

Prologue:

Bridget was bored. She hated mornings when she woke up too early and couldn't get back to sleep. She checked the clock again and knew that Aidan wouldn't show up for at least a couple of hours. Pinned to her back, the only thing in arm's reach was a book she had finished the night before. Unable to do much of anything in her condition, she stretched out her arms and rested them on the floor above her head. She kicked her useless legs and let out a soft moan of frustration.

Trapped as she was by the immense weight of the fleshy boulders attached to her chest, there was no chance of reaching the bookshelf on the other end of the huge room. Aidan had brought in more than a dozen new books for her to read just a few days before, and she had already finished more than half of them. She supposed it didn't make much of a difference. Even once Aidan showed up, it was bound to be yet another boring and pointless day of trying to ignore the outside world passing her by. It was surprising how quickly you could run out of fresh material when all you could do to occupy yourself was read books, watch movies, and play videogames. Strange as it was, while so many people were fantasizing about staying home all day, she would have killed to get out and work a job.

A thought occurred to her, and she tilted her head back and lifted her chin until the top of her head rested flat on the floor. She got an inverted view of the low table just behind her, and another groan escaped her lips. Her laptop was also beyond her reach. Now that she thought about it, she remembered asking Aidan to leave it there. They had spent a few hours binge-watching a show the night before, and he'd left it there so she wouldn't accidentally crush it in her sleep. It had happened before. Sometimes she managed to shift just enough weight in her sleep that things left out in the danger zone ended up trapped under hundreds of pounds of boob.

Utterly defeated, Bridget gave her breasts a dirty look and then let her head fall back to the floor with a thump. She would just have to wait until someone came along to help her out. She knew there was no chance of dozing off again now that she was awake. More to occupy her mind than for any real purpose, she wondered if she could twist herself around enough to shift positions on her own. She hadn't tried it for a long time. It wouldn't do much good if she got onto her feet, but she could at least do some of her stretches and squats. A little exercise a few times a day was the best way to prevent muscle atrophy since she couldn't move on her own anymore. Plus, the routine she had worked out made her ass look spectacular.

She considered her breasts. They lay at rest to either side of her body, somewhat flattened against the floor under their own immense weight. Even so, they were so huge that they loomed over her like a pair of flesh-colored mountains. Far beyond her reach, she knew her nipples were out there somewhere, but she hadn't so much as glimpsed them in years. She'd outgrown bras ages ago, and no brand made anything close to her size since high school. Now it was laughable to think how much raw material it would take to construct even a single

cup capable of containing her enormity. It wouldn't do any good anyway. She wasn't nearly tall or strong enough to lift her titanic mammaries. The world was her bra.

Unable to occupy her mind in any other way, she began to think back to her childhood. To the days when her strange and unnatural condition first reared its head.

Part 1:

VBH

“What do you want to do today, Bridge?”

“I dunno. We could bike to the creek and try to catch one of those bullfrogs we saw last time.”

“Oh yeah! We could really freak my sister out if we caught one. Let me run inside and grab my jar.”

A sandy-haired boy of about twelve dropped his bike to the pavement and sprinted back into his house. The friend he called “Bridge” was a girl around the same age with curly red hair and a splash of pale freckles over her nose. She leaned over her handlebars and rested her cheeks on both fists, squashing her face into an absurd gargoyle squint as she waited for him to return. She wore old jeans with holes forming in the knees and a t-shirt with a character from a cartoon about super soldiers that fought monsters from another dimension emblazoned on the front. The blond boy returned with an old gallon pickle jar cradled in his arms and rushed down the front step towards his bike. He knelt beside it and began to tie the jar to its frame with a series of leather straps he had rigged up as a sort of cargo harness.

“Geez, Aidan, you think it’s big enough?” The girl teased as he stood up and lifted his bike off the ground. “Did you punch holes in the top?”

“How dumb do you think I am?” Aidan scoffed. “I kept a lizard in there for a few days before my mom made me let it go. He always seemed happy enough.”

The girl rolled her eyes and performed some quick calculations as she checked the position of the sun in the sky.

“Let’s just get going. The sun’s gonna set in a few hours.”

“Way ahead of you, Bridge,” the boy crowed as he blew past her on his bike, pedaling like mad.

“You—!”

Bridget growled and pushed off the sidewalk to chase him down. Their races were always close, but she was in the lead with one extra victory, and she didn’t intend to let him tie it up again. He could pedal faster because he was a little stronger than her, but he was bad at pacing himself, and she weighed less, so she almost always caught up to him once he started to wear himself down. This time was no different. They sped across town, following the drainage ditch just north of their street, and the creek came into view ahead of them. It was an almost two-mile ride, but they made short work of it. Both were breathless and red-faced as

Bridget began to close the distance between them at a steady clip. Aidan put on one last desperate burst of speed, but his lungs were burning and he couldn't maintain that pace for long. With just a few yards to go, the redhead caught him, and they passed the sign they used as their finish line at exactly the same time.

"TIE!" The girl roared as she screeched to a halt and stood with one leg on the ground. "Still 18 to 17, you freaking cheater!"

Aidan coughed and laughed at her as he sucked in a huge breath of air and clutched a stitch in his side.

"It's all strategy!" He said as he set his kickstand. "But I guess that kind of thing is over a girl's head."

"That's sexist!" Bridget accused. "And you're still a cheater!"

Aidan squatted down to untie the jar, still trying to catch his breath. Once he freed it, he stood up and held it out for her.

"I'm just teasing," he said. "Don't get your panties in a wad."

Bridget took the jar, growling through clenched teeth like an angry cat. Her hair almost seemed to bristle as she glared at him, but he walked toward the creek bed without a care in the world. He always teased her when he lost a race, and she hated how good he was at getting under her skin. He wasn't a sore loser about it, but he still always made her victories feel less fun. Especially when he made sure to remind her that she was a girl. Especially today.

She followed him to the water's edge, seething. She considered pushing him in as he leaned out over the bank and looked up and down the little stream, but then he pointed to something a few feet away to their left. She looked where he indicated and saw a huge, dark green frog sitting in the shallows. It seemed to be watching a bunch of horseflies swarm near the water's surface. Then it closed its eyes, and its tongue shot out and snatched a fly out of the air so fast that Bridget wasn't sure what happened until she saw its jaws working and heard the tinny crunch of an exoskeleton.

"Oh, man, he's a big one!" Aidan whispered.

"How do you know it's a *he*?" She retorted.

"Males are bigger, for one," he hissed, holding a finger to his lips. "And you see those flat circles behind the eyes? They're sort of like his eardrums. If they're bigger than the eyes, it's a male. Now watch and learn."

He crept forward and waited, crouched in the frog's blind spot. Unsure what he was waiting for, Bridget watched as he drew something out of the thigh pocket of his cargo shorts with cautious and deliberate movements. As soon as the frog had snapped its tongue out at another fly, Aidan leapt from his position and spread an old dishcloth between his hands like

the world's most pointless parachute. He hit the muddy water with a splash that sent muck flying all around and brought it down over the unsuspecting amphibian. Bridget watched the way he used it and understood it was both to get a better grip on the slimy creature and as an improvised sort of net to prevent an easy escape. It struggled and kicked as he rose from the filthy water, spitting mud and laughing in triumph. Bridget had to admit she was impressed.

"Open the jar, Bridge!" He shouted, holding the bundle out at arm's length in her direction.

She unscrewed the lid and moved towards him. Their quarry made low growling sounds that built into an almost catlike screech. Aidan stuffed it into the jar, and Bridget screwed the lid back on. She tucked it under one arm and smiled at him as the terrified creature tried to locate an escape route. They high-fived and smiled at each other as Bridget wiped the mud he'd left behind on her jeans.

"Way quicker than I thought it would be!" Aidan said, wiping mud out of his eyes.

"Where'd you learn to do that?"

"My dad. He and Uncle Denny grew up down south near this restaurant where they made frog legs. The owner paid people for them, and that's how they made money during the summer when they were kids. He got pretty good at catching them."

Bridget tried to imagine a young Mr. Crosse tramping through a southern swamp, but she couldn't see it. Aside from the occasional cookout, she'd never seen him in anything but a suit. He seemed too clean-cut and grown up to do something like chasing frogs.

"Anyway, let me get a closer look at him."

Bridget handed the jar over, and Aidan lifted it up. Their captive frog was pressing its forelegs against the glass and looking frustrated. It let out one deep and reproachful croak and then went silent.

"How come the males are so much bigger?" Bridget asked. "Doesn't seem fair, really."

"Females are bigger than males with a lot of other species. Bugs, spiders, fish, lots of things."

"Hmph. Not people though."

"Nope."

Aidan grinned at her, and she stuck her tongue out at him. He pulled a hideous face in return and went back to looking at his prize. Bridget went quiet and looked out at the shallow water trickling by as if something had occurred to her.

"Hey, Aidan?"

"What's up?"

"You're not gonna get all weird around me when we start growing up, are you?"

Aidan didn't look away from the jar, which he was now holding above his head and tilting in different directions so he could view it from other angles.

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, we're almost teenagers, and I'm probably gonna, you know...start *growing* soon."

"You mean like getting boobs and stuff?"

Bridget's pale skin turned scarlet. She grunted as she slapped a hand to her forehead. She scrunched up her face, shut her eyes, and clamped her mouth shut as she groaned to herself in embarrassment. She couldn't believe he had just come out and said it.

"Yeah, Aidan," she sighed. "Boobs and stuff."

He shrugged, but she was still looking away and didn't see it.

"I dunno," he said. "I haven't really thought about that kind of stuff. I don't really think of you as a girl most of the time."

"Oh, *really*?" She spun on him, her cheeks still pink beneath her freckles. "And what's *that* supposed to mean?"

"I mean, we're friends, right?"

She cocked one hip and crossed her arms as she scowled at him.

"You know, my mom says girls grow up faster than boys. Maybe you're just too immature for me."

"Maybe?" Aidan said with another shrug as he put the jar under one arm. "What's wrong with you all of a sudden? I thought we were gonna go back and mess with Penny."

"That's what I mean!" Bridget groaned. "All we do is kid stuff!"

"We are kids, Bridget. Why do you suddenly want to grow up?"

She was so caught off guard by the use of her full name that she didn't respond immediately. Aidan had shortened her name to just Bridge when they were about seven, and he only used her real name when he thought she was being difficult. Out of nowhere, she was annoyed with him. She wanted to yell at him. She was hormonal. She didn't know how to talk to him about how things were going to change for her very soon and how she was going to start to look different. How much did boys actually know about what happened to girls their

age? She wanted him to grow up with her, but it wasn't going to work out that way, and she knew it. Her mom had tried to tell her. Men were slow, but boys were practically frozen.

"Just forget it," she grumbled.

She moved past him and mounted her bike. She started pedaling as she yelled back at him.

"Let's just go back so you can torment your stupid sister and get it out of your system."

Aidan watched her glide away, unsure what he had done to make her so upset.

"Alright," he said, mounting his own vehicle without bothering to tie up the jar again. "Race back?"

"No."

He stopped talking then, and they rode back in silence. He let her stay in the lead. He told himself it was because he was holding a jar in one arm and had to steer one-handed, but that wasn't it. If he was honest with himself, he was just afraid of pissing her off anymore than he already had.



A few weeks later, as the freedom of summer vacation drew so close he could almost taste it, Aidan biked over to Bridget's house. She had stayed home from school the day before, but now it was Saturday, and he hoped she was feeling well enough to bike to the park. When he knocked on her front door and her mom answered, he knew that probably wasn't going to happen.

"Oh, hi, Aidan!" She said, leaning on one side of the doorframe. "Bridget's still not feeling very well today. I'd hate for you to catch something."

Catherine Thomas was a pretty and curvaceous woman to the point that Aidan's older brother always referred to Bridget as his "friend with the hot mom." He looked up at her and then turned his face away. He wasn't sure why, but he had felt weird around her lately. Something like shame and something like excitement made his heart race. His eyes kept drifting to her hips and her chest if he tried to look at her.

"Um, alright," he muttered at the front steps. "Sorry to bother you, Mrs. Thomas."

"It's okay, honey," she said with a smile. "Do you want me to tell her anything?"

"Uh, no thanks."

Aidan practically fled the house and jumped onto his bike. As he pedaled away, Catherine smiled, shook her head, and shut the door. She turned around and went upstairs to

tell her daughter that he had come by to check on her. She hoped it would make her feel better. It was good for a girl her age to feel wanted.

“Bridget, honey?” She called through the door just after knocking. “Can I come in?”

A few seconds passed in silence, and then she heard a weak reply.

“Okay.”

She pushed the door open and found Bridget sitting on her bed with her knees drawn up to her chest. She looked so pale and small. Catherine smiled sadly at her only child, fully aware of what she was going through but powerless to do anything about it.

“Aidan just stopped by,” she told her as she sat down beside her. “I told him you were still feeling sick. I think he was hoping you’d want to ride around a little.”

Bridget gave a soft grunt in reply and turned her head away.

“It’s going to be okay, baby,” Catherine told her. “We all go through this at some point.”

Bridget remained silent, still staring towards the end of the bed.

“I know it’s hard, but you get used to it. I promise.”

Catherine got up and went to the door. Bridget finally spoke up just before she walked out of the room.

“Why does it have to be like...this?” The girl asked.

She lacked the words to say what she wanted, but Catherine understood the question all the same. She thought it over for a second and decided honesty was the best policy.

“I couldn’t tell you, honey,” she said. “Mother nature just does it this way.”



Bridget and Aidan reunited a few days later when she was feeling better. They went on their usual adventures, but Bridget started to notice things changing between them from then on. She found some of the things they used to do boring and pointless. She got angrier at his teasing than she used to. He accused her of being moody and mean when she snapped at him over little things. They still spent time together, but he suddenly had a lot more homework to do than she did some days.

One weekend, she came home for dinner after a day of running around with Aidan, and her mom was oddly insistent that she take a shower and change before coming down to eat. She obeyed, without argument, and took a quick shower before running to her room to change into a fresh outfit. Then she saw it.

There, on her bed, was a simple white training bra. It was something she had never even considered she needed. She looked down at her flat chest and scoffed. She found more of them arranged on one side of her underwear drawer and understood that her mom wasn't being all that subtle about wanting her to start wearing them. She returned to the bed and held the undergarment up at eye level. She stared at it for a while, unsure how to proceed. Then she heard a knock at the door behind her.

"Do you need some help, honey?"

Bridget winced and held it close to her chest.

"No!" She shouted over one shoulder. "I'm fine!"

It was stupid. She had bought it for her. She had left it there. Her mom obviously knew she had seen it. She probably knew how much she was struggling with the notion of wearing it as well. This was a doorway into womanhood that couldn't be walked back. She would change a little if she put it on. No matter how she tried to hang onto her tomboyish nature, this was an exclusively girly thing to do.

"Okay," her mom said, sounding unconvinced. "Just let me know if you need anything."

Bridget waited until the sounds of her footsteps on the stairs faded entirely away before she started to attempt to put the thing on. She entered the dining room almost ten minutes later, tugging awkwardly at the band cinched around her rib cage. She wasn't sure she would ever get used to the feeling. It was itchy and obnoxious, and she couldn't understand how her mom put up with it all the time. It reminded her of how she couldn't get used to wearing a watch no matter how much she tried.

Her dad was already sitting at the head of the table with his laptop set to one side. He closed it and smiled at her as she took her usual seat to his left. He always had to bring work home with him, but he still tried hard to make time for his daughter when he could. Catherine had already filled him in on Bridget's situation, and he wanted to help make her feel normal.

"How'd your day go, sweetie?" He asked.

"Fine," she said, pulling on one of the shoulder straps beneath her shirt and screwing up her face in irritation.

"Did you and Aidan do anything fun?" He said, trying to ignore her discomfort for the time.

"Um, not really. We just sort of rode out to the creek and sat around."

She left out the part where they got into an argument, and she rode off in a huff again. Much like the annoying contraption wrapped around her chest, everything about Aidan was rubbing her the wrong way lately.

“Sounds kind of fun to me,” he laughed. “Better than working in an office all day.”

Her mom entered the room with a covered roasting pan, and Bridget watched the way her hips swung with every step. She wondered if she was going to end up with a body like her mom’s. All curves, with big boobs, broad hips, and a fat butt. She’d overheard Aidan’s brother talking about how hot he thought her mom was, but she didn’t see it. It seemed like having all of that hanging off of you would just be cumbersome and uncomfortable. Catherine set the roaster down in the center of the table and lifted the lid to reveal a steaming roast chicken. Bridget forgot her troubles the moment the scent of buttery roasted onions and garlic hit her nose.

“That looks great, baby,” her dad said, grabbing her by the waist.

He pulled her closer and pressed his cheek to her side as he hugged her around the hips. When he released her, she leaned down and pecked him on the lips, then returned to the kitchen to grab the side dishes. Bridget rolled her eyes at their displays of affection. She thought she’d get used to bras long before she ever understood all the mushy stuff.

So never, basically.



“Mom!” Bridget shouted down the stairs, her voice high and strained. “Mom, I need some help!”

She had gotten up for school—the same as always—and jumped into the shower—the same as always. It hadn’t been until she started to soap up that she realized something was different.

More prominent.

Wrong.

“Mom!”

“I’ll be right there!”

Her mom shouted back just before her rapid, booming footfalls on the stairs announced her imminent arrival. Her tone betrayed her impatience and frustration, but Bridget was too panicked to care. She looked at herself in the mirror again and wondered if this was how it usually happened. It seemed way too fast. She turned to the side as her mom bypassed the bathroom and ran towards Bridget’s room. She realized her mistake on her own a second later and doubled back, stumbling through the bathroom door.

“What is it?” She puffed. “What happened?”

“Look!”

Bridget thrust her bare chest out for her mother to see. There—on her nearly thirteen-year-old daughter's chest—hung a pair of fully developed B-cup breasts. She had been practically flat, just beginning to bud, when she'd gone to bed the night before. Now she had the kind of shape and definition Catherine would expect from a girl at least two or three years older. Even her nipples and areolae had enlarged to an unnerving adult shape and size. Somehow, in a single night, Bridget had skipped past several steps in her development. Catherine's eyes popped, then widened even further as she considered what had happened to her daughter.

"This isn't normal, right?" Bridget pressed, noting her mother's reaction. "Am I sick or something?"

Catherine reigned in her emotions and put a hand on either of Bridget's shoulders.

"No, honey," she said in as confident a tone as she could manage. "It's a little unusual, but I'm pretty sure my cousin had something like this happen."

It was a half truth. Her cousin, Kelly, had grown a lot over one summer, but she had just been a late bloomer. Big breasts ran in Catherine's family, and it wasn't uncommon for girls to grow a lot over the course of a few months. Her own DDs were proof of that. Whatever was happening to her daughter was like nothing she had ever seen or heard of before. This had happened overnight.

Bridget cupped her chest in her hands and sniffed.

"They're really sore, mom."

The pure, unfiltered emotion in her voice made Catherine want to cry. She dropped to her knees and hugged her close.

"Let's go see Dr. Jackson," she said. "She'll probably know what we should do. I'm sure she'll just tell us we're being silly."

Catherine hoped her voice hadn't given away the lie at the end, but Bridget just nodded as she tried not to break down and cry.

"Go get dressed and put one of your hoodies on for now, then come down and we'll leave. I'll call her and set up an appointment right now, okay?"

Bridget sniffed and nodded again, then rushed out of the bathroom. As soon as she was gone, Catherine covered her face in her hands and let out a long trembling breath. A single thought screamed through her mind over and over as she got up from the floor. It continued to echo as she rushed downstairs to call Bridget's pediatrician. It was still there when she called her boss a few minutes later to tell him she wouldn't make it to work that day.

What on earth is happening to my little girl?

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Dr. Jackson had been just as shocked by Bridget's rapid development as Catherine, but Bridget thought she did a much better job of disguising it. She had asked her to remove her top and stared just a little too long at her chest before saying she didn't see anything to worry about. She asked her mom a few questions, then asked her a few more, then considered their answers before telling them she would refer them to a specialist. Just to make sure nothing dangerous was causing her curiously turbocharged puberty, she assured them. She was careful to mention that sometimes things started happening fast for some people and told them not to jump to conclusions.

They drove home a little while later, and Bridget sat in the front seat of Catherine's car with her arms crossed over her chest as she stared out of the window. Her newly grown breasts had filled out the baggy old hoodie that had always been a size too big for her, and it was obvious she was uncomfortable with her situation. Catherine didn't know what to do or say at this point. Dr. Jackson had pulled her aside before they left and told her that if she or Bridget noticed any further growth, she needed to call her immediately. Until then, she said they needed to remain calm until they talked to the expert and ran a few tests in a couple of weeks.

Catherine had tried to argue that two weeks was too long, but there was nothing Dr. Jackson could do about it. She had written an official medical excuse to get Bridget out of attending the last few weeks of school and advised them to keep her at home for a while. Neither she nor Catherine thought it was a good idea for her to go back to school in her condition. At best she would receive a lot of unwanted attention, and at worst she might end up as the butt of a lot of jokes. They just had to wait it out and hope that nothing else happened. At least she would have a few months of summer to work out what was happening and explain why she looked so different once the next school year began.

And something else happened, of course. Before the end of the first week, Catherine performed the new nightly ritual of measuring her daughter as if she were fitting her for a bra. She had worked at a lingerie shop during her college years, so she knew the drill quite well, and she was certain Bridget was already measuring as a C-cup. She was growing too fast for belief, but the numbers didn't lie.

"What should we do?" Bridget asked, sensing her mother's concern. "Did they get bigger again?"

"Just a little," Catherine lied. "But I think we can afford to wait a little longer for now. You should try to get some sleep."

Bridget wasn't sure she believed her mom, but she tried to take her advice once she left the room to call Dr. Jackson "in secret." She tossed and turned all through the night, just as she had the previous four, and finally got up to get her laptop. She sat down on her bed and

opened it up, then realized she couldn't see her keyboard over her boobs. She had yet to get the hang of typing without looking at the keys, so she had to move it further away from her body than she was used to. Everything felt so weird and foreign. She had to work around them a lot more than she ever dreamed she would.

She forced herself to swallow the building dread and ignore it for the time being and opened up a search engine. She started with things like "super fast breast growth" and "huge boobs puberty," but nothing she read seemed to be all that helpful. Most of the results were just dumb kids asking the same questions and getting useless answers. She thought about it for a few minutes and tried something a little different. She had heard Dr. Jackson mention a particular phrase to her mom when she thought she wasn't listening. She just wasn't sure how to spell it.

It sounded like virgin breast...hyper-something...

She typed what little she knew into the search engine, and the first suggestion gave her the answer she was hoping for. The words were a little complicated, but she sounded them out in her head, and they seemed right.

Virginal breast hypertrophy...

She clicked a link that led to a medical website explaining a rare disease that made breasts grow way too big, way too fast. The more she read about it, the more it sounded right to her. It had to be what was happening to her. One site was a complicated wall of text that she did her best to read, but she wasn't sure what it all meant. What little she managed to understand seemed to hint that a twelve-year-old girl, not so different from her, had suddenly started growing until her boobs were huge and red and looked like they were about to pop.

Is that going to happen to me? She asked herself as she continued to read more accounts of young girls whose bodies suddenly betrayed them.

"Oh, no...no, no no..."



"Bridge?"

Aidan's voice echoed through the warehouse, startling Bridget out of her runaway reminiscence.

"Are you awake?" He called again.

She pushed herself up onto her elbows before she shouted her reply. It was best to try to throw her voice over her tits if she hoped to be heard.

"Yeah! Thank God you're here! I've been bored out of my fuckin' skull!"

She heard Aidan laughing, then felt his hand dragging along her skin as he walked around her monstrous chest. She felt her far-distant nipple stiffen at his touch and bit her lip. She both loved and hated when he teased her like that.

"Don't *do* that!" She whined. "Unless you're planning to scale Mt. Lefty and go looking for my nipple, just don't touch it!"

"Sorry, babe," he said as he rounded the curve of her breast and made his way to the rest of her. "I just can't keep my hands off of you lately."

She blushed. She still wasn't used to their new dynamic and found it weird to think of him as her boyfriend, but that was exactly what he was. Her mom had been overjoyed when she'd heard the news, and not just because it took some of the pressure off of her and her dad. She genuinely liked Aidan, and she was happy that her daughter wasn't going to end up a lonely freak of nature. At least that was what Bridget imagined she was thinking.

"Did you want some help standing up?" Aidan asked.

"Yes, please," Bridget replied, holding her arms out to him.

"Alright, up we go!"

He grabbed her by the wrists and pulled, careful not to pull so hard that her shoulders dislocated but putting as much force as he dared into it. Bridget used his added strength to get her legs out from under her boobs. Once she had gotten her feet under her, he helped her stand up. She let out a sigh of relief now that she could move her legs more freely and stretched them out a bit.

She had gained a bit of weight in the intervening six years, but mostly in all the right places, breasts notwithstanding. Her waistline remained trim aside from the slightest bit of stubborn belly fat that kept her from obtaining the six-pack she so craved. Every muscle in her back was well toned and defined, and her arms were lean rather than thin. Her butt was thick and round, with the perfect proportions of muscle and fat to give it a nice jiggle when she wanted it. Her glutes had built up nicely from lugging her giant boobs around when she still could, and she had maintained them since through targeted exercises. It had a nice shape and looked great in leggings, in her opinion. Her thick thighs showed only the barest hint of cellulite, but she thought they matched her ass just right as they were, so she didn't sweat that much. She had to take pride in what she could, and having a nice rear view was important to her because no one saw much of her from the front.

"I could watch you do that all day," Aidan said as he watched her bending and flexing her ass and legs.

"Oh really?" Bridget asked, looking at him over one shoulder.

Her coppery hair cascaded down her back in a tumble of thick ringlets, and she bent forward, resting her upper body on the massive wall of tits before her. Her fingers sank into her flesh, and then she dropped into a deep squat. The tight leggings clung to her flesh, leaving very little of her ass to Aidan's imagination. Just to tease him a little more, she flexed her muscles and bounced each cheek individually a couple of times before standing up again.

"How about tha—oh!"

She was interrupted as Aidan closed the distance between them in an instant and pressed into her from behind.

"Are we doing this?" He whispered into her ear.

"Are we doing *what*?" She asked in a voice made husky by her need and dripping with lust.

Aidan didn't answer; he simply dropped to his hands and knees and worked himself between her legs. He grabbed the waistband of her leggings and yanked them down in one rapid movement, along with her panties. Bridget let out a squeak of surprise, but let him get on with it. He wrapped his arms around her hips, seized a handful of each cheek, and pushed her pelvis forward as he put his lips to hers and flicked his tongue out. He worked it upward to lap at her clit and she gasped and bit her lower lip again. She moaned and rolled her hips to grind her pussy into his face, and Aidan didn't miss a step. He wagged the tip of his tongue and then rolled it around her folds, repeating the process again and again until she was practically screaming.

One of the good things that came from her condition was that it took very little effort to get her off. There were pros and cons to that, of course, but she had decided long ago that the pros vastly outweighed the cons. Especially as a woman capable of experiencing multiple orgasms.

As she came all over Aidan's face, he went on eating her out until she reached down and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Your turn, big guy," she gasped through another orgasm. "Get back there and fuck me."

Aidan slipped between her legs again without argument. He removed his clothes with a speed born of desire and positioned himself behind Bridget, who was already bent over and flattened against the great wall of boob again.

"Come on," she said, wiggling her ass at him. "Do you know how long I've been stuck down there wishing I could touch myself? *I need it.*"

Aidan began to think that if he got any harder, his cock would fly off of his body. He grabbed it by the base and moved into position. He slid it over Bridget's pussy a few times,

lubricating it in her juices as he teased her. She moaned and rubbed her thighs together, helpless to make him do anything.

"Quit teasing me and shove it in!" She barked.

Aidan smirked and pushed up to the hilt on the first thrust. She arched her back and squealed in ecstasy as she came again. Another of the perks of getting off so easily was the effect that it had on Aidan's ego. He felt like a sexual dynamo, which made him want to work even harder to please her because he could see how much she enjoyed it. He started thrusting in and out with as much speed and power as he could muster, and she quivered and convulsed under his assault. Every time he pushed into her, her head was pushed forward in turn and squashed into the soft barrier of her tits. As she often did when she was overcome by sensual bliss, she started rubbing as much flesh as she could reach. Tingling thrills of pleasure shot through her hypersensitive breasts like lightning. She felt her nipples harden and wished she had someone around to suck and play with them for her.

Aidan kept up the pace, fucking her as hard as he could until he started to grunt with the effort. Bridget could tell he was close, and as she reached her ninth orgasm in the last ten minutes, she didn't begrudge him the chance to let loose.

"I'm gonna cum," he mumbled to her.

"Go ahead," she moaned. "Cum all over me!"

He pulled out as he started to blow and emptied his load all over her ass and lower back. She shook her ass as his seed coated her cheeks and ran down her thighs.

"Come here!" She ordered, opening her mouth.

Aidan obediently went around to her right side and finished cumming on her face. She liked that for some reason. It was just a little thing she could do for him in return for everything he did for her. She'd had to learn to embrace her submissive side since she became fully immobile and found that she enjoyed it now.

She stretched her neck out and enclosed Aidan's shaft in her mouth, sucking off the leftover cum and releasing it with a pop.

"All clean!" She giggled.

"Goddammit," he groaned. "We've got to do that again in a little while."

"Oh, we will," Bridget told him with a grin as she watched him gather his clothes over her shoulder. "But could you put the plug in me in the meantime? I think we should try some buttstuff later, and I want to be ready for you."

"Yes-fucking-ma'am!" He said, running off to their toy chest for the vibrating butt plug she spoke of.