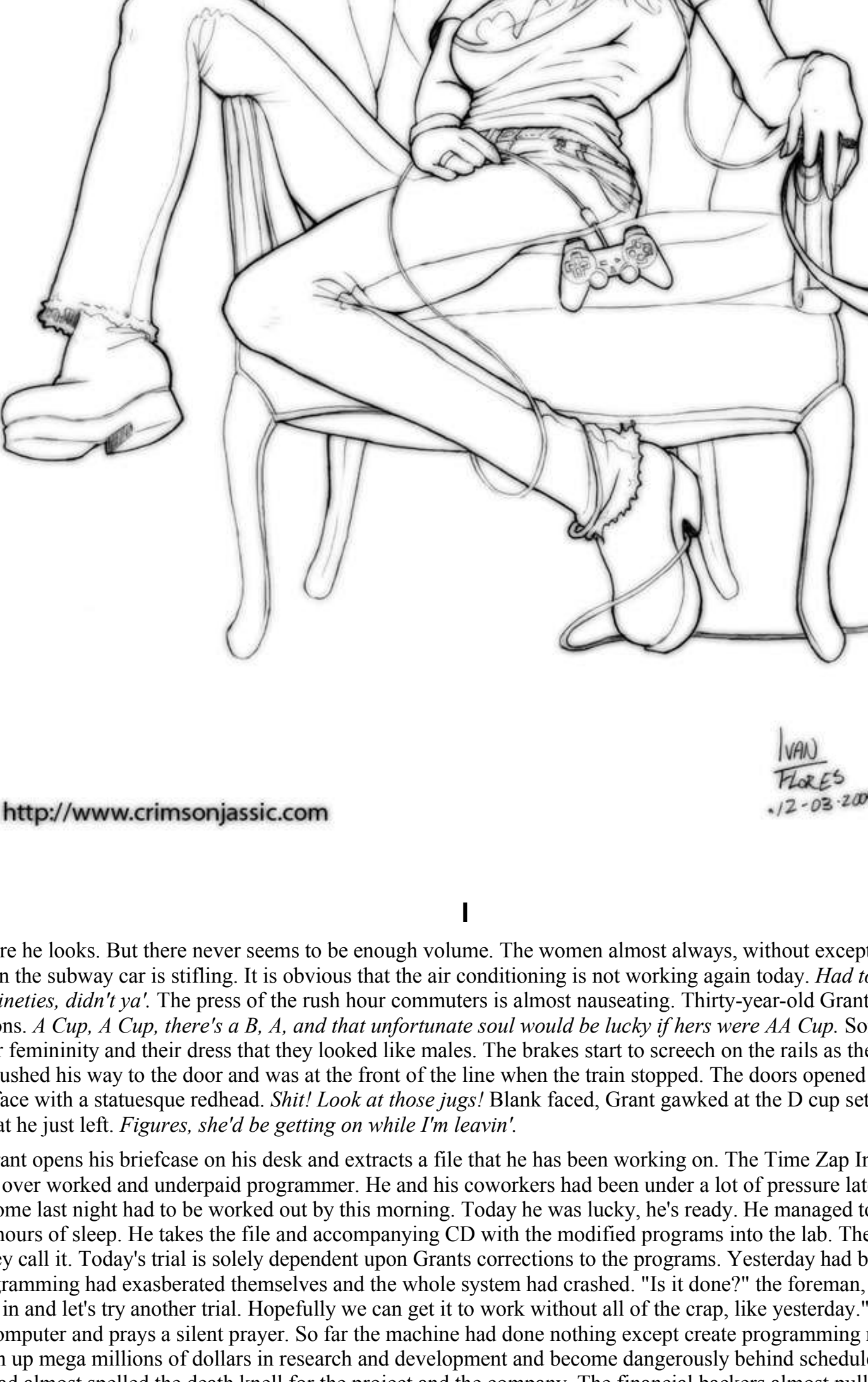


Just like stealing the family car for a joyride,
Grant Riley took the company

Time Machine

to make some changes to the genetic make up
of mankind at the Noble of time.

Original short story by Noble Sword 1999
Illustrated By Crimson Jassie 2004



<http://www.crimsonjassie.com>

I

They are everywhere he looks. But there never seems to be enough volume. The women almost always, without exception, have breasts that are too small. The air in the subway car is stifling. It is obvious that the air conditioning is not working again today. *Had to grab this sixty-year-old antique from the Nineties, didn't ya?* The press of the rush hour commuters is almost nauseating. Thirty-year-old Grant Riley looks at his female traveling companions. *A Cup, A Cup, there's a B, A, and that unfortunate soul would be lucky if hers were AA Cup.* Some of the women were so nondescript in their femininity and their dress that they looked like males. The brakes start to screech on the train slows to a stop at his station. Grant pushed his way to the door and was at the front of the line when the train stopped. The doors opened with a 'whoosh' and Grant was face to face with a statuesque redhead. *Shit! Look at those jugs!* Blank faced, Grant gawked at the D cup set as they bounced their way into the car that he just left. *Figures, she'd be getting on while I'm leavin'.*

Finally at work, Grant opens his briefcase on his desk and extracts a file that he has been working on. The Time Zap Inc. logo is emblazoned on the cover. He is an over worked and underpaid programmer. He and his coworkers had been under a lot of pressure lately. The bugs in the program he took home last night had to be worked out by this morning. Today he was lucky, he's ready. He managed to solve all of the problems and still get a few hours of sleep. He takes the file and accompanying CD with the modified programs into the lab. The techs are tinkering with the 'canister', as they call it. Today's trial is solely dependent upon Grants corrections to the programs. Yesterday had been disastrous. Minor glitches in the programming had exacerbated themselves and the whole system had crashed. "Is it done?" the foreman, Dan calls to him. "Yah, it's done". "Load it in and let's try another trial. Hopefully we can get it to work without all of the crap, like yesterday." Grant loads the revised program into the computer and prays a silent prayer. So far the machine had done nothing except create programming nightmares for Grant and his coworkers, burn up mega millions of dollars in research and development and become dangerously behind schedule and hugely over budget. Yesterdays crash had almost spelled the death knell for the project and the company. The financial backers almost pulled the plug on funding. *It's got to work today.*

The test turned out to be a huge success. They managed to send the contents of the machine thirty minutes back in time and by the end of the day Grant arrived home alone, very late and very drunk. It is at times like this that he almost wishes that he had not divorced Jan, his (ex)wife. He had been getting along alright. They disagreed upon almost nothing. Money was never really a problem. The sex was good. He had to admit that it was he who was to blame for their break-up. They really only disagreed on one item. He had been pretty demanding of her, but she was adamant. He had married her with the intention of correcting the only flaw that he had ever seen in her, small tits. He had hoped that, with time, he could have persuaded her to have breast augmentation. Her A Cup breasts were "hers and hers alone", she said and she had no intention of pursuing breast augmentation and with that she had refused any further discussion regarding their enlargement. Their disagreement started almost from the beginning of their marriage. He had under seriously estimated her resolve. So after four years of failed attempts to trying to persuade her to pump up the volume of her chest, he divorced her, citing incompatibility. The separation period and divorce had taken only six months. The divorce had been finalized only three months ago. He still did love her, but damn it; those tits were just too small. Miserable in his drunken loneliness, he had just crawled under the covers when he was thunderstruck by an idea. Three and a half-hours later he figured that he had the programming problem locked that would be able to put his plan into operation. Another hour and he had as much information that he could find on the origins of man.

II

He arrived early to work the next day to put his plan in motion. He promptly called up an old school chum, Quincy. Quincy was smart, the smartest of his friends and had completed a Ph.D. in biochemistry. "Quince, Grant here, I was wondering if you could do me a favour..." By noon Grant had picked up a quantity of a controversial serum which had been designed to alter the pattern of breast function genetically. In its original design it was thought that the serum would be useful for nursing mothers, however, there arose two side effects that seriously damaged the reputation of the drug and the drug manufacturer. Firstly, there was alteration to the DNA. It changed all genetic material, including the stored eggs in the woman's ovaries. This was not foreseen and it ventured into legally confusing and ethically thorny question of hereditary shortcomings. It was a dominant gene, which meant that it created a permanent change and would be passed down to offspring three out of four times. This singularly could not have been so bad except that; secondly, milk production became entirely dependent upon breast size. The larger the breast, the greater the volume of milk production. In the last one hundred or so years women had been gradually losing their defining womanly padding, particularly in the bust area. The serum had been a dismal flop since there were too many small or flat chested women in the population. And, as a result of clinical trials, now there were women out there who could no longer breast-feed because they had small tits and their milk production was dependent upon tit size. The lawsuits had been horrific.

On the way back to work from lunch, he stopped in at a nearby gun shop and picked up a tranquilizer gun complete with telescopic sight and package of small size darts. Back at his office, Grant entered in on progress in the lab. The techs had been steadily taking the machine farther and farther back in time. Very cautiously they had been pushing the machine back in time. By quitting time they had managed to get two weeks back in time. For his purposes, these tests were good enough. Grant told his coworkers that he had started on another project and would be staying a little late.

At eight that evening Grant entered the cylinder. He checked the time and took the machine back ten seconds. He exited the cylinder and checked the time. Ten second difference. He reentered the cylinder and set the dials to regain the ten seconds that he had traveled. Exiting the cylinder he was ecstatic that everything was now back in sync. He now felt confident that he could travel both back and forth in time. Back at his desk he gathered up the tranquilizer gun, darts, serum and his laptop computer. He reentered the machine. *Here goes. All or nothing!* He set the coordinates for a number of locations around the globe and at best guesstimates of time coordinates. The first stop was the original burial site and resting-place of the Peking man.

III

With trepidation Grant opened the door. The 'craft' was sitting in a small clearing. Taking the tranquilizer gun he set out looking for the Peking man. In a crude circle of shelters made of sticks and hides he spotted his prey. He loaded a dart filled with the serum into the rifle, took aim, perfect shot!

He traveled into Africa, later into the Nile area, Siberia, later still to Western Europe, North America, searching out the origins of mankind. At every stop he would target and shoot two or three women. Finally when he figured that he had covered all of the continents and to the best that his sources of reference had been able to identify about the origins of *Homo sapiens*. As he was resetting the coordinates for his office at the same time that he left and he thought to himself, "*Now to let Darwin's Theory of Evolution and Natural Selection do its thing.*"

The machine ended its trip exactly as planned. Grant ran a program from his laptop into the on board computer and in a flash the digital history of his trip had been erased from the cylinder's computer's memory. He packed up and headed home. On the subway ride home the train was almost empty. Of the few travelers, Grant was pleased to note that his little trip into the past seemed to have been a success. None of the five or six women he saw in his commute had a bra size that could have been less than a D cup. By the time the subway reached his stop he had a raging hard-on after watching the tits of these traveling beauties and jiggle the seams of burms and jostles of the train. Hiding the noticeable bulge in his pants behind his briefcase, he waited at the doors while the train stopped. The doors opened. Getting on at his stop, loaded with shopping bags, was the same statuesque redhead he had seen getting on the train this morning. She seemed to be wearing the same blouse that she had been wearing earlier, except the front of the blouse was stretched so tight the buttons were straining to contain what must have been boobs in the double or triple F cup range. Grant stood to the side and again gawked, just like he had this morning, as the knockers wobbled and bounced barely being contained inside the blouse. *God! They're huge. Man, they're beautiful.* The doors were just beginning to close when he realized that he still had to get off the train. Fighting to keep the doors open, he struggled off the train.

IV

By nine thirty he opened the door to the lobby of the building and he noticed that the air conditioning was still not working. Opening the door to his apartment it was the smell of dinner cooking that hit him. "What the...??" Jan, his (ex)wife calls from the kitchen "Is that you, honey?" *What's she doing here? I thought I'd changed the locks.* "The least you could have done was call and tell me you'd be late." She appears in the doorway of the kitchen. The tube top that she loved to wear so much could filled with... tits! Firm D cup boobs. *Oh, thank you God! Jeez, I hope she'll stay the night.* "I'd invited Sal and Lou over for dinner and I expected you home at the usual time. *Oh, great! Her two school friends who were even flatter than she was!*" "We're just finishing up, go on in and sit down, I'll see what I can scrape together for you."

Grant slowly moved to the dining room. Sally and Louise were still seated at the table and were leaning forward talking quietly between themselves. Sal was wearing a V neck tee shirt that must have been a men's XXL. It hung baggily off her petite frame and her red hair cascaded down her shoulders and back. Grant couldn't properly gauge her size due to the looseness of the shirt and the veil of hair, but they were still clearly visible (brassless) large D Cup tits, bigger than Jan's. Lou had been the smallest of the three with a flat chested A cup and still was the smallest, however her halter-top was now filled with a nice set of C cup breasts. He said his hello's and returned to the kitchen to once again look at his (ex)wife. Not thinking about the content of his question and still not fully comprehending what had happened he asked her "What's happened to your breasts?" Puzzled, she turned to face him, her brow furrowed. "Nothing? Why?" Attempting to recover, he stated "They just look bigger, that's all." "Don't start with that again!" she said. "They're mine and mine alone and I've told you that over and over again. Last week I thought it was made clear, and you even agreed that we'll not entertain the subject of enlargement ever, ever again!" With that she abruptly turned and left the kitchen to rejoin her friends.

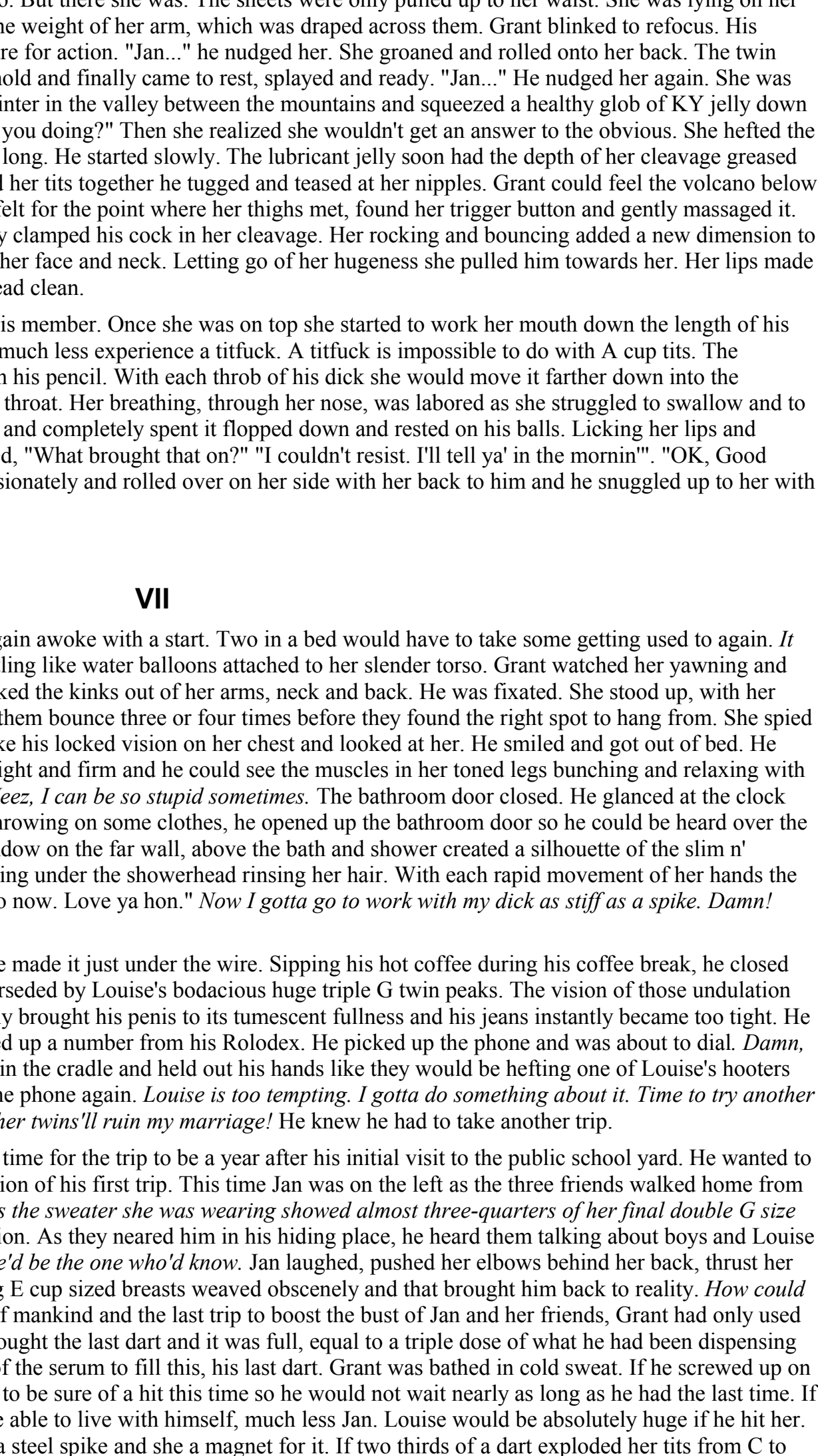
Grant was stunned. What had happened? Then it clicked. Due to his interference with the genetic make up of mankind, this was a new time and place. A new time line. Because of Jan's D cup volume, Grant figured that at some point in the past he had decided to stay with Jan, as opposed to the time line of the titless women where he had decided to leave. Now, he would refuse to let her go. But what she did said about an enlargement bothered him. *What if she decided to leave because of what I've said? I can do this scene again, can't I? Hey, what if they were even bigger and she didn't even know it? I gotta try something, I have to know for sure.* Smiling to himself, he continued thinking. *I think I'm going to make one more stop.* "Tm going out for a while, be back soon." He took a cab back to the office. Reentering the cylinder with all his kit-and-caboodle, he recalculated the coordinates fifteen years before the present and he started his journey.

V

The machine stopped in a copse of trees outside of a public school. This trip would be more difficult than the last. If he were caught there could be no explanation and no going back. The bell announcing the end of the school day finished ringing just as he opened the cylinder door. The kids poured forth from the doorways. *There she is, with those two friends!* It was all too obvious that Jan was a very late bloomer as they looked as young, fresh and as flat chested as she had the day he would marry her. The other two, meanwhile, appeared to have finished and they looked just as delicious as they had been at the dinner. He waited until three girls had passed his hiding spot and had traveled on a reasonable distance to insure his safety. He takes aim. *Damn! Missed.* He hit the girl on the right. Reloading, his hands are shaking. The girls are getting farther away. The second shot hits the girl on the left. The three have now stopped and the two flanking Jan, that have been hit, are looking for the source of their pain, the darts. Rushing madly he reloads, aims and shoots. The dart hits one of the on the right again. Time is running out. *Soon those girls will sound an alarm and it'll be game over.* Thirsty, Louise reaches down to pick up one of the three previously fired darts. Stroke of luck. The fourth and final dart finds a shot in the fleshy left buttock. Jan squealed and jumped. Grant waited only long enough to see that his very last dart found its intended target and he started the sequence that would take him back to his own time.

Again, the machine ended its trip exactly as planned, at the exactly the same time as the last trip had ended. He erased the trip from the computer's memory and he packed up and headed home. It felt like deja vu, except in reality for Grant it really was. He was pleased to be able to ogle the redhead in the subway again, but this time he got off of the train first. Again the smells of dinner hit him when he opened the door. *Maybe it worked! Damn, I hope this worked!* Jan calls from the kitchen "Is that you? The least you could have done was call and tell me you'd be late." She appears in the doorway of the kitchen. This time the tube top is stretched almost to its limit. The F cup boobs bounced gently with the tapping of her foot. *Oh, thank you God!* "I'd invited Sal and Lou over for dinner and I expected you home at the usual time. *Oh damn! If Jan has changed like this, what about those two...*" "We're just finishing up, go on in and sit down, I'll see what I can scrape together for you."

Grant, with trepidation, slowly moved into the dining room. Sally and Louise were still seated at the table and were leaning forward talking quietly between themselves. Sal was wearing the same V neck tee shirt, but it could hardly contain her. *Yes! Still brassless!* double F Cup tits. Lou wasn't so small any more. Grant remembered that it was Louise who had been hit by two of his darts. The second shot hit the girl on the left. The three had now stopped and the two flanking Jan, that have been hit, were filled beyond capacity, overflowing the top of the straining garment. The top half of each breast was exposed in all its creamy glory, with a hint of the aureole peeking out over the top. Her whoppers made honeydew melons look small in comparison. *Jeez, they gotta be - What? Triple F's, G's, no maybe double G's? Wow! I can't even guess. They're humongous.* It seemed that not only had the serum boosted genetic and pituitary activity and filled their chests, but also strangely in determining bust size and volume in conjunction with puberty. Originally the tests conducted on the serum had only been tested upon the mothers of the infants. Perhaps there were very pleasant 'side effects' which would be determined when the infants reached puberty. *I'll have to get Quince to look into that.*



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This time he stayed, but Grant had lost his appetite, for food, so he retired to the living room with a stiff drink. During Jan's friends entire stay he had been hard pressed to look anywhere else but at Louise's huge boobers and the deep dark crease of cleavage that looked all too inviting. Louise and Sally helped Jan clean up after dinner. Grant sat back in the attached living room and watched the three sets of jugs bumble and bounce as the moved in and out of the dining room, clearing the table and putting away the leftovers. Lastly it was Louise who came from the kitchen with a dishcloth to wipe clean the dining room table. Leaning over it, she wiped the table, stopping to seriously scrub two or three spots. Grant watched the undulating of the huge udders as they hung down from her inclined frame. The cleavage was alive as each man did the bump and grind, especially so during the scrubbings phases when they became positively animated. After the cleanup the three women joined Grant in the living room. Jan brought out soft drinks in tall glasses filled with crushed ice. Thirsty, Louise chugged down the contents of her glass in one long swallow. Almost immediately she visibly shivered from the cold of the drink and as a bonus for him, her nipples filled and bloated, protruding into the tight stretched halter-top, like ball bearings. Grant sitting across from her enjoyed her sight of Louise even more. For the remainder of their visit Grant watched the animated antics of these boobies as they shuffled and settled, bobbed, and bounced with each movement and breath that Louise took. But the time seemed to pass far too quickly before Sal and Lou said their good-byes and left. He was more than just a little sad to see Louise and her exploded rack leave.

VI

Now to 'apologize' to Jan for coming home late. "You worked too hard to make the dinner, just leave the dishes, I'll get them later. I'd like to say I'm sorry for being late." He grabbed her by the wrist and dragged her to the/their bedroom. Her boobies bounced with each forced step. He had her on the bed and was strapping both of them in record time. Her largess rested in a splayed fashion on her chest. They were full and firm. He had a difficult time concentrating on the rest of her, as he was obsessed with her jugs. Their lovemaking was passionate. He kissed her, hugged her, held her. The pressure of her voluminous tits against his chest, with the cigar butt nipples digging into his chest was driving him mad. He opened onto his back, as she straddled his iron poker, slowly lowering herself onto him. Grant, with two free hands experienced a wealth of titflesh that he had never had the chance to experience before. Jan rocked herself on his rigid tool, coming closer and closer to her release point. The melon-sized jugs captivated Grant, quibbling and weaving above his head. He worked his fingers and thumbs on both of her nipples and she groaned with delight. Her pace quickened to a frenzy and she was spent. *She looks so happy. I'd never been able to do that for her before.* "Your turn." Jan stated breathlessly and they rolled over and he was now on top. Resting the weight of his upper body on one arm he started to pound into her. With his free hand he mauled at her tits, squeezing, pulling, kneading. His pace increased and Jan started to respond again to her pleasure center. Grant could not hold off any longer. His prick spat glob of his seed deep into her love canal. She too was rocked by the momentum and came again. Exhausted they collapsed together. He held her, fondling her tits as they fell asleep. The last thing he remembered was Louise's cleavage.

He woke with a start. It was almost three in the morning. It had been nine long months since he had shared his bed with anyone. This aspect of the new time line was going to cause getting used to. But there she was. The sheets were only pulled up to her waist. She was lying on her side facing him. Her huge boobs squished together by the weight of her arm, which was draped across them. Grant blinked to refocus. His manhood did not need the second confirmation to prepare for action. "Jan..." he nudged her. She groaned and rolled onto her back. The twin puppies did their best impression of Jell-O free of the mold and finally came to rest, splayed and ready. "Jan..." He nudged her again. She was coming to. He straddled her waist and put his plumb pointer in the valley between the mountains and squeezed a healthy glob of KY jelly down the length of it. "Jan..." She was awake now. "What are you doing?" Then she realized she wouldn't get an answer to the obvious. She hefted the mound of mammary meat and she swallowed his foot long. He started slowly. The lubricant jelly soon had the depth of her cleavage greased, and he slid in and out of the dark chasm. While she held her tits together he tugged and tugged with her nipples. Grant could feel the volcano below him awakening. With one hand he reached around and felt for the point where her thighs met, found her trigger button and gently massaged it. She started bucking like a wild horse, but she still firmly clamped his cock in her cleavage. Her rocking and bouncing added a new dimension to his tit tick and he exploded. Streams of cum landed on her face and neck. Letting go of her hugeness she pulled him towards her. Her lips made a firm seal around his shaft and her tongue licked the head clean.

Nudging him around his back, he remained clamped on his member. Once she was on top she started to work her mouth down the length of his softening tool. Grant never had his wife do this before, much less experience a titfuck. A titfuck is impossible to do with a C up tits. The newness of both situations started to put the lead back in his pencil. Her breathing, through her nose, was labored as she struggled to swallow and to breathe. Slowly she released her suction on his member and completely sent it flopped down and rested on his balls. Licking her lips and scooping up what she could from his first blast she asked, "What brought that on?" "He couldn't resist. I'll tell ya 'in the mornin'". "OK, Good night then Grant." Good night Jan. She kissed him passionately and rolled over on her side with her back to him and he snuggled up to her with his hand on her breast.

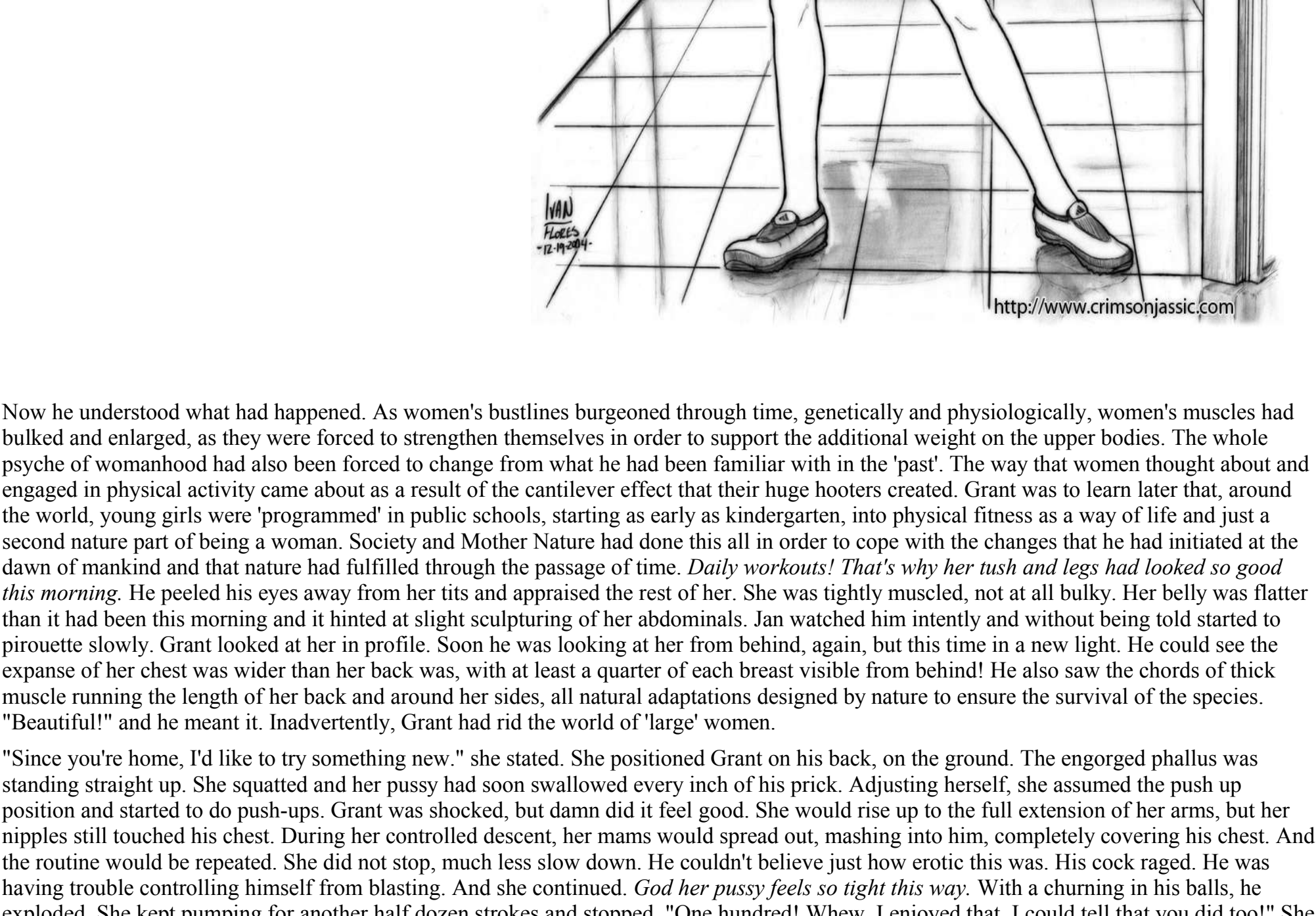
VII

Morning came too early. The alarm screamed. Grant, again awoke with a start. Two in a bed would have to take some getting used to again. *It wasn't a dream.* Jan sat up in bed, her breasts settling like water balloons attached to her slender torso. Grant watched her yawning and stretching. The boobies wagged and wobbled as she watched the kinks out of her arms, neck and back. He was fixated. She stood up, with her back to him. In the mirror across the room, he watched them bounce three or four times before they found the right spot to hang from. He spied him watching her. "Com'on Grant, up n' at em." He broke his locked vision on her chest and looked at her. He smiled and got out of bed. He watched her walk towards the bathroom. Her butt was tight and firm and he could see the muscles in her toned legs bunching and relaxing with each step. *How could I have thrown her away before? Jeez, I can be so stupid sometimes.* The bathroom door closed. He glanced at the clock and was rocked from his reverie. "I'm gonna be late!" Throwing on some clothes, he opened up the bathroom door so he could be heard over the sound of the shower. He paused. The light from the window on the far wall, above the bath and shower created a silhouette of the slim n' stacked Jan. He was speechless as he watched her standing under the showerhead rinsing her hair. With each rapid movement of her hands the shadowy boobs bounced on the shower curtain. "Gotta go now. Love ya hon." *Now I gotta go to work with my dick as stiff as a spike. Damn! Sometimes I wish I didn't have to go in.*

Grant took a cab into work so he wouldn't be late and he made it just under the wire. Sipping his hot coffee during his coffee break, he closed his eyes and the images of Jan's F cup boobies became superseded by Louise's bodacious huge triple G twin peaks. The vision of those undulating undies during the after-dinner clean up last night quickly brought his penis to its fullest fullness as his pants instantly became too tight. He opened his eyes and shook his head to clear it. He looked up a number from his Rolodex. He picked up the phone and was about to dial. *Damn, I can't get involved with Louise.* He put the phone back in the cradle and held out his hands like they would be hefting one of Louise's booties with both hands. *But those tits...* He started to pick up the phone again. *Louise is too tempting. I gotta do something about it. Time to try another trip and I hope this thush works otherwise Louis and her wins'll ruin my marriage!* He knew he had to take another trip.

At lunch he locked himself in the lab. He set the arrival time for the trip to be a year after his initial visit to the public school yard. He wanted to be absolutely sure that the girls would have no recollection of his first trip. This time Jan was on the left as the three friends walked home from school. *Jeez, Louise must have been a rapid bloomer, as the sweater she was wearing showed almost three-quarters of her final double G size in only one year!* The double F's were a serious distraction. As they neared him in his hiding place, he heard them talking about boys and Louise stated how they were absolutely crazy about boobies. *She'd be the one who'd know.* Jan laughed, pushed her elbows behind her back, thrust her chest forward and wagged her upper chest. Her growing E cup sized breasts waved languently and that brought him back to reality. *How could they grow so fast?* On the past trips, to the beginnings of mankind and the last trip to boost the bust of Jan and her friends, Grant had only used darts that were about one third full. This time he had brought the last dart and it was full, equal to a triple dose of what he had been dispensing during his other visits to the past. He had used the serum to fill this, his last dart. Grant was bathed in cold sweat. If he screwed up on this shot he could seriously mess up his life. He wanted to be sure of a hit this time so he would not wait nearly as long as he had the last time. If he accidentally hit Louise with this dart he would not be able to live with himself, much less Jan. Louise would be absolutely huge if he hit her. It was bad enough that his dick was already acting like a steel spike and she a magnet for it. If two thirds of a dart exploded her tits from C to GG cups, how monstrous would the get if they started at the double G size and were boosted with a full dart of serum. He swallowed hard at the thought of tits unimaginably big. His prick throbbled in his pants and told him that if he missed, it was 'Louise or bust'. The girls passed him without seeing him. Jan was busy being the center of attention, shaking her tits. The girls were closer this time. Easier targets. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, aimed and gently squeezed the trigger. *Balls-eye! Again, he hit Jan in the butt.* He made good his escape, arrived back, seconds after he had left. The cock was doing the thinking. *Cheap thrills, Cheap thrills.* He could not wait until his arrival at home to confirm the assumption that was the basis of the last trip. While recalling the dramatic change in Louise in the space of one year, he set the time for another trip one year after this last trip.

The day was a searing scorcher, with the temperature breaking all previous records. Louise had obviously got out early as she waited for her two friends at the base of the schools front stairs. *She mustn't believe in bras!* The man's undershirt she was wearing fit her more like a bikini top. She raised her arms and pulled her two foot long blond tresses away from her neck and back. The bulk of the mams were clearly visible through the armholes of the undershirt. The material stuck to sweat soaked body. Even from where he was hiding her nipples were prominently visible pushing their way outward against the thin gauzy material. Again his pants became too tight as his prick reacted to this blatant display of sexuality. Jan and Sally came bounding down the school steps, their jugs bouncing dramatically with each step. "So they did dispend ya for wearin' that shirt!" Sally called to Louise who just nodded. Grant watched the trio walk towards the spot he was hiding. Each footfall created a jiggling of all of the three sets of sweater meat. Even Jan appeared to have finished her growing. He couldn't believe their size, noticeably larger than Louise's. *That's all I wanted to see. Triple H's! Now I can relax.* Sally had not changed since she had maxed out at delectable double F's a year ago. Louise had finally swollen to her gorgeous double G cups. *Now to get home to Jan to see the final product.* He pushed the button to initiate his return and arrived back in the lab about two minutes after he had originally left it. He erased the computer's memory of both trips and returned to his desk without out anyone seeing him with the rifle. Grant told his boss that he wasn't feeling well and that he was going home. Again he took a cab. Strangely, time was of the essence; he couldn't wait. The visual tasting of Jan's expanded bust line prompted his haste. Jan worked half days at a nursery school and he knew that she would be getting home about the same time he would.



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VIII

Bounding up the stairs, two at a time, he was breathless when he opened the door to the apartment. "Hi honey, I'm home!" "I'm in the kitchen making some lunch." "Came the reply. Grant hurried into the kitchen and stopped in the doorway. She had her back to him and was busy cutting something on the counter. "What brings you home so early?" Honestly he said, "I missed you." *And those gigantic jugs of yours.* She had already changed from work and was in her favorite tube top again. He could tell from the weave in the material that it was tightly stretched, more so than he could ever remember it being and that it dug into the muscular flesh in her back. *I don't remember her being that tight and toned?* Wiping her hands on the towel she turned to face him. She was smiling, glad that he was home early. "Guess you'd like more of a tawel from last night, huh?" His jaw almost dropped. He stopped himself, just in time. His mind drew a blank. The tube top had the appearance of an elastic band around a tennis ball. The beachball sized mams exploded from her chest. They were even larger than he had ever expected or wished for. She wriggled her way out of the tube top, exposing herself completely to him. "I'm glad you're home, you can help me with my daily workout. Gotta keep her shape to support these!" And with that she pulled her elbows behind her back, like she had done before, thrusting her monsters up and out.

IX

They are everywhere he looks. But there never seems to be enough volume. The women almost always, without exception, have breasts that are too small. The air in the subway car is stifling. It is obvious that the air conditioning is not working again today. *Had to grab this sixty-year-old antique from the Nineties, didn't ya?* The press of the rush hour commuters is almost nauseating. Grant Riley looks at his female traveling companions. *DD Cup, DDD Cup, there's a double E - nice, another DDD, and that poor unfortunate soul would be lucky if hers were a single D Cup.* Now Jan's double E jugs, there's a set. he thought dreamily, *I can hardly wait for this day to end to get my hands on those babies again.* For some of us, even D's are not big enough!