Number One Fan

by Tater Tot

I guess, the place I should begin is at the beginning.

So, here goes…

I was just an average Joe in college. I certainly wasn’t a big man on campus. But, I had a few close buddies and we used to smoke a little weed and have some good times. My grades were my strong suit. I was studying to be a certified public accountant.

My friends and I loved the ladies, although we were never too good at landing any. I was known as the ‘breast man’ of the group. So, it surprised them all when, during my senior year, I asked out this flat-chested redhead everyone called ‘Bug Bites.’

Her actual name was Miranda. She was a backwards little country girl who was taking a couple of hours of art classes. I had a feeling she was pretty inept at them. I never got the feeling she was very bright.

See, Miranda liked to smoke weed. A lot. She turned out to be some kind of hayseed hippy chick. She seemed perpetually stoned, even when she wasn’t. Her facial expressions just always looked blank and vacant. Her blue eyes were heavy-lidded and her mouth hung open a lot. She always answered questions with, ‘I don’t know…’ before she could put together her thoughts. That didn’t help her look any more like an Einstein.

She could be a lot of fun, though. She laughed a lot. When she was really happy, her beaming smile revealed her upper gum line. I thought that was cute.

Miranda was a sweet girl and an easy lay. So, we began seeing each other on a regular basis.

She did love dick. She even loved my little ‘four-inch piledriver.’ Even though she didn’t have any tits to speak of, she loved to screw so much that I kept her around.

A year passed and Miranda was still hanging around with me. I guess she figured that without any tits, she should latch on to any man that would have her. For some reason, I guess in a moment of weakness, I asked her to marry me. Of course, she enthusiastically said, ‘yes.’

Six months later, I was married to ‘Bug Bites’ and wondering what the hell I had done. It became harder and harder to drum up the enthusiasm to fuck my totally flat-chested wife and consequently my dick got limper and limper when she wanted to do the deed.

Sure, Miranda was cute enough. I’m not saying she wasn’t. Her face reminded me of a young Carol Burnett (if any of you remember her). And, she had the most beautiful lilywhite skin. Her hair was a vibrant orange. But, she never did anything with it. She always looked like a country bumpkin.

Anyway, most men would have been happy with Miranda’s body. She was extremely petite, maybe five foot one on a good day. And, she was very slender. I could practically put my hands all the way around her tiny back. She was like a little doll. Her legs were great, long in proportion to her short height and shaped really sexy. Plus, her butt was high and tight.

The problem was that her breasts were non-existent. Even her nipples were small. Her areolas were about the size of nickels and her tiny nipples themselves were almost flush with them.

Those miniscule mammaries just didn’t do it for me. No siree. I am the ‘breast man,’ after all. I like my women with boobs. Hell, I like them with an eye-popping, jaw-dropping set of gigantic jamambos with areolas like pie plates and nipples like ripe grapes!

That’s my dream girl.

So, in order to get some kind of sexual arousal, I started to buy magazines with names like, ‘Monster Tits,’ ‘Slim and Stacked,’ and “Super Saggers.’ I hid them out in my tool shed in our backyard. Miranda never went out there. Whenever I got the chance, I’d sneak out to the shed, open a magazine to one of my huge hootered honeys, and beat my little meat until I came all over the tool shed floor.

Eventually, Miranda stopped pestering me for sex. Boy, was I relieved.

At least business was going great for me. Unlike my wife, I gave up marijuana. I had passed my CPA and started working for the Gitano Accounting Firm as one of their top guys. I wasn’t knocking down big cash just yet. But, I was only in my mid-twenties and felt that I was really on my way.

Only, this is where it all started to go downhill.

One day Vinny Gitano, the owner of the firm, came into my office with three big guys. Boy, did he look mad. He accused me of losing over $250,000 because of a bookkeeping error. He showed where the mistake had been made. But, I swear it wasn’t my handwriting. Sure, I had worked briefly on the account, but only as a favor to my supervisor. Mr. Gitano wasn’t taking any of my pleadings to heart. He said I owed him $250,000 dollars and he was going to get it, even if he had to “squeeze it outta your ass.”

He said there was no way a shit-for-brains like me would ever be able to pay him back that much “dough.”

Then, he noticed the wedding picture of me and Miranda that sat on my desk. He picked it up and said, “not bad” and showed it to his hulking goons.

He leaned toward me with the picture in his hand. His face was menacing. I thought he might snap my neck like a twig. He asked if this was my wife as he pointed to Miranda, beaming in her wedding dress. I told him, “yes.”

He growled as he informed me that Miranda could earn big money. More than I ever could. He said that I should consider her his “employee” now and asked if I had any problems with that.

Now, Mr. Gitano was intimidating enough. The three muscleheads behind him were just overkill. I gulped hard on the words but told him, “no, I don’t have any problem with it.”

Gitano and his goons laughed. He asked me what time Miranda got home in the afternoons. He told me he’d pick her up and that if I tried to warn her, he’d bury me in the elephant cage at the zoo. “Right underneath where they shit.”

He also told me never to contact anybody in her family -ever- or he’d make it even worse.

That was the last I saw of my wife for the next six months.

I was fired form the accounting firm and took a job at Blockbuster Video, just to try and keep the house payments up. It was no use. I ended up in foreclosure and moved into a tiny apartment with Mexican families living on all sides. I didn’t sleep much.

Unfortunately, I never had the money to splurge on new big boob mags. At least, I still had my old collection. I jacked-off like a fiend looking at all the giant-busted models. For some reason, it made me miss Miranda.

My existence had become solitary and hopeless.

Six months after Miranda’s disappearance, I got a call from Vinny Gitano. He said that my wife was in good health and unharmed and that she was working hard to pay off my debt. He wanted to meet me to discuss her eventual return.

My heart leapt in my chest. I was beyond happy. I truly did miss my wife and wanted her safe and back in my arms. I asked Mr. Gitano where and when he wanted to meet. He him-hawed around while he was looking at his schedule. Finally, he asked if I could meet him that night. I said sure that would be great. He asked if I liked Italian food and then changed his mind. He said he had a meeting later that night at a “titty bar” named ‘The Hooter House,’ but he could squeeze me in. He told me to be there at 9pm. I had an afternoon shift at Blockbuster the next day. So, a late meeting was fine with me. He laughed over the phone and asked if I had a hundred bucks to blow that night. I told him that I really couldn’t afford it. But, I’d have it just the same. He was laughing hysterically as he hung up the phone.

The Hooter House was an upscale gentlemen’s club known for having the hottest strippers. I got there about 8:40 and parked in the lot behind the building, then walked to the entrance. I told the doorman that I had a meeting with Mr. Gitano- but the guy didn’t “give a shit” and I had to buy a $35 dollar membership.

One of Gitano’s muscleheads spotted me after I was buzzed in and told me that it would be a few minutes before Mr. Gitano could see me. He asked if I had any cash. I still had $65 and he took me to the bar where he had me convert it all to fives and tens.

The overgrown goon then ushered me down to tippers’ row and shoved me into a chair. “Here we saved ya a seat,” I heard him growl. A blonde with fake boobs was onstage, gyrating and dancing to a rap beat. The goon told me to hang onto my money for now. He said I’d never know when I might “see one I liked.”

I glanced at my watch. It was damn near 9. I had a sick feeling inside that Gitano was blowing me off. I really missed my wife.

The blonde finished up her dance and the DJ announced her name as ‘Misty.’ She gathered up what looked to me like about a hundred bucks or so then slipped out the side of the stage behind a curtain.

Another rap beat began to pound from the speaker system.

I’ll never forget the words I heard the DJ say next.

“And, now, the Hooter House is proud to welcome to the stage- the massive mammaries of the magnificent- MIRANDA MELONS!

My jaw dropped. Bouncing through the curtain and onto the stage were the biggest, most spectacular tits I had ever seen. And, they were attached to my Miranda! Her bulging bazooms were utterly gigantic and about to burst out of a bra that looked two sizes too small.

No bra could possibly have been too small for my wife before. But, this bra was now. And, it was a really big bra!

Miranda’s tits were huge and lilywhite. Those once non-existent breasts were now so big that my petite, doll-like wife looked extremely top-heavy. Her giant bust was shoved up and out by her overworked brassiere like giant hovering flesh blimps. Her now gargantuan breasts were smooshed together so hard that they created an unbelievably long line of cleavage.

I could not believe my eyes. I had to blink to make sure I was seeing things right. But, sure enough, it was true. That was my Miranda. But, she was ‘Bug Bites’ no more. Now, she was Miranda Melons!

My four-inch piledriver was standing at full attention!

My wife was wearing a tiny skirt that showed her thong and the bare cheeks of her high, tight ass. Man, was that hot! Her sexy legs looked amazing, perched on incredibly high heels. Her face was slathered in heavy makeup. Her bright red lips wore a beaming smile of sheer joy as her enormous chest bounced around.

Her vibrant orange hair was styled really sexy into beautiful waves and curls. She didn’t look like a little country bumpkin anymore. She looked like a big-tittied stripper. And, obviously, she was.

Miranda danced like a pro. She excitedly shook her massive milkers, causing her bulging boobs to shake and wobble in big meaty waves. The men in the crowd went wild. Money began to hit the stage at a rapid rate. She knew how to work male arousal and systematically teased and tantalized every guy in tippers’ row until she had accumulated quite a lot of cash. She still had the same hippy chick expressions. Only dressed the way she was- and with that body- they looked incredibly erotic. My wife was having the time of her life shaking her tits for a bunch of horny men. I watched her big-busted spectacle completely mesmerized.

And then, Miranda spotted me.

Her heavy-lidded blue eyes made contact with me and her face grew surprised. She bounced towards where I sat, directly in front of the brass stripper’s pole. She quickly spun around it and faced away from us guys on tippers’ row. I was shocked when her right leg shot upwards and she placed her high-heeled foot on the brass pole and her left leg remained down for support. Miranda was doing the vertical splits! I never knew my wife was so limber!

She leaned forwards and shoved her bare ass out at me, then shook her plump buttcheeks. I never knew they could jiggle like that- it was amazing! Miranda was facing away from me, but her massive boobs hung downwards like cow udders and I could see them as she bent! She stood there with her luscious ass jiggling and her giant knockers wobbling in front of me. I found myself throwing ten dollars on the stage.

Miranda saw the money, turned, and swiped it away with her painted toes. She looked down at me with blank indifference before bouncing off to the other side of the stage. There, she fell down onto all fours and shook her ass and humongous tits like she was getting fucked doggy style. My wife’s female endowments shook like pudding. The diamond on her engagement ring was shining in the glow of the bright stage lights. I thought I might pass out at the sight.

The beat changed and I could tell it was a different song. Miranda walked from the far end of the stage until she was standing right in front of me. She knelt down and looked directly into my eyes. An empty-headed smile crept onto her lips. She reached behind her back and grasp the clasps of her bra. With one swift movement my wife unleashed her mammoth mammaries!

My eyes popped out of my head. They were the most tremendous tits I had ever seen! They were white and pendulous and fell all the way to her navel. Their thick nipples pointed straight at the ground. But, these tits weren’t thin. Oh no. Not these magnificent mams. My wife’s gigantic jugs were stout and bulky, and proportioned just like a big ’ol pair of ripe melons! There was only one name that truly fit her now.

Miranda Melons knelt there with her wobbling whoppers only a foot from my face.

The areolas and nipples on her massively developed glands were astonishing. They were like pie plates! Her nickel sized areolas had literally grown to be bigger than softballs! They were creamy pink and covered in bumps. Her once tiny nipples now stuck out like the stems on a pair of pumpkins. They were a deep shade of pink and swollen like the ends of a grown man’s thumbs!

I’d never seen a more incredible set of nipples. And, she was giving me a good long look.

I must have seemed catatonic as I stood there captivated by those magnificent swaying breasts. My wife’s huge pendulous tits were hypnotizing. I was in awe!

Six months ago, my wife had no breasts at all. Now, she had a pair of hooters that hung from her chest like big white watermelons!

As I sat there bug-eyed, Miranda began to shake her stupendous knockers like crazy. Her heavy hangers were whomping and thudding and walloping around right there in my face. I was afraid one of her hefty honkers might bang into me and knock me out!

I could feel semen beginning to leak from my aching penis. I was throwing money at my topless wife like a mad man. Fives, tens, fives, tens until I had no money left.

When Miranda saw that I was all out of cash, she used her hands to shove her giant jamambos together. That memory of those stupefying nipples is forever burned into my memory as my wife’s humongous areolas smooshed together just inches from my face. Her thick nipples stuck out like overgrown turkey timers- like they were begging to be sucked.

And, I remember vividly the vision of her wedding ring set gleaming on her left hand as she held those spectacular breasts.

I couldn’t believe this was the same woman I had trouble getting erections with.

She released her massive tits and they fell with a tremendous thud to her bellybutton where they hung and swayed heavily. She had completely lost interest in me and proceeded to crawl on all fours over to the men who still had money. I was about to cum in my pants as I watched my Miranda use her hot ass and thong covered pussy, lean sexy legs, -and mostly- those gargantuan tits to tease and cajole men into throwing huge amounts of their money her way. When she was finally done with them, Miranda Melons had amassed way more cash than the blonde stripper who proceeded her.

I watched my wife gather up her money and her bra. She had a big beaming smile that showed her gum line as she went offstage. I could see the giant white globes of her tits wobbling from behind as she walked. Her tiny back did almost nothing to conceal them.

I sat there stunned. My whole body was shaking like a leaf. I felt like I was awake during some kind of fantastic wet dream. My flat-chested wife had become a stripper with the most amazing melon tits I had ever seen. I was half expecting to hear an alarm clock going off to shatter the illusion of what I had just seen.

But, that never happened.

Instead, I felt a hand on my shoulder and looked up to see Gitano’s henchman glaring down at me. He said Mr. Gitano wanted to see me now.

It took all my strength to get up and walk with the hulking goon. There was an erection aching in my boxers. The thug led me to a room at the back of the club. That was were I met with Mr. Gitano. I had a million questions and must have sounded like a blathering idiot as I spoke to him a mile a minute. He shut me up pretty quick. All he gave as an explanation for my wife’s amazing metamorphosis was that there was nothing he couldn’t get done and that my wife’s new chest was all because of his connections.

He needlessly told me that her tits were 100% Miranda. They were all her. Being a breast man, I could easily tell the difference between fake breasts and real ones. I never had any doubt.

I was still trying to get answers to how this had happened to my wife. I mean, grown women with flat chests don’t suddenly grow a big pair of melons. However, Gitano cut me short and didn’t let me ask anymore questions. Instead he led me to a curtain that he pulled back to reveal a window- or what I thought was a window. It turned out to be a two-way mirror.

Framed in the glass was my wife. She was completely naked and bare foot. I could see for the first time that her pussy was now totally bald and the lips looked floppy and much more distended than before.

She’d obviously been doing a lot more than just stripping these last six months.

As if I needed further proof, she calmly knelt before a man standing in front of her. He was dressed, except that his pants and boxers were down around his ankles. His stiff dick must have been at least nine inches. I watched with bug eyes as it was quickly shoved between the mammoth milk glands of my Miranda!

My formerly flat-chested wife smooshed her now titanic tits together with her hands and engulfed the man’s beefy erection. Her long red fingernails looked as red as blood. Her face contorted with pleasure as she used her massive mammaries to stimulate the big male organ sandwiched between them. Her humongous areolas and nipples were grinding into the man’s hairy groin.

A sick feeling knotted up in my stomach and I realized that my little penis could never satisfy my wife now that she had experienced such a superior prick. And, there was no telling how many she’d had inside of her.

The man was moaning with pleasure as my wife gave him a tremendous tittyfuck- something she could never have done six months before. It seemed to last forever. Her ivory melon tits were jerking him off furiously. Her wedding ring was almost a blur as her hands furiously worked her quaking chest. Miranda looked down at the guy’s big penis lovingly as it bobbed between her boobs. She began to take the fat meaty head between her bright red lips over and over again like a lollipop.

I have to say, it was a surreal experience to watch my wife tittyfuck and give head to another man, especially a man whose dick was almost twice as big as mine. I’d be lying if I said it wasn’t the most erotic thing I had ever witnessed. As I watched that big veiny dick sliding in between my wife’s humongous breasts and the head poking in and out of her mouth, I was leaking precum like a sieve.

Within seconds of Miranda taking his dick in her mouth, the man was shooting hot ropey cum all over her painted face and her giant naked knockers. My wife looked up at him with pride and obvious delight as she flinched from the jism splattering her features. She backed away from him and tossed her luxurious mane of hair. She let her heavy hangers drop and they swung pendulously at her navel. Her face and tits were covered in gooey man juice.

The guy zipped his pants and handed Miranda a wad of hundred dollar bills before exiting out a door. My wife stood and walked over to the mirror. She lifted her boobs close to the glass. I could see the big globs of cum on her pretty face and gargantuan gazongas, as well as on her wedding ring and left hand, clutching the wad of hundreds.

Mr. Gitano led me out the door and into the small room where my wife was standing. She looked past me vacantly, as if I were invisible. Gitano was laughing when he pointed his thumb at me and asked her,

“Hey, Melons! You remember this guy?”

“Yeah…,” Miranda drawled as she grinned at him like Tommy Chong.

Gitano explained that I was there to negotiate her return to me, then asked what she thought. My wife’s eyes were heavy lidded and her mouth was hanging open when she looked at me. The other man’s cum still coating her face and tits.

I’ll never forget her words.

“I don’t know… When his debt’s all paid, I’d really rather get a divorce. He’s got a little teeny weeny and it never gets hard.”

I heard Gitano say ‘I guess that settles it, then’ and he started strong-arming me back out into the club. I tried to plead with Miranda, but she turned from me and seemed oblivious to my cries. I could see her tremendous ass, the loose pussy between her gorgeous legs, and a side view of her humongous heavy hangers.

Gitano informed me that deadbeats weren’t allowed in his clubs. But, he smiled and said that I was more than welcome to come back when I had more money. He told me that I wasn’t allowed to talk to Miranda unless I called her ‘Miss Melons’ -and only then to compliment her amazing chest. If I pestered her, I would be as 86’d from the club as my wife was from my bed.

“She’s way outta your league now, dickless.”

Gitano’s goon shoved me out the front door and laughed.

“Your wife’s a great piece of ass. I love sticking my face between them big fuckers. Br-br-br-br-br-br-br-br-br-br!”

He held his hands to his face and acted like he was motorboating my wife’s breasts. Before he turned to go back into the club, the behemoth gave me one last tidbit of information.

“This club is nickel and dime shit to Melons. Chump change. She makes all her big money off magazines and her website.”

I felt my body go slack. I almost fell.

I had a lot of trouble sleeping that night. The memories of my wife and her now gigantic breasts kept me awake. I kept hearing her words over and over as she stared at me with jizz splattered all over her face and tits.

“I don’t know… When his debt’s all paid, I’d really rather get a divorce. He’s got a little teeny weeny and it never gets hard.”

I didn’t have a computer anymore, so I was at my favorite newsstand the next morning before they even opened. I was shaking as I thought about the possibility that my Miranda might be in one of my favorite pornos.

When the grizzled old pervert that owned the stand finally opened, I rushed to the rack where my big boob mags were located.

I was stunned.

There, on the cover of ‘Monster Tits’ was the smiling face and mammoth breasts of my pretty bride. An exploded blurb read, “MIRANDA MELONS AND HER MASSIVE MILKERS!” Another burst of text located right next to the ends of her bare bosoms read, “GIANT NIPPLES ISSUE!”

I grabbed the magazine like a starving man grabbing a Big Mac. I flipped the pages until I came to the feature on my wife.

The photos were awesome. They had my wife made up to look like a country girl with her long red hair in pigtails. Her gigantic bosoms were hanging out the sides of a pair of denim overalls that could barely contain them. The struggling overalls were her only clothing. The legs on them had been cut off so short that Miranda’s fantastic ass hung out from the back like half-moons. Her pretty feet were bare and her soles were dirty. She was standing in a melon patch. An obvious reference to her extraordinary lung luggage.

I could clearly see the diamond wedding set I bought for her on her left ring finger.

In the photos she was either smiling joyfully or mugging seductively for the camera. There were a couple of clothed shots before she eventually unveiled her massive milkers.

There were nude shots of Miranda on all fours, her tits hanging down like giant cow udders. Her nipples were fat like engorged teats. Her naked ass and pussy were hiked in the air like she was beckoning for a horny bull.

They had a shot of her enormous glands draped over a ripe melon as she smiled joyfully. I knew she was really happy about her new body. Her beaming smile revealed her upper gum line.

They had a shot of my petite wife lying on a melon that was taken from behind and overhead at an angle. Her gargantuan breasts were splayed out on either side of the melon and clearly visible- due to both their tremendous size and her tiny back. Her gorgeous legs were straddling the large green melon. Her well-used pussy was breeched open for the world to see. She had her arms crossed and her head was lying on them. A stoner grin was on her profile as she looked back at the camera with her heavy-lidded blue eyes.

But the shot that sent me over the edge, was one where Miranda was sitting on a melon with her legs spread. She had hoisted her heavy hangers up to her lips and shoved them both into her mouth. She held them suspended there by chomping down on her humongous nipples simultaneously. The excess skin of her giant areolas was spilling out from her lips. The vast undersides of her breasts were fully displayed. The large-pored skin was wrinkled from the strain.

My naked wife had her hands on her hips with her wedding set in view. A delighted gleam was shining in her blue eyes. Even her hard-working mouth seemed to smile with pleasure as it held both those stupendous weighty tits.

I almost came in my jeans as I marveled at the awesome exploit. How many women in the world can hold both their tits in their mouth at the same time? Very few. But, Miranda Melons can.

That magazine was not the only one that had a photo shoot of my wife. I had to rush to the bank to get the money to afford them all. It meant that I couldn’t pay my bills. But, I ended up buying all four of my wife’s magazines.

Anyway, that was over a year ago. Miranda isn’t my wife anymore. Our divorce is final. Gitano’s lawyers saw that it was a clean break. There was no haggling over anything. I had nothing to haggle over. The marriage just… ended.

She doesn’t wear her wedding and engagement rings anymore. I miss seeing them. It’s a bummer.

I got a computer and the internet back. I am now a member of Miranda’s website, ‘The Melon Patch.’ There are all kinds of MPEG’s of her bouncing and jiggling her spectacular melon boobs. I love them. I also love the ones where she’s sucking off, and masturbating with, giant dildos.

But, I have to admit that my favorites are the ones where her pussy is being used by all kinds of men with dicks that are way bigger than my teeny weeny.

That’s what Miran… I mean, Miss Melons calls my dick when I go see her dance at the club. Her nickname for me is ‘Tater Tot.’

I deserve it. It’s the only name that fits me.

Miss Melons doesn’t pay much attention to me at the Hooter House when I compliment her awesome chest. I’m very careful not to pester her. It does hurt my feelings to see her flirt with all the really big tippers. But, I understand. She has a job to do.

Mr. Gitano was kind enough to give me a job as a janitor at my old firm. He pays me pretty well to clean the toilets and wax the floors. And, I do a good job. He says he’s surprised I’m worth a shit at anything.

So, now I can afford to go to the club, keep my membership to ‘The Melon Patch’ and keep on top of magazines.

I buy a lot of magazines.

You see, Miss Melons has become the most sought after giant-busted model in the world. With her petite frame and gargantuan tits, it’s no wonder!

I’m proud to say that I own every big-bust magazine where she appears on the cover. I’ve got every American mag, all the European ones, the ones from South America, and also Japan.

There’s a rumor going around that some of Miss Melons’ used bras are going up for auction on eBay. I just hope that I have enough money to outbid her millions of admirers from all over the world. Owning a bra that once held her magnificent melons would be the greatest thing ever!

I’d just die… I really would.

Can you tell that I’m Miss Melons’ biggest fan?

I even got her to autograph that first cover of ‘Monster Tits.’ That mag is still my favorite.

I love to stroke my little noodle and stare at Miss Melons holding both her massive mammaries up with her mouth. I rub and rub my little teeny weeny until it dribbles cum.

I’d love to able to make love to the magnificent Miranda Melons.

I am the ‘breast man,’ after all. And, she’s my dream girl.

Bobbie Bazooms writing as Tater Tot -10 October 2010-