

**The Twins**  
**Part Five**  
By Sobtac



**New Year**

Gina smiled at Brian, hefting her weight backwards to bring as much of her massive breasts into shot as possible. Not that it would be an issue, they already concealed everything about her from her armpits down to her thighs.

He passed her cameraphone back to her so she could examine the image. Sun, sky and sand, the perfect place to sun her new, tremendous breasts to welcome in the new year.

All she needed now was a resolution.

“You don’t think we should take some more?” she asked him, reaching out to take his hand. She had to stretch to get around her colossal bosom, but he didn’t seem to mind as she pulled him tighter and closer against her.

His hand snaked down, rubbing against the side of her breast. She purred softly as he worked his way along the sides of her breast, gently snuggling her chin against his shoulder and biting the skin around his neck.

His probing fingers reached her nipple and she had to suck in a deep breath, almost falling onto him for support. Shit that felt so good...

“Let’s go lie down,” she suggested, pointing at the towels they had left further up the beach. “And you can rub some suncream into them. I don’t want these babies burning...”

“That would be painful,” he mused, his eyes lingering hungrily for a moment on her nipples. She reached down and gave his manhood a gentle tug, turning him around and leading him back to their towels. He followed her obediently, not even bothering to readjust his tented swimshorts.

It had been Brian’s surprise for her, the reason he had been working away from home so much in December was to pay for this. He’d gotten a commission from a musical artist who had struck big, designing the new cover of his album. Apparently the musician was so impressed by the cover that he’d taken him out for a drink on the town, and whilst they were alone together mentioned that he had a private villa in the sun that was going free for a few weeks.

She didn't really care how he had arranged this. All she knew was that it was warm and pleasant and perfect.

He'd come home to give her the good news as a surprise, and been greeted by two even bigger ones waiting just for him. This week alone together would give them both time to reacquaint themselves with each others bodies.

And although he'd only had a few weeks to learn how to handle the twins, early signs were promising that Gina would live a life of bliss from now on. His every touch, his every motion as he caressed her unbelievable assets drove her into a form of breathless ecstasy.

And with her breasts finally stable at this size, due to get no larger or more sensitive, she was finally confident enough to just let go and enjoy the pleasures they could bring her.

Brian squeezed the sun lotion bottle, spraying out a fine mist of oily white liquid onto her breasts. It was cold, but pleasurable so beneath the boiling sunlight, and within seconds it had warmed to her body as he happily rubbed it in.

As he worked she did her best to ignore the tingling pleasure spreading across her body, the warmth flushing across her face or the growing wetness in her bikini bottom.

Instead she pulled out the cameraphone, checked the photograph Brian had taken, and sent it to Terri along with the text; "Wish you were here."

Terri, the guardian of the breast cream, who had brought Gina up to this current size in order to ensure she would grow no larger, was back home. She had taken the bottle of magic cream with her, with a devious glint in her eye, and said no more on the subject since that embarrassing night of pleasure.

Gina had sent an email to her colleagues the next day, informing them that her 'condition' had worsened overnight. She didn't bother going into specifics, her sudden breast growth over the last four months was common office gossip. As a prominent member of the Human Resources team there wasn't really anyone in the company who didn't at least know of her.

Her bosses, sensitive to her need for privacy, had declined to comment on the subject aside from promising her that if she had any specific needs or requirements they would be happy to oblige.

So since that last night of growth she hadn't bothered going to work. She had gone to have her breasts examined by the doctor again, refused once again the offer of a reduction, and gone home satisfied that her breasts were safe.

As long as she could talk, breath and walk normally she wouldn't let them interfere with her daily life. Her only problem was escaping the glares of everyone else around her, so the best solution was to stay away from work.

As the doctors were still completely mystified about what had happened they signed all her medical forms without hesitation, urging her to keep detailed records of what was happening.

She had been keeping records, but they were so private and personal that she had no intention of sharing them with anyone. Except maybe Brian, if he ever needed an incentive once in a while...

The picture sent she lay back, letting out a deep sigh as Brian finished applying the oil to her breasts. To ensure he had covered all of her thoroughly he had gone back and reapplied another layer to her, kneading it in as well as he could.

She rolled over, reaching for the bottle so she could have a turn applying the lotion to him. It wasn't fair if he had all the fun.

He obediently laid down on his front and she had climbed over him, legs astride his, arms outstretched working on his skin. Her pendulous breasts hanging from her chest, wobbling with each one of her motions, so large now that her nipples were actually resting on his back.

“The lotion needs fifteen minutes to absorb into your skin,” she said as she massaged the oil into his back. “Then I want to go swimming... We need to see how well these babies float.”

They emerged from the ocean with sheets of water raining down from their naked bodies. He had gone in wearing swimshorts but they’d somehow mislaid them during their swim in the warm water.

She was glad that the beach really was private as anyone watching would have had quite an eyeful. Not just her mountainous breasts, drifting through the water like torpedoes, but some strange rutting dance as they both lifted each other’s bodies out of the water and onto the soft sand in the shallows.

All the breast play he had given her earlier, all the buildup, had just made her body all the more eager for him. She had taken his manhood in a screaming orgasm the like of which she’d never had before, but it was a form of release that he built her up to and refused to let her down from for five whole minutes of bliss.

Now she felt broken and wilted and all she wanted to do was fall asleep with him curled up against her body.

They flopped exhausted back onto their towels, sand plastering itself to their skin in awkward places.

As they lay there, sweating and dreaming, she realised that it was the first time she and Brian hadn’t used protection. She didn’t mind, already she was wondering if this was the time...

It was, after all, a thoroughly natural way to get her breasts bigger after all.

And if the twins did bloat with milk who knew how big they might get. She smiled, imagining Brian sucking greedily on her engorged nipples and actually getting something out of them in return.

“What are you thinking about?”

Brian was watching her. He sat upright, smiling contentedly down at her, and obviously he had noticed the faraway look in her eyes.

“Nothing,” she lied, pulling him down towards her. He nestled happily against her right tit, now a full sized pillow for his head. “Just hold me and keep quiet. Everything is just perfect as it is.”

She pulled on a homemade bra, squeezed herself into a makeshift dress, and that evening they went out for dinner together.

Although she had no qualms walking down to the beach topless, in fact she enjoyed the experience... The sun on her body, the wind across her breasts, the constant attention from Brian as he struggled to keep his eyes off her...

But she had learnt to make do dressing for polite society. She had started wearing clothes designed for women four times her size, modifying them herself to tuck them in around her waist. She’d found that maternity dresses were her best options if she wanted to look even remotely stylish.

The homemade bra was something different though, and she needed Brian's help for that. She simply took a cloth, one of several long thin sheets she had cut specially, and wrapped it around her breasts.

Then, pushing them up and against her ribcage she had Brian pull the material taught as he wrapped it around her like a bandage. Essentially she was binding her breasts to her body, tying the material off at the end.

It didn't look all that bad actually, half way between a bra and a tube top. In warmer climes she could see herself heading out wearing just the bra and nothing else on top. Only if she did suffer a wardrobe malfunction it wouldn't be 'just' a nipple slip, it would be pretty catastrophic.

So, holding Brian's hand, they stepped out of their taxi and into the restaurant. Him with a beaming smile on his face, her with the minimum of wobble as her enormous mammaries advanced before her.

If the waiters were bemused by what they saw they didn't show it. This place considered itself a high class establishment, and it was more than the waiter's jobs were worth to ogle.

She got less respect from the other clients. All over the shop men and women were turning away from their meals to gawk. She didn't mind it, a little bit of attention was demanded after all. As long as they kept their distance they could look as much as they liked.

Brian had booked a window table, meaning that she was positioned not just in sight of the restaurant but in sight of the street. Time after time pedestrians outside glanced in momentarily, then stopped and looked again a few minutes later as though they didn't believe what they had seen.

And this was with her beauties contained. She felt an urge to pull her top down, grab the end of her makeshift bra and unravel the whole thing. She'd let her puppies free and give them something to really see.

Well, she'd like to do that... Only she was Brian's. He had exclusive access to her intimate areas. He was all she needed to feel complete.

And she was content with what she was. In fact she felt sorry for most other so called normal women. They 'had' breasts. Well Gina didn't just have breasts, she was with two of them as a part of her life.

If anything she had turned herself into a life support machine, something to keep breathing and keep the blood going around these marvellous things. And as long as they continued to give her, and Brian, as much pleasure in return as they had until now she was content to be that.

They ate, and talked, and at some course over the meal a bottle of champagne arrived at their table. She glanced down into the glass and saw something metallic twinkling up at her.

And Brian was on his knees, before her, gazing up past her enormous breasts up at her face. There was a look in his eye, something beyond the simple lust she'd grown accustomed to these last few weeks.

Two very drunk people stumbled from the dancefloor and into chairs at the side of the bar.

She'd moved like she'd never moved before, her chest swaying and bobbing with its own beat in time to the music. Brian moved almost in time with them, arms around her back, his body pressed up against her breasts, causing them to compress and swell sideways.

When they held each other close and moved as one to the time of the music she could have gone to heaven there and then. She lost herself to the music, letting him lead her movements as she revelled in the beat and the sensations running up and down her body.

But now she was exhausted. It was heavy work just carrying the twins around, never mind forcing them to bounce and sway so much. She sat on her own, waiting whilst her husband to be went to the bar to get them some water.

“Are those real?”

She glanced sideways to see a strange man smiling at her. He was young, dressed in hip trendy clothes and wearing shades even though he was in a nightclub.

He tipped down his sunglasses, pointing downwards to make it clear what he was asking.

If she hadn't been drunk Gina might have been annoyed by such a direct question but she was happy and willing to play along. She nodded.

“Seriously? You haven't had any implants?”

“I grew them myself,” she replied proudly. He froze, leaning forwards, his face slowly and unconsciously being drawn towards her cleavage, as if they possessed some gravity of their own. “And my husband is at the bar getting drinks. You'd better scam before he gets back.”

The young man fled in an instant and she watched him go, revelling in the power she wielded. She sat there, waiting patiently for Brian to come back with her drinks. God she was thirsty...

Her phone beeped.

Fishing it out of her handbag she tried to read the blurry screen. It was so bright inside the dark room, and she was tired and drunk and there was loud music pounding inside her head.

She hazily registered that it was from Terri... It was a text message with a picture attached. All Gina could see in the photo were two enormous orbs... Literally enormous, as in they filled over half of the photograph.

And there were what looked like legs at the centre of the photo, and a face that looked as though it was far, far away in the distance...

*Hey Gina and your two even sexier friends...*

*Bad news. But we never agreed to be faithful.*

