

The Twins
Part Two
By Sobtac

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Brian bit down on Gina's engorged nipple.

She let out a gentle shriek of pain, tilting her head sideways in adoration as her lover worked ferociously at her breasts. He had teased her relentlessly for what felt like years, sucking, scratching, fondling, poking and rubbing at her breasts like some sort of edible stress ball.

This was as rough as she had ever had it, and surprisingly even the pain felt good. No, good wasn't the right word to describe it, it was amazing. She was lying flat on her back, concentrating on her breasts and the feelings shooting from them to every other part of her body, almost unaware as her breathing started coming faster and shorter.

Brian abandoned her left tit, he had previously had a hand on each, to focus on her right one. Taking her nipple in his mouth he caressed the sides of her enormous breasts, pulling out away from her chest and pushing it back in. His tongue pushed the engorged nub around his mouth, his teeth occasionally biting together in a sharp relief of pain that was welcome amongst the hazy pleasure around it.

Almost unawares her hand came up and began to fondle her left nipple, her fingers gently circling around her areola and occasionally rubbing against her nipples. Having both worked on so thoroughly at the same time sent her over the edge.

She'd been gently groaning for some time now but when the big 'O' came she started shrieking like a banshee. Brian almost leapt off her in fright, and she had to hurriedly grab his hands and force them back where they belonged; astride her mammoth breasts.

She couldn't just stop there now she'd reached the top; she needed working back down again.

When it was done they lay together, both covered in sweat. Her from pleasure, him from almost exhaustion. She knew that he had thrown everything he was at her breasts and shockingly it had worked.

"I've never orgasmed from just tit play before," she admitted between sighs of deep contentment. She felt delighted by the admission. "It's always been welcome, and it's always helped bring me to the right point... But on its own."

Brian didn't reply out loud. He turned over slightly in the bed and gently bit at her earlobe. His larger hand settled around hers and squeezed gently.

"I always thought larger breasts would be less sensitive," she admitted, annoyed that he didn't seem up for a conversation. "More flesh but the same amount of nerves in them..."

"Well they're more fun," Brian whispered in her ear.

That was all she would get out of him. She could tell from his voice. He had given her what she wanted and now it was her turn. After all that exhaustion it wouldn't be fair to leave him wanting; not when he'd done such a good job.

"Not as fun as this thing is," she replied, reaching down to grab his cock between her thumb and forefinger. Gently and slowly she ran them down to his base and back up again. He let out a deep groan, expelling some stress he'd probably been nurturing for over an hour.

And then she let go.

For just a moment she watched his face go through half a dozen different expressions, savouring the puppy dog eyes that came near the end.

"If it's that much fun why'd you let go?" he demanded, sounding almost hurt. The weight of all that expectation and then.... nothing. The sense that she could crush his spirit so easily was powerful, and enticing.

"Well I've got to keep you keen somehow," she replied, climbing onto her knees in the bed. She reached over him with one leg, and then sat astride him she stared down between her breasts at him. They were occupying more and more of her view every day it seemed.

She began backing down the bed, until she could just make out his cock between her breasts. She reached around the pendulous things, leant down and slid the hard rod between her breasts. She could see the end poking out, demanding attention.

"Tit fuck or blowjob?" she demanded, staring down hungrily at his penis.

"Both," he growled excitedly back at her from the other end of the bed.

She was nothing if not compliant.

Terri was not happy.

Although Gina was only talking to her over the phone she had learnt to expertly tell what moods her ex-flatmate was in just by the tone of her voice. Terri, who usually spoke at a thousand miles an hour, had restricted herself to short, waspish remarks that often included a harsh shriek 'apparently'.

"I'm sorry," Gina replied again. "But I tried them all on when I got back from work. I can't even stretch the swimsuit over my chest. I even tried my bikini, unless you want me to go topless that's a no go."

"I won't mind," Terri replied sharply.

"The centre will; it isn't appropriate. I'll have to go shopping for a new swimsuit, a new sports bra, a new everything. I can't go jogging or doing aerobics with these things unsupported; I'll end up poking my own eyes out."

The other end of the line was deathly silent.

"I'm sorry," Gina repeated forlornly.

She needed Terri to say things were okay before she hung up. If Terri didn't accept forgiveness she would carry this grudge around for a month. She was just that kind of woman.

"We brought you a new bra three weeks ago; I would have thought you would have sorted the rest of your wardrobe out by now."

"And that's too small," Gina admitted sheepishly.

She glanced down at her overflowing cups. The elastic was stretched tautly around her swollen orbs, and even with the increased give of this new bra she could see some flesh poking over the top in a bid for space. It wasn't painfully tight but if she carried on growing it would soon be.

Her eyes wandered over to something on the shelf by the side of her bed. It had been there for three weeks, sitting almost unnoticed since Brian had brought it home one night. The bottle of 'Breast Cream' that had promised increased breast development with one application.

She hadn't so much as glanced at it once in the last month. The bottle was over half empty though. How much of the stuff had Brian used? Half a bottle in two delicious handfuls.

“Too small?” Terri repeated, sounding shocked by the admission. “Too small? Geeze girl, what’s wrong with you? Is this some sort of double puberty or something? You’re sure this isn’t just your period?”

“I’m definitely bigger,” Gina confirmed determinedly. “I’m going to go for another fitting next week.”

“You sure you don’t want to see a doctor?” Terri asked, a note of genuine concern in her voice. Concern and eagerness. “This can’t be normal. You’ve checked for lumps haven’t you?”

“Brian’s checked thoroughly,” Gina took delight in taunting her friend. “We both have and there’s no lumps. They were sore at first, and now they’re quite sensitive, more than they used to be... In fact last night I got off from just rubbing my tits.”

“No!” Terri put so much shock in that one statement. “You lucky cow. And your back’s not killing you?”

“No more than usual,” Gina laughed. “So we’re good then? I’m going to skip aerobics until this is settled. It’s that or risk spilling out in front of the class teacher. Hope you’re not too mad?”

“How could I be mad with you baby? I’ll see you around hon, keep in touch.”

Quickly the phone dialled out and Gina was left holding a silent handset, wondering exactly what was going through her ex-flatmate’s mind. Envy, certainly, but to a certain extent lust.

She glanced again at the bottle of Breast Cream and wondered if it really was the reason she was still growing. She’d started growing before she’d taken it but who knew.

Maybe it really did have something going for it?

The elastic bra had started to pinch the sides of her breasts.

That morning she’d looked in the mirror and seen that she was practically spilling out of the damned thing, and it was leaving red marks behind where it was painfully digging into the sides of her tits. It looked ugly and support wise it was worse than useless.

Deciding to do something about this Gina had booked an extended lunchtime off and decided to browse the underwear available in town for larger women. She’d performed a new rough measurement measuring the difference between her bust and her band and come out with a whopping eight inches, a massive increase on her previous five. How hadn’t she noticed it?

But the few bras that they did have in stock that went up to F cup looked... Well she tried to be polite but they were ghastly. Some of them looked more like tents than underwear, how was she supposed to feel sexy wearing something like that?

She didn’t understand it. She’d tried three shops and none of them stocked ‘nice’ bras over DD. Did they just assume no one with large breasts wanted to look pretty? These floppy tents looked like something her granny would throw on.

And the few she had found that were even half way decent nearly gave her a heart attack; they were nearly three times the cost of her previous bra. She understood they were specialty items and they required more material but... that much?

“Excuse me,” she asked one of the girls who were filling up shelves. She’d found something nice that said it went up to F cup but she couldn’t find any in stock. “I don’t suppose you have any more of these in the back?”

“No,” the girl replied flatly, giving Gina a look of pure loathing.

“Is there anywhere else in town that would stock these?” she asked, and the girl just shrugged dispassionately. She clearly wanted to be left alone. “Can I order some in then?”

“We’re not stocking them any more,” the girl replied flatly with a blank stare. “The new catalogue’s just come out.”

Annoyed at how unhelpful she was being Gina dropped the bra on the nearest rack and stormed out of the shop, painfully aware of the prominent bounce beneath her shirt walking at such a pace created.

Once she had got outside she had to stop and catch her breath, let her assets settle for a second, and continue on at a much more sedate pace.

She went back to the first shop she had visited and bought the sturdiest bra she could find, wincing as she saw the amount flash up on her credit card. She knew she would regret this but her old bra wasn’t an option any more. She changed in the ladies toilets in the shop and went back to the office a lot more comfortable, if a little peeved off.

Scary Rita was waiting for her in the foyer.

It had been three weeks since Human Resources had comprehensively trounced the Accountants team. Gina herself had scored eight strikes and taken particular pleasure gloating about it in front of ‘Zinger’ Fred. The high flier had bowled two balls out into the alley and not managed even a single strike the whole match.

Now the teams had met once again for their second match of the season. After their performance last month they had a lot to prove. Scary Rita, the affectionate name they had adopted for the HR team captain, had offered to get Gina a new team shirt.

“It’s the largest one we had in the cupboard,” Rita apologised handing it over with a sigh. “I can order you a new one but it won’t be here until next week. So fingers crossed.”

“I’ll try it on now,” Gina promised, making her way once again to the bathroom for a quick change.

This new shirt, even though it actually stretched over her breasts, it was still tight against her, hugging both breasts against her ribcage. She could see her nipples poking through the new bra, clearly visible against the inside of the shirt.

It would have to do though.

On the day of the game Gina felt nervous.

She could quite clearly see the outline of her bra pressing against the taut shirt Rita had given her. Although she was technically covered she felt more exposed than she ever had before. And although Rita was very complimentary the woman had promised on the spot to get her a larger shirt before the next game.

And her problems weren’t just with the outfit. She felt like her entire centre of balance had shifted over the last three weeks. She’d become heavier, although she was certain all the gain had been in her chest, and had to walk with much more thunderous steps.

There was a constant weight to her body, a force always dragging her forwards and threatening to pull her to the floor. For all the advantages she was getting in the bedroom the twins were causing her no end of hassle in her day to day life.

She’d started bumping into things. She’d never appreciated how much it hurt to jab the corner of a cupboard into one tit. It turned out that it hurt a lot.

And now, after just three weeks, she wasn’t sure if she could do this. She had always been a natural bowler but she was scared now that if she did it she’d throw her breasts forwards and land tit first on the bowling alley.

Without the bra, if she let her breasts just hang free and pulled her arms forwards, she could feel the sides of her tits brush against the inside of her hands. That could really throw her off the game if she wasn't careful.

"Sweet heavens," Fred said when he saw her on the alley.

He simply stood there, mouth agape, eyes fixed on her extra-large but still not baggy shirt. They widened again when he took in her prominent nipples, poking proudly through the new bra, it also stretched to its limits.

Then he seemed to realise himself and tried to quickly regain some of his lost composure. "I'm sorry girl... I have to admit, when you told me you were natural I didn't believe you. But you've grown again... Jesus, how big are you now?"

"I bought an F cup," she admitted proudly.

He glanced once again down at her bra. "Can you bowl with those?"

"I can still kick your ass," she replied. With one loud click of her fingers his eyes ran back up to her face, drawn to order like a sergeant major calling his troops to attention. "I'm up here Fred."

"Up where?" he asked without a trace of sarcasm.

"It's all right," Brian patted her breasts comfortingly, slowly running his finger down the side of her chest. She was slumped on the sofa, arms wrapped around him tightly as she mulled over their defeat.

"It's not all right," she scowled angrily. "I felt humiliated. I didn't realise how big I had got... With everyone watching, not because of my bowling, because they were hoping I was going to come flying out of my top."

"But you didn't," he said softly.

"I might as well have... I was thrown right off my game, and I could hear them sniggering behind my back. One of the attendants asked if I was smuggling their balls out beneath my top."

He squeezed her breast tenderly, the soft application of pressure momentarily halting her rant. She glanced up at him, watching the concentration on his face. He was fixed completely on her breasts.

And as good as it felt to have him play with her she was still starting to feel neglected. Until a few months ago he had spent nights caressing every part of her body, his strong hands caressing everything from her earlobes down to her thighs with a thousand stops in between.

Now though foreplay was simply breast play. He had quickly realised that all he had to do to get her in the mood was rub her breasts for a few seconds. He had been neglecting to rest of her, almost to the point where she was bored with it.

Her breasts were the centre of lovemaking before, during and after sex. It was almost all he was interested in. And although she was having more orgasms than she'd ever had before in her life she still knew it was wrong.

Reluctantly, with great force, she pushed his hand away.

"What's wrong?" he asked, looking suddenly alarmed. "Are they sore?"

"No," she replied, already missing the satisfying sensation he had been giving her. Without that constant slow caress she felt naked, her breasts numb and absent of feeling. "I just want them to myself for a few minutes."

He frowned at her, puzzled.

"You used to love my ass," she said, elaborating. "You used to hold on tight with one hand and never let go the whole way through. But I don't think you've even touched it

in two weeks. All you do is fondle my breasts... Where's the variety?"

He opened his mouth, and then closed it again.

"What do you want?" he asked, shocked.

"I want you to go a whole night without touching them," she decided almost on the spot. It felt... wrong somehow, but she was determined to do it. "Tonight you aren't to touch them once... And then tomorrow you can do whatever you like. Think you can manage that?"

"I think so," he replied abashed. He squeezed her, one arm around her stomach the other snaking down her thigh. Her mouth came up to meet his and they began kissing passionately.

She didn't notice him doing it but his left hand flicked open the button to her pants and, grabbing her knickers as well, yanked them down her legs. She began to hurriedly work at his jeans, exposing the prominent bulge beneath his boxer shorts below.

To remove temptation she removed her own bra, and although he stared longingly at her breasts as the large rack flowed free his hands wrapped tightly around her ass. His own shirt followed and soon they were two naked people holding each other tightly in an embrace.

Her breasts squashed against his manly chest, her nipples hardening as she rubbed them against his ribcage. For just a few moments she was tempted to break her decision but went against it.

She reached down to take him in hand, enjoying his furtive hands rediscovering parts of her body he'd neglected for months. The irresistible allure of her breasts had drawn him away from the rest of her body and she'd let it happen, drawn in by the rush of pleasure they'd afforded her.

They continued to fondle each other for at least half an hour, moving from the sofa to her bedroom in the middle, before she judged it time to start. Whilst he prepped a condom she went to the bathroom to freshen up, not noticing the empty bottle of cream by the side of the mirror.

Delighted she returned to find that although she had denied him his favourite past time she was delighted to discover he still had plenty of vigour in him.

They started slowly, him gently thrusting in and out before picking up the pace with interest. She felt herself clenching around him, an overwhelming sensation building up between her legs.

But as they continued to pound against each other she was dismayed to find that was all she got. It was pleasurable, deeply, insanely pleasurable but it wasn't doing for her what it should. She heard his breathing hasten in short bursts, felt him clench his body a few times as he held back his own climax whilst she still felt as if hers was a mile away.

And then eventually she felt something warm build inside her, he let out a groan of satisfaction and fell limp against her. She wrapped her arm around him, held him close, and wondered why she felt so unfulfilled.

He pulled out and fell sideways onto the bed, eyed closed, a content smile on his face. She lay next to him for a few seconds, concentrating on the warm fuzzy feeling still lingering between her legs, annoyed that it just hadn't been enough.

Tentatively she reached up with her right hand to cup her breast, squeezed it tentatively, and release came in a sudden rush. She almost screamed with the pleasure but held it back as just a sustained gasp. Shit, it was better than anything she'd ever felt before, if just for the relief of it finally happening after the wait.

For a few seconds she thought she'd never breathe again, but at last her diaphragm unclenched and she was happy to just lie next to him on the side of the bed, suddenly exhausted.

They lay together for a while, her wondering what had just happened.

When she couldn't wonder any more she got up, pulled on a shawl and a skirt and went to the kitchen to get some water. She asked Brian if he was thirsty but he had already fallen asleep. Obviously it had been good for him, if not for her.

She sat on the sofa, staring down at her colossal breasts. She hadn't appreciated just how large they had got recently, it had happened so slowly but so continuously. They hung heavily on her chest, pendulous orbs that threatened to hide her belly button from view.

She spotted her discarded DD bra on the floor. There was no way she'd ever fit into that thing again, even though she'd been able to just about squeeze it on only a few days before. It was a bent and warped thing, offering no support and just unwelcome clenching around her sides. Her colossal breasts needed more support than the puny thing could ever offer.

She wondered why they were doing this to her, why they had suddenly decided to take over her life like this. She couldn't walk without feeling them pulling down on her, she couldn't talk to anyone without them glancing longingly or jealously down at her chest. She couldn't move without being reminded of the shift in her centre of gravity. There wasn't a single aspect of her life they didn't intrude on in some small way. It was even draining her bank account; by the look of it she'd have to fork out for a new custom bra soon and that would seriously hurt her savings.

And now she couldn't cum without the addictive stimulation that only they could offer.

