

**The Twins
Complete and Expanded**

By Sobtac

*I'd just like to dedicate this to Bustartist.
I've been a customer of his grow series since day one and it's that
kind of quality that everyone should hope to aspire to.*

September

Gina snapped the elastic bra back against her breasts, enjoying the feeling of tightness around her hefty assets. It hugged her torso, giving her breasts just a little bit of lift but mostly just comfortable, snug, support.

It was the next best thing to her boyfriend's hands she had to admit, but she'd certainly stand out in a crowd if she ever took him up on a full-time job holding them.

She had always been well developed, the largest in her class at thirteen by a long way, but she thought she had stopped growing over five years ago.

She shouldn't be bra fitting again at twenty-three. Not unless something else significant was going on and she didn't think that was the case...

"This is the most comfortable. What does it say on the label?" she asked Terri, her one time flatmate, full time shopaholic.

Of course Terri wouldn't say no to coming bra shopping, she'd spent years urging Gina to get more adventurous with her lingerie.

"It's a DD," Terri announced loudly, making several heads in the shop turn towards the changing room. The prom queen did a small dance, giving Gina double thumbs up. "You go girl, although... I am feeling slightly jealous."

She pointed down at her own 'modest' D cup assets, almost entirely on display in something Gina would consider less of a bra and more of a belt. Even if it was provocative at least Terri was sexy, whereas despite how comfortable this elastic monstrosity Gina had on was, it felt more like a piece of engineering rather than a sex symbol.

"Brian will love them," Terri added as Gina examined herself in the mirror once again, still not convinced. "He doesn't care about the bra; he cares about how you feel once it's off."

As much as she hated herself Gina had to nod along.

Her friend talked sense.

"Lucky bastard," Terri laughed, poking Gina's right tit with her forefinger. "You had me in the next room over for all those years. How come the moment I move out you suddenly start developing. You don't look like you've put any weight on."

"I've not 'suddenly' started developing," Gina replied, backing away from her ex roommate hurriedly. She didn't like the rush of feeling that solitary poke had encouraged. "We were both pretty large to start with. And you didn't get your hands on them then so don't start now."

"But you never showed them to me then," Terri moaned mockingly. "Well, except that one time you got drunk and took your top of in strip poker. But Brian was there as well so that was no fun. This is the first time you've ever taken me bra shopping and let me get a good look at your melons for myself."

"Well I'm taking my melons back into the changing room," Gina replied, stalking away from her friend. Closing the curtain to the changing room she reached awkwardly behind her back to start undoing the four wide straps that held her monstrous breasts together in place. "You'll have to find someone else's to fondle. These melons are taken."

"Stop that," Gina slapped Brian's hand away from her, trying to keep her concentration on the film.

They were both lying on the sofa, her on top of him with his arms wrapped around her. A chick flit was on, they had munched their way

through a bowl of popcorn already and they had the flat to themselves.

Only her breasts were still sore. They had been sore for days now, partly from the constant attention Brian was offering and partly for reasons she didn't know.

What she did know was that she was having to consciously ration the amount of breast play she'd accept each night and he'd already more than reached his quota.

Maybe when the film was finished and they were in bed together she'd 'allow' him to touch them again but right now she was trying to concentrate.

The film was trashy but it wasn't 'that' awful.

"Have you put some cream on them?" Brian asked, squeezing her slightly. She snuggled against his chest, shaking her head without replying. "Would you like me to get some cream we could put on them?"

"Rub it in deep and thoroughly would you?" she asked mischievously.

It was tempting. It would make both of them happy, the cream would do her good and he could touch her breasts without 'technically' going over her quota.

The thought of him rubbing and kneading ointment into her massive tits sent a shiver down her that he obviously noticed.

"Wait until after the film," she said, patting him down. She was too comfortable to move any more than that.

She liked this film, and even if he was indifferent to it he liked lying here with her. The bulge in his pants would have to wait another half an hour at least. She smiled fondly down at him; "See what you can pick up in town tomorrow and you can do whatever you like to me when I get back from work."

"Where the fuck did you get this?" Gina demanded, holding up the bottle of breast cream to her face.

She couldn't believe he'd actually gone to a shop and brought 'breast cream'.

As in cream specifically designed to be applied to the breasts!

According to the label it smoothed and strengthened skin, helped the release of natural oils across the skin and in its boldest claim; 'attracted fat cells to the mammarian tissue for increased breast developments'.

"I don't need bigger boobs," she almost shouted at him, pointing at the prominent double Ds poking out from her chest. His eyes wandered down to stare at them for a few seconds before coming back to meet her eyes. "Did you even read the label? What nutjob sold you this?"

"The supermarket," he replied shamefaced. "It was next to the perfumes and the bath oils. I just thought..."

"Well it can't work," she replied with a sigh. "No cream really increases breast size, otherwise it'd be everywhere. This is probably just a marketing scam to try and pull in some gullible fools..." She glowered at him, letting him know exactly who the gullible fool in question was.

"I wasn't thinking that," he protested meekly, snatching the bottle out of her hands to read it himself. Slowly his face reddened; "You said you wanted cream for your breasts, I saw the name on the bottle and bought it."

She probably believed him.

"Well I've bought it now," he replied awkwardly. He held the cream up tentatively, almost hopefully... "You fancy?"

"Right now," she replied leaping forwards, pulling his mouth down towards hers. They kissed strongly and deeply, rubbing their tongues together as she worked off his jacket. He tried to slip off her jacket with his left hand, his right still holding the ruddy cream bottle.

He still hadn't got his head around the new extra re-enforced bra straps though, so she had to stop kissing him and undo that herself. He watched eagerly as her breasts fell out of the elastic cups, almost seeming to grow in size as they were released from their constraints.

"Come here," she said, backing away towards the bed. He followed her eagerly, screwing open the lid of the bottle as he walked. A dollop of clear cream goo fell out into his hands and he rubbed it between his palms, giving both hands a healthy strip of the gel so he could apply it.

At first the cream was freezing. Gina squawked and leapt in the air, hissing tenderly as her frozen tit turned sore for a few seconds.

He arched his eyebrows but she just glared at him; "Cold," was the only explanation she could offer.

"It'll warm up quicker if you let me rub it in," he pointed out perfectly reasonably. Damn his rational mind. She reluctantly lowered her arms and presented her proud breasts towards him, and with both hands ready her set to work.

He was right, as usual. It took just a few seconds for the cream to warm to her body temperature. He started at the base of her breasts,

working the cream into the underhanging weight of her breasts. Unable to see exactly what he was up to she fell back on the bed and just started enjoying the rhythmic sensation of it.

Her breasts sat high and proud on her chest, poking out an obnoxiously long way from her svelte body beneath. Brian's hands worked keenly on their individual breasts but occasionally he slapped the two of them together before letting them fall back in position and sway back and forth for a few seconds before settling.

At times Brian had a fantastically tender touch. Just the slightest brush of his fingertips could send sparks arching down her body, he'd years of experience of gently warming her up towards sex. He wasn't the kind of man who was scared of foreplay, he enjoyed it.

But this wasn't the time for tenderness. He was working her breasts hard, lifting them upwards with each stroke so that they nearly rested on her chin, then pushing them back down against her rib cage with a soft flourish. So far he had almost avoided giving her erect nipples any special attention, but she knew it was coming soon enough...

The cream tingled against her skin. He seemed to be working it in fairly easily, so much so that he stopped for a second to apply a second coat to his skin.

She glowered up impatiently, waiting for him to start again, and when he did she winced with the momentary coldness the fresh supply brought with it.

As he bent over her she reached down with her hand, slipping her hand into his pants to grab the snake hiding inside. It was already hard, she would have been offended if it hadn't been, ready for her own special attention.

"Why should you have all the fun?" she asked, wrapping one finger and her thumb around his base. He paused for a second, shifted closer to her to make it easier, and then resumed his attention to her breasts.

This time he went straight for her nipple, taking it between finger and thumb and began carefully rubbing it. A spark of energy rushed through her, followed by a delightful wetness between her legs.

She was ready, but she wouldn't let him know that yet. He had to finish redecorating upstairs before he could move on; it wasn't polite to leave a job half finished.

The elastic bra felt tight the next morning.

Gina ignored it, it wasn't painfully tight or even awkwardly tight, but it was noticeable. The material stretched to accommodate but it fitted a lot more snugly around her breasts than it had for the last two days.

Next to her Brian moaned, letting out a terrible yawn without moving from the pillow. She watched him for a second, waited to see if he would stir again, and when he didn't she went to the bathroom.

On her return he was still lying there, but he did look up to smile at her. "You up already? After last night I thought you'd want a lie in for sure."

"Aww," she smiled sweetly at him. "Your getting tired in your old age? All this exertion keeping you down? Well good, my tits need a few hours to recover after what you were doing last night."

She said the words aloud but actually, for the first time in a month, her tits weren't sore. They were bloated, she could tell that by the snugness of the bra and the heavy feeling in her chest, but the skin was actually comfortably numb. It wasn't giving her any problems at all.

Mark smiled dreamily, reliving the previous night. She wondered if there was something else in there as well but she wasn't going to ask, god knew what perverted things flashed through his mind.

Fully dressed she instinctively started cleaning.

She didn't make the bed, Brian was still incumbent and therefore the roughed up duvet was his territory, but before she went to work she took a small amount of pleasure in aggravating him.

She glanced in the small bin at the side of the bed and noticed five condom wrappers tossed inside. They'd had sex, after the foreplay with the breasts she was all his, but then they'd gone to sleep. She was certain about it; one intercourse, one condom.

She didn't remember Brian having trouble putting his on. And she'd emptied the bin that evening, whilst he'd been out shopping. So why were there several condoms tossed in the bin?

She didn't bother asking him, he'd sleep on until the alarm went off and he had to get up for his shift work, so she filed it away for later and hurried off to catch her bus.

She stood in the shelter waiting for it to arrive, constantly readjusting her shirt as it kept bunching up around her breasts. She was showing a little more cleavage than she was used to around the office but she was still more than decent.

Perhaps she should book another shopping spree with Terri though just to be on the safe side. She was just mentally working through her calendar for the next two weeks when the bus arrived.

There was the usual mixture of people on it; workers, pensioners and college kids bunking off. One old lady sitting at the front, right behind the driver, gave her (and her breasts) a long cold stare. The

old lady didn't say anything but her grumpy expression said exactly what she thought of Gina's 'protrudences'.

Two boys, boys being the operative word, they didn't look older than seventeen at the most, showed much more appreciation, their eyes unashamedly following her bobbing rack right to her seat, their mouths hung open, forgotten.

She wasn't sure which form of notice she minded more, but at least she got a seat to herself for the journey. She'd just have to get used to this kind of attention she thought. The old lady was just jealous, and the boys were just too young to know better...

But the office gossip was harder to avoid than the looks she got in the street. Fred 'Zinger' Aston, the ex-high flyer from accounts, infamous for stripping naked at the office Christmas party two years ago in front of the CEO's wife, was typically the first one to come out and say it to her face.

"So you have had implants right?"

He blurted the question out in the hallway, whilst they were both getting coffee from the drinks machine. He asked it calmly, a cool and confident look on his face as his eyes suggestively ran down her body and back up to her face.

Almost taken in by his nonchalant question she blushed; "No, it's all me. I just had a growth spurt..."

"No," he replied with mock awe, forehead creasing with surprise. He stepped aside to let her claim the first coffee cup as the machine dispensed one to him. "Really? The girls in my office will be really disappointed. Fiona was wondering if she could get the number of your surgeon."

For fuck's sake... Not only had the office pervert noticed her but she'd become the topic of the gossip group. When had that happened? It couldn't just have been this morning. She must have been swelling for a week without noticing...

"I'm just a developing girl," she smiled sweetly, attaching the lid to the rim to her coffee cup, trying desperately not to spill the thing all over herself as she did it. From a quick glance down at his trousers she wasn't the only one developing.

"I was going to say you made a good choice; you look great," he smiled, unabashed by the slight bulge appearing in his trousers. "It seems only half that sentence is true, but it still stands. You still dating that artist?"

"Still dating my graphic designer," she replied with a shake of her head. She'd brought Brian to the office party last year, although she didn't remember Fred ever coming over and talking to them. "You

still working your way across the female population of Broad Street?”

“Anything with breasts and a butt that I can get too drunk to run away,” he smiled cheerily back at her. He was being surprisingly civil considering some of the outrageous things she’d heard him say previously. “Well your man’s a lucky man Gina. You coming bowling next Thursday night? Accounts against HR, first match of the season.”

“We’ll kick your asses,” Gina replied as she walked away, clutching her pilfered coffee like a trophy. Fred was still standing there, waiting for the stupid machine to dispense his latte. Of course he was probably still stood there, staring at her ass, but she didn’t care.

He was essentially harmless and her new tits had got her a free coffee... That was a win!

She began to wonder idly what other advantages the twins could get her in the future.

October

Brian bit down on Gina's engorged nipple.

She let out a gentle shriek of pain, tilting her head sideways in adoration as her lover worked ferociously at her breasts. He had teased her relentlessly for what felt like years, sucking, scratching, fondling, poking and rubbing at her breasts like some sort of edible stress ball.

This was as rough as she had ever had it, and surprisingly even the pain felt good.

No, good wasn't the right word to describe it, it was amazing. She was lying flat on her back, concentrating on her breasts and the feelings shooting from them to every other part of her body, almost unaware as her breathing started coming faster and shorter.

Brian abandoned her left tit, he had previously had a hand on each, to focus on her right one. Taking her nipple in his mouth he caressed the sides of her enormous breasts, pulling out away from her chest and pushing it back in. His tongue pushed the engorged nub around his mouth, his teeth occasionally biting together in a sharp relief of pain that was welcome amongst the hazy pleasure around it.

Almost unawares her hand came up and began to fondle her left nipple, her fingers gently circling around her areola and occasionally rubbing against her nipples. Having both worked on so thoroughly at the same time sent her over the edge.

She'd been gently groaning for some time now but when the big 'O' came she started shrieking like a banshee. Brian almost leapt off her in fright, and she had to hurriedly grab his hands and force them back where they belonged; astride her mammoth breasts.

She couldn't just stop there now she'd reached the top; she needed working back down again.

When it was done they lay together, both covered in sweat. Her from pleasure, him from almost exhaustion. She knew that he had thrown everything he was at her breasts and shockingly it had worked.

"I've never orgasmed from just tit play before," she admitted between sighs of deep contentment. She felt delighted by the admission. "It's always been welcome, and it's always helped bring me to the right point... But on its own."

Brian didn't reply out loud. He turned over slightly in the bed and gently bit at her earlobe. His larger hand settled around hers and squeezed gently.

"I always thought larger breasts would be less sensitive," she admitted, annoyed that he didn't seem up for a conversation. "More flesh but the same amount of nerves in them..."

"Well they're more fun," Brian whispered in her ear.

That was all she would get out of him. She could tell from his voice. He had given her what she wanted and now it was her turn. After all that exhaustion it wouldn't be fair to leave him wanting; not when he'd done such a good job.

"Not as fun as this thing is," she replied, reaching down to grab his cock between her thumb and forefinger. Gently and slowly she ran them down to his base and back up again. He let out a deep groan, expelling some stress he'd probably been nurturing for over an hour. And then she let go.

For just a moment she watched his face go through half a dozen different expressions, savouring the puppy dog eyes that came near the end.

"If it's that much fun why'd you let go?" he demanded, sounding almost hurt. The weight of all that expectation and then.... nothing. The sense that she could crush his spirit so easily was powerful, and enticing.

"Well I've got to keep you keen somehow," she replied, climbing onto her knees in the bed. She reached over him with one leg, and then sat astride him she stared down between her breasts at him. They were occupying more and more of her view every day it seemed.

She began backing down the bed, until she could just make out his cock between her breasts. She reached around the pendulous things, leant down and slid the hard rod between her breasts. She could see the end poking out, demanding attention.

"Tit fuck or blowjob?" she demanded, staring down hungrily at his penis.

"Both," he growled excitedly back at her from the other end of the bed.

She was nothing if not compliant.

Terri was not happy.

Although Gina was only talking to her over the phone she had learnt to expertly tell what moods her ex-flatmate was in just by the tone of her voice. Terri, who usually spoke at a thousand miles an hour, had restricted herself to short, waspish remarks that often included a harsh shriek 'apparently'.

"I'm sorry," Gina replied again. "But I tried them all on when I got back from work. I can't even stretch the swimsuit over my chest. I even tried my bikini, unless you want me to go topless that's a no go."

"I won't mind," Terri replied sharply.

"The centre will; it isn't appropriate. I'll have to go shopping for a new swimsuit, a new sports bra, a new everything. I can't go jogging or doing aerobics with these things unsupported; I'll end up poking my own eyes out."

The other end of the line was deathly silent.

"I'm sorry," Gina repeated forlornly.

She needed Terri to say things were okay before she hung up. If Terri didn't accept forgiveness she would carry this grudge around for a month. She was just that kind of woman.

"We brought you a new bra three weeks ago; I would have thought you would have sorted the rest of your wardrobe out by now."

"And that's too small," Gina admitted sheepishly.

She glanced down at her overflowing cups. The elastic was stretched tautly around her swollen orbs, and even with the increased give of this new bra she could see some flesh poking over the top in a bid for space. It wasn't painfully tight but if she carried on growing it would soon be.

Her eyes wandered over to something on the shelf by the side of her bed. It had been there for three weeks, sitting almost unnoticed since Brian had brought it home one night. The bottle of 'Breast Cream' that had promised increased breast development with one application.

She hadn't so much as glanced at it once in the last month. The bottle was over half empty though. How much of the stuff had Brian used? Half a bottle in two delicious handfuls.

"Too small?" Terri repeated, sounding shocked by the admission.

"Too small? Geeze girl, what's wrong with you? Is this some sort of double puberty or something? You're sure this isn't just your period?"

"I'm definitely bigger," Gina confirmed determinedly. "I'm going to go for another fitting next week."

"You sure you don't want to see a doctor?" Terri asked, a note of genuine concern in her voice. Concern and eagerness. "This can't be normal. You've checked for lumps haven't you?"

"Brian's checked thoroughly," Gina took delight in taunting her friend. "We both have and there's no lumps. They were sore at first, and now they're quite sensitive, more than they used to be... In fact last night I got off from just rubbing my tits."

“No!” Terri put so much shock in that one statement. “You lucky cow. And your back’s not killing you?”

“No more than usual,” Gina laughed. “So we’re good then? I’m going to skip aerobics until this is settled. It’s that or risk spilling out in front of the class teacher. Hope you’re not too mad?”

“How could I be mad with you baby? I’ll see you around hon, keep in touch.”

Quickly the phone dialled out and Gina was left holding a silent handset, wondering exactly what was going through her ex-flatmate’s mind. Envy, certainly, but to a certain extent lust.

She glanced again at the bottle of Breast Cream and wondered if it really was the reason she was still growing. She’d started growing before she’d taken it but who knew...

Maybe it really did have something going for it?

The elastic bra had started to pinch the sides of her breasts.

That morning she’d looked in the mirror and seen that she was practically spilling out of the damned thing, and it was leaving red marks behind where it was painfully digging into the sides of her tits. It looked ugly and support wise it was worse than useless.

Deciding to do something about this Gina had booked an extended lunchtime off and decided to browse the underwear available in town for larger women. She’d performed a new rough measurement measuring the difference between her bust and her band and come out with a whopping eight inches, a massive increase on her previous five. How hadn’t she noticed it?

But the few bras that they did have in stock that went up to F cup looked... Well she tried to be polite but they were ghastly. Some of them looked more like tents than underwear, how was she supposed to feel sexy wearing something like that?

She didn’t understand it. She’d tried three shops and none of them stocked ‘nice’ bras over DD. Did they just assume no one with large breasts wanted to look pretty? These floppy tents looked like something her granny would throw on.

And the few she had found that were even half way decent nearly gave her a heart attack; they were nearly three times the cost of her previous bra. She understood they were specialty items and they required more material but... that much?

“Excuse me,” she asked one of the girls who were filling up shelves. She’d found something nice that said it went up to F cup but she

couldn't find any in stock. "I don't suppose you have any more of these in the back?"

"No," the girl replied flatly, giving Gina a look of pure loathing.

"Is there anywhere else in town that would stock these?" she asked, and the girl just shrugged dispassionately. She clearly wanted to be left alone. "Can I order some in then?"

"We're not stocking them any more," the girl replied flatly with a blank stare. "The new catalogue's just come out."

Annoyed at how unhelpful she was being Gina dropped the bra on the nearest rack and stormed out of the shop, painfully aware of the prominent bounce beneath her shirt walking at such a pace created.

Once she had got outside she had to stop and catch her breath, let her assets settle for a second, and continue on at a much more sedate pace.

She went back to the first shop she had visited and bought the sturdiest bra she could find, wincing as she saw the amount flash up on her credit card. She knew she would regret this but her old bra wasn't an option any more. She changed in the ladies toilets in the shop and went back to the office a lot more comfortable, if a little peeved off.

Scary Rita was waiting for her in the foyer.

It had been three weeks since Human Resources had comprehensively trounced the Accountants team. Gina herself had scored eight strikes and taken particular pleasure gloating about it in front of 'Zinger' Fred. The high flier had bowled two balls out into the alley and not managed even a single strike the whole match.

Now the teams had met once again for their second match of the season. After their performance last month they had a lot to prove. Scary Rita, the affectionate name they had adopted for the HR team captain, had offered to get Gina a new team shirt.

"It's the largest one we had in the cupboard," Rita apologised handing it over with a sigh. "I can order you a new one but it won't be here until next week. So fingers crossed."

"I'll try it on now," Gina promised, making her way once again to the bathroom for a quick change.

This new shirt, even though it actually stretched over her breasts, it was still tight against her, hugging both breasts against her ribcage. She could see her nipples poking through the new bra, clearly visible against the inside of the shirt.

It would have to do though.

On the day of the game Gina felt nervous.

She could quite clearly see the outline of her bra pressing against the taut shirt Rita had given her. Although she was technically covered she felt more exposed than she ever had before. And although Rita was very complimentary the woman had promised on the spot to get her a larger shirt before the next game.

And her problems weren't just with the outfit. She felt like her entire centre of balance had shifted over the last three weeks. She'd become heavier, although she was certain all the gain had been in her chest, and had to walk with much more thunderous steps.

There was a constant weight to her body, a force always dragging her forwards and threatening to pull her to the floor. For all the advantages she was getting in the bedroom the twins were causing her no end of hassle in her day to day life.

She'd started bumping into things. She'd never appreciated how much it hurt to jab the edge of one tit into the corner of a cupboard. It turned out that it hurt a lot.

And now, after just three weeks, she wasn't sure if she could do this. She had always been a natural bowler but she was scared now that if she did it she'd throw her breasts forwards and land tit first on the bowling alley.

Without the bra, if she let her breasts just hang free and pulled her arms forwards, she could feel the sides of her tits brush against the inside of her forearm. That could really throw her off the game if she wasn't careful.

"Sweet heavens," Fred said when he saw her on the alley.

He simply stood there, mouth agape, eyes fixed on her extra-large but still not baggy shirt. They widened again when he took in her prominent nipples, poking proudly through the new bra, it also stretched to its limits.

Then he seemed to realise himself and tried to quickly regain some of his lost composure. "I'm sorry girl... I have to admit, when you told me you were natural I didn't believe you. But you've grown again... Jesus, how big are you now?"

"I bought an F cup," she admitted proudly.

He glanced once again down at her bra. "Can you bowl with those?"

"I can still kick your ass," she replied. With one loud click of her fingers his eyes ran back up to her face, drawn to order like a sergeant major calling his troops to attention. "I'm up here Fred."

"Up where?" he asked without a trace of sarcasm.

"It's all right," Brian patted her breasts comfortingly, slowly running his finger down the side of her chest. She was slumped on the sofa, arms wrapped around him tightly as she mulled over their defeat.

"It's not all right," she scowled angrily. "I felt humiliated. I didn't realise how big I had got... With everyone watching, not because of my bowling, because they were hoping I was going to come flying out of my top."

"But you didn't," he said softly.

"I might as well have... I was thrown right off my game, and I could hear them sniggering behind my back. One of the attendants asked if I was smuggling their balls out beneath my top."

He squeezed her breast tenderly, the soft application of pressure momentarily halting her rant. She glanced up at him, watching the concentration on his face. He was fixed completely on her breasts.

And as good as it felt to have him play with her she was still starting to feel neglected. Until a few months ago he had spent nights caressing every part of her body, his strong hands caressing everything from her earlobes down to her thighs with a thousand stops in between.

Now though foreplay was simply breast play. He had quickly realised that all he had to do to get her in the mood was rub her breasts for a few seconds. He had been neglecting to rest of her, almost to the point where she was bored with it.

Her breasts were the centre of lovemaking before, during and after sex. It was almost all he was interested in. And although she was having more orgasms than she'd ever had before in her life she still knew it was wrong.

Reluctantly, with great force, she pushed his hand away.

"What's wrong?" he asked, looking suddenly alarmed. "Are they sore?"

"No," she replied, already missing the satisfying sensation he had been giving her. Without that constant slow caress she felt naked, her breasts numb and absent of feeling. "I just want them to myself for a few minutes."

He frowned at her, puzzled.

"You used to love my ass," she said, elaborating. "You used to hold on tight with one hand and never let go the whole way through. But I don't think you've even touched it in two weeks. All you do is fondle my breasts... Where's the variety?"

He opened his mouth, and then closed it again.

“What do you want?” he asked, shocked.

“I want you to go a whole night without touching them,” she decided almost on the spot. It felt... wrong somehow, but she was determined to do it. “Tonight you aren’t to touch them once... And then tomorrow you can do whatever you like. Think you can manage that?”

“I think so,” he replied abashed. He squeezed her, one arm around her stomach the other snaking down her thigh. Her mouth came up to meet his and they began kissing passionately.

She didn’t notice him doing it but his left hand flicked open the button to her pants and, grabbing her knickers as well, yanked them down her legs. She began to hurriedly work at his jeans, exposing the prominent bulge beneath his boxer shorts below.

To remove temptation she removed her own bra, and although he stared longingly at her breasts as the large rack flowed free his hands wrapped tightly around her ass. His own shirt followed and soon they were two naked people holding each other tightly in an embrace.

Her breasts squashed against his manly chest, her nipples hardening as she rubbed them against his ribcage. For just a few moments she was tempted to break her decision but went against it.

She reached down to take him in hand, enjoying his furtive hands rediscovering parts of her body he’d neglected for months. The irresistible allure of her breasts had drawn him away from the rest of her body and she’d let it happen, drawn in by the rush of pleasure they’d afforded her.

They continued to fondle each other for at least half an hour, moving from the sofa to her bedroom in the middle, before she judged it time to start. Whilst he prepped a condom she went to the bathroom to freshen up, not noticing the empty bottle of cream by the side of the mirror.

Delighted she returned to find that although she had denied him his favourite past time she was delighted to discover he still had plenty of vigour in him.

They started slowly, him gently thrusting in and out before picking up the pace with interest. She felt herself clenching around him, an overwhelming sensation building up between her legs.

But as they continued to pound against each other she was dismayed to find that was all she got. It was pleasurable, deeply, insanely pleasurable but it wasn’t doing for her what it should. She heard his breathing hasten in short bursts, felt him clench his body a few times as he held back his own climax whilst she still felt as if hers was a mile away.

And then eventually she felt something warm build inside her, he let out a groan of satisfaction and fell limp against her. She wrapped her arm around him, held him close, and wondered why she felt so unfulfilled.

He pulled out and fell sideways onto the bed, eyed closed, a content smile on his face. She lay next to him for a few seconds, concentrating on the warm fuzzy feeling still lingering between her legs, annoyed that it just hadn't been enough.

Tentatively she reached up with her right hand to cup her breast, squeezed it tentatively, and release came in a sudden rush. She almost screamed with the pleasure but held it back as just a sustained gasp. Shit, it was better than anything she'd ever felt before, if just for the relief of it finally happening after the wait.

For a few seconds she thought she'd never breathe again, but at last her diaphragm unclenched and she was happy to just lie next to him on the side of the bed, suddenly exhausted.

They lay together for a while, her wondering what had just happened.

When she couldn't wonder any more she got up, pulled on a shawl and a skirt and went to the kitchen to get some water. She asked Brian if he was thirsty but he had already fallen asleep. Obviously it had been good for him, if not for her.

She sat on the sofa, staring down at her colossal breasts. She hadn't appreciated just how large they had got recently, it had happened so slowly but so continuously. They hung heavily on her chest, pendulous orbs that threatened to hide her belly button from view.

She spotted her discarded DD bra on the floor. There was no way she'd ever fit into that thing again, even though she'd been able to just about squeeze it on only a few days before.

It was a bent and warped thing, offering no support and just unwelcome clenching around her sides. Her colossal breasts needed more than the puny thing could ever offer.

She wondered why they were doing this to her, why they had suddenly decided to take over her life like this. She couldn't walk without feeling them pulling down on her, she couldn't talk to anyone without them glancing longingly or jealously down at her chest. She couldn't move without being reminded of the shift in her centre of gravity. There wasn't a single aspect of her life they didn't intrude on in some small way. It was even draining her bank account; by the look of it she'd have to fork out for a new custom bra soon and that would seriously hurt her savings.

And now she couldn't cum without the addictive stimulation that only they could offer.



November

Once again Gina's breasts had become the centre of attention.

Annoyingly for her Terri was in the driver's seat and so she couldn't afford to turn around and join the other girls in staring at her passenger's assets. She had made a few overt glances but the majority of her attention had to remain on the road ahead.

The other girls were all taking the opportunity to probe Gina for the truth about her dramatic growth. There were three of them crammed into the back and although by weight, height and most other measures Gina was the smallest, her prominent chest, bound securely by a red sweater and a strained seatbelt, seemed to be taking up as much space as possible.

"Stop poking them," Gina snapped at Trudi, who had spent the entire night accusing her of having implants. Trudi's had never made an issue before about her A-cup breasts but recently she seemed to have developed a bit of a jealousy complex. "It hurts."

"Trudi stop poking Gina's humongous tits," Terri commanded without turning around to watch. "Even if they are invading your personal space."

"But they're enormous," Annika exclaimed dramatically, as if she was making a profound revelation. To be fair she was the most drunk of the lot, three glasses of sangria and half a bottle of vodka later they were amazed she was still on her feet. "I mean they must weigh a tonne."

"Your back must be killing you," Trudi added to Gina.

Gina shook her head; "No more than it did when I was Terri's size."

"Well you must be some champion weight lifter," Annika reached under Gina's sweater and lifted up. Gina's left breast rose into the air, an enormous mound of flesh occupying the lower half of her vision. Gina tried to pull away, watching in horror as a wall of flesh rose towards her face.

"Stop that," she yelled, pushing Annika's hand away. Unsupported her breast fell back to her ribcage, landing with a soft thump that was almost pleasant. It wobbled for a few seconds, reshaping itself as gravity demanded, annoyingly half falling out of her bra. "Shit..."

"She's fallen out," Annika yelled to the entire car, shrieking as though it was the funniest thing she had ever seen. "She's fallen out!"

Terri almost pulled over into a layby.

Usually she didn't mind being the designated driver; hell having a car full of drunk women was a dream come true usually. But she wished she could watch more carefully.

She'd been dying to get a better look at Gina's 'assets' for months, ever since that bra fitting, and a girls night out had been just what the doctor ordered.

"Stop that," Ramone shouted loudly from besides her, cutting out the din in the back seats. "Gina is trying to concentrate. Trudi, Annika, keep your hands to yourselves."

"Sorry," Annika replied sheepishly. Trudi crossed her arms and stared out of the window with feigned disinterest. Gina pulled and prodded on her bra straps to try and jiggle the breast back in but she couldn't properly manage without reaching beneath the sweater, and she wasn't going to be able to do that crammed into the middle back seat with these two girls around her.

Luckily they were nearly home already. As Gina lived closest to Terri she was the last to be dropped off, and she was surprised when Terri asked if she could come inside for a cup of tea.

"It's gone one in the morning," she pointed out on the driveway. Gina wobbled drunkenly, weighing up her options and smiling politely. "I'm knackered."

"Brian'll be asleep," Gina replied holding a finger to her lips. "Keep quiet."

"I will if you will," Terri replied honestly.

Gina let them both into the house, through the landing and into the kitchen. Moving quickly she put the kettle on, pulled out a pack of biscuits, laid them on the table and then retreated to another room to readjust herself.

"You can change in here," Terri pointed out hopefully.

"I'm not 'that' drunk," Gina replied with arched eyebrows. She put her hands over her breasts defensively. "You've been eyeing me up all night. Just because I've had a few don't think I haven't noticed."

"Honey, everyone in that bar was eyeing you up all night. You're turning heads like never before! Every man, every woman, nobody has seen breasts like that on a frame like yours."

"They have," Gina replied with a shrug. Terri just arched her eyebrows. "Yes, I found Brian's hidden folder. I'm not an idiot, I know why our internet history keeps getting wiped. He's not as clever at hiding it as he thinks he is."

"You found his porn folder," Terri almost squealed. "Get the computer on. I want a look. I bet he's really into the big breasts thing, right from day one I had him pegged as a tit man."

"Oh, he's definitely a breast man," Gina smiled inwardly, unconsciously hugging her breasts closer to her. Terri watched this unintended display eagerly, edging slowly closer to the living room where the computer lived.

Brian wasn't getting the best night sleep.

With Gina away on her girls night out he'd had the house to himself. He'd planned on watching some films, drinking some beer and chilling out but after a horrible meeting at work he just didn't feel up to anything. He went to bed early, a mistake as it turned out because that meant he also woke up early.

He was surprised when he saw the alarm clock that it was 2:30 am and Gina still wasn't back. He wondered if he should ring her mobile and check she was alright but decided against it. This was her night off.

Then he thought he heard someone squeal. It was a distant noise, quite faint, a woman's voice. He wasn't sure but he thought it was shouting; "Fake."

He waited a few more minutes, and then he heard footsteps on the landing. Gina was back. He sat up, waiting for her to open the bedroom door. He heard her feet cross the landing, head into the bathroom, the bathroom light flick on...

Then some time later the bathroom door clicked open, the light flicked off, and she began walking back towards his room. He listened eagerly to the footsteps come closer and closer, and then veer right and head back downstairs.

And then with the living room door open he heard the voice again; “Gina, look at this one. Her tits are bigger than yours.”

He recognised that voice. Terri was around.

It took him a few seconds to realise what he had heard before panic set in. Terri the lesbian was downstairs, in his house, looking at his porn. Shit...

He fell out of bed and ran for the door, but by the time he’d reached it he’d had time to think. He opened the door as quietly as he could, and dressed only in his boxers tip toed down the staircase without making a noise.

Leaning around the corner to get a look he spotted Terri hunched over his computer eagerly flicking through his porn folder. Gina was sat next to her, only half interested in what she saw, occasionally arching her back to compare her breasts to the ones on the screen.

“Smaller,” Gina declared confidently. “Much smaller.”

“I don’t know,” Terri shrugged, dragging the mouse to centre on the woman’s hanging udders “Not as round perhaps but they’re as long as yours. Her tits look quite anorexic whereas yours are nice and fat.”

“They look like pendulums,” Gina giggled, almost falling off the stool she was perched on. “How ridiculous is that?”

“I bet they’d be great to handle,” Terri replied. She shuddered excitedly. “Why hasn’t he got any videos. I can’t judge these from still pictures, breasts need motion to be appreciated.”

“I dunoo...”

“This is boring. There’s just pose after pose after pose. Where’s the action? I expected at least some girl on girl fondling, some actual titplay or vibrators. Is he not into anything kinky? I mean these are all hot girls, well except that redhead, she was just fat... And breasts are great to look at but after a while he must get bored.”

“He doesn’t get bored, he’s got me,” Gina replied, sounding slightly offended at the implication. “Anyway, haven’t you seen enough? All the ones with breasts bigger than mine were obviously fake...”

“Two seconds,” Terri replied, reaching for her handbag. She began rummaging around in it before glancing guiltily up at her friend.

“Um... Have you got a USB stick?”

Brian couldn’t help himself. He let out a small guffaw of laughter and both woman turned around to stare at him. Gina, who had been preening herself happily, went bright red. Terri on the other hand began clapping her hands together slowly, giving him her best lecherous look.

“Um...” Brian replied. “You weren’t meant to see that.”

“Likewise,” Gina replied, looking petrified. She turned to her friend, smiling apologetically. “Terri, I think it’s time you were heading home. I need some quality time with my boyfriend to remind him what real tits look like.”

“And I get to sleep alone,” Terri sighed dramatically. “Life’s not fair.”

She grabbed her handbag, kissed Gina goodnight and strode confidently out of the lounge giving Brian a friendly wave.

“I’ll be back next week for those pics Brian,” she shouted as the front door slammed shut. “See ya.”

Soon Brian and Gina were left alone together. He hovered in the doorway, waiting to see what his semi-drunk but now looking alarmingly sober girlfriend had to say.

“When did you get all of these?” she asked, arching her eyebrow questioningly with a deadly serious look on her face. “Before or after?”

“Bit of both,” he shrugged, trying to sound nonchalant.

“And you do agree,” she asked, sauntering towards him slowly. She reached out, took each of his hands in hers and placed them firmly on her prominent chest. “You do agree that this is better?”

“Yes,” he agreed.

“Tell me how its better,” she commanded, squeezing her hands. His fingers, beneath her hands, in turn squeezed her breasts. Then she began to move her hands slowly, drawing small circles up and down, lifting his hands, and her breasts beneath them.

Soon he got the idea and she let go, content to just take his administrations and listen to his answer.

“Well none of those women would give a shit if they ever met me,” he said slowly, trying not to look down at her increasingly creased and rumpled sweater. “None of them have the personality and sense of humour that you do. None of them are standing here, right now, asking me to look after them in the middle of the night. And none of them feel half as good as you do.”

“Good enough,” she replied, contented. Slowly she backed away from his soft caresses, all too aware of the moistness between her legs. God she was so hot right now, she felt like she was on fire and only he could extinguish the flames.

Ten minutes later she was screaming wildly, half way through one of her most violent orgasms yet. Considering the incident with the porn equivalent to foreplay they had gone straight into each other.

She was riding on top, as usual these days, giving him a great view of her bouncing breasts. With each thrust beneath her they rose

upwards, nipples pointing skywards into the air, before falling back down a great distance to her ribcage.

His hands just weren't big enough to hold them any more. Once his hands had smothered her breasts, held their entirety in his palm but now he could only clutch at their surface.

And his constant touch just wasn't enough. Once the orgasm hit Gina took her breasts in her own hands, squeezing them as tightly as she could as the pleasure ran up and down her in waves.

"Faster," she shrieked, bouncing wildly up and down on his shaft which was throbbing with anticipation. He complied, his face straining as he urged himself on for a few more seconds, determined to outlast her orgasm before he came himself.

"I'm not too bothered by them," Gina said awkwardly, feeling more self-conscious now than she had in months. She was stood in the middle of a cold air conditioned room, naked from the waist up, uncomfortably aware of her rising nipples. They had engorged with the rest of her breasts and hard, as they were now, they had to be at least a centimetre long. "But I am worried that they're going to get bigger. I don't think I could cope if they got any bigger."

"Hmm," her Doctor replied, pressing her ice-cold stethoscope into her back. Gina felt the coldness rush through her, almost heading directly to her nipples which ached with anticipation. Every time the Doctor pushed that thing against her she wanted to shriek aloud and had to hold herself back... It was so cold.

She couldn't work out why her Doctor was more interested studying her back than her front. She had asked her to disrobe, to strip the bra, and after a quick cursory examination for lumps pulled out the stethoscope and calmly walked around behind her.

"I mean this growth just came on so suddenly, three months ago I thought I had large breasts but compared to this... And what if they've not stopped growing? I haven't gone up a bra size for a couple of weeks but I'm scared that it'll happen again."

"And they've become more sensitive than before?" her Doctor asked again, dropping the stethoscope. Gina nodded. "Well, it's unusual but not impossible. I can take a blood sample to see if you have a hormone imbalance, but if they've stopped growing then perhaps the growth was just a temporary thing. You've not been expressing milk have you?"

"No," Gina replied shocked. "That's never happened."

“Well,” her Doctor shrugged. “Due to the speed of the growth I’d recommend a full mammogram, just to ensure against any possible cancers. Otherwise I can only advise you watch out for further growth. The increased size appears permanent unless you want to go for surgery...”

“Surgery?” Gina asked, frowning.

“We can remove them,” the Doctor replied calmly, readjusting her glasses. “You’re certainly large enough to qualify for breast reduction surgery.”

Ten minutes later Gina was storming out of the doctor’s surgery feeling rage. How dare that woman even think of cutting her breasts off. They were large and ponderous and tended to get in the way, certainly, but they were a part of her.

She drove home full of righteous anger and missed two red lights. Fortunately she wasn’t stopped and she made it into the living room before something happened to snap her out of her mood.

A large brown parcel was sitting on the kitchen table. It was addressed to her, and signed for by Brian before he’d headed out. She could only think of one thing she’d ordered that hadn’t arrived yet; a specially made bra. She’d ordered one just the other day, something even larger to keep her twins in check. And as she’d been a J cup for nearly a month now with no signs of it changing soon she felt comfortable spending a little bit of money to help them look good.

Delighted that it had arrived so quickly she quickly began tearing the box open. There was a large cotton cloth wrapped around a circular object that she had to snap open before revealing a large brown bottle.

A jar of Breast Cream fell out onto the counter. It took her a few minutes to realise what she was looking at, to recognise the bottle that Brian had bought for her a few months earlier. She’d only seen and used it the one time, nearly three months ago, so she was a little shocked to see it again in her delivery.

She held up the bottle, wondering why it had been posted to her. There was a receipt with it for the cost of one bottle of cream. It had her account number on it. She was the only one with access to this account, it wasn’t the one she shared with Brian.

“What the fuck?” she asked, turning the bottle over in her hands.

She went upstairs to look for the old bottle, she was sure she’d noticed it sitting on the bedside cupboard at some point. She started searching around for it but she couldn’t find it anywhere.

Next she went online to check her bank statements and was slightly surprised to see that yes, she had ordered the product a few days ago. The receipt was there on her email, the webpage on her internet history and the money gone from her account. But she had no memory of that.

Just on cue she heard the front door open. She stood and waited for Brian to come through to the living room, brandishing the bottle of Breast Cream.

He dropped his coat on the sofa, looked up at her with a smile, and frowned in surprise when he noticed what she was holding. He wasn't as surprised as she was when she heard what he said next.

"Don't you think you've had enough of that stuff?"

"I'm sorry?" she repeated, taken aback. "What do you mean haven't I had enough of this stuff? I was wondering why it's here. It came through the post this morning. Why has it come through the post this morning?"

"Well you used up the last bottle," he said, noticing and taking the printed receipt she'd left on the table. "You ordered this over two weeks ago; it's taken ages to arrive... Are you sure you want to take it?"

"I didn't use the last bottle. You used it on me."

"Well, yeah... I used a bit. But then you started applying it to yourself, every other night you'd get out of bed and rub it in. But... Don't you think that you're big enough now?"

"What do you mean I rubbed it in myself?" she was nearly shrieking now. "I've never touched the damn stuff. I haven't been reapplying it..." He was shaking his head vigorously. Without realising it she started raising her voice; "I haven't."

"Gina," he begged, retreating slowly away from her. "Jesus, stop shouting. You used it a couple of times, it was over a month ago. I asked you about it the last time you put it on and you said you were happy."

"You asked me?" She replied shocked. "I did no such thing. And... Are you saying these are due to this cream?"

She gestured down at her breasts, slowly prodding the right one for effect.

"You're saying these are due to the cream? I thought I just grew them, I thought I was just a freak of nature. I've been applying this cream all the time though? It's not... I don't believe it."

"Gina," he begged, trying to reach her. She noticed tears forming in his eyes as he gently lifted the bottle of Breast Cream from her hands.

"Gina, please just stop shouting."

"I didn't make my breasts grow," she roared violently back at him. "I didn't use this goddam cream. I'd remember if I did. Is this some kind of trick you've pulled? Were you using the cream on my whilst I was asleep? Have you been turning me into some kind of big-titted freak to fit in with all your other fantasies?"

"No," he replied, staring down at the ground shamefaced. "No, I didn't. But I didn't stop you either. It was always at the end of the night, when you were half asleep. Hell when I was half asleep. You said you wanted it and I... I let you."

"No," she replied, storming away from him. It wasn't true. She wouldn't have done this to herself out of choice. She wouldn't have gone through the last two months of humiliation and readjustment willingly.

But only a few hours ago hadn't she said she liked them? Hadn't she insisted she wasn't bothered by lugging these enormous things around? Hadn't she gone into a fit at the idea of someone taking them away from her.

Deep down inside her, she had to admit, there was a part of her that liked this. A big part. And apparently it was growing.

"Brian," she sobbed, collapsing onto the sofa. She was too confused to think right now. She had too many conflicting emotions. She didn't want to make choices or think about it, she just had to clear her head. "Brian, I don't remember... I don't remember ordering this."

"Gina," he should have rushed over and held her but he was holding back.

He was scared of her, she realised. He was as scared as she was and he didn't know what to do. As usual she had to make all the decisions around her.

She got up from the sofa, took the bottle of breast cream from him and threw it in the bin. Then she turned to stare at him, fixing him to the spot like a rabbit in headlights. She fixed him with her best look and said; "We don't talk about this. Ever..."

He nodded mutely but he still had that terrified puppy look about him.

Gina opened her eyes.

She was standing in her bathroom. She didn't normally wake up on her feet but this wasn't the same. She felt more awake than she had in days, just calm and refreshed. Her hair was wet, she realised, it was wet and there was a towel tied around her head. She was standing in her shower, naked, half way through drying her hair.

And she hadn't just woken up, she had come to in a sudden moment of realisation. It was as if some hypnotist had snapped his fingers and she was awake.

And next to her, on the bathroom shelf, was the breast cream.

December

Gina hid the bottle as best she could.

She nearly took it outside to dispose of permanently in the skip around the corner but for some reason she couldn't bring herself to do it. It had so much... potential. It was just too precious a thing to destroy.

So she hid it from Brian.

She didn't want him to know what she had been doing to herself. She would have to deal with this issue herself and she wouldn't let such a trivial thing come between 'them' as a couple. She loved him, he loved her AND her tits, and that was all that mattered.

The trouble was, as she came to realise over the next couple of weeks, her tits seemed to love themselves as well. No matter where she left it the cream kept finding its way back to their bedroom, and somehow it kept becoming that little bit emptier.

It became almost a game. She hid the bottle in different locations, all of them slightly further away than the previous. It took a few days to happen again but eventually she woke up one morning to find it out in the bathroom ready for use again.

And although it was subtle, slowly she felt her bras and tops clinging ever so slightly snuggler to her breasts. She didn't mind though, she was learning to live with the constant reminder of the weight.

She had stopped bumping into things, stopped catching them on doorways and dropping crumbs down her top. She had learnt to both live with and finally accept them.

The next day a different parcel came through the letter box. The specialty bra she had commissioned had arrived; something for Brian to get all excited about again. The J cup sling that somehow managed to be both practical, comfortable and supremely sexy.

She stripped in the kitchen, putting the mammoth bra on before heaving her pendulous breasts into the cups. It squeezed her tits together in a tight but loving embrace, the edges of the cups digging in at the top of her forearms. It was slight though, something she could live with.

There was a little bit of overspill but on reflection that would just entice Brian all the more.

If only this second bottle of cream hadn't arrived she was sure it would have fitted perfectly. As it was it was slightly tight but still acceptable, as long as it didn't get any worse.

So she retrieved the cream from her latest hiding place, popped it inside a carefully wrapped parcel, and posted it to herself.

She reasoned that a second class delivery would take a couple of days to get back to her. It would give her a night's grace, safe in the knowledge the bottle was out of reach, but most importantly on its way safely back to her.

Two days later it turned up on her front door. She slapped on a new label, drove it back down to the post office and sent it out again.

She felt a surge of pride as she handed the carefully wrapped parcel over.

This would work. For the time being she'd won.

She paused to examine herself in the mirror, plumping her breasts up with her hands to get a good view of them. She turned sideways, examining her profile, impressed that this bra gave her enough support to keep her assets up on her ribcage.

She wondered briefly if she should have some photographs taken again.

Brian had arranged for some a year ago, a professional shoot of both of them together and then just a few on her own. The trouble was she no longer recognised herself in them.

She'd been blonde and svelte, and although she wasn't exactly 'flat' she wasn't... what was the word? Top-heavy? Monstrous?

And if she did lose this fight with herself, if it did happen again, then she would have a memento of this moment. Because right now she looked at herself, and at her titanic breasts, and she was happy with what she saw.

Genuinely happy.

For them...

Sitting next to her Fred was putting on an impressive effort at not glancing discreetly down her top.

The two of them were perched behind an imposing desk, together making up the interview panel for the new accountancy post. He was the expert who could assess how the candidates could perform and judge whether their skillsets would fit into his team; she was just the representative from HR there to make sure he didn't hire the most attractive blonde who walked through those doors.

But as cynical as she was about the process she enjoyed these sessions.

Fred had a frank and wicked sense of humour and despite the impressive pile of CVs she had collated, some of the people they had already seen were absolutely shocking.

"I think you're scaring them off," Fred joked, glancing covertly down at the prominent mounds against her jacket. "When I invite them in they can't see just 'how' big you are behind that desk..."

She glanced acidly at him. This wasn't exactly something she wanted to talk over with him of all people. She had to find some way to ward him off without sounding rude. So she pouted; "Are you saying I look fat?"

"No..." he stammered slightly, scratching at his right ear. "It's just when you're sitting down all they can see is from your armpits up. It's hard to appreciate 'just' how well endowed you are for your size. The guys all seize up, either spending the whole interview drooling with their mouths open or don't dare even look at you. The girls on the other hand... Well that last one, she probably thought 'she' was well off until she met you. Envy is a terrible thing."

"It's all part of the interview process," Gina replied tartly. She pulled her pile of CVs together and collated them into a neat pile. "You don't want someone as shallow as that working for this company. When is the next one due?"

"I think we've got ten minutes," Fred glanced down at his wristwatch. "I was wondering Gina, since you 'are' HR, if you have a problem at work who do you go to?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because since your growth spurt... Well you know how the rumour mill works. At first everyone thought you had implants, now everyone thinks you've been struck by some sort of horrific disease. I've tried to keep my team in line but people's imaginations..."

She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

This man had a reputation when it came to women. And here he was, asking in what could possibly be the most tender way possible, if she was alright. He was actually 'attempting' to be chivalrous.

"You're saying people are calling me names behind my back?"

She honestly couldn't care less.

"Well let them. It doesn't bother me. I'm not an idiot, I know I can't hide these things, I just need to live with them and get on with it. Believe me I get worse on the streets."

"Worse?" he asked, interestedly.

She nodded, recalling one of the worst incidents yet.

About two weeks ago she had been out shopping with Brian. Her winter coat was too small to fasten up at the front so she'd worn it loose, with the twins holding her coat firmly open.

There had been a couple of Japanese tourists on the street. They'd been standing outside the mall, staring up at the building, digital camera already busily snapping away.

The old man, nearly bald but with a thick moustache, had turned around and spotted her coming towards him. Brian had gone on to one of the bookshops whilst she'd tried on some different skirts. He'd literally done a double take, then forcefully ribbed his wife in the ribs and gestured wildly at her.

The woman, short and podgy, had frozen on the spot whilst the old man shoved his camera into her arms.

Well she had no choice but to carry on as the old man raced towards her, an enormous smile on his face.

"Photo?" he'd asked enthusiastically. "Photo?"

Too shocked to reply she'd just blankly nodded. She had stopped walking, stood calmly next to the old man, and done her best to force a smile. The old woman had begun happily snapping away whilst her husband posed next to her tits.

After a few seconds and half a dozen photographs the old man had reached out and grabbed her right breast. Even through the bra, shirt and jumper she felt his nimble fingers give her a quick squeeze.

In an instant she felt heat rush through her body, up from her centre and out to her face and her chest. Oh god she was going to start blushing, she was going to turn bright red here in the shopping mall.

She slapped his hand away angrily, forcing an impression of rage onto her face even though inside she really wanted to swoon. It had been so sudden... So unexpected that she just didn't know what to do with the energy.

She'd planned on buying a new winter coat but instead had to make do with dragging Brian straight home and shagging him senseless. The Japanese couple had escaped with half a dozen photographs and a bruised hand.

"Mind your own business," she replied, settling back in the chair. There was no way she was going to start sharing stories like that with him. She liked him and she thought he was an alright guy, but he wasn't a friend...

But just remembering that encounter with the perverted old man, it was getting her hot and bothered. She glanced longingly at the clock on the wall. There was another two hours to go before they were done.

She had a feeling Brian would be getting lucky tonight.

He'd been getting lucky a lot recently.

Gina calmly ripped the inbound postage stamp off the parcel and attached a brand new one. She placed another sticker with the address over the old one and stuck it back on the shelf with a contented sigh.

She was winning the war.

She had spent a few weeks now coming to terms with what had happened. At first she hadn't believed Brian but she had slowly accepted it.

Some inner part of her wanted bigger breasts. And until she had overcome that inner urge she wouldn't be safe again. Not whilst this cream was still out there.

She ought to throw it away... But she couldn't. It was precious to her. The thought of permanently destroying the bottle made her sick. So all she could do was send it far, far away and hope for the best.

But she wasn't an idiot.

She knew this couldn't last forever. So she had a plan.

Brian was away for a weekend and she had arranged for some rather special company to visit her. He was due any minute, so before he arrived she had to take this down to the postal office and get it...

The doorbell rang. He was early... Bugger.

Then the doorbell rang again, and someone began pounding on the door.

"Gina," Terri shouted through the letterbox. "Gina, are you in?"

"Yes," Gina sighed, clutching the sealed parcel to her chest. She wasn't sure why her best friend was banging on her front door but she knew she didn't want her there.

She opened the door to find Gina holding a bottle of cream, a questioning look on her face.

Gina glanced down at the plastic bottle in her friend's hand and swallowed internally.

"This arrived at my house this morning," Terri said, holding the bottle up so Gina could see. "It had your name on it... Look, Gina, is there something you haven't told me about your tits?"

An hour later they were both sat in the lounge.

Gina wasn't sure if her friend was going to start laughing or run away screaming. If anything Terri looked confused more than anything else. She was listening intently but she didn't seem able to take her eyes off the bottle in her hands.

“So you think it’s real?” she asked for the third time, awe in her voice. “Tit cream that really, really works?”

“How else do you explain these?” Gina asked, pointing at her chest.

“And you think this plan of yours is going to work?” Terri asked, shuddering. “It’s a little extreme.”

“He’s due any second,” Gina replied with a nod. She wasn’t sure if she was relieved or ashamed to have told her story in full. She certainly hadn’t lost any weight from her chest doing it...

“It’s too late to cancel. I need to know if it’s true or not. I need to know if I really want this.”

“If you really want...” Terri shook the plastic bottles of cream thoughtfully. The one in her left hand was half empty, the one in her right full. The potential here was mind breaking... “And I thought I was a pervert. My god girl, you have issues.”

Graeme Atkinson was shorter than Gina had expected from the photographs.

His website had very few photographs of him standing next to anything, he was always in silhouette or on stage. In person though she was surprised to find a man no taller than she was, in fact shorter if she’d bothered with heels.

She’d spent a long time searching for someone she could trust. There were a lot of frauds and fakes out there but she’d done her research. She was convinced this man was the real deal.

“Where shall we do this?” she asked the moment he was inside the house. He hadn’t brought anything with him she noticed, if he was going to use anything other than his hands or his eyes he had his instruments hid in his suit. “Oh... A friend of mine has dropped in. Do you mind if she watches?”

“Anywhere will do,” he replied with a shrug. “And she’s welcome... If you’re sure you don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind,” Gina replied.

They went through to the kitchen, she took a seat by the table, and waited to see what Graeme would do. He reached into his pocket for a second, consulted his watch, and then turned towards her.

He knelt down on the floor before her, placing his head just a few centimetres from her own. He locked his eyes with hers. The two of them stared deeply into each other’s eyes, his glare slowly captivating hers.

He gently reached out, taking her head in his hands. He began to gently rock her head sideways, always moving his own face in time

with her motions. Gently, under his breath, he began to whisper a children's lullaby.

Seated on the far side of the kitchen Terri leant forwards, trying to see what he was doing. Graeme's forehead came closer and closer to Gina's until they were actually touching, he released his grip on her forehead and closed his eyes.

When he pulled away Gina remained exactly where she was, a perpetually vacant look on her face.

"And she's under," he said to himself more than anyone else.

Gina didn't respond.

"Do you have the camera?" he asked Terri, "She wanted a recording of this."

Gina watched as the two figures on the camera rocked back and forth.

Then the man released his hold on her head and slowly backed away, leaving her perched on the kitchen table with an empty look on her face. She was completely gone...

"Do you know your name?" Graeme on the video asked her.

She nodded slowly; "Gina Summerfield."

"Do you know where you are?"

She nodded again; "My kitchen."

Graeme smiled, it seemed to be working. He ran his hands through his hair and took a deep breath. He pulled an item down from the shelf and placed it on the table before her. "Do you know what this is Gina?"

"It's my ointment," Gina replied instantly. "It makes me feel good."

"Do you know what it does Gina?" he asked again, slower this time, gently sliding the cream towards her. "Do you know what it does to you?"

"It makes my breasts bigger," Gina replied, and although she sounded as blank as before a slight smile appeared on her face. "It makes them feel better."

"So you have been applying this to yourself?" Graeme asked, picking the bottle up and examining it himself. Gina nodded but did not reply aloud. "You've been making your breasts bigger deliberately?"

The woman on the screen nodded again.

"When did you last use it Gina?"

"Three weeks ago on Saturday," Gina replied calmly, the faint smile gone from her face in an instant.

“And if you could, you would use it again?” Graeme asked, folding his arms as he started pacing back and forth across the room. On the screen Gina remained seated where she was, seemingly oblivious.

“Yes,” she replied instantly. “I want to be bigger.” She paused for a second, then added; “I want to be better.”

“You were right,” Gina sobbed, head sunk between her hands. “This is fucked up.”

Terri, who had sat in muted silence through the whole ordeal, patted her best friend on the shoulder. It didn’t really seem like enough.

“I might be able to help,” Graeme said from the doorway.

It was the first thing he had said to her since bringing her out of the trance. After handing the tape over he had gone outside for a smoke, made a few phone calls on his mobile, and not returned until after she had watched the tape.

“I can put you under again,” he offered tentatively. “In the trance-state you are highly suggestible. A few choice commands and maybe...”

She stared morbidly at him. She didn’t like the idea, but then she didn’t like what was happening to her either. Any way to regain some control over herself... He was offering one and she’d be a fool not to take it.

“What do you think?” she asked Terri, who almost instantly looked away and shuddered. “Terri, what do you think?”

“I think I’m your best friend and I want what’s best for you,” Terri replied noncommittally.

She was being no help at all.

“Okay,” Gina decided for herself. “Do it.”

When she came around again she was sitting on the lounge sofa.

Gina was a little surprised to find both Graeme and Terri staring at her with wide expectant eyes. She was more than a little alarmed when she realised that she was currently topless, her giant breasts lolling around unsupported against her stomach.

She couldn’t feel that she wasn’t wearing any clothes, specifically, just that the leather sofa was cold against her skin.

“Spangles,” she muttered.

She wasn’t sure why she said it, the word just blurted out on its own. Graeme and Terri both breathed a sigh of relief; “It worked.”

"That was a trigger word," Graeme explained. He ruffled his hair in that sexy-over self conscious way some men do without realising it. "I told you to say it when you woke up. That way we know that our instructions got through to you. How do you feel?"

"Where are my clothes?" Gina asked, staring down at her breasts. They hung down her chest, overflowing her belly button, all the way down to her crotch. Both of her areolae were dark and round, her engorged nipples pointing downwards towards her legs.

She sat up straight and she felt her breasts lift off her stomach. They were at least slightly pert, and when she leant forwards they swung out over her legs. Although she couldn't feel any contact she felt perilously close to the fabric of her jeans, as if they might just brush against each other any second...

Graeme bit his teeth and sucked in a deep breath, looking all the more awkward every second.

"In the kitchen," Terri supplied helpfully. Gina glanced up at her and realised quickly that her best friend was enjoying this. What the hell had happened? "Don't worry... I made sure the curtains are closed. You don't need them. Not now..."

"Whu..."

"You won't apply the cream again," Graeme said slowly. He held a video tape in his hands, although he looked slightly reluctant to play it. "You don't need to worry about this happening again without you realising it. We made a deal."

"A deal?" Gina gasped. "What deal?"

"I have the cream," Terri announced from the far side of the room. "I'm the only one who can use it."

It took a few seconds for Gina to process this.

"You what? You've already put it on me... I'm... I'm growing again and it's all your fault? I don't need to get any larger. I'm... I'm..." She suddenly struggled with her words.

To any outside observer it might appear that she was going to sneeze. Certainly she tensed up, lifting her head upwards and sideways as if she was about to clear her throat noisily. But that wasn't it at all.

Her engorged nipples, now over a centimetre in length and poking proudly out of her pendulous breasts, had lightly brushed against her upper thighs. The touch, so light and brief that it almost didn't qualify as contact at all, had nearly sent her into an orgasm of its own.

"Oh god," she gasped when she could finally breathe again. Her back arched upwards, it was the only way she could lift the monstrosities on her chest well clear of her thighs. "Oh god that was strong."

"The cream also makes them more sensitive," Terri explained. "You explained it to us quite rationally, quite clearly. You wanted them bigger, and you wanted them more sensitive. Breasts are sexy, big breasts are sexier and humungous breasts are better than the lot. You always wanted them... You always have wanted bigger and better breasts than anyone else. You told us about your fantasy when you were a teenager..."

"That was years ago."

"It's never left you," Graeme replied. "So we negotiated."

"Show me the tape," Gina demanded. "What have you done to me?"

With the slow reluctance of an army general withdrawing his troops Graeme took the video camera to the television and plugged it in. It took a few seconds for an image to appear on the screen but when it did Gina nearly shrieked with rage.

She was lying on her back, sprawled across the kitchen table, naked from the waist up with her breasts spread like enormous Christmas Puddings across her chest. Gina was standing over the table, both hands greased up with the pale cream, slowly kneading her right breast.

Gina watched in horror as the Terri on the screen quickly worked the cream into her breasts, alternating between right and left, face screwed up in concentration and ill-concealed passion. She was speeding up her kneading, getting rougher and rougher with each tit, circling her tiny fingers around Gina's rock-hard nipples.

"Isn't this better?" Graeme demanded from the far side of the camera. He was watching the lesbian display with a slight look of shame, and more than a little arousal...

His right hand was in his pocket, quite deliberately holding his pants tight against his body to conceal whatever might be straining against the fabric.

"Isn't this better for you? I want you to admit that self-administration doesn't feel this good. I want you to agree that this is far better."

"This is better," the Gina on the kitchen table replied in little more than a whimper. Although she was in a trance her entire body was occasionally jerking in slow, sullen movements. "This is much better."

Terri paused for a second, glancing hopefully up at Graeme, and then resumed frantically rubbing away at Gina's left breast. With the cream almost entirely rubbed in she leant over, placing her face against the tit, and gently began nibbling away at it.

“So from now on Gina you are not to apply the cream to yourself any more. You need Terri to do that. You ‘need’ Terri to give you what you need. Do you understand?”

Gina nodded, although as her entire body was buckling it might have just been a reflex action. Terri had not stopped her relentless administrations. Graeme quickly walked over to the table and put his hand on Terri, motioning for her to stop.

“If you understand and agree I want you to do something for me Gina. I am going to wake you up in a few minutes. When you come around I want you to say a special word for me...”

Graeme turned off the camera. He looked hot and flustered, which was better than Terri who was nearly beetroot herself.

“I may have gotten a little carried away,” the lesbian admitted sheepishly. “But... I did it for your good. I did it...”

“How much did you use?” Gina demanded, still sitting arch back on the sofa. She watched tentatively as Terri pulled out an empty bottle. It was the one she had been fighting over for the last three weeks, posting back to herself every few days just to keep it out of the house.

She wanted to hate Terri, wanted to scream and shout, but actually she felt strangely pleased. Relieved even. She had been fighting with herself all this time over that stupid bottle and now it was empty there was no need for her to fight any longer.

She’d won... Or lost, depending on your point of view.

Either way, the bottle was gone, she didn’t need to worry about...

She felt something tingling in her chest. Oh shit... She hadn’t done growing yet. Terri had just emptied half a bottle of the cream into her in one go, more than she had ever used... If one bottle had originally ballooned her from a D cup to a J cup, how much farther would this second one take her?

She felt the skin covering her breasts, all of it (and there was a lot of it), tingling with the sensation. She wasn’t sure what the sensation was, as it wasn’t like anything else she could name, but it was there.

All of her breasts were warming up, a boiling heat rising inside her mammoth appendages. It wasn’t painful but neither was it exactly pleasant. It was almost as if her skin was stretching itself, straining to cover new ground.

Oh god, she hoped she wouldn’t develop stretch marks.

“Get me a mirror,” she demanded Graeme, who was stood staring at her with wide puppy dog eyes. If she had to tolerate the interloping git any longer she might as well get some use out of him. “Get me a mirror, I want to see this.”

“Gina...” Terri began but Gina shushed her quiet. She was sitting as still as possible, staring down her cleavage at the twins and... There it was.... She wasn’t sure if it was because she was moving even slightly or if it was evidence they were growing but...

It happened again. Her breasts twitched. It was just a tremor, a murmur, a movement so slight it was hardly noticeable but they moved outwards. They swelled. They grew.

Again and again, each swelling small but significant. The effect was cumulative and observable by the eye. Terri had noticed it and she was sat staring open mouthed as Gina’s tits pressed relentlessly outwards.

After a few seconds she grabbed the video camera from the television and pointed it towards Gina.

Graeme returned with a full length mirror from her bedroom, having carried it down the staircase. He put it up before her and then stood back, joining the two of them in open mouthed awe as the cream worked its magic.

Her breasts had started roughly the size of misshapen rugby balls, two pendulous objects attached to her body weighing her down. Now though they were slowly transforming themselves into something different.

Something ‘better’.

It was almost impossible to see each individual motion, Gina reckoned that she was increasing at a steady rate but as her breasts increased in volume the significance of the growth was slowing. But that didn’t mean it had stopped.

She placed her hands on top of her breasts, surprised at the way she had to twist her elbows to navigate around them. It was almost like a shelf was building itself on top her body.

Her skin was warm to the touch, and she gave a gentle squeeze just to see what they felt like. Soft, forgiving... She had to stop because her knickers were suddenly soaking wet from her own moisture.

She wondered if the others had noticed... Almost immediately she didn’t care. If they were looking down there then they were looking in the wrong place entirely.

If only Brian were here she’d have sent them both away by now. She didn’t need them she needed him and she needed him badly.

“Oh god,” she gasped, three minutes into the slow expansion. By this point her breasts had expanded to the size of large footballs. It was as if she was growing two enormous pods out of her body... Slouching forwards she could feel them on her thighs by now, not just brushing gently but actually resting there.

The tingling, burning, ecstasy hadn't faded though. If anything it was growing stronger all the time, the cream working its way through her, swelling her teats second by second.

She had probably surpassed the concept of bra sizes by now... She reached down to take her right breast in hand and experimentally lifted it up. It was heavy but she could hold it up above her thighs, push it up against her chest. She estimated it could reach out almost a foot in front of her with enough support.

"Let me hold that for you," Terri murmured from the far side of the room. Gina wasn't sure if her friend had meant to say it aloud or not, but she was past caring. She gestured for Terri to come over and take the breast from her.

"No cream this time," she let out with a sigh as Terri took the offered tit in both hands. Then she gestured for Graeme to come over, lifting the other pendulous monstrosity up and offering it to him.

He hovered for a second beside the mirror, abashed. She lifted the breast up again and he began to wilt, surrendering to the majesty of her breasts. He sauntered over and took it eagerly in both hands.

"Do as she does?" Gina commanded him, her final words before giving into her own circle of ecstasy. Graeme looked up at Terri expectantly, watching as the young woman held the titanic breast with one hand, holding it up and away from Gina's body so she could work on it with her left hand.

She was alternately rubbing and stroking the prominent breast, occasionally drawing it out to its full length and occasionally squashing it back up against Gina's chest. The breast itself moved around constantly, only precariously balanced in her petite hand, threatening to overflow at any and every moment, no matter how tightly she tried to hold onto it.

Each of themselves was slightly larger than a full grown cat, and the mewling coming from Gina's lips showed nothing but pure pleasure. Terri stroked and fondled it lovingly, enjoying watching Gina's eyes flutter in response to each motion.

Graeme was uncertain for a second but he soon joined in, using his stronger hands to more forcefully excite his client for the night. Gina herself was by now unaware of who was working on which tit. She had lost all sense of left and right, up and down, and just given in to wave after wave of orgasmic sensation emanating from her still expanding breasts.

This was what she had wanted all along. These breasts were capable of giving her just what she had always wanted; pure, unadulterated, bliss.

At some point Gina passed out.

Graeme noticed first, more from the fact the woman had stopped grunting instructions than anything else, and he had to prod Terri to bring the young woman back around. She had been enjoying this far too much...

"Is she still alive?" he asked worriedly.

Terri leant up over the enormous breast before her and over to check Gina's face. She was asleep, with a faded grin plastered over her face. It was the sleep of perfect contentment.

They left her sleeping on the sofa, hands cuddling her own breasts against her.



New Year

Gina smiled at Brian, hefting her weight backwards to bring as much of her massive breasts into shot as possible. Not that it would be an issue, they already concealed everything about her from her armpits down to her thighs.

He passed her phone back to her so she could examine the image. Sun, sky and sand, the perfect place to sun her new, tremendous breasts to welcome in the new year.

All she needed now was a resolution.

“You don’t think we should take some more?” she asked him, reaching out to take his hand. She had to stretch to get around her colossal bosom, but he didn’t seem to mind as she pulled him tighter and closer against her.

His hand snaked down, rubbing against the side of her breast. She purred softly as he worked his way along the sides of her breast, gently snuggling her chin against his shoulder and biting the skin around his neck.

His probing fingers reached her nipple and she had to suck in a deep breath, almost falling onto him for support. Shit that felt so good...

“Let’s go lie down,” she suggested, pointing at the towels they had left further up the beach. “And you can rub some sun cream into them. I don’t want these babies burning...”

“That would be painful,” he mused, his eyes lingering hungrily for a moment on her nipples. She reached down and gave his manhood a gentle tug, turning him around and leading him back to their towels. He followed her obediently, not even bothering to readjust his tented swim shorts.

It had been Brian’s surprise for her, the reason he had been working away from home so much in December was to pay for this. He’d gotten a commission from a musical artist who had struck big, designing the new cover of his album. Apparently the musician was so impressed by the cover that he’d taken him out for a drink on the town, and whilst they were alone together mentioned that he had a private villa in the sun that was going free for a few weeks.

She didn’t really care how he had arranged this. All she knew was that it was warm and pleasant and perfect.

He’d come home to give her the good news as a surprise, and been greeted by two even bigger ones waiting just for him. This week alone together would give them both time to reacquaint themselves with each other’s bodies.

And although he’d only had a few weeks to learn how to handle the twins, early signs were promising that Gina would live a life of bliss from now on. His every touch, his every motion as he caressed her unbelievable assets drove her into a form of breathless ecstasy.

And with her breasts finally stable at this size, due to get no larger or more sensitive, she was finally confident enough to just let go and enjoy the pleasures they could bring her.

Brian squeezed the sun lotion bottle, spraying out a fine mist of oily white liquid onto her breasts. It was cold, but pleasurable so beneath the boiling sunlight, and within seconds it had warmed to her body as he happily rubbed it in.

As he worked she did her best to ignore the tingling pleasure spreading across her body, the warmth flushing across her face or the growing wetness in her bikini bottom.

Instead she pulled out the camera phone, checked the photograph Brian had taken, and sent it to Terri along with the text; “Wish you were here.”

Terri, the guardian of the breast cream, who had brought Gina up to this current size in order to ensure she would grow no larger, was back home. She had taken the bottle of magic cream with her, with a devious glint in her eye, and said no more on the subject since that embarrassing night of pleasure.

Gina had sent an email to her colleagues the next day, informing them that her ‘condition’ had worsened overnight. She didn’t bother

going into specifics, her sudden breast growth over the last four months was common office gossip. As a prominent member of the Human Resources team there wasn't really anyone in the company who didn't at least know of her.

Her bosses, sensitive to her need for privacy, had declined to comment on the subject aside from promising her that if she had any specific needs or requirements they would be happy to oblige.

So since that last night of growth she hadn't bothered going to work. She had gone to have her breasts examined by the doctor again, refused once again the offer of a reduction, and gone home satisfied that her breasts were safe.

As long as she could talk, breath and walk normally she wouldn't let them interfere with her daily life. Her only problem was escaping the glares of everyone else around her, so the best solution was to stay away from work.

As the doctors were still completely mystified about what had happened they signed all her medical forms without hesitation, urging her to keep detailed records of what was happening.

She had been keeping records, but they were so private and personal that she had no intention of sharing them with anyone. Except maybe Brian, if he ever needed an incentive once in a while...

The picture sent she lay back, letting out a deep sigh as Brian finished applying the oil to her breasts. To ensure he had covered all of her thoroughly he had gone back and reapplied another layer to her, kneading it in as well as he could.

She rolled over, reaching for the bottle so she could have a turn applying the lotion to him. It wasn't fair if he had all the fun.

He obediently laid down on his front and she had climbed over him, legs astride his, arms outstretched working on his skin. Her pendulous breasts hanging from her chest, wobbling with each one of her motions, so large now that her nipples were actually resting on his back.

"The lotion needs fifteen minutes to absorb into your skin," she said as she massaged the oil into his back. "Then I want to go swimming... We need to see how well these babies float."

They emerged from the ocean with sheets of water raining down from their naked bodies. He had gone in wearing swim shorts but they'd somehow mislaid them during their swim in the warm water.

She was glad that the beach really was private as anyone watching would have had quite an eyeful. Not just her mountainous breasts,

drifting through the water like torpedoes, but some strange rutting dance as they both lifted each other's bodies out of the water and onto the soft sand in the shallows.

All the breast play he had given her earlier, all the buildup, had just made her body all the more eager for him. She had taken his manhood in a screaming orgasm the like of which she'd never had before, but it was a form of release that he built her up to and refused to let her down from for five whole minutes of bliss.

Now she felt broken and wilted and all she wanted to do was fall asleep with him curled up against her body.

They flopped exhausted back onto their towels, sand plastering itself to their skin in awkward places.

As they lay there, sweating and dreaming, she realised that it was the first time she and Brian hadn't used protection. She didn't mind, already she was wondering if this was the time...

It was, after all, a thoroughly natural way to get her breasts bigger after all.

And if the twins did bloat with milk who knew how big they might get. She smiled, imagining Brian sucking greedily on her engorged nipples and actually getting something out of them in return.

"What are you thinking about?"

Brian was watching her. He sat upright, smiling contentedly down at her, and obviously he had noticed the faraway look in her eyes.

"Nothing," she lied, pulling him down towards her. He nestled happily against her right tit, now a full sized pillow for his head. "Just hold me and keep quiet. Everything is just perfect as it is."

She pulled on a homemade bra, squeezed herself into a makeshift dress, and that evening they went out for dinner together.

Although she had no qualms walking down to the beach topless, in fact she enjoyed the experience... The sun on her body, the wind across her breasts, the constant attention from Brian as he struggled to keep his eyes off her...

But she had learnt to make do dressing for polite society. She had started wearing clothes designed for women four times her size, modifying them herself to tuck them in around her waist. She'd found that maternity dresses were her best options if she wanted to look even remotely stylish.

The homemade bra was something different though, and she needed Brian's help for that. She simply took a cloth, one of several long thin sheets she had cut specially, and wrapped it around her breasts.

Then, pushing them up and against her ribcage she had Brian pull the material taught as he wrapped it around her like a bandage. Essentially she was binding her breasts to her body, tying the material off at the end.

It didn't look all that bad actually, half way between a bra and a tube top. In warmer climes she could see herself heading out wearing just the bra and nothing else on top. Only if she did suffer a wardrobe malfunction it wouldn't be 'just' a nipple slip, it would be pretty catastrophic.

So, holding Brian's hand, they stepped out of their taxi and into the restaurant. Him with a beaming smile on his face, her with the minimum of wobble as her enormous mammaries advanced before her.

If the waiters were bemused by what they saw they didn't show it. This place considered itself a high class establishment, and it was more than the waiter's jobs were worth to ogle.

She got less respect from the other clients. All over the shop men and women were turning away from their meals to gawk. She didn't mind it, a little bit of attention was demanded after all. As long as they kept their distance they could look as much as they liked.

Brian had booked a window table, meaning that she was positioned not just in sight of the restaurant but in sight of the street. Time after time pedestrians outside glanced in momentarily, then stopped and looked again a few minutes later as though they didn't believe what they had seen.

And this was with her beauties contained. She felt an urge to pull her top down, grab the end of her makeshift bra and unravel the whole thing. She'd let her puppies free and give them something to really see.

Well, she'd like to do that... Only she was Brian's. He had exclusive access to her intimate areas. He was all she needed to feel complete.

And she was content with what she was. In fact she felt sorry for most other so called normal women. They 'had' breasts. Well Gina didn't just have breasts; she was with two of them as a part of her life.

If anything she had turned herself into a life support machine, something to keep breathing and keep the blood going around these marvellous things. And as long as they continued to give her, and Brian, as much pleasure in return as they had until now she was content to be that.

They ate, and talked, and at some course over the meal a bottle of champagne arrived at their table. She glanced down into the glass and saw something metallic twinkling up at her.

And Brian was on his knees, before her, gazing up past her enormous breasts up at her face. There was a look in his eye, something beyond the simple lust she'd grown accustomed to these last few weeks.

Two very drunk people stumbled from the dancefloor and into chairs at the side of the bar.

She'd moved like she'd never moved before, her chest swaying and bobbing with its own beat in time to the music. Brian moved almost in time with them, arms around her back, his body pressed up against her breasts, causing them to compress and swell sideways.

When they held each other close and moved as one to the time of the music she could have gone to heaven there and then. She lost herself to the music, letting him lead her movements as she revelled in the beat and the sensations running up and down her body.

But now she was exhausted. It was heavy work just carrying the twins around, never mind forcing them to bounce and sway so much. She sat on her own, waiting whilst her husband to be went to the bar to get them some water.

"Are those real?"

She glanced sideways to see a strange man smiling at her. He was young, dressed in hip trendy clothes and wearing shades even though he was in a nightclub.

He tipped down his sunglasses, pointing downwards to make it clear what he was asking.

If she hadn't been drunk Gina might have been annoyed by such a direct question but she was happy and willing to play along. She nodded.

"Seriously? You haven't had any implants?"

"I grew them myself," she replied proudly. He froze, leaning forwards, his face slowly and unconsciously being drawn towards her cleavage, as if they possessed some gravity of their own. "And my husband is at the bar getting drinks. You'd better scam before he gets back."

The young man fled in an instant and she watched him go, revelling in the power she wielded. She sat there, waiting patiently for Brian to come back with her drinks. God she was thirsty...

Her phone beeped.

Fishing it out of her handbag she tried to read the blurry screen. It was so bright inside the dark room, and she was tired and drunk and there was loud music pounding inside her head.

She hazily registered that it was from Terri... It was a text message with a picture attached. All Gina could see in the photo were two enormous orbs... Literally enormous, as in they filled over half of the photograph.

And there were what looked like legs at the centre of the photo, and a face that looked as though it was far, far away in the distance...

Hey Gina and your two even sexier friends...

Bad news. But we never agreed to be faithful.





PERFECT BODIES™

By Soltac

‘Every woman deserves a body that can be worshipped.’

Katy read the promotional flyer, cynically considering the fantastic promises that PERFECT BODIES™ were making. Half of her wanted to turn away in disgust, sure that she was wasting her time here, but on the other hand if even half of what they promised was true...

She had known what she wanted since she was sixteen years old, and found her older brother's hiding place on the family computer. Big bulging women with heaving bosoms, that's what she had found. Women who commanded respect. Women who commanded the respect of every man they encountered.

And Katy, reasonably pretty though she was, would not be happy until she could fit a man's face comfortably between her breasts.

And so, armed with a singular vision in mind, she had handed over her credit card and embraced this strange organisation who 'claimed' they could give her exactly what she wanted.

The elevator chimed merrily, announcing that they had arrived on the second floor of the building, causing the receptionist to glance up from behind her desk. She was a tall woman who didn't even have to crane her neck to peer over her computer and smile at their newest arrival.

Katy did her best to smile back, cautiously making her way towards the reception desk, glancing nervously around her at the plush trimmings. Every surface was varnished wood or clouded glass, and there were paintings hung on the walls in a variety of different styles; abstract, cubist, chalk portraits, every one a depiction of the female body in some form.

Katy placed her handbag on the reception desk and began to search for her appointment. As always she was carrying far too many things and had to dig around for the crumpled piece of paper.

The receptionist, who had the name badge Janet pinned to her shirt, pressed two buttons on the computer and took the lead: "Katy Tanya Green?"

"Yes," Katy nodded. "I've an appointment."

"I know," Janet replied with slight sarcasm. She glanced over her shoulder down the corridor to the right. Across the tiled floor there were several doors leading to different rooms; "Is this your first visit?"

Katy nodded mutely.

"Then I'll take you to Terri myself," Janet replied, and pushed her chair back from behind the desk. The wheeled roller travelled backwards an unusually large distance before the receptionist started to stand, and when she did Katy nearly let out a gasp of surprise.

It was like watching this enormous woman unfold. The chair had been lowered to its shortest position, with the woman's legs curled up beneath the desk. Standing she rose up to at least seven feet in height, literally looming over Katy like some kind of behemoth.

As Janet walked around the desk, smiling as she watched Katy take her enormity in, her prominent breasts cruised forwards like missiles towards her, eventually taking up most of her vision.

Behind the desk Janet had looked tall, but Katy would have never remotely guessed 'how' tall.

"The staff get discount service," the receptionist explained, doing a small pose so Katy could take in her enormous form. Although she was tall, unfeasibly tall for a woman, she was still a model of femininity. She was curvy, with prominent breasts and a plump ass, but she wasn't remotely fat. "Seven feet two inches. The tallest women in the world have another half a foot on me, I didn't want to risk getting in any record books when technically I cheated."

"Wow," was all Katy could say. Any lingering doubts about what PERFECT BODIES™ offered gone in a moment. If it weren't for her size this woman would still have been the absolute model of perfection; skin, teeth, hair...

She glanced down at her own flat chest and suddenly felt strangely unambitious.

Janet led her to a door half way down the corridor, knocked smartly on it three times, and then pointed to a seat for Katy. She took it, and smiled up at Janet who now loomed over her like some kind of goddess.

She glanced around the room and spotted a framed picture hanging against the opposite wall. It was a chalk picture of a woman's midsection and face side on to the portrait, her mid stretch.

However it took a few seconds for Katy to spot the woman was rising out of the floor, her head forcing its way through the ceiling. Around her were the tiny artifacts of the flat she was passing through, a tiny man staring at her in shock as she carried on her journey upwards and outwards.

"That's my favourite portrait," Janet said, noticing what Katy was examining. She smiled down at Katy with brilliantly white teeth; "Well, good luck."

Katy smiled back, still slightly in awe of the giantess.

And the office door slid open gently, revealing yet another woman behind it. This one's eyes were at Katy's level, the woman of a normal height, and so it took Katy a few seconds to notice everything else.

Although Terri had stepped back away from the door to let her through, Katy still had to squeeze past a prominent bulge. Terri's stomach was swollen. She was at least nine months pregnant, looking ready to pop at any second.

"Katy Green?" she asked smiling, patting her stomach proudly. She offered her hand which Katy took, staring down at the stretched shirt, buttons straining against the swollen stomach. "I am Terri Wiseman, founder of PERFECT BODIES™."

Around the belly Terri was actually quite a fit, lithe young woman who still had some freedom of movement. Once Katy was inside she closed the door and made her way back to the desk with considerable ease, hesitating only as she had to lower her prominent belly down to the desk.

"So, what can we do for you?" Terri asked.

Katy handed her appointment form over mutely, letting Terri read her requests for herself. It wasn't that she was normally shy, it was just the spectacle of a full blown giantess followed by this had her a little shocked.

"That's a fairly standard request," Terri nodded politely, glancing up at Katy's flat chest with sympathy. "Who doesn't want huge boobs? When we started this company everything was about the breasts, it's only recently we've expanded out into everything else."

"I just want men to notice me," Katy replied firmly. She sat up straighter, craning her neck to peer down at her shirt. The 'slight' bulge beneath it was created almost entirely by her bra, which truth be told didn't need to be there at all. "I'm fed up of being passed over for the blonde bimbo with the tits. I just want that attention for myself."

Terri nodded astutely. "You'll be happy to hear it is the cheapest service we offer."

"And how much is that?" Katy asked.

Terri told her.

Although her first response was shock, Katy thought about it for a few seconds, and nodded. It was more expensive than most implants but what PERFECT BODIES™ were offering wasn't implants. All her life Katy had hated hospitals, so she never would have elected for surgery, but this....

"Our selling point isn't just the procedure itself," Terri explained, turning around her computer screen to reveal a ready made promotional slide. "We are all about the after service, helping you to adjust to your needs. We offer our customers contacts in the clothing industry who can see to any special



needs, clear advice for gym workouts and other therapy sessions. And any procedure we do is at least fifty percent reversible without surgery within two years, all carried out at no cost to yourself.”

Katy nodded along to the spiel of information.

She was already imagining herself two months from now.

When everything was done, and Katy had signed all the paperwork, Terri struggled back to her feet and helped her around the office. “So all we need is a thorough medical check. As long as our doctors are happy you are in good health we can start the procedure whenever you want.”

“Thank you,” Katy smiled, watching Terri’s prominent stomach rise up and down as she walked to the door. “When is the baby due?”

Terri laughed, glancing down at her stomach and placing both hands on the top of the bulge.

“I’m not pregnant dear,” she replied. “There is no baby... You have to understand the reason I started this is because I love the female body. What could be more feminine than this? I’ve been nine months pregnant for three months now.”

Katy, who had just been getting used to the idea, boggled.

“Aren’t you uncomfortable?”

“Well as I’m not really pregnant I’ve not had to go through all the awkward side effects like morning sickness or swollen ankles. Lactation we can do though, if you’re interested, there’s no better feeling than having someone latch on and...”

“No thank you,” Katy replied hurriedly. “I know what I want.”

“Smart woman,” Terri nodded. “I’ll see you after your medical then.”

Two weeks later Katy was back on the second floor of PERFECT BODIES™.

Janet led her not down the corridor to the right, but down the corridor on the left behind the reception desk. Janet gave her an encouraging smile, depositing her on a comfortable chair facing a cubist portrait of a woman breastfeeding a child.

A woman came through the door, a plump lady with enormous breasts and wide hips that brushed against the side of the door as she came through. Despite her generous curves though Katy could make out no layers of fat in her face, no unsightly curves of skin layering over itself for no reason. Every pound of the generous flesh this woman possessed was in use, padding out her womanly features to the extreme.

“Katy?” the woman asked, glancing down at her clipboard. “Katy Green?”

“Yes,” Katy nodded. “I’m ready.”

“Well strip down,” the woman replied, stepping back and allowing her client into the room. Her breasts bounced proudly with each step, her entire body wobbling with pride. She gestured towards a rack she could leave her clothes on; “I take it Terri has already explained the whole procedure to you.”

Katy nodded, pausing for a moment before unclipping her bra.

She felt uncomfortably exposed before this bountiful woman, who possessed such generous proportions. It was almost as if she was showing off that she had everything Katy did not.

“You have beautiful pale skin,” the woman replied, pointing towards the chair where the procedure would be performed. “Large breasts will suit you... Did you ask Terri about your nipples? We have an endless supply of options.”

“Well,” Katy replied, nonplussed.

“How puffy do you want them? How long when erect? We can even invert them if you want... With the size you’re going for we could have areolae anywhere from their current size to full dinner plates...” The woman took a seat at the end of the room, sitting before a small computer where she could initiate the procedure. “Well it’s the last thing you need to decide so you’ve plenty of time to think about it.”

“It’s cold in here,” Katy said, perched on the chair.

“You’ll warm up when we start,” the woman assured her. She travelled from the computer to a small cupboard, her body jiggling with each step, and took out two bottles of oils and creams. “The first step to prepare you is to rub in these over your breasts. The cream will stimulate growth, and the oil will loosen and enrich the skin to ensure you get no stretch marks.”

“Good,” Katy tensed herself, ready for the coldness of the oils. As expected the woman’s hands were freezing, and it took almost all of her effort to hold herself still and endure the touch.

“Then the process itself will take at least an hour. If I could ask you to stay on the chair whilst I control the magnetic radiation we will subject you to. If you do need to get up in an emergency press the red button and we will stop. You don’t have to keep your eyes closed but please try and avoid looking directly into the light.”

Once again Katy nodded mutely.

All the time she was speaking the attendant was forcefully rubbing cream into her breasts. When it was finally all in the woman went over to a sink, washed her hands clean, and took her leave.

It took a full fifteen minutes before Katy felt anything happen.

Of course she wasn’t aware of this. She felt as though she had been sitting there for an hour, looking at (but never directly into) a red beam of light shining down on her from the centre of the room.

Slowly she felt a warmth in her skin, a tingling sensation running over the surface of her breasts. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the warmth as it penetrated deeper and deeper into her.

It took a long time as the gentle warmth turned into a slow boiling heat, coming now not from the surface of her skin but from the insides of her breasts coming out. She reached down with her fingers to probe at the small mounds on her chest and flinched in pain; they were boiling.

And then she felt them increase.

She didn’t notice them grow, it was definitely too small to be noticeable, but she suddenly realised with elated certainty that she was bigger. That she was more than she had been.

She shuffled around in the chair, trying to see if she could feel the weight on her chest. Everything felt the same, felt normal, but she knew. She ‘knew’.

Ten minutes later and it was noticeable to the eye. She glanced down and saw her breasts, actual proper breasts now at last, sitting proudly on top of her rib cage.

She could have cried for joy but there was no-one there to see or share them with.

She wanted to reach down and hold them, and feel them, but Terri had made it quite clear in her explanation of the process that she should resist this. At least until the procedure had finished.

Interfering with the light beam would slow the process.

And so she just sat there, wishing she had a mirror so she could watch herself more easily.

After a few minutes she tried an experimental wiggle, turning her shoulders left and right and enjoying the sensation as ‘something’ bobbed against her ribcage. There was a definite weight there, something with some definite motion independent of her body.

She’d never had that feeling before. It was... strange... Kind of fun but also kind of distracting. With the right bra she was sure that she’d get used to it.

“Oh, congratulations,” a familiar voice cooed from the far side of the room.

Katy turned around in the chair and spotted Terri walking towards her, a vivacious grin on her face as they both took in her new breasts.

Terri paused, just out of the light beam, and hefted her own breasts up for comparison. They were large and milk swollen, round and firm dirigibles riding high on her podgy stomach.

“I’d say you were a large C cup,” Terri decided, eyeing Katy’s pair with lust. “We need to get you at least as far as an F, if not further. Not too long ago I would have thought that was enormous...”

“Are you meant to be here?” Katy asked.

“Dear, I own the company, I can be wherever I want to be,” Terri replied with a small laugh. “Why? Do you want me to go? I always like to check my clients are happy with what they’re getting.”

Happy.

She wasn’t happy. She was beyond the concept of happiness, this was something else entirely. The sensation of her breasts pushing outwards, expanding, stretching, it was sublime.

The things she could do with them. The men she could catch with them.

She sat up, rising out of the chair, and felt the new weight against her chest as her breasts sagged down against her ribcage for the first time. She couldn’t tell from her perspective but they felt tall and proud...

The new her had arrived...



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