

TETON INTERLUDE TWO - "SHOPPING TRIP"

(part of the Gran Teton's series)

Six-thirty in the morning...and Miyuki was fast asleep, curled up under the covers next to Rose like a cat, softly breathing and dead to the world. In the second bed, Chris too slept deeply, her face seemingly more...*relaxed* in its frame of newly-cut hair than it had been in the last couple of days.

Rose, however, was wide awake and sighing.

She shouldn't be. They'd had what could best be described as the most tiring two days of their lives - and Rose *was* dead tired. However, along with being tired, Rose was *also* thinking of all the things they need to do...all the things that could go wrong...all the problems three women with three basketball-sized sets of tits could encounter.

In other words, she just couldn't relax enough to sleep, tired or no, because she was *thinking* too much.

She quietly sighed again, then carefully got out of the hard motel bed without even lightly disturbing the sleeping Mi. Outside the sun was coming up, sending a thin shaft of light through the curtains that couldn't *quite* be closed tight enough. Grabbing the room's complimentary pad of paper and equally comp'd pen she moved over so that this shaft of sun gave her enough light to write.

Rose started making a list of all the things they needed for this impromptu road-trip to New Mexico. Some sort of food would be nice. The less they had to hit restaurants - or even drive-thru's - with their three-pairs of sports-equipment-boobs the better. Some folding maps would be even more nice, especially since they had no printer to hard-copy the mapquest results. But it quickly became obvious, as she tapped the pad with her pen and thought, was that what they needed more than anything else right now was something to wear.

Trying to dress when she decided to go out and acquire some of her list only emphasized this point all the more.

Their total clothing supplies at the moment were three pairs of jeans, three pairs of panties - two currently drying in the bathroom after having been rinsed as best they could and one now sitting damply in Rose's hand - and three big t-shirts that looked like they'd rolled around in the dirt in them...which admittedly they pretty much had.

They could probably live in the same pants for a few days, though the thought already made Rose feel sticky, but one pair of panties and one shirt a piece just wasn't going to cut it. If nothing else, they'd need something *else* to wear while they washed what they currently had..."like about now," Rose quietly huffed, as she pulled the still-wet panties onto her hips.

Bras would also be nice. While their mega-tits were - impossibly - in no way uncomfortable even though bra-less, the sheer amount of jiggling and bouncing about they did was both distracting to them and attention-grabbing to others. They didn't need any more attention-grabbed.

Bras, though, would *also* probably be impossible. On the trip down, Rose had tried to do the math to figure out what absurd cup-size they now were - and had deduced that the results boiled down to "ridiculously big". Actually, a "double-N" is what she got...but it could just as easily be a "P" or a "Q" or some other letter, given how stupid and random the bra-size measuring system was.

In any event, it was obvious their breasts were *comfortably* past being halfway through the alphabet and they were about as likely to find a bra "off the rack" as they were to find a rational, non-lying creationist...

Still, as she quietly left the room, opening the door as little as possible to minimize the amount of light let in, Rose thought they *might* be able to, well, "strap them down" somehow, to at least minimize the jiggle-factor. Ace bandages, a really tight undershirt, something. Rose would see when she got to the store.

The store in question was a big twenty-four hour drugstore two doors down from the motel. They'd passed it as they drove in. Being a drugstore, it of course had clothing, underwear, food and a host of other things that might come in handy. There were also probably drugs, but since Rose figured the only thing they'd likely need was aspirin - and Mi *always* had that in the car glove compartment - those weren't really on her list. Still, this would make for a "one-stop shopping trip" that would fill all their current needs this side of more gas for the car.

It was now nearly seven a.m., but the store would still probably be lightly peopled at most, so Rose figured that she could get in and out without too much bother - and few to no pickup lines. It took only a few minutes for her to walk from the motel to the store and go in through the automatic doors into the almost cold, elevator-music-scented air.

As Rose had hoped, the store was practically empty. Only one register was open, staffed by a thirty-something woman who only couldn't be described as "bored" because it looked like she was actually *asleep*. An old man pushing what looked like a bastard combination of a walker and a shopping cart, bearing a lone bag of cheese puffs, was slowly making his way down the hardware aisle. Rose could faintly hear a couple of murmurs that suggested there were two or three others in the store. But they were invisible to her at the moment and the store was - again, as she'd hoped - essentially empty.

A murmur named "Will" was just then finishing up stocking shelves in the pet section and yawning. At sixteen, he probably shouldn't be on the early morning shift - four a.m. to eight a.m. - but it paid a little better than those of more normal hours and it left him both time to get to school on weekdays and time to play on *weekends*. Assuming, of course, he didn't fall asleep after getting off.

Five foot nine, brown hair, a bit scrawny and uncoordinated looking, with the usual assortment of teen skin problems, Will pretty much could have been used as a poster boy for "average sixteen-year-old male" had such a position been open. As such, his days were pretty much filled with thoughts of school, video games, fighting acne, and girls. Lots and lots of girls. Hopefully naked, but he'd accept any outfit up to ski-suit as long as it was filled with girl. Which was good as the naked ones hadn't yet happened to him in any situation where they weren't on a monitor or a magazine page. But he *sure* this was going to happen soon, he just knew it!

Or was just overly full of hormones...it's kinda hard to distinguish at that age.

With less than an hour to go on his shift, he was *intensely* counting minutes...and would have done seconds if the store clock had come with a second hand. Either way, he was counting down another long, boring day at work that was nearly at an end.

Rose found the clothing section of the store, about half an aisle mostly made up of t-shirts with slogans on them, Hawaiian shirts, *hats* with slogans on them and a handful of other things. Fortunately, six-packs of plain white panties (and socks, she should grab socks too) fit in that "other things" category. Two packs in Mi's size and four in hers - which was also now Chris's - would do the trick.



Three-packs of equally plain white t-shirts sat right next to the socks and panties. She grabbed the two packs left marked "XXX-Large", then another two packs of medium, which she hoped would be useful in her "strap 'em down" project.



She briefly considered the slogan'd/logo'd t-shirts as well, but none of them went above a "medium" - and they would get enough attention already *without* the addition of badly stretched company logos on their vast chests showing that they supported the "Raiders," or drank "Guinness" in keg-lots, or really really liked "Pikachu..."

The Hawaiian shirts, on the other hand, might work. They only went up to a "large," but if her "strapping" idea worked, that would be enough. They might also add enough variety to their outfits that they didn't stand out even more than they would: Three huge-breasted girls all in identical white t-shirts would just scream they were from some sort of bar or "Hooters" knock-off - and that could cause questions. Innocent ones, to be sure - but Rose didn't want *any* questions, or at least damn few. Right now, "be as invisible as possible" was her motto.

She grabbed seven of the shirts - the entire stock of "large" - and dropped those in her cart. Four pairs of sweat-pants followed - two in Miyuki's size, two in her and Chris's. That pretty much did it for useful available clothing. She paused, briefly, over some Hawaiian dresses...but they were so small, they wouldn't have fit her *before* the boobs,



let alone now. A still A-cup Miyuki could have managed them, but "still" wasn't the case, now was it?

And Chris? Fit it or not, that was almost certainly a no. Chris was probably going to have trouble just dealing with the thought of wearing *panties* - try for a *dress* and she'd probably have a meltdown...excuse me, *another* meltdown.

Clothing done, Rose next headed towards the food section of the store. She'd get snacks out of the way, then hunt down the ace bandages...

Will's mental countdown timer said there were just thirty-seven minutes to go. That was good. Pity each of those minutes now took about six times as long as a regular one.

He sighed.

Thirty-seven minutes, then I'm off for the day...and off for the next two days after. Come on, you can do thirty-seven minutes,

The store clock teased him for about an hour, then quietly clicked over to thirty-six minutes left. He sighed again.

Time would go faster if he had something to do...and he didn't. Well, he *did*, actually - lots of things. But they were all tasks that either took more time than he had left, so he couldn't start them, or involved cleaning up some sort of customer bodily remains, so he didn't *want* to start them.

Still, quite apart from making time go faster, it wasn't as if he could just stand around for another thirty-five and a half minutes. His manager rarely came out of his office at this time of day, but if he was "goofing off," that "rarely" magically morphed to "always" just in time to catch him. And the boss could *always* find something for Will to do even worse than the "bodily fluid" related jobs.

Well, that didn't leave much - and what it did leave was *almost* as boring as just standing here, watching

the clock tick to thirty-five minutes left - but sorting and reorganizing the vitamins was a job that was always available, yet could be started and stopped at any time.

Will headed off across the store and soon came around the corner of the pharmacy aisle...

...and froze...

...her breasts were *huge!*

Turned three-quarters of the way away from him, examining something on the shelves, was a pretty - no, *beautiful* - black girl, of probably college-age (which the grumpy, dispassionate part of his brain immediately used to put a check mark in his "you have no chance with her" column...right next to the one from "she's beautiful..."). Tall, slim, curvy, with frizzy dark-brown hair, glasses, and *the* largest breasts Will had ever seen outside of magazines or the internet - and some of *those* had been photoshop fakes..

They were just so round and *perfect* they had to be implants - or even "kids balloons in her shirt" falsies - but they swayed and jiggled slightly as she moved, never staying completely still, like real breasts. They hung from her frame like real breasts - perky, incredibly large real breasts. They even had the shape and *look* of real breasts, just with soccer-ball-sized volumes.

Will's mouth fell open as his brain slowly melted.

The plain blue t-shirt the woman wore actually emphasized and displayed her breasts *much* more than it managed to restrain or cover them. The fabric was tightly stretched over her vast curves and Will imagined he could hear it straining - *screaming* - to hold them back with every little move she made.



She turned, saw him, and gave a gentle smile. Some of Will's brain noted that, but most was goggling at the fact that her nipples were plainly trying to push through the front of her shirt. Thumb-sized nipples, neatly centered in slightly darker circles showing through the boob-thinned cloth.

My God! She wasn't wearing a bra!

Will felt faint.



The last time Rose had dealt with ace bandages was back when her Mom was wrapping them around her eight-year-old ankle, sprained as a side-effect of being an eight-year-old. It had been a long, rolled-up cloth strip - way too long for her skinny leg - held on with odd little bits of metal. And that had been the limit of its complexity.

Well apparently that was too simple for the modern shopper, because Rose found herself looking at a bewildering array of shapes, lengths and fasteners all claiming to be "Ace Bandages." They were

interspaced with an even bigger array of braces and tapes and whatnot, all of which was designed to hold *some* part of your body still. Therefore, it took Rose a couple of minutes to find the "tree" she wanted in this sports-related-injury "forest."

She was examining a box containing what she *thought* she was looking for when she felt a pair of eyes on her - a feeling that had been increasingly common the last couple of days. She turned to her left and saw a kid standing at the end of the aisle, wearing the polyester vest of an employee and the mouth-open stare of one terminally stunned.

He looked about sixteen, seventeen and was *cute*, in a kinda geeky, way-too-young-for-her way. Mind you, if she was still the shy, equally geeky sixteen year old she'd once been, she *might* have thought about working up the nerve to talk to him after class. She wouldn't have, of course, because she'd *been* shy and geeky then...but she would have *thought* about it.



Now, though, her first reaction had more "ah, cute puppy" flavor in it than any sort of actual physical attraction. Still, she gave him a quick smile. Not to signal any sort of sort of willingness to talk, or even to come over, but more just to get him to start breathing again.

Duty to preserve the life of sixteen-year-old boys done, she turned back to the display, decided that, yes, that *was* the bandage she was looking for, and started moving the boxes there into her cart. Too soon, though, she had to stop.

There weren't enough.

By her rough estimation - "rough" because she'd never done this or *seen* anything like this done - strapping their breasts down would take at least three of the bandages a piece...and more probably, four or five. Based on that wild guess, first grade math thus told the three of them together would need between nine and fifteen of the suckers. Rose's cart now held only seven...and peering into the deep recesses of the shelf showed that she had all of them.

Now what?

Following her smile, Will remained in a "deer in the headlights" mode for a couple of minutes until his brain finally started working again enough to notice that she was leaning down to look at the back of one of the shelves, searching for something.

Maybe he could help her find it!

He didn't *quite* run over to her, but he covered the length of the aisle in less than five seconds before stopping before her.

"Hello, my name is Will, I work here - can I help you?"

He groaned internally. Could that have been any *more* awkward an introduction? The voice-cracking squeak at the end just topped it off perfectly, especially since until now, his voice hadn't broken like that in nearly two years.

She smiled at him again, in what he hoped wasn't amusement at his expense.

"Yes, I think you could."

Gods, even her *voice* sounded like pure sex. Low and throaty, dripping with promise.

"Do you have any more of these?" she said, showing him a small box. "You're out on the shelf."

Will dragged his eyes away from her and managed to focus on the box long enough to identify it.

"We might," he said. "How many do you need?"

He was quite relieved *that*, at least, came out squeak-free.

"At least two more, but I'd like eight."

She then pouted her lips at him and gave a look that said *please, Will, please be my hero and bring me this*. Will swallowed and looked at the box again, to make *sure* he had the *right* product number.

"I...I'll just check in the back, please wait here."

And he was off at a run for the back room.

Rose watched as the young man ran towards the back of the store - and then realized she'd been slowly licking her lips at him, stopped, and shook her head, as if she could clear it.

Why was she doing *that*? She wasn't a tease, at least, not under these circumstances. And she'd been definitely teasing that boy. And what with him desperately trying not to stare at her chest too. It was sweet.

She cleared her throat. Her voice had been kinda gravelly. She totally missed that her hips were gently swaying from side to side.

Anyway, at least it got some fast service. With luck, they'd have some more of these in the back and she could be on her way.

Will went through the stock room with a speed that would have amazed his boss. Scanning quickly back and forth, his eyes lit upon the correct box within seconds. It almost seemed to *glow* with promise. Ten more seconds crept by as he pulled the box down and then open. Grabbing armfuls of the bandage packages, he turned and headed back towards his busty goddess as fast as he could.

Rose was surprised when - what was his name...Will? - returned seemingly within a minute at an almost-but-not-quite run. In his arms he precariously carried at least twenty of the bandages, which was a lot more than she had asked for, but she wasn't complaining. Maybe he was going to restock as well.

Panting, he stopped before her and offered the bandages, eyes shining.

"Thank you...Will," she said, grabbing eight of them from his arm-load and dropping them in her cart. Then she looked up from the cart into his eyes. "I really appreciate this," she breathed.

Will, on the other hand, had apparently *stopped* breathing again. Finally he seemed to remember and, after a few pants, managed to ask "can I...can I help you with anything else?"

Rose smiled at him again, both with amusement and...well, it wasn't *gratitude*, because she didn't actually need any more help. But it was like that. He was so eager, in his cute-puppy way. And *so* trying to hit on

her, in a pathetic, but equally eager fashion. She decided it couldn't hurt to let him "help" a bit longer.

"I guess, if you wouldn't mind," she said, "I would like some help getting my cart up to the check-out counter."

Well, *that was lame*, she thought. But judging by his reaction, he either didn't notice or didn't care. Possibly breaking the sound barrier in the process, Will seemed to instantly appear at the back of her cart, ready to push...and smiling as if he'd won the lottery.

They headed towards the front of the store together, Rose slightly in front. She didn't even register that her ass was swaying hypnotically behind her as she walked...while Will didn't register anything else.

The woman at the counter woke up, noticed her customer was...unusually pneumatic...and looked as if she couldn't decide between being catty about it or just jealous. Either way, it didn't stop her from ringing Rose up.

Rose grimaced slightly at the total: None of them had what you'd call either massive bank accounts or infinite credit and this "road trip" looked like it would drain both alarmingly fast. Still, you do what you have to...and she pulled her card through the machine to finish the transaction.

Will, meanwhile, had run around to the other end of the checkout counter and had been bagging her purchases almost before the check-out woman finished scanning them. After she was handed the receipt, he proudly offered to carry the six bags for her "out to her car."

Rose figured she'd let him carry them out to the parking lot, then let him know she hadn't arrived by car. The paranoid part of her mind was waking up again after a nice nap and was now yammering that she didn't need anyone - even puppy-dog box-boys - knowing where she was staying or worse, following her "home." But the part that thought of him as "cute" still wanted to give him a treat.

With Will carrying the bags, they went out through the automatic doors and a bit of the ways along the store's front walkway before Rose stopped them.

"Thank you very much, Will," she said, unconsciously licking her lips again as she reached and gently took the bags from his hands.

Will wanted to resist as she reached for the bags. If she took them, she wouldn't need him any longer. Then his fingers relaxed nervelessly as her hands brushed his and her fingers curled through the handles as his released them.

This was his chance...his *last* chance.

"Ummm," he tried. "Ummm, I like to...I mean...I wanted to...ummm...I didn't get your name," he finally managed to get out, too nervous to even worry how bad it sounded.

Rose idly brushed a lock of her hair back with a gesture that seemed purely erotic to Will. "I'm Rose," she answered sweetly. "It was very nice meeting you, Will."

Rose, her name was Rose.

"Hi Rose, my name is Will," he stammered back.

Stupid. *Stupid!* She already knows that you idiot!

"Do you...live around here? I've never seen you before."

He hesitated, then decided, yes, he *would* try a compliment.

"I...I would *remember* someone as beautiful as you."

Please god, he prayed, don't let that be as geeky as it sounds.

Deep inside, the sixteen-year-old Rose she'd once been felt a sort of sad compassion for the frantically desperate way he was trying to hit on her...and decided that he deserved a "consolation prize" just for trying so hard. She wanted to at least let him know she was thinking of him as a real person...and not just as a geek, worthy only of teasing.

So Rose gave him another smile - this one of thanks - sat the bags down for a second and then leaned in to kiss him on the cheek. Her breasts bumped him as she did so...but she didn't think he'd mind.

Her lips gently and briefly brushed his skin.

Will felt that quick kiss from his toes right to the top of his head. The erection he'd had ever since first seeing this woman suddenly got a lot bigger and harder than he thought was possible. His vision literally blurred from all the blood now roaring through his loins and he half-stumbled with a sigh of desire. She'd kissed him...her breasts *touched* him!

Almost passing out, he orgasmed right there.

To her shock, the effect on Rose was hardly any less. She'd had kisses - backed by lots of "warming up" - that had felt this...this...*intense*. But those were deep, passionate ones; this had just been a little peck. She felt her pussy and tits suddenly *ache* with need. Her lips parted in an almost feral smile as her breathing quickly ramped up into strong pants. She felt like a tiger getting ready to pounce...and that's just what she wanted to do: Pounce on this young kid and fuck him right through the concrete of the sidewalk.

Already flushed, that thought brought a deep blush to her face, clearly visible even through her natural coloring. That was the tonic talking, not her. Thanks to it, her "teasing" had gotten out of hand and had left her just *that* close to having sex with a...a...*kid* she didn't even know. In public. On the fucking *sidewalk*!

Still blushing, she quickly bent down and grabbed the shopping bags from where she had sat them. The boy was still so out of it he didn't even try to stare down her shirt as she bent over, but just swayed there with a look of pure bliss on his face and a raging erection that Rose was disturbed to notice had both left a wet spot on the front of his pants...and looked really, really, *tasty*.

Instantly standing back up, she made a noncommittal noise that could be loosely interpreted as "bye" and then spun around, heading quickly away from the store and back to the motel. "Quickly" then turned to "running" by the time she hit the edge of the parking lot, her speed now held back only by the need to not drop everything out of the bags...and to avoid jiggling herself to death.

In spite this, when she reached the door to the room she was just barely breathing hard - and she suspected even *that* had more to do with her still nagging arousal than any exercise from the running. Her hand shook a bit as she tried to slide the key card and it failed to read it. Then she concentrated on steadying her hand, swiped it again, this time succeeding in opening the door.

Will stood stock still for several minutes, first unable to move, then *unwilling* to move and break the spell that her kiss had caused. Then, slowly, his hand went to feel the small patch of skin on his cheek that had caused such...*pleasure* to him. An echo of the tingle and a faint touch of moisture from her lips was all that remained.

He sighed. She was gone.

Slowly he became aware of other things. Such as the fact that he was unpleasantly...*sticky* in the crotch area. His face, still reddened with a post-orgasmic flush, didn't have far to go to reach bright red as he realized what that "sticky" was.

That quickly led to a dash for the employee's locker room, where he was *sure* he had a spare pair of shorts to change into...

What was left of Rose's self-control kept her from slamming the motel door behind her and waking the others...but it was a close thing. She tried to set the bags down as quietly as possible - which wasn't very, but which still didn't disturb the deeply sleeping pair - then headed for the bathroom. She needed to be alone.

Another forcibly controlled door closer and a click of the light left her staring at herself in the mirror. Her breasts stared back at her, nipples harder and more swollen even than usual. Rose almost thought she could see them slowly snapping the threads as they attempted to punch through the fabric of her shirt. She wanted to pinch them. She wanted to play with them. God, she wanted to go back, find Will, and just *bury* his face in them. Or if she couldn't find him, anyone. *After all*, a small - but oddly new - part of her mind said, *Mi and Chris are already here and I bet they'd like to be buried in your tits.*

Rose shuddered in revulsion, which only made her boobs jiggle erotically. Tearing her eyes away from her traitorous chest, she managed to look up from her monster boobs. Now it was her flushed face that did the looking back.

Somehow, even with the fear, panic and just plain *embarrassment* that covered it, she looked...*sexier* than usual. Her cheeks managed to blush *attractively*. Her eyes normal color was heightened and they seemed to glow and swirl like two sparkling amber oceans, worry in them warring with seductive looks...and losing. And her lips managed to *pout* fear, looking ever so slightly fuller, juicier, shining wetly as if she had put on lip gloss.

Which she hadn't.

"What," she whispered to herself. "What is this stuff *doing* to us? What are we going to *do*?"

Even her terrified whisper sounded...erotic...

end...

