

**The Twins**  
**Part One and Two**  
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.

## October

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.

