

The Twins
Part Four
By Sobtac

December

Gina hid the bottle as best she could.

She nearly took it outside to dispose of permanently in the skip around the corner but for some reason she couldn't bring herself to do it. It had so much... potential. It was just too precious a thing to destroy.

So she hid it from Brian.

She didn't want him to know what she had been doing to herself. She would have to deal with this issue herself and she wouldn't let such a trivial thing come between 'them' as a couple. She loved him, he loved her AND her tits, and that was all that mattered.

The trouble was, as she came to realise over the next couple of weeks, her tits seem to love themselves as well. No matter where she left it the cream kept finding its way back to their bedroom, and somehow it kept becoming that little bit emptier.

It became almost a game. She hid the bottle in different locations, all of them slightly further away than the previous. It took a few days to happen again but eventually she woke up one morning to find it out in the bathroom ready for use again.

And although it was subtle, slowly she felt her bras and tops clinging ever so slightly snugger to her breasts. She didn't mind though, she was learning to live with the constant reminder of the weight.

She had stopped bumping into things, stopped catching them on doorways and dropping crumbs down her top. She had learnt to both live with and finally accept them.

The next day a different parcel came through the letter box. The specialty bra she had commissioned had arrived; something for Brian to get all excited about again. The J cup monstrosity that somehow managed to be both practical, comfortable and supremely sexy.

She stripped in the kitchen, putting the mammoth bra on before heaving her pendulous breasts into the cups. It squeezed her tits together in a tight but loving embrace, the edges of the cups digging in at the top of her forearms. It was slight though, something she could live with.

There was a little bit of overspill but on reflection that would just entice Brian all the more.

If only this second bottle of cream hadn't arrived she was sure it would have fitted perfectly. As it was it was slightly tight but still acceptable, as long as it didn't get any worse.

So she retrieved the cream from her latest hiding place, popped it inside a carefully wrapped parcel, and posted it to herself.

She reasoned that a second class delivery would take a couple of days to get back to her. It would give her a nights grace, safe in the knowledge the bottle was out of reach, but most importantly on its way safely back to her.

Two days later it turned up on her front door. She slapped on a new label, drove it back down to the post office and sent it out again.

She felt a surge of pride as she handed the carefully wrapped parcel over.

This would work. For the time being she'd won.

She paused to examine herself in the mirror, plumping her breasts up with her hands to get a good view of them. She turned sideways, examining her profile, impressed that this bra gave her enough support to keep her assets up on her ribcage.

She wondered briefly if she should have some photographs taken again.

Brian had arranged for some a year ago, professional shoot of both of them together and then just a few on her own. The trouble was she no longer recognised herself in them. She'd been blonde and svelte, and although she wasn't exactly 'flat' she wasn't... what was the word? Top-heavy?

And if she did loose this fight with herself, if it did happen again, then she would have a memento of this moment. Because right now she looked at herself, and at her titanic breasts, and she was happy with what she saw.

Genuinely happy.

For them...

Sitting next to her Fred was putting in an impressive effort at not glancing discretely down her top.

The two of them were perched behind an imposing desk, together making up the interview panel for the new accountancy post. He was the expert who could assess how the candidates could perform and judge whether their skillsets would fit into his team; she was just the representative from HR there to make sure he didn't just hire the most attractive blonde who walked through those doors.

But as cynical as she was about the process she enjoyed these sessions.

Fred had a frank and wicked sense of humour and despite the impressive pile of CVs she had collated, some of the people they had already seen were absolutely shocking.

"I think you're scaring them off," Fred joked, glancing covertly down at the prominent mounds against her jacket. "When I invite them in they can't see just 'how' big you are behind that desk..."

She glanced acidly at him. This wasn't exactly something she wanted to talk over with him of all people. She had to find some way to ward him off without sounding rude. So she pouted; "Are you saying I look fat?"

"No..." he stammered slightly, scratching at his right ear. "It's just when you're sitting down all they can see is from your armpits up. It's hard to appreciate 'just' how well endowed you are for your size. The guys all seize up, either spending the whole interview drooling with their mouths open or don't dare even look at you. The girls on the other hand... Well that last one, she probably thought 'she' was well off until she met you. Envy is a terrible thing."

"It's all part of the interview process," Gina replied tartly. She pulled her pile of CVs together and collated them into a neat pile. "You don't want someone as shallow as that working for this company. When is the next one due?"

"I think we've got ten minutes," Fred glanced down at his wristwatch. "I was wondering Gina, since you 'are' HR, if you have a problem at work who do you go to?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because since your growth spurt... Well you know how the rumour mill works. At first everyone thought you had implants, now everyone thinks you've been struck by some sort of horrific disease. I've tried to keep my team in line but people's imaginations..."

She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

This man had a horrific reputation when it came to women. And here he was, asking in what could possibly be the most tender way possible, if she was alright. He was actually 'attempting' to be chivalrous.

"You're saying people are calling me names behind my back?"

She honestly couldn't care less.

"Well let them. It doesn't bother me. I'm not an idiot, I know I can't hide these things, I just need to live with them and get on with it. Believe me I get worse on the streets."

"Worse?" he asked, interestedly.

She nodded, recalling one of the worst incidents yet.

About two weeks ago she had been out shopping with Brian. Her winter coat was too small to fasten up at the front so she'd worn it loose, with the twins holding her coat firmly open.

There had been a couple of Japanese tourists on the street. They'd been standing outside the mall, staring up at the building, digital camera already busily snapping away.

The old man, nearly bald but with a thick moustache, had turned around and spotted her coming towards him. Brian had gone on to one of the bookshops whilst she'd tried on some different skirts. He'd literally done a double take, then forcefully ribbed his wife in the ribs and gestured wildly at her.

The woman, short and podgy, had frozen on the spot whilst the old man shoved his camera into his arms.

Well she had no choice but to carry on as the old man raced towards her, an enormous smile on his face.

"Photo?" he'd asked enthusiastically. "Photo?"

Too shocked to reply she'd just blankly nodded. She had stopped walking, stood calmly next to the old man, and done her best to force a smile. The old woman had begun happily snapping away whilst her husband posed next to her tits.

After a few seconds and half a dozen photographs the old man had reached out and grabbed her right breast. Even through the bra, shirt and jumper she felt his nimble fingers give her a quick squeeze.

In an instant she felt heat rush through her body, up from her centre and out to her face and her chest. Oh god she was going to start blushing, she was going to turn bright red here in the shopping mall.

She slapped his hand away angrily, forcing an impression of rage onto her face even though inside she really wanted to swoon. It had been so sudden... So unexpected that she just didn't know what to do with the energy.

She'd planned on buying a new winter coat but instead had to make do with dragging Brian straight home and shagging him senseless. The Japanese couple had escaped with half a dozen photographs and a bruised hand.

"Mind your own business," she replied, settling back in the chair. There was no way she was going to start sharing stories like that with him. She liked him and she thought he was an alright guy, but he wasn't a friend...

But just remembering that encounter with the perverted old man, it was getting her hot and bothered. She glanced longingly at the clock on the wall. There was another two hours to go before they were done.

She had a feeling Brian would be getting lucky tonight.

He'd been getting lucky a lot recently.

Gina calmly ripped the inbound postage stamp off the parcel and attached a brand new one. She placed another sticker with the address over the old one and placed it back on the shelf with a contented sigh.

She was winning the war.

She had spent a few weeks now coming to terms with what had happened. At first she hadn't believed Brian but she had slowly accepted it.

Some inner part of her wanted bigger breasts. And until she had overcome that inner urge she wouldn't be safe again. Not whilst this cream was still out there.

She ought to throw it away... But she couldn't. It was precious to her. The thought of permanently destroying the bottle made her sick. So all she could do was send it far, far away and hope for the best.

But she wasn't an idiot.

She knew this couldn't last forever. So she had a plan.

Brian was away for a weekend and she had arranged for some rather special company to visit her. He was due any minute, so before he arrived she had to take this down to the postal office and get it...

The doorbell rang. He was early... Bugger.

Then the doorbell rang again, and someone began pounding on the door.

"Gina," Terri shouted through the letterbox. "Gina, are you in?"

"Yes," Gina sighed, clutching the sealed parcel to her chest. She wasn't sure why her best friend was banging on her front door but she knew she didn't want her there.

She opened the door to find Gina holding a bottle of cream, a questioning look on her face.

Gina glanced down at the plastic bottle in her friend's hand and swallowed internally.

"This arrived at my house this morning," Terri said, holding the bottle up so Gina could see. "It had your name on it... Look, Gina, is there something you haven't told me about your tits?"

An hour later they were both sat in the lounge.

Gina wasn't sure if her friend was going to start laughing or run away screaming. If anything Terri looked confused more than anything else. She was listening intently but she didn't seem able to take her eyes off the bottle in her hands.

"So you think it's real?" she asked for the third time, awe in her voice. "Tit cream that really, really works?"

"How else do you explain these?" Gina asked, pointing at her chest.

"And you think this plan of yours is going to work?" Terri asked, shuddering. "It's a little extreme?"

"He's due any second," Gina replied with a nod. She wasn't sure if she was relieved or ashamed to have told her story in full. She certainly hadn't lost any weight from her chest doing it...

"It's too late to cancel. I need to know if it's true or not. I need to know if I really want this."

"If you really want..." Terri shook the plastic bottles of cream thoughtfully. The one in her left hand was half empty, the one in her right full. The potential here was mind breaking... "And I thought I was a pervert. My god girl, you have issues."

Graeme Atkinson was shorter than Gina had expected from the photographs.

His website had very few photographs of him standing next to anything, he was always in silhouette or on stage. In person though she was surprised to find a man no taller than she was, in fact shorter if she'd bothered with heels.

She'd spent a long time searching for someone she could trust. There were a lot of frauds and fakes out there but she'd done her research. She was convinced this man was the real deal.

"Where shall we do this?" she asked the moment he was inside the house. He hadn't brought anything with him she noticed, if he was going to use anything other than his hands or his eyes he had his instruments hid in his suit. "Oh... A friend of mine has dropped in. Do you mind if she watches?"

"Anywhere will do?" he replied with a shrug. "And she's welcome... If you're sure you don't mind."

"I don't mind," Gina replied.

They went through to the kitchen, she took a seat by the table, and waited to see what Graeme would do. He reached into his pocket for a second, consulted his watch, and then turned towards her.

He knelt down on the table before her, placing his head just a few centimetres from her own. He locked his eyes with hers. The two of them stared deeply into each others eyes, his glare slowly captivating hers.

He gently reached out, taking her head in his hands. He began to gently rock her head sideways, always moving his own face in time with her motions. Gently, under his breath, he began to whisper a children's lullaby.

Seated on the far side of the kitchen Terri leant forwards, trying to see what he was doing. Graeme's forehead came closer and closer to Gina's until they were actually touching, he released his grip on her forehead and closed his eyes.

When he pulled away Gina remained exactly where she was, a perpetually vacant look on her face.

"And she's under," he said to himself more than anyone else.

Gina didn't respond.

"Do you have the camera?" he asked Terri, "She wanted a recording of this."

Gina watched as the two figures on the camera rocked back and forth.

Then the man released his hold on her head and slowly backed away, leaving her perched on the kitchen table with an empty look on her face. She was completely gone...

"Do you know your name?" Graeme on the video asked her.

She nodded slowly; "Gina Summerfield."

"Do you know where you are?"

She nodded again; "My kitchen."

Graeme took a deep breath and smiled. He ran his hands through his hair and took a deep breath. He pulled an item down from the shelf and placed it on the table before her. "Do you know what this is Gina?"

"It's my ointment," Gina replied instantly. "It makes me feel good."

"Do you know what it does Gina?" he asked again, slower this time, gently sliding the cream towards her. "Do you know what it does to you?"

"It makes my breasts bigger," Gina replied, and although she sounded as blank as before a slight smile appeared on her face. "It makes them feel better."

"So you have been applying this to yourself?" Graeme asked, picking the bottle up and examining it himself. Gina nodded but did not reply aloud. "You've been making your breasts bigger deliberately?"

The woman on the screen nodded again.

"When did you last use it Gina?"

"Three weeks ago on Saturday," Gina replied calmly, the faint smile gone from her face in an instant.

"And if you could, you would use it again?" Graeme asked, folding his arms as he started pacing back and forth across the room. On the screen Gina remained sat where she was, seemingly oblivious.

"Yes," she replied instantly. "I want to be bigger." She paused for a second, then added; "I want to be better."

"You were right," Gina sobbed, head sunk between her hands. "This is fucked up."

Terri, who had sat in muted silence through the whole ordeal, patted her best friend on the shoulder. It didn't really seem like enough.

"I might be able to help," Graeme said from the doorway.

It was the first thing he had said to her since bringing her out of the trance. After handing the tape over he had gone outside for a smoke, made a few phone calls on his mobile, and not returned until after she had watched the tape.

"I can put you under again," he offered tentatively. "In the trance-state you are highly suggestible. A few choice commands and maybe..."

She stared morbidly at him. She didn't like the idea, but then she didn't like what was happening to her either. Any way to regain some control over herself... He was offering one and she'd be a fool not to take it.

"What do you think?" she asked Terri, who almost instantly looked away and shuddered. "Terri, what do you think?"

"I think I'm your best friend and I want what's best for you," Terri replied noncommittally.

She was being no help at all.

"Okay," Gina decided for herself. "Do it."

When she came around again she was sitting in the lounge sofa.

Gina was a little surprised to find both Graeme and Terri staring at her with wide expectant eyes. She was also little alarmed when she realised that she was currently topless, her giant breasts lolling around unsupported against her stomach.

She couldn't feel that she wasn't wearing any clothes, specifically, just that the leather sofa was cold against her skin.

"Spangles," she muttered.

She wasn't sure why she said it, the word just blurted out on its own.

Graeme and Terri both breathed a sigh of relief; "It worked."

"That was a trigger word," Graeme explained. He ruffled his hair in that sexy-over self conscious way some men do without realising it. "I told you to say it when you woke up. That way we know that our instructions got through to you. How do you feel?"

"Where are my clothes?" Gina asked, staring down at her breasts. They hung down

her chest, overflowing her belly button, all the way down to her naval. Both of her areola were dark and round, her engorged nipples pointing downwards towards her legs.

She sat up straight and she felt her breasts lift off her stomach. They were at least slightly pert, and when she leant forwards they swung out over her legs. Although she couldn't feel any contact she felt wearily close to the fabric of her jeans, as if they might just brush against each other any second...

Graeme bit his teeth and sucked in a deep breath, looking all the more awkward every second.

"In the kitchen," Terri supplied helpfully. Gina glanced up at her and realised quickly that her best friend was enjoying this. What the hell had happened? "Don't worry... I made sure the curtains are closed. You don't need them. Not now..."

"Whu..."

"You won't apply the cream again," Graeme said slowly. He held a video tape in his hands, although he looked slightly reluctant to play it. "You don't need to worry about this happening again without you realising it. We made a deal."

"A deal?" Gina gasped. "What deal?"

"I have the cream," Terri announced from the far side of the room. "I'm the only one who can use it."

It took a few seconds for Gina to process this.

"You what? You've already put it on me... I'm... I'm growing again and it's all your fault? I don't need to get any larger. I'm... I'm..." She suddenly struggled with her words.

To any outside observer it might appear that she was going to sneeze. Certainly she tensed up, lifting her head upwards and sideways as if she was about to clear her throat noisily. But that wasn't it at all.

Her engorged nipples, now over a centimetre in length and poking proudly out of her pendulous breasts, had lightly brushed against her upper thighs. The touch, so light and brief that it almost didn't qualify as contact at all, had nearly sent her into an orgasm of its own.

"Oh god," she gasped when she could finally breathe again. Her back arched upwards, it was the only way she could lift the monstrosities on her chest well clear of her thighs. "Oh god that was strong."

"The cream also makes them more sensitive," Terri explained. "You explained it to us quite rationally, quite clearly. You wanted them bigger, and you wanted them more sensitive. Breasts are sexy, big breasts are sexier and humungous breasts are better than the lot. You always wanted them... You always have wanted bigger and better breasts than anyone else. You told us about your fantasy when you were a teenager..."

"That was years ago."

"It's never left you," Graeme replied. "So we negotiated."

"Show me the tape," Gina demanded. "What have you done to me?"

With the slow reluctance of an army general withdrawing his troops Graeme took the video camera to the television and plugged it in. It took a few seconds for an image to appear on the screen but when it did Gina nearly shrieked with rage.

She was lying on her back, spread across the kitchen table, naked from the waist up with her breasts spread like enormous Christmas Puddings across her chest. Gina was standing over the table, both hands greased up with the pale cream, slowly kneading her right breast.

Gina watched in horror as the Terri on the screen quickly worked the cream into her breasts, alternating between right and left, face screwed up in concentration and ill-concealed passion. She was speeding up her kneading, getting rougher and rougher with each tit, circling her tiny fingers around her rock hard nipples.

“Isn’t this better?” Graeme demanded from the far side of the camera. He was watching the lesbian display with a slight look of shame, and more than a little arousal...

His right hand was in his pocket, quite deliberately holding his pants tight against his body to conceal whatever might be straining against the fabric.

“Isn’t this better for you? I want you to admit that self administration doesn’t feel this good. I want you to agree that this is far better.”

“This is better,” the Gina on the kitchen table replied in little more than a whimper. Although she was in a trance her entire body was occasionally jerking in slow, sullen movements. “This is much better.”

Terri paused for a second, glancing hopefully up at Graeme, and then resumed frantically rubbing away at Gina’s left breast. With the cream almost entirely rubbed in she leant over, placing her face against the tit, and gently began nibbling away at it.

“So from now on Gina you are not to apply the cream to yourself any more. You need Terri to do that. You need Terri to give you what you need? Do you understand?”

Gina nodded, although as her entire body was buckling it might have just been a reflex action. Terri had not stopped her relentless administrations. Graeme quickly walked over to the table and put his hand on Terri, motioning for her to stop.

“If you understand and agree I want you to do something for me Gina. I am going to wake you up in a few minutes. When you come around I want you to say a special word for me...”

Graeme turned off the camera. He looked hot and flustered, which was better than Terri who was nearly beetroot herself.

“I may have gotten a little carried away,” the lesbian admitted sheepishly. “But... I did it for your good. I did it...”

“How much did you use?” Gina demanded, still sitting arch back on the sofa. She watched tentatively as Terri pulled out an empty bottle. It was the one she had been fighting over for the last three weeks, posting back to herself every few days just to keep it out of the house.

She wanted to hate Terri, wanted to scream and shout, but actually she felt strangely pleased. Relieved even. She had been fighting with herself all this time over that stupid bottle and now it was empty there was no need for her to fight any longer.

She’d won... Or lost, depending on your point of view.

Either way, the bottle was gone, she didn’t need to worry about...

She felt something tingling in her chest. Oh shit... She hadn’t done growing yet. Terri had just emptied half a bottle of the cream into her in one go, more than she had ever used... If one bottle had originally ballooned her from a D cup to a J cup, how much farther would this second one take her?

She felt the skin around her breasts, all of it (and there was a lot of it), tingling with the sensation. She wasn’t sure what the sensation was, as it wasn’t like anything else she could name, but it was there.

All of her breasts were warming up, a boiling heat rising inside her mammoth appendages. It wasn’t painful but neither was it exactly pleasant. It was almost as if her skin was stretching itself, straining to cover new ground.

Oh god, she hoped she wouldn’t develop stretch marks.

“Get me a mirror,” she demanded Graeme, who was stood staring at her with wide puppy dog eyes. If she had to tolerate the interloping git any longer she might as well get some use out of him. “Get me a mirror, I want to see this.”

“Gina...” Terri began but Gina shushed her quiet. She was sitting as still as possible, staring down her cleavage at the twins and... There it was.... She wasn't sure if it was because she was moving even slightly or if it was evidence they were growing but...

It happened again. Her breasts twitched. It was just a tremor, a murmur, a movement so slight it was hardly noticeable but they moved outwards. They swelled. They grew. Again and again, each swelling small but significant. The effect was cumulative and observable by the eye. Terri had noticed it and she was sat staring open mouthed as Gina's tits pressed relentlessly outwards.

After a few seconds she grabbed the video camera from the television and pointed it towards Gina.

Graeme returned with a full length mirror from her bedroom, having carried it down the staircase. It put it up before her and then stood back, joining the two of them in open mouthed awe as the cream worked its magic.

Her breasts had started roughly the size of misshapen rugby balls, two pendulous objects attached to her body weighing her down. Now though they were slowly transforming themselves into something different.

Something 'better'.

It was almost impossible to see each individual motion, Gina reckoned that she was increasing at a steady rate but as her breasts increased in volume the significance of the growth was slowing. But that didn't mean it had stopped.

She placed her hands on top of her breasts, surprised at the way she had to twist her elbows to navigate around them. It was almost like a shelf was building itself on top her body.

Her skin was warm to the touch, and she gave a gentle squeeze just to see what they felt like. Soft, forgiving... She had to stop because her knickers were suddenly soaking wet from her own moisture.

She wondered if the others had noticed... Almost immediately she didn't care. If they were looking down there then they were looking in the wrong place entirely.

If only Brian were here she'd have sent them both away by now. She didn't need them she needed him and she needed him badly.

“Oh god,” she gasped, three minutes into the slow expansion. By this point her breasts had expanded to the size of large footballs. It was as if she was growing two enormous pods out of her body... Slouching forwards she could feel them on her thighs by now, not just brushing gently but actually resting there.

The tingling, burning, ecstasy hadn't faded though. If anything it was growing stronger all the time, the cream working its way through her, swelling her teats second by second.

She had probably surpassed the concept of bra sizes by now... She reached down to take her right breast in hand and experimentally lifted it up. It was heavy but she could hold it up above her thighs, push it up against her chest. She estimated it could reach out almost a foot in front of her with enough support.

“Let me hold that for you,” Terri murmured from the far side of the room. Gina wasn't sure if her friend had meant to say it aloud or not, but she was past caring. She gestured for Terri to come over and take the breast from her.

“No cream this time,” she let out with a sigh as Terri took the offered tit in both hands. Then she gestured for Graeme to come over, lifting the other pendulous monstrosity up and offering it to him.

He hovered for a second besides the mirror, abashed. She lifted the breast up again and he began to wilt, surrendering to the majesty of her breasts. He sauntered over and took it eagerly in both hands.

“Does as she does?” Gina commanded him, her final words before giving into her own circle of ecstasy. Graeme looked up at Terri expectantly, watching as the young woman held the titanic breast with one hand, holding it up and away from Gina’s body so she could work on it with her left hand.

She was alternately rubbing and stroking the prominent breast, occasionally drawing it out to its full length and occasionally squashing it back up against Gina’s chest. The breast itself moved around constantly, only precariously balanced in her petite hand, threatening to overflow at any and every moment, no matter how tightly she tried to hold onto it.

Each of themselves was slightly larger than a full grown cat, and the mewling coming from Gina’s lips showed nothing but pure pleasure. Terri stroked and fondled it lovingly, enjoying watching Gina’s eyes flutter in response to each motion.

Graeme was uncertain for a second but he soon joined in, using his stronger hands to more forcefully excite his client for the night. Gina herself was by now unaware of who was working on which tit. She had lost all sense of left and right, up and down, and just given in to wave after wave of orgasmic sensation emanating from her still expanding breasts.

This was what she had wanted all along. These breasts were capable of giving her just what she had always wanted; pure, unadulterated, bliss.

At some point Gina passed out.

Graeme noticed first, more from the fact the woman had stopped grunting instructions than anything else, and he had to prod Terri to bring the young woman back around. She had been enjoying this far too much...

"Is she still alive?" he asked worriedly.

Terri leant up over the enormous breast before her and over to check Gina's face. She was asleep, with a faded grin plastered over her face. It was the sleep of perfect contentment.

They left her sleeping on the sofa, hands cuddling her own breasts against her.

