

The Twins
Part One
By Sobtac



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

September

Gina snapped the elastic bra back against her breasts, enjoying the feeling of tightness around her hefty assets. It hugged her torso, giving her breasts just a little bit of lift but mostly just comfortable, snug, support. It was the next best thing to her boyfriend's hands she had to admit, but she'd stand out in a crowd if she took him up on a full time job holding them.

She had always been well developed, the largest in her class at thirteen by a long way, but she thought she had stopped growing over five years ago. She shouldn't be bra shopping again at twenty three.

"This is the most comfortable. What does it say on the label?" she asked Terri, her one time flatmate, full time shopaholic. Of course Terri wouldn't say no to coming bra shopping, she'd spent years urging Gina to get more adventurous with her lingerie.

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

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

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

As much as she hated herself Gina had to nod along. Her friend talked sense.

"Lucky bastard," Terri laughed, poking Gina's right tit with her forefinger. "You had me in the next room over for all those years. How come the moment I move out you suddenly start developing."

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

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

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

"Stop that," Gina slapped Brian's hand away from her, trying to keep her concentration on the film. They were both lying on the sofa, her on top of him with his arms wrapped around her. A chick flit was on, they had munched their way through a bowl of popcorn already and they had the flat to themselves.

Only her breasts were still sore. They had been sore for days now, partly from the constant attention Brian was offering and partly for reasons she didn't know. What she did know was that she was having to ration the amount of breast play she'd accept each night and he'd already reached his quota.

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

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

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

It was tempting. It would make both of them happy, the cream would do her good and he could touch her breasts without 'technically' going over her quota. The thought of him rubbing and kneading ointment into her massive tits sent a shiver down her that he obviously noticed.

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

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

She couldn’t believe he’d actually gone to a shop and brought ‘breast cream’. As in cream specifically designed to be applied to the breasts. According to the label it smoothed and strengthened skin, helped the release of natural oils across the skin and in its boldest claim; ‘attracted fat cells to the mammarian tissue for increased breast developments’.

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

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

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

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

She probably believed him.

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

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

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

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

At first the cream was freezing. Gina squawked and leapt in the air, hissing tenderly as he frozen tit turned sore for a few seconds. He arched his eyebrows but she just glared at him; “Cold,” was the only explanation she could offer.

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

He was right, as usual. It took just a few seconds for the cream to warm to her body temperature. He started at the base of her breasts, working the cream into the underhanging weight of her breasts. Unable to see exactly what he was up to she fell back on the bed and just started enjoying the rhythmic sensation of it.

Her breasts sat high and proud on her chest, poking out an obnoxiously long way from her svelte body beneath. Brian’s hands worked keenly on their individual breasts

but occasionally he slapped the two of them together before letting them fall back in position and sway back and forth for a few seconds before settling.

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

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

The cream tingled against her skin. He seemed to be working it in fairly easily, so much so that he stopped for a second to apply a second coat to his skin. She glowered up impatiently, waiting for him to start again, and when he did winced with the momentary coldness the fresh supply brought with it.

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

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

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

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

The elastic bra felt tight the next morning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She didn't bother asking him, he'd sleep on until the alarm went off and he had to get up for his shift work. She filed it away for later and hurried off to catch her bus. She stood in the shelter waiting for it to arrive, constantly readjusting her shirt as it kept bunching up around her breasts. She was showing a little more cleavage than she was used to around the office but she was still more than decent.

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

There was the usual mixture of people on it; workers, pensioners and college kids bunking off. One old lady sitting at the front, right behind the driver, gave her (and her breasts) a long cold stare. The old lady didn't say anything but her grumpy expression said exactly what she thought of Gina's 'protrudences'.

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

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

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

"So you have had implants right?"

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

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

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

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

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

"Still dating my graphic designer," she replied with a shake of her head. She'd brought Brian to the office party last year, although she didn't remember Fred ever coming over and talking to them. "You still working your way across the female population of Broad Street?"

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

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

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