New Beginnings

by Steve Palmer

Before him sat one of the greatest benefits of being a doctor. One of nature's anomalous aberrations, Judy Wall perched stripped to the waist atop the paper covered exam table. A very pretty girl, she had been a fashion model when she was younger until her breasts became so large that she was no longer employable in that profession. They were now extremely large, so full and firm that she could place a grapefruit between them and it would stay in place. The amazing size and lovely shape of her tits, coupled with Judy's riveting beauty, made it difficult for the physician to maintain his professional detachment.

"Now let me be sure I understand — you say you want your breasts *enlarged*?"

"Yes, I do."

"I see. They're already quite large."

"True, but I want to be bigger."

"May I ask why?"

She smiled. "To be honest, I really don't have a logical reason, doctor. I just want to have larger breasts. I mean, it's not like I've got the biggest boobs in the world or anything."

The biggest I've ever seen, he thought to himself. "How much of an enlargement do you have in mind?"

"What's the biggest I can get?"

He took one generous breast in his hands and examined it, his interest mostly scientific but partly prurient. "I'd say you could accommodate maybe a 1500cc implant."

"Is that pretty big?" she asked.

"Yes, I'd say it is."

"How soon can I get it done?"

"Let me refer you to a plastic surgeon I know," he said, taking a prescription pad from his pocket and scribbling a name on it. "This guy is *very* good — I personally think he's the best in his field. Now, while I myself would caution you against implants, Dr Bloome will be very encouraging."

"Why would you caution me against it, Doctor?"

"I don't believe in elective surgery. I say never let anyone cut you unless there's no alternative. It's only a small risk, I know, but it's still a risk. But you'll be in excellent hands with Dr Bloome."

Dr Bloome opened the door of the examining room and saw Judy. She'd taken the entire day off from work, and was informally dressed in jeans and a tee shirt, which was stretched tight across her impressive bust. "Good morning!" he said pleasantly as he looked back down at his clip board.

"Good morning, Doctor."

"Have I seen you before?"

"No."

"Hmm. Says here you want breast implants, is that correct?"

"That's right."

"Do you have implants *now*?"

"No, I don't."

"Oh!" He chuckled at himself. "Sorry, you threw me there. Usually women who come to me for breast enlargement surgery look like you do only on their way *out*." This drew a smile from her. He extended his hand to her and said, "I'm Phil Bloome."

She shook his hand. "Judy Wall."

"Dr Halverson referred you?"

"That's right."

"Okay." He sat opposite her. "So tell me — why does a woman as obviously well endowed as yourself want breast augmentation?"

"Well, it's hard to put into black-and-white terms, Dr Bloom, but I really like having big breasts. Even though I'm pretty big already, I've always wanted to be bigger."

"Mm-hm. How much bigger?"

"A lot ... as big as you can make me, I suppose."

He nodded slowly, contemplating. "You're absolutely sure about that?"

"Oh, yes! Definitely!"

He sat pressing his fingertips together under his chin as he thought a moment. Then he stood and said, "Well, why don't you hop up onto the table and take off your shirt and bra, please." He turned and busied himself with his back toward her while she undressed so he wouldn't give the impression of watching her. Judy wouldn't have minded though.

After she had laid her clothes aside and climbed up on the exam table, he turned toward her again. Her impressive mammaries were still wiggling happily as he snapped on his surgical gloves, observing their lovely undulations. He performed a cursory examination, feeling for lumps and for just a bit of pleasure, and after a few seconds longer than was actually necessary, he stepped back and addressed her thoughtfully.

"Judy, I'll be honest. When I do augmentation surgery on my patients, if I could give every one of them a pair of breasts as big and pretty as yours, I'd be a happy man. You're asking me to improve upon what looks to me like perfection, quite frankly — now let me finish. When an implant is placed inside a breast, the breast loses some of its natural shape. It's not possible for me or anyone else to give you today's implants without sacrificing some aesthetic beauty. *However*," he said, pausing for dramatic effect, "There is an alternative."

She raised her eyebrows at him, silently coaxing him to continue.

"It's an experimental method of breast augmentation surgery that has just been approved for human trials," he said, noticing how big her nipples had become in the air conditioning. "A sample of tissue is taken, and then, using the patient's own genetic material to prevent rejection, a sponge-like framework is grown in the laboratory. It gets to be a little larger than a ping-pong ball. A catalyst is then injected into these sponges and they're implanted, one in each breast. From there, the patient's own system takes over: the catalyst encourages cell division and tissue starts to grow in the implants. Once the process of mitosis has started, it continues by itself and the implant eventually dissolves harmlessly into the bloodstream. I've been spearheading this ongoing study for almost two years, and the technique has been working very well."

"It sounds good!"

"I'm excited about it. Volunteers are being signed up now for the human trials, and you'd be an excellent candidate, if you're interested."

"I am interested. Is there a fee?"

"No. The operation and all follow-up will be free."

"And it's completely safe?"

"It's as safe as traditional implants. Safer actually, because there won't be anything foreign inside your body."

"This really seems like a great way to do it. Now, you said I'd be an excellent candidate for this. Why?"

"Most of the women in the program are small breasted, of course. We need to track how this procedure effects an individual with substantial pre-existing mammary tissue," the doctor replied.

Judy savored the term the doctor had just used, referring to her. *What a great pick-up line for some guy,* she thought. *Hey baby, I can see you're an individual with substantial pre-existing mammary tissue...* "This sounds like a good program, Dr Bloome. I'd like to participate."

Judy had been lying in a recovery room bed for more than an hour since the operation was over, waiting for Dr Bloome to release her. He came in with the two other doctors who had observed the procedure. Bloome was cheery but the others seemed devoid of personality. Even when Judy sat up and dropped her frock, revealing her extraordinary tits, they didn't even blink. Even Judy herself uttered a little squeal of approval when she saw her enlarged naked breasts for the first time. She hadn't been able to really tell the difference lying on her back with gravity flattening her boobs onto her chest, but sitting up, the difference was quite noticeable.

"Now remember, even though you don't see as dramatic an increase in size as you'd have with traditional implants, you will begin to see a change within a couple of weeks. This method of enlargement is slower, but your body will be able to grow at its own pace," he said, examining her breasts carefully.

But Judy thought the difference in size was appreciable. "They look great to me, doctor." They looked great to him, too. "I've been wondering what I should do about a bra."

"I want you to wear one all the time for the next six weeks. Even when you sleep. And be careful during intercourse. Your breasts really shouldn't be handled. I'd recommend abstaining during the six weeks."

"Six weeks—" she calculated the time in her head: six weeks hence was right before Thanksgiving. "That's fine. I'm not intimate with anyone right now anyway. Actually I was asking about exactly what kind of bra I should wear."

"Did you bring a new bra with you like I asked? A cup size or two larger than you normally wear?"

"Yeah, I did. Two cup sizes bigger: I'm hoping for the best."

He chuckled. *Must've been hard to find one that big*, he observed to himself silently. "That's good, because there seems to be a little swelling. Nothing to worry about, but you don't want your bra to be too tight. Or too loose either for that matter."

"Should I be wearing one now?"

"It wouldn't hurt. If you have it handy, I'd like to make sure you've got a good fit and proper support."

"It's right here in my bag," she said pointing. The doctors silently watched her big boobs swing out and dangle as she leaned over to pick up the bag from a nearby chair. Setting it next to her on the bed, she reached inside and fished around, pulling out her brand new family size brassiere. She slipped her arms through the straps, gently wrapped the large cups around each tender breast and then fastened the hooks, which were located in the front.

Dr Bloome tested the fit. "Actually this is a little on the snug side already. It's okay to wear for now, but your breasts will start to enlarge soon, and you'll have to have something bigger."

"After my breasts start growing, am I gonna have to buy new bras every week?"

"As far as your rate of growth is concerned, it's hard to tell how fast or how soon your body will react. You might try a nursing bra. You can probably find one that can be adjusted as you grow. They generally run in larger sizes than regular bras anyway."

As soon as she got home from the hospital, she closed and locked the front door behind her and went straight to her bedroom, shedding her blouse and new brassiere on the way. Standing topless in front of her big vanity mirror, she admired the impact of her augmentation, turning this way and that. Her breasts were now much bigger than they'd been before: grown from a very respectable F-cup to an impressive H-cup. Not the gigantic proportions she wanted to eventually achieve, but definitely noticeable. She hoped Dr Bloome's experimental process would be so effective on her that her breasts would become truly enormous.

She leaned over toward the mirror so her tits hung freely, and shook her shoulders to see them swing. She stood up straight again and caressed them gently. She hated not being allowed to give them a really good feel. She longed to do that, but alas, she (and anyone else who might otherwise have had the opportunity) would have to wait six more weeks for that pleasure.

She had been fascinated with her own breasts and with breasts in general since puberty. She'd found out where her brother hid his girlie magazines, and would on occasion study those pictures secretly in her room when her brother was gone. She liked looking at the women with the biggest bosoms, not to lust after them, but with envy, awe, and a deep appreciation of feminine beauty. She desired to look like those women — to be that feminine. She wanted to be extraordinarily busty.

To her frustration, however, Judy turned out to be a late bloomer, and her figure began filling out later than most girls her age, delaying any serious ripening until her mid-teens. When she was about sixteen, after having already resigned herself to a life of flat-chestedness, her breasts suddenly started to sprout. They grew slowly, but with a persistence that kept them expanding steadily until she was 22 years old. The bigger they got, the more thrilled Judy was, even though it eventually cost her a modeling career. But she'd become tired of doing that anyway, and besides, she couldn't think of a better reason to leave a job than an overdeveloped bust! By the time her boobs finally stopped growing, they had become extremely large. Justifiably proud of their size, she loved showing them off whenever she could, wearing skimpy clothes that showed off her sizzling figure.

But even then, as much as she loved having such exceptionally big boobs, she still wished they would have grown even bigger. Or she wished they were still growing. Now, standing there topless before the mirror as she'd done so many times before, the breasts in the reflection were indeed bigger and (theoretically at least) growing.

Judy saw Dr Bloome for the first follow-up visit one week after her surgery had been done. He took her bust measurement and recorded it in her chart without comment.

"Any increase?" Judy asked as she sat bare-chested on the exam table.

"Not yet. But it's early still. And remember you were a little swollen from the surgery when I measured you last week. It's likely that the swelling has gone down but your breasts have begun growing enough so that your bust measurement is the same. So don't be discouraged."

It wasn't until the third weekly visit that the doctor saw any increase at all, and that was slight. But by the fourth visit, the difference was pronounced. He could tell even before she took off her blouse. The buttons of that garment had become extremely tight at the bust, looking like she was ready to burst out of it. He sent her home with the good news that the catalyst implants were doing their job and that her breasts were beginning to enlarge.

Judy had the day after Thanksgiving off from work, and she took the opportunity to go to a computer store to buy her first home PC, having decided it was high time to get on the internet. All the stores were crowded with holiday shoppers bundled up for the unusually cold weather that day.

In spite of the crowd in the store, however, a salesman came right up to her a moment after she opened her coat. She explained to him what she wanted and they strolled through the aisles selecting various pieces of hardware and software.

"So this is everything I'll need?" she asked the clerk at last as he piled the final box on the checkout counter.

Without raising his eyes higher than Judy's chest, he answered, "That'll do it, ma'am." He was a nerdish young man, but not without charm. Judy had always had a soft spot in her heart for the type. He continued, "Just replace your current video board with this card, then pop in the other board, uh, make sure your machine is turned off first, and then—"

"Could *you* install it for me?" she said, fluttering her eyelashes shamelessly.

"No, ma'am, we don't do installations. Sorry."

"No, I'm asking *you*. Can I pay you to come to my place and set it up for me?"

"Oh! I guess so ... Well sure! Uh, when?"

"When do you get off work today?"

"Four," he answered without even considering possible conflicts. This automatically took top priority.

His name was Bud. Or at least that was how he wanted to be known. She gave him her address and he agreed to bring the computer with him when he came. He arrived at Judy's apartment just a few minutes after the hour, having driven from work like a man possessed.

She had changed into a pair of jeans and a tight sweater with no bra, and when she opened the door for him, Bud was visibly shaken by the sight of her. At the store, Judy's coat had concealed much of her torso, and Bud had erroneously assumed that her large bust was an indication of overall chubbiness as well. This perception had not dampened his attraction to her in the least, but now as he stood gawking at Judy in her form-hugging clothes, her slender figure made her tits seem even bigger.

Her snug jeans displayed the full contour of her well-rounded fanny and lovely long legs, and her old sweater was threadbare and woefully small for her enormous unbridled bosom. Even before her enlargement she wouldn't have dared to wear this favorite sweater out in public: now it was practically indecent. Her great swollen breasts strained against it, with bare skin showing through its numerous moth holes. She figured as long as her nipples weren't poking out through one of them, she could still wear it in the privacy of her home. She hadn't considered poor Bud when she'd chosen those clothes to put on. Although he was comical in his shock, Judy restrained her amusement.

He wrestled the boxes of computer components into her apartment and began setting up the system. Keeping his head in his work, he struggled to keep his eyes off Judy's voluptuous body and maintain his composure enough to carry on a reasonably intelligent conversation. Once or twice, as he was assembling the components, he would catch a glimpse of her extravagant, wobbling bosom, and he'd have to force his gaze elsewhere simply in order to function.

"What made you decide to get on-line?" he asked, trying to make small talk.

"Well, two things. I wanted to have an e-mail address — that sounds like fun — and people tell me that the internet is the best place to do research."

"Sure is. Anything you need to know is available on the web, and it all comes right into your home. It's great. What are you researching?"

She paused a moment to decide what approach to take with Bud. Because he seemed like a nice guy, and since she felt safe with him, she decided to play it straight. "I'm participating in a medical study. I volunteered for an experimental method of breast enlargement, and I want to learn about everything else around the world that's happening in that field."

Without turning from his work, he replied, "Well whatever it is sure works!"

She chuckled. "Well, thanks. But actually it's only started to kick in. I'm just naturally big busted to begin with. We're still waiting for real results."

"No kidding? So you started out pretty much the size you are now, and you're trying to get bigger?" he asked without looking up from his work.

"Yep."

"Way to go! If you don't mind my asking, does this experimental method have anything to do with implanting a genetically engineered sponge-thing which your body tissue sort of grows around?"

"Yeah, that's it. How'd you know?"

"I read about it on line. Sounds pretty cool. High tech stuff. I've sort of been doing the same research you want to do. After we get you set up, I'll teach you how to do a focused search, and show you some sites you might find interesting."

"Interesting how?"

"In terms of breast enlargement. There are some herbal methods that have come out, and women are reporting decent results."

"Yeah, I'd like to look at that. I'd also like to see if there's any information about who has the biggest boobs in the world."

"Ah, The Quest. I've been looking for years."

"Yeah? What have you found?"

"Lots. But it's hard to say who's the biggest. I can show you some truly busty ladies, though, if you're interested."

"Please. How long before this is all set up and ready to use?"

Bud pushed the power button and replied, "Not long. Just have to boot up and run this CD, and you'll be on line."

"Great!"

Soon they sat side by side as Bud taught Judy how to use the browser to surf the web. As she took copious notes, he took her to a site that preached herbal enlargement, and then to various other sites devoted to big tits, including one about a woman named Nadine. She had a pleasant face, and was fairly normal-looking except for the extraordinary size of her breasts. Bud clicked on one of the thumbnail images, and in a couple seconds a full size nude picture appeared. The woman's breasts were so huge they hung down well below her waist, obscuring her torso down to her crotch.

Judy gasped. "Good grief! Her boobs are bigger than watermelons! Incredible!"

Bud felt a thrill rush through him to be sharing this exciting subject matter with such a sexy woman who was herself extremely busty. "Now you have to retain a certain amount of skepticism when you see photos like this because there are a lot of artistically inclined big-boob lovers out there who like to morph."

"Morph? Oh, like special effects in movies."

"Same concept. They get a picture of some girl and make her breasts bigger. There are a lot of well done morphs out there and you can't believe everything you see."

"So how can you tell?"

"You can't really. I don't even care, myself. I get a kick out of looking at these girls regardless. Besides, I'll never meet any of them."

Bud walked her through some more basic care and feeding of home computers, and after Judy understood enough to get started, he reluctantly excused himself and put on his coat.

Judy looked up from the screen as he walked to the door. "You're going?" she asked.

"Yeah. Got things to do." Nothing nearly as important to him as spending time with a big bosomed beauty, but he was loath to overstay his welcome.

"But I haven't paid you for setting me up yet!"

He smiled and replied, "I really enjoyed meeting you." Then he slipped out the door.

It was Friday night, a week before Christmas Eve, and Judy was relieved and delighted that the weekend had arrived. It was a special occasion for her, even though she had no particular plans for the evening. She had decided weeks earlier that when Dr Bloome's experiment had run its course and her boobs were finished growing, she'd celebrate. About a month after the procedure, her breasts suddenly started enlarging rapidly, becoming so big that she had outgrown her measuring tape in a matter of a few weeks. Her boobs stopped growing just as abruptly soon thereafter however, in spite of her hopes to continue becoming even bustier.

Her breasts nonetheless had become startlingly large, beyond the capacity of most of her tops. She had been living in tee-shirts from the Big Men's department at Wal-Mart to avoid paying a fortune for new clothes until her bosom stopped expanding. After her bustline had remained stable long enough, Dr Bloome proclaimed her enlargement successfully completed.

She jockeyed a bottle of champagne from its hiding place at the back of her refrigerator, and announced her statistics out loud in the quiet solitude. "Sixty-one, twenty-three, thirty-six, yes indeed. Ah — here we go." Having finally worked the bottle free from its hiding place, she carefully brought it out. Judy owned no champagne or wine glasses, so a small jelly-jar glass would have to do. She popped the cork, sending it ricocheting across her kitchen walls, and poured herself a full glass. As she was about to take a sip, she suddenly stopped.

"Wait. It's not proper to have a toast when the guests of honor aren't here." Setting her glass on the table, she lifted her shirt up high on her chest and unfastened her commodious brassiere, spilling her huge breasts out onto her chest and tummy. She put her hands on them and rubbed the skin that was pink and sore from having spent the day squashed by underwear. After deriving some relief from that, she picked up her glass again, held it up saying, "To the twins," and drank. After draining half the glass, she filled it again, commenting to herself, "I shouldn't do this on an empty stomach; but heck, it's party time."

After removing her bra entirely and pulling her shirt back down over her substantial bosom, she put some Mozart on the stereo and sat down at the computer with her glass. She surfed for a long while, and after another refill of bubbly, she checked her e-mails again. Still nothing interesting. As she sat with her mind wandering for a moment, staring blankly at the screen, her eyes came to rest on Bud's e-mail address. On a whim, she initiated a new e-mail message addressed to Bud, and began typing...

> Dear Bud,
> It's Friday night, I'm here by myself, and I'd like someone to talk to.
> I'm still new at Email. Am I doing this right?
> Call me at 555-8487 if you get this tonight.
> Judy Wall

She read the message over and decided it was too stupid to send, but when she attempted to cancel it, she accidentally sent it instead. "Oh great," she mumbled. "Heads up, Bud — incoming e-mail from Idiot Girl."

In a few minutes she had emptied her jelly glass and filled it again. As she left the kitchen and came back into the living room, she observed out loud, "This is one dull party, Judy. Well, let's liven things up by bringing the guests of honor back out again," she said giggling at her own tipsiness. She set her drink down and pulled her XX-large tee-shirt off over her head, revealing her stunningly huge, undulating bosom. "Ta-da! Ladies and gentlemen, I'm proud to present — Judy's great big new titties! Hooray!" Then she started doing an improvised hootchie-cootchie dance to Mozart's Jupiter symphony, making her enlarged breasts bounce and swing.

The phone rang, interrupting her revelry. "H'lo?"

"Hey, Judy! This is Bud; I just got your e-mail."

"You did? I hope it's not a bother."

"No way. Whatcha doin'?"

"Having a party."

"A party? I thought you were alone tonight."

She chuckled. "I am! Haven't you ever had a party all by yourself?"

"I'm having one of those right now."

"No kidding? What are you celebrating?"

"Uh — this is the twentieth anniversary of twenty years ago today."

"Good reason for a party."

"I thought so. What are *you* celebrating?"

"Interesting you should ask," she said as she rubbed the outside of her jelly glass against the tip of a bare nipple, making it stiffen. "I'm having a coming out party," she said, snorting a silly laugh. "No, I'm having a big boobs party. You remember me talking about that boob enlargement test thing I'm doing?"

"Vividly."

"Well, it worked, so I'm celebrating."

"Fantastic! Are you happy with the results?"

"Yeah. Basically. It would have been nice if I'd gotten a little bigger, but I did get too big for my measuring tape, so I can't complain."

"Too big for your measuring tape? You're saying your bust measurement is now more than sixty inches?"

"Yes sir. It's now sixty-one inches," she declared proudly.

"Whoa! That's pretty big, Judy."

"Damn right. They're all healed up nice now too. You ought to see 'em."

"Any time."

"Listen, why don't you bring your party over here to my party?"

Bud had no idea why he'd been suddenly favored with such an invitation, but he wasn't wasting time wondering about it. He had to force himself not to speed as he drove to Judy's. He held an image in his mind of what Judy had looked like the day he installed her computer. The tight jeans and that flimsy sweater stretched across her amazing tits. He had fantasized about that vision several times since: fantasies made even more tantalizing by the idea of her lavish bust growing even bigger. And now, apparently she'd succeeded. He tried to imagine how big a sixty-one inch bust would be, but without knowing what her measurements were to begin with, he could only guess.

When he arrived at her apartment, she answered the door with her extravagant unbrassiered bosom bobbling exquisitely within her giant tee-shirt. Her tremendous boobs protruded out dramatically inside the shirt, stretching it tight at the bust with her fat nipples thrusting out prominently behind the material.

"Bud! Come in! Thanks for coming over."

"My pleasure, Judy," he said to her breasts, hoping his tongue wouldn't drag on the floor.

After he came inside, she closed the door behind her guest and asked, "So what do you think?"

"Huh?"

She straightened her posture and threw out her chest, with her great swollen tits seemingly about to burst through her shirt. "How do you like the new look?"

"Oh! Yeah! I mean good grief! I've never seen anything so big in my life. Not in person. Maybe not even in pictures!"

"So you approve?"

"*Definitely!* You look fantastic!"

"Thank you. I'm glad you like 'em. Some people are telling me they're too big."

"No way! Absolutely not. Big boobs are beautiful. The bigger the better!"

"Good. Birds of a feather. Listen, I'm a little tipsy and you're about two and a half glasses of champagne behind me, so let's get you started." He draped his coat over a chair and followed her into the kitchen where she filled another jelly glass which he cheerily accepted. "Have a seat, Bud," she said.

They both sat down at her small kitchen table and the conversation turned to computers. Judy picked his brain, gleaning many useful tidbits of information from him as he kept one eye on Judy's extravagant breasts. They were so big that they rested on the surface of the table, heaped up in front of her. She saw him staring at her enormous bosom and asked, "Does it bother you for me to sit like this?" His gaze shifted to her eyes, looking at her questioningly. "I mean with my boobs on the table and all."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, sitting up a bit straighter. "Not at all! They just look so cool that way. Sorry if I'm staring."

"Oh, don't worry about that — I don't mind. It's just more comfortable for me this way. It takes the weight off my chest, plus the table top is nice and cool on the bottoms of my boobs — heat builds up there when I'm not wearing a bra and they lie against my chest."

He nodded sympathetically. "Yeah. Sometimes I have to do the same thing with my penis." Upon saying this, he immediately had severe second thoughts, fearing the joke might be have been way *too* forward.

It took a second for the jest to filter through the champagne fog, but when it did, Judy giggled merrily.

"By the way," Bud said, "I brought you a little present. It's in my coat." He got up and went to get it.

"A present? Bud, you're sweet, but you shouldn't have done that."

"No, don't get the wrong idea — this is nothing big." He came back in the room and handed her a small gift, crudely wrapped in tissue with a little prefabricated bow stuck on top. "This is only a boob-warming present. It's just something small and silly."

She chuckled. "A boob-warming present. I like that. Thank you, Bud!" She tore the tissue away, revealing a measuring tape packaged on a blister card.

"It's 96 inches," he explained.

Judy laughed. "Thanks, I really can use this!"

"And if you ever outgrow it, let me know and I'll get you a longer one."

He'd said it jokingly, expecting her to respond with a denial of ever attaining that size, but instead she pointed a finger and winked at him, saying, "You got it."

"Seriously: are you considering further enlargement?"

As she picked up the champagne bottle and divided the remainder of its contents between their glasses, she answered, "Well, I guess I am. I've always wanted to be really big."

"You *are* really big!" Bud insisted.

"Yeah, but I'd love to be even bigger. I can't explain it: it's just something that comes from way down deep."

"I can understand that. How much bigger?"

"I don't know, really. Not as big as that girl Nadine you showed me in those pictures at that website. Probably," she added with a mischievous snicker. "But I'd like to be bigger than I am now." She took the measuring tape out of its the package and unrolled it. "Let's try this thing out, whadya say?"

"Sure."

"Here," she said, handing him the tape. "Measure me at the fullest part and don't pull it too tight."

"You mean *me*?"

"Yes, you!" She stood up and turned toward him, thrusting out her chest. Bud stood there gawking at her magnificent bosom as it undulated subtly. "I'll have to hold them up while you measure."

"Hold 'em up?"

"Sure! That way we can get the biggest measurement."

"Ah. You're saying you want maximum girth when we do this."

"Yes. And the fact that you could think of the phrase 'maximum girth', let alone pronounce it correctly, tells me that you haven't had nearly enough champagne yet. There's another bottle chilling on the balcony. I'll fill up your glass again when we get through with this," she said as she cradled her formidable breasts in her palms, lifting them up and away from her torso. The effect was stunning, and it took Bud a moment to compose himself.

Holding the ends of the tape in each hand, he tossed the rest of it over her head and pulled it taut around her voluptuous chest. Steeling himself against the hurricane-force tit-lust that raged within him, he brought the ends together and read the result. "I'm reading a little more than 61 inches. About 61 and a half, actually. Inhale a little and you can call it 62," he concluded, letting the tape measure fall from around her corpulent bust.

As he started rolling it up again, Judy said, "Let me get that other bottle from the balcony and I'll freshen your drink." She rolled the sliding glass door aside just enough to step out, and was back inside in a few seconds. "It's getting cold out there!" The truth of her observation was underscored by her elongated nipples sticking out from inside her shirt.

After she refilled his glass and then her own as well, they moved their conversation into her living room where the chairs were more comfortable. As they continued to talk easily about a wide variety of subjects, they raised the alcohol level in their bloodstreams also. It was after 11:00 when Bud came back from having used the bathroom to find Judy sitting on her couch asleep with her head tilted back.

He gently moved her into a reclining position, draped a cover over her, and called a cab for himself.

Bud put down his soldering iron and answered the phone. To his surprise and delight, it was Judy. After a minute or two of chit-chat, she came to the point.

"Wanna have another little party this Friday night?" she asked.

"New Year's Eve?" Bud asked, incredulous.

"Oh, you're busy, aren't you? I knew I should have called sooner, but—"

"No no, I'm not busy. I was just gonna stay home and watch Dick Clark on TV. I'd love to go to a party with you!"

"Well, actually I was thinking of having a party with just us, like last time. I really enjoyed that."

"Wow," Bud intoned, completely stunned. "I had a good time too. That sounds great!"

"Good! I was thinking — since we got together here before, maybe I could come over to your place this time. I know I'm inviting myself over, but I don't mean to be forward or anything -"

"No, I'd love to have you! — Over!"

"You're sure this isn't an imposition?"

"Right, Judy, It's a real drag every time a beautiful sexy woman invites herself over to my apartment."

She chuckled. "I guess a lady isn't supposed to do that, but I've been regretting the fact that I was too plastered at our last party to seduce you, so I've decided subtlety should be dispensed with."

"Seduce me? Judy, you're not yanking my chain here, are you?" Bud asked skeptically.

"Of course not. Why would I kid you?"

"Well. I guess I've just never had much luck with women, is all."

"Luck? You silly boy. You're a big tit-man who's about to get lucky with a girl with really big tits! Does that sound like bad luck?"

"Wow," he wheezed. " I was feeling pretty lucky just being friends with you."

"Well, I like you a lot too, Bud. You've always been such a gentleman, and I really feel at ease with you. I even like the way you look at my boobs all the time! Plus, even though you're apparently not aware of this, you're very *cute*!"

"Really?"

"Sure!"

Bud cleared his throat. "So what do I need to get for the party?"

"You buy the condoms — I'll bring everything else."

The knock at the door brought Bud falling over himself to answer it. He opened it to find Judy standing there with grocery bags in each hand, wrapped up in a bulky coat that still failed to hide the broad contour of her huge bosom. "Hi! Come in!" he said, motioning her in.

"Thanks, hi!"

"Let me take a bag or two."

"Okay, if you'll hold these, I'll take off my coat."

Bud watched as Judy unveiled herself from inside the big coat. It slid off her shoulders, revealing her amazing form, to which a silken evening dress clung closely. It had spaghetti straps coming from a deeply cut bodice that revealed a daringly abundant percentage of her enormous, unbrassiered bosom. Her big nipples were in prominent evidence, so close to the scoop of the dress's plunging neckline that the top arcs of her areolae played peek-a-boo as she moved.

She held her arms out and twirled around once for him, saying, "Isn't this a killer dress? Just the thing to ring in the New Year!" Her huge breasts wobbled with her enthusiasm, rocking from side to side after she stopped spinning.

"Definitely a super dress!" Bud said, trying not to appear overwhelmed.

"Thanks! A friend of mine is a seamstress and I had her make it for me. Why don't you take my coat and hang it up and I'll take those grocery bags and put the party food in the kitchen."

Bud stashed her coat in a closet and followed her to the kitchen. She opened the refrigerator to put a bottle of champagne in, pausing when she saw there was already one in there.

"Oh! You didn't have to get that."

"Well, I thought it'd be a good idea to have it on hand, just in case. Besides, it's already chilled."

"Good thinking. But before we start on the bubbly and get all tipsy," she said, closing the door of the 'fridge, "there's something we need to do." She slid her fingers around the straps of her dress and pulled them off her shoulders. The glossy fabric slipped down her body an inch or two, with only the profound size and protuberance of her huge breasts preventing the dress from falling completely. "To be perfectly blunt, I've been thinking about making love with you for days and days, and I'm horny as hell! I'd like to do it right now if that's okay. Then we can relax and enjoy our New Year's party together."

Bud smiled. "*You're* horny?! I've been thinking about having my way with you ever since the first time I saw you."

"Then come here."

After giving each other a very thorough and wonderful fucking, they lay in each other's embrace, basking in euphoria. Bud was elated, not only because he'd just screwed a lovely woman with incredibly big tits, but also because he had done the gentlemanly thing, letting the lady precede him. Twice. She was very happy as well, needless to say. Eventually they got out of bed, dressed, and commenced devouring the junk food Judy had brought.

While Bud was busy searching for a pair of clean drinking glasses, Judy explored his apartment. "So what is this — your shop?" she called to him from a spare bedroom.

He followed the sound of her voice, a glass of champagne in each hand. "Yes it is," he answered, handing her a drink. After his hand was free, he turned on a light, revealing a clutter of tools, wires, and parts, all of which were scattered around a suitcase-size metal box with various cables, knobs, meters, and switches cobbled onto it.

"What is that doohickey?" she asked, pointing to it.

Bud paused a moment. "You remember when you told me about the experimental enlargement you'd just undergone before we met?"

"Yeah. I was surprised you were already familiar with the procedure."

"Very much so. Dr Bloome publishes his research on his web site, and I've read all about his method and the theories behind it. He's very good. Well — as you yourself know," he added, gesturing to her huge bosom. "But I had this idea that the same kind of cell mitosis could be generated purely by electronic stimulation with no surgery at all."

"Really? You wouldn't pull my leg about this, would you?" Judy asked with a half-grin.

"No! I'm absolutely serious! I've been working on this for almost a year. If it works, it'll become the basis for my doctoral thesis."

"So you're a grad student?"

"Yeah."

"Out at the University?"

"Uh-huh. Microbiology."

"You never told me that!"

"Nope."

"Gee. So have you tested this thing?"

"Sure have."

"On a woman?"

"No, not yet."

"How *did* you test it?"

"On a cow at my uncle's farm."

She snickered gleefully. "A *cow*? You *are* a tit-man: her udder wasn't big enough for you?"

Bud chuckled sheepishly. "She wasn't a dairy cow. Only dairy cows have those great big ones."

"So you made her *look* like a dairy cow."

Bud looked at the floor uncomfortably. "Her udder was a little bigger than a dairy cow's when I got through," he mumbled.

"*Bigger*?"

"Yep. There's a picture of her up on the wall there," he said with a nod.

She moved closer and leaned over the junk to get a better look. The 8 x 10 black and white glossy photo showed a cow standing in her stall with a colossal udder that was so big it rested on the hay-strewn floor, lying over to one side slightly with her teats aimed toward the camera.

Judy's mouth dropped open and she started to giggle. "A *little* bigger? My! The poor thing! Why'd you make her so big?"

"It was an accident. See, the way my device works, it stimulates hormone production in the mammaries by sending a low level current of a specific frequency to the pituitary gland, while an inversely phased signal stimulates the mammaries themselves. It really works powerfully. But once the cell division begins, the stimulation isn't necessary. The body itself carries on the mitosis at an incredibly fast rate. To stop the growth I just reverse the phase of both signals and give it another shot of juice. This method is not just quicker than Dr Bloome's procedure, it doesn't fizzle out either. The cells just keep on dividing until you tell them to stop. The problem was that the cow didn't like the electrodes. They don't hurt or anything — she just kept brushing them off. It took me three hours to get them back on long enough to shut the process down again."

"Ah. So you wouldn't have had that problem with a human subject, then?"

"No. Provided the subject didn't freak out prior to being given the shutdown signal."

"Mm-hm. So when will you be ready for a human test?"

"I've been ready for months. Can't find a subject. It's a really awkward thing to ask a woman. They all think I'm either a crackpot or a pervert."

"But you're a *nice* crackpot or pervert," she said, poking him playfully. "So lack of a volunteer is all that's stopping you?"

Bud nodded.

"Why not use me?"

"You? Well—"

"You're sure it's safe, right?"

"Oh yeah; safe as milk! So to speak. It's nothing but extremely low-voltage electrical current. You can't even feel it."

"So let me try it out!"

"If you're sure."

"I'm sure. I told you I wanted even bigger tits. Let's give this a try. If it doesn't work on me, we've lost nothing. I'll just have to be happy with a 61-inch bust."

"Sixty-one and a half."

"So what do you say?"

"Uh ... sure. Yeah! So when?"

"Now is good. Heck, it's a party, ain't it?"

Bud's grin grew from ear to ear. "Let me get you a chair!" He returned with a kitchen chair and set it down for her. After she'd sat on it, he picked up a bottle of rubbing alcohol and a cotton ball, and swabbed the middle of her forehead. Then he reached for an electrode and affixed it to that spot, moving its wire out of the way. "Now I need you to strip to the waist," he told her.

She shrugged the thin straps of her gown off her shoulders and peeled the dress away from her enormous tits. Bud then took his bottle of alcohol again, and thoroughly wiped each of her nipples.

"Ooo! That's *cold*!"

"Yeah, but it's necessary for good contact. Besides, it's making your nipples distend beautifully. That not only helps the electrical connection, it's fun to watch, too!" He then approached her holding another electrode, and applied it to her left nipple, helped by a piece of tape. Her right nipple was prepared in the same way. "Now we're all set to go."

"How fast does the enlargement happen? How long will it take?"

"Based on the bovine growth rate, I think we can expect a maximum of maybe five centimeters per hour — or about 2 inches. So, how long it takes depends on how much bigger you want to get."

Judy nodded thoughtfully. "I won't really know until I get there, but I'm guessing maybe another ten inches."

"*Ten inches*? Alright! Go, girl!"

"So what time is it now? We don't want to miss seeing the ball come down in Times Square."

"Right!" Bud looked at his watch. "It's a quarter past nine. We'll have plenty of time to see in the New Year before we need to wire you up again. If the thing works."

"Well, I'm ready. Fire it up, Dr Frankenstein."

"Okay, here goes." he said as he moved to the machine. He pushed a big red button and nothing happened.

"What's wrong?" Judy asked.

"Nothing's wrong: that was it! No whistles or bells or flying sparks. Not a peep: just a little quiet electricity." He was already removing the electrodes from her body.

"Now what?"

"We continue with our party! Oh — actually, there is something we should do. We need to record your bust measurement every fifteen or twenty minutes, plus a video record would be good."

"You got a camcorder?" she asked, standing up.

"Yep," he answered, watching her tits bobble.

"And an extra long measuring tape? Like you gave me?"

"Longer than the one I gave you. It's 120 inches — I use it for measuring cows."

She snickered. "Well, let's go ahead and measure my udders so I can fix my dress back up."

After her bust measurement had been confirmed as 61.5 inches, Bud got out his camcorder and tripod and set it up in his living room. He took video of her profile, both left and right, as well as from the front.

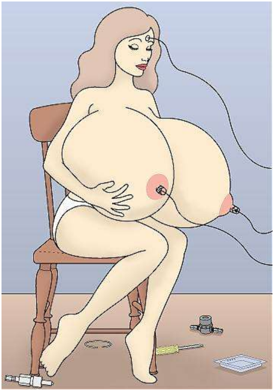
They adjourned to his sofa and began watching the party on TV as they snacked and sipped champagne. During one of the commercials, Judy sat up and clutched her imposing bosom. "I can feel it, Bud. My boobs are real warm. Feel." She grabbed his hand and slipped it inside her deep neckline. When his hand started doing what came naturally, she added, "I mean feel for *temperature*!"

He grinned. "I know, I know. Gotta check for size too!"

During nearly every commercial break they measured her and recorded video, and it wasn't long before positive results were evident. The only discernable difference in her breast size at first was an increased bust measurement, but soon Judy could feel the added weight and before long the difference was plainly visible.

Bud remarked that her bust was expanding at a much faster rate than he'd expected. The bodice of her dress was struggling unsuccessfully to encompass the expansion of the enormous bosom within it. The flesh of her great breasts bulged out over the edge of her neckline and her nipples popped out into view. She insisted on keeping the dress on in spite of the dramatic manner in which she was spilling out of it. She loved the effect and sensed that Bud liked it even more.

They were both very excited about their success, and continued monitoring her status as the evening progressed.



She let the weight of her mammiferous load settle on her lap, continuing to clutch her oversize breasts so they wouldn't slide off to either side.

"Bud!" Judy stood leaning over him and nudged him again.

"Mmm?"

"Bud! You dozed off! It's time to measure me again. Anyway, it's 11:30; it'll be midnight soon and I didn't want you to miss it."

"Right, thanks. Sorry."

As Judy straightened up, Bud gasped as he saw her naked breasts come into view. They had enlarged considerably since he'd last seen them, and he gazed at them in stunned awe. Her medium-size watermelons had grown into prize-winning pumpkins in the short time he'd been napping.

"I had to take my dress off because my boobs got way too big for it. I couldn't find a shirt of yours big enough to fit, so I've been walking around in just my panties."

"They're *huge*!" Bud said hoarsely.

"Yeah, aren't they?" she agreed as she casually slid her hands across the skin of her gigantic tits. "I really like how they're keeping their natural shape, too, even though they're so darn big."

Judy began playing with her tremendous swollen boobs for Bud as he watched in mute rapture. She hefted their considerable weight and then let them drop and bounce against her tummy. She swung them from side to side and jiggled them in her hands.

"So — are they big enough yet?" Bud asked in wonder as he studied her immense wiggling tits.

"Not quite," she answered as she looked down and assessed her giant bosom thoughtfully.

"Have you measured yourself?"

"Not yet. I need your help."

"Okay, let me get the tape." As he took his place in front of her, he commented, "Your nipples have become positively huge! They're the size of a roll of quarters!"

"Just wait," she said as she started fingering both nipples. In a few seconds they had distended to nearly twice their former length. "There, she said proudly. "Isn't that cool?"

"Shit, yes! That's amazing!"

Judy quit playing with herself and lifted her enormous boobs up from underneath so Bud could take her measurement. He passed one end around behind her and brought both ends together in front, impressed by how much of the 10-foot tape was required. "I get — 91 inches!"

She giggled gleefully. "*Wow*!"

"'Wow' is right!"

"You know, this is really making me horny — d'ya feel like doin' me again after we see the ball drop?" she asked, leaning into him so the tips of her immense breasts poked against his shirt.

"That sounds like an excellent plan," he replied as he stroked the sides of her huge bosom. "I've been hard as a rock ever since I woke up with a pair of boobs in my face the size of beach balls!" He moved to the tripod, peered through the camcorder and focused on Judy. She stood with her left profile toward him, thrusting her massive breasts out proudly before her. He started recording and narrated, "11:37 pm, December 31, 1999. Bust measurement is now 91 inches. Okay, Judy, turn." He continued taping as she faced forward and then a moment later turned again for a right profile.

He shut down the camcorder and commented, "Your nipples are still hard, Judy." They were still standing out prominently from her mammoth breasts.

"I'm a little chilly."

"Let me find you something to wear."

"That'd be great if you can. I already tried on everything I could find and nothing fits. This is a lot of flesh to squeeze into any shirt," she explained as she followed him into his bedroom.

"I have a big old bulky sweater here that might do," he said as he opened his closet and reached up to the shelf. After rummaging around, he brought out a commodious hulk of a sweater and held it up for her to see. "It's old, but it's really big."

She took it and began climbing into it. First her hands appeared and then her head poked through, with the body of the sweater bunched up above her tremendous jutting boobs. She was just barely able to pull the garment down over her bulging bust. The rear hem covered her lovely fanny, but the front hem was raised up by the bulk of her enormous bosom, revealing her panties. The sweater was as tight as a drum across her chest, but it was better than nothing.

They returned to the living room and sat side by side in front of the TV as some band played their pop version of Auld Lang Syne. It was less than five minutes before midnight when the network cut to Dick Clark at Times Square.

As the various microphone-wielding commentators vented their thoughts on the passing of the world into a new millennium, Bud heard a sound beside him like a zipper. When he heard Judy gasp and giggle, he looked at her just in time to see her tremendous breasts come spilling out of a vertical rend in the front of the sweater. "Whoops," she said quietly.

Bud gawked at the incredible mass of swollen bosom quivering on Judy's lap. "Good grief! Look at the size of them now! They're humongous!"

She smiled broadly as she caressed her gigantic boobs. I'd say this is about right. For the first time in my life I feel like my tits are finally big enough!"

"Okay, we've gotta go back to the machine and stop the growth process."

"No, the ball's gonna start coming down any second! Let's just wait to see that; we'll welcome the New Year in with a kiss, and then we'll go do that, okay?"

"I don't know," Bud whined. "Your rate of growth must have increased wildly — you're growing really fast now..."

"Bud, I don't mind being a little bigger than this. Relax! I'm not going to miss the ball coming down!" she whined as she pulled the ruined sweater off over her head.

"Alright, but just let me get the measuring tape. It won't take a second and you don't even have to move!" he said on his way to grab the tape. He dashed back and had it wrapped around her immense bust before she could protest. After a couple adjustments, he studied it a moment and exclaimed"Wow! You've got 97 inches here, madam. That's quite an amazing rack."

"You know what, Bud? You're gonna be rich, aren't you?" she mused, eyes glued to the tube.

"Hey — maybe so. But, I don't like to count my chickens before they've hatched."

"Or your udders before they've enlarged?"

"That too."

The TV cameras panned across the countless faces in the crowd at Times Square as commentators babbled on, and then suddenly the picture cut to the dazzling ball of light high above.

"It's coming down!" Judy said with a squeal of delight.

In spite of the millennial event being displayed on the television, Bud was having trouble looking at the spectacle, distracted by the profound set of naked tits lolling ponderously on Judy's lap. But when the ten-second countdown began, his eyes turned to the TV.

The ball touched bottom to the cheering of thousands of crazed onlookers, and the number 2000 flashed across the screen. Judy and Bud picked up their champagne and toasted the New Year, and after setting their glasses back down, they kissed each other.

"Okay," she said. "Now let's use your machine again." As she stood up, her colossal breasts swung around and quaked heavily. "Oh my! I'm gonna have to get used to this." She stood and cradled her immense boobs in her arms, admiring their amazing size and weight. "This is great! I feel so, uh, *womanly*!"

Bud headed into his work room and began powering up the equipment. Judy appeared in the doorway still holding her huge tits in her arms, and said, "I'm sorry I ripped your sweater."

Bud chuckled. "Don't be. I haven't worn it in a long, long time. Besides, it died a most happy death. Okay now, sit."

She walked to the chair and eased herself gently into it. She let the weight of her mammiferous load settle on her lap, continuing to clutch her oversize breasts so they wouldn't slide off to either side. As Bud started applying the electrodes to her body, she was still smiling from ear to ear, delighted with the extreme size of her bust.

She was immediately startled her from her reverie by the alcohol being wiped onto her nipples. "Aaa! That's so cold!"

"Shit!"

"What?" she demanded.

"Look how big your nipples are now."

She glanced down and giggled in amazement. "Yikes!"

"Okay — ready?"

The sound of the television emanating from the next room suddenly turned to static. Bud knitted his brow and cocked his head to listen. A look of panic spread across his face as his hand shot out with lightning speed toward the big red button of his machine. Just as his finger was a hairsbreadth from touching the button, the lights dimmed and went out, accompanied by the sound of all the equipment in the the room whining to a stop.

The End