoed as she neared the easternmost classroom of the school. The ground was rumbling something outrageous beneath her soles, and had been getting stronger and stronger the whole time she had been here. Once in the classroom, she peered out its one window anxiously.

What she saw was quite perplexing. Something like a pale, light skin toned wall was outside the window.

The whole building shook in its foundations and suddenly the window was completely clouded over. Abigail jumped back with a shriek. The viewing pane was completely blocked by something smooshing against it ominously. The window groaned as it slowly buckled inwards, arcing towards the woman. The cinder blocks of the entire wall face started cracking their mortar.

Abigail screamed again for good measure and shielded her head just in time as the window exploded inwards and soft breast plushed in through the window. She stared at it in horror, and poked it tentatively. It was warm and soft and reminded her of so-...oh...surely not. She jabbed it quickly and the walls and ceiling moaned in discomfort as she did so.

Time to back away. The ugly painted cinder blocks were cracking at the seams, ready to burst too.

They had all heard about Samantha. Everyone in Monville. It was common knowledge. Common wonder. Common ridicule. Common scorn. Common amazement. Was this Abigail's lucky day or what? She got to "meet" the infamous Samantha in person! It didn't make the slightest bit of sense though. It was on the news. The busty girl was at Cape something-or-other. What was she doing here? And what on Earth was she doing trying to bring down the school?!

Abigail smartly backed her way to the other wall of the classroom and was unsurprised when the far wall crumbled and was replaced by enormous breast. What DID surprise Abigail was the magnitude of that bosom. It was a wall she was looking at. Just how big was the boob freak?!?

Perfect skin, lightly translucent, was all that Abigail could see of the wall that once was. The rest of the classroom looked like it had been bombed. What concerned Abigail the most, however,

was the soft swelling around the roof. The breast continued far beyond the second story, that much was clear. She was just seeing the base of the mountain.

"Stop! Samantha, I'm in here!" Abigail screamed, hoping the owner of the breasts would be able to hear her despite the extreme weather. No response. Well, that was Samantha's Modus Operandi after all. Break a few things and leave.

She mulled these things over as she stared at the approaching wall of breasts. It was clear where all the earthquakes were coming from. Each advancement caused another wave of shaking. Bookcases were overturned and books had splayed out across the floor not yet covered by quivering breast. Water was leaking in through the roof, and plaster was falling in chunks from the ceiling as it was torn asunder by the growing, bulging beast. Desks were screeching across the floor as the vastness filled the room. The side walls of the classroom were starting to bulge outward under the pressure of the Samantha forcing its way in. Things were quickly running out of room to be pushed around, as the room cluttered up with desks wall to wall to Samantha. Soon, the desks were going to start splintering and she was going to have taken over the entire classroom!

Why on earth was Samantha trying to get into here? Surely she had outgrown such folly long before now. It was said she had to quit school at a young age because doorways and desks were not her friend. She had also started taking up so much of the classroom that there wasn't room for the other students. Kids were constantly complaining about having to sit near her, and having her weight rest against them or on their desk too. Was Samantha still angry about that? Or was this just for fun? The girl had a propensity for destroying things.

I'd better leave, Abigail thought. The funny part was, as a school teacher, she had taken all sorts of drills in this building for every sort of danger. This...this was a new one. She could honestly say that she had never once prepared for this situation. She backed out the door and peered in through the slot window and watched with morbid fascination as some of the far desks groaned their last and blasted apart under the pressure. The metal bent every which way as it succumbed to the ever expanding mass. The room continued to fill, effortlessly. More and more kept destroying

the school as it came nearer to Abigail.

She's GROWING! The realization hit Abigail like...well...like Samantha's breast would have if she had stayed in the room. The enormous girl was getting bigger! She wasn't forcing her way into the school, she was doing it ACCIDENTLY. Just...a healthy growing girl getting bigger in the boob department. With disastrous effects on the establishment where Abigail worked. That tickled Abigail slightly as she peered through the window and watched chair after chair crushed to ashes.

Abigail was no stick figure in her own right. She gingerly slid a hand down her shirt and cupped her endowments. Her own pair were decent handfuls, and she had always thought that was quite enough. Yet here was the indescribable mass of breast...mass of WOMAN. Was Samantha more woman than she was? She was heeeyuge!! Abigail tried to picture herself in Samantha's place. Having such extraordinary boobs that it was the only thing people ever noticed. Having them be so big that everyone noticed. Being so large you destroyed things on accident. Not just being big, or being really big, but being so big that she was bigger than the world was meant to allow. This was a school built for hundreds of students, and a single one of Samantha's breasts was far too big. For the first time, she felt that she properly understood the girl. There was beauty here.

And also quite a bit of danger, Abigail mused. Maybe she should go outside and have a word with the owner of this beastie before the girl destroyed her entire shelter. She turned down the hall and was amazed at the destruction she saw. She hadn't been paying attention, her attention absorbed as it had been, but the stress on the building was clear. There were cracks where there used to be whole walls, and light panels in the ceiling had shattered as frames had bent just enough to make the plexiglass uncomfortable.

It was dark and eerie, but coupled with the sense of fear and excitement, and...thrill? Abigail felt the delicate technique of a good horror film. Just need some deep rumbling music to accompany the rain, Abigail thought dryly. The whole building was aware it was under attack, and shook and moaned under the onslaught of breast. She hurtled down the long hallways and skidded around the corner on her sneakers as she looked back at the door.

The window in the door she had been peering through was completely clogged now. The ground rumbled beneath her feet, and she felt the surge of growth like a pulse. Like she had two fingers laid out on someone's wrist. The door blasted inwards, clean off the hinges.

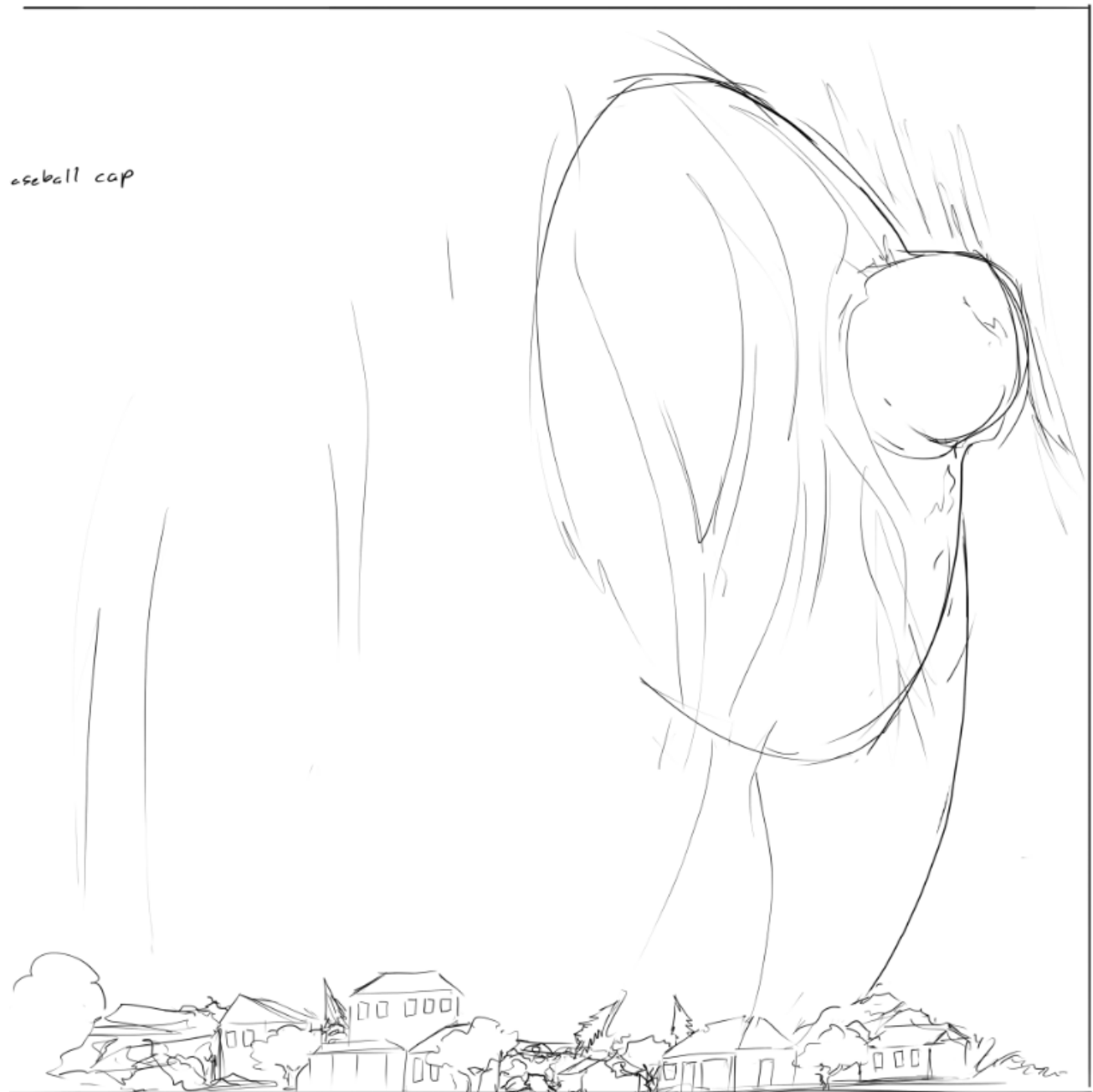
The bastard had built up pressure! Abigail watched in amazement as the wooden slab skidded down the hallway and ricocheted off walls before spinning to a stop. Samantha was pouring into the hallway now, bursting in through the walls of the classroom and widening pitifully small door frame. Abigail struggled with mirth. The girl had trouble with those before, but never quite like this! In trying to fit through the door, she was going to bring the whole damn building down!

Good grief, the girl is going to grow me out of house and home! Time to go have a talk with her. But...she considered. Here was a once in a lifetime chance. Her curiosity had been mounting as she watched the juxtaposition of softness and destructive power. She had touched other girl's bosoms before. Did she dare touch the most magnificent pair of all?

Well, maybe if she asked Samantha nicely. Abigail marched to her supplies and hurriedly slid her water proof poncho over her head and slipped out into the rain. She turned east, and her mouth fall open as she stared aghast at the vision.

"H...h...huge," she stammered. "...dear god. SHE'S HUGE. WHAT IS THIS?!" The wind answered with another burst across her face.

They were mountainous. Truly. It had always been a joke among the residents of Monville but this was an entirely different league. The enormously fat breast extended far into the sky, hurting Abigail's neck as she craned backwards to perceive a truly vast nipple. So close was she, she actually had to turn around and look up to see the tip of the nipple. The breast was behind her, the tip of the nipple in front of her. "It's so much bigger than my house," she whispered. That turned her on, for some reason. This young girl had a nipple that was bigger than her house. No big deal. Abigail lived out her entire life in a space smaller than the tip of this young woman's teat. The areola could have held a neighborhood. Easily!



Samantha Over Suburbs by Berggie

The twin behemoth was off in the periphery. Such a great distance away it hardly mattered. The one in front of her was quite enough. How she had greatly underestimated the situation! Samantha wouldn't be able to hear her. All the vibrations and noises made sense now. She was probably still somewhere back at the Cape, considering how big this mammary was.

Abigail was in shock, and strangely aroused. Houses were smashed all over the place, and debris was clustered around the front of Samantha's bosom. Water was pouring around blow the High School hill. The Yucati was overflowing, she thought faintly. No wonder. My house. The 19 year old tit monster destroyed my house. She grew it down.

She wasn't even angry yet. Just denial. The wind howled and the rain gushed all over her plastic coated form. The rain was making a drumming sound on the leviathan tits, and cascading down over the nipple. Abigail wasn't getting wet. The leviathan tit was shielding the rain, and the humongous nipple far above was serving to displace the waterfall of cascading water that poured off the fleshy balloon. Gee, thanks, she thought.

The nipple was mesmerizing. So large, and tumescent. She wished she had a camera or something. She pulled the collar of her shirt open and looked down at her own pair. She had nice nipples too. They were small nubs sticking out of her pert bosom. Abigail looked up again. But those were perfect! The young girl had amazing, perfect breasts in shape and size. Size? She meant proportional size. She glanced down and felt at a loss to describe what she was feeling. Jealousy? Well, she didn't want city sized breasts! Did she? What good would that be! Maybe she was a little small right now...?

The crunching of the ground behind her told Abigail volumes. The hill the school was on was mounding up behind her as more of the school was eaten away. It was time to move, no matter the rain. If she stayed here, there were going to be problems! Abigail turned and made an unhappy realization. She slapped herself across the face for her stupidity. She so rarely used this door, she ALWAYS forgot. She had just used the exit only door that locked automatically behind you. With a heavy, panicked sigh, she trekked around the school exterior, slipping and sliding in her hurry.

She needed to retrieve her supplies and get it loaded into the car, else she would end up like the classroom back there!

Samantha's growth was gaining on her. Of this, Abigail was uncomfortably aware. She had gotten her horror movie, alright! Attack of the 50 Foot Breasts! Of course, they were quite a bit bigger than THAT. Godzilla tits. She muttered other obscenities that she wasn't sure were offensive under her breath as she slugged through the muddy grounds, across the parking lot, and into the front door. The last thing she wanted was to be trapped in the school when that boob came a knockin'. In utmost haste, she gathered up all of her supplies that she could in her arms.

Thunder. An enormous booming crack roared across the land, follow by intense rumbling and shaking. Abigail's whole world collapsed as the roof caved and colossal breast flooded the lobby. Books from previous classrooms were flung about in her face as they had been dragged in front of the bosom. A book smacked Abigail in the chest. She had time to read the title: Chemistry. It figured. Abigail yelped and dove backwards as the earth pulsed again. Tit smothered where she had just been standing. That was close! The sudden surge of growth appeared to have ceased somewhat now, however. What had just happened? She was thoroughly alarmed about her own safety now. The teenager's bosoms were not going to be the end of her, if she could help it. What a way to go. Abigail crawled through the wreckage, maintaining her distance from the inching breast.

She felt like an ant. A fly. In the back of her head, she was dimly aware of just how large the thing behind her was. Like when walking by skyscrapers, only much, much bigger. Impossible to ignore. Finally clear of the rubble, she stared at a most unwelcome sight. Abigail's entire neighborhood was gone, all under countless tons of Samantha. Abigail grabbed one of her canned goods and flung it in frustration at Samantha, and watched it bounce harmlessly off, rolling down the hill in the rain. I guess I'm no David, she thought. And if only this tit was as small as Goliath!

Grimly, she set off towards her car, struggled to stand with the rain and the intense shaking. She went slipping and sliding down the high school hill to her car and hurriedly poured herself in.

What now? She needed to get very far away.

She revved up the engine to turn it on, but it was not responding. Angrily, she tried it again and again. She looked in the mirror and saw that it was too late!

BUMP.

The whole car jumped forward and engine started as Abigail swore as loudly as she could, and gunned it down the hill. "Thank you, Samantha. Just the touch I needed." She drove off towards the city and hopefully towards brighter pastures, the old car sputtering the whole way.

Samantha sat in the trailer in a towel. It was now very late Friday night, and she was relaxing after a long day of exceptional growth. They had finally come inside and dried off. Samantha's breasts plowed through the plastic flaps, and quite a bit of water had been coming inside until they had devised a solution. They draped wadded up towel after wadded up towel to prevent as much as a physical barrier as they could atop the stalks of her breasts. The towels were soaked through thoroughly, but they were enough of a physical barrier that the water shimmying down her slopes towards the trailer would meet this towel wall and slide down the path of least resistance off the side. This was done harmlessly to the pier-like platform, well before entering the trailer.

It also felt great. Segmented boobs. Part was inside, part was outside, and part was destroying a city. Just so magnificently large! Samantha was absentmindedly munching on the remains of the dinner Dan had prepared hours earlier. Dan was snoozing steadily, draped in a chair off to the side. She had worn him out again.

She was wide awake, however. She could not get over just how big she was getting! Even in the darkness of evening, she could FEEL each house after house being demolished. Now there went another car whose owner had left it behind to flee the city for the storm. Like destroying a miniature model. Crushing little seashells. But that was ACTUALLY HAPPENING. In REAL TIME! However incredible distance away, her boobs were destroying buildings. She was inside

her own home, and a yet a great length away she was destroying other peoples' homes just by growing. She didn't even have to do anything.

Samantha seized on the sofa. She bit her lip as she winced. What was that? Number 10,000? It was possible. She had came so many times today, she was sore. It hurt, so pleasantly. She rode the feelings for a few minutes and finished her plate of food. She needed to keep up her strength, after all. Esteban was supposed to still be here in the morning! She had better get some sleep so that she was prepared for Dan and her activities in the morn.

But she so wanted to stay up. She was living out her dream.

She wished she could watch the live streams that Juliana was monitoring. She wished she could have the perspective of someone standing in front of her behemoth melons, being so small in comparison. To look up at her own nipple, and to hurt her neck bending backwards to do it. She wanted to watch houses crumble as she felt them slip under the titan udders. She wished she could watch the city be swallowed by breast from ATOP her nipple. To look down at everything so far below! All things considered, she had the worst view right now. But as another surge of growth caused rampant ecstasy, she conceded she was in the best position.

She cheered herself on as she fondled the expanse of herself that she could still reach. Grow! Grow! Grow! The rain pounded her breasts from all sides. The wind swept across their expanse, taking long and longer to cover the distance. She kept timing it. She was considering the fact that she had lost control. She was glad there was nothing in Monville she didn't want to feel crushed by her weight, because she wasn't certain she'd be able to stop herself. She might be able to save a building for a moment, maybe. Indefinitely? That would be impossible.

Samantha lasted well into what was technically Saturday morning until all at once, she felt exhaustion settle in. She curled up on the sofa in her towel, wrangled up a pillow, and dozed off to insane, new dreams about how big she should get. Would get.

* * * * *

Hubert had spent the day wandering the aquarium innards, and appreciating all the exotic fish and animals. He was actually quite fond of places like this, but was never allowed in. Partially on account of his inability to pay admission, he conceded. The smell of the aquarium was always something hard to pin down for him, but it wasn't altogether unpleasant. The soft gurgling of pipes and waves as aquatic creatures did their thing in the eerie glowing tanks was a great source of peace. Hubert was definitely going to be sad to leave this place, but he would be shooed out for certain once the inhabitants of the city returned.

It had gotten very late at night when he was done wandering the softly lit aisles of tanks, and the corridors sided by enormous glass walls. It was a very pleasant day, all things considered. The rain was hardly noticeable white noise in this building unless you wandered close to the conservatory. The only complaint he had was about the vibrations. They had been building in strength all day. He hadn't a clue what that could be, but it was probably bad news.

Oh well. Hubert selected a nice spot next to a tropical looking display and settled in for the night, pulling his tattered coat close around him and wrapping his trusty threadbare blanket about his shoulders. The rumbling had attained quite an annoying level of strength, but he was certain his ability to sleep would win out over the distraction. Like many of those in his walk of life, he was used to a certain level of discomfort and annoyance when trying to snooze. And doze off, he did.

CRASH-CRUNCH-SHATTER. The cacophony of sounds was deafening. Hubert jumped to at the shocking booms. The earth was trembling something fierce and he staggered into one of the glass tanks. It gave him a moment to notice all the fish trying to flee in mad circles, and taking shelter in the fake rocks inside.

Hubert pelted through the dark nighttime hallways to the conservatory, where the sounds appeared to be coming from. He had a fleeting thought that he should probably be running in the other direction. That was the easternmost part of the aquarium, though he hadn't paid that fact much attention. He tripped through the doorway into the conservatory and found an appalling

mess.

There were a few inches of water splashing around the floor, and more seemed to be gushing in from somewhere off in the distant swirl of night. The conservatory was glass paned building and a greenhouse of sorts, so its lighting always reflected the lighting of that which was outside. At this time of day, rather night, that made for an extremely poor seeing situation. The most disorienting thing by far, however, was the noise.

Glass was being shattered by the ton, it sounded like. Water was gurgling through cracks in something. The birds and the inhabitants of the conservatory were creating such a ruckus it made Hubert's head spin. He didn't understand an ounce of this situation. It simply made no sense. Worse yet, the rumblings had achieved even greater seismic power. He was quite alarmed by now. Hubert hastily slid backwards through the doorway and desperately slid it shut. With a pang, he noticed water was still seeping in from the conservatory area, via the cracks in the doorway. Trust an aquarium to not have watertight doors!

He wasn't sure if that was ironic or not, but he did think it was inconvenient. There was an awful lot of water on the other side of that door that would greatly appreciate coming in. And the noises! Suddenly the jets of water plunging through the cracks stopped. Hubert stepped back, perplexed. The solid frame door started to wail. Great big cracks started spider webbing across the concrete above the door. What in hell was going on!?

To answer the unvoiced question, the whole wall burst aside revealing...something. Something big and smooth and pudgy and soft, by the way it was gently enveloping the doorframe that it was smothering with great force. Water came rushing in forcefully, drenching the areas around it. Hubert hightailed it out of there. This wasn't a situation he was familiar with and he didn't like it one bit. Attack of the pale wall.

Uh oh. Without the auxiliary lights of the tanks, the place was quite dark, and he had taken a wrong turn somewhere, stumbling in the black. He had followed a corridor lined with flush exhibits, and now he was at a dead end. The long and richly decorated passageway had led him

right to the feature exhibit of the aquarium. The shark tank viewing area was meant to put the people in the fishbowl instead. With 300 degrees of viewing, the glass dome protruding into the water of the shark and other semi-large creature tank was the highlight of the aquarium tour. It had not been designed with hasty escapes in mind. Any escapes in mind.

He charged back the way he had come at the back end of the corridor...he ran face first into something that certainly hadn't been there before. It was warm and bouncy and made him want to grab handfuls of it. The alabaster wall, which was so obviously not a wall. It reminded him of...Clarissa.

He fell backwards as it swelled larger, into the confined corridor. The ceiling was being ripped asunder by the enormous slab of whatever. Whatever it was, it was reallllllllly big. Much bigger than the building he was in. It swallowed his foot. Heavy! He yanked his leg out from under the immense but yielding weight and lost his shoe. Just as he reached to grab it the breast swelled again and he jerked himself backwards. Goodbye, shoe.

He realized he had called it a breast. That was ridiculous wasn't it? It hadn't been since Clarissa...no, there were sensations you didn't forget, no matter how many years of living on the street separated those memories from the present. Copping a feel of a lady's bosom had to be one. Breasts as big as the thing before him could only be...that girl. The one he had heard all the stories about. Some "S" name. Sarah? Sally? It would come to him.

As much as that aroused his curiosity, why was she destroying this place and what was he to do? Stuck between a rock and a hard place. Well, between a lady's breasts and a shark tank. When he put it that way, it really undermined his position, didn't it? He laughed hollowly. Still, the obvious choice was the right one. He took to pounding upon the smooth, heavenly surface of the enormous teat. It was springy and accepted his hand with warmth and just the right amount of give. He beat and yelled until he was hoarse, backing up constantly out of necessity. It was actually a lot of fun, and he could feel himself getting aroused. This was a young woman's boob that was bigger than he was, and he was touching it! Unfortunately, the woman in charge completely disregarded

his pleas for help.

She just keeps growing! Hubert thought. There had to be something weird going on. She should have noticed him by now, even with her blimp tits. He had never been the best at sexual favors, he granted himself that, but most women would notice if you punched 'em in the boob. He threw his entire body into the breast, bouncing backwards and stumbling. Still, she continued to grow. He realized that she must be incredibly big by now. Whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth. No other scenario made sense. She was so goddamn big she couldn't feel him hitting her, or at least didn't take note of it. Impossible.

He staggered backwards to take stock of the situation and felt something that sent shivers down his spine. A glass dome was behind him. End of the line. He was in the "fishbowl" viewing area of the shark tank. It was a projecting dome that capped the end of the corridor, extending into the shark tank a ways. It was the only thing at the end of the corridor, and it was built so that masses could stand here and have near a huge panorama view of the shark tank beyond the glass. It was lovely, but there was no exits through here.

But wait! In order to reach him in here, the girl would have to destroy the tank as well! Sure, the glass was unbelievably thick, but she had already grown right through the concrete of the building itself. What was a little glass to this teen's behemoth bosom?

When he was this far into the fishbowl viewing space, he could turn and see the entire shark tank, looking forward he could see to the far wall. Looking down, he could view the parts of the tank and its bottom that existed below the glass at his feet. He could look up to see the water level of the tank high above, and any sharks that swam over him, above the ceiling glass. If he turned and faced the corridor (where it used to exist, but was now filled with breast), he could look up see the fourth wall of the tank that was above where the corridor he had entered the fishbowl from. He needed the girl to bust through that and let some of these creepy sharks out.

He stared at the wall and waited, getting increasingly nervous as the pale beast puckered into the glass viewing area. He was rapidly running out of room at his dead end. Naturally the shark

tank was extremely fortified, but she had to destroy that wall above the corridor before she filled the fishbowl with tit, didn't she? There was no way it was that malleable.

The creaking and groaning of the establishment was quite awful. It was distorted by all the water and glass, but amplified for being so. The din was clearly having an effect on the wildlife behind Hubert's back. Sharks were swimming frantically, and fish panicked.

What Hubert really feared was coming to pass. His fishbowl dome covering was splintering, and water was trickling down into the contained sphere. Trapped in a reverse fishbowl, Hubert thought. It certainly gave him perspective on what he had been doing all afternoon. He pondered the possible philosophical implications to distract him from his impending doom.

With a satisfying crunch, the girl's breast blasted into the shark tank, and sent the fishbowl panel sliding backwards as it was uprooted, completely dislocated from its moor attached to the corridor. Water and sharks gushed down as gravity and pressure quickly filled the now vacant space, and Hubert was officially in the shark tank as the fishbowl sank.

Having steeled himself for this moment, and having taken a deep breath, he took a moment to orient himself after being spun around by the force of the water. Bubbles always traveled upwards. He released a few drips of precious air, and followed them to the top of the tank. He could see animals swimming around him, disturbed by the entrance of the breast to their tank as much as he was. It was a magical moment, seeing all these creatures pay him no mind, but it couldn't last. He burst above water and allowed himself a moment to panic again. SHARK TANK. Cool way to die. I DON'T WANT TO DIE. But then again...sharks. Or breast smothering. Now that he thought about it, autoerotic asphyxiation...If he was going to give up, he had missed an opportunity in there somewhere. Dying because a 19-year-old's tit was in his mouth had to be a pretty good way to go.

Much to his relief, the sharks and other wildlife paid him about as much mind as they would a rock or a particularly bland spot of open water. With all the bustling going on in their normally peaceful tank, they were completely preoccupied with that, and unconcerned with man eating. All the creatures swam every which way in a frenzy, all wanting to go somewhere else but having

nowhere to go at all. Did he remember something about sharks actually not being man eaters at all? It was pretty vague in his mind. Not really the time to be worrying about that now, anyway.

Taking stock again, Hubert realized he had been quite silly. The aquarium feeders had to get into the tank somehow. There was a ledge around here somewhere. Carefully and slowly, Hubert swam over to the edge of the tank and groped in the near darkness until he found somewhere that he could pull himself up. He did so with relief and surveyed the damage. He was on a ledge against the wall, the westernmost wall in the aquarium. Before him was the open water of shark tank just below, and he was standing where the divers and tank maintainers used to monitor the tank, but was never open to the public. The entire facing wall was lightly veined mass. The obscene breast was easily destroying the roof of the aquarium too. And no nipple or areola. Just how gigantic was she? Why was she growing out of control?

The whole complex shuddered again and Hubert realized the ordeal was far from over. She just didn't stop expanding! He was on the far back, the back wall of the shark tank. With slow patience, wall around him cracked and crumbled. He realized he had no place to run. The breast filled his entire vision, and was easily wider than the room he was in, that was for certain. He couldn't escape to the left or right because where the wall was destroyed, breast was pushing against heavily, sealing that area off with pressure. The uncomfortably sturdy wall behind him left no avenue there, either. He made a few prayers and watched the breast grow towards him, and he tried to hold it back one last time, putting his hands and feet on it, propping himself up, and exerting all he had could into the spongy mass.

Softly but forcefully, Samantha continued to close the distance to the final wall of the aquarium, with Hubert sandwiches in between. His arms and legs sank in and he tried to keep it off his face. His extremities buckled and gave up as they tired out, and breast instantly squashed against his whole body, heavily but not painfully. The pressure was becoming unbearable on his rib cage as more and more woman was forcefully exerting on his chest. Breathing had become nonexistent in this fleshy prison.

It was a ripe moment, as he stood plastered against the wall, unable to move because of pound after pound of heavy tit mashing against him, harder and harder as she continued to swell. The young girl, off somewhere in the distance, was oblivious to the man in a desperate situation because of her single tit. He could feel each pulse compress him. Her warmth and mass was completely dominating him, effortlessly. He had held his breath again, and it was starting to make him light headed as his mouth and nose was completely closed over. He was pinned by the force, and couldn't move even an inch.

With a tremendous grumbling noise, Hubert felt the wall behind him give way. He would have yelled if he hadn't needed to take a deep breath of the fresh air so badly. He glimpsed a view of the streets of Monville before he went tumbling through the air along with gallons of uncompressing water, as the torrent from the tank went gushing past him carrying every creature he had observed. He fell into the muddy waters of the tank mixed with Yucati, relatively unscathed, but his chest still feeling like there was a weight on him.

He slowly crawled out of the wreckage, trying to get his breath back, and stood stunned. Sharks and fish glided past him in the waters about two feet deep that had flooded this portion of the city. He turned and collapsed. The breast. It...it was bigger than anything. Ever. All this was girl? Destroying the aquarium...it had been such a big deal to him, but compared to this mass...no wonder she hadn't even noticed him! Holy shit. He quickly stumbled through the now shark infested waters and ran.

He ran through the streets, and heard "Come on...go, dammit!" Hubert spun at the sound of the voice. There was a woman with a car, desperately trying to push it to make it go. "She's gaining on us!" the woman panted, speaking to her car.

Hubert paused. "Can I help you?"

"Oh!" The woman jumped, noticing him. "Er...yes. Yes you can. You see, I don't want to die because of Samantha's nunga nungas."

"Nunga nungas?" Hubert asked, bewildered.

"Brust, busen, dugs, hooters, mams, bazooms, honkers, her breasty business. THOSE." Abigail pointed in irritation. "English isn't even my first language, goodness. I don't really want to be flattened because some nineteen year old can't control her hormones!"

Hubert quite agreed. Together, they unstuck the car.

Samantha woke with a start. It was early morning now, and she instantly felt...bigger and better than ever before.

"Dan!" She shrieked. "I kept growing ALL NIGHT! I'm gigantic!" She jostled him awake. "Don't ignore your big titted girlfriend. I'm going to need your services shortly. I think the entire city is flooded or something. I overgrew the river last night, and with all the rain and everything...it's a good thing I'm going to level the whole thing anyway."

Samantha chattered away. She was talking about her favorite topic, after all.

"Dan, DAN" She hissed. "I'm too big for WEATHER. Those clouds are actually LOWER than the tops of my boobs. My tops are not being rained on anymore! Do you have any idea just how big that makes me? Oh god. Huge, right? Really, really enormous? I can feel the clouds. They're wet, and they're cold. I can feel the thunder too." She giggled. "It vibrates. I think I'm wider than the city, too. The outer portion of my boobs aren't getting the love it deserves. Oh, when will each of my boobs be as big as the city? Only time will tell!"

Still the storm raged.

Dan had watched Samantha all morning. He just wished HE could see how big she was getting! All he could see were the backs of her breasts, and of course the amount that was stuck in the trailer. She had definitely been expanding on this end. He had already discretely moved

furniture out of her way. She might enjoy destroying her night stand, but he was the one who was going to have to replace it. She hadn't seemed to notice. He supposed that when you're destroying dozens of houses, a nightstand doesn't rate much.

Samantha was on the sofa still, her eyes glazed over. There was breast everywhere else in the cabin. He DID have to climb over her breasts if he wanted something to eat. And he was getting hungry. He had thought being on the side of the bathroom and door outside would have been the most advantageous side, but he had not needed those facilities yet. There were canned goods on the other side of the mountains of tit and he needed to get those. Finally, he relented.

"Sam...?" He began cautiously. "Are you...hungry?"

Slowly, she gave him a tremulous thumbs up and scooted backwards so he couldn't walk behind her. Dan heaved himself out of his chair and walked over to the girl.

"You were waiting for this," he said, pretending to be cross.

She grinned up at him. "Scale 'em if you dare, mountain man."

Dan obliged. Slowly he tried to clamber over the bosom in the middle of the room. Just as he was scooting across the mound of breast on her lap, Samantha leaned over and with one finger pushed him off balance. He fell heavily on her heavenly mattresses, and she giggled at him.

"I like you there a lot," she explained. "You're warm and you move and ughhh it feels so nice. I should keep you there. What do you think about having some new house rules? I crush all your chairs...and you have to use me instead!"

Dan was lying at an angle on the right breast which he had fallen upon. His feet were down near Samantha, but his head was...surprisingly close to the ceiling. The curvature of the enormous girl beneath him had his body at a 45 degree angle.

"Sam...you're going to break this place apart soon." He was still staring at the ceiling which was less than a foot from his face. "You're actually pushing up against the ceiling somewhere

behind me, aren't you?"

She stuck her tongue out at him. "You should know. You were the one who kept moving the nightstand out of my way."

So she had noticed.

"I'm destroying everyone else's homes! I should at least destroy my own." She giggled gleefully.

Dan could feel himself getting closer to the ceiling. She was growing him into the roof! That was absolutely amazing. It neared him ever so slightly with every passing moment.

"Bad Sam! Don't do that in the house."

"You mean I'm not...house broken?"

"Oh, that was bad. You should be ashamed of that one."

"Make me," she teased.

Dan lay there on the soft mattress. In truth, it was wonderful. "I could stay up here forever."

"You should. I approve."

"But I'm hungry."

"Boob ornaments don't get hungry. Pretty soon, I'll trap you against the ceiling with my growth and you won't be able to get off without my help."

Dan looked down at her and saw that she was drooling slightly. He sat up and smacked his head on the roof. Samantha tried valiantly not to laugh but he could tell she was suffering tremendous giggles. Her breasts were jiggling gelatinously beneath him in the throes of her laughter.

"Oh that's funny to you? Here. Feel this." He started to tickle everywhere he could reach, Handfuls of breast and more breast.

"Gah! Oh no! No! Stop that! Ahahahahaha stoooooop." Samantha waved her hands madly. She accidentally grabbed the nightstand and it splintered in her grip. "Awww. That wasn't how I wanted to break it!"

Dan was sliding down the slopes and came to rest right next to her. From this position, he was straddling her torso. He leaned down and kissed her. She stared up at the man sitting on her chest with her bright brown eyes. He leaned down further and slowly slid his arm down her cleavage, tickling her gently. He could hear her breathing slow down. As his hand neared her lap, her eyes widened. "Uh oh," she breathed. His face was just inches from hers as he reached further down, and slipped his hand delicately under her shorts. His hands tickled her gently as they fumbled past the band of her panties. Samantha let out a whimper and her head fell back.

* * * * *

The Mayor woke to the rumble of thunder. The rain was still clearly pattering strongly against his estate on a rise in the city. He rose out of bed, nervous of what he would find. Had his poor city survived a night under siege of the hurricane? It still had quite a ways to go until it was out of the woods. Until that night, at least. Hold on, darling, he thought. He peeled back his curtains, and what he saw nearly made him faint.

Those...those...those BASTARDS! ALLOWING THIS TO HAPPEN TO HIS CITY. Was the Mayor's first reaction. His second reaction was what the hell? Reaction number three was...I guess we have a new attraction downtown. He was ever the mayor.

Quite aside from the weather that had the whole coast under water, the city seemed to be flooded. There was water everywhere in the streets, it was extremely unnerving. The mayor studied all the sights he possibly could before finally allowing himself to look at the two main problems. The two biggest breasts in the world.

They were mammoth, if mammoths were about 1,000 times bigger than the Mayor thought they were. It was obvious that their mass had swallowed over half of the city by now. My fair

town, the Mayor thought sadly. All that was left, practically, was the downtown area that was on the backend of Monville along the widest part of the Yucati River

Samantha's perfect, leviathan breasts were probably the biggest things he had ever seen, if you discounted the obvious things like the Earth, the Sun, and other celestial bodies. The peaks of Samantha's peaks were standing amidst the storming clouds and the swirling rains, dangerously close to outgrowing the sky itself. Ordinarily, the Cornes Tower was the tallest thing in Monville, standing some 70 stories tall. It was not taller than Samantha's breasts. Not even close! It wasn't taller than her areola! In fact, the tower itself might be shorter than the diameter of a single one.

And he had thought his wife had big areola. Samantha's velvety red moons put some lakes to shame, though, didn't they? He briefly imagined he was selling the vast hued area as real estate. It wasn't like Monville had much elsewhere anymore, he thought sourly.

And the nipples. Museum sized nipples, easily. Or much bigger. It was hard to grasp something so vast, like trying to see the curvature of the earth. The entire eastern horizon was teenage tit.

The Mayor took stock of the situation, amused that he wasn't more shocked than he was. I must be too shocked to be in shock, he thought quite reasonably. His city was both underwater and undertit, and there wasn't a single damn thing he could do about either one. At least the government had evacuated everyone. Still, a little WARNING would have been nice. He turned his inward fury upon his superiors and spent the next few moments crafting choice words he would never dare to use.

All the while he had been staring out the window of his house. Something was off. Those marvelous, if slightly gigantic, nipples were larger and closer. Slowly but surely.

My skyscrapers! He thought in horror. He pressed his nose to the glass and watched helpless as the swelling right breast collided with the towers. The noise split the sound of the pounding rain, even from this distance. Like watching a movie in slow motion, the towers were blasted apart with

varying amounts of pressure. The one nearest to the breast was knocked clean from its pedestal and smashed to the ground. The second and third towers were smothered, enveloped by breast and then crunched beneath the enormous weight of tit. The final tower, the Cornes Tower, was lined up with the right nipple.

The mountainous, crinkled protuberance struck the Cornes Tower dead on, about 3/4ths of the way up its height. The nipple was halted for a moment, being held firm by the tower even with the breast expanded around it, giving it a slightly pushed in look, and then the pressured became too much for even the most stable and sound building in Monville. Samantha's teat totaled the tower. The nub crashed right through the slender building, impaling it with such awesome destructive force that the mayor jumped. The base of the tower below where it had been cleaved in two was quickly smothered.

The Mayor watched in dismay as the last vestiges of his once great city were swallowed by the breasts of its most notable inhabitant.

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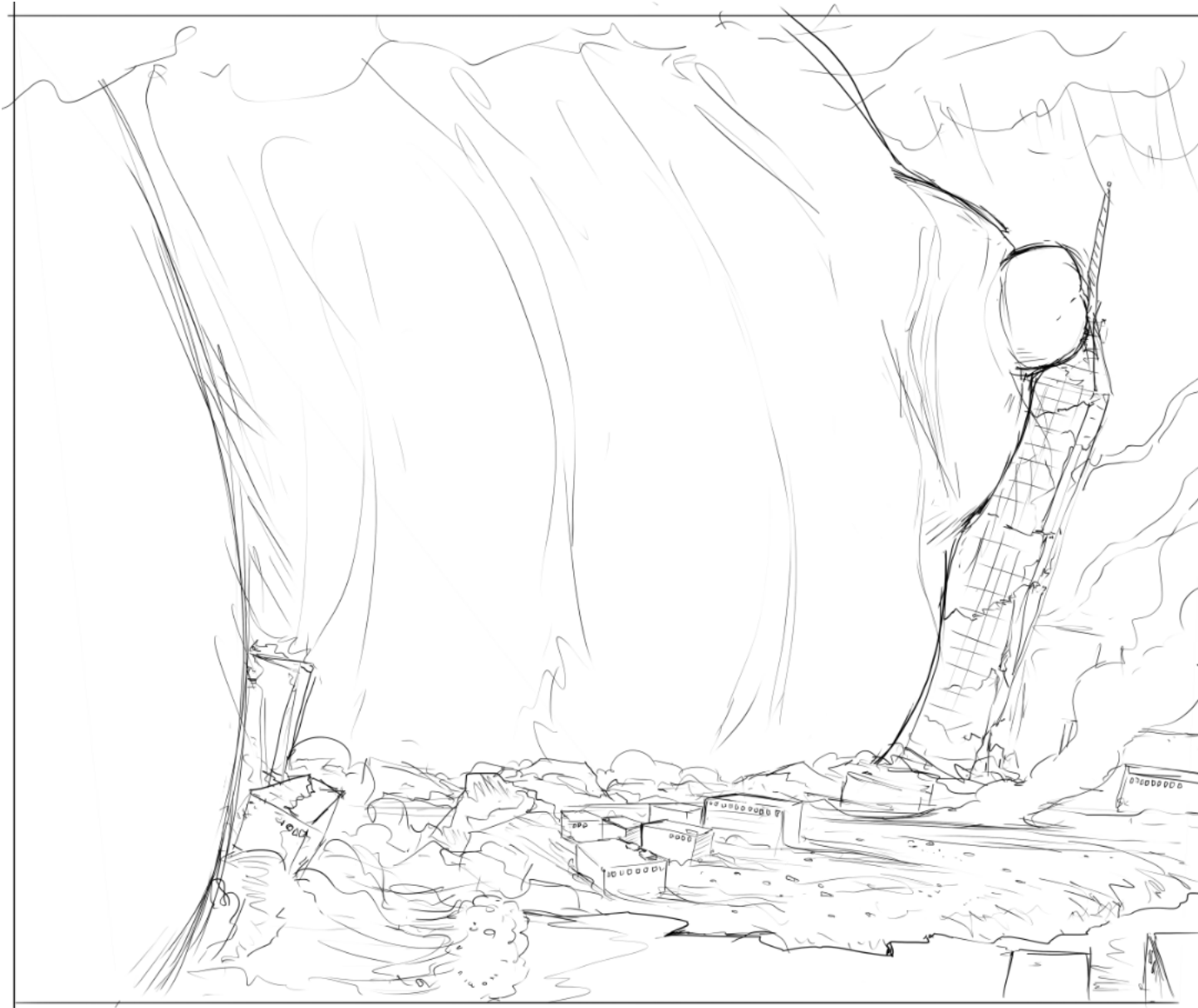
Samantha could feel it as she held Dan's hand. The rain and waters of city pounding against her monsters. She could feel building after building succumb to their overwhelming growth as she surged bigger and bigger.

"I think I'm growing downtown," Samantha whispered excitedly. "Want to go down town? Part of me is already there!" She giggled maniacally.

"Ooh, you're about to destroy my office, aren't you!" Dan said eagerly. "Make sure you get the whole thing."

"Sure thing, love. No survivors!" She pretended to wield a sword.

"Oh!" She exclaimed and clutched Dan. There was a resistance that bit into her soft and sensitive areola. Her breasts and her desire, already inflamed by the winds and the rains and Dan's skillful ministrations, she needed very little to set her off. The scratching stroke of this building



Samantha Over Skyscrapers by Berggie

against that her silken area was just too much. She felt the building dig into her, and then splinter apart as the weight of her growth exceeded its greatest possible resistance. One building, two buildings, three buildings...she felt herself flatten the downtown area. Then she let out a scream and nearly suffocated Dan in a chokehold. One of the buildings had the audacity to touch her nipple! That sensation...it was incredible!

It must be the Cornes Tower. Nothing else would be tall enough. She could feel it fight her sensitive nubs. She groaned as she felt the resistance build up, and clutched Dan tighter. "Oh," she gasped. "Oh!" The darn tower was fighting her! The engineers must have done a stand up job when designing the thing. Softly but surely she could feel herself crushing the window panes and slowly bend the building back as her nipple would not be denied.

Suddenly the sensation came free and she collapsed onto the floor. She had dissected a skyscraper with her nipple. It hadn't even stood a chance. She was a tit FREAK and she loved it.

She stared at her boyfriend from her position on the floor. "You must think I'm crazy, acting like this. I mean, neither of us can SEE, can we? But trust me. Your office doesn't exist anymore. Nothing does. Monville doesn't exist anymore." She squeaked out these last words before the rush of sensations made her nearly pass out.

She would be in that state for most of the day.

Holy crud, Juliana thought. She stared at all of her monitors and flicked through all of the tabs that contained the online feeds of the Samantha attack on the city. The footage over the last 24 hours had been...unbelievable. Her friend had absolutely grown out of control.

She had dutifully recorded every last drop of the action. All the Monville cameras were no longer operational, and the only remaining serviceable camera was the one located at her outpost. She had watched each and every camera slowly get smothered by Samantha, until they stopped sending signal entirely, crushed completely.

Better yet, the storm was unabated, and so apparently was Samantha's capacity for breast enlargement. Juliana's wonder and amazement was rivaled only by her extreme jealousy. Not for the first time alone in this trailer, her hands were busy.

* * * * *

It was afternoon on the Saturday, and Mr. Sean Hatcher snorted at the weather reports churning out of his old battery powered radio. These weathermen. This was the storm everyone was afraid of? Just a lot of rain was all. Some thunder, some lightning, but mostly rain and wind. Rain was water falling from the sky. It just didn't intimidate him any. There was no explaining some people.

What annoyed him most was all the shaking. It was getting stronger by the minute, it seemed.

Hatcher was sitting in his trailer, which had weathered the storm better than any of the buildings in Monville, as it happened. This was not something he was aware of. He had not quite dared to venture outside, and there was nothing out there for him anyways. His entire world was confined within this trailer, and the rest of the city was shut down to boot. He had whittled his time away, whittling at blocks of wood and transforming them into figurines of cowboy action stars. There was a bowl at his feet to catch all the shavings as he worked at this particularly detailed caricature of The Man With No Name.

His knife was famously sharp, and he wielded it with expert, deft hands. His technique had been taught to him by his father, and that had been taught to him by his father, and so forth among all the Hatchers for generations. Even so, he was unsure of his abilities with all this shaking going on. It would be all too easy to lose a finger, or puncture himself in some way. He idly watched his cup on the counter rattle a view inches after another bout of seismic activity.

He thought it was rather fortunate that he was accustomed to such a Spartan lifestyle. If he had any fancy decorations, they would have been shaken to the floor long ago. The rain continued to pound down on his roof, but it was noticeably lighter than it had been. They really were all

pansies, he concluded. Fearing a bit of water. That had been far from the worst part. Nobody had mentioned the earthquakes. If anything, that should have been more worrisome. He'd have to give the rest of the trailer park a lesson in manliness when they all came back. He thought of that hag Hattie O'Hare's face and enjoyed the mental picture of his gloating with relish.

Unbeknownst to Hatcher, the rumblings were sliding him down his seat. A particularly severe series of shakes were enough to drop him fully to the floor, and he stood up in indignant fury. "Enough is enough!" He hollered, and without the slightest clue as to what good it would do, he stomped out his door into the trailer park outside.

And stopped dead.

The sight that greeted him was one all too familiar. Not only was it, though always on a much smaller scale, something he had become accustomed to seeing, but he was used to it in this form from his repeated nightmares. Or erotic fancies. He had had trouble discerning the two, and never could decide which they really were. He secretly suspected they were all erotic fantasies because the other way around simply didn't make much sense, considering the fact that he was conflicted at all.

Breasts. Bigger than anything. Samantha. Her young, spectacular, gigantic breasts.

Hatcher screamed in anger. He KNEW it! Hadn't he told EVERYONE? No one had believed him! Validation coursed through him, overwriting everything else, including reason and concern. Ha. Hattie, eat your damned heart out. Your "little girl" has leveled the city with her tits. It ain't a "condition" no more, now is it!

Thunder roared overhead and his in heart. His violent nature stirred, and he geared for a fight. Damn that girl! His city was gone now! She wasn't gonna take his trailer! He had been trying to defend that for years. He bounded forward to the great wall of breast. It reached unfathomably far into the sky, with nipple and areola and the works. It was lost on him in Hatcher's rage.

THUMP THUMP THUMP. He punched his frustration out on the soft, warm surface. His

arm sunk in to the mass as he pounded away, hoping Samantha felt it, wherever the heck she was.

He knew she could.

Samantha jolted upright. She could feel it alright. There wasn't supposed to be anything alive in the city before the storm began. Who was hitting her? She made a few mental calculations. She had definitely overgrown the entire city by now. There wasn't an ounce of it left. Where else would...

The trailer park! Samantha knew in an instant who it was. The man she had always hated. Being hit by him was no accident. Samantha ground her teeth. So ANNOYING. Wait, that meant she was seconds away from crushing the trailer park, her home all these years! Samantha went cross-eyed at the realization, and promptly forgot any form of restraint.

Not that she would have used it.

Hatcher could tell this was a losing battle. He wasn't completely stupid, he thought. There was just no way he would have any effect. His real battle was making Samantha take notice of what she was doing. His fists probably weren't going to cut it.

He stepped back yet again, frustrated. She kept growing! He had to make her stop. Make her do something! If this kept up, she was going to pulverize his trailer! He wouldn't let her have the satisfaction.

He felt the familiar weight in his pocket. He drew out his knife and looked at it, and examined the pale monstrosity before him, in all its glory and beauty. It really wouldn't hurt, would it? Not that he cared much. She had to be taught a lesson.

Without further hesitation, he held the knife aloft and plunged it.

Samantha yelled indignantly. It didn't HURT, per se, it just...he STABBED her! What a beast! She threw a sly look over at Dan and noted he wasn't paying any attention. She was glad. He definitely would not approve of her...intended course of retaliation.

At the same time, Samantha was strangely turned on. Such power she wielded! A man, miles away, had just tried to knife her. It was like being bitten by a gnat. She felt her cheeks flush at the idea. Hatcher was a flea.

How DARE he touch my boobs. I mean, I let everyone, but he's campaigned against me all these years, Samantha thought. She was seriously annoyed. He should know better! Can't he tell how big I am? Can't he tell what I could do to him in a second? She thought venomously. Doesn't he realize that he should be trying to make me happy?

Suddenly, it happened. An enormous clap of thunder tore through the skies, just after Samantha had felt something indescribable. Pure ecstasy had coursed through her entire body, from nipple to nipple to toes to fingers. She had been struck by lightning! The feelings jolting throughout her entire frame caused a very familiar sensation.

Ha. Power surge, she thought dimly. No controlling it now.

The surge of growth took him completely by surprise. Before he could even flinch, literal tons and tons of tit smacked him mightily across the entire body and send him looping through the grass where he finally came to a rest. That bitch! She was just going to keep growing and growing and she didn't give a damn, did she?

He humped himself upright and charged into his trailer and withdrew his backup plan. The shotgun, also generations old. He quickly inspected it and loaded it, and stomped out the doorway. Hatcher's last stand.

Standing on his steps, he aimed his gun, and fired. It was impossible to miss, really.

To Hatcher's great shock, the breast billowed outward, growing even faster. Within an instant he was pinned against his trailer. He could feel Samantha, pulsing against him with each renewed growth. The air was being crushed from his lungs against the wall of his home. Both of them were being pushed back.

He thought about a lot of things in that moment. His wasted life, the pointlessness of it.

The firm weight throbbing against his chest. The power and the warmth. He felt the trailer stop sliding back. They must have made contact with the trees in the back. He smiled. He determined it was erotic fantasy, once and for all.

The expanding bosom kept coming.

Samantha felt Hatcher's trailer crumble beneath her weight. She wasn't the least bit regretful. Instead, her body was wracked by quite another emotion, aside from all the guilt. Mr. Lenik, she thought. This...this was different. What was it? She nearly passed out again.

She felt something amazing, though. Something wispy at the top of her breasts. Heavy rain and wetness and coldness and...she had grown beyond the clouds, and that was where most of the lightning happened. Lightning kept striking her and thunder vibrated through her breasts setting them quivering. Samantha screamed and screamed in ecstasy, and this time she really did pass out.

It was starting to get late in the evening of Saturday. Hurricane Esteban was on its last legs in the Monville area, as it continued to swirl its way up the coast and pester other cities, with far less seriousness.

Abigail and Hubert were under shelter at a gas station, sitting on the steps of a pump under the big roof. They were eating some of the canned goods she had packed into the car, and watching

the city crumble in silence.

Last night, the darkness, the roads, and the raining had made driving conditions awful. As soon as they had left the city proper and stumbled upon this gas station, Abigail had been more than fed up with driving and decided to pull under the cover.

They had spent the day watching the city get torn apart by Samantha's obscene breasts.

"She's so huge," Abigail said, for the fifth time that day.

Hubert nodded, appreciating the canned beans he was eating. "She's well beyond touching the clouds, Abigail. That...that's ridiculous."

"I wonder what that feels like."

"Wet, proolly."

They both watched the rains swirl, and the new city skyline. Two enormous breasts taller than the sky itself. It was like seeing a volcano, shrouded in smoke. The clouds were swirling in the sky, but only a little more than half the height of the breasts. These low hanging storm clouds were nothing compared to the miles of height of breast. They were each almost as wide as a city, after all, and their height was comparable. They could see about half of the enormous tarp of areola, stretched but perfect, centered on Samantha's perfect nipples. The rest of the twin peaks were shrouded by the angry gray skies, hidden from view. Samantha's nipple height was almost that of the hurricane clouds.

There was lots of debris at the bottom of the breasts which was all that was left of Monville. The debris continued to mound up as the breasts so obviously continued to expand, larger and larger. The remains of the splintered city, that which had managed to not be flattened, continued to be pushed across the fields and suburbs outside the main city. Luckily the two were a great distance away.

"It must be nice to be that big," Abigail said, wistfully.

Hubert looked at her. "I don't think you have much to be ashamed of, ma'am."

She slapped him very gently. "Eyes up front," she said, pleased.

Dan woke Samantha up in a hurry. "Sam! The trailer is about to go!"

She sat up groggily. "Eh?"

"You're about to burst our house."

She blinked the sleep out of her eyes and stared around. She had obviously just continued to get bigger, much to her happiness. She was swelling in the front of the trailer, and shoving aside all the furniture inside off to the left or the right. She had never taken care of the issue earlier, and it was clear the whole place was building up pressure as her breasts didn't stop their continuous expansion. She could feel the constriction on her chest, so close to herself. The rest of her breasts felt free and liberated, but there was a bottle neck in plain sight. The trailer groaned, as it had done many times over the years. "Yes!" She cheered. "I was always going to do it!"

"Not 'yes'! This is our home!" Dan was standing up, just visible around the left swell of her enormously inflated bust stuck in the trailer. He was trying to ease parts of it outside, but not having much luck. She kept expanding against his efforts, and the pressure being built up was significant.

"They'll get us something newer. Something big enough for me!"

"And you'll try to break that one."

"Yep."

"Come on, it's raining like the dickens outside. This is the roof over our heads and you want to blast it off!"

Samantha giggled, and the house screeched again. Oops. She looked down and noticed that

even SHE was feeling the pressure against her ribs. It had been a long time since taking a deep breath would cause any damage. Oh, the temptation. Dan was throwing his entire weight against her breast, completely ineffectively. He was panting at his exertions, his body sinking against her as he lay upright against the breast taller than himself. He turned and continued to try and feed her mass through the opening.

She felt some pity for her boyfriend, as what he was doing was futile, but he was so obviously exerting himself in hopes it might matter. "How long have you been at this?"

"A while. You're too damn heavy."

She felt her guilty for him, and slowly stood up, all the while easing breast forward. Dan had to apply pressure to compress the breasts inward where they met up with the trailer opening. Slowly she felt more and more slip outside the confines of the trailer as she gently pushed them heavily outside and over the edge of the platform. The building relaxing around them.

"There," she said sadly.

"Thanks. I mean, how could they replace our home? I'm sure they'd just say 'Well, if she's too big for a city, she's too big for a house.' You might get nothing."

She grabbed him into a headlock against her breast. "That sounded suspiciously like you saying 'I'm too big.' I know that's not what you meant!"

"No! But...well, you DID jus-"She silenced him with a kiss, like she had done countless times before.

"Don't say something you'll regret," she objected, when she had lifted her mouth. "Don't upset the woman with the ever growing breasts. I mean, Monville is a pretty small city. I still have big plans."

"S-still?"

"Mmmmmhm."

She ran her free hand through his hair gently and the two stood there, listening to the soft rain on the roof.

Chapter 10: Natural Wonders

It was in all the papers. On all the TVs. Across the globe, everyone was tuning in. "Samantha's Colossal Bust" was the headline heard in every language.

In the wake of Hurricane Esteban, some of the residents of Monville had returned home already, dreading the damages caused by the rampant storm. Instead, they had found quite a different but no less alarming problem. There was nowhere to return to! Unless you wanted to live on some mile-high breasts. Mile-high being a figure of speech, as they were far, far bigger than that!

Monville was swamped not by the flood waters that many inhabitants had feared, but by acres and acres of breast. Each mammoth teat could probably have smothered Monville by itself, now. The double leviathan tits together created such an awe inspiring sight like none other on earth. They were two impossibly large blimps of woman resting on the site of the dismantled city. The udders were swarmed by the fringe remains of the suburbs that had surrounded the metropolis, but the city itself had crumbled. The view was as imposing as it was hard to conceive. Those were not only BREASTS, but they were so unimaginably big that the clouds themselves obscured parts of them.

News stations from nearby had flocked to the ruin of Monville and filmed the city-dwarfing bosom of Samantha. As the alarming footage hit the airwaves, it captured the fancy of millions. Nobody could believe that it had actually happened. That this was a real thing that people needed to worry about. A nineteen-year-old girl demolishing a city with her breasts? Who saw that coming? The displaced Monville citizens who had not yet managed to return realized that there was nothing to come back to anymore, and each dazedly wandered off to new lives in new places.

Hattie O'Hare watched these news bits in absolute shock. She could feel her mouth drop lower and lower with every released, pixilated photo and video feed shown on the tube. Her...her Samantha? Good lord! Monville! Samantha! Was she alright? The city was gone. Samantha's breasts! Her little girl! It was a confusing mix of so many extraordinary elements.

First things first. Her ward had city-sized breasts. That merited a phone call.

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Samantha and Dan watched the news on Samantha's computer, fascinated.

Right now, a reporter was interviewing a woman named Abigail and a man named Hubert about the ordeal of being in the city when Hurricane Esteban hit. "Look," Samantha giggled "these two survived me! I guess I'm at natural disaster size. I wish they had been wearing cameras," she said thoughtfully. "I would've liked to see the whole shark tank thing. I was asleep, and I missed it! I wonder what that felt like...having me...almost..."

"Being nearly crushed by your breasts?"

"...Yeah..."

"Not bad at all. They're pretty nice."

She bit her lip. "I forgot that you have some experience, in a similar situation!"

"Yeah...Good times at the farm," he said wistfully. "Speaking of which, we need to get that new footage off Juliana sooner or later. I want to see it!"

"Oh goodness, yes."

Life in the trailer hadn't changed much for the two. Samantha had already been immobilized, and she couldn't be MORE so. The enlargement of her bosom mostly took place beyond the confines of the trailer on the platform. They were simply so big and so tall and so wide. She had continued to monitor the amount allowed in the trailer, at Dan's behest. She considered it a matter

of delaying the inevitable, but it seemed to please him.

"Look," Samantha said happily, gesturing at the screen "I need internet access to see my nips!"

"They're pixilated, though. That's a pity," Dan commented.

"True. I would like to see them properly."

"Believe me, you have lovely nipples."

"Then why haven't you sucked on them in a while?" she teased.

"I would if I could!"

"Just a little tweak?" she pouted, giving him a playful shove.

"Ha! How am I supposed to do that? Shoot a missile at your tits?"

Samantha tilted her head, considering. Dan stared at her, and she laughed at the face he made.

Samantha's phone started to ring, and she scooped it up to her ear. "Hello? Oh hi! Yes, I'm perfectly fine. Uh huh. Yeah... I grew kinda a lot." She affected sheepishness. "I didn't MEAN to. It just... I don't know what happened! ...I'm sorry about the trailer park...I know, but still. It's my fault it's gone. And everything else in Monville. All my fault." She was grinning at Dan expansively through her fake sadness. She even wiggled her eyebrows at him suggestively. "Oh, I was just wishing they wouldn't get any bigger. That storm felt awful and they just wouldn't stop growing!...Yes, otherwise I'm fine, thank you. Ok. I'll talk to you later."

Samantha pocketed her phone.

"Still too embarrassed to tell her the truth?"

To his great surprised, Samantha actually blushed. "Wouldn't you be? What am I supposed

to say? Sorry I destroyed our city. I just couldn't stop my breasts from growing out of control BECAUSE IT FELT DAMN GOOD and I loved every second of it. Not a conversation I want to have, let me tell you. I've been avoiding it all my life, ever since I started getting big." She giggled. "I always had to hide my excitement at going bra shopping! I was always growing. It was a hassle for her, but not for me."

Dan had to acknowledge that was an incredibly awkward thing to discuss with any parental figure. "Come here, I think I found the solution to your pixilation problem."

Samantha leaned over his shoulder to see his computer screen, playfully squashing him with breast, to see what he had been up to while she was on the phone. The Samantha website! There was a forum that was on fire. Apparently someone from the site had come to the location previously known as Monville and snapped picture after picture of the expanse of Samantha's bust. These undoctored pictures were uploaded to the forum and receiving hits by the bucketful. Both Samantha and Dan fished through the photos with fascination.

"I'm HEEEEEEEEEEEEYUGE," she cried happily. The images were making her giddy. "Look, that's all me! Those are my nipples, miles off the ground. Oh, they look lovely, don't they? Those nips could easily destroy our trailer. Each one is far, far bigger than my own house! It wouldn't even be a near thing. Good thing I have them pointed in the other direction! Oops, they might have just gotten a liiiittle bit bigger. Really a good thing now, isn't it? They'd knock us over." Dan's cup rattled on the table with another seismic shudder. "Ah, did it again. My apologies. Don't mind me. Wow, look at my areola. I already smooshed everything around that could be used for size comparison, but look at how wide those things are. You could build an amusement park. Aren't guys supposed to try and fit the areola in their mouth? Get crackin', buster."

She slipped her arms around Dan's shoulders and kissed him on the cheek. "Sir, you have a very busty girlfriend. How do you feel about that?"

"Oh, I dunno. Is she that big? I think she could be a lot bigger."

"Good answer," she said with another nuzzle hug. "You're not just saying that? You really do want me bigger too, right?"

"What difference would being a little bigger do now? Keep growing, Sam."

She snickered. "I was worried you were getting cold feet."

They read through the comment section of the forum, and laughed heartily at many of the comments. They all sounded like Samantha usually did! Not a soul among them wanted her smaller, but bigger! Many of the comments mentioned what the user would like to do to Samantha or her breasts if given the chance. She took it in stride. "Ooooh we should try that." "Oh haha nice, what a good idea!" "See, I've been telling you do to that! It's not weird!"

They both stared at one that caught their eye. "FlyingAce76: I'd love to land my plane on them! Ms. Duquesne, if you're reading this, please PM me if you're interested!" The comment had lots and lots of subcomments of people encouraging the idea. "Wow!" "I'd love to see that!" "That would be so great!" "Please let him do it, Samantha!" They were using the volume of comments to push the idea to the top of the forums in the hope that she would see it.

"Wow, that would be re-" Dan said, turning towards Samantha, where he caught the full brunt of her begging, puppy dog look.

"It's kinda something I've always wanted."

"Airport breasts?"

"Not exactly. Doing things that should be impossible for boobs to do. But MY boobs are so big, they can do them! It's...kinda where the whole crushing thing comes from. How cool would that be! My breasts would make me be the first person to be used as a runway. Besides. Having a whole airplane on my boobs?" Her eyes fluttered. "Yes, please!"

She leaned over his shoulder again. Her enormous breasts dug more deeply into his back as they squashed against him, before swelling around his shoulder and extending far ahead of him.

Dan's head was trapped between her arm and the plush swells of bosom.

"Can I respond to him?" she asked eagerly.

She inched herself onto Dan's lap, moving the computer sidesaddle so she would be able to use it.

"I'm glad you're not as heavy as your breasts."

"They are a LOT fatter than I am." His hands settled on her thin waist as she typed.

She created a new account. If she was going to reveal herself as THE Samantha, she didn't want to drag "N33dBIGGERBras" into the operation. Besides, with Dan watching, she saw no reason to reveal her hidden account. She quickly created "Samantha8". The other ones were taken. Were there other people pretending to be her? That excited her on some base level.

She sent a message explaining the situation to "FlyingAce76" and told him he had permission to land his plane on her breasts. The response came soon, and about as much as Samantha and Dan expected. FlyingAce was excited, but skeptical.

"How do I prove I'm me? Besides shoving one of my tits through his house." Samantha wondered.

"Don't deprecate yourself. The tip of your nipple would be more than enough. Hmm, I have an idea, but you're gonna have to be ready for some big publicity on the site." Dan rummaged through the drawers and withdrew a marker. He walked up the shelf of Samantha resting on the table and started to write.

Samantha leaned over to watch. "You're done already?" She giggled. "I think you missed a spot."

Dan snorted and patted the broad expanse of breast that he hadn't even begun to cover. "I really have my work cut out for me. Let's start with just this area for now and go from there."

Dan's inscription read "Hi! I'm Samantha8!" in bold black letters on her pale breast skin. Beneath that, he had written today's date. He handed her the laptop with the Samantha website open and positioned it, then stepped back and snapped a photo with his phone.

"Ahh! My hair's a mess! Don't you dare post that anywhere!"

"I don't think a single person will see your hair."

"Still. Hand me my hat."

Dan obliged and she threaded her hair into a ponytail out the back of her baseball cap. "Okay, now." She said, taking back the laptop. The resulting photograph showed a very beautiful girl with a baseball cap and short shorts on womanly hips and feminine legs. The subjects of the photo, however, were the swollen breasts that couldn't even begin to be captured on the frame. The enormously swollen protuberances filled 60% of the photo, and clearly extended beyond the scope of the image. You truly had to see it to believe it, Dan thought. Reducing Samantha to this itty bitty scene just wasn't the same thing.

The computer and the message were both visible in the photo. There should be no doubt that this was Samantha in the photograph, and that she was indeed "Samantha8" on the website. If nothing else, the real Samantha endorsed what Samantha8 said. The photo was posted to the general forum, and Samantha hastily edited her settings so that only people she chose could contact her.

Understandably, FlyingAce flipped out. The duo laughed at his hurried apology and utterances of wonder. Samantha gently told him she already had a boyfriend, but invited him and his plane to her bosom.

Dan supervised.

News of FlyingAce's soon to be executed daring exploit charged like wildfire through the



To All Her Fans by Berggie

forums, and then fed into more notable outlets, setting their headlines ablaze again. It was a sensational news bit. Plane lands on world's biggest boobs! Event for all the ages! Blogs filled with arguments about how disgusting and shameful this practice and indeed Samantha herself was, and also blogs supporting Samantha and encouraging her to be proud of her body. Primarily, the overwhelming reaction was curiosity. Most people wanted to understand. What was it like being so big? What did it feel like to grow so fast? What had her childhood been like?

Samantha found it all quite charming. She had declined all interviews, but prowled the net with great enthusiasm. The forums were super hot and she enjoyed being both N33dBIGGERBras and Samantha8 greatly. So many people with so many different interests in her breasts and for so many different reasons! It was a fascinating experience as more and more people took an interest in the biggest bosom on the planet.

Another trend developed. Monville was a coastal city, and like its brothers and sisters, it was well connected both along the coastline and to the rest of the state via highway and other infrastructure. Samantha's boobs had become something of a tourist spot, as one would divert off the highway to go explore a battlefield, see a historic location, or to see some great monument and attraction. Social media outlets conflagrated with photos of people posing next to Samantha's teats, like vacation snapshots.

West Valley Camping Grounds was doing roaring business these days as a result, as campers and travelers flocked to see a sight never before seen in the entirety of human history. A very, very overdeveloped teenager.

FlyingAce politely asked to have a week for preparations, so the flight was scheduled. Samantha joked to him that she might get too big to be a runway by then. She hoped that thought amused him as much as it did her. It was a very interesting notion. Even though the storm was days gone by now, Samantha continued to grow and grow. She could feel it, and it delighted her every second of every day.

She wondered if getting too big for a runway meant getting too tall. When her breasts get

too tall to land on? When would that be? She quickly sent FlyingAce a notice of her concern. He assured her that his Learjet 60 could safely climb to 51,000 feet, and that she shouldn't be too tall. But...might as well make sure.

She approached Dan with a task he was all too happy to accept. Measure her.

The horn honked outside, and Dan edged out of the trailer front, while being compressed heavily against the wall by the tremendous bosom swooping through the opening. He had been using this preferred exit method ever since Samantha had relieved much of the pressure her breasts had been exerting on the opening. Now, it was the perfect excuse to rub up against his girlfriend's breasts while it also served some other function. He sidled around the outside and managed to make his way to the ladder that led to the ground.

He climbed down steadily, listening to the platform moan and groan under strain of even the minuscule (by comparison) amount of Samantha breast that rested upon it. He also looked up as he climbed down. The height of breast. So far into the vanishing point of the sky. Tracing the contours with his eyes was difficult, because it heaved up and UP until the outline was obscured by the breast's own bulk. It was impossible to fix that because his relative position to her breasts was immaterial when he could only change his height by some 30 or so feet. From this angle, anywhere remotely close to these colossi, it would be impossible to estimate their height.

Juliana and her truck were waiting for him on the sandy beach. She looked cool, casually leaning against the hood. She lifted up her sunglasses to squint at him.

"You really let her go, didn't you?"

"When a girl threatens to snap your neck if you stop, you don't stop."

Juliana raised an eyebrow and chuckled. "Only doing your duty, then?"

Dan winked at her, and studied the beach a moment. The waves certainly had ravaged the

area. The shoreline was littered with debris from who knows where. It was lucky Juliana had a truck that could manage on the terrain.

For the second time, Dan checked his global position with the GPS on his phone and recorded it. "Alright, we're here." He said, showing his screen to his friend. "Wanna bet on where the tits end?"

Juliana leaned over the map and flicked it around. "Hmmm. Of course, I've already driven the distance."

"Shhhh, no spoilers then."

They climbed into the car and Juliana did an about face to travel north along the coast, back the way she had come. On the right, all ocean. On the left was an ocean of sorts too. Samantha and more Samantha, swallowing up the beach and goodness knows whatever else. Not that it mattered. Nothing else existed anymore there. To look out the left side window was disorienting, to have no scenery, only fat breast and more fat breast.

Just traversing the horizontal distance around the curve of breast was an adventure, though it went much faster now that they were driving and not walking like they had once done. Dan studied the map on his phone carefully and made notes.

"Should I text her and make her grow again?" Dan joked.

"Don't you dare! I like my truck. I won't make the same mistake you did, parking too close to her."

"I miss my truck."

"I suggest you don't break up with her. She trashed your truck when she was in a good mood."

"Well, a REALLY good mood, thank you very much!" he said with mock indignity. "There's a difference."

The duo had started to travel west along the ground around the outer perimeter of bust. They sure were a long ways from the trailer! Dan looked back and it was a speck on the sand, despite being only a few yards away from the closest bit of Samantha. It was ridiculous, just contemplating that it was all here. Juliana kept going north primarily, and joined up with a road as they traveled further from Samantha.

Dan kept looking out the back window at the sight receding behind them until Juliana scolded him. "We'll be turning around!" she said. "Stop fidgeting."

"Why are you taking us this way?"

"We're going through Boobtown."

"Boobtown?"

"You'll see."

She swung the car around along the roads towards the West Valley Camping Grounds. With the destruction of Monville, Juliana had returned to work as a park ranger to make some money off of all the tourists visiting. Finally, the nose of the car swung back around towards Samantha on a highway to her nipple, or so it seemed. Dan gawked.

Udderly enormous. Enormously udderly. He had trouble wrapping his head around that fact that it was ALL Samantha! The city skyline he was used to seeing from these suburbs, all gone! Huge pink blimps dwarfing everything around them stretched far inland and into the sky. No wonder she would be worried that a plane couldn't land on her!

The ocean was now on the left, and nipples to the right! Everything of the actual city of Monville between those two points had been flattened by the girth of breast.

The optical illusion of depth perception was impressive. The smooth surfaces did not offer much visual variance, and as they neared them it kept surprising him how the vastitudes kept getting bigger and bigger and yet they were still so far off. Soon, Dan had to crane his neck upwards to

see the tops of the beasts, and they still weren't very close.

Dan started notice something else though. Off on the side of the road, closest to the massive breasts was a gaggle of people. It looked like stands and cars and people milling about.

"What is Boobtown?"

"Samantha is a craze," Juliana answered. "People are flocking for the novelty. See the world's biggest breasts! The whole plane business and the world history moment of it have everyone excited. Something no one has ever done before. No one like Samantha has ever existed before, either. We all knew that already, but now she is in a totally different league. So people come from all over to check her out! I bet more than a few of them are fans of her website. So where there are lots of people gathering, there is money to be made. That's where the name came from."

"So...Boobtown. It's not just named so because of the huge honking norks nearby?"

She laughed. "I'm afraid it's a bit cleverer than that. Much cooler too, in my opinion. It's a joke. Towns like this have started throughout history, but there are some good examples in American history. In the mid 1800's, around the 1850's, America had a great gold rush that swept the nation. Reports of gold out west attracted people from all over to come mining and sifting to find their fortune in gold. When word would get out of someone striking it rich somewhere, people would flock to that area to mine for themselves and hope to repeat that. That meant a lot of people in one place. People who needed somewhere to sleep, so inns were started up. People who needed somewhere to eat and drink, so bars were started up. People who needed equipment and repairs, so workshops started up. Pretty soon a proper town was built on that spot as people arrived and built things and provided services to the men mining for gold in the area. We called those boomtowns. Some lasted, some didn't. San Francisco is a notable example, and they even named their football team after it. Are we not so different in philosophy, here? The difference is a single letter!"

Dan stared at her. "Why do you know all of that off the top of your head?"

"Oh hush, you science geek. Now you do too. History matters."

They stared out the window as Juliana drove by. People were taking lots and lots of pictures, walking around, eating at the stands, and talking. The tops of the breasts were no longer visible from inside the car, as much as Dan tried to ogle. She had outgrown his ability to perceive her breasts! That was quite a landmark moment.

"It's a nice little day trip sort of thing. Then these people swing by my park and we all have a good time. Monville isn't dead. Yet. Just...transformed is all. We still have highway access, sort of. Until she destroys that, that is. Every night, the people manning the stands closest to her have to move them much further away before leaving for the night. Just so that their stands are still there in the morning!"

"Spectacular," Dan marveled.

Juliana kept driving through the empty suburbs. She wound her way through the parallel streets a little offshoot away from the action of Boobtown and until they reached a nipple, or near about. The towering protrusion was so far over head it was difficult to tell when inside the vehicle. The whole truck entered a large, shadowed area and the two in the car knew the sun had been eclipsed by his girlfriend's tremendous nipple.

"When she's this big, a few feet here or there hardly matters, right?" Dan reasoned. He was worried about the statistical accuracy of the measurement.

"Don't be so insensitive," Juliana mourned. "I'm still in the mind-the-quarter-inch category."

"My apologies." Dan stepped out of the vehicle and stared straight up. He may not be able to see the tops of the beasts, but boy could he see her nipple! It was casting its own shadow enormously across Boobtown. It was actually significantly cooler here in the shade beneath the immense protrusion than the sun bleached pavement just a few yards away. The nipple far above...Dan thought it was so big, it could level a castle. It was so big, the weight of it exceeded any species of whale. Most of them put together. It was so big...it was bigger than Samantha's breasts used to be!

He would have to remind her of that. 18 year old Samantha had breasts smaller than the nipples of 19 year old Samantha. He opened up his phone and took picture after picture, of both the view upwards and to the side, of entire houses being shaded by the behemoth.

At the base of the breasts, minor debris resided, softly enveloped and smothered by the incomparable weight. Considering that Dan was in the shadow of the nipple, it amazed him to see the bulk of breast a surprising distance away, at a few streets. It would take him a decent amount of time just to walk the city blocks worth of Samantha's angry teat!

Dan stared in wonder at all the sights before checking the app. He goggled at the measurement. 13 miles, from nipple to Samantha, ish. Dan was about to send his results to Samantha before he caught himself. "We should probably drive away first before I tell her." He said nervously.

"Good idea," Juliana agreed emphatically.

It was Sunday again. Samantha had been very amused to hear about Boobtown. As Juliana had said, the forums were loaded with fan pictures taken from the spots of interest. She kept seeing pictures of her own nipples, and it was insanely erotic for her.

Dan's own pictures were her favorite, though. She sat and meditated, imagining him looking at her breasts, tiny and insignificant compared to her. Her boyfriend walking around and being so unbelievably dwarfed by her. Those TOWERING nipples? Those were HERS.

One user had even set up a live web cam that was monitoring her growth. The live feed was constantly open in one of her browser tabs, and she delighted in making the camera man move, and watching his struggled to trek backwards every time she felt herself grow even bigger. It was a constant thing now, swelling and expanding. Every now and then, though, she could provoke herself into a surge and the all too familiar earth shattering sensations. She was having the time of her life with this entire breast obsession. She was at the center of it, her and her massive mams!

From her constant growth and the excitement caused by Boobtown, she was distracted all

the time. Immobilization was not an issue in the slightest. Dan would be coming home soon with the groceries he had went out and collected. He really appreciated the new truck he had been given by the government, and had been taking full advantage of it lately.

Today was going to be the day, though. FlyingAce was going to perform the stunt to stun the world! Land a plane on a living thing (without harming them). Samantha had a hunch it would do quite the opposite to her. She was anxiously awaiting the bewitching hour. Where no woman had gone before!

She shifted around the trailer to the kitchen. She had to stretch her breasts to manage to get into the dining corner. It didn't hurt her breasts any because they were so large. This amount of stretching was like an ant pinch, without the any of the pain.

Getting into the fridge was a trick she was still studying. In ages past she could have leaned backwards and hope her breasts didn't warp her roof too much. Now, it meant bending her breasts awkwardly around the trailer at an angle, and they resisted her. They finally realize they have the power of majority rule, she giggled. Although her bosom was soft, it was still an awful lot of mass to be maneuvering about, even as it narrowed to her chest.

The fridge was the next part of her campaign to convince Dan to move it in a circle around where she usually sat in the center of the trailer. She had quite the campfire ring of necessities like her laptop station and bed stand and assorted handheld video games. She had to climb over that stuff to get to the darn fridge, though, and every time she did that she risked crushing her GameBoy with an errant slab of tit.

Dan didn't want the big fridge stuck in the middle of the floor, but she would wear him down. If not via the puppy dog face, she was sure her tits would do the trick. They had always opened all kinds of doors for her. Especially once they had started reaching doors seconds before she did! And then...breaking the doorways.

She did miss that. There was had always been something incredibly sexy to her about burst-

ing things from the inside. She had tried to fit a tit inside an elevator once, and jammed the whole thing up. The poor thing had kept wailing about both the exceeded weight limit and being unable to close its doors to service the other people pushing the button. By the time she had managed to extract her right tit, she had bent the doors irreparably and they had attempted to clang shut piteously, bends all mismatched. It hadn't worked, and after a few minutes, the elevator gave up and croaked.

I'll never destroy something from the inside again, Samantha thought sadly. Though, my nipple did! She thought brightly. A whole office building!

Focus, Sam. She was constantly distracted by her chest these days. She had probably added a few feet just reminiscing. God, it was wonderful to be enormous!

FlyingAce checked his forums again. What a shock that had been! The big tit girl of his dreams messaging him! With her giving him free rein to live out one of his wildest flyboy fantasies. The joining of his two loves: aircraft and REALLY big breasts. This might be the greatest day ever.

He wandered into the hangar for his private Learjet 60 plane, his baby. He also owned a helicopter, but that was hardly on the same level as this magnificent flying piece. He wandered around its gleaming hull as he made one last inspection of the craft to make sure everything was up to snuff. Standard aviation procedures always need to be taken seriously, but also it simply wouldn't do to mess up this flight. He had spent the last week making sure he had everything he needed, and that the entire trip could be carried out perfectly. That had meant a lot of logistics crunching, but he had already figured that all out before he had even posted on the forums. It had been his fantasy. He had never dared hope the real Samantha would actually respond!

His second crewmember's name was Gary, and he was already in position in the cockpit, mounting the camera. FlyingAce had often flown with his best friend, but this time he had neglected to share the real reasons of his flight. As far as Gary need be concerned, this was for the

record and the fame. There was nothing he needed to know about the extreme love of breasts. He wouldn't understand!

At least, he would think it was weird. FlyingAce had been told many times that his over-the-top obsession with flight was a little bit weird, and he shuddered to think what Gary would tell him for the next 20 years should he learn about this.

When Gary had wondered why they didn't sell tickets to this flight, FlyingAce had proffered that extra bodies would ruin the pure flying experience, and this explanation had not been met with any objections. It was Gary who kept telling Ace that it was his quiet exterior that pressurized his interior and gave rise to such powerful obsessions. It was fine to leave him believing that this was just another case of his crazed flying fetish.

Satisfied that everything was in order on the outside, FlyingAce clambered up the steps and closed the hatch behind him, savoring the smell of the fine upholstery in the cabin. Slowly and methodically he checked that everything was secure and flight ready, even though he knew they would be. He stalked over to the doorway and slipped through into the cockpit of the plane. This area was a mess of switches, gauges, meters, flashing lights, and one big window panel to see where they were going. Just in case all the mechanical stuff failed, really. FlyingAce thought that took the fun out of the whole thing. As a purist, he just used the instruments for reference as necessary.

There was an enormous digital camera rooted to a tripod that made the scarce room even scarcer. Ace sidled through to the pilot's seat and took it for himself. Gary looked at him. "Ready to make history, Steven?"

FlyingAce nodded and donned his pilot's hat, firmly grasping his well lacquered controls. Gary manned the radio and confirmed their scheduled departure with the control tower. Ace eased his beauty out of the hangar out onto the loading runway and with easy practiced maneuvering and prepared for takeoff.

The engines thrummed to power heavily but quietly and they roared down the runway. Lift off. There was no sensation like it in the world. Sex? Bah. Not even a close second.

That second of extra weight that transitioned to a moment of weightlessness. The hum of engines. The power of the machine. That was it. Ace smiled. They soared delicately to cruising altitude and made the appropriate turns. Next stop, the previous location of Monville.

The pair cruised peaceably southeast towards their destination, checking all of their equipment and maintaining the craft as efficiently as possible. The instruments finally revealed that they were getting close. Time to land on some whoppers.

Gary turned on the camera behind FlyingAce and they settled in for something that promised to be interesting.

Dan, Juliana, and the crowds of visitors to Boobtown all huddled in the streets and watched the skies. It was a beautiful day for this, not a cloud in sight. Clear blue stretched endless, only interrupted by the milky pale spheres that were, frankly, much better to look at than boring old sky.

Since most of this coastal area was flat, it was very difficult to understand just how immense Samantha was at this point. The doubts and optical illusions went out the window once someone shouted "Plane!" and everyone turned to look. There was indeed a small jet incoming, flying as high as jets usually did...but...was it high enough?? Samantha was miles big! 51,000 feet is roughly 10 miles, Dan thought. We already know she's 13 miles long! Surely she wouldn't be too tall for the plane, right?

He quickly sent a text to his love.

[Dan: Prepare to be boarded.]

[Samantha: Don't make me grow, or we'll really have a problem.]

[Dan: I never thought I'd see the day.]

[Samantha: Oh god, what did I just say. Delete that text immediately. If you show Juli, I'll kill you.]

Cameras starting flashing and camcorders started grinding as the plane started to come into focus.

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"Sweet Jesus!" Gary exclaimed. He turned and switched the satellite feed of the camera on, to broadcast online.

FlyingAce very much wanted to say the same thing. Holy cow! "World's biggest tits" was no joke! He had seen the pictures, but...there was no way those did this woman justice. He stared, trying to devour every detail as they approached from the air.

The city was definitely gone, that was for sure. Two enormous pale pink blimps stood like mountains, nay, bigger than mountains. Ace had never seen anything so amazing in his life. At this altitude, everything down below was almost impossible to see. You could see features and regions, but you'd have to look closely to see anything. Farms in the distance were mere squares, roads were mere black strips of tar, and cars were little gnatty insects. Cloudy wisps danced before the windshield every now and then, for goodness sakes. And yet, if he looked dead ahead...breast.

The smooth inviting surface of whales of breasts. Whales upon whales. Peering down was massive, beautiful areola that looked velvety smooth, surrounding nipples that looked so suckable, but at the same time...they were so much bigger than his entire estate! He wanted to put his mouth on one, but at the same time, it would be like trying to inhale a skyscraper. It was so difficult to reconcile their immense size and how much like real breasts they looked. It fully hit him, in that moment, that they WERE real breasts. It was just like how some people make models...these went in the opposite direction. Someone had expanded every single thing about them.

Samantha had done the expanding.

He circled around the breasts carefully, making a spectacle of it. Flying over the peaks was

disconcerting. They were so close to the plane, only separated by a few hundred feet! They were so wide and tremendously fat that even at plane speeds it took a few moments to cross them. He could see slight rippling vibrations in the breast as the powerful jet left wake in the air. And then the plane carried over the edge of the breast and the sheer drop.

"Jesus," Gary moaned. The sudden falling out of the bottom of their vision into the huge expanse of the entire Monville and coastal region made their stomachs turn. Like going over the edge of a roller coaster mountain. There was something there and then all too suddenly there wasn't. Suddenly, the nearest thing went from a hundred feet to tens of thousands of miles! SO BIG.

Even flying the plane and examining these beauties from every which way, that was truly the only thing he could think. Big. Big. Big. So very, very big. These were an actual girl's breasts. There was a teenage girl sitting in a trailer right now...and these were her breasts. So beautiful and so BIG. Womanly, massive breasts.

And he was going to land a plane on them. His hand had started to sweat on the controls. Anticipation was killer.

After the duo felt satisfied that the camera had captured enough of the incredible view of the top of her breasts, FlyingAce carefully nudged the plane around and lined up the nose with one of the monstrous nipples down below, for theatrical effect. He wondered if he COULD land on a nipple! What would that be like? He allowed himself a few flights of fancy before he refocused on the original task at hand, to land on top of the beasts. Slowly and carefully he initiated the process for landing as he started to descend the few hundred feet to the boob surface that he was approaching.

The jet skated through the air. Slowly and expertly his wheels approached the surface. He was betting it was soft. It looked so inviting. He had seen plenty of girl's bosoms before, but this was on a whole other scale. It was all teenage tit he was going to land his plane on!

Flaps were released to create drag to slow the jet down further the wheels stretched downwards for a landing. He slowly committed to his landing flare to prepare for touchdown and activated the landing gear and brakes. The wheels connected with surprising lack of resistance. So supple!

He was fondling a girl's breasts with his plane. He wondered what the psychological implications of that were, and decided now was not the time to let his neuroticism bother him.

The wheels sank into the luxurious surface. Landing was like landing in a bed of blankets, or that was as near as he could describe it. The plain had very little friction and the wheels slipped and slid as the plane bounced a few times on the spongy surface. The brakes and reverse thrusters kicked in as the plane settled in comfortably on the cushioning plain. The roaring of the engine slowly settled down as they coasted across the vast expanse of flesh.

FlyingAce fully appreciated how much runway there actually was. He could have used a whole ton more if he had so desired, even if he wasn't as efficient with space as he was. A normal runway is only a fraction of the size of a city. This runway was bigger than a city. This was a piece of cake, even having to land at such a speed greater than normal landings. Slowly the plane rumbled to a halt.

"What do you think, is this spot taken?" Gary said shakily.

FlyingAce shook his head.

Samantha felt the plane roaring past her skin. The online feed of the landing was maddeningly slow. She could feel the plane flying overhead before she saw it on the screen. The technology was much slower than the sensation of her bosom to herself. It stood to reason, but it was weird, like watching a movie with the sound off by three or four seconds.

She bit her lip and tried to distract herself. Sure she had joked with Dan about the growth thing, but it was a real concern. If she grew to meet the plane, the plane could crash on her. Landing

a plane had to be difficult enough, landing on Samantha's breasts more so, and the pilots certainly did not need her "help".

For all her efforts not to grow, the arousal she felt from the live feed was dizzying! That was all her! When they floated over the spherical tops of her blimps, it was all Samantha breast for miles, literally. And then her shelf of bosom dropped away and they were a normal airplane again, flying at what appeared to be normal attitude. Her stomach dropped every time they flew over by and the contrast of the height of her bosom and the city wreckage below...where she ACTUALLY was...was illustrated.

Though, she could crash a plane with her boobs. How great was that? Oh no! Focus! She bit down harder and tried to focus on her lip. She watched the computer screen as the plane wheeled around and pointed right at her. Here it comes.

She closed her eyes and felt the roaring winds and vibrating plane land against her skin. The rough wheels desperately tried to grip her smooth, plush breast and it slipped along her terrific melons. She moaned extraordinarily loudly as the plane slowly clambered to a halt.

The human runway. Her boobs.

FlyingAce was not going to let this opportunity pass. Even though the outside temperature read -52 degrees Celsius. Altitude was a bitch on temperature. He was going outside whether anybody liked it or not. He strapped an oxygen mask on and layer after layer after layer of the best cold protective clothes that money could buy. He was going to sacrifice some cabin pressure, but this was a once in a lifetime opportunity. Gary watched, also dressed up, but declined to step outside.

"She's a teenager, you know?" he had said. "Sure, she's nearly 20, and sure she's got tits the size of Kansas, but she's still just a young girl."

Gary didn't understand at all! This was a world famous event and it just didn't...never mind.

FlyingAce went to his happy place. Ironically, it wasn't all that different from where he was. Boobs and high altitude. He was dimly aware of Gary stepping smartly back and sealing himself in the cockpit as Ace cracked open the icy door of the jet and stepped down the steps, breathing into his mask.

He felt like the first man on the moon. The peace and quiet and the loneliness. As far as the eye could see, tundra of breast and more breast. He stomped off the last step and his feet sank into the titanic tits.

Behind him, he heard the plane open again, and Gary came out with the camera rolling. Great idea! He came through after all! The duo struggled about on the wind ravaged surface, for all the world like mountain expedition trekkers. It wasn't unlike walking on a trampoline. When he made to move, his feet came up readily, but putting them back down again offered resistance. Young, supple breast, however big. He gently bounced experimentally before he realized that was a huge mistake and toppled over. He fell to a crawl to negate being blown around by the wind, and crept on his hands and knees. He bent down and inspected the small crisscrossing of veins under the surface.

Oddly enough, it wasn't as cold as it should have been. The fleshy globes were exuding massive amounts of heat, warming his knees and palms pleasantly. He could have laid down and fallen asleep, and he would have dearly wished to. He would have loved to climb over to one of the edges and scare the daylights out of himself looking the long ways down the prodigious slope, but he didn't dare. Besides, those edges were so far off, and the curve so gentle at first, that the view wouldn't be that of a cliff but of a slide, and then it would be too late for him!

The owner of these tits were some 50,000 feet below him. Miles. Altitude and boobs.

As much as he was in heaven, and really, it might have been, they were certainly high enough, FlyingAce came back to reason and trudged the distance he had walked back to the plane. They had better get going before the jet frosted over completely and they wouldn't be able to take off.

Amazing.

Samantha had felt the entire journey. She had followed him with her eyes closed. Here was a perfect stranger, a man she had never met, never seen, walking all over the expanse of her bosom. It was a certain forbidden oddball sexy, she couldn't help it. He had also felt so small. That was an entire person, an entire plane, and all it had done was itched her a little. She could feel the plane hum to life again, sending powerful vibrations coursing through a small expanse of her somewhere all the way up there. She screwed her eyes shut and felt the rumbling jet pick up speed as it raced along her chest, burning against her skin as the tires sped faster and faster, and suddenly with a whooshing sensation she felt nothing, leaving the tops of her breasts perfectly exposed yet again. She could still feel the imprint of his feet from where he had walked, like an afterimage.

Within a few hours, footage of the historic journey was uploaded to the forums from the camera FlyingAce had brought. Samantha spent hours watching and rewatching the footage as her hands worked busily down below. That was all HER. Her mountain tits! Mountain DWARFING tits! The first person view, she could imagine herself walking across her boobs, and being so magnificently eclipsed by their size.

She felt it and she didn't care. She loved it, reveled in it. As she expanded and grew greater in size, her horniness and ecstasy mounted. In one of her other browser tabs, the webcams of Boobtown were all being dragged around and hurriedly retreating like a homemade horror movie. More highway was dismantled by the ever growing Samantha.

The forums blazed about FlyingAce's triumph, and demanded more. The video had sparked such massive amounts of publicity that there was nothing left to do but schedule something else. Fortunately, FlyingAce was eager to do so. Samantha8 received a message in which he explained that he also had another thing he wanted to try...give him another week

Samantha readily agreed.

The other common thread of the forums was about other requests. Using Samantha8 she made a global declaration: DO YOUR WORST...BUT DO IT ON WEBCAM!! She would particularly enjoy that decision.

The coming week saw an enormous explosion in paint sales in and around Boobtown as people took to graffiti. Samantha was in a glorious haze as she felt brush after brush, spray can after spray can, and in some cases, cans of paint being splashed on her all at once.

The mural was growing and growing all on her bust, but it was still inconsequential compared to their immense mass. She enjoyed herself as she watched a live camera of one particularly talented artist painting a depiction of the New York skyline on her skyline sized udders. His strokes were particularly ticklish.

Other people were a bit more creative. It seemed that one or more people had discovered what she had once done and were playing racquetball with her breasts. Unlike her, however, they could play the actual game. She rooted for the girl in the red shorts, but she was quite awful. To her credit, red shorts liked to slam the ball really hard and that did wonders for Samantha.

Boobtown had turned into a fair of sorts. Another carnival, Samantha thought. Well, I know what do to do with those!

The day of FlyingAce's second debut came about. He was doing another live stream camera and Samantha watched eagerly. They were in a helicopter at a close landing pad. Ace gunned the engines and took off, skimming over the countryside. Samantha's breasts came into view, from the front.

Samantha surveyed her Brobdingnagian, impossibly sexy, and confoundingly enormous chest. This was from the perspective of a helicopter flying at her boobs, and look! The detail of her chest was amazing, like looking at a high resolution picture up close. The nubby nipples, the slightly

wavy and crinkled areola, and the taut perfect skin. The most jarring thing about the image was how high up they were. If you just looked at her chest, everything seemed normal, albeit huge. Then you realized that there was no woman behind them, this wasn't a close up of some random girl's large boobs just zoomed in, and that down on the ground like an itty bitty version of life, was the actual size of human civilization. Samantha sighed. What a beautiful, arousing sight. She hadn't seen her breasts from this angle in years, since being able tilt them upwards, or since being able to look in a mirror.

Her leviathans were far, far taller than the height of the helicopter. Probably far exceeded the maximum altitude of the craft. If anything, he could probably just reach her nipples!

Realization of his intentions struck her and she gasped. Oh no! Thought of it had pushed her too far and her breasts surged noticeably, even on the camera. She felt herself flush. The helicopter in the video paused in the air as FlyingAce took stock again. Samantha collapses in a fit of giggles. He had noticed! He hadn't the slightest idea what to do about it! Better not endanger him needlessly. She let the growth run its course as quickly as possible and then settled back into her chair to watch the show.

The depth perception issue was there again. Like a fly, the copter scooted up to the super enlarged nipple, and it just kept getting bigger and bigger as they got closer. Slowly they neared it, and Samantha put her hands on her face. It had to be the size of a neighborhood, all by itself. Several! Her nipple! She was desperately trying not to put FlyingAce in harm's way, but goodness that was HOT. People could live up here, if they could survive the altitude. A community living on her nipple.

She groaned and shoved one of her socks in her mouth to distract her. Wasn't working. She could feel the winds caused by the blades of the helicopter teasing her nipple. Oh, this was not a good idea. Not a good idea AT ALL. She was going to grow explosively and then where would everybody be!? She moaned into the sock and tried to uncross her eyes. Fight it! It was a good thing her nipples were always in their aroused state these days, or that could have gotten ugly. But

their sensitivity was still off the charts, for all their community-dwarfing size.

The cool metal of the helicopters landing gear touched down and she nearly lost it. She struggled just to reconcile how SMALL it felt, even on just her nipple. She was simultaneously feeling the movement, and WATCHING the movement via a live stream! And that she, herself, was smaller than that itty bitty helicopter. She could picture herself standing on her nipple, similarly, and her teat tip dwarfed HERSELF almost immeasurably.

Not only that, but her titan nub was lifting an entire helicopter and a man effortlessly. It didn't hurt or sag or budge in the least. The helicopter was truly a gnat to her enormity. A whole helicopter. This is going to be rough, Samantha thought, biting down on the cloth with determination.

The camera feed wavered as FlyingAce dismounted it and carried it out of the helicopter cockpit. His rough shoes landed on the soft but turgid surface of fiery red Samantha nipple. The camera feed showed that FlyingAce had taken the precaution this time of tying himself securely and fastening himself to the helicopter. Samantha nearly cheered. He gave it a few hearty tugs to show that it was very durable, and then started to wander around the surface, filming the whole thing.

Samantha watched in restrained fascination. Slowly the camera neared the edged and Samantha stared in disbelief at the view. The entire Monville region stretched out below them. They could see Boobtown and the suburbs and even further in the distance West Valley Camping Grounds. It was like they were on a mountain peak staring down at the villages below, but they were just on her!

After they had admired the view for a good long while, FlyingAce backed away from the sloping edge of the tumescent nipple and pulled a marker out of his pocket. Gently, he knelt on the soft but stern surface and carefully signed "FlyingAce, 2014".

Samantha laughed. What a cheeky guy! Well, she had let everyone else do it, what was one

more?

FlyingAce carefully climbed back into the helicopter and took off.

As soon as Samantha felt this, she let the dam of her feelings crash down and she grew and grew and grew.

* * * * *

Samantha and Dan watched the FlyingAce videos many times together, with her pajama'd form curled up against his, or during their nightly activity.

"Isn't it a little weird?" Dan wheezed after one successful bout.

"Hun, I got city tits. This was always gonna be weird," Samantha panted, laying on the sofa.

"I mean...having the video of your nipples playing when we have sex."

"Well, they wish they could be here, trust me. Haha!"

"Tomorrow night...I have something special planned."

"Sounds good, love. I won't be going anywhere!"

The next night was reminiscing of the amazing affair on the beach. Dan pulled out every stop, cooking a wonderfully fancy dinner and the two of them enjoyed an exquisite meal. He was wearing a suit and tie, and the music was lovely. Samantha was thoroughly suspicious, but said nothing of it all evening, enjoying herself tremendously. She knew what her answer would be.

She herself had worn a dress, if something without a bodice can be called that. It was a silken piece that she had specifically had made, that was a shimmering tight skirt which hugged her hips and not much below, and travelled up her back elegantly until it gently laced around her neck. The days of the daring neckline had long passed, but she would have liked to have a dress made in her size. Impossible, she knew, so she greatly appreciated the unique design of this half-dress.

The two ate and talked and laughed, having a ball the whole evening. Both of their cheeks were flushed with merriment in the softly lit interior. After dinner, Dan came up to her and hugged her. Then he bent down on one knee.

"Samantha" he began. "I love you. With every fiber of my being, I love every fiber of your being. Your smile, your sense of humor, just...everything. And your breasts. With most girls that would be inappropriate but I get the feeling you'd be offended if I didn't include them. Now, with everyone in the world trying to get a piece of you, I know what I want. I figure I better stake my claim once and for all."

He popped a small case to expose a lovely ring.

"Samantha Duquesne, will you marry me?"

"...Y-Yes!!"

Chapter 11: Don't Panic

It was getting late and the crowds of Boobtown had rescinded with the setting sun. Henry and his wife Sue packed up their stall of T-shirts and other brickabrack. The team had set up shop very early on in the existence of Boobtown. After the great storm, they had returned to find their house in ruins, like so many other residents, but simply didn't have anywhere else to go. Technically, Samantha's breasts counted as her person, and thus their damages could be filed under property damage. Insurance companies had paid a mint in damages to the residents. The Boobtown had offered a novelty job while they got life back on its feet.

At closing time in Boobtown, it was customary to move your stand further away from the colossal breasts that gave the town its name. The girl invariably grew during the night, and the stalls closest to her would be crushed on a nightly basis if they weren't relocated, so everyone shifted their stalls down the line to make room. Like an angry god, the townsfolk had to "worship" the all-powerful tits that gave them their bounty. It was good fun too; a highly unique living situation unlike any other in the world.

In return, the good-natured girl who owned the bosom had let some spirited enthusiasts paint advertisements on her breasts. The advertisement for Sal's Melon Stand had become a particularly famous tourist photo spot because of the double entendre. Right now, her enormous chest stood as sentinels over the expanse of nothing, and the remains of the Monville suburbs. They were truly beautiful in the setting sun, Samantha's ordinarily pale skin gleaming with an orange tint like the clouds.

After packing up all the loose ends of their glorified wooden bin, each of the Henry and Sue husband and wife duo took one end and hoisted it off the ground. The ground trembled as they did

so.

"Ha, at it again!" Henry said with mirth, but grunting with the effort of holding the stand.

"Will that gal ever stop growing?" Sue asked in awe. "She's beyond monstrous already! Oh that poor girl. Imagine having to know that every night she's bigger than she was the night before." They edged the stand backwards.

"Reckon we oughta go further than usual? I mean, she is getting bigger right this very second."

"Yes, I think so. The Pawletts will be mad if we don't leave them enough room."

"The Pawletts could use needing a little less room, if you ask me," he grumbled.

"Hush, dear."

An enormous crunching noise broke the peaceful ear, the familiar sound of wood being splintered by some force far greater than it could withstand. It was a commonplace noise around here.

"Ha, some idiot left their stand too close to the whales. I wonder who it was. The Carters? That Mitch is daft enough."

"I couldn't tell you. It worries me though, she should have stopped the shakes by now, shouldn't she?"

"What do you mean?"

"It's an awful lot of growth, Henry, dear."

Another crunching noise exploded into the air, this time much louder.

Both Henry and Sue craned their necks to look in the direction of Samantha's breasts.

"Now, that can't be right..." Henry said, staring over the top of the stand. "She...she just

knocked into the corner house! That wasn't supposed to be for another few days! She's crossed the street!"

Sue watched, aghast, as the pretty, yet vacant, corner suburban home was completely bowled over by breasts. "This is much too soon! What is going on?"

Stand after stand was being reduced to twigs.

"I think we better start worrying about ourselves!" Henry yelled over the din.

"Let's make it to the car! Leave the stand here."

"Aww."

The two scurried for their vehicle.

"I'm beginning to suspect that the girl might have a slight breast growth disorder!" Sue called.

"Nah, you have a...whatchamacallit. An overactive imagination!" Henry hollered back.

Samantha sat up in her bed and surveyed the trailer. The aftermath inside was the result of one of the most wild and passionate nights she had ever had. She wiped strands of her frenzied hair out of her face and spat them out of her mouth, and smiled at her torn dress half draped on the kitchen chair. Truth be told, there hadn't been much destruction this time as she had already steadily dealt her possessions a death blow.

She was almost disappointed that there weren't more splinters and half pieces of various things about the room. It simply didn't have the same momentous pizzazz as, say...a whole carnival! She was definitely growing more outwards, beyond the trailer, than within. There was some proportion or ratio, she supposed there must be, but for every foot added to her bustline, only a very, very insignificant portion became visible in the trailer. It was almost sad for her. Most of the

destruction had been because of her wonton passion through the night, not growth. What a night of passion it had been!

Samantha stealthily got off her groaning and moaning bedsprings to fetch herself breakfast. She opted to let Dan sleep next to her, and settled into her chair with her cereal to watch the news on her laptop on low volume. The layout of the kitchen had been rearranged by Dan to greatly benefit her, due to her very limited movement range. She shifted into side saddle with her bowl precariously perched on her heavy mass as she loaded a news site. In hushed tones, the reporters detailed the indirect impact of Samantha's night on Boobtown. She was hoping for something significant, as the night had certainly earned it!

Interviewing Reporter: "So you're saying she is MUCH bigger this morning?"

Local Man: "Absolutely, Fran. You can see here with this ring of debris here around the breasts, she typically grows right through that and kinda crushes underneath. As you can see, that hasn't happened. All the debris was pushed outwards, which implies that all this damage was done quickly and in a relatively short amount of time."

Fran: "So what does this mean for Boobtown and its residents?"

Local Man: "Well, you know, we lost everything in last night's spurt. Stands are gone and I think that's kind of the last straw, you know? No point in rebuilding now, not with our struggles lately. I think it means the end of Boobtown."

The reporter lady Fran continued her story and Samantha listened intently. The prevailing opinion of the citizens of the Samantha-central city was that of acceptance. The interviews with the displaced people revealed that business has slowed down as the fad of Samantha had died off over the past few weeks. The world record was old news, and pictures of her breasts had so inundated the internet that no one felt that they needed to see the sight themselves anymore. Couple the lack of business with the presence of the constantly growing breasts that inconvenienced everyone involved and...it was time to move on. Their new, temporary livelihoods now joined the ruins of

their other previous lives, in sunken Monville, quashed beneath the bosom of the overdeveloped teen.

"Does that mean I've crushed two towns?" Samantha wondered aloud. "It's starting to become a habit." She cackled cheerfully.

The weather forecast was nothing short of disappointing. Not a drop of rain in sight, according to the weatherman. Ah well. She wasn't even sure that rain would do anything for her. Could those low lying clouds even rinse off her nipples anymore? She searched the sensations from her surfaces carefully, and detected only a few wisps here and there. Few clouds in the greater Samantha region, she thought, but mostly sunny with a chance of BREAST ECLIPSE. Visible in the region beneath her nipples!

The date on the forecast made her spit out her cereal. It was her birthday! She was twenty years old, to the day. That DID make her feel different. It was supposed to be a running theme in everybody's life that birthdays were underwhelming, or so she had thought, but today she felt markedly more...something than she was yesterday. Was it last night's news? No, that definitely had NOT sunk in yet.

She checked the ring on her finger and admired it. It was the only thing she was wearing at the moment.

"I hope you like it. I didn't get much of a chance to ask you last night."

Samantha whirled around and threw Dan a one armed hug that dragged his face into her favorite position for him: squashed right into her mammoth bust. She smothered his exposed cheek with delicate kisses.

"I loved it," she purred, "but I think the birthday girls need something else at the moment."

"Don't you want to finish your cereal?"

"Nahhh, why don't you? However," she growled, "first, you have pour it alllll over my

huuuuuge tits. Unless...you're worried about the mess?"

"Mess? Who gives a damn about mess?"

A rough knock came at the trailer door around noon. Dan hurriedly went and opened the door only to find himself staring at a man in military uniform. Medium height, imposing, and thoroughly businesslike, the man had an air of importance.

Dan barely had time to react before the man spoke up. "Thank you. I must speak with Samantha Duquesne." He brushed through the door and into the room, his eyes running over the surroundings. His thoughts were inscrutable, but Dan felt that their lifestyle was being sized up nonetheless.

"Forgive me, Ms. Duquesne, I am Lieutenant Carrow," he spoke politely but abruptly. Samantha stared at him dumbfounded from her position on the sofa.

"Um...ah...hello?" she answered meekly. Thank goodness she had wrapped herself in this blanket! And thank goodness Dan had done a good job eating his "breakfast"!

Carrow continued. "I'll get right to the point, if I may. The US government would like to have a word with you. You see, as you have been aware, we have been studying your unique physical attributes for some time. Then this, hmm, Monville debacle occurred a short time ago. Our time to prepare for the event had been very limited, so we felt forced to allow some irreparable damage happen to the city, our integrity, and our reputation in what we perceived to be the cause for the greater good. We allowed these events to run their course so that we could continue to study you."

Samantha stared at the man with wide eyes. What was he here for?

"It was supposed to be a one-time deal," Carrow continued uninterrupted, "you understand. The emergency of the storm. In the wake of that decision and its consequences...You have seen the

news this morning? Another special on Monville for all the wrong reasons. It makes everybody look bad, ma'am. We can't keep endangering lives and livelihood like this. We need to understand what's going on...and what we can do to put a stop to this. We are under the impression that something can be done?" With this, he gave a sidelong glance at Dan, who immediately understood. He had said too much to Mr. Stanley after all. Samantha's willingness to grow had reached other ears.

The Lieutenant withdrew a folded letter from his breast pocket and unfurled it as he handed it over to Samantha. "A letter from the General."

"What, not the president?" Samantha remarked sarcastically.

Carrow scowled. "Please consider our point of view. If you endanger another town, worst may come to worst. I'm sorry. We'd love to make everybody happy, but sometimes that isn't possible. When lives are at stake...decisions get tougher. Surely you understand our position. People could have been standing around during your...event last night."

"I don't know if I can do that. Stop growing," she whispered. "Physically speaking, and mentally speaking."

The military man sighed. In that moment, he truly did look apologetic. "But neither of us really have a choice, do we? We're very sorry, but something has to be done. Please, think things through. The General himself will be here in a few days to discuss things with you, but he will say the same things I have."

Samantha made a face at his back as Carrow turned and let himself out of the trailer.

Dan and Samantha looked at one another. She could tell he wanted to say something but was unsure how she would react at the moment. That was fine. She felt crushed. It was something of a shocking blow that the government would do something about her if they felt they had to.

Evidently they might have to.

Real world problems? Issues? She had never concerned herself with these things before. For good reason, because they constantly tried to get in the way of her greatest desires. She was not a fan of this interjection, either, but did she have to concede to the validity of their concerns?

She didn't WANT to, obviously. But she could understand. And his threat was certainly real. She could feel her hopes and dreams wooshing past her as she thought. It was an empty, implacable feeling. The real world was stupid. But if she had to be perfectly honest with herself, she had gotten much further than she had ever dared to hope. Back when a G cup was insanely large, but they were hers, she had wondered how big she would eventually get. Wouldn't it be great if...? And she kept getting bigger. She would probably stop growing SOON, right, but wouldn't it be really interesting if...? Growth and more growth. Wow! This was great! How big COULD she get...? Certainly she could only get so far?

There had always been an understanding that she would max out. She would hit her limit. And upon that day, she would have to live with whatever size she had obtained at this point. She had certainly never considered this possibility! This was no grand exit from the stage of growth, but a whimper! This was unacceptable.

Samantha sighed and reclined on the sofa, the enormous tits of hers barely moving, as their disproportionately large size was relatively unaffected by their diminutive owner. She studied their smooth contours as they swallowed up most of the trailer and an obscenely large portion of her vision. Apparently she would have to be satisfied.

And she was.

But not really.

"Worst birthday present ever!" she said unhappily, and gently massaged the areas of her chest that she could reach from the sitting position.

Dan came over and helped her. "Don't worry, I got you something much better, I hope."

"So what am I supposed to do now???" Samantha complained loudly and angrily. "Just not

grow???"

Dan shrugged. "I guess so?" He patted her left breast complacently.

Samantha dubiously watched his hands smooth themselves out across her breast. For once, perhaps in her life, she was not in the mood to join him. "I know I had bigger plans, but in light of new information...I know I've asked you before but now I really mean it...am I big enough for you?"

Her fiancé laughed. "Don't worry about me. Are you big enough for YOU?"

Two days later another knock came at the door. Dan opened it and immediately cowed. Standing in the door in full military regalia was the General of the letter. Standing six-foot-something and donned in pristine and decorated official capacity attire, the man was as intimidating as he appeared rigid and unwavering. His slightly weathered and crinkled face was clean shaven and his gray hair was tucked stiffly under his cap.

"Ms. Duquesne, I trust you received my letter," he said, speaking from outside the doorway. "May I come in?"

"Of course," Samantha responded grumpily. At the moment, he was her least favorite person in the world. He was the symbol of those standing in the way of her further physical development, and she desperately wanted to end this man's resistance to her way of life. "My shadowy Sword of Damocles arrives."

If she didn't know better, she'd almost swear that the corners of his mouth twitched into a slight smile before vanishing. "Quite. My name is Henry Scopes, four-star General of the United States of America armed forces. I'm coming to confirm that you got my message...loud and clear. Can I confirm this?"

Samantha nodded glumly. She held up the open letter for him to see. She had wanted to tear

it up into tiny bits on so many occasions over the past two days. Instead, she had been unable to stop herself from reading it and rereading it, almost hoping it would change before her eyes.

"I'm sorry that this is not what you wanted," the General spoke, not unkindly, "but it needs to be done. The lives of Americans in danger, millions of dollars in property damage, the media circus we have had to endure. We can't let these things continue." Scopes stood into the middle of the area between the door and Samantha tit. That space wasn't very large. His eyes roved around the surroundings, lingering on the destroyed table Samantha had Dan strategically place hours before. They hadn't expected company so early, and hadn't bothered to clean it up yet.

Samantha felt her cheeks flush, like this man understood all too perfectly why that table was there, and that made things much worse. "I was walking around downtown earlier, if you can call it that anymore," he continued, averting his eyes at last. "It looks like an old warzone, with quite an...alteration to the landscape. I hope that you fully understand the implications of what I said in that letter?"

Samantha nodded again.

The General returned the nod in grim approval. "Good ... By the way, I had a few people clean all that paint off of you."

"So that's what that was!" She had definitely noticed that! "It felt...! Uh. Weird. Felt weird. Also like someone stuck something to me. I was wondering about that. Hey! What if I wanted to leave those advertisements there?"

"Did you?"

"It doesn't really matter."

"Ok, then. Any questions for me?"

"What is my leeway? I'm going to grow again. I can't just shut it off."

"You can try. But we understand. In an official capacity, I would say...you can't endanger

any more human life. You're in a good spot here for that. The next town dozens of miles away from the outskirts of Monville, which has already been evacuated. You saw to that! You're stuck here for the rest of your life, if I'm not mistaken. So...pace yourself, I suppose. Your call, ma'am. Neither of us have a real choice in the matter, do we." It wasn't a question as he echoed Carrow. He bent down and inspected the shattered table. He picked up a piece and demonstrated its splintered edge to her. "We can't have more of this. I'm sorry. I'm certain you understand?"

"Yes," she said numbly. It had really hit home at last.

General Scopes tipped his hat to her and strode out the door.

* * * * *

Samantha was in a slump. Her life up until now had been completely breast-centric. It still WAS, really, because of their enormous size and the pleasure she derived from them, but it simply wasn't the same. The excitement of being bigger than the day before was gone. The excitement of the promises of the future was gone. Worse still, every day she woke up and had to start consciously stifling her own desires. Don't grow today, Samantha! You'll be in trouble! She felt like she was holding a pillow over her own head, suffocating.

It was painful. She wondered if this was what it felt like to be recovering from an addiction.

She had realized long ago that her growth had been largely stimulus-related as well as genetic. It was an odd system, but it had definitely worked well for her so far. But now that meant having to actively limit the stimuli she exposed herself to, lest she lose control and continue to grow again. She had to fight her own pleasure. When things felt good, she needed to make sure they didn't feel TOO good. When she felt the onset of her breasts expanding, instead of reveling in it like she used to, she had to quash it immediately before it became a problem.

Even so, little spurts of breast growth slipped through her defenses, sending shivers through her body and city of breast. She would immediately fall back into her old daydreams, of growing and growing, and then had to remember the implications of the gentleman's visit. That thought

was sobering. Reality had to keep crashing back down.

Dan was more than a little crestfallen as well, though he tried to be supportive in every way possible. In light of her new pleasure diet, he had to be chaste as well. Sitting on her breasts, leaning against them, massaging them, really anything was out of the question because merely his touch could set her off, as it reminded her just how BIG she was and how SMALL they were in comparison. Thoughts she had encouraged at the drop of a hat once upon a time.

That was awful. His hands had been such a welcome addition to any and all of her activities in the past. She felt a little incomplete without their warmth and loving.

Distraction was key. She read furiously and played games intensely in order to take her mind off of her ballooned tits, but it was never enough. Life was considerably more boring without the near-constant state of climax that she had grown accustomed to. Samantha was spectacularly unhappy.

She felt especially bad for Dan, too. She was a little cranky now. She was always itching and couldn't scratch. And neither could he, for that matter.

A relatively growthless month stretched to two, but each day it never got easier, as Samantha had hoped it would. If anything, it was getting harder and harder. Her body WANTED to grow, she had known that for some time. She wanted to cry from frustration.

She would have to come to terms with it sooner or later. It was this or death, in no uncertain terms. In a way, though, it did feel like she had died. Quite a large part of her, and her identity. She was the boob girl. Samantha DD. Identifying herself by her bust had started early and never stopped. She felt in some ways, her purpose was gone. She had never really...done anything else. She destroyed her school, too, so that was gone. She was just a girl in a trailer. That was how she had started. Square one.

She clung to the wedding planning like a life line. Even though she was completely house ridden, and not particularly wealthy, it was fun to plan all the extravagance and imagine all the

people showing up in stupefied awe of her bosom.

Scanning through all the wedding catalogs, plans, and designs readily found on the internet, she was thoroughly enjoying the fantasy of a truly magnificent wedding. In her head she had mansion weddings. All kinds. Haunted, rustic, futuristic. Castles and palaces. Space ships and underwater bubbles. How she would even FIT in those places? That was...ooh. Dangerous.

Samantha had started sketching wedding dresses for herself, with special consideration for her bosom. She wasn't much of an artist, but it was fun trying to make the pictures proportional. She had to draw an arrow pointing to the base of the huge orbs, and on little subsection on the paper she showed a magnified portion of the drawing, a little view of herself, like a microscope picture in a science textbook. Magnified 100x, she wrote to herself for her own amusement. In these fantasies she pretended that quantity of fabric and practicality of actually getting it on her elephantine girth were of no consequence.

So naturally she drew her city sized breasts in every variation of dress that appealed to her senses, from the most elegant ballgown-esque to the sluttiest bad movie wedding dress. She liked those designs the least, though, because more often than not it simply meant leaving her entire bosom exposed, and for the purposes of the fantasy, that simply wasn't any fun. So uncreative! Let's have ornamental flowers and garlands on her nipples and entire highways of ribbon swirling across her bust flanks instead!

She doodled helicopters and cranes, planes and fire engine ladders all cooperating in order to hoist her dress up over her nipples so that her gargantuan areola wouldn't peek through. So that she would be a proper "respectable southern lady."

Samantha hid her silly drawings from Dan. Not for any particular reason, but it just seemed like something a little too girly. Not meant for his eyes. Also, the drawings weren't very good, not in any artistic sense. This was an activity she did almost exclusively when Dan was away at work. She sprawled across the kitchen table and lived her dreams on paper.

She enjoyed all this sketching. It was peaceful, imaginatively stimulating, and indulged her private fantasies in ways that just came pouring out. Though...there was a single picture she had drawn, with all pretense of wedding long-forgotten. To a Sherlockian observer, one might notice that Samantha looked at it more than any of her other drawings scattered about. That it always managed to be unobscured, despite all the hubbub and mess that littered across the rest of the kitchen table where she worked.

It depicted not two prominent circle shapes, like the others, but three. The small window that showed the doodled Samantha for perspective instead said "Magnification 10,000x". One could almost make out Australia on the third circle.

The current drawing Samantha was working on was considerably larger than all the others. She considered many of the other endeavors to be trial runs, but this was on a much larger piece of paper and she was taking it very slowly, if not skillfully, to try and make sure everything was just so. Only the bottom half of her breasts even fit on the paper this time, for the level of detail she was trying to portray around her base. The illustration was that of her enormous breasts in the act of being dressed by what appeared to be a very large community of construction workers.

She was using her laptop for a frame of reference, looking at pictures of old ship and skyscraper building techniques, particularly for the scaffolding, cranes, and people wandering about her enormous bosom, lining up her dress. Drawn were little stick figures carrying beams and building their scaffolding towers ever higher so that they could reach up her bust enough to raise her dress. Cars and trucks littered the ground around her gargantuan feminine appendages, delivering more supplies and materials to the ever growing project of clothing her.

In the Samantha magnification window of the drawing, she had depicted herself breaking the fourth wall and telling the viewer in a cartoon speech bubble, "The store just didn't have my size. The waist and hips were good, but they had to let the dress out a little in the bust!"

The cartoon Samantha was grinning broadly, her eyes closed because of how wide her smile was.

She kept coming back to this drawing day after day, adding more layers of construction, adding people playing Frisbee, presumably those workers on break, in the parks around her breasts, adding destroyed houses and as-of-yet untouched houses. She had drawn a little Juliana somewhere, directing the traffic of onlookers.

Dan had been portrayed on one of the scaffolds, acting possessive of her breasts and berating any of the workers that had copped a feel. She had drawn him with a hard hat, shouting at another group of men, frightening them. "She's MINE!" he was hollering.

She poured little, poorly drawn details again and again. It wasn't an artistic masterpiece but it was her fantasy, for herself.

She had stepped back from the drawing one day and realized she had REALLY messed up the proportion of her breasts. In real life she was actually MUCH bigger than that! There wouldn't have been enough paper, though. Still, these people shouldn't have been visible at this magnification! They should have been tiny! In fact, she was so huge tha- No. Don't go there Sammy. Actually, from this angle, the scaffolding wouldn't even- No. And it wasn't possible to build because if she kept growin- No. Knocking them all ove- No! Wouldn't that feel GREA- NO!!

Her cheeks were red as she worked. She knew she was flirting with those fancies she once held so dear. She told herself she was just passing the time. She figured it was also vaguely wedding related, so it was okay. All about wedding stuff, not about the boobs. After all, the boobs were a part of her, so it was only natural that they would be a part of the wedding planning.

The REAL part of the wedding planning wasn't going so well, in that it was rather boring. It wasn't like Samantha had much choice of venue, it was just her and Dan in the trailer for all time, and not exactly the ideal setting for a full blown ceremony. They would have much more room on her nipples. But then she couldn't be present at her own wedding. Well, her nipple would attend for her. All her friends and family would have PLENTY of room on her- OH!

Samantha's drawing pencil scratched an obtuse line across the page as the trailer underwent a tremor. She had thought too far.

Mrs. O'Hare would be MORTIFIED to have to sit on Samantha's nips! That would be a laugh. "But they're bigger than cathedrals! Entire skyscrapers, not just the romantic top floor! And you can't beat the view! Just don't fall off. They're perfect!" Samantha would have to argue with her. Samantha briefly entertained that wild fantasy and the trailer shook again.

That was probably another 100 yards of growth that she wasted in a few moments of carelessness. If she understood the letter of the law of the General's warning, it was only until she endangered neighboring civilization that they would have a problem. But that meant that the 20-30 miles or so until the next town was going to have to last her the rest of her life's worth of growth. And she had consumed a great portion of that distance when she realized that she was worrying about dozens of miles being far too small. Then there was stimulus that she couldn't control. It was windy here on the coast, especially at altitude. She didn't need all of her current size in order to be actually "mountainous". She was far bigger, and her breasts went up and up and UP!

She just couldn't HELP it! It wasn't fair! She wailed inwardly to herself. I should just be contained to this state, she wished against all practical reason. That would be a much more reasonable boundary for her. If only, if only.

Finally, one day, Samantha admitted that she hadn't actually done anything on the wedding planning, and confronted Dan about it. "This is a hassle," she proclaimed. "It costs a lot to do anything fancy, and we'd have to pay for bringing everything here since I can't leave. Why don't we just have a simple, bare-bones ceremony? I don't really have that many people I want to throw a big party for anyway."

"That's...very practical of you. Are you absolutely sure? You don't get a take-back."

"I insist on the cake. If my mouth is full of cake, I don't care what this place looks like. I won't be able to see it over my humps anyway."

"We could decorate your boobs."

"No, we'll do that in private. I don't really need to expose our families to our depravity."

"Since when are we depraved?"

"I don't know. Mine began when I started maturing. When did yours start?"

"When I met you."

New Year's Day rolled around and Samantha had finished procrastinating. The month and day was set for the wedding. February 18th, at Samantha's trailer. A total of eight people were going to be present, including Samantha, Dan, and the minister. Haley, O'Hare, and Juliana would all be in attendance as well. Not a big affair by any account, but Samantha had very few people left to show up for her anyway, and Dan only allowed for his parents to show up. There wasn't much room in the trailer for the ceremony itself, let alone to accommodate multiple people sleeping there for however many nights. Samantha had suggested that his parents take up residence in one of the abandoned houses around Monville.

"Well, that's weird in and of itself, living in someone's abandoned home, and besides, the nearest one is still pretty damn far these days since you keep 'remodeling' the town," Dan replied.

"It's the closest thing that I have to a bra. I need to make sure it's snug."

"You're going to repeat that line for me a lot, later. Which is another reason. I am NOT putting your mother-in-law within growing distance. That's asking for trouble."

"You don't trust me?"

"You, I trust just fine. Your tits, I don't trust as far as I can throw them."

"Honey, no offense, but that's really not that far."

"Well, I haven't tried for a few hours. We should check again."

Samantha whimpered. She hadn't been able to fully enjoy herself for months. Not without things getting out of control.

Two days before the wedding, February 16th arrived with visitors. About midday Dan opened the door and welcomed Hattie O'Hare and Mr. Tod Haley in to their home. Samantha was extremely happy to see them, but it was an awkward affair. The elephants in the room were attached to her chest, and their size made both of her parental figures very uncomfortable.

It wasn't like they could openly discuss her enormous bosom. That simply wasn't done! Instead it was far more polite to sit there ill at ease but persevering with small talk. However, being family of a kind, eventually the three of them settled in and excitedly discussed the prospect of marriage and her future. Not that there was much to talk about, but it was like old times.

Dan was a relatively quiet, letting this unconventional family have their moment. Haley had made the trip in O'Hare's trailer, which was parked outside their own trailer, down on the ground several stories below. This is where the two would be sleeping, albeit in separate beds, Samantha assumed. Unless her adopted mother was up to shenanigans with the once-upon-a-time landlord! Well, it was convenient for them that they could bring their home on the road, quite literally.

The soon-to-be-married duo entertained Samantha's only true family for the rest of the day, and had a merry time. It felt like home again, and Samantha quite forgot her troubles for a spell.

February 17th arrived with a second helping of newcomers to the wedding. Juliana arrived in combat boots and sunny disposition. She would be camping down upon the sands of the beach below, as a true park ranger should be able to manage. Her good cheer was infectious to the rest of the party, and the homey trailer was quite comfortable among the five of them, even with Samantha's enormous bust cramping the space quite a bit.

This day also saw the arrival of the Peppers.

Samantha had never met Dan's parents. It hadn't been a snub, Dan had convinced her, it was just because they were so busy. They were both high powered something or others, Samantha wasn't sure. Was the mother a psychiatrist? Doctor of some sort? Something like that. The Dad was a big shot somewhere too. Dan didn't talk about them very much, and she hadn't really inquired. The other reason girlfriend and boyfriend's parents had never met was how inconvenient it was for Samantha to get around at all, let alone leave the state and travel cross country to where they were living.

Mr. and Mrs. Pepper were nice enough. Mrs. Pepper had her light hair in a tight and perfect bun, and her spectacles perched on her nose, where she could peer over their half-moons to truly get the measure of a person. Definitely a psychiatrist, if Samantha had to guess. Samantha got the feeling that this was a woman who never had runs in her stockings, whatever she did. Mr. Pepper was also completely forgettable, in the most important way possible. He was attired in a generic but very fine suit, had an immaculate haircut, and otherwise unremarkable features.

Dan greeted them at the door very warmly as the rest of the party all craned their neck to try and catch the first glimpse of the mysterious couple that nobody but Dan had ever even seen before. Introductions were made and the two Peppers stared at dismay at the two vacant chairs in the room. The duo was going to walk very close to the enormous swells of breast if they were going to squeeze in to the chairs left to them. They greeted Samantha peacefully and with reserve, and made their way to their seats. They were quite graceful in their own way, Samantha decided. Smooth and professional. They were pointedly not looking in the direction of her bust, made all the more obvious by the fact that this was extremely hard to do that in the cramped quarters.

Samantha almost wanted to make a crass joke just to break their ice, but they would probably be mortified and Dan would have a heart attack. First impressions were supposed to be important, and so you had to downplay negative or PERCEIVED negative qualities about yourself and play up the positive qualities. In the case of large breasted women, this might mean wearing something a

little more conservative so that the older generation didn't take an issue with something too daring. Perhaps in Samantha's case, she would get a free pass on that. She certainly didn't have any circus tents lying about to cover the visible portion in the trailer.

The Peppers were quite nice! Charming. Despite their stern looks they were full of character, especially when put together. The party seemed to thrive with the fascinating new blood. Samantha thought herself both reserved and witty, so she almost certainly came across as sarcastic and bored. She hoped it didn't affect her report card too much. To her dismay, Juliana seemed to make a better showing than she did, being infinitely more comfortable, and Samantha almost believed that the Peppers would rather Juliana as a daughter-in-law than her. She also realized she was being crazy and nervous, but nonetheless she was so.

* * * * *

Samantha woke up early on the 18th of February, her day of reckoning. She had never been married before, she realized. It was an odd thing to think, but the enormity of what the day truly meant to her was more than a little daunting. Dan was half sitting in a chair, half haphazardly strewn across her left breast, having fallen asleep on her somewhere in the night. She watched him sleep for a moment as she stroked his hair. He looked so peaceful.

She couldn't exactly move without waking him so she just lay in bed and thought away the early sunless hours. She supposed she could accurately describe this as phase two of her life. Before it had all been a simple existence of school and home life. In the case of home life, she had quite literally outgrown it. In the case of school, she had destroyed all of the ones she had ever attended. That had been a satisfying dream. She expected most malcontent children to wish their school was on fire or otherwise being destroyed at some point in their life, if only to get out of school. She imagined that very few had wished to do it with their own breasts. Or had managed it, for that matter, breasts or otherwise.

It was a brave new world for Samantha Duquesne. Soon, that Samantha wouldn't exist entirely, only the "Samantha" portion would be left.

And who was that? Her life had been monochrome since General Scopes' visit. Did she grow too much at once? Would she have been better off without the hurricane, just endlessly getting larger for the rest of her days, but never reaching her current size or satisfaction? Too late now. In a few hours she would be "walking down the aisle", figuratively, no walking here, and phase two would be a go. It all felt too adult.

The sun rose and she continued to lay there.

She wanted to grow again.

What to do?

Nothing.

She kept beating this horse to death, though. In circles and circles her thoughts had gone and it was about time to give them up, wasn't it? She was happy, and had every reason to be, and yet it just hadn't felt like enough. Time to grow up. Her life was becoming more adult? Time to damn well act like one.

Dan had slept through her revelations, gently purring in his sleep upon her breast. What a cutie. She was fine. She could do this. This was her life now and it was all fine. Couldn't be better.

It was 8AM now! How long was her doofus going to sleep when there was work to be done and preparations to assume on this most important of days? She reached a long, slender finger across her prodigious mass and nudged his cheek a few times until he slowly sat up groggily.

"Hrrn," Dan said.

"WEDDING DAY!" she yelled at him and he flopped out of the chair in surprise. She laughed with him and held out her hands for him to help her up. He climbed to his feet and grabbed her outstretched arms, hauling her against heavy breast mass until she was in a standing position. It was like pulling a stick out of a sand dune.

"Well," she said with hands on hips, "I'm probably going to need your help to get into my

dress."

"You haven't even let me see it yet! Shouldn't it have come in a box the size of Kansas?"

"Don't be silly. I'm not that big yet."

"Yet?"

Samantha flushed. "Old habit. Actually, shoo. Send Juliana up here, and don't come back until it's time for the wedding."

"Seriously? I need my stuff!"

"Fine, fine. Hurry it up, fiance of mine. A girl has gotta get dressed."

"Dunno about that. I think you'll be showing more skin than any bride ever, whatever you do. Skank." He teased.

"Oh! You wound me. You're the one marrying me, you pervert. Your flasher of a wife."

"I know. My parents have probably seen your nipples and had a conversation about them. Is that weird? I feel like it should be, even if it isn't, for us."

"My nipples were a news story once upon a time," Samantha boasted. "I can't help it if your parents admire their magnificence."

"Nowww it's weird. Okay, I got my stuff. Text me!"

Dan left. About ten minutes later came another knock at the door, and Juliana allowed herself in to the trailer. "You rang?" she said.

"I need some help getting into my dress."

"I was hoping this day would come."

"Hush. I said INTO my dress. I'm nervous enough as it is."

"Where's the dress?" her friend asked. Samantha pointed, and Juliana continued as she picked up the box and gently unfolded the contents. "What is there to be nervous about?"

"Rational arguments are not going to pierce me today. Put yourself in my shoes."

"I thought I was supposed to be dressing YOU, haha," Juliana joked.

"Actually they're surprisingly comfortable and I don't really need them anymore after today, as you can see, so you should probably try them out. NOT THE POINT," Samantha objected to her own train of thought.

"Hey, no, move your foot. Yeah right there. No, put it down. If you moved your fat tits so you could see, this would be easier for both of us."

"Yeah, right, let me just detach them."

"Now the other foot. You really don't have anything to be nervous about. You know that, don't you? I mean hell, he's never gonna find another woman like you."

"Generally that's the point when someone cheats on someone else."

"You're really going there? You're worried about this, NOW? Stand up and help me get this over your hips. God you're skinny. Hasn't Dan been feeding you?"

"Always goes to my boobs, remember?"

"Oh. Yeah. You're one lucky lady, you know that? Also you don't have to suck in or anything," Juliana said, lacing up her bodice. "I hate you."

"Don't worry, I'll still be spilling out of my dress."

"Har, har. Let the hippos hang free, I like it."

"That's insulting."

"To hippopotami or to your boobs?"

"Both. The hippo doesn't want to be that fat, and my boobs don't want to be that small."

"Aaaaand done. You look lovely. Where did you get this thing?! It's gorgeous."

The homely trailer was crowded. Since well over half of the trailer was occupied by breast flesh, and divided the trailer into two halves, they had to have the ceremony on one side or the other. So the entire ceremony would be limited to the left side of the trailer, with the windows open to let the sea air in. Even though it was February, it was plenty warm inside the trailer. The salty breeze was more than welcome, in addition to the wonderful atmosphere it provided, coupled with the sounds of waves caressing in the background.

There were five chairs set up, all lawn chairs provided by O'Hare and Haley. The sight was so trashy that Samantha had doubled up laughing when Juliana had set them up. This was their WEDDING! LAWN CHAIRS! It had been too much.

To their credit, the assembled families were warm and amenable to the situation. The low class and unceremonious affair hadn't dampened anyone's enjoyment, least of all the minister, who seemed to be overly enthusiastic. And very happy to be there.

The metaphorical stage was set, Samantha thought.

Dan stood on the balcony outside of the trailer. It's freezing as hell out here, he thought. It shouldn't have been so bad out in the midday sun, if it weren't for the damn sea gales sweeping through his suit. The site was as pretty as always, but it appeared a little bleak somehow. Winter had that effect on things, generally. He was being forced to stand outside because he wasn't allowed to see Samantha in her wedding dress before the wedding. Mrs. O'Hare had absolutely insisted. Unfortunately, since Samantha couldn't move and was situated right where everything was being arranged, that left Dan out in the cold quite literally.

It was a low key affair, and he wasn't superstitious, but it had seemed really important to the woman. He felt like a child again, like he was standing upstairs on Christmas morning waiting for his parents to get everything ready downstairs. There weren't butterflies in his stomach, he knew full well what he was doing, but that didn't stop the affair itself from making him antsy. At least she can't leave me at the altar, he thought cheerfully.

The sea was mild and a dark murky blue, where the sand was pale and undisturbed. He listened to the distressed shorebirds as they roosted in the rocks just up the stretch. To his right was an excess of his girlfriend. Wife. The tremendous breast mountains of impossible magnitude.

He stared at them as though he hadn't already done so thousands of times before. It was the perfect creaminess of Samantha's skin that made them so impossible, not just their size. Staring at the wall of boob, it was hard to fully grasp their scope without frame of reference. The only thing around that could truly provide an appropriate mindset were the clouds far above. He reclined back and craned his head upwards, following the contours of his stupendous girlfriend's dirigibles to see that the tops of the milky breasts were indeed enshrouded by the misty clouds.

The sea breeze was probably getting her all excited. Tonight was going to be amazing. Then again, he remembered to feel bad for her. Poor Samantha! She had definitely not had an easy time of her breast growth diet.

He was getting impatient for the ceremony. Wouldn't they hurry up? He calmly selected a pebble from the deck of the trailer and hurled it at the behemoths. He made sure to throw up as high as he could, just so it was more likely that she would feel it.

The two had experimented with her sensations and she had expressed a strong preference for "the higher the better", because "the tops felt lonely" she had said. She was just too big to be satisfied by anything short of an entire civilization dedicated to loving her bosom. Nobody would ever see the tops of her breasts in person again. That would need satellite feed.

The rock had bounced off its supple target, completely ineffectively. He corralled another

few pebbles and skipped them off the elephantine bosom to kill time. She still hadn't text him that he could come in and it was cold. Her bust was probably like a heater, he thought. If only he could climb up! Instead he'd have to go down to the ground level and lean against the base of a behemoth if he wanted warmth. He was almost tempted to do it at this point, although the happy couple had agreed to perform none of the overt sexual demonstrations they had become accustomed to normally, so long as they were near company. It was a rubbish rule. He wanted to hug some titty!

Dan had wondered about that, back when it was still something to wonder about. If he had started a relationship with an extremely busty girl, what would everyone else think? With such overt sexual characteristics, they would surely make judgments on his personal preferences. Would it stop there? People could be very nosy like that.

Well, it wasn't like there was any debate NOW. But fortunately his girlfriend had scared away all those people, too! And got vengeance for him by destroying their homes. He wasn't being serious, but it was kind of funny to think about!

"I remember when you were just the size of a house," he muttered to the left breast, hurling his last stone. Wasn't it about time she was ready? His phone dinged.

[Samantha: Let's get married!]

Hey! That had been HIS idea! [Dan: You're proposing to me via text? How uncouth.]

[Samantha: Shaddup y dunt u git yer arse in heer u looser]

[Samantha: JK. Love ya. Seriously, though, we're waiting. Stop playing with the damn rocks and the boobs. They'll still be there later.]

Dan chuckled. He used his phone camera to help him straighten his tie and then he turned his phone off. The trailer door swung open as easily as it always had, but it felt momentarily heavy all the same, and he stepped into the well-lit portion. Lawn chairs? Big cake! Ah, the minister. Whoa, Sammy. SAMMY!

She was standing next to the minister, shining in white. Her skirt started around the ground in a ballroom wedding gown. Dan suspected she wasn't wearing any shoes but it didn't matter because you couldn't see them. The flounce of the skirt wasn't too grandiose but it was flowery and still very impressive, narrowing to her hips and disappearing at the waist. The bodice was very form fitting, nestled against her stomach rising about halfway up the tummy before her preposterous cleavage began. Dan couldn't see the back from here, but there were indications of a lace up design to keep the dress tight so it couldn't fall down, especially with the lack of shoulder straps or bust resistance. Was that a thing? Normal dresses had the friction of a girl's bosom to help keep them up, didn't they?

He checked himself and continued up to her face. She was beaming at him, with blush on her cheeks and a slight amount of glitter glinting under her gracefully touched hazel eyes. Her long brown hair was shiny and wound up behind her head, with only two sleek strands of hair on either side of her face hanging down to a little ways past her ears, framing her radiance. She was amazing.

He was getting married.

Dan stepped up to his designated spot, and the minister started saying things but Dan wasn't paying much attention. He was staring at the woman across from him, all else forgotten. The minister was talking fast in his ear about important things, no doubt. Just not important enough to him, at this very moment. She was too gorgeous. Then Samantha started to speak. "I do." Oh!! Recognizing his cue, Dan waited for the minister to pause again, and also spoke "I do."

Dan cleared his throat. "Samantha Duquesne, soon to be Mrs. Peppers, I love you. And I have for a very long time. It has made my life better in every possible way, having you in it. I was a bored person, until you started playing chaos with my life. You and your special brand of wackiness and love is something that I can never get enough of. I will never stop loving you, and I intend to prove it every day." He unfolded a ring from his pocket and gently slid it on to her outstretched hand.

Samantha was grinning at him, the hint of a tear in her eye. "Dan Peppers, you saw me for me when no one else wanted to look my way. I was lonely until I found you. Through all of the events over the past few years you stood by me and helped me, and I cherish the memories we have together. I solemnly vow to continue to do so, and to love you forever."

Dan held out his hand and she placed a ring on his finger. Things were a little blurry.

The ceremony continued a little bit longer, but the two couldn't stop staring at one another. He was only dimly aware of his surroundings, the drone of the happy minister, but it was no matter. The magic words finally arrive. "You may now kiss the bride."

The duo leaned in and sealed their matrimony. Mr. and Mrs. Peppers.

Their family members cheered and whooped in the background and the two were happy.

The friends and families had headed home after the ceremony. They had lives to return to and there was no reception to speak of. That was just fine for everyone. Samantha had eaten an obscene amount of cake, and the monster double-decker was mostly gone now. The trailer was nice and cozy as the evening waned, and Dan and Samantha snuggled on the sofa as Husband and Wife. The sun eventually set on the occasion of consummation, and the two fell asleep.

Samantha had always been a fast grower. Her growth spurts had been exponential, really. What had started out as millimeters became centimeters, centimeters had become inches, inches to feet, feet to yards, miles...

Samantha woke up in a cold sweat. It was still really early in the morning, only 3AM or so. Not really morning, was it still night? There was something going on. She felt all tingly...all over! From her fingertips to her nipples, and all the vast distance in between, like electricity was coursing through her veins. Like she was being struck by lightning, continuously! Her skin was

on fire! In the most possibly pleasant way.

She bolted upright in bed so quickly that she overcorrected and got a faceful of breast. Her chest was hot on her face and her face was hot on her chest. She could feel a feeling she hadn't felt in far too long. The ecstasy of growth. It was indomitable. She could feel the shivering pulses of power and unbridled joy arcing through every cell in her body. Her breasts were undoubtedly swelling. Larger, fatter, bigger, huger, ENORMOUSLY. The trailer started to rumble with the quaking breasts. She watched one of the candles on the table from the ceremony strafe across the tabletop to the precarious edge. The trailer creaked and groaned as it reverberated with a delay to each surge of expansion.

Houses were crushed under breast. It didn't MATTER. This feeling! This freedom. This joy!

Samantha had her head tilted back, eyes open but unseeing as she kneaded her massive tits as hard as she could. Grow! GROW! The electricity crackled up a notch as if in response, and every ounce of her body was jolted awake in a flood of passion.

No no no no no no no no no no wait UP!! Samantha gave it her best effort, she really did. She simply couldn't build the dam high enough to block the torrent of electricity. The blocks came crashing down as soon as she built them, and soon there were no more bricks for the wall.

Something snapped in her. She was lost to the cause. Everything be damned. This was an end to her miserable months. All sense of reason was washed away as she felt herself succumb.

She reached over and punched Dan who had managed to continue sleeping. She had done a good job last night! He woke groggily and she screamed incoherently at him. "I grow instead I can't but yes! Oh please. Sorry. It is! Dan! Pantookas! Ceiling!"

Dan, startled, looked at the ceiling in understandable confusion. He seemed to realize, however, that the shaking was not a rare East Coast earthquake but something much sexier. "Shouldn't you be stopping??" he yelled over the din of rattling trailer.

"I just told you I can't!"

"You did??"

"Not now!! I'm getting HUGE. There's nothing I can do! Let's get busy!"

"Ok! But first we should call Juli, she's still at the camp right, as in, right in front of you."

"Oh, shit, yeah. Do that. Be quick! Then DO ME!"

Juliana blinked as she listened to Dan's voice very calmly telling her that she needed to vacate the premises. That certainly explained the tremors they were starting to get.

She wasn't entirely surprised that this day had come. The way her friend had been growing her whole life. If the positions had been swapped, what would Juliana do? She'd be bigger than Sam was! Juliana thought defiantly. Samantha was a slacker!

Juliana cracked a wistful smile and placed the phone back in its cradle. It seemed like her job had to start a little earlier than usual today. She donned her ranger uniform and carefully twisted the hat on to make herself appear at her most officious. Convincing a park full of people was going to be work.

She rapped on cabin doors and hollered at a few tents as she made her way to the ranger's office to have a chat with the park staff. She wondered if she could convince anyone to go as far as Canada. She couldn't decide if that was too far...or not far enough.

The meeting went well, and everyone listened to her with wide eyes as she explained the situation. As she had expected a fair amount of people weren't surprised at all. They had been feeling that eventually Samantha's growth would land a ton of tit on their doorstep. Tonight was the night, evidently.

The goliath breasts could be seen over the tops of the trees. Of course they could. Their

magnificent abundance reached airplane heights of impossibility. However, the earth was rumbling ominously, and you could almost watch them growing closer...closer...time to go!

Juliana marched out to her sector of the campground that she was responsible for and began collecting the souls there for another speech. This was a pain. She wanted to see how big Samantha got! I was in the wrong profession, she thought, as she directed people like cattle. I should have been in Dan's line of work.

She laughed inwardly. If only she had gotten to the overly, overly buxom girl first! Measure with her tongue, indeed! As a physics major, she would use the scientific method, and do it at least three times.

* * * * *

It was well into the inky morning when Samantha felt her right breast encounter West Valley camping grounds. It was the only thing in that direction after the suburbs. She greatly mourned the lack of a web stream to view this moment. Dan was doing unmentionable things that only inflamed her passion, and it was a historic, symbolic moment for her, and she closed her eyes to relish it.

The trailer was rocking, and the very earth purred with her growth. She was bigger than a city now. Much bigger. Each breast blimp had to be a city-sized colossus now. She mentally felt along her enormity, like she would if something touched her leg, or a blanket wrapped around your body.

The trailer park was gone. Where she had been raised. The great circle of trees that she had always destroyed getting into and out of the campground were really done for now. Flattened and lost for all eternity. She had settled the pond issue once and for all. There was a lone trailer, or at least, something that once was a trailer. It resembled mulch more so now. Her home of close to a decade.

She looked around at the trailer she was in. Once upon a time that trailer fit into that park quite comfortably. All those years of growing and getting bigger. Enlarging before the wide open

eyes of her peers! Day after day, another inch. And then a daily double. Triple. Bra number one through bra number...something obscene.

The beach was not gone, nor was it under bust. It had been one of her first "dates" with Dan, before they knew they were a couple. He got her ice cream. It was at the wrong angle, being off somewhere to the left of where she currently resided, and a right angle from where her breasts were facing. Nonetheless, she had exacted her own form of acknowledgment by smothering all the connecting roads. She had isolated the lush resort with the protuberance of breast.

The gardens were most certainly gone. There was no fitting into the walking path she had enjoyed in her youth. Had it really been only months since she had last squeezed herself into that far too narrow area to reminisce? That creek was swallowed up, and her tree was in smithereens. The location where Dan and she had come into their blossoming understanding of one another. They could never visit that place again. Not in a sad way. Now it was a part of her forever. She was ALWAYS visiting! It didn't exist separately from her anymore. Also, she had taken out the flowers after all. That was satisfying.

The farm. That was ALREADY gone. She had done a pretty good job of that the first time. Samantha pulled up the video on her laptop for the umpteenth time and enjoyed the view once again. Dan was watching with her now, as she gave him her ministrations. Goodness, she was TINY in the video! Like destroying a barn was anything to be proud of. Please. She'd do it by accident these days, and if she wasn't paying attention, she'd miss the event entirely. Still, the memory of that, and with Dan inside the house. It was a memory buried under boob now.

That brought her to the camping grounds. The last vacation when she had mobility throughout the entire duration. What fun that had been. Dan and herself each playing with her tits and getting aroused with nature. She'd smother the whole camp in a matter of moments, now. She felt it happen as trees parted faster and faster, as bust met the Yucati again, and overflowed it again. She filled the entire lake with the merest of difficulty. Once she had been worried about raising the water level! Now the lake had to struggle to survive her enormity! She wondered if she would

crush the caves again. No one had ever come visiting her about that, after all. Oh well, it scarcely mattered now. Goodbye!

The campground where she had met Juliana, her curious friend. Only the second person she could truly attribute that label to. She hoped the ranger girl was alright. She had just ensured the poor girl was out of a job. Oops. Still, she had gotten a warning at least! That's what friends do. They warn you before they squash you with their tits. By this definition, Samantha was an excellent friend indeed. Poor Juliana!

Culpopa Community College. Now that was a memory she didn't particularly care to hug to her bosom! Not that she had hated it, but...ugh, school. At least the engineering building was gone. That made herself, Juliana, and she suspected many more, very happy. Ooooh, and the football stadium. Long gone now. It had been so long since she could measure herself with a mere 100 yards!

The carnival. That ship was long gone. Also, closest to her. Her first time with Dan. She wondered if that had any cosmic significance or if that was just happy coincidence. She had never visited the Carnaval when it was still standing. It was before her time, and not meant for her bust size. She could have been one of the freaks in the performance, though! Her act could have consisted of breaking stuff with her outrageous and ever-expanding chest. What fun that could have been! Come one, come all!

The city. The whole freaking city. The skyline she had seen her entire life. The streets and shops she had visited as a young girl. The buildings were mashed under her enormous weight. A civilization in the cradle of her bosom.

Samantha could feel the universe. At least, that's what it felt like. Her universe. Everywhere she had ever been. A Monville resident her entire life. Her breasts had swallowed the whole thing up, like a collection.

And still she grew. And still she was unsatisfied with being this small! Now that she was

this big, she wanted bigger. More. A driving desire behind her whole life. How could anybody reasonably expect her to stop pursuing her dream now?

The electricity was driving her mad as she expanded. As she swelled fuller and fuller into a figure she could truly be proud of. As she and Dan continued their consummating task, their hot bodies entwined, both mashed against her voluminous chest. The earth shook with their delight, and still Samantha grew.

Henceforth, everything she felt would be places and things her breasts had seen, but she had never. Oh the places her teats would go! Beyond the outskirts of everything she knew into the dangerous unknown.

All waiting to be crushed.

She stroked as pitifully little of her chest as she could reach. "Grow bigger for me, my babies. Never stop." It truly felt like they never would.

She could feel further than ever now. The farms outside the city limits. She could feel rows and rows of corn being trampled. The stiff stems gave her surprising firm resistance, all the more to her excitement! She was a monster! Crop circles? Nah, destroy the whole darn thing!

She could feel coastal lakes and ponds. Miles of interconnected highway, rough and coarse. She could almost hear all of the streetlights making that awful, wonderful, delightful pinging sound as they were uprooted one by one. Ah, how many times had she heard that noise before!

She had felt the tops of her breasts were noticeably colder than the rest of her chest, but that was becoming less pronounced. The night clouds tickled her breasts about two thirds the way up. I've outgrown the clouds, she thought with relish. Breasts in the clouds. She was going to have to use that. Their wispy and deliciously cold moisture trickled across her skin, leaving trails of pleasure.

Oh no! Did that mean she wouldn't get rained on anymore? No clouds would exist over the top of her chest. She frowned in the darkness. Well. Clearly, the Earth was too small for her after

all. Not even a raindrop for her breasts, even when she was still this tiny.

At least there were still bodies of water to arouse her. She could feel an increasingly large amount of the Yucati River, as it met the resistance of her breast and had to swell around her. Everything was being flooded just before it got smooshed for good.

* * * * *

George liked to sleep. George liked peace and quiet. George was very unhappy to be woken from his slumber well before his shift was scheduled to start. That was exactly what the attendant did, in rather a panicked hurry. "Come quickly! Earthquakes are hitting the dam!"

George grumbled, but that certainly got his attention. Earthquakes on the east coast? That was disturbing, but his beauty should hold up. He was part of the constant watch at the Yucati Hydroelectric Power Dam facility, circa 1977. The lady had seen worse, that was for sure. This was precisely the sort of reason the watch was kept at the facility, in case of emergencies, although it was more of a formality in this day and age of dam building techniques. It'd take a real blow to knock her down.

He felt the trembling himself now that he was awake, and did begrudgingly admit it was cause for worry. It was quite a lot, and excessive. Wait, weren't earthquakes only supposed to last a little while? He had been up a minute already, and it was still going strong. Add that to fact that the rumblings must have started earlier enough for the assistant to come and rouse him...this wasn't right. He got up and jumped into his clothes before striding through the rest of the facility.

His routine inspection told him so far so good. Nothing in a state of emergency in here. Time to get to the bottom of this, for the shaking was still going strong, perhaps stronger. He made his way to the top of the dam area, at some 1,400 feet elevation above the lower area of the dam. Wandering outside, he noticed nothing immediately out of the ordinary. The waters were rippling, though. This whole ordeal was strange. He didn't like it one bit. Who the hell was trying to shake his dam loose?

Glancing over the tall edge of the dam, he halfheartedly checked for cracks. That was a joke, for himself. If THAT ever happened, boy was everybody in trouble! Still, he was glad to see none.

What he saw instead was lost on him. There was a shape moving in the ink of night. The moonlight and the stars showed the pale form quite clearly, though. He just had no idea what that was. What was so enormous? And it was getting closer. It was too big. Searching the sky for answers, he saw its twin in the distance, and his mouth fell open with the realization.

Two giant orbs were quickly approaching, looming larger and larger by the second, in time with all of the earthquakes. There was only one explanation. THAT SAMANTHA WOMAN WAS GOING TO WRECK HIS DAM, DAMMIT. NEVER! She had her way with Monville. Not here! She'd be here in a few minutes, by the looks of things. He turned up his hard hat combatively and marched into the bowels of the structure, dialing up his superiors. Then they dialed up their superiors. He had no idea how far the chain went, and he waited impatiently for word on what he was supposed to do. Finally the phone rang.

"Hello?" George answered, trying to stay civil.

"We suggest you evacuate the dam immediately."

".....No. NO. What are you saying? MY dam? You're going to let it be destroyed? My father helped build this place!"

"It can't be helped. I'm sorry."

George slammed the phone down in a huff. What was he to do? He looked at the intercom station and sighed. Maybe it wouldn't come to anything, he thought hopefully. Maybe she'll stop! Yeah! Let's just get everyone out of here...just in case...

He made the announcement and climbed his way back to the top of the dam. He would be the only one left.

He watched the massive breasts approach. They had closed the distance a lot faster than he

had anticipated! He was regretting his decision immediately. Even elevated on the dam, he had to stare far upwards to see the towering nipple. Wow.

Holy cow! That cow! The hell did she need tits this big for? Most women got along just fine with their much, much smaller ones. This was just greed. On the other hand, the practical applications for this dam were numerous. Electricity and water flood control and jobs.

The milky white tits kept ballooning into his field of vision. He watched the ground far below and the plains of Monville vanish like nothing as they rapidly grew larger. The river flowing out of the dam was piling up against the woman. A torrent of water being shoved aside effortlessly, flung out of the gutter because it had nowhere else to go. The lands beneath were flooding and still the damnable girl grew closer and closer.

The shakes were becoming obnoxious, and he was getting legitimately worried about the structural integrity of his building. Not to mention the astronomical tits that were about to ram his love.

Cracks were forming on the enormous concrete face of the dam because of all the shaking, which were at outrageous levels now. He had always thought the dam was enormous, but when he was looking at its opponent...it was an unfair fight. The dam was going to be demolished. He ran off the dam to the fields on either side and distanced himself from the wall of tit.

BOOM! Breast met dam and cliff face, and the breast was winning in a landslide. Though the dam held the initial brunt of the battering breast, Samantha's growth was completely undeterred. She spilled over the top and all around the cliff face and just kept swelling. The view was so enticing, George wanted to go and touch that huge soft pillow.

The enormous splintering of concrete George heard would haunt his dreams in the years to come. CRACK. The Dam was blasted to smithereens and the water...that water didn't move. George stared. She...She was the dam, now! The water wasn't going anywhere. In fact, since she was still blowing up, the water was actually being beaten back. There simply was no way the water

was going to get around her preposterous bosom!

George nearly felt a tear in his eye. Bless her.

Her breast instantly started to overtake the higher ground. The shelf of land was not any more of a deterrence than the dam had been, or a blade of grass. It didn't even reach her areola, which was far, far above.

She mushroomed right over and her growth continued. The dam was gone. Now she was the raising flood. Her breast continued to swell fatter, pushing into the reserve behind the dam, blasting waves of water backwards. The water had nowhere to go except gush out of the repertoire, but it couldn't escape her prodigious girth to the sides, either. All that water and land were being blown away by her awesome size.

It was beautiful in a way. He stared as long as he could, and fled into the night.

* * * * *

The dam was gone. That had been an exhilarating experience! She had felt herself collide with something unexpectedly sturdy, and it had HURT. It was just tall enough to be a pain, and solid too. Her breasts were growing so fast that being halted like that...ouch! Like stubbing your toe. Samantha ground her teeth. It was a good sensation, actually. Fierce and intense, just the way she liked it. Way too short, though.

The other sensations, though, were more than enough. She could feel the air whipping past as she grew into air resistance. She could feel clouds, less than halfway up her bust now, being parted. It tickled the bottom area of areola, which she assumed must be a ridiculous size now. I remember when I had areola the size of a quarter, Samantha giggled.

It would be a good contest question. How many quarters would it take to fill one of my areola, she thought. Ding ding, trick question! She was still growing!

The flip side to bursting the dam was that it was suddenly replaced by gallons and gallons

of cool, cool water nuzzling against her breast exquisitely. Samantha bit her lip to prevent herself from crying aloud and deafening Dan.

The sun hadn't even risen yet, but she was blowing up so DAMN FAST! Faster than ever before, even proportionally. It wasn't even close! The jubilation she felt was unparalleled by anything, ever. Trees, roads, she could feel them like SPECKS! Forests were like bristly carpets to her breasts, immediately smoothed flat by the ton upon ton upon ton of tit. While the sensations themselves never shrank, she could feel all of the trees, the trees themselves felt smaller and smaller as she inflated like a balloon.

Dan was spent. She had helped him out of his shorts so many times already this morning that he was in a daze, laying across her chest. Just where she wanted him. She could feel his hot breath and his soft, scratchy hair. He was reclined comfortably, breathing fast and hard upon her stupendous left mam. His face was flush. That didn't mean her fun had to stop. She leaned forward and walked her hands across his feet, up his legs, right to the middle. His whole body stiffened as well at her firm touch.

The air did feel wonderful, though. It was thin at the top. She could feel the gradient of pressure being exerted on her. The tops of her breasts were in the heavens, and the bottoms were still terrestrial bound.

Both of her tits were having independent sensations now. They were experiencing different terrain, and different entire freaking places. One was traveling northwest, and the other southwest. The differences would only grow from here on out, she thought, just as I grow! The weathers, the terrain, I wonder what else?

The right breast encountered forests. The left breast...a TOWN! Whoops. She was that size already. It was nothing like Monville. Not only did it not have the concrete superstructures she had demolished, but it was far smaller. It wouldn't last a few minutes. Suddenly the fringe swell of her right breast ALSO encountered a town. So small! The periphery of her breast could handle this one!

She kissed Dan in a daze of her own. "I can feel myself simultaneously crushing TWO TOWNS right now. How HUUUUUUUUUUUGE does that make me? Oops, whatever you answer was going to be, I'm even BIGGER now!"

The sun was starting to rise.

* * * * *

Bentley Harrison was a mountain man, through and through. Slender figured, wearing casual but highly practical clothing, and an enormous appreciation for the natural world. He was a nature photographer of the most dedicated sense, setting up "photo shoots" and time lapse shots for days and weeks on end. The particular stint he was on had been running for some time now. He was operating four separate cameras on each cardinal direction of the mountain he was camping on. The purpose of this was to create an enormous panorama of the mountain peak's view that lasted for days.

He was a firm believer that it was truly impossible to capture nature's beauty, but he tried to do what he could in order to share as much of his love as possible with others who couldn't make the trips that he did. This panorama shot was going to be his coup de grace, an authentic mountain view from one of his favorite spots on earth. Although lacking in smells and edibles, the video would contain enough scope for the two possible senses that it might just entice a few minds, reach a few people, and share the beauty. Bentley was a big believer in the higher power of nature's artistic sense.

He had woken up early that morning to tremors. These tremors had continued, strengthening through the morning, and were causing him great distress. They were going to ruin his shot! They might shake loose something that knocks over the cameras, but it was more than that. This was an event that happened to the entire natural ecosystem. Birds would flee, bears would stop roaming, and this would completely interrupt the natural flow of the very scenes he was trying to capture. He didn't want eventful! He wanted nature in all of its...NATURAL beauty!

Although, earthquakes were natural. Still could be good footage. Roll with the punches.

He would definitely need to check all of his cameras again just to make sure they were safe. Not that he minded that part a bit. Hiking around was one of his favorite things, after all. His camp was on the west side of the mountain so he could see the sunset before it got too dark to do any wandering around. He would wake up before sunrise to go and see it from the east side, but he might be a bit late this time, since the sky was already lightening and he had camera maintenance to perform. He should check the western camera first, since it was the closest. If there was something wrong with it, he needed to be addressed as soon as possible. He might have to start over his project, even though he had already captured two days. Not the end of the world, it gave him an excuse to camp longer, although he had to worry about the rations that he had brought with him. He had planned for extra days, of course, but then he would be cutting it close if an accident of some sort did occur.

The sky was starting to get light, signaling the dawn. That was fine, it would help him find his cameras better. He had left several innocuous trail signals to help him find them around the mountain peak, but being able to see certainly helped! Still the earth tremors continued. Were they getting more pronounced still? That was amazing. What could be causing this? Earthquakes were only supposed to last minutes, if not only a few moments. How long had this been going? Since he woke up at least.

It was as he had feared though, birds were calling out in frustration, skyrocketing off into the early morning sky as they were disquieted by the unusual earth shifting. At least he got that on film, he thought optimistically. Bird emergency patterns. There surely was a use for that footage somewhere! Maybe. Well, he had it nonetheless so might as well be happy with it!

The lightness of dawn was taking an unexpectedly long time to strengthen, especially for a mountain top. It was still very dark. He found the western camera intact and performing well. At least that was something, he thought cheerfully. The north facing camera was in kind of a funny spot so he would save it for last. That means he should go in a counterclockwise direction around

the mountain, and check out the southern camera first. He made the trek through the disquieted woods, abuzz with activity and ground shaking.

He slowly wound around the mountain top and...something wasn't right at all. Where the sun was coming up, the horizon, it had totally changed! There was something unbelievably enormous in plain view, two humps, off in the distance where there shouldn't have been anything. Weird. What was going on over there? Some sort of world's biggest balloon thing? He would have to inquire when he got back to town.

He checked the southern camera and found nothing out of order, despite the strengthening tremors. He started making his way to the eastern camera and did a double take. The horizon balloons were either a lot closer than he had thought, or unbelievably large. He stopped and stared, trying to make sense of what he was seeing. His eyes had to be playing tricks on him. He was on a mountain top, nothing could be that large. An optical illusion of some sort. He certainly hoped the eastern camera was getting all this. His shot had already been ruined by all the activity, so maybe he could catch something really weird! What the heck was going on?

As he made his way east, he stared at the enormous shadowy figures as they slowly illuminated. They weren't just huge, they were UNBELIEVABLY GIGANTIC. Several things dawned on him as the sun continued to rise and illuminated the eastern valley. They were getting closer. Really, really fast. They were blotting out the rising sun, and faster than the sun was rising. It was getting darker on the mountain, if anything. They were resting on the fields in the distance. Bigger than anything he had ever seen.

None of this made any sense. He didn't know what to think. Was he going crazy? Was the world going crazy? What WAS it? I don't understand anything, he thought. The shapes continued to get closer, larger, closer and larger, closer, LARGER. It simply wasn't possible for something to be that big!

The sun had risen enough that even in the shadow of these monstrous balloons, the sun was reflecting off the surfaces of the land and permeating the sky enough, he could see. Breasts.

Unbelievably gigantic breasts. Way taller than the mountain he was on, or any of the surrounding mountains. And, now with the light enhancing his depth perception, extremely far off. That wasn't possible, was it? If they were that far...no, they couldn't be that outsized. Something was wrong.

Bentley Harrison made the connection, though. He wasn't just imagining things. This had something to do with that Samantha girl with the unimaginably large breasts. He had definitely heard the stories, and it had intrigued him. The world's greatest mountains! Fleshy, wondrous, female mountains. And they were certainly natural, he had joked to himself on many an occasion. Could have been great fun. But then she had continued to get so large that even he wouldn't be able to climb her. He had fantasized about THAT view many times, and seen the videos. It had enthralled him, and particularly inspired his panorama wildlife documentation.

He had never seen her though. Had she really gotten that hefty? What was she doing here? How the hell could she even move? It didn't seem possible but the evidence was right in front of him, obviously making him wrong in some fashion.

That was awesome! He saw the giant breast girl. That was certainly something he hadn't expected to do today. The monstrous feminine balloons were certainly very pleasing to look at. Enormous in scale, but also very well proportioned. The peaks obviously reached way up into the sky, as he had read and seen, but the curvature of the slopes was truly beautifully symmetrical and aesthetically pleasing. Under their own weight, undoubtedly tremendous, they smoothed against the ground heavily, but didn't lose their gorgeous shape. If an enormously giant woman had been attached to them, he had no doubt they would have retained that perfect teardrop shape. Of course, only the frontal globes of Samantha had blown up so perfectly in proportion. The girl herself was purported to be perfectly normal in size, if a little taller than the average woman, but nothing out of the ordinary.

The areolas were nicely proportioned, he thought. Samantha's were a little large compared to the rest of her chest. Bentley had dated a woman with really massive areola, and he had appreciated their strong visual effect. They're quite nice looking, he thought. They haloed her beautifully

protuberant nipples wonderfully. Hm. Samantha's might be a LITTLE too big for him, from a practicality standpoint. He couldn't imagine a nipple so big that he could hug it. Yet she was so FAR beyond that, wasn't she? From this distance he could almost imagine sucking on them, they were so ripe and magnificent. Then he factored in the height of the surrounding mountains proportional to those womanly appendages in the distance, and he was quick to realize he wouldn't be able to reach them, even from his mountain top.

Still, they were coming closer, the two leviathans. The fields they were on were disappearing...and the breasts continued to loom larger. There were a few clouds in the sky and he couldn't quite tell but they didn't reach her nipples at all. They were only about an eighth of the way up. That couldn't be right. Optical illusions or something. But they were getting bigger as they got closer. Certainly still a ways off. Weren't they?

THIS was what was causing all the tremors! Now it all made sense. The balloon-breasted beauty was going hiking in his neck of the woods, and causing disaster wherever she went. Well, at least she was out and about enjoying the weather, can't fault her for that. Although Bentley had thought she had been immobilized. It had been a big dramatic piece in the news for a while. Hm. There was a lot of things going on here that he obviously didn't understand.

Wait! There was a fox family on the path. Momma was desperately trying to rouse her extremely young cubs in an effort to flee the weird tremors that they didn't understand. Usually nocturnal animals, it made sense that these creatures had just been up all night and were now trying to find their good night's(day's?) sleep. Mom was sensing danger though, but the cubs were obstinately sleeping. She couldn't carry them all in her mouth but she kept picking them and trying to stir them.

Bentley watched the scene with fascination, it was so vividly natural, a struggle between life and death. He wandered carefully around the scene and crouched behind a tree as he observed the furry denizens of the woods, and he took out his pocket camera. Magnificent instinctive behavior on the part of the mother, typical indiscipline in the cubs. Finally the cubs and mother fox left and

Bentley had nothing more to watch. He turned around back west and dropped his jaw.

The shudders had grown more pronounced in the time he had watch the fox family, but it had become a regular interval, almost lulling despite their ferocity. Like waves on a boat he had become accustomed to them in the short time. It had made him very oblivious.

If he looked up, breast was towering above him. The ground portion of the breast hadn't reached him yet, but the bulbous front of the breast curvature protruded far above him. The areola he had so admired was stretched so humongous he figured several cities could have been built upon its stupendous girth alone. It was like a movie, so mind boggling you simply had to accept it. Even on his mountain top, he wasn't even close to the areola. It might start at the cloud level now. It might start even HIGHER than the clouds. How did this girl get so damn BIG? What the heck was going on??

If he looked straight up he could see the leading edge of the breast slowly slide closer and closer to him. It was like looking straight up at a cliff face, if said cliff looked soft and inviting and was unmistakably erotic. Also, it was a cliff upon a cliff, considering that he was already standing on a mountain top. Oh, why even bother quantifying this. It didn't matter, he SAW it. That leading edge was going to swell over his head very soon, wasn't it? Then he would be the ant in the shadow of the ball, ready to be crushed. It was definitely progressing, looming larger and larger, and the ground shaking with even greater anger.

That nipple that had fascinated him so, earlier. He was transfixed by the base of the enormous leading lady lump. It was like looking at a woman's tit up close, despite being so far away. The crinkles and texture were clearly visible on the dark red protuberance majestically standing guard over the mountain he was standing up. If he wasn't already in the shadow of the colossal bulk behind the meaty marker, he had no doubt that the weighty nipple would eclipse the sun for him all on its own. It extended so far over him and beyond his mountain that he could no longer see the actual tip. An entire mountain range width was contained between the distance between her nipple tip and her areola base. A truly mountainous nipple. So often used in hyperbole, but now the word

was too small!

He had once considered hanging his clothes on his ex-girlfriend Ashley's nipples. He had truly thought that would have been the most erotica thing he could do. She had large bumps on the face of her decent sized breasts and he had loved every millimeter of their surface numerous times during their relationship that time ago. These! Samantha's were ridiculous! You could put entire clotheslines up and never do them justice. You could hang the earth off of them and their stiff girth.

There was a location he had wanted to visit for a long time, an enormous chasm and cave in the ground in Mexico. The Cave of Swallows. Thus named for the many, many roosts of swallows that called the caves their home. Mornings and evenings you could see the thousands of birds flocking to and from their nests. The cave was around 330 meters wide and was so large that skyscrapers could be fit inside the tremendous cavernous shaft. Thrill seekers dove down the shaft to the bottom, freefalling until parachute distance, and had to be winched back up. A great big hole in the ground, teeming with wildlife and mystery and just the kind of thing Bentley Harrison would be interested in. He had loved visiting that region. Standing on the edge of that massive hole and peering down into the darkness had sent shivers of awe running up his spine and prickling his neck. The exotic Earth. It was different from looking off a mountain cliff. You could see a very well defined, enormous thing. It scaled itself, depth perception wise, because it was right next to you. Instead of being scenery, you could see just how large it was because you could see the other side and only sit in wonder of where the bottom was.

Samantha's nipple could never fit in that cave. If the young girl had somehow managed to try, her nipple would be larger than that entire cave. Far, far, far larger. She couldn't even get the tip of it in. The ground, the whole area would have been torn up and demolished under her enormous teat tip, and still the cave would not be big enough. That was the only cylindrical (sort of) frame of reference he could find that he could compare their circumference with, and it was woefully inadequate.

She would need one of those undersea chasms that we know exist, he thought, but couldn't go down far enough to see.

The sound was deafening now. The crunching and smashing of trees. Entire forests being leveled at once. But what he was seeing was far more pressing. The breast was absolutely titanic. He couldn't see the other one now. This single teat filled the entire expanse of horizon, so vast and fat and unimaginably huge it was all he could see. It not only filled the fields before the mountain range, it did so effortlessly. As he ogled, he saw Samantha tit swell into the valley of the mountains a way in front of his own. The mountain peaks on either side of the family stood for but a moment before the pliant but springy breast exerted enough pressure on them and blasted them out of the way, leveling the first few mountains without any preamble. More bosom poured into the valley, inching closer and closer to the mountain he was on.

It was too late to get off this mountain. Far too late. It was a several day hike to get up here. Climbing down, while easier, was still going to be a long process, even if you did it unsafely. His fate was going to be the fate of the mountain peak he was on, unless by the mercy of the goddess he survived. After seeing the other ridges crumble like corn chips under a shoe, he was considerably certain that the same demise was in store for him.

It was a strange peace, watching the enormous slabs of tit approach him. The other breast had long since been eclipsed by this nearest breast. He could only see the one stretching into all directions, clouding out the sky, swallowing up the mountain valley and mountains, blocking out the sun, slowly stretching across the orange tinted sky. It was a peaceful place that he loved to be. Another mountain crumbled away to the oncoming Samantha.

The most recently occurring, and also by far the greatest mountains on Earth.

"Dan....," Samantha whispered, "Where is the nearest mountain?"

"I dunno," he gasped, "pretty far. Why?"

"Because I just bumped them! I'M TITFUCKING THE WHOLE STATE!" she shrieked.

"Look!" she continued frantically. "You know that joke where you stand on one spot and reach your hand across a time zone so parts of your body are at different times? Look, look! My boobs are in different time zones!" Then she made a face. "If I was growing in the other direction, my breasts would have been in the future. That's much cooler. Who wants breasts in the past? Or...historic breasts! There we go. You've got to put the right spin on it."

Samantha was well aware of the vastness of her chest, as she had been for years. They had always consumed an enormous amount of real estate, only now had it been so literal. The preposterous volume of feminine breast created quite a lot of surface area, and forward projection. She had delighted in "forward projection" for as long as she could remember. The idea that she could be standing in one spot, and her tits reaching into the next. There was a time when she could stand still, a foot away from the wall, and feel her nipples scratching against the coarseness of the plaster. Soon, one foot had not been enough, because standing so close caused her tremendous assets to mound up bountifully against the surface. Soon after that, standing so close was not only uncomfortable, but physically impossible, such was the great abundance of breast protruding from her chest.

The days where she could stand in one room and her nipples where in a different room entirely. The idea that her breasts consumed so much space that it was ridiculous. Nipple to mouth measurements exceeded rulers and yard sticks. Graduating through each increment had been a real pleasure, and now she was measured in states. The mountains she felt on the forefronts of her chest, this was the wall she had once pressed herself upon.

She hoped she would soon graduate from states as well.

She was also conscious of the rest of her chest. Between Samantha and her nipples, from the coast to the mountains, an entire state's worth of sensations lay in wait underneath her all-encompassing bosom. Valleys and hills, rivers, the remains of the dam, campgrounds, cities, towns, cars on the highway, an entire civilization. Smashed to bits by her development!

But there were even weather patterns swirling about her enormous tracts of feminine land. There were areas where her breasts felt colder, and others warmer. There were the drops of the early morning dew in one space, weather ready for a brisk walk, and in other spots the dry morning heat, where the area retained the heat from the past day.

Then there were elevation differences. The bottom of her breasts, with all the varied textures of the land scratching across their underbellies as her behemoths continued to expand at an alarming rate, to the open aired, limitless sky she grew upwards into. Frost kept forming on the miles of breast that reached up so far away from her and the earth. The atmosphere was so thin and cold that her breasts lay under constant siege. The ice layer kept cracking as she continued to expand bigger and bigger, each growth spurt shattering the ice and daring it to even bother reforming on her hot skin.

"I...I think I might be in SPACE! Dan. DAN. Your wife. Her tits. They. Are. Astronauts!"

"That might be the hottest thing I've ever heard. You know, I had fantasies about your tits in space."

She grabbed him by the ankles and pulled him into her. "...Come here and share them at once!"

She screamed into the early hours, hauling Dan to her bosom, and never for a moment intending to let him go. Or even let him up for air, if she could help it!

The dawn brigade of the Pentagon was in uproar. The essential personnel that had manned the facility all night were wading in an ocean of alerts, warnings, frantic pleas for help, phones rattling off the hook, and cell phones refusing to silence. Calls were taken, calls were made, and all sorts of big wigs were roused from their bed chambers to hurriedly assemble in the depths of the government building and determine a course of action. Admittedly, there hadn't really been an established protocol for attack of the giant tits.

What to do with Samantha had been a decision that had lagged far behind the times. In the nature of such bureaucracy, whenever the next Samantha emergency arrived, they were inevitably only deciding on how to go about fixing the last one. In the wake of the Monville incident, the government had still been reeling, having had quite enough on its plate already, thank you very much. Now, Samantha had given them seconds, thirds, fourths, and tenths, all in the span of moments, and it was clear to all those assembled in the early hours that they would need to somewhat expedite this process.

Five officials sat in the conference room in varying states of dress and clean shaven-ness, as emergency trumped good form. There were plenty more on the way, there were always more where upper echelons came from, but for now these five would have to suffice. They were in a heated discussion.

"People are suffering!" a stocky woman at the end of the table spat. "There is no alternative, no questions to be asked. We all know what must be done!" She appeared to be the most well-dressed of the group, military attire and professional attitude.

"I'm inclined to agree with her," the lanky, tweedy man in the corner drawled. "Standing around is going to accomplish nothing."

"I can't say I ever expected to pass judgment on a girl on account of her breasts getting too big," spoke the smallest man in the room, a foot shorter than the others and all sorts of disheveled. "Don't you think this is all a little ridiculous? We are going to kill an American citizen?"

Lanky and stocky both goggled at him. "What difference does that make?" the woman roared.

"People are actually losing their homes and their LIVES. We don't have time to appreciate novelty," the lanky man said with contempt.

"But it's not her fault!" the short man cried. "She's not doing it on purpose! We have uses for her yet. We can't undo what she has already done. But if we can somehow stop her..."

"How!?" the fourth man demanded, speaking for the first time. His piercing blue eyes studied the little man.

"I don't know," he admitted, "but there's no sense in killing her too."

"Sense?" the stocky woman belted out. "To save our country. What more sense on god's earth do you need?!"

"Actually, Cunningham has a point," General Scopes remarked quietly. "We don't gain anything by killing her now. What has happened today has already happened. But her, we can still save her."

The other four in the room gave an about face and stared at him.

"General," the lanky man sputtered, "you can't be serious. Action needs to be taken immediately. Who knows how long it might take until we can come up with a satisfactory alternative. In the meantime she grows into the next state!"

"Her bra cups runneth over," the fourth man said morosely.

"Oh, shut up," Cunningham said bitterly. "All I'm saying is that we are throwing away a chance to study something that has never happened before."

"Autopsies are particularly effective," the lanky man remarked blandly.

"We need to do something. NOW. Arguing with you guys is useless. We decide. NOW. All in favor of dispatching her?" the stocky woman asked the group.

Three hands went up, and Cunningham and Scopes looked at one another and their unraised hands, and sighed.

"Let's go!" the lady barked, all business.

"I'm glad you're so eager to send an innocent girl to her death," the third man said sourly.

"Protect the nation," the tall man corrected him.

The General said nothing as they wandered down the halls. Samantha HAD been warned, after all. There really wasn't much else you could expect from this group.

Down a beige hall from the conference room was the legendary room in all the movies. The Command Center. The group plodded through the door silently into the sound proofed room and met a full task force of computer operators and communicators waiting for them. The full alert of the nation meant that this room was fully stocked both with personnel and a full amenity of emergency provisions.

The president was on the screen in one corner, having been forced to assume his responsibilities even though it was so early in the morning. One of the men in the room had taken the responsibility of briefing him on the events of the morning, and their concerns. The president seemed to be taking the news in stride, if only a little visibly flabbergasted. He saw the five enter the room and gave them his full attention. "Well, what is your advisement?" he asked gravely.

Every face in the room was waiting on their decision. The stocky lady that had taken charge of the group of very important people cleared her throat and made her announcement. "We are forced to eliminate the threat to national security," she stated boldly. "We have decided that, while it is an unsavory deed, there is no acceptable alternative to this course of action. We apologize to Ms. Duq- ah, Mrs. Peppers, but the safety of this country comes first."

Several of the faces looked stricken. Others were grim and uncompromising. Scopes also noted a few heads nodding with understanding.

Well, at least it wasn't being taken lightly, he thought to himself. That's nice.

The president grimaced and then gave a hefty sigh. "That was our decision too. I will not shy away from what must be done, but I was sincerely hoping you'd have an alternative for me." He paused. "Very well. I hereby give the command to execute the order we just discussed."

This apparently meant something to the rest of the room, and all the workers scrambled at

once to pay heed to their orders. It probably consisted of contacting the nearest military base that had aircraft capability and sending a few jets Samantha's way in order to decimate the trailer and all of its contents. The breasts would be far too big to destroy, but they only needed to get to the tiny human attached.

"Mr. President, sir, the order codes, please," one man said, near the front of the room. The president consulted something off screen and turned to speak to the camera.

The camera feed went black.

All around the room, almost simultaneously, computers started to moan and scream alerts, flash red with warnings like a strobe light, and every able person jumped into action.

"What's going on?"

"I don't know!"

"Mr. President. Come in, Mr. President. Can you hear me, sir?"

"My terminal lost its connection!"

"Mine too. What the HELL?"

"I can't get help, the line is dead."

"THE BLAST DOOR! IT'S CLOSING!"

"Hurry! Stop it!"

"WE...WE CAN'T!"

Thud. The giant metal slab clamped shut, barring the only entrance and exit into the command room.

"Are...are we trapped? How come none of the computers or phones are working?"

"Wireless doesn't work in here, stupid. Your cell phone is useless too."

"What can we do?"

"Investigate, obviously!"

The room was in chaos, but completely isolated.

The train sat on its tracks, idling in the station. The sun was rising, officially, but for some reason it wasn't on Express 406. On any other given day in human history, it almost certainly would have by now. The train driver thought it was peculiar, but considering it had very little to do with his engines or course, it didn't much matter in the end.

It certainly mattered to Monsieur Poirot. This was his vacation voyage, and he had expected to witness every moment he could. He reached into his pocket for his fob watch and with a simple practiced moment, flipped it open so he could read the numerals within. The sun was late. What to make of that? Slowly the train started up. As promised, it was leaving at daybreak.

He stared out the window with growing impatience. His wife and he had deigned to take a cross country voyage via a luxurious train, like in olden times. It was an exquisite mode of transport! He was currently sitting in his accommodations compartment, where his wife, Ilona Poirot slept peacefully on the opposite bench bed. The walls were an exquisite lacquered wood, adorned with delicate floral carvings. Overhead and beneath each bed was storage for luggage, and above him in a novel sort of way hung his fine clothes in an open closet. If he stood up from where he was currently languished upon the bed, his head would be nestled within his finery and smoking jackets that were hung to preserve them from wrinkles and other abominations.

Off to Ilona's side was a personal watercloset and facility enclosure which he had no use for at the moment. To Konrad Poirot's left was his favorite feature of the room, bar none. The giant, shining window that was supposed to be letting in the morning sun. He had woken up early to enjoy the view of leaving the station. Slowly the train chugged itself to steam as it pulled away from the origin of their voyage. The journey had begun!

Express 406 was a top of the line train cruise on its way across the country side, heading due west from its origination, and would be taking its time to course through the countryside and scenery. The relaxing getaway was a sort of role playing event, to relive eras gone by when life was at a simpler time. Each passenger on the train had been given character sheets they were supposed to adhere to for the duration of the journey. The Poirots and dozens of others were given every old fashioned luxury that could once be found on a train cart, and the experience had been marvelous. Several dining carts each offered various period foods and different cuisine from Mediterranean, Asian, European, and all sorts of other exotic fair.

Yesterday was when the train had been boarded as guests arrived and got set up all that afternoon. Like a cruise ship, the first night had been a night of partying, and undoubtedly many of the occupants were in a stupor at this moment and would not wake for many hours. Not Konrad. He had wanted to see the beginning of the voyage, and to drink it in. Well, now that he was up, might as well make it the rest of the way.

Hanging off the sliding door of their compartment, on a delicate golden hook, was a sign. "Mr. and Mrs. Konrad Poirot, Baron and Baroness, Poland", "English competency: good", "Personalities: Courteous and stately". The list continued, all attributes that they were no doubt supposed to keep in mind whenever they left the room and mingled with the other denizens of the rail. Konrad smirked at the sign and twirled the dark mustache he had spent weeks growing just for this special occasion. He would have to grease it again for today. It was probably best that he started his morning rituals soon before Ilona woke up and needed to occupy the same spaces he did.

He gently leaned over to the window and glared out at the passing tides of nature. Trees and open fields, overgrown with natural neglect. It was all still shrouded in twilight. He had thoroughly expected it all to be dazzling him with golden sunshine being reflected off the splendid leaves, but such was not the case, despite the lightness in the sky. How curious! There were simply no good angles on the train to see directly backwards. The thick panes of the glass meant that anything too far off in an uncomfortable angle was too badly distorted, but he wanted to take a look and see what the heck was going on. No matter, he certainly wasn't going to climb over Mrs. Poirot to see

the spectacular nothing that seemed to be happening, as evidenced by the lack of rays of sunshine. He took it upon himself to appreciate the slow passing of some corn instead, before he readied himself to finish his morning preparations.

He removed his hair net and took to the mirror in the cabin to preen his hair back into the undisturbed shape. He had only just finished dressing himself, so he took this moment to make any final touches to his appearance before he left. He was dressed in a dark red velvet suit. His mustache was exquisitely waxed into a fine shape, and his hair was moussed over to fit his head, and not a hair out of place. He was a dark and serious looking man, with coal eyes and rather severe cheekbones. Despite his gaunt features, he was tall, dark, and handsome. He had been assigned well.

He glanced back at his wife's wiry form and decided it would be rude to wake the missus, as she had had a few more last night than he, and he quietly slid back the cabin door and stepped out into the narrow hallway. The hall carpet was soft under his loafers, and he no longer had to worry about noise after he slid the compartment door shut. What was with the sun? It was unlike it to miss such an important appointment. Perplexing.

The sleeping cart he was located in was one of the latter attachments to the train, and the dining car was only two forward. He made his way down the narrow passage, past the porter who gave him a friendly nod, and into the second residential car. He silently slipped through this one as well and finally opened out into a beautiful, openly windowed car.

The dining car was a delight to behold. About a dozen circular tables had all been set up, equipped with fancy tablecloth and decorated napkins. Juice glasses and ornate plates adorned their surfaces. Under the drooping fold of cloth lay mahogany spires that held up the tabletops with class. Matching chairs with lightly fuzzy plush cushions sat around each table, conjoined with seating placements. The whole thing was quite gorgeous.

There were only three other people in the car at the moment. An elderly couple with Victorian England fashionable dress were breaking fast on the far right, and then there was a young

man sitting by himself to the left, in a modest but simple brown suit. The elderly man gave Konrad a glorious nod of acknowledgment, then resumed talking to his spouse. It appeared they were discussing the merits of the murder mystery games they were going to have that night. The young man did not look up from the paper he was reading.

The car was shaking more than he had thought it would. That was odd, since they weren't moving that fast. Maybe it was just an uneven plot of rail. As a result, his silverware and glass were making little hops from the table and causing him an ounce of worry about their well-being.

The elderly couple had progressed to discussing the virtues of the different flavored scones when Mr. Poirot took a seat on the right side of the car and lifted up his menu to inspect the offerings. No sooner had he done that then did he hear two sharp intakes of breath and a simultaneous "My word!" and "Goodness gracious!" Naturally, this caught his attention and he looked up from his menu to see both of his elders goggling at something outside the left hand window, due south. Konrad turned himself to see back behind the train as they were doing.

He saw nothing. What were they staring at so intently? There was nothing back there except sky and- no, no, wait. That portion of the sky was...darker than the rest of the sky. And it was all the wrong color. How-what-why? His eyes made the trek across the expanse of shadowy pale features where the rising sun SHOULD have been, he now thought. No it definitely wasn't sky, it was an object? No, TWO objects, there was a distance separating them, and yet- his comprehension hit him across the face. Off to the far south on the far side object was an unmistakable nipple.

It was a bit like looking at the horizon when staring out at the open sea. It looked far away, very far away, like your view extended forever, but at the same time, it had that appearance where you knew it was even further away than you thought it was. These were his thoughts as he stared in wonder. He was dimly aware of the old couple a few yards away making a great big fuss. As far as he knew, the young lad still had not stirred from his engrossment in the paper.

These were tertiary thoughts, of less significant importance. So was breakfast, now. Konrad bolted upright, knocking over his chair, and dashed through the door back the way he had come

not five minutes ago. He swept through the narrow, carpeted hallway and brushed past the porter. "Come here," he shouted "You need do see dis!"

The well-dressed man jumped to and followed him down the hall. The duo burst through the back end of the train into a lovely little caboose balcony with sturdy iron rails and the gently whipping wind caused by the train slipstream. These features were completely lost on the two gentlemen, purveying the extraordinary sight of Samantha's bosom.

She sure had gotten a lot bigger since Bentley Harrison had last seen her. Her left nipple was off to the boys' right, off in the distance to the south, beyond the plains and the tree line, and presumably further out. It was too big to even think about. How high up it was, how far away it was, and yet how large it still looked. It was even hazy looking, because it was so unbelievably high and far away. All impossible. The canyon between the two breasts was also extremely visible, with enough cleavage between the two monsters that it could probably swallow several cities, by Konrad's estimate. All things considered, that was a pretty tight, perky cleavage since that was an insignificant size relative to their greater hulking mass.

Wordlessly, the two men looked at one another for one soul-searching moment, and then slowly turned around northward. Yeah, there it was, the other nipple. They had to crane their necks far back to see that far up. They were actually in the distance between a woman's enormous teats, but even so, the nearest protuberance was still a great long ways off and UP.

The porter made a sharp intake of breath. "Golly," he said in awe.

"Yees," Konrad agreed.

"The size o'..."

"Yees," Konrad agreed.

"What do yo-" The whole train seemed to make an enormous leap as the ground quaked, for that's what apparently was causing all the silverware disturbance, and before the eyes of both men the enormously swollen breast swelled even BIGGER. It was one size in one moment, and

suddenly it was a size even bigger in the next. The porter tumbled against the balcony rail because of the jolt, but Konrad had already been steadying himself with a white knuckled hand wrapped around the bar. Mercifully the train kept on the rails, but it made both men in the back aware that she was still growing.

The sound was growing louder all the time, crunching and cracking an awful destructive din that Konrad now realized was her breasts serving as a pilot plow. A great big battering ram that...the world was so many pebbles beneath Samantha. Little bugs.

The porter shakily disentangled himself from the railing beams and grappled with the cap on a tube. Prying it off, he bent his mouth to the opening and yelled "Earl! We have a situation! You need to go faster! Much faster!"

A disembodied voice returned a few questions but the porter was having none of it. "NOW! JUST TRUST ME, DAMMIT!"

"I am glad you have dese dings under control. I shall be back."

The porter nodded absentmindedly and continued to shout down Earl. Konrad slipped through the car back to his compartment, and slid the door open. Ilona was laying just where he had left her. He bent down and gently roused her.

Her amber eyes slowly opened and she sat up in bed. Her hair was wild, her eyes sleepy, and her pajamas disheveled. No matter, she was beautiful. Dark brown hair and pale cheeks flush from the chill, her natural colors were exquisite. She slowly stretched and yawned in the old fashioned silks they had brought. Konrad watched with great interest. He had bought them striped for a reason! Ilona was short and wiry thin, but there was one place where no one on planet earth would ever consider her small. Perhaps there was one person who was exception to that rule, he amended, considering what he had just seen. The stripes on her shirt widened like prison bars being bent out of shape, and the garment groaned in the only area it wasn't hanging loose like a monk's robe.

"What is eet, Konrad dear?" Her voice was not light like a typical woman's, but definitely

not deep like a man's. Hard to describe, Konrad thought, but it was full and sultry like a 1950's actress. The adopted accent was only more arousing. And that was just his ear's opinion, wait until his eyes communicated what they saw!

"Dress yourself, please, my ladee. Hurry!"

She studied him with her wide golden brown eyes before standing abruptly and turning around to rummage in her hanging attire. She grabbed an elegant dress from its hooks and whirled on him, holding it flush against her body.

"Monsieur, some privacy, si vous plait."

Now was not the time to be coquettish! "As you wish, Madame. But I beg of you, please be quickened!"

He stepped back out in the hallway and consulted his watch. This cart did not have any windows and he was eager to go take a look again, but he must wait faithfully for his woman, he decided. Fortunately, Ilona was never one to take an undue amount of time.

Within a few minutes she had whipped open the door and flounced out in a beautiful dress with a flourishing skirt finish below the waist. She had applied the merest of makeup, knowing full well that she didn't need any, only darker lashes and blood red lipstick. Her hair had been combed into its long tresses with delicate curls at the end. Her enormous bodice protruded so far that her front was brushing against his own chest despite their faces being this far away.

He immediately grabbed her by the arm, having been forced to reach a long ways around her tremendous swells, and drew her down the corridor back to the outside caboose landing. Taking her through the compartment door was a hassle enough, but making her fit into the corridor was also very difficult, since her breasts were so wide. He let go of her arms and she used her limbs to scrunch her breasts together, creating a breast Grand Canyon that had several feet of forward projection. In this position, her nipples were further away from her than her outstretched hands. Konrad swallowed hard. Finally they made it out onto the small balcony at the back of the train.

The porter had disappeared and the two were alone. Ilona's hand didn't know where to go first once she realized what she was seeing. First to her mouth in astonishment, and then to her heart to steady herself. Or at least, as near to the heart as it was capable of being.

"Dear lord! Dat ees...now dat ees a big girl! What ees happening?"

"I have no clue. She ees still growing, I dink. No, I saw."

"And you dought your wife would want to see dat?"

"Eet ees not often we meet someone bigger dan you!"

"Dat is true. Avert your eyes!" she jested.

"Have no fear. You are still plenty big for me!"

"I should dink so!" she said haughtily. "All de jealous girls be laughing at me!"

"At least one girl I know of cried because of your exqueesite figure."

"She was da seamstress! Of course she would cry! When making dis dress she needed to sew basketballs to her mannequin to get an approximation of my measurements!"

They both looked down at Ilona's chest. She WAS huge.

"You are still da biggest girl I have ever met."

Ilona pointed at the horizon. "You lie!"

"No, no! Ees it not you women who do not want to be objectified by their body parts? So you say I have met her because I have seen her teats!" Mirth crinkled the corners of Ilona's wondrous lips.

"Yes, dat is true. She is steel probably many miles away now!" There was a strange look on Ilona's face when she said that. Konrad couldn't quite read it. The train was going much faster. Apparently the porter had kicked the works up a gear or two. The wind was waving through Ilona's

flowing locks, and Konrad could feel its force trying to gain purchase on his slicked back hair.

The wind tore at Ilona's loose green dress. The seamstress had not bothered to take in the parts that needed taking in, but she had certainly expanded the part that was necessary. Evidently, the ancestor to this garment no longer existed because the seamstress had mistakenly made it so that it was meant to be put on overhead and slid down the rest of the body. This was so that Ilona could get into it herself. Unfortunately, although there was presumably plenty of room for the bosom, the hips and waist of the dress were not nearly wide enough, and when Ilona had tried to force the dress over her assets she had bust right through it and nearly caused the old lady to faint.

It was a memory she cherished and a story she had told him several times already. This current dress buttoned in the front so that she could pull the skirt up to her waist, slide her arms into the sleeves, and then button the front around her prodigious girth. The added bonus was cleavage for days. That boob window could have seated a family of four! Well, not really, Konrad realized. It was supposed to be an obviously humorous exaggeration, but considering the backdrop of this conversation, Ilona might consider it an insult in her cheerful, wryly humorous ways.

Ilona was staring up at Samantha's areola with admiration. She turned to Konrad and caught his eye. "She ees very pretty," she admitted. "From dis angle at least! You are dinking about your wife's instead, I hope?"

"When am I not?"

"I dought so!" She waited a moment. "Do my nipples look that nice?" she asked self-consciously.

"They are beautiful, Madame Poirot."

"So are hers."

"Hers are also bigger than our city."

"She could just...crunch eet."

"She probably already has." They sobered for a moment.

"I wonder what that felt like," Ilona whispered, after a pause.

"Probably like this," he said, reaching over and gently walking his fingers over his wife's dirigibles.

She shivered. "Oooh."

"Remember Rebecca's 'bra'?" She giggled.

Now that was a story he never tired of hearing! Their friend Rebecca had stayed in their guest bedroom for several nights. Rebecca was a very big girl in all sorts of ways, including in the bust. She was a DDD bra size. They both knew this because when she had packed up and left, she had accidentally left one of her bras in their laundry. The night after he had done laundry and discovered it, his wife had decided that modeling it would be funny. After helping her push and pull and maul her mammaries so that the grotesquely undersized garment could be affixed around her extremely petite back, it was obviously cleaving her chest in two.

"It hurts," she had whined, in a false girly voice. "I don't think it fits rig-" SHRIEK, the metal hooks had shattered and the bra flew with escape velocity across the room, showering the floor with broken hooks.

Fortunately, Rebecca had never realized that she had left the bra with them, or at least had never come looking for it, and Ilona had kept it. The cups were large enough for her areola but that was about it, and it was completely unclaspable now anyways. It was saved purely as a memento of her bra busting.

"Dis might be a weird question," Ilona started, "but...ees she getting closer?"

"By god, you are right! She's unbelievably enormous! And..."

"And..." Ilona repeatedly gently, "firmly getting more so. Are we in danger heer?"

Konrad belatedly realized the importance of the porter's actions earlier. The crafty bugger had realized the problem long before he had!

"The porter seemed to think so, now that I think on it. It was he who called the engines and mapped the train's speed to its current level."

"Ah. Shouldn't that worry us?"

"What do you mean?"

"She's still getting closer, even so."

"Oh. Ohhhh." Konrad bent around his busty wife, to reach the tube he had seen the man use earlier. He pried off the cap and yelled, "We still aren't going fast enough!"

A chorus of voices rang out, "WE KNOW!!"

"Yikes," Ilona said.

With the tube open they could hear the engineers arguing about something. "We're coming up on Hattersburg! We can't go this fast through downtown. We simply can't."

"We don't have a choice. She's gaining on us!"

"What if she stops short of the town?"

There was a pause.

"What! Well, it COULD happen," said the same voice.

"Don't be daft. I don't want to be an ant smooshed on the bottom of her boob. It's still very early, I doubt there are many about anyway. Let's just signal all the train crossings and it will work itself out."

"People won't be happy," another voiced warned.

"Well, either we will all be alive, and that's good enough, or we'll be alive and they dead, in

which case it doesn't matter, or we'll be dead and so will they, and it doesn't matter much then, either. Take your pick."

"Fair 'nuff."

Both of the Poirots listened impassively, as they straightened up their attire and fixed their hair. "Sounds like a problem," he said.

"Yees eet does," she agreed.

They both leaned back over the rail, resting their bodies as they watched the scenery go by. Ilona was resting considerably more than he was.

The breasts of the twenty-year-old beauty just continued to advance, regardless of how fast the train was coming. The sun was blotted out, as it had been since the very beginning, but they were taking over a greater and greater portion of the sky as well as the unreal mass loomed higher. Samantha's right nipple was on their left a little ways and would not be lining up directly overhead the train. Even so, as they both stared up at its tremendous underside, they realized that the tip of her teat was coming level with the train at an alarming rate.

"It's a good thing they're so big," Ilona declared. "We still have a while before the rest of her gets to us!"

It was simply an impossible sight to comprehend, the nipple silhouette so far above them. They had to recline their heads back as if they were looking at clouds in order to see it protruding out into the morning sky. Before their eyes a wispy cloud wandered by, fully and completely below the nipple line. FAR below the nipple line. The cloud was effortless swept away by the breast following her stubby nipple. The cloud didn't even reach Samantha's wide areola anymore.

"My god!" Konrad said in awe.

"That's...what...can you imagine! Her nipples might be in space!"

"The trees, they're like..."

"Golf grass under the foot of a giant," Ilona finished. "I was working on that one."

Konrad agreed. If by giant you were talking a ten foot man, then maybe the size comparison would be proportional. He couldn't decide if that was accurate enough, however.

The train they were on continued to chug along the track, but its job was becoming increasingly difficult with all of the rocking going on. All the forests were trying to resist the tides of breast, god bless them, but it was as ineffective as a single drink-glass ice cube attempting to freeze the ocean. In fact, now that the behemoths neared, both Poirots could observe the mountains of debris that they were pushing across the earth. Trees being smashed to bits, great mounds of dirt and grass, bushes by the bushel, everything was being chewed up by Samantha's plowing of the Earth.

The train behind them blasted its whistle several times and Ilona and Konrad looked at one another. The scenery started to include houses as they whistled past the couple. They must be approaching Hattersburg.

"Well, that girl ain't slowin', that's for sure," Ilona said matter-of-factly. "Uh. The mistress shows no sign of decrease, Monsieur."

"Aye, yes. Dey are in danger, Madame."

"There is nothink we can do."

"I am dinking you are correct."

"Except watch."

When the couple had come out here the other night, the long winding trail of railway behind the train had been a neverending tail off into the horizon. Now, the sight met very much closer than that, in a sea of pale flesh and debris. The mountain of debris had ridden over the tops of the trees now, by their perspective. Everything was being shoved aside and smashed in the path of Samantha's bra busters.

He looked at his wife and saw she had a glazed look on her face. "What are you dinking?" he dared to ask.

She flushed. "Most unladylike dings, Monsieur."

Suddenly suburbs were racing past. Both Poirots looked up and checked the nipple's progress. The halfway point was above them now. They both turned around and leaned over the rail so they could see around the train. The pointiest bit of Samantha was far west of them now, traveling faster than the train, if they thought about it.

With a sickening crunch in the back of them, they both whirled around and saw that houses had been added to the pile of trash at the forefront of the young woman's growth. Houses and trees were being churned together as the suburbs were completely minced.

The city was whizzing past the back end of the train now.

"I wonder what the other people on the train are doing right now," Ilona wondered aloud. She had to practically shout to be heard over the wind and the din caused by the destruction of Hattersburg. People were running about outside, doing who knows what. They were all but blurs across the city. Cars were all waiting at the railroad crossings with a sense of urgency. They all burst through the intersection the moment the rail hands rose.

The sky had continued to get lighter this entire time, and it was broad daylight now. It gleamed off of the enormous pale sphere. Samantha's left tit wasn't even visible to the duo anymore. Everything they could see east and many degrees north east and south east was just a wall of gargantuan breast, light pink and perfectly shaped and proportioned, just blown up like nobody's business. And continuously being inflated!

The splintering of wood met the crunching of metal as more of Hattersburg was eaten alive by growth. Cars had started to be tossed about by the giant wall of debris, along with anything that wasn't nailed down. Anything that was nailed down was suppressed.

"Quite the scenic trip," Konrad remarked somberly. Ilona nodded.

"Hey! That's the green building we just passed!" she exclaimed.

Sure enough, there were now flecks of neon green mish-mashed together with all the other stuff. Buildings and skyscrapers and cars had all been added to the churning Earth being bulldozed and eventually smothered under breast. They both looked up and were quite alarmed by the progress the incomprehensible nipple had made overhead.

"She can't be more than a few dozen blocks away."

Suddenly the village seemed to end. The train left Hattersburg to recede in the distance, giving the couple an exceptional view of the last line of houses being blasted clear from their foundations and then completely smothered by the doughy antagonist.

"And eet is gone," Ilona said softly.

The train seemed to be picking up speed outside of the dangerous and slightly winding ways of the city rails.

They were rushing through a plain now. Everywhere was tit. To the left, to the right, everywhere to the East was all Samantha breast, smooth and creamy and so very, very destructive.

The view was hypnotizing to the couple. They watched the trees as they collapsed, knocked over, snapped in half, every tree death imaginable by blunt force trauma was visible in the forest lined around the clearing as each tree in turn met almighty Samantha. The waves of grain in the field waved and shuddered with every thump and Earth-shake.

A whistling noise approached them from the back and suddenly the train was thundering through a tunnel. The train was plunged into darkness as the walls themselves roared with the train passing through.

"Uh oh," they both said.

They watched the maw of the tunnel that they had just passed through as it shrank away. It was illuminated brightly and then...

THUMP. The thunderous reverberations shook the entire tunnel and the train alike. The mouth had gone dark, also swallowed.

"We're under attack!" Ilona yelled.

The ceiling shook and stones started raining down on them. They both had to cover their heads because of the gravel now clattering down all of the train's roof and their persons. Sparks could be seen scattering beneath them on the rails as the train went so fast through the area, scattering the fallen rocks. Without the sparks, the tunnel would be almost pitch black, with the removal of the light entering from the east. Samantha had completely stoppered the tunnel, there was no turning back for certain. Even slowing down could mean death.

The train blasted out the other end of the tunnel just in time. The mountain above it was being completely swallowed and then...crushed. FOOMP. The tunnel closed forever and the train sped on, obviously losing the speed battle against Samantha's ever increasing mass.

The plains continued and the duo watched with increasing dismay as the breasts neared, and neared. The train at its furious pace continued clackking until the sound abruptly changed. They were going over a bridge over a wide river.

The currents beneath the bridge were magnificent to behold, and for a moment both Poirots forgot about the advancing Samantha mountain.

It lasted only a moment. When the train had nearly finished crossing the river, breast met bridge. The shockwave rattled the entire train as the track was jolted. Fortunately the individual supports held up and the advancing bosom only took the first one out, at first. Of course, she kept growing. The bridge was going to collapse under the strain, if nothing else. On top of that, she was still getting bigger. Waves of water were effortlessly shoved aside, and the river level rose immediately, now having to swell around this fat titan now in the waters. The currents became rapids as the same volume of water was compressed into a smaller width.

The train left the bridge and Samantha completely dammed the river without the slightest

effort, and without the merest hint of slowing.

"We are NOT going to make it," Ilona stated.

They both looked at each other for a very long moment. Konrad had an idea.

"You know. I was dinking about Rebecca's bra that you are so proud of breaking. Try wrapping dat bra around one of Samanta's nipples, dough!" he said, pointing and laughing. "Good luck!"

She stared at him for a moment, then Ilona drew herself up to her full, unimposing height, bristling with mock anger. She turned to him and thrust out her chest, with enough force to knock him back a step. She took a confident step forward and squashed her behemoths against his chest. He never stood a chance. The mass was so clearly against him. Spread out like this, the width of her chest easily eclipsed his own.

Dimly, he realized that she was lightly brushing the back end of the train, and on the other side she was overflowing the railway and hanging out into the open air above the rustling train tracks. This was a very small balcony, if you could even call it that, just wide enough for him to stand sideways, but still, the accomplishment was significant! She took a few steps forward, using her superior mass against him, and corralled him against the back of the small square balcony. Having no room to further back up, he felt himself sinking into her cleavage as she continued to creep closer towards him, although most of her was already here!

"You have insulted your wife!" she said breathily. "Let's see her do the things to you that I am going to do! Or, let her do dees! Eef dat bra breaking no longer empreses you, den allow me to try someding else!"

She reached over to one of the plant sills along the rail and ripped a tulip up out of the soil. She held it horizontal and gently gripped the middle of the stem with her teeth, like a salsa dancer.

"I hope you are dinking what I am dinking!" she said through her clenched teeth and she took a step back and then another so that her ponderous chest was no longer cramping him.

Slowly she shoved her chest out, pushing herself against her straining buttons, and she took a deep breath. The top of the dress gave up. PING! The button under the most strain suicided. "How ees dat? More?"

She threw back her shoulders and thrust as hard as she could. Not only did her chest knock back into Konrad, forcing him to stumble back against the rail, but the remaining four buttons snapped and ricocheted off the walls, the floors, and Konrad's nose with enough force that his eyes watered.

The dress she was wearing flopped uselessly to the ground. Her hips were nowhere near enough to keep the weighty garment up any longer. His wife stood in all her glory, only wearing panties he couldn't fully see, a beautiful tulip in her mouth, and a raised come-and-get-me eyebrow.

Evidently she hadn't deigned to wear a bra when she had dressed in a hurry. Konrad approved.

Her areola were easily bigger than his hand span, and her nipples were bigger than champagne corks. More like barrel plugs. Each one of her fat breasts were was wide as his entire chest. She could have easily knocked him right off the train if she had wanted to.

He put his hands on her moons and delicately fondled. Ilona nearly dropped the tulip at his touch, but she remembered to keep her teeth clamped.

Konrad stood up straighter and loosed his bow tie. He unfurled it from his neck and hung it on her left nipple, its trail fluttered in the breeze out over the balcony rail.

"I do not dink I can get past you, Madame."

"No, you cannot," she agreed. They both looked at her left breast flush against the caboose wall, pillowed firmly against it, and then to the outermost swell of her right breast hanging a good foot over the side of the rail and above the speeding track. "You have but one option, Monsieur."

She stepped forward again and leaned her head back, staring into his eyes, the tulip still

between her teeth.

Wordlessly, Konrad bent down and gently bit the non-flower end of the stem hanging out of her mouth and they played gentle tug of war with the flower until she released it. She stood on her tip toes to nuzzle into his neck, and he swung the flower about and dropped it down her cavernous cleavage. It stuck fast there between the giant perky flesh swells.

The flower would be right at home there, and Ilona would prefer it. She was constantly smuggling things inside her dress. It delighted her. She usually had her phone and entire purse encased in her bra cups, and NO ONE EVER NOTICED! She was that big! She relished the look on shop clerk faces whenever she had to fish out her purse for payment. She had also shoplifted many things in her cleavage, and had never been caught even once.

One memorable time at the grocery store, before checkout, they hid in the corner of the store and she shoved two bags of fresh fruit, a bag of carrots, and his bottle of shampoo. Another time he had caught her with a mantelpiece clock shoved down her cavernous bra. "Why?" he had dared to ask. "Because it ticks really strongly. It feels weird!" she had replied sheepishly. It now sat on their fireplace, not ugly, he had to admit. He had married quite the breast freak, and that was just fine. He wondered what kind of freak Samantha was, and whether or not she was enjoying being so large. It would almost be criminal if she wasn't. He half suspected Ilona would trade places with her. The idea was certainly making her frisky!

Her eyes shone and she kissed as much of him as she could reach. For his part, he dove straight for her godly globes. Both of them wanted him to. She moaned and laid her softness across him even harder. They both grabbed armfuls as large as they could and filled their hands and arms with her plump bosom. Their combined effort still couldn't capture the entirety of her immense surfaces.

Over her head, Konrad could see Samantha's breasts, hazy in the morning. They were gaining. He closed his eyes and gave Ilona what she wanted.

His wife took her hands off her chest temporarily to rest on her hips. Even though Konrad was tall, he had never been able to hug Ilona from the front. Even now, his fingertips only just managed to rest upon her waist. Ilona guided them, and he slowly eased down her silken panties until they fell around her feet. She lightly stepped out of them, and then got to work on her husband's own pants.

* * * * *

This was Bryan Cygnus' favorite time. He sat as well as he could next to the wide window and stared out into the darkness. He was an astronaut, on a long tour in the Space Station. In vacuum vehicle, the earth side window was always a spectacular view. When it was night you could see all the sprawl of civilization, illuminated like a perfect map by the bustling cities pouring light into the atmosphere. By day you could see oceans and continents and fjords and clouds and mountains. But there was one view Mr. Cygnus prized above all else. The sunrise. Although not in traditional terms, he supposed it still counted. It was still the sun peeking around the curvature of the Earth, wasn't it? It just...didn't have anything to do with a 24 hour day cycle anymore, up here above the clouds and atmosphere.

The station finally made its way along its orbit enough for him to see where the sun should be coming from. His view instead was a little surprising.

Samantha's breasts had grown so large that they had escaped the earth atmosphere, while still being firmly planted on the ground, and indeed, wrecking everything there. The truth of the matter was that she hadn't JUST escaped the atmosphere by now, even part of her state-sized areola had. There was more Samantha flesh exposed in space than there was surface area in some countries. In some cases, several countries combined.

After the initial shock, Bryan progressed right into the dull amazement shock phase. And so he observed. Two enormous breast beach balls resting upon the Earth's surface, bigger than anything in his field of view save the Earth itself. He wasn't really sure what the hell there was a giant pair of breasts sitting there for. He thought about it for a few minutes, but was unable to

fathom a reasonable, logical conclusion.

However, no matter how many times he blinked, there was no denying their actual existence. They were there, that was for sure. Between the two impossible leviathan breasts, she had to be spanning the height of the United States of America. Almost as Bryan watched, he saw her girth edge itself into Mexico and Canada, successfully outgrowing her home country and beginning to be a problem in other countries as well.

Were they...real? He wondered. Was this...what? What was he going to think? A prank? A joke? A publicity stunt? Nothing made sense. They looked so real, so detailed. Everything about the Earth below had looked like a picture, or a cartoon, because it was all so far away. Not these breasts. They were vivid.

Samantha's beached whales were elongated but still very round. He could see the massive girth narrow slowly backwards towards the east coast of the U.S. where suddenly the mass stopped. Two huge bumps on the Earth.

Bryan Cygnus was also struck with another realization. The space station was around 200 miles above the Earth's surface at any given moment in time. And as it approached her tits, it became clear that it wasn't going to clear this girl's areola.

The enormous dark circles on the bigger fleshy spheres continued to grow larger, both in reality and in perspective and the space station was on a collision course with the largest pair of breasts anyone had ever seen. The largest mammal that had ever existed. The sexiest girl in the world.

He took a moment to admire the downward view as it skated over the nipple that eclipsed a whole state from view. It was a short stubby thing, in comparison, but boy was it large. Dark and angry looking, that was one way of putting it. Majestically crinkled.

He watched in awe as the gargantuan areola loomed larger and larger and larger until he could no longer see the top of it, just a sea of dark pale flesh. Bryan Cygnus felt like a gnat.

The space station collided with the greater mass like a ball would a pillow, or a child with a spring mattress, its momentum carrying it into the giving surface. Bryan locked his arm into a rail so that his momentum wouldn't carry him away. For a superb moment, Bryan could see nothing as the window was completely stifled by breast.

Then Samantha surged yet again and, now that the forward momentum had been completely snuffed, the space station had nothing left in it to resist such a massive force. It sprang backwards and caromed off into the celestial sky.

Surprisingly intact, Bryan righted himself in the capsule and watched in dismay as the planet and breasts fell away into the distance. The last he saw of earth, he could still see two enormously protruding beasts overtaking the surface.

Samantha FELT that. The Space Station swatting at her like a fly. It had crashed into her at just high speed, how could she NOT feel it? It had been just like one of the racquetballs Dan and herself played boob ball with. It sank into her and she muffled its forward velocity. It had sprang back too, in just the same fashion.

It had felt SOO good. She needed more! Hit her with something bigger! Please? Anybody? NOTHING WAS BIG ENOUGH ANYMORE!

To the floating marvel of engineering's credit, it gave her a much larger sensation than some of other vehicles she had been feeling. She had felt cars ram into her, for the merest of moments before their beetle shells caved beneath her weight. It took the merest moment, and the merest fraction of her bust, she was doing thousands by the minute. Like an army of egg shells her breasts were resting upon.

And still she grew.

She was swallowing up the whole country. Her left breast was enjoying good barbeque, her right breast was enjoying deep dish pizza. Lefty had tobacco fields, corn fields, rice fields, all

manner of itchy and scratchy things she demolished without any effort whatsoever. Righty enjoyed ranches and sprawling suburbs and factories. Between them both, she was exploring the land of whiskey, the land of 10,000 lakes, the land of the bayou, the land of brisket, the land of blues, the land of rock n roll, the land of automobiles. Each state fell to her and she tried her best to count them, but she knew she was completely wrong. The state lines didn't exist in real life, they weren't something she could FEEL. But she did her best.

Football teams. All of the football teams she had ever watched, she was cancelling them all one by one. Time zones. She was in two already, starting to work her way to a third. People were experiencing her breasts at different times, at the same time!

It was all too much. And still she grew.

* * * * *

Samantha was growing an awful lot, but it was all decidedly growing forward and outward. The Pentagon, which was almost directly due north of Samantha's location, although a many hours drive away, was simply at the wrong angle to be crushed by breast. Instead, the entire Western sky was sky no more, but a vista of Samantha's preposterous girth.

General Scopes sat in his chair on the roof, relishing the view. His perfect plan had gone perfectly after all. Those IDIOTS! How could they even THINK about destroying such beauty?

Every time he thought about those huge, beautiful spheres shining in the dawn light. The endless videos and "research" he had done. They were going to kill the most magnificent creature in the world, no, universe? Of course he had to intercede.

It had started the day Monville was demolished. Samantha had surpassed his wildest dreams. And by that, he meant his reasonable expectations. And by that, he meant what he had predicted. The whole thing was largely unreasonable, after all, and there simply wasn't a way to surpass his wildest dreams, if he was being honest. Still. A whole freaking city. Oh, yes! That had definitely been a fun surprise. The phone call had been indescribably awkward. He felt a little bad about

that. A private had called him and had given him the news, obviously distressed, but the knowledge aroused Scopes. He had wanted more details!

Shortly after, a report had landed on his desk. What made his tit goddess grow. A small little paragraph explicitly stated that she even enjoyed it. She had been trying to hold BACK. And now she was the size of a city?? He had wanted to unzip his fly right then and there, in his secluded office.

Of course, he had needed a plan. First order of business was to stop the problem on his end from getting worse. He was privy to all the talks clamoring for the stunting of Samantha's growth. Some proposed truly awful means, and some were much kinder, but they were all blasphemous. How come they didn't understand the BEAUTY? What a pair of breasts, unrivaled by anything, ever? The most womanly woman that had ever been, in his eyes. There was no call for the kind of sin they had wanted to commit.

He got them to agree. Agree that so long as the girl stopped growing, they would put their plans on hiatus indefinitely, contingent on the acceptable growth clause. He pledged no more danger to civilization. He had made his case to the girl herself, too. First sending a letter via the good Lieutenant, and then making his own personal introduction. It was the first time he had met his most extraordinary breast deity, but how many times must he have admired her from afar before that day? Countless times.

He had attached a special transmitter to her breast, off in the distance, a length he hoped suitably far enough away that she would think nothing of it. The she-devil had still noticed his hands attaching the device to her! No matter, his cover story about washing off the advertisements had sufficed and she had not pursued the matter. Thank goodness.

Being able to touch the monstrous breasts. That was a good memory for him.

It was a remote transmitter he had affixed to her, set to induce electrical shocks when it received the signal to do so. He had heard about the effects of hot and cold, and pleasure in general

on Samantha. What would an electrical massage do? Although, the general realized, the device should be dead by now. It had pumped enormous amounts of energy, but it could only sustain that for so long. She had really only needed a push. He might have unleashed something permanent.

Part three of the plan was simple enough, with his bought time of the growth hiatus. Visit all the military bases in range and give explicit orders. Part four, sabotage of the control room. As a top General, there were few things he wasn't allowed to do when he could write it off as protocol or something or another. When he broke out the red tape, there were only a few people who were allowed to even question him about it.

The president's codes would no longer be enough to initiate an attack on Samantha. The other half of the command codes were tucked safely away in a completely isolated command center, just as he planned. The good soldiers of the eastern coast would never break his exact orders, and they had to wait until the command center gave them their policy. Which would never come, as he had seen to. But if it somehow did, he had sabotaged them all the same way. There were only a few bases that could handle the Samantha demolition request anymore, and he had made sure to get every single one. By and large, the USA's military wasn't in the habit of preparing to attack itself.

Part five had been once everything was set up, to be in the right place in the Pentagon to defend his beauty. That meant being in the Pentagon that morning to report to the meeting. The others had ignored him, as he expected. Witch hunts were the last place to find reason. Cunningham had been a welcome surprise. The science minded man had true vision, it seemed. This was an optional part of the plan. He would do what he could, without much hope of success. It didn't matter though, the outcome would be the same, because of his careful strategizing.

A few short hours ago, he had downed a shot and pressed the button. Somewhere south of him, a receiver located in a most enviable position started to illuminate with electricity, dealing steadily ramping up dosages into the vast underbust of the greatest rack in the world.

And so the tree of his labor bore fruit, and it was delicious. The reports had started to arrive

within the hour. From a campsite, a dam, a town, red flags shot through the proper channels, all waiting to get stuck in a dazzling knotted web he had finished weaving. The means to deal with her was gone. The only bases within striking distance were waiting on the orders that could no longer ever come. The soldiers would put their trust in him, and thus would do nothing in the fear of doing something wrong, because they were true servicemen. That would buy them time.

The other bases could do whatever they wanted. He doubted very much that weapons would work very well against the blockade of tit that exceeded even city size by a very hefty, hefty margin.

The plan had been perfect. No surprises, no hiccups. He congratulated himself.

What HAD surprised him was how big she was getting! He hadn't figured it would be this much! And she was still growing! He supposed his plan could still come apart in the future. He had hinged her safety on the fact that once she was done growing, there would be little reason to end her life if the damage was already done.

But hell! This was better! Go, baby, go! Grow, my darling, he thought. Looking west from his vantage point was one, single, ginormous tit.

Part six of the plan was a bottle of scotch, a fully stocked cooler of beer and food in reserve, and a secret stairwell to the roof. He reached poured himself another few fingers of amber and lit one of his victory cigars.

* * * * *

Juliana sat at a bar north of Samantha by quite a bit. She had been driving all this time, but she had gone quite far enough, she thought. Time for a drink. She hadn't bothered to change out of her ranger uniform, and she made a strange sight sitting at the bar with her hat on the surface next to her. She had pulled the peanuts close to her and was eating them with gusto as she watched the televisions that hung over the bar.

The bartender had served her a lovely pint of bitter. And another. And another. The news was on, behind him.

"You look like you're drinking for the end of the world," the bartender commented, obviously making the connection between Juliana staring at the TV, so absorbedly, and her behavior.

Juliana raised her eighth pint to him. She had been drinking like a camel. "You betcha. Juliana ain't no fool."

"Why would you be a fool?" he asked, genuinely puzzled.

"That!" Juliana raised her glass to the TV this time. The news was discussing Samantha's breasts. And why wouldn't they? That's what Juliana wanted to do. Only Samantha wasn't here to do it with. She almost considered calling her up just to whisper sweet nothings into her ear, but she was just NOT drunk enough to think that was a good idea.

Although Samantha would probably get a kick out of it. "Dan, you bastard, give her hell for me," she slurred to nobody in particular.

She bent, looking down at her lap. She could still see it, so already that view was a disappointment. She lifted away her collar and stared down at her happy, perky, SMALLLLLLLLLLLLL-LLL breasts. By ordinary standards they were decently sized, if a little large on her little frame. The sight depressed her.

Samantha couldn't even be caught in a single camera right now. The news had to pan the camera to ogle a single tit. It simply wasn't fair. Share some with the rest of us, girl, Juliana thought miserably.

Oh well. Watching the news had also turned her on considerably. She paid her tab, and the bartender confiscated her keys. She begged him to unlock her car, at least, and he did so. She stumbled outside to her car and climbed into the back seat.

Outside the window she could see Samantha's breast filling the sky. Juliana needed some alone time. Thankfully, her windows were tinted.

Juliana lifted up her shirt and stared at her bra-clad breasts. She slowly took a handful of

stolen bar peanuts out of her pockets. She dropped them one by one into her bra, imagining herself in Samantha's place.

Samantha was having the trip of a life time. There was nothing else she wanted at this moment. She was lulling on the sofa in a state of nirvana, if nirvana included the most torrential storm of happiness and eroticism that had ever existed. Her whole body was burning and freezing all at once. Literally freezing, in the case of the parts of her that were now in space. SPACE! The moisture she had taken out of the Earth's atmosphere kept freezing and thawing with her expansion over and over. That was far from the greatest sensation.

Rivers, lakes, mountains, valleys. Cities, towns, suburbs, farms. Forests, plains, quarries. She engulfed them ALL with her breasts. Every second was new sensation, compounded with what she was already feeling across the Earth's surface.

But also conceptually, she was big. How big? So big she couldn't even tell how big. So freaking big that there was nothing else around to compare her bigness to. The next mile marker would have to be the Earth itself.

Her eyes crossed and her body shuddered as her world was shattered with that realization.

She could feel the curvature of the earth. Her breasts were so large and fat and extended so far that she could feel the Earth beneath her...bend. They were not resting on a flat surface.

It felt like an enormous, hard basketball between her tits. It had been a long time since anything could make her feel small, but it did. JUST YOU WAIT, she thought in ecstasy. JUST YOU FREAKING WAIT!!

What had the list been? Oranges... melons... soccer balls... basketballs... tires... barrels... cars... buses... whales... houses... neighborhoods... mountains... cities... states... countries... Ah, no, wait. Was she done with countries yet? She didn't even know. Some countries, sure. Ah well. Soon it would be incontestable. After that little road bump, next stop would be planetary.

And the way she was feeling...maybe she should decide what was beyond that?

* * * * *

Dan was STILL in shock. She was STILL growing!! What the heck was going on?

His new wife had her head tilted back on the sofa and her red lips formed a silent O as she shuddered. Dan had been very busy for the duration making sure she had everything she needed. After he had been spent, he felt like he was a third wheel, though. His body could not handle any more Samantha at this moment, but definitely not for lack of desire.

Whatever was going on now with her, this was clearly between her and her breasts. It would help if Samantha would release the headlock she had on him, though. He wasn't even sure she was aware of him. That suited him just fine. There was nowhere he would rather be. She had stopped screaming, at least.

There was noise coming from all directions but Dan didn't hear much of it. He was being crushed into her chest at the moment, and it muffled quite a bit of the outside world. It wasn't just an earful but a face full. Her breast was warm and it smelled good. Her soft, smooth skin across his face was lovely, even though he could feel it stretching and expanding beneath his cheek. It was massaging him just as he imagined his hair was inflaming her.

The world groaned around his wife. The trailer had been shaking constantly, and had somehow managed to not fall. That was probably only a matter of time. Come to think of it, he could hear the whole thing shrieking and groaning too. She was going to bust their home right apart! Never had the term "bust" applied to a woman's chest so accurately than with Samantha's breasts. He felt deja vu with that idea. But whatever. If he had ever thought it before, he had been wrong. NOW was the time for that.

He tried to pry his head from its cushiony heaven but was unable to fight Samantha's strength. So he punched her on the boob, as he had done so many times, but he couldn't get enough of an angle to really throw one. She probably would just assume he was having fun, or entertaining

himself. After all, these plush surfaces were his favorite toys too, as much as they were hers. Well, he had one more weapon, let's see THAT get her attention.

He licked her. Just a quick dollop on her smooth bosom, but the effect was instantaneous. Samantha's eyes shot open and she gasped for air. She immediately bolted upright and glared at him with such lust, he would have risen to the occasion with just that look alone. Not that he had needed such instigation for a while. "DO. THAT. AGAIN," she demanded. Her voice was laced with such a wild frenzy that he had no doubt it would haunt his wet dreams for years to come.

"No, I mean, I did it to tell you-"

"Please?" she whimpered. Her wide brown eyes were locked onto his. Screw it. He couldn't resist that look back then, not ever, and certainly not now. He licked her again, and she "helped" him by shoving him straight into the pillowy mass more strongly than was necessary. The result was a full body cast into the mass of woman.

He officially wouldn't be able to breathe, but Samantha had always been very good about being aware of that. He was in little danger. He was on the safe end of the breasts, all things considered. The nipples, business ends were where he didn't want to be at the moment, as much as he wanted to see the spectacle.

He imagined what it must be like to stand atop her nipples. To see the world being demolished blow, to see her growth as the entire world dropped away as Samantha's breasts took him higher and higher. It would be the same view as the International Space Station's view used to be! To see the gargantuan areola so close, he could touch it and look up and never see the top. To walk along her nipple, which would take days and days at this point, even if she stopped growing right now. Just to walk its width would require several nights of camping. And any night he started a campfire, well, he was just adding more to his walk the next day!

It would be cold up there, though. Here, he was buried in warmth and softness. His arms, his legs, his pelvic region, his stomach, all engulfed by the greatest mattress in the world. He could

sleep here, he thought, as he indulged her. He threw his whole weight into it so he would register on her colossal bosom. Undoubtedly there were other sensations vying for her affections at the moment, so he would have to make his count.

She finally stopped apply pressure on his back and he almost sprang backwards, amply demonstrating that she still had a young girl's bosom and they were still firm, surprisingly. He took this moment to catch his breath and looked around the trailer.

Holy cow! They weren't just running out of room in here, it was gone! The ceiling was being shaken loose and much of it had crashed to the floor, but it didn't matter. The real view was front boob window of the trailer. He used to be able to slide himself through that portal, but now he would not even be able to fight his way through the breast that clogged the opening. She was clearly muffin-topping around both sides of the opening. It was completely taught, though, unlike before. From this perspective, breast was bulging against the wall and it was clearly cutting into her. He imagined that on the other side she swelled out considerably as soon as she was free from the confines of the trailer. He would definitely need to go out and take a look.

Still, it was alarming to see that, even this close to her actual body, she was clearly too wide for the trailer now. She was effortlessly bulging against this wall, and presumably the other side. Their kitchen had probably been demolished, that was all the metal clanking they had heard earlier. To the trailer's credit, Dan was astonished that the ceiling hadn't been blasted off yet, considering how much strain it was under caused by the Samantha's inflation. Breast was firmly planted on the ceiling, and had nowhere to go. She was being choked in the front and suffocated from the floor and ceiling, so now she was billowing through the width of the trailer. Dan suspected that there was still plenty of growth going on outside of the trailer, and he hesitated to even imagine how much. No sense in spoiling the surprise. Still, soon, Dan wouldn't have a spot to stand unless the trailer gave way.

The lawn chairs from yesterday, the ones Samantha had owned, they hadn't bothered to pack up. They would never be usable again. They were squashed firmly into the wall by the tons of

titty. The wall was cracking under the force, and he knew the constricting section of the front wall wasn't long for this wall either.

You simply did not stand in the way of Samantha and her growth. Bad things had happened to everything so far. The front of the trailer would be an impossible statistical anomaly if it somehow found a way.

Gently, Dan slid himself across her chest to the space where he could stand narrowed, and his shoulders were both firmly pressed against the wall and firmly pressed against Samantha boob. He could feel the pressure. It was slowly exerting on him, crushing himself into the wall. He would be wedged in sooner or later. This was not a location he wanted to be. He tried pulling the chairs out from where they were being reduced to a powder against the wall. One of the chair legs was still sticking out and he gave it a firm tug, but there was no hope against Samantha's weight. He laid both his palms against her surface and pried himself loose and watched the breast he had displaced quickly swallow the area he had just been standing. The chairs were almost disappeared from view, hugged by breast.

He turned and saw Samantha watching him, like a cat watches a laser dot. Or a mouse. She had propped herself up on her elbows and appeared to be utterly fascinated.

"You nearly got stuck," she commented dryly. "I thought I was going to have to intervene." She sounded lucid enough, but there was no lack of passion.

"Titty prison," Dan said.

She giggled sheepishly. "Titty torture. The opposite of a rack. Was there a medieval device that squished you?"

"No, I think we could definitely still call your devices a 'rack'." She laughed appreciatively and hugged her bosom. She was running her small hands feverishly across their expanse. From Dan's perspective against the wall, with so much of his field of view completely filled by her mass, Samantha had never looked so tiny. Like everything was just model sized, and the only thing real

was the breasts which were clearly too large for the dollhouse.

"You're dwarfing yourself, and us, and our home," Dan said softly.

Samantha gave him her most ravenous, wolfish grin. She was still watching him with her head laying against the swell of her breast, against the contours as it inclined up and up gracefully into the ceiling and planted itself there.

"Is the other side like this?" he asked. She nodded with her head laying sideways. Her hair was flowing down her back.

"The kitchen is gone!" she said cheerfully. Then she paused, dismayed. "Oh. My chili is gone!" She made a pouting face. "I told you we should have left it out."

"How is this my fault? Shouldn't we be blaming your tits?"

"You don't mean that," she crooned, stroking them soothingly. "They haven't done anything wrong. We can spare a kitchen or two. We need a new trailer because this one isn't big enough, anyway. I think I've filled it."

"You haven't broken it yet," he observed.

"I know," she said seriously. "I'm losing my touch. Oh well, guess I have to go a little BIGGER, don't I?"

"Even so, I can feel both walls!" she crowed. Her enthusiasm was infectious.

"And the ceiling...and the floor..." Dan said, pointing.

"And Colorado," she thought with a frown. "It's difficult to tell. I'm guessing."

"COLORADO??? You can't be serious."

"They have the Rocky Mountains. I think that's what those are. They're the biggest mountains I can feel. You know...relative to one another. Not...um...relative to me."

"I've...never been to the Rocky Mountains."

"I have!...kinda. My nipples have. I haven't. My nips had a great time, they'd go again. I think we missed our chance, though. Permanently."

"I think so too," Dan said faintly. "Tell your nipples to have fun. I'm going to head outside."

He turned to leave when something hit him on his side. He looked down to see a wood splinter, and looked back at her questioningly. She was pointing to his phone, which was charging in the corner. "I KNOW you were going to take pictures, right?"

Dan grabbed the camera phone and stepped out.

The sight was simply too astonishing. Maybe she DID reach to holy frakking Colorado!

There was the ocean. Yeah, that was nice. He'd seen that before. A slight bit of beach beneath the elevated trailer, and up and down the shoreline. But everything else! He saw nothing but his wife's tits. As far as the eye could see. Where he was supposed to see Monville, although he had gotten used to that view. Where he was supposed to see sky. Where he was supposed to see the rest of his country! Nothing but acres of her creamy bosom. Literally, miles and miles of Samantha breast. In the same way that you could fail to see the curvature of the earth, he could fail to see the curvature of these breasts. They just extended...infinitely, it seemed. So far off in the distance they met sky and he had no idea how far away that was. If he stared up...they seemed to be breaking the sky. Like they didn't end where the blue sky ceiling was. Maybe that was just because he had insider knowledge that Samantha was actually in frakking space.

Her cleavage actually did put the Grand Canyon to shame. Dan had seen it once, and had been done after a few minutes of looking. Samantha's cleavage, he could stare at forever. The breasts bulged against one another, vying for the space closest to their owner. He imagined that it widened considerably the further away from Samantha each breast got. She could stuff a state down her shirt, he realized. If she somehow ever wore a shirt or bra ever again.

She would need a country sized canvas to cover her now, wouldn't she?

There was nothing to take a picture of, really. There was no way he could capture their entirety in his viewfinder. The best he could do was take a few pictures of pale expanse. Really, though, telling her to put her head close to her chest and stare at what she saw would amount to the same thing. She was simply too big to see. His girl had really outdone herself this time.

When he returned inside bearing his pictures, she studied them carefully and took a deep intake of breath as the whole trailer groaned yet again. Samantha's couch was being pushed backward into the wall with all the overflow of breast mounting up. There had once been an established two feet of space behind for which Dan could navigate to the other side and reach the kitchen if he so desired. That buffer was now completely gone.

"Dan, sweetie. I'm not trying to be mean or anything. But...uh...you might want to go stand on the beach now. We...are running out of room in here. I'm going to swell over the door soon, and soon after blast this place to smithereens."

"And how long have you been waiting to use those sentences?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

She giggled. "All damn day. Years, actually, if I think about it."

"This place is kind of sentimental. You sure you want to destroy this place? I mean, it was your first trailer bra!"

"I outgrew it years ago. Its time has come. Besides, what did you think I did with my first actual training bra?"

He groaned.

"You betcha," she said. "That was a great memory, too." Then she laughed. "Give me a break, I was like, twelve. Bursting bras was all I knew what to do with my tits. And of course, it was my smallest. So the very first one I was able to break. I'll always remember that. The hooks were still made of plastic and it just shattered like you wouldn't believe. I was very proud."

"Anyhow," she continued, "this trailer is more like a tit clamp than a bra, if you could call

that pathetic cotton gauze breast band thing a bra either."

"Fine, I'll be out on the sand if you need me." He walked to the door and paused. "Uh, how far do you think I should sit?"

"Dunno," she replied, then with relish, "But those plastic hooks I busted off...I dented the walls of my room with those."

* * * * *

Samantha felt the ocean. It was different than the multitudes of lakes and rivers. It was big. Still bigger than her, actually. She felt her breasts push their way into the turbulent waters, drop off the sea shelf and...almost be entirely unaffected by the depth of the sea.

The deepest point in the entire ocean was only up to seven miles down, roughly. That was nothing. That was far smaller than even the width of a single nipple.

She spanned the continent. Coast to coast, the United States of America was entirely Samantha's breasts. She had united them not under one flag, but under one twenty-year-old bosom. It was all gone except for her country-sized assets. Another dream had come true. A dream she had never dared to hope for, openly. A private fantasy that should have been so ridiculous and impossible that it could never happen. She used to role-play what this would feel like, always with the slight backdrop of bitter disappointment that it could never come true, like so many fantasies. Yet here she was. Tit squashing the entire USA. And then some. And then some more. More! EVEN MORE!

She was probably so wide, so vast, by now, she was probably consuming most of North America. She could feel the Gulf of Mexico, she thought. A large body of water to the south. Something. Did it matter? The Pacific Ocean was beneath her nipples!

And the Atlantic Ocean she could see out the window behind her shoulder.

She had once dreamed of sinking her nips into the other ocean, but she was bound to Monville

once she had gotten too large to leave. Well, she had solved that problem, in a sense! What she had never realized about her fantasy was that by now, her nipples were well into space too. There was simply no way they could be bothered to scrape against anything terrestrial anymore. They were stiffed and hungry for more growth, pointing the way into the great beyond.

They knew the Earth was dreaming too small, now!

The ocean felt amazing. She could feel its chill, its silky salty waves, its currents, all washing the underbelly of her behemoth bosom fronts. It was such a pleasurable experience, like a massage. I guess that's where I am now, Samantha thought. It takes a whole frakking ocean in order to give me a boob massage.

Well, we'll fix that, she thought wickedly. Space could do it so much better!

She was aware of her surrounding for the first time. She wasn't going to be growing into anything interesting for a while, she thought.

This infernal trailer was REALLY cramping her now. The widening of her breasts from her torso was being constricted UNBEARABLY. This confounded thing. Who had built this? Some nice BDSM construction crews?? It hurt!

She COULD just break it herself. But there was absolutely no fun whatsoever in doing that. She would only resort to something so humiliating if her life depended on it. The breast conqueror of the world nearly suffocated by her own trailer? Damn the thing! Can't even bust herself out of a trailer! She would never be able to live with herself. She had wanted to destroy this thing for years. It was going to happen, by golly!

The cracking sounded really close this time. She whipped her head around and saw the cracks in the wall behind her. She realized that her breasts were attempting to crush HER! Because she was running out of room, the sofa had slid and now was being compressed against the back wall. The wall itself was splintering, but Samantha was feeling all sorts of pressure on her chest caused by her growth. They had filled up the forward, up, and down directions. There was no

further place for her growth to go except backwards, towards her.

She was overflowing her own body now, being completely swallowed by her boobs, jammed against the comfy sofa, which in itself was jammed against a wall with nowhere to go. She was going to be lifted out of her seat soon! She wasn't in any danger, of course. To crush her would have required quite a bit more force. She was confident the wall would break before she did. Still...So this is what it feels like, she thought. She HAD wondered. Now, she had to raise her chin to prevent the balloon breasts from covering up her mouth. After a few moments, her warm breasts continued to inch up her chest and up to her throat. Finally she felt her own softness connect with her chin.

Alright, I surrender! She could no longer remain sitting. She decided standing up would be best and lifted herself from the chair. No sooner had she done that then her back was plastered against the cool wall. It made goose bumps prick up all along her arms.

The wall was cracking behind her shoulders as she held her head aloft above the sea of tits. She filled the trailer now, even this COMPLETELY insignificant portion of her bust had become too much. She could feel all four walls, 90% of the floor and ceiling, and her own small body, perched upon the top of the sofa. Her head was close to the ceiling as she held her chin up so she could continue to breathe.

She could feel the chairs Dan had tried tampering with earlier. They were pulverized now. All the splintered furniture. That rug Dan had kept tripping over. The kitchen was all swallowed. She could feel the refrigerator crumple, the last bastion of resistance in the room.

Through her breasts, she could feel the sofa that she was standing on, soft to her ass and, what did you know, very soft and inviting to her breasts. She could even feel its warmth, from where she had been sitting all morning. She could feel the sink and microwave, or what was left. She remembered crushing them, so she knew where they roughly were. She could feel shattered glass compressed against the ceiling, light bulbs shattered by her bust.

She could feel herself through her bosom as well. Her toes on top of the sofa, digging in to herself. Her slender legs and her hard knees. She could feel her panties tight across her hips. She could feel her flat stomach. She could feel her arms completely compressed against the wall.

The little woman in this trailer felt so frail, so completely meaningless, and small.

To her body, her breasts felt unbelievably powerful. She could feel the opposite feeling on each affected part. The warm, inviting hug of her bosom, and the soft but forceful pressure exerted on her body by their envelopment. Her body was engulfed by her warm flesh. It was quite heavenly. She could fall asleep like this, even though she was standing up. Her pillows had always been a fantastic place for her to sleep. Still not enough room. She hoisted a leg up and sank it into breast, propelling herself up the last few feet until her head bumped the ceiling. No more room to go. She was completely held aloft by the force compressing her into the wall by her bosom. And still they rose like bread loaves, consuming those last inches of space.

Now it was time to just destroy the room itself. Push! PUUUUUSH! She urged her breasts. Grow! Grow! Grow! She hardly needed to egg herself on. She could feel it. This constricting box of a trailer, feeling tighter and tighter.

Suddenly she knew its time was up. Groans stopped and serious cracking started. The final push would need...just...a...little...moooooooooooooooooore. CRACK. The whole front panel of the trailer was blasted forward, finally completely unhinged from the rest of the trailer. The actual wall hadn't burst apart, though! It was still REALLY cutting into her! It was almost like her breasts were in the stockade, or being threaded through a picture frame. ARGH!! How frustrating!

But the girth of her breasts was finally too much for the ceiling. With an enormous explosion the whole ceiling was blasted off its firmaments and skyrocketed off into the distance behind her, presumably landing in the ocean somewhere back there. Samantha let out an audible sigh of relief as her breasts were released from their confines somewhat, and their massive height was allowed free reign. Samantha gulped in the fresh air. It had gotten REALLY warm in there. She propelled herself up the last few feet by pushing off her breasts, and perched herself upon the top of the back

HER. She was so vast! Each tit so massive, she would have to turn around her head completely in order to NOT see her chest. A tear came to her eyes at the beauty and she buried her head into left tit.

Seeing herself made it so real.

She had been used to having her vision occupied by breasts. It was an occupational hazard of having a bustline bigger than a bus. But this!

She couldn't stop mauling herself.

Yet another thing snapped in her brain and she sat there in a daze as she felt herself expanding even faster. The ocean was being churned into a hot tub with the sudden influx of ton after ton after ton to the nth degree of Samantha pouring into the waters, displacing it all.

Within moments Samantha felt a few bumps, like an itch, that were the Hawaiian Islands. Flattened completely and removed from existence. For a brief instant she felt something very hot, but it was stoppered immediately. A volcano, she thought dimly. How interesting.

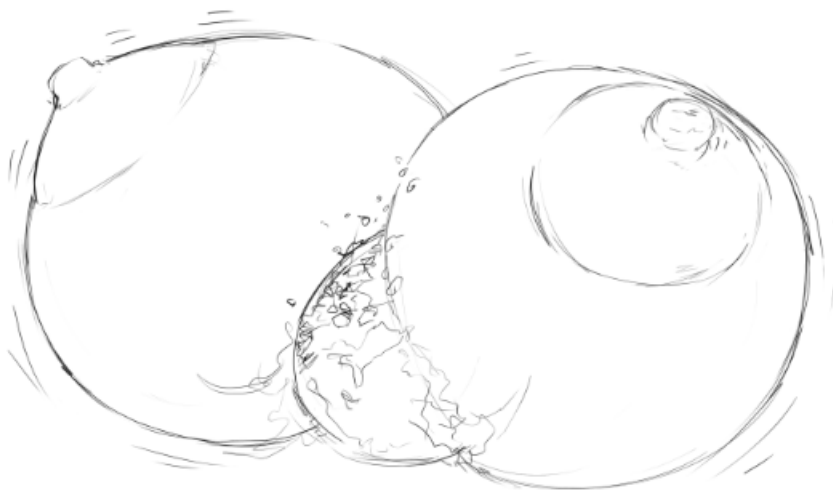
Pacific islands fell like everything else, already sunken by the tides of the Pacific Ocean, but Samantha grew over them just the same.

Godzilla tits was an insult at this point. She wasn't that small. Nonetheless, Samantha had succeeded where he had once failed, capturing Tokyo in an instant, and the entire Isle of Japan.

Napoleon and Hitler and all sorts of power hungry individuals had failed to conquer the Russian front. Samantha did in minutes, as a lone woman. With just her breasts! Now that was using your feminine wiles! Or, she WOULD have conquered.

A curious sensation pervaded her chest as she continued to grow. That of weightlessness. Which was ridiculous since she was impossibly heavy.

She figured it out. So much of her mass was now in space! Such a significant portion, actually, that instead of being bound by Earth's gravitational pull and the weight of atmosphere,



Cheering Herself On by Berggie

her momentum in that weightless area beyond was causing her breasts to attempt to continue their growth in to the void. Their firmness no longer would bend around the spherical earth. Instead, they projected straight from her chest still, unheeding the curvature of the earth, and continued straight into space where their growth carried them.

She had outgrown the planet.

Another thing snapped in her brain and even faster she grew. Half of her tits floated in space now, weightless yet ponderous all the same. The null-G was amazingly sensual, where their own mass drove the floating sensation.

Within moments, she felt a final contact. It bumped right against her nipple. Of course, it was hopelessly dwarfed even by the very tip of her teat. Her nipple swatted it like a hail stone and it was blasted off into the vast emptiness like a cue ball knocked by a pool cue.

The moon. She wasn't the first man on the moon, or woman for that matter, but she sure as hell was the first person to ever hit the moon with her nipple. Probably. Certainly the first to do so with a nipple bigger than the moon. Attached to an areola bigger than any country on the face of the Earth. An areola that was BIGGER than Earth. The entire Earth. Every inhabitant. Every plant, animal, and continent could be fit on the surface area of a single one of her areola.

An entire space WORLD could dock at her areola and live out their entire lives there, like people had done on Earth. Colonize her nipple. And why not? There was plenty of space! And unlike Earth, THERE WAS ALWAYS MORE ROOM! Every day, there would be more areola!

And her areola, attached to a breast even bigger than that. Far, far bigger than that. And she had two.

Stars. Stars were the next measuring stick, she had decided. Unfortunately the sun was overhead, and her breasts were growing forward, from her perspective on the sofa, but still. There were other stars to reach, certainly! She would reach them all!

Suddenly Samantha stopped. Stopped growing. Sensations stopped. Everything just stood still. The wind stopped howling across her lower breasts, and the ocean itself paused.

She glanced around the wreckage, alarmed.

Dan was still sitting in awe upon the sand in the distance, unmoving.

What?

Suddenly there was a figure. A tall, skinny man standing on the trailer platform, a curt distance away from the all the shards of debris. He was dressed in a polo shirt and khakis, casual business attire. For all the world, he would have looked right at home as a technology store customer service representative. His hair was a grayish brown and his nose was beaky, but his eyes seemed to constantly shift colors. First gray, then black, then blue, then brown, they simply wouldn't settle. He was a good looking man, and it was only the hair that aged him. She was surprised that, by looking him full in the face, he wasn't old at all, perhaps in his mid-twenties or so.

He was watching her. She was more than a little nonplussed.

"Uhm...hello?"

"Hello." His voice rang with power and softness and music and every instrument ever made and then some she had never experienced and with the wind and the sea and with the earth itself.

"My name is Alvin."

"N-Nice to meet you...Alvin, sir."

He smiled warmly. She could feel herself relax.

"What a predicament, wouldn't you say?" he gestured grandly at the expanse of Samantha surrounding them. "Amazing, if I do say so myself. You are quite a large young woman."

"Thank you," she answered uncertainly. "Are...are you...god?" Something had made her

want to ask.

Alvin frowned. "No," he said after a moment. "No I am not. Not in the sense you are thinking, anyway. I'm not a builder. More like a caretaker. Or groundskeeper, I suppose. That fits."

"A caretaker," she repeated.

"Or groundskeeper," he agreed. "Certainly! You can't imagine how much work there is to do around the universe. And all the other ones. I assure you, there is a great need for more like me, but alas, I am the only." He smiled again with brilliantly white teeth. "I have finally arrived to help you with your...issues. It took me quite a while, yes, but today you elevated yourself to the top of the list. So...Samantha Duquesne. Born October 8th, 20 years ago. Resident of planet Earth, Universe %@1 009000000020334\$. This is you. Girl with...ahem...rather large sexual characteristics." He frowned, then sighed. "The unruly garden strikes again. I see. An accident."

"Accident? Please explain," Samantha asked politely. She was determined to learn something, at least, from this encounter.

"Yes, quite, answers. I hate this bit." He looked at her. "You are familiar with the infinite multiverse? That is, there is an infinite number of dimensions, each with their own infinite universe? Since it is infinity, it's the perfect sample set, in a way, for probability. In infinity, everything that can possibly happen, does happen, sooner or later. The whole monkeys on a typewriter randomly pressing keys will eventually type out Shakespeare. That's a pretty popular example in many universes for this kind of discussion. I tested it, in one dimension. I assure you it does work. The monkeys also made this thrilling crime novel that I've recommended to a few people. It was quite good."

"Anyhow," he continued, "this means that there are plenty of normal universes where nothing unexpected ever happens, and then there are universes where random things happen all the time, and then there are places like this universe. Where it's normal enough, except for you." He

emphasized the "you".

"You're out of place," he finished.

"It would seem that this universe and another collided together at one special moment. Namely, the morning of October 8th, twenty fateful years ago. At a specific spot only. Your DNA was completely bound to another denizen of a different universe."

"Oh dear," he said faintly to himself, mopping his brow. "That means I have another mess to clean up over there."

He continued. "The end result is that you came out quite differently than you were supposed to, according to the reasonable laws of this universe. The odds against all this occurring, well, as you can imagine, are astronomical against. Any betting man would bet against your existence. So remote is the chance you could reasonably expect it to never happen. Except for infinity. It had to happen sooner or later. It's technically possible. Law of infinity. Fun stuff. And here you are. All real and quite big. Your universe tried to reject you, but for some reason found you unmovable. There are other incidences like you throughout the cosmos, all a bit different I would imagine. Some probably got amazing powers, some became monsters, some grew up never even knowing. You got these." He gestured behind him, but he could have gestured practically anywhere. Samantha had breast all over the place.

"It can't be so strange to you," he continued. "You had to know something was going on. All of your...unique physical attributes that made you so very different. The breasts, the strength, the blood. There had to be some reason, didn't there? Oh well. I can go and fix that in a moment. I can go back to the day of your birth and undo the damage. You will grow up as a perfectly ordinary girl and do perfectly ordinary things for this planet, and live the life you should have lived if the universe hadn't been such an unreasonable prick."

"No!!"

He stared at her, startled by her outburst. "What?"

"DON'T DO ANY OF THAT!"

"You won't remember any of this. You will be perfectly fine. You don't have to be like this."
He seemed very perplexed now.

"No. No, you don't understand. I...I love having huge breasts."

He paused for a full moment, studying her. Then he began to nod. "I can see that, yes. But be reasonable. This big?"

"Yes!" Samantha cried vehemently.

"But what of the other people?" he asked blankly.

"Who cares?" she said fiercely.

"And about your own child?" he said slowly, raising an eyebrow.

Now it was Samantha's turn to stare at him blankly. "What?"

"You're with child. You didn't know?"

"N-no," she stammered. "I took contraceptives. It was fine."

Alvin laughed harshly. "Sickness, sleeping drugs, alcohol, all sorts of things don't work on you, or don't work the way they should. You're so different from everyone else on this planet. Why on the cosmos did you think your birth control pills would be any different?"

"I..." Samantha was at a loss.

"My, what have we here?" A woman had appeared, draped over Alvin's shoulder. She had dark hair and bright blue eyes, and she was very tall.

"No!" Alvin cried. "Shoo! This has nothing to do with you!"

"You took too long, and of course it does. It has everything to do with me! I mean look at her! She's gigantic! She's a work of art. She's got HUGE ol' tits. What could have more to do



Samantha and the Tall Woman by Berggie

with me?"

The woman stood up, toweringly so, and started to examine Samantha's bosom. The woman was absolutely gorgeous, with super legs, and humongous boobs, even if not quite on Samantha's level, Samantha decided with satisfaction. After a moment the raven haired beauty reached out to stroke the swollen breast closest to her.

"Mmmm, they're magnificent," she murmured. "How come I didn't know about you before, love?"

Samantha opened her mouth to answer, but she was unsure what to say, or if she was even supposed to answer at all. It was all so bizarre. She wouldn't have trusted her voice anyway. The woman's touch flooded Samantha's senses. There was something definitely mystical about it, and quite intoxicating. It was driving Samantha into a frenzy. If time wasn't stopped, her breasts would be halfway to Jupiter by now!

"I won't let this become another one of your circus acts, thank you," Alvin said tersely.

"The Earth already intervened," the woman said, pouting.

"I know," Alvin said darkly. "To tamper with the military. I might have to do something."

"Anyway, it's too late, Alv. It's already my kind of circus." The woman bent down and drew a line in the sand right up against Samantha. All three of them watched as the line slowly got covered by breast. "She's still expanding, even in your time manipulation."

Samantha could feel it was true. She wanted to be so much bigger, and her bust was trying to comply even now.

"I'll be damned," Alvin marveled, "look at that!" Then he paused.

"See?" the woman said, slinking up to him again and resting her arm on his head. "You can't help but be impressed. You can feel her desire to keep her beauties."

Alvin stared in consternation. "Yes, but look what it's caused," he muttered.

"Come on, let's go, tiger," she said teasingly. "She's giving me ideas."

"She is? What do you mean? Is this like...? You can't be serious," Alvin asked, curious in spite of himself.

"But...but...what about her! I can't LEAVE her here. Like this!"

"Rewind this place three days, pop her into an uninhabited dimension, and let the poor girl have her fun. Everybody wins."

"I suppose. But the principle of it!"

"You'll get over it."

"Actually," Alvin said readily, "it would probably be easier to just move everyone else. Considering her mass now, it's easier to transplant the rest and leave her here."

"Yes," the woman agreed, placating. "Just do that."

"Besides, I don't want to have to go and wrangle with the Moon. She's so annoying. Did you see what this girl did to her?"

"I noticed," came her dulcet tones. "You sound like you've convinced yourself."

The woman had taken his hand and started dragging him backward.

"Oh...oh confound it, woman. Fine. FINE." They were already fading into the horizon when he called back to Samantha. "You'll get what you want, but I hope you don't regret it, Mrs. Peppers!" A ripple coursed through everything Samantha could feel. The world itself seemed to ripple and change beneath her. The immense power raised her hair on end and send goosebumps shivering down her spine, but it was over in an instant.

"Wow, thank you!" Samantha screamed at their receding forms. "Make sure to give me Dan,

too! And can you make my friend Juliana's boobs bigger? She'd be ever so appreciative!"

The big woman laughed. "What charity!" she said cheerfully. "Consider it done!" She waved her hand and some unseen force moved. Samantha felt her hair shiver again.

"Hey, come on now. You can't just do things like that right in front of me," Alvin protested.

"I beg to differ. I intend to do LOTS of things like that right in front of you." The duo vanished.

* * * * *

Samantha sat there in stupefaction. She was almost too startled to realize that her growth had resumed, even faster than ever.

There were footsteps and Dan flopped on her sofa next to her.

"We're alone," she said slowly.

"What?"

She explained as much as she could, slowly, for she wasn't sure she understood herself. Dan was amazed.

"And you can believe me," she finished, "because look." She pointed down into the sand.

There was a brand new house there in the sand.

"We will find everything we will ever need there." She wasn't sure how she knew that but she did.

He stared at the house down below. "I'm gonna be a Dad!" he cheered, standing up and attempting to sweep Samantha off the sofa with him. Because of her prodigious weight, however, all he managed to do was accidentally pull himself back to the sofa. He recovered quickly and gave her a full on kiss.

They reveled in each other's arms for a moment, not needing to share any words on the momentous news.

They both eventually locked their eyes on the new house on the beach. "I'm gonna have to go check that out," he said finally. "That's...that's IMPOSSIBLE. I mean. Isn't it? But then, where did it come from?"

"I want to meet God!" he said.

"Caretaker," she corrected. "Anyhow, that's not important."

"It's...not? I mean. I guess not. Sure. I have my concept of reality shattered every day, and the nature of the universe laid bare before my eyes every Tuesday. And also, this is like the fifth time I've found out I'm a dad."

She laughed and pulled his head into her chest again, headlocking him into the familiar position. "I certainly HOPE that isn't true! Else there are a few girls who are going to meet my breasts in the worst possible way. Don't worry about all that cosmic deep thinking right now. You should be worrying about THESE babies."

"I think your breasts are going to be just fine. They ruined civilization as we know it. I think they will get along okay without me."

"No, you're not understanding what Alvin said. Or rather, what he meant."

"There was more?"

"No, no, but he basically said it. Don't you understand? The universes are infinite! Infinite probability! Monkeys on a typewriter! I've never heard that one before, actually, have you? NOT IMPORTANT. As long as it's possible, it happens. That means it is likely there is someone out there bigger than me! It's technically possible." Samantha gritted her teeth, then ranted. "I cannot, will not, positively shall not allow it. Ohhh, I just bet she's a bitch. You don't want her bigger than ME, do you?!?! You want your wife, mother of your child, to have small, itty bitty, insignificant

boobs? You better say no, Daniel Peppers, if you know what's good for you!"

"No," Dan said meekly. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to outgrow infinity."

"That's impossible."

"I'm going to outgrow this universe and into the next one."

"But by the very definition of infinity, you can't."

"Oh? Well, I was going to ask you to help me, but if you're otherwise preoccupied..."

"I take back everything I just said."

"I'm glad."

"Me too."

"I'm going to need my birthday present."

Dan dove around in the sofa cushions and pulled out a small but powerful hand-held vibrating device. An electronic back massager! He rested it upon Samantha's breasts and turned it on. The device instantly buzzed to life, strongly shaking and massaging.

Whatever Samantha had been about to say died in her throat. She closed her eyes and tugged Dan by the shorts to her lap. And so the duo got to work on Samantha's body, and occasionally on Dan's. Lips met lips and hands met flesh.

"Also," Dan spoke in between kisses, "I think your tits have caused a tidal wave in Spain."

Samantha laughed hysterically. "Thanks for reminding me."

Samantha's hands dropped down, each of duo getting one set of her long fingers. Dan's hands refused to move from the largest breasts in the world, returning the favor. Samantha was in frenzy, and shared it with Dan immediately. There was no escaping her embrace.

After a few moments of their current situation, Samantha stopped suddenly. "I'd prefer you HERE!" she exclaimed, and grabbed Dan by his shoulders, hoisting him up. She immediately shoved him roughly into her cleavage, enveloping him up to his chin in her phenomenal bust.

Every movement he made sent ripples through her titans. Every beat of his heart was felt by her own. He bent down to her lap to fulfill his duties, and she could still feel him being completely squashed by her bazooms. They ordinary filled her lap far beyond capacity, and his head required displacing them just to grant access.

She firmly groped the outer swells of what she could reach over her breast, and lovingly compressed them to massage her lover's entire body. He would never be able to escape their tremendous weight without her help, and she had no desire to do any such thing. She wasn't done, not nearly now!

The lucky lovers were never in greater spirits. Perfect happiness was obtained on that eastern shore.

Samantha grew at an alarming rate. She expanded like all of her pent up dreams over the years were unleashed in a torrent of furious growth that nothing could dismay.

Within moments she was larger than Jupiter. Each breast had a diameter greater than 87,000 miles. That was a whole lot of tit.

Space debris was battering her now, bouncing harmlessly off her titanic melons, but giving her a few good lumps that only fueled her passion even further. "I love space," she breathed. "Asteroids are attacking me."

Dan's ears were completely covered by breast, but he could hear that she was no longer screaming. His head surfaced. "Are you okay?"

"Yes!" she screamed and shoved his head back down beneath her lap-filling, Earth crushing breasts.

She felt her bosom actually crash into Jupiter, at least she thought that's what it was, because it was large. The gas giant tickled her breasts, its atmosphere doing its best to try and thwart her growth, but of course that was impossible. The entire planet blasted apart at the outskirts of her left breast, dissolved into space debris as it had dared to fight Samantha's appetite for growth. It was an afterthought to her size, now.

Planets were playthings to her breast colossus. The very Earth that she had lived her entire life upon, that she was currently SITTING on, was not only nowhere near large enough to contain her breasts, but was utterly dwarfed by each one. By each areola. By each nipple.

The Earth itself was sinking into her cleavage. Her breasts just continued to get wider and longer and fatter and larger, and the Earth became increasingly less significant. She was tit- fucking the Earth itself. NOW she was truly Earth's queen. The conqueror of all. She could feel the freezing poles, the warm equatorial regions, EVERYTHING. Everything and anything humanity had ever physically know, all people that had ever lived, the entire scope of anything Homo sapiens had was nestled between her tits. Another meaningless planet in the tides of the cosmos, from the point of view of her breasts. It wasn't even a particularly big planet.

Don't worry about being a dwarf planet, Pluto, Samantha thought. I got those bullies back for you. I'll dwarf all the other planets too. They will all feel small, just like you.

She grew even bigger. Even faster.

Planetary bodies were being knocked about with ease. She could feel them like hail, then like peas, then pinpricks.

Something singed her. "Yeowch!" A star! It had it be. Boy, was it hot!

And...WOW...was it ever SMALL? Pitiful little star.

Another one burned across her nipple, only exciting her further, if that was even possible. The jolts of sensation traveled across lightyears of breast. It was searing hot, but it had no way of knowing that was exactly what she liked! She surged even further, blasting the bug bite of heat

into distance space.

The burning pinpricks were becoming extremely common as the sensations shrank away. It felt like an ocean of suns, grazing across her, swarming her breasts. They were being scattered from her path like pebbles before a broom.

She could feel something tugging at her, now. It was teasing with her nipples with tremendous force, attempting to bend them. A voracious gravitational appetite was fondling her stiffies with such tender caress that she could not contain herself. Her areolas joined in on the sensation, their soft silkiness being distorted on her chest. It was heavenly, like a mouth suckling at her, lavishing her with its forceful love.

Bump! She knocked into the source of it effortlessly, smaller than her nipple by the time she reached it. The black hole at the center of the galaxy. She had outgrown even its effects.

She was crashing through stars and other mites of celestial mass like crazy, and...more than could be accounted for by her growth. She was attracting them. She had gotten so unbelievably gigantic that she had her own tremendous gravitational pull. She was ensnaring nearby star clusters and tacking them to her, then brushing them aside at the same time with her never-ending growth. Suns and planets and asteroids came from lightyears around just to crash into her bust and be knocked away, obliterated by her inexorable growth.

For a few moments she was growing into nothingness. Then with rapid fire speed more and more intense gravitational pulls attempted to persuade her abundance of breast. The other galaxies of the universe were being reduced to space dust by her bustline.

With nipples the size of spiraling galaxies, areola the size of...something much bigger than that, and breasts the size of...Samantha's breasts. There was nothing else to compare herself to.

Earth was beyond insignificant. Almost completely enveloped, except for the part actually behind Samantha, it felt so SMALL to her breasts. Her home planet would be barely a bump that could hardly register on a single of her nipples. Despite that fact that she and her husband

were physically standing upon it. She herself was inconsequential to her own tits, in a way. Dan's ministrations felt amazing, and she was busy returning in kind, as forcefully as she dared.

When her mouth wasn't busy, she was narrating her sensations to him, and his arousal never wavered. "I'm fucking huge, Dan," she purred.

She was expanding through nothingness until her nipple crashed into a thick veil. Something she couldn't puncture. It was obviously enormous, but malleable like a balloon. Her nipple merely stretched it until the material hit its limit...and it held.

Samantha sat upright. What? Something was still bigger than her?

Her nipple had started to be detained in place, but since she was still growing, she could feel it being forced to sink back into her flesh. Her other nipple made contact and she confirmed that whatever it was, it was indeed huge!

The feeling was intoxicating. Something was still larger than her nipples! Her breasts slowly mashed against its vast expanse. It was a big sphere and they were on the inside. Contained in an enormous bubble.

Bigger than her! Unacceptable, at this point. She would allow nothing to fit that description.

She willed herself harder, hoping there was something still left, and her breasts responded again. Another thing snapped and she expanded even faster than ever before. Her breasts met with the wall and started to consume every available inch of it as she grew. She was filling the sphere. Slowly but surely, her bloated mass was smothering it.

Faster! Faster! FASTER!

The bubble that had contained all the galaxies she had crushed. It could only be one thing. The limit of the universe. It WAS supposed to be impossible. But there it was. And she was THIS close to bursting it!

Slowly the bubble was getting TOO SMALL! It was constrictive to her mass. She did it! She

had filled every single thing that was possible to fill. Crushed every single thing that was possible to crush. Grown as far as it was possible to grow.

The bubble shattered.

Her breasts came tumbling out into nothingness as they swelled.

She shook Dan roughly as she shrieked. "I burst this universe like one of my bras! Time for me to outgrow the next one! I want my size to be measurable in quantities of universes. I still have bras to break. Oh, I'm so happy! There's MORE! And there will ALWAYS be more of MY BREASTS!"

Then she came into contact with two more bubbles. Each of her breasts could feel them. Each breast was larger than these other bubble universes. There was a third that met her nipple. This time, the impact was too great and her nips punched right through the skin.

My nipples aren't just out of this world, she thought smugly, but out of this universe. In YOURS. Whoever you people are.

There was a planet in universe %@1 009000000020347\$ that now housed Samantha's left nipple. The grand master of Blue Blob Butterslips of Yveltas was just finishing his morning ritual when the entire planet fell in shadow.

He rushed to the window and saw nothing but a deep burgundy red filling the entire sky. It was textured with small crinkly bumps and it loomed closer and closer.

"Oh, ye gods!" he cried. "We are not ready!"

He yelled down to the inhabitants below the monastery. "Quickly. Bring the virgin! We must perform the ritua-"

Yveltas was never heard from again. In a moment, the galaxies in universe %@1 009000000020347\$ were blasted to bits with a single nipple, in a single moment.

Soon Samantha filled even a whole bubble universe with just a single nipple. Then with merely the tip of her nipple. Then her nipple wouldn't even fit in one. She just belted them out of her way, reducing them all to space debris with her leading ladies.

Entire civilizations, worlds, galaxies, universes all became mere bumps upon her nipple. She was brushing through them like a train through marbles. Her nipple size was only exceeded by the universe swallowing tits they were leading. What had felt like marbles became specks of sand as Samantha continued to grow along the beaches of this infinite plane.

Until she crashed into another, much, much, much larger bubble. A bubble that held the other bubbles. Okay, Samantha thought. Let's dance.

So she did. Samantha grew and grew and grew. It was never enough. She burst that one, and the next. And the next! How many were there? She was always hoping for one more. Bigger was never big enough.

I want to be the biggest thing, ever, she thought. And she could do it.

She had never quite gotten around to crushing that bus between her tits. But she supposed this would have to do. Anyhow, if she kept growing, she supposed a bus was going to find itself between her breasts and then be squashed. It was going to happen naturally, sooner or later. Monkeys on a typewriter. Infinity and all that. She wondered how many universes she would have to go through first.

Oh well. She had time to find out. She certainly wasn't going to stop any time soon. That was her motto. Never. Stop. Growing. You can always go bigger.

She did.

SAMANTHA'S COMPLETELY COLOSSAL BUST

by
RYVER8

THE END