

Judy Wall: Ascension

Bud ambled down the stairs, the soft thud of his footsteps muffled by the padded treads on the steps. The house was still wrapped in that hazy, half-lit glow of dawn, the kind of light that made everything feel a little softer, a little slower. He rubbed the sleep from his eyes, stretched his arms above his head, and turned the corner into the kitchen. And there she was.

Judy Wall, his lovely partner, sleeping peacefully.

She hung suspended in her custom-made hammock, her body weightless, her reddish-brown hair spilling across her shoulders and spreading every which way; the unbrushed mane of a heavy sleeper. Her eyes were closed, her lips slightly parted, her back rising and falling with the rhythm of deep sleep. Bud stopped dead in his tracks, his breath catching for just a moment. Even after all these years, the sight of her never failed to knock the air out of him. She was beautiful, that had been the case since the first time Bud had laid eyes upon her.

In front of her rose the massive forms of her breasts. They reached all the way to the ceiling, forming a barrier that took up the entire side of the house, and spread beyond it, into the backyard. Most of her body was outside, in fact, out of sight. Her boobs were impossibly huge, a miracle of biology that had long baffled scientists. To Bud though, they were something to marvel at, to glorify. True, it had been his invention that had allowed Judy's breasts to grow so large, but never in his wildest dreams had he imagined that she'd ever want to be this big. To his amazement, though, her appetite for breast growth had exceeded even his own fantasies.

She slept curled up, suspended in mid-air by the hammock, with a pillow between her and her boobs. An odd thought stuck Bud as he watched her sleep for a time - the hammock almost worked like a reverse bra, holding up Judy relative to her breasts rather than the other way around. He smiled and shook his head at the comparison. Something to tell Judy about later - she would love hearing that.

Bud stood there for what felt like an eternity, just watching her. He couldn't help it. She was such a mesmerizing sight to behold. But eventually, reluctantly, he tore his gaze away and tiptoed into the kitchen to start the coffee. The rich aroma of coffee beans filled Bud's nostrils as he filled the machine with water, and scooped the grounds into the filter. Despite his attempt to keep from

waking Judy, the smell of coffee must have reached her nose, for as soon as he pressed the button to start the coffee brewing, he heard her begin to stir.

Chapter 1: Breakfast in Bed

Judy woke up, yawning and stretching, her arms poking out of her hammock. The smell of coffee filled her senses, and she glanced over at the kitchen counter to see Bud leaning against it, watching her. "Mmmmm, good morning, honey," she said sleepily, poking her feet out of her blankets and wiggling her toes.

"Good morning, my breast goddess," he said cheerfully. Judy smiled at the silly title he sometimes praised her with. It was a long-running inside joke that she saw herself as a goddess of breasts, and Bud had been all too eager to play along with the idea. She didn't like when he did it too often – a woman has to keep herself modest, after all – but every now and then, it was endearing for him to address her as such.

Judy remained snug in her warm hammock while the coffee percolated. Every now and then she would glance behind her to see what Bud was doing - it looked like he was working on a more complicated breakfast than normal. "Whatcha makin'?" she asked, watching him go to a cabinet to fetch more ingredients.

"French toast," said Bud merrily, holding up a bag of powdered sugar.

"Ooooh, yum!" she said excitedly. After a few minutes, Bud came over with a steaming hot cup of coffee. She extracted herself from her hammock, yawning as she stretched her legs from the fetal position they'd been in for most of the night. As she stood, Bud slid the hammock aside (it was attached to a rope that hooked into a track on the ceiling, and could be moved against the wall for storage until Judy went to bed).

Judy gratefully accepted the coffee from Bud - made just the way she liked it – as well as a kiss from her darling partner. She savored the strong aroma before taking a sip, then reached behind her for the book she'd left on the counter before going to bed. Nestling it in her cleavage in front

of her, she drank her coffee while she read another chapter, waiting for Bud to finish making breakfast. One advantage of having her cleavage right in front of her face was that it could be used to hold all manner of things. Right now, it functioned as an impromptu bookshelf, one of Judy's favorite ways to use her boobs.

The smells in the kitchen became hard to ignore, as Bud worked his magic at the stovetop. Bud had always been an excellent cook. Judy had been no slouch in the kitchen either – though, once her breasts had grown past a certain point, attempting to prepare food had become more trouble than it was worth. Bud took the opportunity to become an even better chef, now holding the primary responsibility for meal preparation. His skill at cooking had increased substantially since they'd first met, and Judy looked forward to every meal he created.

There was nothing quite like the enticing smell of a buttery, sugary breakfast in the morning, and Judy felt her stomach rumble in anticipation. She coached herself to patience, though, focusing on her book and savoring the coffee.

A while later, Judy heard Bud approaching, and he pulled out the table that extended from the counter-top, which allowed them to eat together. He set out plates and napkins, then came bustling over with a steaming platter of French toast, dusted with powdered sugar. Judy felt herself salivating as she looked at the spread laid out to her side, and she set the book back on the counter behind her as Bud made a plate for her. He put a heaping serving of the toast on her plate, slathered it with butter, and cut it up, before handing it to Judy.

She took the plate, then chuckled as she realized she'd gotten ahead of herself. "Oh. Whoops," said Bud sheepishly as he realized the same thing – they'd forgotten her tray. She handed the plate back to him, before reaching behind herself again, this time down below the counter, to where she had her custom-built chest table. Bud had made it out of wood in his workshop, expertly shaping the contours so that it'd sit like a shelf in front of Judy. "Here, let me -" he said, putting Judy's plate down and moving to help.

"No, no, I've got it," Judy said as she took the chest table out. She knew Bud had to help her with a lot of things in her life. But when she could, she liked to do some things herself. She lifted the table up over her head, carefully swinging down the extending legs on either side of her, then nestled the slightly rounded edges against her breasts. They fit her curvature perfectly, not

leaving even an inch of space for food to fall down. The modest platform sat below her chin, allowing Judy to rest a plate, some silverware, and a cup upon it while she ate.

Bud handed her the plate of French toast again, along with the bottle of maple syrup. She drizzled a liberal amount over the stack of toast, then eagerly dug in.

"Mmmmm," she moaned orgasmically as she stuffed her face with the warm, sweet bread. It had been some time since Bud had made French toast, and it was everything she'd been looking forward to as soon as he mentioned it. Judy always had a strong appetite, especially since her breasts had grown bigger than the rest of her body. There was a lot of her to supply with calories, and just about everything she ate went straight to her boobs. The rest of her figure remained slim and trim as always, saving her ass, which had a luscious plumpness to it. Sometimes, she thought she found herself gaining a little weight elsewhere, which led her to start an exercise regimen.

Still, she ate the French toast without considering the calories involved. Bud had made them, they were delicious, and she was going to eat until she was full. Dealing with any consequences could come later. "This is so good, Bud," she said with her mouth full, washing the bite down with a sip of coffee.

"Thanks, honey," he said, digging into his own modest plate of syrupy toast. He was a rather lean man, and rarely had much of an appetite. But he always loved watching Judy eat, especially when she gorged herself like this. The fact that she could eat so much while maintaining such a trim figure never ceased to amaze him. And the fact that her boobs required so much energy to maintain was something that he found exciting. Even now, her body was converting the calories into fuel for her bus-sized breasts, sticking out of the kitchen into the backyard.

Bud felt himself getting hard in his pajamas as he glanced out the glass door at Judy's gargantuan breasts extending onto the patio. They were covered by a massive blanket fastened down to the ground around all sides. The huge piece of cloth was in fact many blankets expertly stitched together, though all were the same navy blue color. Overall, it was large enough to fit a modest circus underneath it. But the whole blanket was dedicated to covering Judy's bust during the night. Many of the features of their custom-built home had been designed with Judy in mind, but she was too big to be encompassed fully indoors. The ceilings simply weren't tall enough.

Meanwhile, Judy's plate was almost empty, so Bud stood up and got her another heaping helping. While she worked on that stack of toast, Bud attended to his own plate across the counter from her. The couple ate their breakfast in blissful silence, enjoying each other's company as they savored their food. After a time, Judy finished her second plate and sighed in satisfaction. "Mmmmm, so good," she said contentedly, leaning back and resting her elbows on the counter. The chest table shifted with her, the legs swinging on their hinges as designed.

Chapter 2: Morning Delight

As she leaned against the counter, Judy stuck her toes under the bottoms of her breasts, reveling in the warmth within the pocket she made beneath them. The wall of flesh that extended from the floor to the ceiling blocked the entire front of her vision, but Judy was used to it by now. She'd been with Bud for over five years, and it had been only a short time after meeting him that she'd completely lost sight of the ground in front of her. Not too long after that, her breasts had grown so big that she'd become all but immobilized, unable to leave the house without considerable assistance. But Judy didn't mind. In fact, she found it sexy. The idea that her massive breasts, the ultimate representation of her femininity, had swelled so large that her entire life had to be redesigned around accommodating them – Judy loved it. A day never went by that she didn't marvel at her size, and thank her lucky stars that she'd met Bud McCullough.

Her incredible growth saga had all been thanks to meeting Bud, after all. The device he'd developed entirely on his own, using his extensive knowledge of biomechanics and engineering, was able to cause rapid breast growth in any woman. Simply by applying an electrical shock to their nipples, a woman's breasts would start growing at a constant rate. Another shock with the opposite charge had to be applied in order to get them to stop growing. The first time Judy had used it, a power outage stopped Bud from being able to apply the cancelling charge, resulting in a continuous growth spurt that ended up with Judy's breasts far larger than either of them had planned for. But to the surprise of both of them, Judy didn't mind being so massive. And in fact, the episode had awakened something in her: a hunger to make her breasts grow bigger and bigger endlessly, to have boobs that defied description.

Judy had achieved that goal a long time ago. Her breasts were now medical marvels, each easily the size of a city bus, and yet they caused no issues for Judy aside from their weight keeping her stationary. Unless she had mechanical assistance - something which Bud used his engineering knowledge to provide whenever possible - she was rooted to the spot. A different person might be uncomfortable with such a handicap. Such a person might regret making themselves grow so big

as to require help from others in order to live her life. But to Judy, the inconvenience was part of what she loved about it. Her breasts had made her rely on Bud and others in her life, which made her feel closer to them. She didn't mind where her boob-lust had gotten her. No, if anything, she still felt the urge to grow even more.

"Mmmmm," she moaned again, rubbing her belly. "I'm stuffed." She glanced over to the side at Bud pushing around his last piece of French toast around on his plate. "I can feel it all going straight to my boobs," she said, looking up at the twin walls of flesh rising above her. "Even right now, they're growing bigger."

It was true, technically. The calories she'd just eaten were going to her breasts. Not at a rate that would be noticeable, not at the size she was now. But Judy enjoyed playing up how fast the growth was happening. She loved the idea of growing bigger, and she knew Bud loved it too. So, when she decided to role-play as though she was expanding, Bud was always willing to join in the scene.

"Oh yeah?" said Bud, grinning as he looked up from his plate. The game was afoot.

"Yeah....," Judy said sensually, closing her eyes and tilting her head back. Her auburn hair pooled on the kitchen counter behind her as she took a deep breath. "I can *feeeeel* them *growing*, Bud," she said. As she closed her eyes, she imagined her boobs growing for real. She cast her mind out to the farthest nerve endings of her breasts, somewhere out in the backyard, covered by the blanket. The morning dew had made it somewhat damp, and she felt her massive nipples become erect underneath the fabric, the dampness becoming more noticeable against them. Judy imagined the calories from her meal spreading out into her boobs, filling them out further. In her mind's eye she pictured the blanket that covered them slowly being lifted by the swelling masses, the edges of it rising up off the ground as her breasts grew bigger.

A smile crept onto Judy's face as she indulged her fantasy, and she sighed. Eyes still closed, she heard Bud moving to her side, and knew that he was cleaning up his plate and sliding the table back into the counter. A few moments later, she felt him grab the wooden tray and lift it off her chest. "Since you're growing again," he said, "best to get this out of the way." She opened her eyes and watched him swing the legs up to collapse the tray table down so he could store it underneath the counter. As he stood back up, Judy glanced down and saw that Bud's pajama pants were tented with an obvious bulge.

Judy bit her lip, feeling a wetness in her nether regions as she prepared for what was coming. "Yeah... we better make some space..." she said sensually, standing up straight. "I'm still a growing girl, after all."

She helped Bud move the table out of the way, and stripped off her pajama bottoms. Bud removed his own clothes, and with practiced ease, slipped into the space between Judy and the counter, so he could enter her. Judy arched her back and gasped as she felt him push inside her. She pressed her hands against her massive breasts, leaning into their warm softness while Bud began to pound rhythmically. With each thrust, she imagined her boobs growing bigger and bigger. She sighed contentedly as she let her imagination run wild, embracing her boobs and picturing them swelling outward, filling the whole backyard, and pushing beyond. With such thoughts racing through her head, and the pleasure of Bud's touch, it wasn't long before she climaxed.

The couple kept going for some time, until both were satisfied.

A little while later, after they'd caught their breath, and cuddled a bit, Bud pushed against her breasts to extricate himself from her, and slid out from behind. "That was amazing," he said, and gave her a kiss before stepping away.

"Mmmm," Judy agreed, looking to the side at Bud as she rested against her breasts. "Great way to start the morning."

Bud collected his clothes from the heap on the floor, and glanced at the clock on the wall. "Looks like we have about an hour before Gwen shows up," he said. "I'm gonna go take a shower. Do you need anything?"

Judy shook her head. "I should be good. Gwen stocked the closet yesterday."

With that, Bud headed back upstairs, and Judy sighed contentedly. Then she reached behind her to press a button underneath the counter. On the floor, hidden panels opened up, and the tiles shifted around her. The soft whirring of mechanical equipment hummed beneath the floor, and on

three sides of her - right and left, and behind - smooth marble walls rose up from the ground. Each of the three walls was over six feet high, and from the ceiling descended separate panels to meet them, which interlocked into each wall. A purple frilly curtain also fell from a space over her front, draping over the tops of her boobs. After only a few minutes, Judy was essentially in her own room, with complete privacy.

The room was multi-functional, allowing Judy to perform any number of aspects of self-care, completely on her own – provided that all the required supplies were available within reach.

After taking care of some personal business, she pressed another button behind her. A panel opened on the ceiling, and from it descended a pipe with a showerhead attached. To one side, a dial corresponding to the showerhead allowed her to turn it on, and manipulate the temperature. She started a hot shower, and a fan in the ceiling switched on automatically as her private room filled with steam.

The two side walls on either side of her were quite thick. Each of them had inset shelves, hidden behind glass doors. On one side were soaps and other beauty supplies, which Judy used as she showered. She hummed contentedly as she washed herself, wondering what she was going to do with her day. It was a Tuesday, but every day was like the weekend for her and Bud lately – both were quite well off, thanks to the money Bud made from selling his inventions. She considered watching some movies, but it was SUCH a nice day outside. She smiled as she lathered her legs in the warm soapy water. Today might be a day for sunbathing.

After a few minutes in the shower, she rinsed off, then reached for the fresh towels in the linen closet inset into the side wall. Next to the towels were a few fresh changes of clothes, as well. After she was sufficiently dry, Judy got dressed, then pressed the first button on the panel behind her again. All the various devices around her began to automatically retract, slowly closing themselves up into the ceiling and floor as if they'd never been there. The room opened up around Judy again, and she deposited her clothes and towel into a hamper off to the side of the counter behind her. She was finally ready to start the day.

This was the way many days started for Judy Wall. Ever since her breasts had outgrown the rest of her, she spent most of her days anchored to the same spot. But she'd been fortunate in having Bud as a partner in more ways than one. Not only was he supportive of whatever she might need outside her reach, but his engineering genius had allowed him to design the entire house to

accommodate her needs, so there were very few things that she wasn't able to reach. The wealth they'd both accumulated from selling Bud's inventions had allowed him to turn the whole structure into a cradle of sorts for Judy, so that she always felt in control of whatever she wanted to do in that moment, regardless of whether or not Bud was nearby to help. And to top it all off, he was madly in love with her. And he loved her huge tits as much as she did. Well, maybe almost as much.

Judy took a deep breath, inhaling the fresh scent of the floral soap she'd been using, and looked at the clock. Still a little while before Gwen showed up. But not long enough to watch an episode of any TV show. She considered for a moment, then shrugged, sticking one hand in between her cleavage. She rummaged for a few moments, then extracted a tablet computer encased in a water-tight plastic cover. Cracking open the cover, she flipped the screen out and began to mindlessly play some games on the device, resting it against her boobs while she tapped excitedly on the screen.

Chapter 3: Gwen

Before she realized how much time had passed, Judy heard the doorbell ring. Her eyes flicked up to the clock on the corner of the screen. Just as she saw the time, it changed to 9:00 AM. That was Gwen, punctual as always. She quickly minimized the game she had been playing and opened up a different app on her tablet, a custom-designed one that hooked up to various functions of the house. She pressed a button to unlock the front door. "Come in!" she called in a singsong voice. Down the hall, she heard the door open, and footsteps approaching. A few moments later, Gwen entered the kitchen.

Gwen Jeong was a petite Korean girl in her early 20s, with straight brown hair that she kept trimmed around neck length. She had responded to an advertisement to become Judy's personal caretaker shortly after the couple had moved into their suburban home together, and had been an invaluable assistant ever since. For over a year now, she had helped Judy attend to her daily needs - making meals when Bud was occupied, fetching books or clothes for her, cleaning up around the house. She was going to school for nursing, and was well-suited towards being a caretaker, with a polite, warm, yet professional demeanor.

In the time since Judy had met her, she'd been incredibly dependable and useful. Judy had come to know her quite well from the conversations they'd have, when Gwen wasn't otherwise

occupied with her duties. Over the course of the year, she had come to see her as a real friend, since aside from Bud, she was the person Judy spent the most time around. They paid Gwen quite well for her services, enough to pay for her college courses and more, but her pleasant attitude and eagerness to assist Judy went above and beyond what the job required of her. She was fully devoted to making Judy as comfortable as possible, and seemed determined to do everything she could to make up for her client's limited mobility.

"Good morning, Gwen!" Judy said excitedly as the girl stepped into the kitchen, placing her handbag on the counter.

Gwen smiled brightly, adjusting her round-rimmed wire glasses as she took in the sight of Judy. Her eyes widened slightly as they flicked to Judy's breasts, taking up more than half the space in the room, before settling back on Judy's face. Judy couldn't help the half-smile that crept onto her face at the brief expression. Even after over a year of seeing Judy almost every day, Gwen still had that reaction every time she saw Judy's boobs. The astonishment she clearly felt at just how big Judy was had diminished somewhat since the first time she'd entered the house, but it was still there. At the beginning of each day, when she first came into the kitchen and laid eyes upon Judy, Gwen would adjust her glasses and blink, seemingly coming to terms with the reality of what she was dealing with.

Gwen was rather short, a Korean girl with a slim frame. Even putting aside Judy's gargantuan knockers, Gwen was quite small compared to Judy. Judy had always been tall since puberty, somewhat gangly even, before her breasts had started coming in. And once her boobs had started growing, she'd been a sight to behold, even before her life-changing introduction to Bud's growth device. She had been a model before her breasts grew too big for "tasteful" fashion, and cut a statuesque figure.

With her tall build and ebullient personality, the contrast between her and someone like Gwen would have been noticeable, even without the bus-sized tits Judy now sported. With those added to the mix, it seemed to Judy that she had somewhat frightened Gwen when they'd first met. The girl had gradually grown more comfortable around her and her breasts, but still, every morning she saw Judy for the first time, there was that momentary shock that passed across her face, as if she had to readjust her perception of reality again.

After the initial flash of astonishment when she entered, Gwen's expression settled into its usual mask of placid professionalism, something she'd apparently picked up in her nursing studies. "Good morning Judy," she said, clasping her hands in front of her. She glanced around the kitchen. "I see you just had breakfast. Shall I help you clean up?"

"That would be lovely, Gwen. Thank you. You're welcome to have some French toast, if you'd like?" There were a few pieces of the rich bread remaining from what Bud had prepared earlier, but they had cooled down, becoming somewhat less appetizing. Gwen politely declined, saying that she'd already eaten. The young assistant began to tidy up the kitchen, while Judy took out her tablet again and scrolled through her news feed for a while. The two women made small talk while Gwen cleaned the kitchen, asking each other how they slept the previous night, and discussing the delicious breakfast that Bud had made.

As she finished loading the dishwasher, Gwen glanced over at Judy. "So, what do you want to do today? Would you like to read for a while?" She took out a bottle of cleaner from under the sink and sprayed the counter, starting to wipe it down with a cloth.

Judy paused scrolling on her tablet, weighing her options. She looked to the side, out the window, where the morning sunlight was starting to become stronger. It was early summer. She extended her awareness to the far reaches of her breasts, sensing the temperature outside. A light breeze was blowing, rippling the fabric that covered her. It was tough to tell how much of the night's chill still lingered in the backyard, beneath her cozy boob blanket. "Hmmm," Judy said. "How's the weather supposed to be today?"

"It's beautiful and sunny out," replied Gwen, as she finished wiping the counter. Rinsing out the cleaning cloth, she turned towards Judy and leaned on the counter. "Low humidity. And it's only supposed to get warmer. Would you like to go outside?"

"That sounds excellent," Judy said. On her tablet, she switched to her home interaction app, and pressed a button on the screen.

A loud **CHUNK!** sounded beneath the floor, and a shudder passed through Judy's breasts. Then the whirring of machinery started up beneath the floorboards again, this time much louder than when she'd taken her shower. At the same time, the glass doors that closed onto either side of

Judy's chest slid to either side, opening a wide path to the backyard that exposed nearly the entire back wall of the house.

The noise coming from the floor beneath them grew louder as powerful motors started up, and Judy felt her entire body shudder, then begin to move forward. The floor upon which she sat was actually a massive mobile platform, which was now slowly crawling forward, out of the house, and into the backyard.

It was by far Bud's most ambitious contraption yet, designed to allow Judy to move inside and outside at will. The entire platform could even rotate, allowing her to move between the living room, kitchen, and dining room as she pleased, so she didn't feel confined to just one room of the house.

Little by little, Judy's breasts inched forward into the large backyard, followed by the rest of her. To her side, Gwen followed along, watching the progress of the platform approvingly. As she passed through the threshold of the back wall and into the open, Judy inhaled deeply through her nose, taking a deep breath of the fresh summer air. Their house was deep in the woods, at the end of a long gravel driveway on a property far from any others. Beyond the tall wooden fence was a line of trees, the edge of a vast acreage of state forest. The secluded location allowed for Judy to maintain privacy, even when her breasts were fully exposed.

The morning still carried a bit of chill with it, but not so much as to be unpleasant. After a few minutes of the platform moving, Judy was fully outside. The wall began to slide shut behind her once the platform reached its destination, now settling down to become flush with the wide patio.

"Lovely," said Judy, throwing her hands out wide to embrace the day. "Now time to let the girls breathe." She grinned at Gwen, who smiled warmly and began the work of unfastening the enormous blanket that covered Judy's breasts.

Judy waited patiently as her assistant circumnavigated her tits, releasing the clasps that tightly attached the oversized blanket to the platform, preventing it from blowing away during the night. The blanket, made of a stretchy synthetic fabric that was also breathable, sprang upwards a bit with each fastener that came undone, and as Gwen worked her way around, Judy felt more of the breeze billowing up underneath it. The cool air made her skin prickle with goosebumps across

the vast expanse of her bosom, but Judy relished the feeling. She'd been outside a few times this spring already, but this was going to be the warmest day without rain so far this year. For the first time since last fall, she was going to allow her breasts to be free all day.

Each clasp that was undone brought more of the fresh air underneath the blanket, and a feeling of relief that Judy hadn't even realized she'd been craving until this moment. She loved having boobs this big, but it did feel confining at times, particularly when she was stuck indoors for days on end. But now finally, the long winter was over, and her limited mobility would be increased somewhat, with the whole backyard now available for her to spread out into.

Gwen undid the last clasp and began pulling the massive sheet of fabric. It lightly caressed Judy's skin as it slid across the tops of her breasts. "Ahhhhhhh..." Judy sighed contentedly, spreading her arms out wide to embrace her tits as they finally became free. It was still morning, but the sun was high enough in the sky to shine on most of her, and immediately start warming her expanse of pale skin. Truly a blissful feeling, with this much of her body exposed. And all the more so after realizing how cooped up she'd been feeling. Judy hugged her vastness with open arms, squeezing into herself, pushing her body weight into the wall of flesh that rose above her. This was her. It was all her. And it was glorious.

Far at the other end of the yard, she felt the sheet cascade down to the ground, baring her breasts completely. Her nipples, exposed to the air, stiffened in response to the breeze. Judy supposed it must have been quite the sight for Gwen, who would be standing close to them as she collected the sheet. It had been a long time since she'd seen her own nipples. Longer still since she'd been able to touch them herself. She wondered what it must be like to see them stiffening. Bud had recently described them as "around the size of small trash cans" when they became hard. Judy wished he'd picked a sexier object to compare them to, but it at least gave her a good idea of their dimensions.

Judy heard the door slide open behind her, and she turned her head to see Bud approaching from behind. "Taking the girls out to play today, I see?" he said cheerfully. He'd have heard the commotion of the platform moving into the backyard, and known that meant Judy planned to spend the day outside. He was shirtless, wearing swim trunks, and carrying a bucket full of soapy water in each hand. "Would my lady care for a bath?"

She just smiled as she looked at Bud out of the corner of her eye. Her face was still pressed against her boobs as she embraced them. Bud stood there looking at her for a moment, before placing the buckets down on either side of him, and stepping up behind her. She bit her lip coyly as he wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her on the cheek, leaning his weight against her from behind. Judy felt the bulge of Bud's cock pressing against her ass, not fully erect but clearly stimulated. Judy truly felt complete, in this position. Surrounded by her two great loves - her breasts in front of her, Bud behind her - it was perfection. She'd stay in this position for eternity, if she could.

Chapter 4: The Scrubdown

The two lovers cuddled silently for a few moments, before Judy heard footsteps to her side. Gwen was coming back onto the patio, having gathered up the enormous sheet. Bud extricated himself from Judy, and she dropped her arms to her sides again, standing up straight. She cleared her throat, pretending they hadn't just been sharing a moment, and said in a brisk tone "Yes, thank you - I think a bath would be lovely, Bud."

"Ah," said Gwen as she passed by them, her arms full of the bulky piece of fabric. "Taking a bath today? Wonderful. I'll change into my swimsuit." She smiled brightly at Judy, before giving a chipper "Good morning!" to Bud.

"Good morning, Gwen!" Bud said. "And that would be great, thanks. I'll get us set up while you change." He walked over to the back of the house to begin unraveling the long hoses on either side of the yard and bringing them towards Judy's front. Then he disappeared for a while, passing out of Judy's vision as he went behind the shed to get the ladders.

Judy waited patiently while he prepared the equipment for her bath, wishing she could help. That was one of the more bothersome aspects of Judy's lifestyle - not being able to help. Being forced to wait around doing nothing while others did all the work to assist her.

Bud's contraptions did wonders for her mobility, but they could only do so much. Performing mundane tasks like storing the sheet that covered her during the night, unwinding hoses, fetching the ladders - those were beyond her. And Judy, by nature a helpful person, sometimes struggled

with that. As much as she did enjoy being attended to, that feeling clashed with her instinct to return the favor. It made her feel guilty, if she let herself dwell on it.

These moments between activities, when all she could do was wait for others to do something, were disheartening; Judy would often feel a rising restlessness during those times. Especially in the first few months after becoming immobilized. But she'd gotten better about that lately. After talking about it with her therapist, and doing some meditation exercises, she'd managed to calm that impulse down - after all, she'd chosen this life, and she wouldn't give it up for anything.

After that internal flare of impatience, Judy forced herself to relax. Bud loved her, and he didn't mind the work involved with caring for her. He'd repeatedly said so to Judy, when she'd occasionally brought up her feelings. And Gwen, well, she was being paid well to provide the care she did. And she truly seemed to enjoy being able to provide support as an occupation. Judy tamped down her impatience, instead focusing on the pleasant feeling of the sunlight warming her bosom. She took a deep breath, starting to meditate quietly, as she waited for Gwen and Bud to finish getting set up.

A few minutes passed, and the glass door slid open behind her. Judy turned her head to see Gwen stepping out onto the patio, wearing a green two-piece bikini. She smiled at Judy as she strolled closer, grabbing one of the soapy buckets. "Love the swimsuit, Gwen," said Judy, returning her smile. "That color looks great on you."

"Thanks!" she said, heading out into the backyard. As Judy watched Gwen walk away, a small smile played across her lips. She looked so cute; her form so lithe and graceful, her expression so earnest and attentive. She had a nice ass too, a sight which Judy appreciated. It was a shame she seemingly had no interest in enhancing her own breasts, which Judy thought were on the small side - well, everything was small for Judy, but Gwen had nothing up top to speak of, really.

Shortly after Gwen had become her assistant, Judy had made her the same offer she made to almost every woman she encountered: a chance to use Bud's expansion device, free of charge. To grow her breasts as big as she wanted. Gwen had declined, politely but firmly, and Judy hadn't made the offer again.

Part of her wished she could change Gwen's mind - she had a great body, but everyone could benefit from bigger breasts, in her opinion. The other part of her admired Gwen's resolve, however, and how comfortable she was in her own body. Every other woman who'd spent much time around Judy had eventually decided to enhance their own bust. Perhaps witnessing Judy's immense size made the prospect of being bigger not seem like such a significant change. Only Gwen had expressed no interest in the concept, even after a year of daily interactions with Judy. She found it curious, but Judy respected the woman's wishes, and never made any comments about her breasts.

As Gwen and Bud set up their ladders on either side of Judy, each armed with a hose and a soft-bristled brush, Judy felt the anticipation building. The warmth of the sun on her skin was already enough to make her feel alive, but the sensation of being cared for, attended to, was something else entirely. She closed her eyes for a moment, letting out a slow, deep breath, as she felt each of them start climbing the ladders so they could reach the tops of her breasts. She could feel their weight as they clambered over the smooth slopes until they reached the peaks, their bare feet sinking into her supple flesh as if standing atop a water bed.

She sighed again as she felt the soothing touch of the brushes on each breast. The first brush stroke came from Gwen, delicate and precise. Judy's eyelashes fluttered as she felt the soft bristles glide across her skin in a gentle scrubbing motion, leaving a warm trail of soapy water. It was a strange dichotomy - being so massive, yet feeling every tiny detail of the care she received. The sensation was exquisite, and Judy couldn't help but bask in her own contentment. Guilty as she felt about not being able to help out, deep down, she loved being the center of attention like this - it was the driving reason behind why she allowed herself to grow so big in the first place. To be cared for like this... It was almost a form of worship. As if she really was a goddess.

She felt Bud start working on her left breast as well. His strokes were firmer, more deliberate, but no less tender. Judy luxuriated in the feeling of the two brushes, one on either side of her, closing her eyes and enjoying the sensation of each stroke. They swabbed every inch of the tops of her breasts, moving slowly to avoid sliding on her soapy skin as it became more slippery. She felt Bud lay down and use his longer arms to reach down into the deep crevasse of her cleavage, cleaning the hardest-to-reach area of Judy's body.

After they'd thoroughly scrubbed her, each used their hose to rinse her off. Judy felt some water sprinkling down on top of her head, and ducked to avoid getting any in her eyes. Most of the

water streamed down her sides, pooling in soapy puddles around the edges, and trickled down into her cleavage. Bud turned the sprayer to a higher intensity to blast as much soap as possible out from between her breasts.

Finally finished up top, the two of them began to climb down and start on the sides of her breasts - Gwen on the right, Bud on the left. They both worked in a familiar rhythm that Judy tracked as they made their way counterclockwise around her. First they would climb up the ladder a bit and swab the top parts of her curvature, then climb back down and work their way to her undersides. Then they'd reposition the ladder and start on the next section. In this manner, they advanced in a slow circle around Judy's massive form, with Gwen moving towards her front and Bud moving to the rear, towards Judy herself.

Judy, enraptured by the magnificent feeling of being attended to in this manner, felt her cheeks flushing as Bud approached her. She opened her eyes just enough to catch a glimpse of him as he worked, his brow furrowed in concentration, his movements steady and sure. Bud caught her eyes, and smiled warmly at her. "How's it feel?" he asked, continuing his tender strokes.

"It's perfect," Judy murmured, her blush growing stronger. She knew he was watching her, studying her reactions, and it sent a thrill through her. She tried to keep her expression neutral, but she could feel the heat creeping up her neck. The combination of his touch and the way his eyes lingered on her was intoxicating. If they hadn't already had sex a little over an hour ago, Judy would have made some sort of excuse for Gwen to leave, and had Bud ravish her right on the patio. As it was, she was determined to let the two of them finish their work. There would be time for intimacy with Bud again later, after Gwen left. In the moment though, it was hard, so hard, for her to keep herself under control.

It didn't help that at that moment, she felt Gwen start to swab around her sensitive nipples, just as Bud drew close enough for her to feel his breath on her as he worked. Judy felt her own breathing become harder to control. Bud's proximity, the gentle strokes of the brushes, her incredibly massive tits - it was enough to drive her wild.

Bud climbed down the ladder on her left side and repositioned it on her right, and Judy turned to catch his eye as he climbed up. Something in her eyes must have made it clear how she was feeling at that moment, because Bud paused his ascent for a moment. His eyebrow arched, and a crazed grin crept onto his face. He knew exactly what she wanted. She watched the wheels turn

in his mind as he studied her, doing the same calculations as she'd been doing. How to get Gwen out of there so they could make love again? But then he shook his head slightly – no, it wouldn't make sense to pause this task before it was complete.

His expression grew wistful, as he glanced up the ladder, then back down at Judy. "Later," was all he said, and he climbed up to swab the back of her right breast. As he methodically worked his way back around, he and Judy determinedly avoided looking at each other again to keep from straining the silent agreement between them. Judy felt herself calming down as he passed out of sight again. But just before he passed around the edge of her curvature, he caught her eye one last time, and gave her a wink. Judy just about melted.

The swabbing now finished, Bud and Gwen then made another circle around Judy with the hoses, rinsing off the remaining suds. But the job was only half done. Next came the lotion.

Chapter 5: Lotion

Planning to sunbathe all day would normally be borderline suicidal for someone of pale complexion. Judy had always been remarkably hardy, however, and prone to tanning rather than burning. Her breasts, in particular, were able to withstand the elements extremely well. Being mostly outside during the winter, even during the coldest days, had been no problem for her. And likewise, they somehow managed to avoid burning in direct sunlight, even when exposed for long periods of time. Their robustness seemed to increase in proportion to their size, allowing her to mostly operate without worry about how they'd respond to various weather conditions. Still though, it was better to be safe than sorry, and especially for a full day of direct sunshine, a liberal application of sunscreen was in order.

Gwen and Bud filled up five-gallon buckets with SPF-50 suntan lotion, and climbed back up on top of Judy's breasts to start applying it to her skin. It wasn't a moment too soon - the sun was now up, shining over the trees that ringed the yard, directly onto Judy's skin. The morning chill had completely dispersed, and now she felt the warmth of the sunshine across the vastness of her breasts, radiating throughout them. She sighed again as she felt the cool lotion come into contact with her skin on Bud's side, then on Gwen's, as they began to rub it all over her twin peaks.

Once more, she lost herself in the experience of it all, the audacity of having two people *standing* on top of her boobs just to be able to get sunscreen on all parts of her. The fact that she was big enough to require enough sunscreen to cover an entire beach filled with people. It was absurd. But she loved it. Truly, this was paradise. She savored the tropical aroma of the coconut-scented lotion that wafted down from above. If only it were possible to make a trip to an actual beach.

For a while, the only sounds were the soft squelch of lotion being applied and the birds chirping in the trees around the yard. A cicada sounded off its rattle somewhere in the distance, as the temperature steadily climbed now that the sun was reaching its zenith. She could feel that they'd nearly finished coating the tops of her breasts, and were spreading some down into her cleavage. Suddenly, Judy felt a shift - a stumble, a loss of balance. She heard Gwen let out a startled yelp as her feet slipped on the slick surface of Judy's skin, and she tumbled down into the deep crevice between Judy's breasts.

"Oh my god!" Judy exclaimed, her eyes flying open as she felt Gwen's petite body wriggling between her boobs. "Gwen! Are you okay?" she called up towards her, completely unable to see what was going on.

"I'm fine!" Gwen called back, though her voice was muffled by the sheer volume of flesh surrounding her. Judy could feel her squirming, trying to get some kind of grip on the slippery skin. "I just... can't seem to get out!" Judy could feel her sinking deeper into her cleavage the more she struggled. The lotion was clearly lubricating her descent, making it so every movement just further entrenched her in the soft flesh. Judy reached for her tablet and prepared to call the fire department, in case Gwen got too deep to reach.

Bud chuckled from where he stood on Judy's other breast. "Hang on, Gwen. I've got you, just - stop moving," he said, stepping onto the ladder. "You're just gonna fall in deeper, the more you move." He quickly descended the ladder and moved to Judy's front. He and Gwen spoke to each other a bit - Judy couldn't hear them from so far away, but it sounded like words of reassurance. Then, she felt Bud insert the pole of the brush he'd been using into her cleavage, reaching towards Gwen's outstretched hand. She felt Gwen wriggling again, straining to reposition herself and reach the pole. After a few seconds, Judy heard her muffled exclamation of success. She felt Bud pulling on the pole slowly but firmly, planting one of his feet against Judy's breast to give himself more leverage.

Gradually, Gwen was pulled forward, as if being extracted from quicksand, until Bud could reach in with his arm and grab her hand to pull her the rest of the way out. Judy breathed a sigh of relief when she felt Gwen pop out from between her breasts. The sound of laughter came from in front of her, then a few moments later, footsteps approached as Gwen and Bud headed back towards Judy.

"...no, really, I'm fine," Gwen was saying to Bud, as she straightened her disheveled hair.

"You sure you're okay?" Judy asked as she came closer, still concerned despite Gwen's apparent good humor. "I'm so sorry that happened." She arched her eyebrows and smiled sympathetically. That wasn't the sort of ordeal they paid Gwen to endure.

"Really, I am!" Gwen assured her, holding out her hands to protest. "Don't worry about me - I should have been more careful, with how slippery it was up there." She was grinning, clearly amused by the situation. "I guess I'm just a little more lotioned up than I planned to be." She looked down at herself, laughing at the streaks of sunscreen that now adorned her green swimsuit.

Judy couldn't help but laugh along with her. "Well, at least you're nice and protected from the sun now."

Bud joined in the laughter, shaking his head. "You know, I think this might be the first time I've ever had to rescue someone from your cleavage. That's a new one."

"It wouldn't be the first time *someone's* needed rescuing," Judy replied with a smirk, her tone playful. "Remember when you got stuck in there? Took two firemen and a ladder to get you out."

Bud groaned, though his eyes twinkled with amusement. "Let's not bring that up again, shall we?"

Gwen giggled, clearly enjoying the story as she looked back and forth between the two. She waited for more details to emerge, but Judy and Bud just shared a long look, lost in their private

memory together. After a moment, Bud announced, "Well, we might as well finish up applying the lotion. Then, everyone can relax."

After a quick trip up to the top of Judy's breasts to retrieve Gwen's brush, the two started on Judy's sides, making the same counterclockwise rotation around her as they had before. As Judy felt Bud approaching, she again felt a small thrill of sexual excitement. She managed to keep herself contained this time though, and the smile she shared with Bud when he came into view was one of amusement at the situation that had just occurred, rather than smoldering desire.

As Bud passed behind Judy, he applied a few dollops of sunscreen on her non-boob body. "Thanks," she said, as she began to rub it into her arms. "Can you get my back, too?" She regretted asking him right after he'd dipped the brush in the lotion bucket - rather than use his hands, he instead swabbed her entire back at once with a **splorch!**

"Buuu-uudd!!" Judy complained, though she couldn't help smiling as she turned her head to glare at him.

"Ooops," he said, grinning. "Here, let me rub that in for you." He placed the brush in the bucket and stepped in towards her, using his hands to massage the lotion into Judy's skin. She found herself forgiving his indiscretion, for the extra attention it garnered her. As he traced the contours of her body, spreading sunscreen down below her waist, both of them suddenly started to breathe harder. He stepped closer, still, until he was right on top of her. Judy felt his erection bumping her from behind for a moment, and her hands played around the button of her shorts, coming close to just dropping them so Bud could take her right there.

But far at the other end of the yard, she felt Gwen still slowly rubbing sunscreen onto the fronts of her breasts. She leaned back and nibbled Bud's ear lightly, and whispered "Later", then pulled away from him slowly, her eyes locked on his. Bud sighed, but he clearly saw that things had been escalating too quickly. He stepped away and moved back into his rotation, shuffling awkwardly from the hard-on he was now sporting.

Eventually, after about an hour of combined work, Judy's breasts were fully prepared for the day.

Bud and Gwen, having finished attending to Judy, now made their way back inside the house, still chuckling about Gwen's brief ordeal getting stuck between Judy's breasts. Out of the corner of her eye, Judy noticed Bud hustling to enter the house first, presumably to hide the bulge in his pants from Gwen.

The sun was now high in the sky, casting a golden glow over the backyard. The sunscreen had left her skin glistening, and the soft breeze that swept through the yard felt like a gentle caress. Judy closed her eyes for a moment, letting herself sink into the blissful sensation of total relaxation. She sighed, and opened her arms wide again to embrace herself. The tops of her breasts still cast a shadow over her, so she couldn't quite feel it on her face yet, but there would be plenty of time to enjoy that. For now, she just relished the fresh feeling of direct sunlight on her boobs, its warmth spreading down into them and dispelling what remained of the spring's chill. While it was true that Judy was able to withstand extended periods of cold temperatures, it still felt good to be warm again.

After a few minutes, Bud came out carrying Judy's custom-built lounge chair, a high-seated contraption that allowed her to recline casually. She'd become accustomed to spending most of her waking life standing - or in a pinch, she could tuck her knees up into her cleavage, and using the friction between her boobs, she could stay supported above the ground, resting her feet for a while. But for fully relaxing, the lounge chair was best.

Bud helped her get the chair set up, and she wiggled herself up onto it, leaning back and placing her arms on the armrests. "Thank you, honey," she said, as Bud handed her a pair of wide-rimmed sunglasses. "Are you going to join me out here for a while?"

"Uhhh," Bud said, rubbing the back of his neck. "I think I was gonna go down and tinker for a bit in the workshop, actually. But it's a lovely day outside." He leaned down and gave Judy a kiss. "You enjoy the sunshine, love. I'll come out a little later."

Chapter 6: Relaxation

As Bud headed back into the house, Judy made herself comfortable on her chair. She wondered what he was working on this time. Bud, her wonderful mad scientist, was perpetually creating new inventions in his workshop in the basement. Neither of them needed to work, so Bud had

been able to focus on engineering marvelous devices as his main hobby. Most of those contraptions were to Judy's benefit - either making her life easier, or just amusing her.

It had been a long time since she'd been able to fit into Bud's workshop, but he'd set up cameras all around the house which she could use to visit him virtually. His workshop, which took up almost the entire basement, was filled with doohickeys and half-finished contraptions, a testament to years of experimentation. But based on the amount of time he'd been spending in the basement the past few weeks, Judy suspected he was working on a particularly impressive project. Any time he was out of sight lately, he was likely in the workshop. She couldn't tell what he was making this time, but she was sure she'd find out soon enough. That was part of the fun - the anticipation of seeing what wacky invention he'd produce next.

Judy heard the back door slide open, and Gwen came out onto the patio, carrying a tray bearing two drinks. She moved a small folding table over to Judy's side and handed one of the cups to her. "Thank you, Gwen," she said, placing the glass of ice water in her cupholder. "I hope you'll be able to do a little relaxing outside, yourself? It would be a shame to waste all that sunscreen," she said with a grin.

"Oh, yes, I'll be grabbing my own chair in just a moment," she said brightly. "I just wanted to fold up this blanket, first."

Satisfied that Gwen would be able to get some sunbathing in as well, Judy settled back into her seat and closed her eyes again. She could feel the line of sunlight slowly advancing across her breasts - it wouldn't be long before it reached her face. Gwen went back to the giant blanket she'd removed from Judy earlier, and began to fold it up, her movements precise and efficient. It took several minutes, with the blanket being so large.

Judy turned her head and watched her work with a soft smile. Gwen's dedication was endearing, and Judy couldn't help but appreciate the way she seemed to anticipate every need without being asked. It was almost as if Gwen had a sixth sense for when Judy wanted something—whether it was a glass of water, a fan to cool her down, or simply someone to talk to.

"You're too good to me, Gwen," Judy said, her voice warm with gratitude.

Gwen looked up, her cheeks flushing slightly at the praise. "It's my pleasure, Judy. I just want you to be comfortable."

"Comfortable." The word resonated with Judy. She *was* comfortable — not just physically, but emotionally. Living with Bud, having Gwen to care for her, it all felt like a dream she never wanted to wake up from. For a time, she reflected on just how lucky she was to have such wonderful people surrounding her.

Gwen finished folding the blanket and brought it over to the corner of the house, to stow it in the plastic storage bin. Then she brought over her own lounge chair, which she placed down to Judy's side before collecting her own glass of water, and sitting down with a soft sigh of satisfaction.

Judy echoed her sigh, repositioning herself slightly. "Thanks for joining me," she said. "I'm glad we can enjoy this lovely weather together."

"Of course," replied Gwen, reclining in her chair. "It's such a nice day, and you two have such a lovely backyard."

The two women fell into a contented silence for a while, as the sun slowly climbed higher in the sky. Birds chirped merrily in the trees ringing the yard, and more cicadas began their lazy buzzing in the distance. Soon enough, the sun crested over the ridge of Judy's bosom, shining directly onto the patio. Gwen stood up shortly thereafter, heading into the house to fetch her own pair of sunglasses.

When she returned, she paused for a few moments, almost looking like she wanted to say something. Judy watched her out of the corner of her eye, feigning as if she didn't notice. Gwen was always so self-assured, so composed. But there were moments — like now — when Judy caught glimpses of something deeper. An uncertainty that she tried to keep hidden. Or maybe it was just her imagination.

She decided to prod, just a little. Ever the extrovert, Judy wasn't one to let something unsaid linger in the air, if it didn't need to. "What are you thinking about, Gwen?" Judy asked softly, turning her head towards her.

Gwen started slightly, as if pulled out of a daydream. "Oh, nothing important," she said quickly, though her cheeks flushed. "Just... enjoying the day."

Judy nodded, though she wasn't entirely convinced. There was something Gwen wasn't saying, but Judy didn't press. Gwen sat back down on her chair, and the two women returned to sunbathing.

The warmth of the sun had left Judy pleasantly drowsy, and for a long while she and Gwen simply lay in tranquil stillness. The gentle rustle of leaves overhead, the steady buzz of cicadas, and the subtle creak of Gwen shifting in her chair now and again were the only sounds in the yard. Judy cracked one eye open every so often to glance at her companion, catching the way Gwen's face seemed lost in thought. Finally, after nearly half an hour, Gwen shifted forward in her seat, opening her mouth as if to speak — then hesitating.

"What is it, Gwen?" Judy asked, her voice lilting with casual warmth.

Gwen's cheeks colored slightly, and she seemed about to say something, then quickly shook her head. "Oh, nevermind. It's silly."

"Nonsense," Judy replied, propping herself up a little in her chair. She smiled encouragingly. "Come on, dear, spit it out. It's just us gals, out here." She waited patiently as Gwen stared at her, her mouth open slightly. Her expression was inscrutable behind her sunglasses, but Judy could tell she wanted to say something embarrassing. Her curiosity was piqued, but there was nothing she could do to drag it out, other than to wait. "Whatever it is, I promise I won't judge," she said softly, letting the words hang in the air. That was all she would press - if Gwen didn't want to reveal it now, Judy resolved to let it go.

The pause lingered on for long seconds. Gwen fidgeted, idly tweaking the strap of her green bikini top. She looked off in the distance, and Judy thought she'd decide not to say anything. But

at last, Gwen let out a shaky sigh. She turned back towards Judy. "It's just... I've been thinking." She paused again. Judy was brimming with excitement about whatever gossip Gwen was about to spill. It took all her self-control not to chivvy Gwen along to get her to spit it out. Ever since she'd known Gwen, Judy had never known the woman to seem so unsure of herself as she was right now. She told herself to stay calm, however, and let Gwen tell things at her own pace.

"Welllll..." Gwen continued, dragging the word out. "I think I might - that is, I was wondering..." She took a breath and gave her head a little shake. "I was thinking I might... use Bud's device, if that's okay. To... make my breasts bigger." She pushed a strand of hair out of her vision, smiling sheepishly at Judy.

Judy's heart leapt, and she sat up straight in her chair. "Ah!" she cried in excitement. If she could have moved, she'd have run over to Gwen and hugged her right there. *Finally!* Came the triumphant thought. "So *that's* what's been simmering in that pretty head of yours." She smiled affectionately. She'd hardly dared to hope that Gwen would eventually come around to the idea of using Bud's device, and now suddenly, out of the blue, here it was. "Of course you can use it, Gwen. I'm sure Bud won't mind at all. But may I ask... what brought this on? Why now?"

Gwen's face colored again, and she looked away. "Well, uh, I had been thinking about bringing it up for a while," she said, her voice sounding aloof. Judy wondered just how long Gwen had been wanting to mention this – she'd had no clue the woman had even begun to entertain such thoughts. "And then, earlier, when I got stuck... between your..." she trailed off, letting the words hang in the air as she stared off into the distance.

Judy said nothing, letting Gwen finish her thought.

Gwen turned toward her again, smiling slightly. "When I was caught between your breasts earlier... I can't stop thinking about it. About how it felt." She paused again, watching for any sort of reaction, but Judy just gave a warm smile. She thought back to how it felt to have Gwen squirming around in her cleavage. How it must have felt for her, to be surrounded on all sides by warm, soft flesh.

"I know it sounds strange," Gwen said quickly, starting to sound flustered. "But being pressed there – between you – it was overwhelming. Not just the size, but... the power, the..."

femininity.” She looked away once more. “It made me question why I’ve always been so content to stay small. I think I’ve just been afraid of change. I’ve been flat-chested my whole life, and I just thought that was the way things had to be.” She continued, the words spilling out of her now. “I always wanted bigger boobs, but I was worried that maybe I wanted them for the wrong reasons. You know, to get attention from men. But well, when I was trapped in there, I guess I never imagined it could feel so...”

“Cozy?” Judy finished, smiling brightly.

“Yes!” Gwen exclaimed, turning back to Judy. “It felt so... womanly. So warm, and pleasant. I wanted...” She swallowed. “When I was stuck in there, it felt like I could just stay there forever.”

Judy reached out, brushing her fingers across Gwen’s hand. “Darling, that doesn’t sound strange at all. It sounds perfectly natural.” She gave her a knowing smile. “You wouldn’t be the first to have that realization around me. And so – tell me if I’m getting this right – you’re saying, you want to know how it feels? To experience a small part of that, to carry around your own symbol of femininity on your chest?”

Gwen turned her wrist to take Judy’s outstretched hand, her fingers curling to twine around Judy’s. She took a deep breath, and her grip tightened. “...yes,” she said finally. “That is what I want.”

Judy’s smile widened. “Wonderful,” she said, giving Gwen’s hand a squeeze. “In that case, I think you’re doing this for the right reasons.” She released Gwen’s hand, and turned toward her own cleavage, reaching between her breasts to produce her tablet computer. “Let me call Bud. We can do this right now, if you want.” She glanced at Gwen expectantly, and the woman nodded slowly. Judy opened the case and tapped a few buttons on the touchscreen, until she reached the phone app.

Chapter 7: Tinkering

Down in the basement workshop, sparks crackled faintly as Bud guided the welding tip with steady precision. His hands, protected by heavy gloves, moved with practiced confidence as he

fused the final components together. A bluish arc hissed and danced, before he lifted his hand and clicked off the torch.

“...there.”

He raised his welding mask and squinted against the bright light mounted over his workbench. Lying there, gleaming under the lamp, was the fruit of weeks of tinkering: a sleek, metallic handheld device. Compact. Polished. It looked almost like a taser, though its softly rounded prongs and faint hum would stand out compared to a commercially available device.

Bud adjusted the magnifying glass mounted above the bench and inspected it one last time. The casing was flawless. The circuitry inside hummed in perfect harmony. It was ready - well, at least, this version was ready to be tested. It was flawed, he knew that - it had no cancellation charge. “If only I could fit that in a handheld design...” he muttered. He’d been trying to develop a model of his expansion stimulator that was small enough to carry around in one hand, rather than the bulky mass of wires and electrodes he’d implemented in the past.

He thought he’d found a solution - at least partially. By omitting the cancellation charge, he’d been able to fit it all into a sleek form factor. “Now, all it needs is a good test subject...” he said, turning it back and forth in his hands. He wondered who he could get to agree to try it out, without the risk of revealing its secrets. Technology like this, if it got into the wrong hands, could be quite dangerous.

Just then, the wall monitor above his workbench blinked to life, with Judy’s smiling face filling the screen.

“Bud, sweetheart,” she said, her voice bubbling with excitement. “You’ll never guess what Gwen just told me...”

As Judy relayed the news, Bud’s eyes widened. He stared at the prototype in his hands, then back at the monitor, his jaw slack for a moment before he chuckled in disbelief.

“Well, I’ll be damned,” he muttered. “You’ve done it again, Judy. Leave it to you to turn anyone into a believer. Gwen’s timing couldn’t be better—I was just finishing this beauty. She may be the perfect test subject.” He shook his head with a grin, already pulling off his gloves and setting aside his tools. “I’ll be right up.”

The sliding door whispered open behind her. Judy tilted her head curiously as Bud stepped out onto the patio in his lab coat, carrying something sleek and metallic.

“Oh?” she said, shading her eyes with her hand. “That doesn’t look like the usual collection of wires and duct tape. What’s this now?”

Bud rubbed the back of his neck, looking sheepish. “This... is my latest prototype. A more compact, efficient version of the breast expansion unit. It works like a taser – applies a quick, controlled bioelectric shock.”

Judy raised an eyebrow as she gave Bud a conspiratorial smile. So *that’s* what he had been working on in his workshop, these last few weeks. He clearly had been very engrossed in whatever-it-was, and had deflected all of Judy’s inquiries about what had him so distracted lately. She’d resolved to patiently wait for him to reveal the new contraption in due time – after all, the surprise of seeing his latest marvel was half the fun. But she never imagined he’d be working on a new breast expansion device. When she’d reached her current size about a year ago, Judy and Bud had both agreed that she’d reached the limits of what could be considered reasonable for them to accommodate.

She already took up nearly half the available space on their own property. Any bigger, and there wouldn’t be much room for the house itself. They did live in the middle of the woods, but the surrounding land was a state forest belonging to the government. If Judy’s breasts were to encroach on that, there would undoubtedly be legal complications. So it was for that reason, and more, that they’d both reluctantly agreed not to make Judy any bigger.

Which was why it was surprising to see that Bud had continued to pursue developments in that direction. What was his game, she wondered? *Growing bigger...* Well, that was something that Judy thought about all the time. And she knew Bud enjoyed their roleplaying sessions when she

teased him about her breasts growing again. But could he actually *want* her to be bigger than she already was?

“It’s a resonance stimulator.” Bud continued. The light glinted off the gadget’s metallic surface as he slowly rotated it, holding it almost reverently. “It interacts with a subject’s bioelectric field, feeding it back into their own breast tissue.” He looked up, meeting Judy’s eyes. “In theory, the more mass there is to begin with, the stronger the effect. For someone like Gwen...” He glanced toward her and sighed softly. “The effect should be pretty mild.” His gaze flicked to Judy briefly, then up to her towering breasts, as he let the unsaid implication hang in the air.

Judy’s eyes widened. “Which means...”

“Which means,” Bud said seriously, his expression turning serious as he met her eyes again, “it’s far too dangerous to use on you. The results could be... catastrophic.”

For a long moment, the couple held each other’s gaze, something unspoken passing between them. Was there... longing in his eyes? Or was she just imagining it?

Bud broke eye contact, and turned toward Gwen. “But for someone starting small, the growth curve should be quite manageable.” He sighed, holding up the device. “If you’re truly ready...”

Gwen straightened, determination flickering in her eyes. She showed no sign of noticing the silent exchange that had just happened between Bud and Judy. She seemed entirely focused on the device as she stepped forward, her expression a familiar one to Judy: She wanted to go through with this, before she lost her nerve.

She and Bud moved several paces away from Judy’s towering frame, as Bud positioned her in a place where Judy would have a good vantage point. “Judy will want a full view of the spectacle,” he explained as he glanced back at her with a grin, making sure the sight line was decent.

Gwen laughed nervously, catching Judy’s eyes. Judy smiled back at her, in a way envying the woman for what was about to happen. Judy loved being big, it was true. But there was something

about the process of actively *growing* that had its own sort of magic. To watch your breasts swell before your eyes, to feel your skin stretching to accommodate the new mass, it was a transcendental experience. But Judy's days of growing were behind her - now all that was left was for her to revel in the reality of her size as it was. Something which she was perfectly content to do.

But on the other hand... What if she didn't have to be satisfied? *Why did he bring that prototype out for me to see?* She wondered. Why had he developed it in the first place? Surely his previous contraption would have been sufficient to suit Gwen's needs. The more she thought about it, the stranger it seemed.

Judy's contemplation was interrupted as she saw that the process was about to begin. Gwen had finished psyching herself up, and Bud asked her one final time. "You're sure you want this? It isn't too late to say no."

Gwen inhaled deeply, then nodded. "I want this."

Bud adjusted the device, setting it carefully. "Alright then. Hold still." He held it up to her collarbone, and pressed the trigger.

A faint crack split the air as the prongs discharged a blue spark into Gwen's chest. She flinched with a soft gasp, her body shivering as the resonance coursed through her. Bud stepped back, giving Judy a full view. Gwen looked down at her chest, and all three of them were completely silent as they waited. Judy opened her mouth, about to ask Bud if something had gone wrong, when all of a sudden Gwen gasped. And then it began.

At first subtle – small bumps forming under her green bikini cups, the fabric shifting slightly. It was almost imperceptible, but after a few seconds passed, it was obvious to Judy's trained eye that Gwen's breasts were growing. The bikini cups were rounding out, the fabric tightening, and between them: bulging flesh, something Gwen had never experienced before. They were growing closer together, closer... until they met in the middle, forming cleavage. Gwen's eyes widened as she looked down at herself.

Judy's eyes widened too, seeing the speed of growth. The first time she'd used Bud's initial prototype, it had taken her breasts hours to double in size. But Gwen had gone from being flat-chested, to having what Judy estimated were B-cup breasts, in less than a minute after getting shocked. She glanced at Bud, then at the device in his hand. He was standing about five feet away from her, the prototype gripped in his left hand – the side closest to Judy. Holding it so casually, as if he'd forgotten he was holding it, as he watched the incredible display happening in front of him. Such a powerful device. What was his endgame with it?

A sharp intake of breath from Gwen brought Judy's attention up to the growing girl again. Her breasts were as big as apples now, and the cleavage that had developed within her bikini was quite prominent, the flesh bulging both above and below the tiny cups. And as the seconds passed, the swell accelerated. Her breasts pushed forward, straining against the fabric.

Gwen's eyes bulged, her hands rising instinctively to cup her boobs. "Oh my god... they're... growing so fast..." Her voice was a mixture of shock and giddy delight. She winced suddenly though, as the taut strings of her bikini dug into her skin. She reached behind her back, her chest thrusting out towards Bud and Judy as she tugged frantically at the knot behind her back. "Unnhh... My top is too tight..."

She strained, struggling to undo her bikini straps, her breasts jiggling back and forth as she twisted, trying to get a better angle on the knot. But before she could free herself, the straps gave way with a sharp **SNAP!** Her breasts spilled out heavily onto her ribcage, round and swelling larger by the second.

Gwen covered her nipples in embarrassment, her breasts now overflowing her palms. She blushed as she looked at Bud and Judy, but didn't seem too uncomfortable.

As she watched Gwen's breasts continuing to grow bigger, Judy felt her heart rate accelerate, enraptured by the speed of the growth. "How does it feel?" she asked Gwen, licking her lips unconsciously.

Gwen glanced up at Judy, then back down at her chest. "It feels... incredible. I can feel them tingling all over." Her boobs were as big as softballs now, looking massive on her petite frame. "They're amazing, but... when are they going to stop?" she asked, looking at Bud with concern.

Bud's brow furrowed, crossing his arms as he studied Gwen's progress. "They... should have stopped already," he said. "My calculations must have been off for the initial charge." Judy had to give him credit - he was able to maintain a dispassionate professional demeanor despite the situation. She wondered if he had an erection, but the labcoat hid any visible sign of one.

The three stood transfixed as they watched Gwen's breasts swell bigger, now reaching the size of cantaloupes, heavy and firm on her chest. "Bud...?" she asked, panic starting to creep into her voice. Her face was starting to become pale as she watched them continue to grow. She looked at Bud, then at Judy, her expression pleading.

For her part, Judy was becoming aroused at the spectacle. Still, she didn't want Gwen to get any bigger, if it was making her uncomfortable. "Bud?" she echoed Gwen, giving him a questioning look. She'd never known his calculations to be off for anything.

He shook his head, looking between Judy and Gwen. "I... I'm not sure. It should have stopped already. Perhaps the prolonged exposure to direct sunlight affected her localized temperature, enhancing her bioelectric field, somehow."

"Well... do something! Doesn't it come with a reversal charge?"

He swallowed as he looked at her. "... not this one, no. I was trying to make it compact. I thought... I didn't realize it would have such a strong effect."

Judy's eyes widened as she and Bud stared at each other for a few moments. Then they turned back to Gwen, watching as her breasts swelled larger, all of them powerless to stop it.

"They're... they're getting so BIG..." Gwen said, panic creeping into her voice. Her breasts were bigger than her head at this point, dominating her slender torso.

"God, I am *so* sorry, Gwen," said Bud, wincing as he spoke. "I didn't mean for this to happen - if you need a reduction after this, we'll pay for it."

Judy nodded as well, giving Gwen a sympathetic look. That was the risk she'd taken when trying out a brand new prototype – Judy herself knew all too well what could happen in such situations. But not everyone was as size-hungry as her. She hoped Gwen could forgive Bud, and they could remain friends.

Gwen's breasts grew for several more seconds. But then, as suddenly as it had begun, the growth halted. The yard went quiet again, save for Gwen's heavy breathing. She glanced down at herself, chest heaving with two massive, voluptuous breasts filling her arms, her face caught between alarm and wonder.

Judy exhaled a long, slow breath. It was finally over.

Chapter 8: Impulse

Before her stood Gwen, looking more beautiful than she'd ever seen her, face flushed with embarrassment as she regarded her new assets. She hefted them gently, seemingly unaware of the couple watching her. Judy never tired of seeing someone experiencing life-changing breast growth. And to see it happen to Gwen, so innocent, so flat-chested before... It was enchanting to observe. Now that the danger of further growth had passed, Judy could admire the results of Bud's handiwork. Gwen's boobs jiggled as she released them, flopping heavily onto her chest. They were nearly big enough to obscure her belly button, though they were quite perky for their size.

"Well," Judy murmured, "looks like we've got ourselves another busty beauty."

Gwen looked up at her then, stirred out of her reverie. A smile crept onto her lips, seeming bashful yet pleased at Judy's praise. Then she glanced at Bud, and her face flushed deeper. She'd forgotten that they were there, it seemed.

"Are you alright, Gwen?" asked Bud gently, keeping his demeanor professional. "I apologize for asking you to test the prototype – I should have been more careful before trying it on a human subject."

“No, I’m fine, really,” Gwen said. “I was just scared, in the moment. I was worried they weren’t going to stop.” She glanced at Judy, then up at her mountainous boobs. She didn’t say it, but Judy thought she knew what she was worried about: the possibility of the growth *never* stopping. Of becoming immobilized, or even as big as Judy. Her gaze turned back to Judy, and she licked her lips. “I think I just need... some new clothes to wear,” she said, looking down at her chest again.

Judy smiled warmly. “I’ve got just the thing, Gwen,” she said, glad to be able to help in some small way. “If you go upstairs into my closet, one of the racks should have a bunch of my tops, and some bras. Feel free to try them on, and take as many of them as you’d like.” She’d saved most of the tops and bras she’d grown out of as her breasts had advanced in size. Partially in anticipation of situations like this. Gwen wasn’t the first person Judy had convinced to make her breasts bigger, and hopefully not the last.

Gwen protested at first, telling Judy she didn’t need to give her the clothes, but Judy insisted, and in short order, the girl was heading into the house, clutching her massive new breasts against her chest. That would keep her occupied for a while Judy and Bud discussed the new developments.

“Well, that was certainly fun to watch,” said Judy, observing Bud’s reaction. He didn’t seem to be too thrilled with the results of the prototype’s first test. He sighed heavily, putting his face into his palm and rubbing it in a show of frustration.

“I can’t believe I miscalculated so badly. Gwen trusted me, and I –”

“Bud.” Judy said sharply, interrupted him before he could start feeling too down on himself. He looked over at her, hand still lingering on his face. Judy met his gaze, smiling eagerly to put him at ease. “Gwen is going to be fine,” she said, putting her hands on her hips. “She was just worried that they weren’t going to stop.” Judy chuckled, shaking her head. It was tough for her to imagine feeling that way. She glanced up at her tits rising above her, wondering if it was possible for her to ever feel like she was ‘too big.’ She didn’t think so. Seeing Gwen’s rapid breast growth before her eyes, it had only reminded her of her own, much slower experiences with growing. To be honest, she felt a bit jealous that such pleasures were behind her.

That is, unless she could get her hands on Bud's new prototype. But would he let her use it? That was the question. If she asked him, Judy thought Bud would refuse. Suddenly seized by a powerful impulse, she decided instead to attempt some trickery.

She looked back over at Bud, who was watching her. Wondering if she could pull this off without making him suspicious, she gave him a smoldering look, and crooked a finger, beckoning him closer. He hesitated for a second, then walked over. As he walked, Judy saw the telltale bulge pressing against his white labcoat with each step. She felt a thrill pass through her then. He'd gotten turned on from seeing Gwen's boobs grow too. It was a good sign. If he had an erection... It meant he wouldn't be thinking clearly.

Feigning nonchalance, Judy avoided glancing at the silvery device in Bud's hand – his right hand, on the other side of his body from her – as he approached. She leaned back into Bud's embrace as he stepped up to her, wrapping her arms around his neck to draw him closer. "Gwen will be just fine," she said softly, nuzzling his neck a little. "And if she's not, we can do whatever will make it right."

Bud felt tense as he leaned against her, but as Judy arched her back, pressing her backside against him, she felt him relax a little. "I have to admit," she whispered into his ear. "That was very sexy to watch."

"I know," came his breathy reply, as he wrapped his arm around her waist. The other hand, the one with the prototype, he held off to the side.

Judy knew she'd only have one shot to get it right. She chose her moment, and she struck. With one hand, she reached behind her, deftly snaking it inside Bud's lab coat, over his waistband, and down his pants. There, she found his erect cock waiting at attention. She heard him gasp as her slender fingers wrapped around it, and give it a light squeeze.

At that same moment, her other hand darted out towards Bud's device, grasping it in one smooth motion and wrenching it out of his hand, timing it perfectly for the instant she squeezed his dick. The shock of her bold move worked exactly as she planned, and Bud's grip slacked for just a moment, allowing her to wrest it away from him despite his superior strength.

“Judy, no!” Bud cried out desperately, trying to claw it back, but it was too late.

Time seemed to move in slow motion for Judy. She’d hardly expected her ploy to work, and all she knew in that moment was that this was her only chance to take full advantage of this powerful new device. She’d always wanted to test the limits of how big it was possible for her breasts to get, and now she held the power to make her wildest dreams a reality.

She didn’t hesitate. Even as Bud wrapped his arms around her, trying to stop her hand from swinging inward, she pressed the two prongs of the device against her collarbone, and pulled the trigger.

Chapter 9: Consequences

The instant the prongs touched Judy’s collarbone, she felt it – like a lightning strike spreading through her body, concentrated in her chest. The energy pulsed outward, racing to the farthest edges of her breasts, a tingling, electric caress that made her gasp in ecstasy. Then, just as suddenly, the current snapped back, rebounding toward her core and amplifying as it returned. Each cycle hit harder than the last, a cascading loop of power that grew exponentially stronger with every heartbeat.

A surge of pure resonance cascaded through her, a rolling tide of heat and power that seemed to start in the very marrow of her bones and rush outward in every direction. Her immense breasts, spread out across the lawn like great pale hills, quivered as the energy raced into their deepest recesses, filling every cell, every curve, every impossibly vast contour. She felt a pressure rising within her breasts, an urgent imperative that could not be denied.

Then it started. She began to *GROW*.

Her breasts surged outwards in great heaving waves, racing across the grass, eagerly gobbling up more of the backyard with each second. She arched her back, moaning as the pressure transformed into bliss, every nerve alight with the joy of expansion. This was it – the moment she’d dreamed of for years. To finally break through the slow, incremental growths of the past

and ascend into a scale she'd never thought possible. Judy threw her head back and laughed, wild and ecstatic, as her boobs swelled bigger and bigger.

Bud stumbled backward, his stomach dropping as he watched Judy's breasts balloon outward before his eyes. The growth was impossibly fast, far beyond Gwen's earlier surge – every second she was growing faster, filling up more of the yard.

He couldn't deny that he'd dreamed of this moment. Seeing Judy swell out of control, a swelling goddess of limitless growth. While developing the new prototype, this very scene had passed through his head on several occasions, once he realized the potential for exponential resonance.

But this was too much. They weren't ready for it, and neither was the world. Gwen had already grown so much bigger than he'd expected; how big was Judy going to get? Surely big enough to destroy the house, and grow into the forest beyond. He had no idea what the final result might be.

And he had no reversal charge. Not for this one. Not yet.

"God, what have you done, Judy..." he muttered, panic tightening his throat as he took another step back. Even as he said that, he cursed himself more than anything. It had been terribly irresponsible of him to bring the new prototype anywhere NEAR Judy, big as she was. Just in case an accident occurred. But he'd never dreamed of her audacity, seizing the device from him while he was distracted.

It accomplished nothing to think of assigning blame, though. He shook his head, forcing himself into motion, spinning on his heel and sprinting for the house. He had to do something about this. Before it was too late. Leaving the sliding door ajar, he dashed inside the house, heading for the workshop. He nearly collided with Gwen at the foot of the stairs, the girl just emerging in one of Judy's old tops, the blue fabric stretched tightly across her new chest.

"Bud? What's happening—?" she asked, her eyes wide.

“No time! She’s growing out of control!” he snapped, waving her aside as he dashed toward the basement. “Stay out of the yard!”

The floor shook beneath his feet as he barreled through the hallway, already making mental checklists as he headed for the basement workshop. His earlier prototype, the voltage stabilizer, the portable charge disruptor – those were essential, if he was going to be able to arrange for any sort of reversal charge. Maybe, just maybe, he could cobble together something before Judy’s titanic breasts consumed the entire house.

Chapter 10: Destruction

Outside, Judy’s laughter rolled like lilting thunder as the fences around the yard splintered, her expanding form bursting through the wooden pickets as if they were matchsticks. She marveled at how light she felt despite her size, buoyed up by her own swelling curves, her breasts rising higher and higher as they pushed her body skyward. She was being lifted up, slowly but surely.

Just as she went up onto her tiptoes, she heard a gasp behind her. “Judy...?” asked Gwen softly.

Judy’s blissful gaze shifted. Gwen stood frozen on the patio, staring in awe and horror at the sight. “It’s wonderful, Gwen!” Judy cried, her voice ringing with delirious joy. “Look how big I’m getting!”

Her toes scraped against the patio stones, then lifted clear off the ground. She gave a squeal of delight as she realized she was floating, hoisted upward by the unstoppable expansion of her breasts. Gwen’s mouth hung open, speechless, as she watched Judy rise, swelling larger and larger, eclipsing the sky above her.

Judy floated higher, her body buoyed as though she were drifting on invisible tides. Every pulse of growth brought with it a heady rush of euphoria, each swell of her breasts like a rolling wave lifting her higher, higher still. She spread her arms, laughing breathlessly, reveling in the glorious weightlessness as gravity itself seemed to bow before her expanding form.

Below, the earth trembled. Her breasts pressed against the trees lining the yard, bark scraping, branches snapping as the massive mounds shoved their way upward, already halfway up the trunks. The trees groaned in protest, bending outward under the irresistible pressure. Judy shivered in delight as their resistance gave way, the wooden sentinels creaking and finally collapsing with a thunderous crash. She felt others pressing against her sides and against her nipples. But the sensation lasted only a heartbeat – soon, they too were overwhelmed and eclipsed beneath the ever-rising swell of her bosom.

For a moment, she was lost in it, adrift in pure ecstasy, until a sharp cry jolted her.

“Judy! The house!”

Gwen’s alarm rang out from the patio below. Judy twisted her head, and her breath caught – her glorious breasts, vast and unstoppable, were surging dangerously close to the house itself. For the first time, unease pierced her bliss. If she was pressed flush against the walls, pinned there by her own breasts, she might be crushed.

Instinct took over. She tilted back, her feet brushing the patio door – then pressing against the cool glass, giving her some leverage. Bracing herself, Judy walked her way upward, step by step, her toes rubbing against the smooth surface as her body lifted, sliding past the eaves. She grunted as she slid upward, awkwardly pressing her body against her boobs, until at last she cleared the roof. Her feet scraped against the rough roof tiles, and then she felt the pressure increasing on the bottoms of her breasts as they squeezed themselves against the house. Far away on the other side of them, she could feel her nipples still crashing their way through the woods. She was growing forward faster than she was backward, but there was no denying that the house was doomed.

For the first time, Judy realized then that she had made an error. The house, and all their belongings, would be crushed under her growing boobs. She hadn’t thought this through – truth be told, she hadn’t thought she’d be able to steal the prototype from Bud. She looked at her swelling boobs with a sudden foreboding. Just what had she gotten herself into?

But it was too late now. Belongings could be replaced. The only thing that really mattered was that Bud and Gwen could get away before being crushed.

She turned her gaze downward, spotting Gwen staring up at her in terror and awe. “Gwen!” Judy shouted, her booming voice cutting through the air. “Find Bud – get to safety! The house won’t stand much longer!”

Her words echoed even as another pulse hit, her breasts swelling wider, blocking the view of the sky above the trembling home.

In the basement, Bud’s hands shook as he tried to solder a component onto the old prototype, the acrid smell of melting flux sharp in the air. He worked furiously, wires and parts scattered across the bench, his mind racing with calculations and half-formed plans. If he could just finish this, maybe – just maybe – he could reverse the charge coursing through Judy.

But then came the sound. A low, dreadful crunch from above, followed by a groan of timber straining against impossible weight. Dust rained down from the ceiling, coating his hair and tools. Bud froze. Judy was breaking through the house already.

His stomach sank. There was no chance of making a new prototype in time. The growth was just too fast. Even in the best of conditions, there was no way he’d be able to make and test a new mechanism in less than a few hours. He’d been foolish, and now his workshop was going to be buried under Judy’s boobs.

“Bud!” Gwen’s voice rang out from the top of the stairs, sharp with panic. “Bud, we have to leave!”

He dropped the soldering iron, heart hammering. There was no choice.

He bounded up the steps two at a time and burst into the hallway – only to stagger back in shock. A massive wall of flesh was advancing, swallowing the house from within. Drywall crumpled like paper, wooden beams snapped, furniture toppled as Judy’s unstoppable breasts pushed through the structure like a living bulldozer.

“Come on!” Gwen urged from the front door, clutching at the knob, her eyes wide with fear. The house groaned again, another wall collapsing in the main hallway.

Bud scrambled, grabbing a few of his notes, a small toolkit, and the old prototype in a panic. He sprinted to the door, Gwen tugging him through just as the ceiling overhead began to bow.

They stumbled out onto the lawn, and Bud fell to his knees, breathless, staring upward in disbelief. From his vantage point, Judy was no longer just a woman – she was a force of nature, her immense form dominating half the horizon, her vast bosom still swelling, still rising, obscuring the sky and forest beyond the house.

Chapter 11: Regret

Judy’s eyes widened as she felt another surge of growth. She was over the peak of the roof now, and the wreckage of roof tiles and wood that had been piling up around her was now sliding down the front side of the house. She could feel her boobs rapidly advancing through the structure, at the same time her body descended along the slope of the roof. All their belongings were being crushed underneath a wave of flesh. She just hoped the other two had made it out in time.

The inevitable came moments later. Judy felt the last of the walls crumble beneath her breasts, the structure of the house splintering and collapsing into rubble. She twisted her neck as far as she could, heart pounding with dread – only to see Bud and Gwen safely outside, retreating across the lawn.

Relief flooded her. “Bud!” she cried, her joy at seeing him tempered by the way she’d put him in danger. “Bud, I’m sorry! I messed up!” Crunching noises continued beneath her breasts as they spread out over the debris, still pushing Judy slowly backwards towards the driveway. “Are you two alright?” She asked.

From below, Bud called back, raising his voice to be heard above the sound of the rubble being pushed around. “It’s okay, Judy! We’re fine. What about you? How are you holding up? How... how does it feel?”

“It feels fine, Bud. It feels *good*, even. But I should have thought this through better. “ She shook her head disdainfully, looking up at the swelling masses of her breasts. “I don’t know what life will be like once this is over,” she said into her cleavage, the words not reaching Bud’s ears. For the first time ever, she was actually worried about how big she was going to get.

“I’m just glad you’re alright, honey,” said Bud, his hands on his hips as he gradually stepped backwards. She was growing towards him and Gwen faster than their walking speed, though not by much. He glanced behind him to stop from tripping, then looked back up at Judy. “Whatever happens, Judy, don’t worry. We’ll figure this all out, somehow.”

She was glad to see the steadiness in Bud’s gaze as they met each other’s eyes. He wasn’t mad at her. The reassurance made her feel better, but didn’t ease the steady pressure in her chest. She could feel her breasts continuing to surge outward, their heavy bulk rolling relentlessly into the woods. Trees cracked and splintered all around her, whole trunks buckling as her bosom advanced like an unstoppable tide.

“I’m not sure what to do, Bud,” she said, looking up at her vast cleavage. “I don’t know when it’s going to stop!”

“There’s nothing we CAN do, honey,” he said, looking up toward her. His words were heavy with regret. “We just have to wait for the growth to run its course.” He looked at Gwen, who hovered anxiously at his side. “I have no way of confirming the calculations, but... I don’t think it’s going to stop any time soon.” He shared a meaningful look with Judy. If the effect on flat-chested Gwen had been so strong, there was really no telling how powerfully the resonance would affect Judy. “We’ll move the cars before they’re crushed,” he added, voice grim.

Judy gazed down at them as they walked to the cars, her heart aching. The growth itself was enjoyable, but the enormity of what she’d unleashed pressed down on her as heavily as the weight of her own expanding breasts. And still, there was no sign of it slowing. The cars crunched away down the long gravel driveway, and Judy grew.

Her breasts continued to swell relentlessly, her body no longer rising much, but staying suspended in midair as her boobs smashed their way through the forest. Her feet dangled

helplessly, her hands wrapped around her stomach to calm the butterflies fluttering therein. Never before had she felt so foolish about her impulse to make her breasts bigger. She'd crushed her own house in moments – along with everything Bud had worked on to make her comfortable while living there, and she was flattening the land around the property. The only consolation is that they had no nearby neighbors for her to worry about. But she spared a thought for all the plants she was killing, along with the animals she was evicting from their homes. She hoped they'd all be able to escape, at least.

As Judy hung suspended, she had little to do but take in the experience of the growth. It was amazing how well she could feel the farthest extremities of her boobs, even at their immense size. She cast her mind out to the edges of her awareness, and did some rough calculations. It felt like her nipples were at least a kilometer away from her at this point. At that moment, she felt them brushing against the crowns of pine trees, the countless needles poking her before the trunks were subducted underneath the tide of flesh. Her nipples were taller than the tree tops, now.

A chilliness suddenly met with the bottom of her right breast – it had touched a body of water. *The river?* She thought, her eyes widening with shock. She'd already grown that far? But it made sense, with the scale she had calculated earlier. She felt her breast grow deeper into the riverbed, and water began to pool around the bottom of it. Judy's breasts were above the treeline, and a small lake was beginning to form as the wall of flesh created a dam. Her boobs were permanently altering the landscape of the area.

Chapter 12: What Comes After

All of a sudden, Judy felt a buzzing coming from her cleavage directly in front of her. She reached in, retrieving her tablet computer. It was still vibrating, showing a video call coming from Bud. The wifi connection was gone, with the house being buried, but she was still able to get decent cell reception.

Bud's face popped up on her screen. He was outside somewhere, leaning against his car. "Bud? Did you and Gwen make it to a safe spot?" she asked

“Yeah, we parked at the general store, a couple miles away.” Gwen came into the background, and waved. “Honey, we can see you from here. It’s... incredible,” he said with a sigh.

“I’m really sorry for being so impulsive back there, Bud.” Her eyebrows arched, and Judy felt tears welling in her eyes. She’d always dreamed of growing like this, but she really did regret forcing it to happen without Bud’s approval. “I don’t know what I was thinking,”

Bud shook his head, looking contrite himself. “You don’t need to apologize, honey. I shouldn’t have brought out the prototype for testing without some sort of failsafe, or backup plan. I got too eager, and then I gave you the chance to give in to temptation.”

Judy wiped a tear from her eye. “Still, I was the one who stole it from you. I feel stupid now,” she said.

“Don’t beat yourself up too hard, Judy,” Gwen said suddenly behind Bud. She’d heard the whole conversation over the speakerphone. “No matter what, we’ll be here to support you. Everything will be alright.”

Judy smiled, and blushed slightly. What had she done to deserve such loving care from those around her? “Thank you, Gwen,” she said. “That means a lot.”

A silence hung in the air for a few moments. Judy’s breasts continued to grow, but all the stimuli were coming from far away, now. She still heard trees being knocked over, but the sounds were distant. “So... what do we do, Bud? I’m still growing, by the way.”

On the monitor before her, Bud was rubbing the stubble on his chin. “Well, about that,” he said. “You know Mark? My friend who works in the Park Service?”

Judy nodded. He was the one in charge of the State Forest that their property had abutted. The same one Judy’s breasts were now enveloping.

“Well,” Bud continued. “I just got off the phone with him, and told him the situation. I told him it was an accident. It sounds like he’s going to be getting in touch with some authorities to smooth things over, so hopefully things won’t get too rough.” He kept rubbing his chin thoughtfully, looking off into the distance. “He also brought up an interesting idea, though. I think he might have been joking, but... I actually sort of wonder if it would work.”

Judy cocked her head. “What’s he thinking?”

On the screen, Bud’s eyes focused on Judy again. “What do you think about the idea of *becoming* a National Park?”

She blinked. Had she heard that right? “A what?” she asked, almost chuckling in disbelief.

Bud grinned sheepishly. “Well, I had been talking to Mark recently about the State Forest anyway. Apparently, park attendance has been down lately, and the Feds have been thinking of shutting it down. When I told Mark about your situation, he goes ‘well, with a spectacle like that, maybe we could get people to visit the area again!’ I don’t think he was being serious, but when I asked him if that could really work, he said he thought it would.” He let the suggestion hang in the air, waiting for Judy to take it in.

“Becoming a National Park?” she asked thoughtfully. Still, her breasts kept growing while they spoke. She thought they might have a diameter of two kilometers now, and still weren’t slowing down. “Like, with visitors? And a gift shop, and everyone gawking at my boobs all day?” Even before today, Judy had long pondered the concept of becoming a tourist attraction. After all, she had by far the biggest boobs on the planet. People would have flocked from everywhere to get a glimpse of her in person. But she’d elected to maintain her privacy, leading to her and Bud’s decision to move into their secluded rural home.

But now the cat was out of the bag. Judy was already going to be the center of attention, whether she wanted to or not. There was no hiding anymore. She felt a small pang of regret that her life was going to be forever altered, no matter what she did.

But immediately after that, came another realization: She actually didn't think she would mind all that much. She'd always wondered what it would be like to truly be the center of attention, to have *everyone* marveling at her breasts. And now she would get to experience that, for better or for worse. In that moment, she decided that it would be better to just own it.

Judy smiled, and she gave a determined nod at Bud on her screen. "Let's do it, Bud," she said firmly. "Let's make it happen."

He blinked back at her. "Really? You're sure about this? It's going to be a big change," he warned. "I'm guessing you'll have a lot of visitors, especially in the next few months, until the hype dies down."

Judy laughed. "Darling," she said, giving Bud a knowing grin. "In all the time you've known me, when have I ever been afraid of change?"

Bud smiled on the screen. "I love you, Judy Wall," he said.

She blew him a kiss on the screen in reply.

Bud blew her an air kiss back, then looked up from the screen. She saw his eyes widen briefly – he must have gotten another glimpse of her breasts on the horizon. "My god, you're getting big, honey," he said. "Hopefully the growth stops soon, otherwise we're going to have to move the cars again."

Judy grinned sheepishly. "I'll tell the girls to calm down," she replied. "Unfortunately they don't really listen to me all that well."

Bud chuckled. "Well, I'm going to make some phone calls, try to get ahead of this before it's all over the news. I think you should probably expect some people from the press before the end of the day," he said.

“Well, I’ll be right here waiting for them,” she said with a wink.

Bud laughed again. “Love you,honey. I’ll call you when I have more details.”

“Love you too.”

The call ended, and Judy folded the cover over her tablet and placed it back into her cleavage. Then she sighed, spreading her arms wide against her breasts and leaning her cheek against them. The call had really taken a weight off her mind. She’d been worried that Bud would be mad at her, for her brazenness. But he seemed to be rolling with it. And Gwen, wonderful Gwen – she was just so supportive.

Most of all though, the fact that there was a plan of action gave Judy the most comfort. She was going to be a spectacle, and that was alright with her. As long as she had Bud’s support, the situation would be manageable. Part of her was even excited to find out just what it would be like, to finally be totally exposed to the world. To become a tourist attraction... A living monument to her ideal of female beauty and majesty...

She squirmed slightly in anticipation. Turning her head to face directly into her cleavage. Far away, she felt her boobs still advancing across the landscape. The sound of crunching trees was so distant now that it almost sounded like popcorn popping. “Well, girls, you heard Bud,” she said to her breasts, her voice muffled as she spoke into her cleavage. “You can stop growing anytime, you know. You’ve made your point.”

Still though, they kept growing, heedless of Judy’s command. She smiled, squeezing her arms to hug herself. “Well I guess you can keep growing for a little while longer,” she said. They would continue to grow until whenever they decided to stop. Judy was just along for the ride.

She decided that in that case, she might as well enjoy it then. She hovered there, relishing the once-in-a-lifetime experience of outgrowing an entire forest.

And she grew. And grew. And grew...