



The Twins
Part Three
By Sobtac

November

Once again Gina's breasts had become the centre of attention.

Annoyingly for her Terri was in the driver's seat and so she couldn't afford to turn around and join the other girls in staring at her passenger's assets. She had made a few overt glances but the majority of her attention had to remain on the road ahead.

The other girls were all taking the opportunity to probe Gina for the truth about her dramatic growth. There were three of them crammed into the back and although by weight, height and most other measures Gina was the smallest, her prominent chest, bound securely by a red sweater and a strained seatbelt, seemed to be taking up as much space as possible.

"Stop poking them," Gina snapped at Trudi, who had spent the entire night accusing her of having implants. Trudi's had never made an issue before about her A-cup breasts but recently she seemed to have developed a bit of a jealousy complex. "It hurts."

"Trudi stop poking Gina's humongous tits," Terri commanded without turning around to watch. "Even if they are taking up your space."

"But they're enormous," Annika exclaimed dramatically, as if she was making a profound revelation. To be fair she was the most drunk of the lot, three glasses of sangria and half a bottle of vodka later they were amazed she was still on her feet. "I mean they must weigh a tonne."

"Your back must be killing you," Trudi added to Gina.

Gina shook her head; "No more than it did when I was Terri's size."

"Well you must be some champion weight lifter," Annika reached under Gina's sweater and lifted up. Gina's left breast rose into the air, an enormous mound of flesh occupying the lower half of her vision. Gina tried to pull away, watching in horror as a wall of flesh rose towards her face.

"Stop that," she yelled, pushing Annika's hand away. Unsupported her breast fell back to her ribcage, landing with a soft thump that was almost pleasant. It wobbled for a few seconds, reshaping itself as gravity demanded, annoyingly half falling out of her bra. "Shit..."

"She's fallen out," Annika yelled to the entire car. "She's fallen out!"

Terri almost pulled over into a layby. Usually she didn't mind being the driver, hell having a car full of drunk women was a dream come true usually. But she wished she could watch more carefully. She'd been dying to get a better look at Gina's 'assets' for months and a girls night out had been just what the doctor ordered.

"Stop that," Ramone shouted loudly, cutting out the din in the back seats. "Gina is trying to concentrate. Trudi, Annika, keep your hands to yourselves."

"Sorry," Annika replied sheepishly. Trudi crossed her arms and stared out of the window with feigned disinterest. Gina pulled and prodded on her bra straps to try and jiggle the breast back in but she couldn't properly manage without reaching beneath the sweater, and she wasn't going to be able to do that crammed into the middle back seat with these two girls around her.

Luckily they were nearly home already. As Gina lives closest to Terri she was the last to be dropped off, and she was surprised when Terri asked if she could come inside for a cup of tea.

"It's one a.m.," she pointed out on the driveway. Gina wobbled drunkenly, weighing up her options and smiling politely. "I'm knackered."

"Brian'll be asleep," Gina replied holding a finger to her lips. "Keep quiet."

"I will if you will," Terri replied honestly.

Gina let them both into the house, through the landing and into the kitchen. Moving quickly she put the kettle on, pulled out a pack of biscuits, laid them on the table and then retreated to another room to readjust herself.

"You can change in here," Terri pointed out hopefully.

"I'm not 'that' drunk," Gina replied with arched eyebrows. She put her hands over her breasts defensively. "You've been eyeing me up all night. Just because I've had a few don't think I haven't noticed."

"Honey, everyone in that bar was eyeing you up all night. Your turning heads like never before, every man, every woman, nobody has seen breasts like that on a frame like yours."

"They have," Gina replied with a shrug. Terri arched her eyebrows. "Yes, I found Brian's hidden folder. I'm not an idiot, I know why our internet history keeps getting wiped. He's not as clever at hiding it as he thinks he is."

"You found his porn folder," Terri almost squealed. "Get the computer on. I want a look. I bet he's really into the big breasts thing, right from day one I had him pegged as a breast man."

"Oh, he's definitely a breast man," Gina smiled inwardly, unconsciously hugging her breasts closer to her. Terri watched this unintended display eagerly, edging slowly closer to the living room where the computer lived.

Brian wasn't getting the best night sleep.

With Gina away on her girls night out he'd had the house to himself. He'd planned on watching some films, drinking some beer and chilling out but after a horrible meeting at work he just didn't feel up to anything. He went to bed early, a mistake as it turned out because that meant he also woke up early.

He was surprised when he saw the alarm clock that it was 2:00 am and Gina still wasn't back. He wondered if he should ring her mobile and check she was alright but decided against it. This was her night off.

Then he thought he heard someone squeal. It was a distant noise, quite faint, a woman's voice. He wasn't sure but he thought it was shouting; "Fake."

He waited a few more minutes, and then he heard footsteps on the landing. Gina was back. He sat up, waiting for her to open the bedroom door. He heard her feet cross the landing, head into the bathroom, the bathroom light flick on...

Then some time later the bathroom door clicked open, the light flicked off, and she began walking back towards his room. He listened eagerly to the footsteps come closer and closer, and then veer right and head back downstairs.

And then with the living room door open he heard the voice again; "Gina, look at this one. Her tits are bigger than yours."

He recognised that voice. Terri was around.

It took him a few seconds to realise what he had heard before panic set in. Terri the lesbian was downstairs, in his house, looking at his porn. Shit...

He fell out of bed and ran for the door, but by the time he'd reached it he'd had time to think. He opened the door as quietly as he could, and dressed only in his boxers tip toed down the staircase without making a noise.

Leaning around the corner to get a look he spotted Terri hunched over his computer eagerly flicking through his porn folder. Gina was sat next to her, only half interested in what she saw, occasionally arching her back to compare her breasts to the ones on the screen.

"Smaller," Gina declared confidently. "Much smaller."

"I don't know," Terri shrugged, dragging the mouse to centre on the woman's hanging udders "Not as round perhaps but they're as long as yours. Her tits look quite anorexic whereas yours are nice and fat."

"They look like pendulums," Gina giggled, almost falling off the stool she was perched on. "How ridiculous is that?"

"I bet they'd be great to handle," Terri replied. She shuddered excitedly. "Why hasn't he got any videos. I can't judge these from still pictures, breasts need motion to be appreciated."

"I dunoo..."

"This is boring. There's just pose after pose after pose. Where's the action? I expected at least some girl on girl fondling, some actual titplay or vibrators. Is he not into anything kinky? I mean these are all hot girls, well except that redhead, she was just fat... And breasts are great to look at but after a while he must get bored."

"He doesn't get bored, he's got me," Gina replied, sounding slightly offended at the implication. "Anyway, haven't you seen enough? All the ones with breasts bigger than mine were obviously fake..."

"Two seconds," Terri replied, reaching for her handbag. She began rummaging around in it before glancing guiltily up at her friend. "Um... Have you got a USB stick?"

Brian couldn't help himself. He let out a small guffaw of laughter and both woman turned around to stare at him. Gina, who had been preening herself happily, went bright red. Terri on the other hand began clapping her hands together slowly, giving him her best lecherous look.

"Um..." Brian replied. "You weren't meant to see that."

"Likewise," Gina replied, looking petrified. She turned to her friend, smiling apologetically. "Terri, I think it's time you were heading home. I need some quality time with my boyfriend to remind him what real tits look like."

"And I get to sleep alone," Terri sighed dramatically. "Life's not fair."

She grabbed her handbag, kissed Gina goodnight and strode confidently out of the lounge giving Brian a friendly wave.

"I'll be back next week for those pics Brian," she shouted as the front door slammed shut. "See ya."

Soon Brian and Gina were left alone together. He hovered in the doorway, waiting to see what his semi-drunk but now looking alarmingly sober girlfriend had to say.

"When did you get all of these?" she asked, arching her eyebrow questioningly with a deadly serious look on her face. "Before or after?"

"Bit of both," he shrugged, trying to sound nonchalant.

"And you do agree," she asked, sauntering towards him slowly. She reached out, took each of his hands in hers and placed them firmly on her prominent chest. "You do agree that this is better?"

"Yes," he agreed.

"Tell me how its better," she commanded, squeezing her hands. His fingers, beneath her hands, in turn squeezed her breasts. Then she began to move her hands slowly, drawing small circles up and down, lifting his hands, and her breasts beneath them.

Soon he go the idea and she let go, content to just take his administrations and listen to his answer.

"Well none of those women would give a shit if they ever met me," he said slowly, trying not to look down at her increasingly creased and rumpled sweater. "None of them have the personality and sense of humour that you do. None of them are standing here, right now, asking me to look after them in the middle of the night. And none of them feel half as good as you do."

"Good enough," she replied, contented. Slowly she backed away from his soft caresses, all too aware of the moistness between her legs. God she was so hot right now, she felt like she was on fire and only he could extinguish the flames.

Ten minutes later she was screaming wildly, half way through one of her most violent orgasms yet. Considering the incident with the porn equivalent to foreplay they had gone straight into each other.

She was riding on top, as usual these days, giving him a great view of her bouncing breasts. With each thrust beneath her they rose upwards, nipples pointing skywards into the air, before falling back down a great distance to her ribcage.

His hands just weren't big enough to hold them any more. Once his hands had smothered her breasts, held their entirety in his palm but now he could only clutch at their surface.

And his constant touch just wasn't enough. Once the orgasm hit Gina took her breasts in her own hands, squeezing them as tightly as she could as the pleasure ran up and down her in waves.

"Faster," she shrieked, bouncing wildly up and down on his shaft which was throbbing with anticipation. He complied, his face straining as he urged himself on for a few more seconds, determined to outlast her orgasm before he came himself.

"I'm not too bothered by them," Gina said awkwardly, feeling more self conscious now than she had in months. She was stood in the middle of a cold air conditioned room, naked from the waist up, uncomfortably aware of her rising nipples. They had engorged with the rest of her breasts and hard, as they were now, they had to be at least a centimetre long. "But I am worried that they're going to get bigger. I don't think I could cope if they got any bigger."

"Hmm," her Doctor replied, pressing her ice-cold stethoscope into her back. Gina felt the coldness rush through her, almost heading directly to her nipples which ached

with anticipation. Every time the Doctor pushed that thing against her she wanted to shriek aloud and had to hold herself back... It was so cold.

She couldn't work out why her Doctor was more interested studying her back than her front. She had asked her to disrobe, to strip the bra, and after a quick cursory examination for lumps pulled out the stethoscope and calmly walked around behind her.

"I mean this growth just came on so suddenly, three months ago I thought I had large breasts but compared to this... And what if they've not stopped growing? I haven't gone up a bra size for a couple of weeks but I'm scared that it'll happen again."

"And they've become more sensitive than before?" her Doctor asked again, dropping the stethoscope. Gina nodded. "Well, it's unusual but not impossible. I can take a blood sample to see if you have a hormone imbalance, but if they've stopped growing then perhaps the growth was just a temporary thing. You've not been expressing milk have you?"

"No," Gina replied shocked. "That's never happened."

"Well," her Doctor shrugged. "Due to the speed of the growth I'd recommend a full mammogram, just to ensure against any possible cancers. Otherwise I can only advise you watch out for further growth. The increased size appears permanent unless you want to go for surgery..."

"Surgery?" Gina asked, frowning.

"We can remove them," the Doctor replied calmly, readjusting her glasses. "You're certainly large enough to qualify for breast reduction surgery."

Ten minutes later Gina was storming out of the doctor's surgery feeling rage. How dare that woman even think of cutting her breasts off. They were large and ponderous and tended to get in the way, certainly, but they were a part of her.

She drove home full of righteous anger and missed two red lights. Fortunately she wasn't stopped and she made it into the living room before something happened to snap her out of her mood.

A large brown parcel was sitting on the kitchen table. It was addressed to her, and signed for by Brian before he'd headed out. She could only think of one thing she'd ordered that hadn't arrived yet; a specially made bra. She'd ordered one just the other day, something even larger to keep her twins in check. And as she'd been a J cup for nearly a month now with no signs of it changing soon she felt comfortable spending a little bit of money to help them look good.

Delighted that it had arrived so quickly she quickly began tearing the box open. There was a large cotton cloth wrapped around a circular object that she had to snap open before revealing a large brown bottle.

A jar of Breast Cream fell out onto the counter. It took her a few minutes to realise what she was looking at, to recognise the bottle that Brian had bought for her a few months earlier. She'd only seen and used it the one time, nearly three months ago, so she was a little shocked to see it again in her delivery.

She held up the bottle, wondering why it had been posted to her. There was a receipt with it for the cost of one bottle of cream. It had her account number on it. She was the only one with access to this account, it wasn't the one she shared with Brian.

"What the fuck?" she asked, turning the bottle over in her hands.

She went upstairs to look for the old bottle, she was sure she'd noticed it sitting on the bedside cupboard at some point. She started searching around for it but she couldn't find it anywhere.

Next she went online to check her bank statements and was slightly surprised to see that yes, she had ordered the product a few days ago. The receipt was there on her email, the webpage on her internet history and the money gone from her account. But she had no memory of that.

Just on cue she heard the front door open. She stood and waited for Brian to come through to the living room, brandishing the bottle of Breast Cream.

He dropped his coat on the sofa, looked up at her with a smile, and frowned in surprise when he noticed what she was holding. He wasn't as surprised as she was when she heard what he said next.

"Don't you think you've had enough of that stuff?"

"I'm sorry?" she repeated, taken aback. "What do you mean haven't I had enough of this stuff? I was wondering why it's here. It came through the post this morning. Why has it come through the post this morning?"

"Well you used up the last bottle," he said, noticing and taking the printed receipt she'd left on the table. "You ordered this over two weeks ago; it's taken ages to arrive... Are you sure you want to take it?"

"I didn't use the last bottle. You used it on me."

"Well, yeah... I used a bit. But then you started applying it to yourself, every other night you'd get out of bed and rub it in. But... Don't you think that you're big enough now?"

"What do you mean I rubbed it in myself?" she was nearly shrieking now. "I've never touched the damn stuff. I haven't been reapplying it..." He was shaking his head vigorously. Without realising it she started raising her voice; "I haven't."

"Gina," he begged, retreating slowly away from her. "Jesus, stop shouting. You used it a couple of times, it was over a month ago. I asked you about it the last time you put it on and you said you were happy."

"You asked me?" She replied shocked. "I did no such thing. And... Are you saying these are due to this cream?"

She gestured down at her breasts, slowly prodding the right one for effect.

"You're saying these are due to the cream? I thought I just grew them, I thought I was just a freak of nature. I've been applying this cream all the time though? It's not... I don't believe it."

"Gina," he begged, trying to reach her. She noticed tears forming in his eyes as he gently lifted the bottle of Breast Cream from her hands. "Gina, please just stop shouting."

"I didn't make my breasts grow," she roared violently back at him. "I didn't use this goddam cream. I'd remember if I did. Is this some kind of trick you've pulled? Were you using the cream on my whilst I was asleep? Have you been turning me into some kind of big-titted freak to fit in with all your other fantasies?"

"No," he replied, staring down at the ground shamefaced. "No, I didn't. But I didn't stop you either. It was always at the end of the night, when you were half asleep. Hell when I was half asleep. You said you wanted it and I... I let you."

"No," she replied, storming away from him. It wasn't true. She wouldn't have done this to herself out of choice. She wouldn't have gone through the last two months of humiliation and readjustment willingly.

But only a few hours ago hadn't she said she liked them? Hadn't she insisted she wasn't bothered by lugging these enormous things around? Hadn't she gone into a fit at the idea of someone taking them away from her.

Deep down inside her, she had to admit, there was a part of her that liked this. A big part. And apparently it was growing.

“Brian,” she sobbed, collapsing onto the sofa. She was too confused to think right now. She had too many conflicting emotions. She didn’t want to make choices or think about it, she just had to clear her head. “Brian, I don’t remember... I don’t remember ordering this.”

“Gina,” he should have rushed over and held her but he was holding back. He was scared of her, she realised. He was as scared as she was and he didn’t know what to do. As usual she had to make all the decisions around her.

She got up from the sofa, took the bottle of breast cream from him and threw it in the bin. Then she turned to stare at him, fixing him to the spot like a rabbit in headlights. She fixed him with her best look and said; “We don’t talk about this. Ever...”

He nodded mutely but he still had that terrified puppy look about him.

Gina opened her eyes.

She was standing in her bathroom. She didn’t normally wake up on her feet but this wasn’t the same. She felt more awake than she had in days, just calm and refreshed. Her hair was wet, she realised, it was wet and there was a towel tied around her head. She was standing in her shower, naked, half way through drying her hair.

And she hadn’t just woken up, she had come to in a sudden moment of realisation. It was as if some hypnotist had snapped his fingers and she was awake.

And next to her, on the bathroom shelf, was the breast cream.