Samantha’s Colossal Bust 05: The Camping Trip

It was a summer Friday in the trailer park, and Samantha was unhappy for a number of reasons. Summer was ending soon, and that sucked. Another reason was that the trailer park was having its yearly cookout in a week and a half and she hadn’t decided on what to contribute yet. Reason number three was perhaps the biggest and most disappointing: she wasn’t growing as fast anymore. Ever since the farm.

Actually, Samantha was still growing on a day to day basis faster than she had ever before. Her natural expansion just continued to accelerate bit by bit. It was her growth surges that were greatly diminished. In the weeks after the farm, she hadn’t been able to stimulate her growth much at all. Crushing the house had been amazing, but her breasts couldn’t sustain that level of expansion, it seemed. She wondered if it was like building a tolerance to a drug. She had abused her growth and was now paying the penalty: mundane thrills just weren’t enough anymore. The thought of it made her very glum; she could only hope it was temporary, but the weeks continued to stretch before her and she hadn’t regained the ability. It was tough for someone so obsessed with growth to transition from her growth crushing a house in a short time to slow day by day expansion.

She reclined in her chair, and studied the elephantine mass of breast flesh that was stacked before her. “Why won’t you grow for me, darlings?” she murmured. Experimentally, she threw the racquetball up on her house-dwarfing mammaries, and caught it as it rolled down. Yet again no growth surge, to her great sadness. It wasn’t even worth finding some ice. With a heavy sigh, she picked her laptop back up and studied her fan site again.

The farm video had been a great success, financially. Samantha had managed to buy a much larger, sturdier bra that had arrived the other day. With the excess money, they had decided to embark on a weeklong camping trip out to a relatively nearby lake and mountain valley. Dan was supposed to come by tonight to help put her bra on, then he would sleep over here so that they could leave for their trip bright and early tomorrow morning. She checked her phone to make sure she hadn’t missed one of his text messages. Over the weeks since the farm, Dan had been working long hours so they hadn’t gotten to see each other as much as they liked, but they had a very healthy textual relationship. They had gotten more comfortable with each other through their “lol”s and smiley faces, and sharing their private thoughts in a personal but not self-conscious way. Samantha enjoyed these conversations tremendously. It was nice to have friends! A person who could go out in the world in and see and do what she could no longer.

Samantha got up and dragged her breasts backwards, causing the earth to tremor as they plowed in through the dirt. She carefully stepped up into her trailer and sidled up to the pot that was simmering in her kitchen. She opened the lid and stirred the beef stroganoff she was making for their dinner that night. She had been cooking most of the week, making leftovers. The plan was to bring the food on the trip so that she wasn’t forced to eat camping slop. She wasn’t a huge fan of “roughing it”.

Cooking was one of the few hobbies she was able to maintain given her size. There was a certain practicality to it. She hadn’t been able to enter a restaurant in years, and she briefly imagined walking up to a drive-through window where her breasts where bigger than the establishment she was ordering from. No, she had to make do with the groceries Dan brought her, and most importantly, make leftovers that she wanted to eat for the rest of the week. This need had evolved into a dedication, and then a degree of pride and enjoyment.

Slowly but surely it was more and more difficult to maneuver about her trailer. It was sort of like having headphones on and needing to reach something across the room. She could always move the way to which she was accustomed, but her trailer wouldn’t survive it. As her breasts continued to expand, fitting a workable portion of their excessive girth into her trailer became much trickier. She had to constantly remind herself that if her babies could destroy houses, they would make short work of her humble abode.

As if on cue, her roof groaned. Samantha looked up and grimaced. Breast flesh was pouring into the trailer, puckering around the ceiling as each titanic tit was far FAR too big for the space it was trying to occupy. Cooking had distracted her! The roof moaned and she hurriedly inched her breasts out. Upon further investigation, her carelessness had cost her more of her roof stability. It was warped upwards further than it had been before, she was sure of it.

She looked back forlornly at her simmering pot, just a little too far away if she wanted to preserve her roof. She was going to need new arrangements! But that was a problem for another time. Right now, she was waiting on Dan and focused on the trip, which she was very excited about. She heard a horn honk and she broke out into a wide grin. It was their new system to alert her when he was coming, so that she could be careful and wouldn’t…do anything on accident. Dan was here!

She waited patiently, and finally he rounded her curves. Undisguised appreciation adorned his face as he stared at the massive mounds of Samantha. She had adopted what she hoped was a carefree and relaxed posture, but she was actually very glad to see him. It was going to be a great week!

“Sup.” She said.

“Hold on. I need a moment. Works of art need appreciating.” He said, and reached out to rub her left breast. An insignificantly tiny portion, yet his touch and his words sent thrills through her body and her heart respectively. It was a curious sensation.

“Ayup, you’re still growing.”

“Not by enough!” She fumed. “I still can’t force it. I’ve tried everything! Back scratcher, racquetball, everything!”

He continued to stroke her absentmindedly, not paying attention. “Does this count as fondling?”

Samantha paused. “Yes, I suppose so…Not that it’s weird or anything!” she said quickly. “I want- I mean like- er… uh…I don’t mind.” She finished lamely, dragging her hat down over her face and hoping Dan didn’t look her way.

“Who cares if it’s weird? We are SO over that. Boobs are awesome!” He beamed.

“Agreed!” She was relieved. “So what path are we taking tomorrow?”

Dan unfurled the map that was tucked under his shoulder and laid it flat against her monumental breast, to her great pleasure. “Tape?” She pointed and he retrieved, and then affixed the map to her.

“If Churchill had a map board like you, the Germans would have found his war rooms for sure. Just bomb the massive tits, pilot!...You’re imagining that right now, aren’t you.”

She shrugged. “I like having bunker sized boobs.”

“Indeed, private. Okay. So, to get to the campsite we are going to have to take this path. These bridges here and here will no longer support you. These neighborhoods aren’t wide enough for you either.”

“Maybe we should take that route on purpose then. Did you bring your camera?”

Dan chuckled. “That would be funnier if I didn’t know you were being serious.”

Samantha shrugged again.

“So what’s that I smell?”

“Dinner! But first, do my bra while there is still daylight.”

“That’s no fun. I like taking them off better.” He grumbled.

“It’s just a little bra.”

“Little compared to you and your boobs. Huge compared to…everything else. If you get much bigger, we’ll need a construction crew to do it, if we don’t need one already.”

“I look forward to that day! Until then, it’s just you and me, partner. Here, I got my end.” She said, holding up one of the straps. They both looked at the massive tarp-like bra fabric that was puddled up on the ground. It was vast, and needed to be. Samantha giggled. “Good luck!”

Dan gathered up the material with difficulty and trudged off into the distance, trailing her bra strap behind him. The fresh new bra canister whirred quietly as it fed more strap and Dan disappeared behind her goliath breasts.

She felt the new cups lined against her breast, the wires in the outer rim of the fabric keeping the shape so that Dan was able to prop it up and lay it against her. Then he did the same with righty, and came back around on her right side, with the other strap trailing behind him. He handed it to her, and she expertly wrapped it around her back and hooked it with the strap she had held all along. With a heavy sigh, she reached out to each canister and hit the rewind feature so that the bra straps retracted until they were snug. The bra was fitted.

“The cannons are in position, general.” She said. “Hey, don’t give me that look! I get to do it too. Let’s eat.”

They settled in and had an enjoyable dinner, with Dan complimenting her cooking profusely, and they had a lovely evening relaxing in the twilight and talking. Then to bed early!

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Day 01 – Saturday

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Urghhhh. Dan rolled over, muffled his cell phone alarm quickly, and sat up groggily. It was still dark, and the scene before him was only barely lit up by the nightlights Samantha had running in her trailer. Their light was spilling out onto her lawn. Her vast breasts were illuminated only where they were closest to the trailer, then they extended off into the darkness, inky blots against the sky that obscured the very stars. Samantha herself was flopped on the bed that they had dragged out of her trailer because she was no longer able to fit that far inside. Dan marveled at that for a moment, contemplating just how big she was. The poor girl had slept in a lawn chair for the past week until he could come and retrieve her bed.

He felt a pang of…something… at that thought. Her being uncomfortable REALLY bothered him. He knew what this was, and was afraid of it. Feelings, ugh. He looked over at his friend. Admittedly, not her most attractive pose. Her usually glossy hair was a disheveled mess upon her pillow and she was sprawled out across her bed in a very unladylike fashion. One of her legs had fallen off the side of the bed and its toes were resting in the dirt. It was a nice leg, of what Dan could see of it in his limited vision. Dan averted his eyes to preserve her modesty.

Dan went and used her shower, and got himself dressed and ready to go. He came back out of her bathroom feeling like a new man. He was awake now! He strolled over to her massive, massive breasts, and gave it a good thump right on the side. The bed behind him groaned as she shifted on it, but she didn’t wake. THUMP THUMP THUMP. Samantha rolled over. Fine, be that way. Dan retrieved a bucket and filled it with water from the sink. He tossed it on the goliath right breast. Samantha jolted up in bed, like a cat. She looked at him alertly; eyes wide at first, and then they sagged into lazy sleepiness. “Aw man, you made my boobs wet.” She stretched and yawned, her hair sticking up around her head. “Shower time. Go stand on the other side of the boobs.”

Oh right, too big for trailer means too big for the shower. As Dan walked away, he noticed there was a sprinkler set up on the private side of the trailer. He sat down in the grass and waited. Finally, there was a text message. [Sam: Ready!]

He trekked around her bust again and met her there. Her hat was crammed on her head, but her hair had returned to the glossy state he was accustomed to seeing. Her bra was clasped around her back again, and she was wearing short shorts that showed off her legs. Sneakers were on her feet. She smiled brightly. “Ready to go?”

“Yep! Hand me whatever we didn’t pack last night. I’ll put it in the motorhome…which you’ll be able to see when you move your boobs.” Dan had pointed, but when he had glanced backwards all they could see was pale Samantha flesh. Samantha groaned. “I’ll never fit in that. You’ll get a nice bed and I’ll have to sleep on rocks!”

“You shouldn’t have grown so massive.”

“You bite your tongue! I can NOT believe you just said that!” They both laughed. “Hmm, I think there’s only the stuff in the freezer. You do that and I’ll try and get out of the trailer park.”

Simple enough. Dan walked up the steps into her open face trailer, but the whole thing rumbled. Massive breasts were being moved behind him! He turned around and enjoyed the view of Samantha pushing against them to give them some sort of momentum and get them moving. The immense orbs wobbled and shuddered as they were stirred from their heavy slumber. She was astonishingly pretty even while exerting this effort. Finally she was off, the very earth groaning under their weight as she slowly and expertly navigated her monumental bust up the drive around the motor home and down the side of the park that had been left empty for her. Lights were clicking on around the park as other inhabitants were disturbed by the quaking earth, and curious about the source. They also clicked off fairly quickly. The reactions to Samantha’s comings and goings where probably akin to those of people living by airports or train tracks. Annoying, but what can you do but go back to bed.

Dan wandered into the trailer, which was still rumbling. There wasn’t anything that could fall, though. Samantha had probably learned that lesson long ago, or already broken anything that could have fallen. Dan briefly wondered what the other inhabitants had for decorations. There surely weren’t any ornamental plates hanging on shelves in their trailers. No surviving plates, anyway! He opened the freezer and was greeted with a delicious view of assorted leftovers. She was spoiling them this week. Camp food was supposed to be simple and easy! He gathered up as much as he could and transferred it to the motorhome freezer, and then made the second trip. Dan checked around the trailer to see if there was anything they might want to bring, and then closed the tarp flap over the open trailer face because they were going to be gone for a week. Dan walked over to the vehicle.

It wasn’t a huge motorhome, but Dan had rented it for the week so that they could use the campsite hookups and all the modern conveniences that came with having electricity. Like charging their electronic devices. He was very excited for this trip, actually. Samantha was a lot of fun, and he was about to spend a week doing fun things with her! He tried not to make that sound dirty. Well, then again, her boobs played an integral part to most of those activities. Was it okay to let it be dirty? He slid into the driver’s seat and revved up the engine. Time to hit the road.

He eased the motorhome down the trailer park streets, mindful of the enormous dark objects shifting along the night sky off in the distance. Samantha’s breasts. Near the exit of the park, he caught up to her. He flicked his lights, and she glanced back at him with a grin, perfect teeth shining in the headlights.

He slowed down and trailed behind her, unable to skirt past her obscene girth. He took this opportunity to watch unabashed the enormous breasts that dwarfed everything in the clearing, including the motorhome he was in. He had to lean down over the wheel just to be able to peer up through the windshield far enough to see their tops, that’s how big she was. And the girl they were attached to, he had to look down to see. Her baseball cap was askance now, as she must have bumped her boobs while shifting them. Her breast undulations were truly a thing of beauty. The swayed gently to her gait as she pushed them along, crunching the earth beneath their weight. Their gargantuan size was still no match for her strength, and it was just as well. Watching them sashay and bounce through the trailer park was a mind boggling sight that Dan could watch for hours.

But he couldn’t, not if he didn’t want to crash. Dan’s eyes wandered to a porch area in front of another trailer off on the side of the road. An old man sat there, smoking. He gave Dan a friendly nod, and then his eyes returned to Samantha. If Dan had to describe his expression in a word, it had to be concern. Probably used to this spectacle by now, the old man was no doubt afraid of Samantha’s awesome power. What she could accidently do to any of the buildings around here would have been a nightmare, and ruinous to whoever lived there. Still, he puffed away at his cigarette silently, allowing events to unfold however they may. The detachment that came from observing an event so many times.

Samantha had gotten away from the vehicle, so he pressed down on the gas pedals to catch up with her. He rolled down his window. It was a weird set up, rolling along behind his friend who was forced to walk, and being trapped on the road behind her immense udders. Well, life is going to be a little weird when you have a friend whose boobs are so large they extend some 120 feet from her body, and some great and proportional distance off to either side. Samantha was one of a kind.

Finally they reached the edge of the trailer park. Dan only knew because Samantha stopped. He nearly ran right into her breast, but slammed on the brakes in time. He wondered about that. He thought the vehicle would have taken more damage than her bosom, certainly. One of these days they might have to try that. Not with a rental vehicle though.

Something about this spot told Samantha that it was time to navigate her bosom more carefully, but Dan wasn’t exactly sure what that indicator was. Still, he trusted her expertise. That, or he gain x-ray vision and look through the tons of boob meat that separated him from the information he wanted to know.

The sun still wasn’t even close to peeking out from the horizon yet, but sunrise was probably only a few hours away. He hoped to get most of their travel done by then. “Hurry it up, will ya, balloon tits? I gots packages ta deliver!”

“By all means, Mr. Trucker, get in front of me! But I can’t guarantee your safety.” She cackled. “Do I clear the left side of the entrance?”

“No idea.”

“I think my boobs need mirrors, like your motorhome.”

“Talk to the bra designers. You’re a pioneer of the daily concerns of your size.”

“Well every girl should get as big as me, and then we would see some real progress in my woes.”

“Sorry, we live in reality, not a utopia. “

“I think I’m clear.” Crunch. “Or not. They will not be happy with me. Haley told me to stop doing that. Maybe they will forget by the time we come back?”

As her breasts pushed through the opening, they saw that more trees had been cleared out of the way thanks to Samantha’s girth. “They like privacy, that’s why we are enclosed by trees. They don’t want the entrance too big, but I’m always too big for the entrance. Nothing is ever big enough.” She laughed. “I guess I am still growing at an okay rate. Could be better, though.”

“Would you get a move on, Sam? We have a narrow window here!”

“Sorry!”

They had designed this trip to make use of this special time in the morning. It wasn’t quite early enough to run into all the truckers who made use of the cleared roadways in the darkest hours of night, but it wasn’t so late as to have to deal with the morning traffic as people went to work. In short, it was that ideal time for when you needed to move unbelievable breasts a great distance through inhabited areas.

Outside of the park, the vista was usually amazing and took Dan’s breath away. They were SUPPOSED to see the glorious sight of Monville sprawled across the land, as they were just on the outskirts. Instead, Dan had a view of Samantha’s boobs. Took his breath away just the same, actually. Now that they had left the trailer park, lighting had worsened noticeably. They had a few sparse streetlights to light up the night, and they had Dan’s headlights that were reflecting off of Samantha’s pale flesh like a great projector screen. Well no matter, it was a little ways before they had to worry about residential areas again. That would be upon them soon enough. Dan took this opportunity to play some music out his window for their travels.

Samantha adopted an unusual method for walking down the road. Streetlights only lined the right side of the road, so she naturally stood on the left. It was easier to push breast along the asphalt than the uneven ground of the fields on either side. The problem was that she was far too massive to fit on the lanes. So instead, she had her right breast positioned on the road, and forced it down the avenue. The left breast played catch up a little bit. Samantha and Righty were going forward, with or without Lefty, but since Lefty didn’t have a choice in the matter, it was pushed/dragged in front of her anyway. But Samantha didn’t have to do it manually, and let physics navigate it on its own over the ditches and pitfalls of the field. It was a jaw dropping sight, watching Samantha fail miserably at trying to fit on the street. She was just so MASSIVE! It was unbelievable and yet she was there, right in front of him!

CLANG the view darkened as unseen metal crashed to the ground. “Uhhhhhhhhhhhh oh. Miscalculation.”

“A streetlight? Really? Like, who else can we blame it on? No it wasn’t the chick with the giant tits that is always breaking things. It was, uh, King Kong. Yep. Came through just yesterday.”

“Yeah yeah. It was an axe-a-dent. Felt good though.”

“Everything feels good to your tits.”

“True. It’s not my fault. They ARE pretty big, y’know?”

Dan did know. He cranked up the radio and let Aerosmith cleave through the darkness of the early early morning. They passed a few farms and they reminisced on their past escapade that involved a farm that was no more.

“Okay so we are approaching Nanbriar. Houses and people alert.”

“Roger.”

Nanbriar was one of the residential neighborhoods they had to wade through to get to the campsite. Would it have been easier to go around Nanbriar? Yes. Would it have taken hours longer? Yes. They were going to cut corners on their travels as much as they could without risking too much. It was already a hike for poor Samantha, and Nanbriar was one of the neighborhoods they didn’t have to cut out of the loop. The houses weren’t too close together, the roads weren’t too narrow, and it wasn’t too busy. Like most cities, Monville didn’t ever truly “sleep”, so the closer they got to the city, the more neighborhoods were off limits for Samantha, if only because there was too much going on that the setting couldn’t handle some truly giant breasts. Nanbriar was sufficiently on the outskirts that they could still cut through it.

Though it might be a near thing, Dan thought as he once again ogled Samantha’s enormous treasures. One obscene tit covered the entire road. He couldn’t see anything behind wobbling Samantha mass, and its twin was flattening crops in the ditches on the other side. Trucks and buses were far too small to compare to Samantha these days. She had grown A LOT since the beginning of the summer. So much so that even with a single breast, she was having trouble fitting it on the narrow path. She had to be mindful of the lights on the side, so she couldn’t even center her gargantuan gazonga on the road.

HONK HONK Samantha stopped dead in her tracks and Dan slammed on the breaks. Terrific, just what they had hoped to avoid. Someone was coming the other way and didn’t feel like crashing headfirst into the largest breasts in the world. Dan watched, feeling useless, as Samantha hauled her breasts off into the dirt and darkness. It was a little car that came through on the other end, but pulled up next to Samantha’s main body.

“Hey Samantha! What has gotten you up so early in the morning?”

“Hey Frank! Oh you know me. Out for a stroll with the puppies.”

“Yes I could see that. I could see that from miles away. I like boobs as much as the next guy, but I think you’re a little too big for me.”

“I’m a little too big for everyone! Fifty times over! And for the park entrance too. Again.”

“Aw, heck, Sam. You didn’t go breaking things again, didya?”

“You try shoving these boobs through that entrance, see how you do!”

Frank whistled. “No thank you, ma’am! Anyhow, I gotta be goin. See ya later, Samantha’s boobs! See ya, Sam!”

“Later!”

Samantha watched him drive off, and turned to Dan. “He’s a nice a guy. I’m glad we didn’t crush him.”

“We?”

Samantha slapped her tremendous teats. The force of the impact set a small section of her right breast wobbling gelatinously. “We! Okay let’s go.”

They travelled under the cover of darkness, and neared Nanbriar. That was going to pose a problem after all. It was a vast expanse of near nothing behind them, a stretch of streetlights. In front of them was another matter. Like they had found where the sidewalk ends, Nanbriar started and ended, depending on your point of view, like it was dropping off a continental shelf. Fields and plains and then BAM suburbs, with no transitional stretch. The both stared at the peaceful rows of houses that were the backdrop to a small but eloquent blue sign: “Welcome to Nanbriar!”

There had been a miscalculation. Now that it was early in the morning, the Nabriarians weren’t at work, and the driveways were lined with cars, effectively shortening the available maneuvering space. The miscalculation was made possible by the baffling trend to park in the driveway despite having garages.

“Hmmm. I expected trees and lightposts, not all these cars.” Samantha said, troubled. “It’s alright if I crush a few, yes? They have insurance?”

“Insurance for ‘Crushed by Samantha’s Humongous Boobs’?”

“They don’t offer that in Monville yet?”

“They probably do, actually. Just…you will try to limit the damage, wont you?”

Samantha laughed. “Then you’re going to have to assist me in navigating my buses. Well, I guess I can’t call them that anymore. Buses are too small! Houses? Or is that too small too? My boobs. Use your phone so we don’t wake everyone up by yelling.”

Dan parked the motorhome and got out. This was going to be trouble enough without having to account for the motorhome’s ungainly mass as well. He stared at the enormous pale mountains, having to crane his neck upwards to see their top. Then turned to the gorgeous brunette to whom they belonged.

“Use the Dark Maze method. I won’t be able to see you.”

Dan nodded. As if he needed an invitation! He placed his hand upon her stupendous mass, and walked towards their other end, enjoying the sensation of her silken skin giving way against his hand as he dragged it along their awesome length.The Dark Maze method was a reference to the practice of navigating dark tunnels and castles when visibility was nonexistent, so you ran your hand along the walls so that you could track your progress and feel your way through the darkness, and relate spatially to the walls. It was important not to lift your hand or else you would lose the mental spatial relationship map you naturally built in the darkness, and all the mental measurements you made would be useless since the standard point of reference was no longer certain. Samantha needed him to maintain contact for somewhat the opposite problem. She couldn’t see him, so she needed to feel him so that she knew where he was. It would make maneuvering a lot simpler if she didn’t have to check that Dan was clear of her tits every time she wanted to move them.

He wandered up to their expansive fronts, marveling at the size she had attained. And she wanted to be BIGGER!

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Oohhhh boy. Dan stroking her felt SOOO good. She probably could have gone through this without him maintaining contact, just make him stand somewhere far away, but where was the fun in that? Better to make him think it was necessary. She felt his hand drag against her. First feet away, and then yards, and then tens of yards away. God, was she ever BIG! She needed MORE. LOTS more!

It was an interesting change of pace, being able to feel his progress as he walked around her stupendous mams. Usually she had to wait for him to come back around, but she could monitor it directly through her oversensitive mounds. More like mountains. She briefly imagined what his view was like, staring up at her utterly gargantuan udders, feeling their softness just as she was now doing. She hadn’t seen the front of her bosom in a loooong time. She kind of wanted to see what her nipples looked like these days, and investigate them as she used to. She had to have Dan send her pictures and videos if she wanted to see her own nipples! She bit her lip and stroked her bulging boobs. They were both touching her right breast, but over one hundred feet separated their hands. A distance filled by an ocean of vast and heavy tit. Singular. Her left breast wasn’t involved in the proceedings yet.

She felt his hand stop somewhere along her bosom, and her phone jingled.

[Dan: I’m in position!] Alright! Let’s get this party started.

[Sam: How does it look? O\_o]

[Dan: You’ll have to go single file like in the forest at the gardens.]

[Sam: @\_@]

Hmmm. The cars were going to be trouble. It was one thing breaking trees and forgotten tractors, but it was quite another to break things that people needed for their daily lives. Depended on, even. She studied the nearest house. It was very nice, groomed, and well maintained. It just happened to be a bit smaller than one of her boobs. Maybe a lot smaller, she hoped. In front of it was the lawn of green grass, healthy and vibrant in the summer months. Then the road that she was standing on. In the nature of the suburbs, the scene was mirrored almost precisely on the other side of the road, nice and neat and identical. Walking down the street was one thing, but each of her boobs was so wide that they couldn’t fit just on the road in the center, but would overflow onto the sidewalks and lawns on either side. The problem came from the driveways, where cars were parked. She could realistically center her boob on the road, and still accidentally crush a car in a driveway on each side of the road.

It was an erotic reminder of just how amazingly large she was getting these days. This street was once easy to walk down. She giggled, thinking about how careful she had to be. Breaking things was so easy! Things were so small compared to her now. Like a world made of toys, or a movie set, it all seemed fake next her tremendous bust that dwarfed most everything in the civilized world. How was it that Superman had put it? It was like living in a world made of cardboard. She had to be so delicate! An errant breast could be disastrous.

Ding!

[Dan: Okay so what’s the system?]

[Sam: I’ll move forward. You give me a strong thump when I need to stop, and I’ll stop. Simple! :D]

[Dan: Do you know Morse code? I could thump messages to you xD]

[Sam: Don’t be a nerd! :P You just want to thump my boobs! Angry at something?]

[Dan: Nope! Just…yay boobies! 8D]

She hoped it was simple enough. She didn’t want any accidents. Especially where Dan was concerned! First she had to get in single file. She hoped the new bra was up to the task like its predecessor was. She hadn’t officially entered Nanbriar yet, so she could just leave Lefty where she was and take Righty with her first. Hauling as much of Righty as she could grasp, she nudged her mass forward. Dan hadn’t been expecting that apparently, and she felt herself knock him over. So soon! [Sam: Oops xD] [Dan: My bad. Keep going!] As you wish. She moved Righty with her and started walking forward. She felt Lefty starting to be left behind, and her bra cups were being mangled by her bulging flesh as the canister that connected the cups struggled to keep up and extend the distance between them as necessary. Full 180 degree separation was supported by this bra too, in theory. Time to test it out.

Lefty was anchored by its weight and it swiveled with her main body as she continued to walk forward, lugging Righty. Her right breast was officially in the limits of Nanbriar, but her body and left breast was still a ways off. She kept walking, feeling Dan’s hand jabbing into Righty’s mass as he kept pace with her. Finally Lefty was behind her, and she was Massive Right Breast->Body->Massive Left Breast again. Walking in this formation wasn’t as difficult as one might expect. Being wary of her surroundings at the same time was what was challenging.

Walking down the suburban street was a rare treat for Samantha and her bust. All the things there was to feel! The street itself, as the smooth yet bumpy and cracked asphalt pressed against the undersides of her titanic swells. It was nice and cool after spending all this time in the cover of darkness. She could feel the drainage ditches on either side, as her breast molded itself to its “container”, just like a liquid would, gelatinously puckering around the curb and swelling out over the sidewalk. The sidewalk was coarse cement, and scratched at her tough but smooth and sensitive skin. Her yielding bosom felt every crack in the sidewalk, and dragging Righty across them was driving her crazy. Finally, she spilled out onto the grass of either side, smother lawns yet again and letting the grass tickle her, cool and like spaghetti. Walking down this road was like enjoying layered cake or neopolitan ice cream! All the sensation diversity, it was amazing! She could only imagine would it would be like to be an early morning jogger coming from the other direction and seeing a wall of tit overflowing the road and swamping the sidewalk with sheer mass. Having to make way for the tremendous milker that took up the all the available space.

That reminded Samantha. She was so lost in feeling the blades of grass and uneven sidewalk that there was no hope that she would be able to watch out for cars and other obstacles by herself. Hopefully Dan did a good job. As If on cue, she felt him THUMP her, sending a jolt of sensations coursing through her entire being. This was going to be fun after all. She heaved Righty upwards until she cleared at least 10 feet, and began walking forward until she saw the car in the driveway that she wanted to avoid. Once she was sure that she had cleared it, she lowered Righty slowly, and when it was just a few feet off the ground, waited for Dan to resume contact so that she knew he wasn’t under here. She felt his touch, and lowered it the rest of the way. Ordinarly, she was tremendously proud of her boobquakes, but now wasn’t the time to rouse everyone in the neighborhood. She eased it down, and now had to get Lefty clear of the car. Lugging Lefty was more of a chore. Dammit Lefty! she thought with a smile. She had to haul the mound behind her while continuing to advance Righty so that she would have enough room.

She lifted Lefty to clear the car, and continued to advance, but she felt Dan give her a thump. Uh oh! She hadn’t been paying attention. There was an earsplitting CRUNCH and CRASH as the front end of a truck was obliterated by Righty’s momentous progress. The car alarm wailed loudly, screaming for help.

Samantha thought quickly. The last thing she needed was to take everyone up, or have a scene be made. She would be all over social media again, and people would be flocking to see her. With a moment of hesitation, she adjusted Righty and put the car out of its misery. Good ol’ Righty. More crunching, more crashing, but it was lost on Samantha as she enjoyed the sensations of the cool metal warping under her weight, collapsing under Samantha Boob. The deed was done, and she muffled herself as she let the feelings take their course. She had crushed some random person’s car. She hoped he had boob insurance.

[Dan: Sigh.]

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They had finally made it through Nanbriar, and all that was left was the open road to the camp site. Dan had to run back to fetch the motorhome, so he took this opportunity to work in his morning jog as he traced their route back through the neighborhood. It was interesting to see it. There was a slight air of a disaster area, like a tornado had just come through. Little things were off, misaligned, or broken. Overhanging tree branches had been crunched, grass along the sidewalks had been flattened, and the roads had been swept free of debris, forcing it to now reside in the storm drains and gutters. Signs had been warped out of position, like some horror movie. Dan neared the car that Samantha had flattened, and sighed. That was going to be a hassle for him, he just knew it. Still, it had been SO hot. Samantha’s Boob, meet Truck. Truck, meet Samantha’s Boob. Goodbye Truck.

He climbed into the motorhome and started it up, and traced the route through Nanbriar for the third time. Samantha’s boobs were visible in the distance, more likeable to skyscrapers than ever before as they stood out above the suburban homes, towering obscenely. It was all her, his friend, those tons and tons of sweater meat. He finally escaped Nanbriar for good (he hoped) and drove up to Samantha. She was giving him the arm pumping motion, the signal for drivers to honk their horns. Obliging her, he gave her three short honks and pulled up beside her. She laughed.

“I’d flash you, but neither of would be able to see it from here. “

“I appreciate the gesture, but there will be plenty of time for that later, yes? Okay, so we are going to follow this road until we get to the camp site. I’ll run ahead and get us checked in. You’ll be okay?”

“Of course! I’m a big girl. A REALLY big girl!”

No, there would never be any confusion about her femininity. She was the largest mammal on Earth by now, probably. And unmistakably mammal too, judging by THOSE. Good grief. Breasts visible from space. With a wave, Dan pulled off and drove down the road to the campsite, following the signs along the road. The sun was starting to come up at last. It had been a long day already for the pair of them and her pair, but the relaxation was about to start.

West Valley Campgrounds. Here it was. Dan pulled up to the ticketing booth. A young man was sitting in the booth, looking a little shell shocked. His nametag read James, but he looked like a Jim.

“Hello, checking in?” He asked.

“Yessir!” Dan said, and handed over his ID.

The rest of the encounter was lost on him as a woman with the second most massive breasts he had ever seen came over from around the corner, also wearing a campsite uniform. Her shirt was bulged obscenely by their great mass. Her nametag, which read Kara, was very obvious because it was significantly closer to Dan than her face. Good lord, what a rack! It was good to know he hadn’t been spoiled by Samantha. Yet. Dan unglued his eyes and returned to James and collected his ID.

“That will be campsite 209. Enjoy your stay.” James said distractedly. Dan couldn’t blame him.

Dan shot Samantha a quick text about their location, and went to meet up at the campsite. On his way, he passed the West Valley lake and the Yucati River that fed into it. West Valley was a very scenic establishment, and it was amazing that they had managed to secure an isolated camping spot especially at this time of year. This was going to be a helluva lot of fun!

Their campsite was a great open field next to the Lake, but across the Lake from all the other campers that were using the site currently. It was a beautiful spot, and Dan parked carefully and took care of all the motorhome parking and hookup installation. Crashing and thundering marked the arrival of his friend and her elephantine assets. He turned and looked just in time to see unbelievably massive black bra cups barreling themselves into the clearing.

The good things about the tall trees that surrounding the clearing was that they were one of the few things that could still hide Samantha, and afford them a reasonable degree of privacy.

Samantha did some “parking” of her own, and smiled dazzlingly at Dan. “Okay. I’m ready to relax now, how about you?”

“Most definitely! Everything is set up. We are officially on our vacation trip. What do you want to do first? I kind of feel like doing nothing”

“Excellent! My thoughts exactly. I’ve had a long time to think about this. Now go fetch the green bag from the motorhome.”

“I saw that earlier! What’s it for?”

“Just get it, no peeking!”

Dan obliged, and brought it to her. She had set up a post and had unhinged her bra. She clasped it around the pole, just like she did when she was sleeping so that the post kept her bra in position. What was all this about? Dan held out the bag for her.

“Nuh uh, you’re gonna hold it. And you’re gonna jump.”

“Jump?”

Samantha held out her hands, cupping them together and intertwining them. Dan had seen cheerleaders assume that pose dozens of times.

“I don’t know what you’re thinking, but no.”

“Jump!”

“No.”

“Please?”

“Still no. Tell me what you’re going to do first.”

“That’s no fun! I’ll just do it anyway. Trust me, it’s easier if you jump.”

With a heavy sigh, Dan placed his hands on her shoulder and lifted his feet into her waiting hands.

“Hold on to the bag tightly. Ready?”

“No.”

With that, Samantha heaved. Pulling on her tremendous strength, she sent him soaring high into the air, somersaulting through the wind. He was a mass of confusion and exhilaration. She was crazy!! What the hell!?! He started to fall and saw that her boobs were fast approaching. Ohhhh. He stretched out his arms and laughed as he landed in a belly flop on her enormous, soft, and pillowy breast surface. He bounced against the gelatinous mass and let physics do its thing until he came to a complete stop. He rolled and did the breast(snow) angels again. Boobs were just so wonderful. He rolled back to his stomach and raised his head. The view from up here was spectacular. He hadn’t been up on her shelf of tit in a while, but she had grown a WHOLE LOT since then. He could see the huge lake in its huge expanse stretch out before him, he could see the Yucati river wind its way into the forest, and he could see other campers enjoying themselves in miniscule fashion off in the distance.

“Hey! Are you quite done up there?” Sam called, but her voice was wavering slightly. That’s right, she was sensitive! He hadn’t been up here since he had found out about that. He wondered what this felt like to her? He started tracing shapes lightly against her skin.

“Stop! Stop stop stop stop stoppppppp. You have no idea what you are doing to me right now!”

Oh, he could guess. He grabbed a whole armful and squeezed as hard as he could.

“Ack! Mmmf-“ Her voice cut off suddenly. Ha! He went back to angels, but did it as forcefully as he could.

Ding! [Sam: Stoop plkease!!!11]

He stopped and waited.

“Now… before you continue… could you…could you throw down the rope? Hold on to one end?” Her voice was shaking something awful. He must have done a number on her! It was thrilling him how greatly he could affect her. He would have to abuse this power over the coming week. Rope? He dug into the green duffel bag and sure enough there was a very long coil of the stuff.

He threw down one end and waited for instruction.

“Now hold on to your end very tightly!”

“What are you going to do?”

“Mountaineer my own tits!”

And with that, Dan felt a tug on the rope. Ah, with her breasts being so tall now, the ladder was obsolete. A good three stories plus off the ground, it was difficult to get up here. He grasped the rope tightly and tried to dig the heels of his shoes into the soft breast flesh so that he could hang on to the rope. He started slipping against silky Samantha flesh, so he started trying to drag the rope backwards, fighting the weight of the rope and the gelatinous boob beneath him. It didn’t help that the breast beneath him was shifting position to allow its owner the movements she was making. His hard steps forced an audible gasp from her somewhere down the swell of her bosom. He marched backwards with the rope, trying to pull her up. A hand appeared over the boob horizon, and then another hand. Samantha’s head popped up, and she grinned. Her cheeks were flush and her pupils wide.

“Whew!” She finished clambering up, hauling herself up with her legs and using the rope as leverage. She flopped right there on the boob mass, and gave her tit a hug. Her right breast, off to the side of the current continent of bosom they were on right now, was now askance as it had been realigned to her current location. Whenever she was atop her breasts, she had to be very mindful of the fact that they were a part of her, and connected to her torso. She had limited mobility and limited maneuverability

Samantha propped herself up on her elbows, and whistled. “What a view! That lake is pretty nice too.” And they both fell into a heap laughing hard.

“Stop…stop laughing…so hard!” Samantha sputtered between giggles. “It…it tickles!”

Finally their laughter died out and they looked at each other. Her cute nose had turned pink.

“So you really can feel everything, huh?”

“Ayup.”

“All those times you let me up here?”

“Almost unbearable. I loved it.”

“You should have said something sooner!”

“I should have!” She agreed. “Well, reach into the bag again.”

Inside were Samantha’s and Dan’s tablets, each heavily wrapped in protective casing. She had come prepared.

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“I’m hungry!” Samantha called. Dan looked up from his book and checked the time.

“You want me to go heat up something?”

Samantha nodded. “I don’t want to get down!” She stretched luxuriously, like a cat, and nuzzled up against her cushiony breast. “I wouldn’t fit inside that puny bucket of bolts anyway.”

Dan walked over and peered over the edge of the gargantuan breast. It was a long way to the ground.

“You could possibly die from falling off this height.” Samantha said, echoing what he was thinking. “Be careful. I’ll hold the rope! Also, tomorrow we should switch breasts. Righty is getting jealous.”

Dan looked at the massive breast that was the twin to the enormous mountain he was standing on. It was just so goddamned BIG. The campsite clearing was chock full of tit.

“We’re just going to lie on your boobs all week?”

“What could be better than fondling giant boobs?”

“Point made.”

“You were supposed to say ‘fondling even bigger-than-giant boobs’ to which I would reply ‘I’m working on it’.”

“That goes without saying. Every second, the boobs were are fondling are bigger than any other boobs we have ever touched. They just keep growing and growing. So if you are ‘giant’ right this second…now you’re ‘bigger-than-giant’.”

Samantha’s mouth was open. She was giving Dan an interesting look that was setting him on fire. She was very pretty, he noticed again. She forced a huge swallow. “Why…why don’t you get that food now?” and then buried her face in her bosom a little sheepishly.

“Get the rope, please.”

Samantha grasped one and end and hurled the other one over the side of her bust.

“Go get ‘em, tiger.”

How many girl’s boobs do you need the advice “Don’t look down” for? Samantha was one of them. He braced himself and grasped the rope, and slowly started walking himself backwards down the incredible swell of breast. His legs sank into their yielding mass, soft and bouncy, pliant and sooo amazing. Focus, Dan! He lowered himself on step at a time. Finding purchase on her smooth skin was difficult at times, since it wasn’t exactly a cliff face, but made of Samantha. Finally he reached the ground. He had to do extreme climbing just to dismount Samantha’s Boobs! That was so sexy.

Dan fetched the food, heated it up in the motorhome microwave, and then wrapped it up in foil. He packaged it in a plastic bag carefully, and then wandered over to the massive tits. He tugged on the rope, and Samantha pulled him up.

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They spent the rest of the day reading. They were both pretty tired after waking up so early, so it was going to be an early bedtime for the both of them. Samantha was fine with it. It had been a great day for her! She had gotten a lot of crushing in, she had gotten her boobs fondled VERY well, and she had made a huge dent in her book. She was very satisfied.

It was dinnertime now, and Dan was determined to build a campfire and make dinner with the supplies he had brought.

“You never know what kind of weather we are going to run into, so we should save all the food you have already made for when we don’t feel like making something, or can’t. On a clear night like this, I should cook what I’ve got.”

“Sounds good! What are we having?”

“Food.”

“I would hope so. Bricks aren’t very tasty.”

She lowered him down to the ground using the rope, and then repositioned herself on Lefty so that she could peer over her swell and watch Dan work. While she watched him fetch some logs from the motorhome, and then assemble them in the fire pit, she mulled over their situation once more. That line he had said earlier about her growth had REALLY inflamed her passion! She couldn’t believe he had said that! They were thinking on similar wavelengths.

Soon Dan was busy cooking, so Samantha slinked back from the precipice a little bit, and fondled her boobs vigorously. So much mass, and not an ounce of sensitivity lost. She had missed coming up here! There was something so erotic about having only her boobs touch the ground.

“Dinner is ready!” Dan called.

“Well it won’t bring it up here itself!”

Dan tried to make an exasperated sigh, but he had to practically yell “SIGH” in order for her to hear as far off the ground as she was.

He tugged the rope, and she hauled him up like a sailor. She could feel the rope grinding against her mountainous flesh, and his feet digging into her, despite him being eclipsed and out of sight.

He climbed up on her, and reached into the duffel bag slung over his shoulder. He pulled out two plates and forks and handed her one of each. Then carefully he reached in and pulled out a large pot that had a lid on it. It was steaming like crazy, fresh from the fire down below.

“Can I just put this down?”

“Sure!”

Dan sat down crosslegged and then planted the pot firmly on her boob. A few things happened at once. The ground shook and shuddered, causing both Dan and Samantha to be rattled upon her bust, sliding as the breast flesh swayed. The second thing was Samantha moaning “Ohhhhhhhh god” as currents of pleasure, excitement, and intense eroticism buzzed throughout her systems. Then she was horrified. Had she done that out loud!? Dan seemed not to have noticed. He was staring at her boob. Then realization suffused itself through her clouded mind. Without a word, both of them sidled up to the side of her breast and peered down at the ground.

“Was that what I think it was?” Dan asked. “Are we further from the ground, or is that just me?”

Samantha couldn’t speak. She just looked at him and nodded. Then she felt her face crack into a smile so large, it hurt. “My darlings! They didn’t forget how to grow after all! I knew you had it in ya!” She hugged as much of Lefty as she could grasp, which was pitifully little. “Yessssssssss!”

Samantha bolted upright. “Wait, that was heat. A hot pot. What’s that about?”

“Maybe your boobs are bipolar.”

“Are you done with that fire?”

“Wait, what? Um…yeah I guess so.”

“Righty wants to have some fun.”

Samantha’s mobility was a limited, up on her breast as she was. Still, when she wanted to move one of her breasts, they tended to let her. Rolling her right breast, she used it to cover the entire fire pit. She felt the flames crackle against her skin, and then almost immediately snuff out as she smothered them. It was hot and exciting! Why hadn’t she played with fire before?? The smoldering embers were trapped beneath the mammoth mammary, tickling her flesh with burning heat. Wave after wave of warmth surged through the massive teat, caroming throughout her entire body. The earth shuddered again. No, it was just her boobs, but since they were both sitting on one, that amounted to the same thing. Ohhhhhhh goodness yes, that felt amazing, Samantha thought. She had been prepared this time, having shoved her mouth full of breast.

She was back in business.

She could grow again! It was so amazing! Heat, her new best friend! She would have to experiment with that extensively. VERY extensively. When they got back home, things were going to get hot. She was determined not to let this new knowledge ruin the rest of their vacation though. She tried to push it out of her mind as much as she could, even though she was itching to find another heat source right now. She was with Dan. This was fun. She could last a week.

She felt tired all of a sudden. In the twilight, awash with all the new possibilities, and the perfect euphoria, she was at peace with everything. Her eyelids felt heavy, and the summer air felt thick and warm. She briefly remembered that she still needed a contribution for the trailer park cookout. Then she nodded off, dreaming of breasts.

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Day 02 – Sunday

Samantha woke up and glanced around. She was up on her massive breasts. She rubbed her eyes and sat up as much as her breasts would allow. Ugh she had drooled all over herself. She wiped at it and looked around. Dan was snoozing peacefully a ways away, still on her gigantic breast. Looks like he had fallen asleep while reading. They had both used her bust as a bed last night. She yawned and peered down at the ground. Hmm, she probably shouldn’t make the jump down. Something was moving down there. She looked harder in the early dawn light. It was a bear!

Why is a bear sniffing around our campsite? She wondered. Had they left out food? “Psst. Dan. Dan. DAN!”

Dan groaned and rolled over, to her busty enjoyment. He looked at her. “What?”

She pointed. “Bear.”

Dan looked where she pointed and saw that there indeed was a bear. “I think we’re safe up here. I don’t think bears climb boobs.”

“Oh that’s real funny. I’m worried about the food.”

“What are you going to do?”

“….Assert myself as Queen of the Woods. If it’s a question of size, I think I have em beat.” She patted her overlarge bosom affectionately.

“You’re going to crush the bear?!”

“What!? No!! I’m going to SCARE the bear.”

With that, she rolled her right breast towards the bear. The poor thing froze in its tracks, alert to the new danger. It probably didn’t realize what was truly happening; its small mind boggled. Something weird was going on with the sky, or something. She was just so immense, that it was an easy mistake for an animal to make. As she moved her massive bust closer, the animal had to make a decision. Stay there and confront something it didn’t understand, or run. It chose the latter, and disappeared off into the forest. Samantha was satisfied. She liked the title of Queen. She was the biggest thing in the woods! From her great fortress of breast, the trees, the waters, all that she saw was her domain. Muhahaha!

“I almost feel bad for the bear.”

“Me too. Missed out on some great tits.” Samantha said.

“So what do you want to do today, now that I am up?”

“Something involving my boobs.”

“No. Way. Did not see that coming.”

“Listen buster, I can just shove you in my bra and leave you there.”

“Oh no! I get to fondle breasts all day!”

“Well if you arouse me too much, my nipple will have something to say about that.”

“Death by nipple?”

“Death by nipple.”

“Sounds like fun. Let’s do it.”

“……I can’t reach. Would you kindly go shove yourself in my bra and get lost for all eternity?”

“Sorry, I have plans next Tuesday.” Oh shoot, the cookout.

“I still don’t have an idea for my contribution.”

“You’ll think of something.”

“Want to go to the information booth and see what the camp offers?” Samantha asked.

“Sure thing.”

The information booth was mercifully close to their campsite of 209, so it would be a simple matter to pop over there, even for Samantha. The bigger challenge would be getting OFF Samantha. For Dan it would be a simple matter: exactly what they had been doing. She lowered him with the rope. Population of Samantha’s Boobs: 1. Now how did she get down? Her towering bosom put her at a daunting height off the ground. Well, only one way to find out. She slid herself down her breasts, and landed on the ground heavily. Guess her physiology and durability meant protection from great falls, too. Neat.

The duo wandered over to the information booth, the earth trembling beneath Samantha’s presence. Dan walked up to the window and rapped on it. A few moments later, the door opened and a young and pretty female ranger stepped out. Then her jaw hit the floor as she stared at Samantha.

“Hello!” Dan said cheerfully. “We were wondering if you could tell us more about the campsite?”

The ranger completely ignored him and continued to stare at Samantha. “You’re…you’re Samantha! Golly, I’m a big fan! Well, not as big as you.” Her cheeks pinked. She gestured to her nametag “I’m Juliana. It’s very nice to meet you!”

Samantha was rather taken aback. “Um…nice to meet you too!...You’re a fan?”

“Yes! I’m so jealous. I’d LOVE to be as big as you. You’re so lucky!”

A kindred spirit! Samantha grinned broadly and shook her hand. “Well met!” A girl who liked her boobs too! In the most unlikely of places!

“Can I touch them? Please?”

“Sure!”

Juliana’s eager hands found Samantha’s enormous bosom. Her hands were warm and her touch delicate. “Wo-owwwww! They’re amazing! I feel so small right now. I was afraid they wouldn’t be real.”

“Most people are afraid they ARE real.”

Juliana grinned broadly. “Thank you so much. I’m so glad I met you. Er…I have a job to do, don’t I? What can I help you with?”

Dan cleared his throat. “We would like to know what events and things there are to do here at camp West Valley.”

“Oh! Well…not much, actually. That’s why we are not very busy…There’s the river, the lake, the caves, and Ghost Story Wednesday.”

“What are the caves?”

“Pretty much what they sound like. There’s a region with lots of caves. They don’t have any significance or anything, but they’re pretty neat if you’re into that sort of thing. Very few people go out that way though, it’s a fair hike. Here’s a map that should tell you all you need.”

“Where do the ghost stories take place?”

The ranger gestured to a point on the map. “Spooky Tavern. It’s the oldest building in the camp. Stories start at 9, after it’s nice and dark. There will be a campfire and food.”

“Alright, well thank you!”

“No, thank YOU!”

Samantha liked her. Throughout that conversation, her eyes never left Samantha’s assets.

“Okay.” Samantha said, after they had wandered away for a bit. “I’m up for all of those.”

“Let’s do the lake first, then. I haven’t gone swimming in a while.”

They made their way back to the camp. Dan wandered inside the motorhome to go change into his swimsuit, and Samantha waited for him to bring her luggage. She rummaged through her bag until she found her bikini briefs. Changing was easy when you only had to worry about the bottoms! Her new bra was water proof, so it was already a part of her bathing suit. It was one of those things that was convenient, but not as fun, in her opinion. Getting Dan to apply her swimsuit had been awesome.

She quickly changed into the bottoms. Buying swimsuits was weird, because they came with tops. In typical thin busty girl fashion, the provided top was too small. Of course, bikinis with cups as big as pools would also be too small for Samantha. She had opted for a skimpy bikini, but the term is relative when compared to the excessive volume of fabric her bra required.

They wandered down to the waterfront. Samantha was glad that the other campers were at the other end of the fairly large lake. Still, she figured she might make some waves. Both literally and figuratively. Dan knew enough to stand back as Samantha waded in. Well, her breasts waded in. Samantha herself was still over 120 feet away from the water’s edge. She eased her titanic mass into the brilliantly cold and sensual water. As she had predicted, waves of water were rippling outward from her titanic assets, as water was displaced and forced to travel to less boob-infested areas of the lake. She continued slowly. The last thing she needed was to cause a tidal wave or something. Even so, the water level of the lake had risen. Not very much, but it was perceptively higher. That tends to happen when adding the volume of two houses to a body of water.

Samantha tried not to pay attention to all of the people paying attention to her on the distant shore. She knew it must have been a sight. And while it would be a supremely erotic vision to her, she could only guess what was wandering through their minds as her hippos continued to invade the lake. Samantha felt her toes touch water. She looked down. Her main body had finally reached the water’s edge!

Her breasts still rested firmly on the lake bottom, though. She could feel the slant of the gravelly bottom as it declined into the depths of the lake. Not deep enough yet to submerge her momentous breasts, however. Samantha hoped it would be. Having her puppies float felt so wonderful. Still, the sensation of the surging waves and ripples caused by her progress were almost unbearable. Like she was a cliff face, or a mountain, that the waves were crashing against.

Samantha continued, until she was waist deep in the lake. Finally, her breasts were starting to float. The water was finally deep enough where they were situated. When her feet no longer touched the bottom of the lake, neither did her gargantuan breasts. They still rose enormously from the water, buoyed. She wasn’t sure how deep the water was where they were, but it was at least half as deep as her breasts were tall. They bobbed in the waves, like great tanker ships, responding to the water very sluggishly as their great mass resisted all of the attempts to stir them.

Dan whistled behind her. She turned and saw that he was wading into the water now. “I didn’t know this lake had islands in the middle. What I would give to be stranded on one of those!” She giggled. She’d like to strand him on one!

Samantha floated easily. Whether it was because she was attached to two blimps or it was because her main body was very light and trim, she couldn’t guess. She did know that floating here in the water was heavenly, her breasts suspended in liquid that played with every inch of her bust it could reach. Currents and surges of water and the gentle swaying of her tits. Why did she ever leave water?! She should just sit there like this for the rest of her life. Growing and growing and growing. She closed her eyes and sighed. That would be nice one day.

Samantha separated her breasts so that she could see. It was easy to do without the friction of the ground. They fairly glided through the water, albeit with substantial weight. She was essentially looking out the enormous canyon of cleavage now. The distance between her nipples was large enough to fit a house. She watched all the other people frolicking across the lake. Young ones were playing, people were fishing, and there were kayaks skating around on the water. Oh to be small enough that she could fit in a kayak! It had been years and years!

Not that Samantha regretted being so big. Not for a second. But if there were times where she could turn it off, like flipping a light switch, she would certainly find uses for it. Watching the kayakers was a good example, as they glided around so beautifully, with symmetric strokes. She had missed out on that experience. It was one of the downsides to growing so big so fast. On the other hand, she had boobs that could crush a farm house, and that was pretty special. No complaints here!

Even though she was fully in the water now, Samantha was aware that she still needed to be careful. Sending a huge wave in the direction of the others could be dangerous. She could capsize those awesome kayaks, even. It would be so easy. One enormous boob flop and she could flip those smug jerks in their cool kayaks! She was sorely tempted to try it out, but reason reared its ugly head and wouldn’t let her. She drifted off fantasizing about her ship capsizing bust.

Feeling her breasts bob up and down in the water was spectacular, but suddenly she felt something else. Something had hit her. She shifted her bosom aside to see a capsized kayak. There was a man there in the water, sputtering.

“My apologies, ma’am. I couldn’t turn. It was an accident.” He smiled at her and then tried to right his boat.

Samantha laughed. Sure, it was an “accident”. All the way on the other side of the lake. People had “accidentally” bumped into her for years. But she had gotten her wish! She had the power to sink a kayak! Maybe one day she could sink a proper boat. She dreamed of the Titanic meeting her boobs. She knew that was awful and made her a bad person, but still…

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Day 03 – Monday

Samantha woke up from her slumber on Monday morning to drops beading up on her tremendous bosom. She had slept on Righty last night. She couldn’t fit in the motorhome anyway, and her boobs were just so warm and comfortable!

It looked like Monday was going to be a day of rain. And just as Dan had sensibly feared, they probably would not be able to cook on a fire today. Samantha loved the rain though, so she didn’t mind. She just didn’t feel like sitting there and letting it drip all over her. She needed some kind of cover, that was for sure. She also wished she could take the stupid bra off. Getting in the way of her rain massage! Well, wait a minute. She was out here in nature, surely no one would mind. She’s not exactly walking down sleepy Nanbriar, after all. She could kill two birds with one stone.

First, play with wet boobs! There was a great appeal in lathering their slippery surface. Unfortunately she didn’t have the maneuverability up here that she desired. Could have had some full bodied fun. She’d have to get Dan to do it. Where was he? He was missing all the rain! Maybe he wasn’t such a big fan. He’s never grown in the rain before, that must be it.

Climbing down her bosom was fun when they were wet! Sliding down was awesome. She landed on the ground with a heavy thud.

“Dan! DAN! Get your butt out here! There are boobs to play with!”

There was a clatter from inside the motorhome and the door banged open. “You called?”

“It’s raining! We’re gonna make a boob-house!”

“I don’t know what you’re referencing.”

“As opposed to a tree-house. Boob-house. Go fetch my bra, I’m gonna unhinge it.”

Bewildered, he wandered off somewhere to the front of her bosom. She turned to the post she had left her bra clasped to, and unclasped it. She felt it flop to the ground dozens of yards away, leaving her nipples and areolas exposed to the cool humid air. Oh yesss that was the ticket. The rain pitter pattered gently across her nipples now. It was a feeling unlike any other.

A huge black tarp was making its way over to her. Dan was behind it somewhere, but its huge expanse made it difficult to tell exactly where. “Good, and make sure you have the rope as well!”

“Got it right here. You’re going to launch me again?”

“Ayup. Bring the bra too.”

“I wonder if I can use it as a parachute. What do you think? Too big?”

“Probably not the right material, but let me know if it works.” She assumed the cheerleading position. “Okay. Jump?”

She flung him again, and watched him soar into the air with the enormous bra cups. She hoped he landed okay. It was a little weird being able to toss him like a doll, but it got the job done. It had been an idea she had come up with in the weeks since the farm. Might become a new staple of their relationship. They both liked being up there. She felt him land with a heavy impact, denting her bosom somewhere she couldn’t see. Felt like he was fine, though. He started moving, so probably okay. She felt the rope before she saw it, and there it was dangling in front of her. She grabbed a lawn chair, and climbed her way up.

Climbing her own boob was difficult. She had to account for the fact that it was attached to her and even tried to move with her. She was helped by the fact that its tremendous weight kept it fairly grounded, so it only shifted position slightly to accommodate her movements. Climbing up the rope was simple enough. She planted her feet against her soft and warm meat, feeling her toes envelop by boob flesh, and feeling her boob flesh envelop her toes. She could never get over touching her own boobs, and feeling how small she was and big she was at the same time. It was incredible. Slowly, she walked herself up the enormous breast, heaving herself up using the rope. It was a little weird now that she was carrying the lawn chair, but her tremendous strength enabled her to carry it effortlessly, so her second hand was only slightly hampered in this process.

Finally she reached the top. It was like hiking, making her way to the top of her bosom! She found Dan standing there with the rope. Her gargantuan bra cups lying across her boobs a distance behind him.

“I brought you a chair. Go fetch the cups and set one up., it’s going to be our tent!”

Comprehension dawned on Dan’s face, and he followed her instructions. She set up the chair on her boobs. She wouldn’t be able to sit in it, but he would. He came back, struggling with the massive tarp like cup even though it was made of super light weight material. He tried to hang it over them. As he lifted massive cup over their heads, the sky disappeared and was replaced by her absolutely enormous black bra. The thing was truly cavernous, dwarfing both of them beneath its gigantic umbrella cup. Thanks to the waterproof material, neither of them was getting wet anymore.

Of course, Dan couldn’t really stand there holding it all day, so he tried to prop it up like an awning, so that they could sit under its overhang and watch the rain. Unfortunately that didn’t work out so well when they had nothing to prop it up against. It fell down so that its wire rim was flush against her breast, enveloping them in complete darkness. They were completely covered by her giant bra.

“Hmmm. I love the idea, not sure about the practicality.” Dan said.

“Still, what a bra, am I right? I’m pretty darn big!”

“We knew that. I’m standing up inside a bra cup, and my head isn’t even touching the ceiling. You could fit a bomb shelter in here.”

“It IS a bomb shelter, of sorts. Some megaton bombs!” Samantha joked.

“Megatons? I think you outgrew that. Good grief Sam, we’re standing INSIDE your bra. Just ONE of your cups. We could have a party in here with plenty of room! Not that we can see anything.”

“I KNOW. I am so turned on right now. I’m glad it’s dark.”

“Me too.”

“So how do we fix this?”

They both mulled that over in the pitch black of her cavernous cup, atop her gargantuan bosom. The rain pattered softly against the material, the sound amplified as it echoed in the space. It was a curious sensation, from her boob’s perspective. Lefty was completely out in the rain, and Righty was MOSTLY in the rain. But her enormous bra cup was sheltering a portion of Righty’s upper surface. And of course, she could clearly feel Dan and her own feet pressing into the dry portion of her ridiculous breast.

“We could just sit in here and start a fire.” Samantha said with a laugh.

“We’d probably get arrested. You’re bra probably counts as a building at this point. We’re in violation of all sorts of codes.”

“I can’t wait to outgrow it.”

“That goes without saying. You’ll be so HUUUUUUGE. Still glad it’s dark in here. Okay, so we could stack coolers or something. Any other ideas?”

“I’m thinking a huge tree log. Could you go find one?”

“That should work. Hold the rope, I’ll be back.”

They lifted her bra cup up to let him out, and he lowered himself down.

About half an hour later, Samantha got a text. [Dan: Got the log! When I tug the rope, pull it up.]

Samantha followed the instruction and heaved the log up to her boobs. It was a beautiful specimen. She untied it and threw the rope down for Dan. After he joined her on her bosom, he got to propping the log up and resting the bra cup on it. The log, now that it was vertical, dug into her substantial and pliant breasts, sinking under its own weight. It was a delicious pressure, like a giant finger poking her. Since it sank in, it was held up by the firmness of her breast. Whereas on the ground, you might have needed to bury part of it to get it standing upright, her breast puckered around it to provide a degree of support, and the weight of the bra cup kept it stable. Essentially it was just a massive tarp being held up by a huge stick. But now they had the perfect cover!

Dan settled heavily into the lawn chair, and she enjoyed feeling it sink into her. Goodness did that feel good. She lay on her boobs and listened to the gentle rain, feeling it, but not on her main body that was under cover. She was compartmentalized in categories, boobs and body. Different sensations since they were so big and she was so small in comparison. Almost in different zip codes! That size joke was becoming more and more applicable. They were feeling different weather now. Her vast boobs in the rain, her body out of it. She buried her head in the soft boobflesh and contemplated that. Different weather. She was a huge fan of the bra fort.

Her massive bra sheltered them for the rest of the day, as they read and talked and laughed under the cover. Eventually Dan wandered off and made each meal of the day, which they shared under the huge dome. A lot of reading got done to the gentle rhythm of the rain clapping against the giant garment.

Samantha kept getting sidetracked however. She kept thinking about how this ridiculously large cup only managed to cover the front end of a single one of her breasts. For the first time in ages, she could truly appreciate how she measured up to the front of her breasts. She was tiny, and they were very large! She understood the fear people had for her. It was hard not to feel small sitting in a bra cup that was the larger than many living rooms, at least in width. The old lady that lived in a shoe could have upgraded by living in her bra instead. Much roomier.

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Day 04 – Tuesday

Samantha snorted awake and blinked away her tiredness. Another day of vacation! She listened intently, but only heard the stirrings of the forest, muffled by her bra shell. The rain must have stopped, so it was time to decide on an activity for the day. Dan was snoozing gently on her breast, under the cover of her bra as well. He was so adorable when he was sleeping. She almost hated to arouse him, delighting the rhythmic feel of his hot breath on her skin yards away. She could feel his heart pounding, like she had laid a hand on his veins. Meanwhile her other breast was feeling sensations she couldn’t even see.

Well, no time to start the day like the present. “DAN!” He jumped, sending lots of interesting sensations coursing through her bust.

“What do you want to do today?”

He mumbled something and rolled over.

“Sleep on my boobs some other time! We are on vacation.”

“I’ll take you up on that. Well, there are always the caves. Should be a nice scenic hike, too.”

“Oooooh okay. Let’s do that.”

A short time after breakfast, the duo were off wandering through the woods. Samantha was doing her usual destruction, feeling every tree that met its demise under the onslaught of boobflesh. Carving a path through the woods was very easy. Dealing with people who took offense to that was very…not. Hopefully nobody would notice until they left.

Through the woods they travelled, admiring the scenery that was fresh and vibrant after yesterday’s rain. Of course, they had both forgotten that mud went hand in hand with a good soaking, and both were caked in it by the time they were anywhere near the caves.

Mud was an interesting sensation to Samantha. Not quite a liquid, not quite a solid, in non chemistry terms. It was cold and slimy that dried to hard and crusty. Coating the bottom of her bust, it was a little like wearing a mask or a bandage. It dulled her sensations of feeling the ground as her breasts scraped against it, but in a way that was its own sensation. A special numbness sort of feel, as the mud provided a barrier from direct skin contact. Samantha didn’t enjoy being dirty, but it brought its own set of perks. The mud was not as fun in her socks, however.

Trees were putting up less and less of a fight against Samantha these days. Even at the beginning of the summer, when walking to the beach, she could feel the trees try to resist her mass. She had to cleave her way through the woods and her breasts wrought their terrible destruction. Her unbelievable growth had stripped nature of any hope for resistance. The trees were like toothpicks before her massive mammaries, knocked aside like strands of grass. For trees young and old, Samantha’s boobs were The End. She found it fascinating when her main body finally got to the trees, however. Seeing massive trunks uprooted, and all of the earthy insect life still trying to cling to the bottoms. She was a natural disaster! Her breasts were the equivalent of some sort of tornado by now!

She truly felt like some queen of the forest, walking through it. The power she wielded here in these landscapes, where so much was determined by the ability to survive, and the struggle of the food chain and size vs. quantity in the ecosystems. She was the clear winner in size.

They found the caves right where the map said they would be, give or take. It was a pretty special sight, buried in the ground as they were. It was a gaping chasm that led to unknown depths at a very steep downward incline. There were several entranced littered around the clearing, including a very traditional opening in the standing rocky hill that was to the side. The Yucati River must have wound its way through here at one point or another long ago, and forged these beauties over time. In all likelihood, remnants of it currents still flowed in the depths of these stone mazes.

Naturally, Samantha was far too big to do anything with the caves other than look at them. She was tempted to see if even her NIPPLE could fit in one of the caves, but there was no way she could manage that maneuver. Not for lack of trying to find a solution mentally, however.

Dan wandered around the cave entrances, peering around the entrances that were scattered on the ground. Samantha could tell he had an interest. They were neat, for sure. Then he made the mistake of wandering into the upright one on the rock face. Seized by an impulse, Samantha shifted her tremendous bust to block the entrance. She felt the harsh stone hold and slick against her udder, and the entrance a gaping wound in the rock that a minimal (relatively) amount of breast flowed into. He was trapped inside!

She could feel him beating his hands on her flesh now. Ha! So puny! She held up her phone expectantly. Ding!

[Dan: Hey!!!! Not funny!!!]

[Sam: Yes it is! You’re my prisoner.]

[Dan: Let me out!]

[Sam: No :-) ]

[Dan: It’s cold and dark and creepy in here!]

[Sam: Deal with it :P Now what to do with you?]

[Dan: …!? Move yo tits, woman!]

[Dan: Please?]

[Dan: Hello?]

[Dan: Okay fine, I can just keep thumping you until you move.]

[Sam: PLEASE do!]

[Dan: Hmph. I’m looking up psychiatrists for you right now on my phone.]

[Sam: Don’t be mean! These boobs aren’t gonna move themselves :P They’re pretty heavy, dontcha know?]

Samantha felt pretty evil, but it was an exotic sort of power, being able to trap someone with just her breasts. Poor Dan, all alone in a cave with the world’s biggest tits blocking his escape. He hadn’t known that when he signed up to play with her boobs, she would use her boobs to play with him! The idea to do something like this had occurred to her during the farm incident, when he was locked in the house. What would it have felt like to do it on purpose? Now she knew. It felt great! Poor Dan.

[Dan: I’m just sitting here. Alone. In the Dark.]

This was also an opportunity to get something off her chest that had been weighing on her for a long time.

[Sam: You have to promise me something.]

[Dan: A promise? I’m under duress! xD No court of law would hold it valid]

[Sam: No matter how big I get, you’ll always be my friend. Promise?]

[Dan: What are you even worried about that for?]

[Sam: PROMISE???]

[Dan: I promise.]

[Sam: Good. I’ll hold you to it.]

[Dan: Aren’t you going to move now?]

[Sam: Who said anything about that?]

But she relented. She shifted her enormous bosom away from the cave, and out into the grassy clearing. Dan poked his head out of the cave and stuck his tongue at her. “Never again! You hear me?”

She stuck her tongue back out at him. “My boobs made me do it!”

Just then, an enormous crack rang through the clearing. Samantha had time to process “Uh oh” in her head before she felt her body jerked forwards. She planted to her feet and skidded to a halt.

“Whoa.” Righty had done some damage. Evidently there had been a network of tunnels or caverns beneath the clearing as well, and Righty’s colossal weight had been too much for these natural structures to support, after all of the rain. Lefty still sat in the grassy glade majestically, but Righty was a tit in a ditch. It had crushed through the ceiling of the underground caves and found itself in a large cavern that had been hiding underneath the surface. Even so, its enormity overflowing the cavern completely, both too wide and too tall for the space that gravity had tried to make it occupy. Breast overflowed the sides in every direction, like a muffin or cupcake that had swollen over the top of the cup when baking. Even though a great majority of her breast height had fallen into the depths, the great pale mound of flesh was still too tall for her to see over, at some 10 feet above the ground. Righty quivered in its new container, like it was feeling gleeful, proud of the wreckage it had caused.

“Awwww. You killed it!” Dan said.

Samantha was a little mortified, but it was hard to feel that bad with all of the sensations her breast was feeling, filling the cavern to overcapacity. The cool and slimy walls, the stale and thick air that was compressed against her, it was terrific.

“Lefty got left out this time.” Dan said.

“Yeahhh she’ll live. You think anybody will notice?”

“That your breasts yet again destroyed something precious?”

“Well, when you put it like THAT.”

“Can you get out of there?”

“Don’t make me sound like a truck in the mud! This is easy. The cave might not survive, though. Apologies.”

That was all talk, though. She could tell she was wedged in there pretty well. She bent down and gathered as much boobage as she could and gave it a tug. Just as she had feared, her breast mass was largely unresponsive. Dan took note of this, but said nothing, for which she was appreciative.

Busty girl problems. When your tits are so gigantic that you get stuck in an underground cave that your boob created. It was further evidence that the world simply wasn’t built to accommodate a girl with such an expansive bust. As far as Samantha was concerned, however, that was the world’s fault and it had better learn to deal with it. She wasn’t going to shrink any time soon. Quite the opposite! And if that meant wrestling her boob out of a cave every now and then, then by golly, that was a price she was willing to pay!

With renewed determination, she dug her feet into the soft ground and gathered as much breast as she could. With a heave and a ho, the ground groaned as her breast fought for more space than was available. Slowly but surely she could feel her mass grinding against the cave walls, cracking them and smoothing them as her titanic udder was worked free. She had to steady herself so as not to drop her breast, awash as she was with the sensations of the too small cave and the too big breast. She was going to leave a lot of debris in her wake with this one, as the groans of the rock intensified. Her breast tried to resist her strength, but she was its master still, and it was going to obey.

Struggling backward, Samantha eased her breast out of the hole in the ground, and then with a giant POP her girth came free. She had the presence of mind to heave her breast to the right as her momentum carried her backwards and she fell on her butt. Righty landed safe and sound on the lip of the new chasm. The gaping hole was situated between her two goliath breasts now, a great big scar in the ground.

She peered down into the area where sunlight hadn’t fallen in a very long time. It was very beautiful down there. The rocks glowed eerily, and all the different layers of gray and muddy brown were a beautiful mosaic of the earth’s history.

“Could you move your fat tits? I can’t see.”

“Sorry, here you go.”

After they were done looking, they called it a day and hiked through the woods back home. Samantha hoped Juliana’s claim was true and no one would visit there while they were still here. The damage she had caused was kind of hard to miss.

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Day 05 – Wednesday

“Dan. DAN!”

Urghhh. Dan awoke and rolled on the massive breast until he was facing Samantha. Her gorgeous eyes were peering at him through the shadows of her massive bra cup. “It’s Wednesday!”

She had let him sleep in today, but he was still tired. He just wanted to roll over and lay his head on the best pillow in the world, but he knew she wouldn’t let him. Her bust, her rules, he guessed. He sat up groggily. “What do you want to do today?” He asked.

“Well, I really want to get clean but since it’s so muddy, that’s probably something we should do tomorrow, in the river.”

We? Dan was really liking the sound of that!! Tomorrow needed to hurry up! He checked off the mental checklist. “Well after the river, that’s just about everything the ranger recommended to us. All that’s left is the ghost stories thing, and that’s not until tonight.”

“Okay well, how do you want to kill time?”

“The same thing we do every night, Pinky.”

“Reading while fondling my boobs?”

“Sounds like a plan! This is nice, relaxing out here in the fresh air. The birds chirping, the breeze blowing, the boobs soft and cuddly. I’m glad we did this vacation.”

They read and chatted on and off for the rest of the day. After dinner, it was closing in on night time. It was probably time to start heading over to Spooky Tavern so that they could mingle and be in seat by the time the ghost stories started. It might take them a little while to get over there because they had to allow for Samantha and the inconveniences that came with her size.

Wandering through the campsite was weird. They had specifically portioned off their area so as to limit campers to one side and not have to manage the whole camp when it was mainly empty, but they had made an exception for Dan and Samantha once they had discovered who their campers were. This placed the duo in no man’s land, just the way they both wanted. It also made it a fair hike to where everything was going on. Fortunately, they could wander around the lake shore to get closer, in order to minimize the damage Samantha caused to the establishment. Walking along the lake was interesting with Samantha. EVERYTHING was interesting when it concerned Samantha.

She had to walk close to the water’s edge because the shore actually wasn’t big enough to contain all of her. To avoid the tree line, one breast was on land and one was by sea. Her right breast was making all sorts of waves in the ordinarily calm lake as they walked. Dan wondered what it felt like, having one half of your body scraping against the ground and then the other half of your body pushing through water. He wanted to ask her but figured that discussion could get awkward fast.

The Tavern was situated along the lake. It was an old stone building with a chimney and glass windows. It was a look straight out of a fairy tale, and seemed to be well preserved. The mortar between the rocks had cracked in a few places, but nothing unserviceable. The gray slab building was quaint and charming, and made Dan wonder how it had been labeled “spooky”. Was that the story they were going to hear tonight?

Once again, it was hard not to try and measure the structure up to his friend’s preposterous assets. No comparison, like usual these days. A single breast could have flattened the establishment with ease. It was small enough to have been built ON one of her breasts.

Next to the tavern there was a huge circle of logs situated around a fire pit, perfect for sitting in a circle and listening to a central speaker. There was already a fair crowd there, sitting and chatting with one another. Conversation all dropped off as they neared the ring. Everyone was sitting there and staring at the massive globes that had just entered the clearing. Mouths fell open and eyes boggled.

“Oh no!” Dan exclaimed. “We forgot to put your bra back on!”

“Dang. I was hoping you wouldn’t realize that. At least it took you this long. Too late to go back!”

“Samantha!!”

“What? They’re just nipples! Who cares what size they are! I got em. You got em. They got em. Yeah so mine are really big. But I’m camping and the nips are going to remain free. They’ll survive.”

They weren’t close enough for anyone to hear them yet, but Dan was wondering how she was going to even fit in the circle. He hoped that the party wouldn’t be taken inside the tavern because there was just no way that his friend could join them.

“You’ll be me ambassador tonight?” She asked. “It’s hard for me to get close to people.”

Dan appreciated the double meaning. With a laugh, he nodded. She stopped moving and let him go first to do all the talking. He walked up to the crowd. “Hello everyone! I’m Dan and this is my friend Samantha. You might know her from…elsewhere.”

One of the men in the circle slowly nodded. Nobody had even looked at Dan when he had started speaking. All the gaping was still directed at the tremendous nipples that Dan knew were towering over his head somewhere behind him. He had to fight the urge to look himself.

“So where can we sit?”

Everyone in the circle slowly turned their incredulous looks upon him. The boob girl and her servant wanted to hear the ghost stories? One gentleman offered his seat. “She can sit here, I’ll move over there.” He said.

“Thank you!”

Dan wandered on back, past the obscene globes. He had to resist reaching out to touch her now that they were in public. Their warm mass was just so inviting! She was waiting for him, with a huge Cheshire grin.

“How are they? Speechless? Dazed? Confused?”

“Uh huh. Probably afraid, more like it.”

Samantha’s cheeks pinkened, but her grin inched a bit wider. “I’ll take it. Do we have a seat?”

“Yes, but it’s on the forest side I’m afraid. You might have a tight fit.”

“Hmm. Okay, do I clear the tavern? Don’t want to knock that over!......At least, not in front of so many witnesses…”

“I’ll guide you.”

Just like back in Nanbriar, he wandered up to the front of her massive protrusions, and rested a hand on them. He was very mindful of that fact that he was completely visible to the other campers. He felt his face flush. Fondling boobs in public. Dan also believed that Samantha privately enjoyed this. The public shock factor. She had gotten too big to do it on a day to day basis as she once could. Fitting in around people just wasn’t feasible anymore, but he believed there were remnants of that joy still hidden away in her psyche.

Well, eat your heart out, Sam! He though. Slowly the massive bust started to move and he wandered with it, resting his hand against the soft house sized pillows. He pushed gently and felt her respond as she swung out around the tavern. They were on the left side of the tavern now, between it and the tree line. Luckily her breasts weren’t as fat as they were long, so she should be able to squeak through the two obstacles. He briefly wondered what the view was like from the camp circle. Two gigantic milk tankers maneuvering behind a small tavern.

Finally she had cleared the building, and she turned to look over her shoulder to see the campfire. Steadily backing up like a truck, she maneuvered until she could plant her bottom on the log that had been designated as her seat. In this process, her breasts had angled themselves more appropriately so that they were more or less perpendicular to the log she was sitting on. Slowly she turned until she was sitting side saddle on the log. It was the best she could do since she had to leave her breasts outside the ring.

She giggled. “Hi everybody!”

Dan blinked. Watching her work was mesmerizing. He had forgotten about their audience. He turned around a little sheepishly, and was partially relieved to see that he was inconsequential in the proceedings. Most people probably weren’t aware he was even there, against the backdrop of Samantha and her moving mountains.

Dan took a seat on the edge of the log next to hers, so they were effectively sitting together but there was a small aisle between them. Even so, touching her breasts was not only easy, but it was hard NOT to do. If he leaned back in his seat, their ample flanks provided a wonderful backrest. He decided that it was quite comfortable. He looked over at her, and she gave a small smile. It seemed like she was uncomfortable about something.

“What’s up?”

“I can feel the trees.” She whispered. “There’s not enough room for me here, and they’re digging into my puppies. It is soooo hard, trying not to break them.” Her voice lowered further. “My right nip isn’t in a good position either. There’s a tree right THERE.”

By now, it was 8 oclock or so, so an old man in a park uniform came out of the tavern. He froze in his tracks as he saw Samantha.

“Jumpin’ Jehosephat!”

Samantha gave a weak wave, and adjusted her hair. Then she gave a sly wink to Dan. She was SOOO enjoying this.

The old man regained his composure and then finally dragged his eyes away from the unbelievably large and beautifully pale breasts. He cleared his throat, and hefted an assortment of sticks. “Okay folks, we’re gonna get dinner cooking. Y’all each grab a stick, and I’ll start passin’ out the hot dogs. It’s campin’ tradition!” Then the old man set about getting the neatly stacked logs in the fire pit roaring into a proper campfire.

Dan grabbed two sticks. He would have to tend to Samantha’s dinner as well as his own. He loaded up the two sticks with hotdogs and waited for the old man’s signal that the fire was ready. The group chatted, and eventually started cooking their hot dogs and ate them peacefully. Everyone was avoiding the elephant in the room. Multiple elephants. Actually, much bigger than elephants. Samantha was content to let them talk. She ate her hotdog in quiet, and listened to everyone rambling on about other things. She was pretending to be oblivious to all the discrete glances that everyone else in the circle periodically gave her. She was the freak, the weirdo, and she was fascinating to everyone. Even the people that were probably disgusted couldn’t help themselves. Like the Seinfeld quote. “He’s a loathsome, offensive brute, yet…I can’t look away!”

Dan settled in against her boob wall, and out of the corner of his eye saw Samantha give him a glance. This was the life! He was quite enjoying her effect on other people. That’s right, she’s my friend! Finally around 9 o’clock, the old man from the camp site stood up and introduced himself.

“Alright, it seems like everyone is here and it’s dark enough, so it’s time to start. I’m Leroy Biggs an’ I’m here to tell ya a ghost story. Yessir, Camp West Valley has seen more n’ its fair share o’ things in its day. I’d like ta direct yer attention to the Tavern behind you. Folks call it Spooky Tavern. Ain’t a particularly scary buildin’, now is it? That’s cuz you ain’t heard my story yet. Settle in folks, and get comfortable, cuz this is a tale ya want to hear. It began a long time ago, with a man named Douglas Wright.”

The crowd listening to the story, but the discrete glances at Samantha never stopped. Not even a thrilling story told by a grizzled old man was more captivating than Samantha’s monstrous bosom. The story was actually pretty good! The Tavern had quite a history, apparently! Leroy was really into it.

“An’ he knew somethin’ was a matter with it, he just didn’t know what yet. Walked up to our tavern, yessir those very steps, and he opened to the door. Slowly. Creeaaaak. DER SHE WAS! MARIN’S GHOST! Hangin’ from the rafters by a ghastly rope, jus’ like the day she was found! Her eyes were sunken in her face, and her teeth were missing. He was ‘orrified. Why ‘im! Why was she hauntin’ ‘im? He fell to his knees and started prayin’. But then Marin turned to look at ‘im, eye sockets empty and mouth gapin’ wide.”

There was a huge crunch that rang out through the clearing, and everybody in the circle jumped, including Leroy Biggs. His eyes twinkled. “She might be here righ’ now, just like she was then! When she turned to Douglas tha’ night…”

Well, Dan knew better than to attribute that to a ghost. He glanced at Samantha, and she gave him a little shrug. “So my nipples might have hardened. Not that I was scared or anything.” Poor trees.

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Day 06 – Thursday

Dan was looking forward to this day! The promised day for washing these tremendous boobs he had slept on all week. He rolled over and saw her snoozing gently. He could wake her up softly, or do what she had been doing to him all week.

He opted for the option that was the most fun for him. He started prodding the massive breast that he was laying on. First gently, and then harder, and harder, until he was fairly punching the fleshy ground. She hadn’t even stirred. Either she was a heavy sleeper, or his size was so insignificant compared to hers that this barely registered. Just another sensation on her great breasts.

He could always fall back on the old trampoline method. He stood up and got some wonderful bounces in. Boobs were great! He felt like a child on a playground as he did some jumping jacks and some pushups, touching his chin to her mass. She was so vast that his ministrations weren’t even making it to her torso. The boob flesh over there hadn’t even started wobbling. He might need to do it closer to her. He felt like an astronaut fighting low gravity as he walked across the moors of breast meat. Dan nearly jumped out of his skin to see that she was watching him.

“You’re supposed to be sleeping!!”

“You were punching me!”

“You should have stopped me! I did all those embarrassing things.”

“Yup. Please continue. Best wake up ever. You should try jogging in place for…oh, let’s say an hour?” She smiled at him.

Hot damn. What a girl. “No, let’s get these mountains clean.”

“Yessir!”

After they got dressed and Samantha had gathered a bag of a few things, they wandered over to the river. The Yucati dumped out into the lake, and then continued off on the other side of the lake until it made its way to the ocean. It was originally one of the prime attractions for the settling of the city of Monville, because of its access to all this water. The Yucati was a pretty sizable river, but not full of rapids. The closest part of the river to their campsite was upriver from the lake, that is, the segment where the water was flowing towards the lake.

Samantha was stilled braless, and Dan had noticed this time, but it hardly mattered. The river wasn’t a main attraction of the camp site, not when you had the nice lake that served all your needs. You could also get into trouble with the currents of the river. So a reasonably secluded area with access to lots of water. Perfect for cleaning Samantha’s boobs!

They found a pleasant stretch where Samantha could maneuver effectively. Dan was curious how she wanted him to do this. Traditionally, he would hose her down with a high powered hose, like zoos used to clean off elephants. It was a joke he had made on several occasions. Reaching all areas of her breasts was very difficult any other way! Best to let high powered spray that you could aim do most of the work, and then let water physics and gravity do the rest of the job if anything needed doing. The curvature of her breasts was actually a natural aid to this, because the water clung to them as it fell towards the ground.

He had enjoyed hosing her off in the past, and so had she. It was odd that she wanted to use the river for this now. It wasn’t a particularly forceful river, so he wasn’t sure why she wanted to do it here as opposed to, say, the lake or just waiting until they got home. Still, he wasn’t going to complain about lathering up some tits! He watched her as she carefully eased them into the river. A peculiar effect started to happen. The water wasn’t flowing properly anymore. Dan was standing downriver of her, and there was less and less water coming through. She was damming up the river with her massive breasts!

Did she know? This was just the sort of thing she would love. “Hey! Did you know your breasts are big enough to dam up the Yucati River?”

She turned to look at him, and then peered down at the lower water level on this side of her bosom. She gave him a thumbs up sign. Dan watched as the water slowly drained from this end. That was fascinating.

“Gackkk!” He looked up to Samantha was standing in a puddle of water. It had built up on her other side and was now overflowing the river banks. All that water had to go somewhere.

“I guess I am a little too big for the river.” She laughed. “Just one breast at a time. Okay.” She removed one of her breasts, and left the other sitting in the river. The water was still backing up heavily, but it wasn’t as bad.

“Okay, you know the drill. Jump!”

She had done this to Dan several times over this trip now, so he had gotten used to it. It was actually a lot of fun, landing on the soft Samantha mattresses. He took the bag that she offered him, and then she cupped her hands in the familiar pose. He climbed aboard and was launch up to her great heights.

The landing was soft and great. He took a moment to appreciate the fact that they were enormous landing pads, and then he opened up the bag she had given him. Inside was an unopened bar of soap. He took it out incredulously, and carried it over to where he could look down at her on the ground.

“What the heck am I supposed to do with this?”

“Clean these boobs, dude!”

“It’s a BAR. Of SOAP.”

“I know. I packed it.”

“I’m supposed to use just this to clean you off? How?”

“On your hands and knees, Cinderella! Stop stalling!”

“You’re wayyyyy too big for a bar of soap.”

“Thank you.”

“No, I mean that I won’t even be able to reach all of you. I am stories off the ground right now, how am I supposed to get your flanks.”

“Do the best you can. We can finish the job when we get home with that power hose you’re so fond of making fun of.”

Ahhh pay back. There it was. Teach him a lesson about the chore WITHOUT the ease of the power hose. See if he ever makes fun of it again.

Well, he had best get started. Lot of ground to cover. And there was a whole other tit waiting in queue. Right from the start he knew it was a ridiculous task. She didn’t actually expect him to finish, but it was more likely that she was just trying have fun and get her boobs soaped up in the process. He unboxed the soap and took it out. Normal enough, nothing special. He bent down and got on his knees like she had recommended.

At least it wouldn’t kill his knees, like the hard floors of a palace or something in the days of yore! Samantha’s boobs were just about the most comfortable surface possible. His knees sank down in the flesh, and he dragged the soap against her skin. It glided against her smooth pale skin easily, the silky breast offering no resistance.

Actually it would probably be better to start from the front and work his way closer to her. Might as well do it properly, even if it was a joke. He stood up and walked to the front of her massive breast.

“Hey!! Why did you stop! Don’t leave it like that!”

A tactical error, Samantha! He thought to himself. I hadn’t even thought about torturing you back! Maybe he could play with any OCD she might have, and really bother her. That lone streak of soap somewhere behind him was probably driving her nuts.

Walked neared the front end of her tremendous shelf of bosom. He didn’t want to get too close to the front edge where she started curving downwards. A slip from this height would be lethal. Probably a good view of her enormous areola though. It was easy to forget the dangers of being up here, when you could get sidetracked by the eroticism of just how BIG she was.

He kneeled down again and started to scrub vigorously. He slid the soap bar around, tracing the light veins under her alabaster skin. He used his free hand to spread the soapy film around to distribute it evenly. Lathering up boobs was typically a very enjoyable activity, and it was no different even on Samantha. Just…more work than any other girl he had ever been with. With a regular girl, he would have been done already. As he turned around and saw the vast fields of bosom he still had left to get to, there was so much that it was actually DISHEARTENING. He had a loooong ways to go. On breast #1 of 2.

He peered down at the burbling river coursing its way around the tremendous teat. It was a fairly shallow river, actually. Only coming up to half her breast height. Dan didn’t know the history of the area very well, but he wondered if that was something the settlers of Monville found out later and were disappointed by. How were they going to get their ships up this river when a girl couldn’t even fit one of her breasts in it? The fact that he was talking about one of Samantha’s breasts notwithstanding.

As he continued to coat more and more of the obscene yards of breast flesh, he started to wish he could make it more of a playful activity. He looked down at himself and decided he was going to have some fun anyway. He stripped off his shirt and walked the distance down her breast towards her main body, wadded up his shirt, and threw it down at her. She caught it and looked up at him, confused. “I didn’t tell you stop, Dan! Get back to work!…Nice abs.”

Now he was just in his shorts. Well, what the heck, right? He was gonna have some fun. Soap! He had already done a fair portion of the front of her breast. So he started to run. Slipping and sliding, it was like running on a wet, warm, water bed. The soap was so slick and greasy that he fell, completely messing up all the wax-on wax-off stroke patterns he had made in his efforts to do the job seriously.

He couldn’t help but laugh. Soapy boobs were still amazing, even when they were bigger than he was. He tried to stand up, but his feet were having a lot of trouble finding purchase on her oiled up skin. He stood up shakily, thinking he got it, only to faceplant into breast. Well that was just as good! He was thoroughly coated in soap now. There weren’t too many suds since it was a bar of soap, but it was getting everywhere.

“Hey! Are you having a party on my boobs, and didn’t invite me!? Well, incoming!”

Huh? He turned around to see another bag falling through the air and land softly, near him. He reached down and opened it. There were five bottles of shower gel in there. That minx! She had an ace up her sleeve this whole time! He could imagine that she was winking at him. He immediately unscrewed the cap of one and flung as much of it as he could around the tops of her breast. He was going to make a mess.

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Day 07 – Friday

When Dan woke, Samantha was sitting there at the ready.

“I know what I want to do tonight. Camping things.”

“Camping things? We’ve been camping almost a whole week. We are in a bra tent. Haven’t we done everything ‘camping’?”

“Not everything! I want to light a fire up here.” She said. “I said that as a joke before but…now I really want to do it. Tonight. It should help me grow! Pleaseeee?”

She was asking him because he was going to have to do all the work. Like he could refuse! Help her GROW? She was out of her mind if she thought he would say no! Then again, he mused, she seemed to be fairly insecure about that. The events of the cave the other day were an indication. She hadn’t mentioned it or brought it up again or anything, but Dan was certain that text was straight from the heart. No matter how big I get, you’ll always be my friend. Promise? Of course he said yes! If he was truly honest with himself, he hoped to be more than friends at some point. Dan was not in the habit of being honest with himself about something like that. All that mattered was that she was awesome, her boobs were awesome, and hanging out with her was awesome. ‘Nuff said.

“Of course I’ll help you build a fire! So you just want to relax today.”

“By relax you mean do nothing, then yes. But I think tonight will be fairly eventful.”

The rest of the day was spent idling around, each with their books and each other’s company. Samantha was a little distant, though. Dan realized that it was taking all of her willpower not to pick him up, hurl him at the ground, and demand that he fetch the fire supplies. Today was a limbo while she waited for the night. Was that because she had some notion that campfires were only proper when done at night? She wanted to set the scene appropriately? Knowing how obsessed she was, he admired her restraint. For the girl whose boobs were everything to her, sitting here all day must have been painstaking. The sun was finally starting to set, and it was officially the twilight hours of the evening. “Well, it’s about time we cooked some s’mores, don’t you think? For that, we’ll need a fire.” He said.

Her smile was radiant. “I think you’re right.”

He stood up and wandered out from under her bra. He could never get used to it. He was walking on a BREAST. His friends jaw droppingly huge BOOB. He had just SLEPT on it. Now they were going to build a fire on it! It was so soft and warm. It was a shame that he had to go down to the ground to get what he needed. He could stay up here forever!

He wandered around the enormous bra cup, and found its stupendous size was intimidating. He found the rope and gave it a few tugs to make sure she was holding on to it, and lowered himself down, walking downwards and backwards, wading through soft boob mass until he was on the ground. Then he set about gathering what he would need for a campfire.

He was glad he had brought his own logs to the campsite, because the other wood in the forest was probably water logged and useless now. He retrieved a whole heap of wood, since he didn’t want to come back down. Then he retrieved some food and supplied and bundled it all up in a bag. He put the wood in a separate bag, and tied both bags together. Then he tied it to the rope and gave it a few sharp tugs. He watched as it was lifted high to the top of the mountainous breast and vanished over the swell. A few moments later, the rope came whipping down from on high and settled down at full length. He grabbed it and gave it a strong tug and let her lift him, as effortless as it probably was for her.

Ah, walking on breast again! What a wonderful experience! “Where do you want it, just…here?”

“Doesn’t matter. It’s all me, after all.” She was grinning widely as she watched him take the wood out of the bag.

True. There was breast everywhere, and it was all her. He assembled the logs and took out a firestarter. It was a specially treated pinecone that burned slowly and would light the other logs on fire. He placed it in a good position, and lit it. He stepped back and sat next to Samantha and they both watched the pinecone blaze away. Finally, one of the underbellies of another log charred and caught flame. The boob camp fire was a go.

Dan and Samantha made talk, but he noticed that her eyes never left the fire. Slowly the other logs were starting to blaze as the fire started to spread out from the nest of wood where he had placed the pinecone. He could tell that its progress wasn’t fast enough for her. Finally the wood pile was fully ablaze, resting on her boobs. The fire started lapping at her skin.

“Oh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Dan’s world trembled mightily. No, just the massive breasts. Samantha was clutching her bosom intensely as she swelled. But then he just kept shaking as his seat continued to shudder. He had expected her to grow in a burst, but she wasn’t stopping! Larger and larger and LARGER. How much bigger was she going to get from just this little fire? He looked back at her. He had never seen her eyes look so feral and wild, with the flames dancing in their dark pools. She was biting her lip so hard that she had drawn blood, and hadn’t even noticed.

The flesh beneath him was boiling hot as he felt the breast pump bigger and bigger beneath him. He peered over the expanse and watched her other enormous breast grow before his very eyes. It must have been some pent up growth they needed to express. Their switch to heat activation seemed to be doing wonders. He glanced at Samantha again and her eyes were crossed. He had best not disturb her. He peered over the edge and watched as the motorhome slowly grew further and further away. Turning to the other breast again, he could see her growing closer and closer to the line of trees in the distance. She was filling the clearing more and more, with each passing second more pounds of breast were added to the already absolutely gargantuan tits. They were going to run out of room soon!

It was incredible, sitting her on expanding breast. Feeling the skin beneath him stretch, and knowing that Samantha was bigger than she was just a second ago. The Samantha of five minutes ago could be considered puny, now.

Gently he laid himself out on his back and spread his arms and legs. The enormous boobs pulsed beneath him as Samantha fulfilled her desires, gaining mass in all the rights places. What a girl! Was it just his imagination or was the sky getting closer? He felt completely at home on the incredible bosom. She probably never wanted to stop growing. Heat was needed for growth now, as opposed to cold, but her desire was the second ingredient. Suddenly, he had an idea. He rolled back over and sat up. He peered down at Samantha.

“God, you are so big, Sammy. So fucking huge. The biggest tits in the world. And getting bigger and bigger! Keep going!”

The breasts surged extraordinarily. Samantha herself shook independently from her eager bosom. She whipped a hand around and crushed it against her mouth. Her eyes clamped shut and she threw her head down to her boob surface.

“I can’t believe how massive you are. Your tits keep getting fatter and fatter. I’ve never seen anything so sexy in my life. The chick with the boobs that just keep growing and growing.”

Another tremendous surge of growth. She clamped another hand over her mouth, but her eyes flashed open. They were glowing in the setting sun and ablaze from the firelight. There was such an intense look of pleasure and desire. It was a sight that he would never forget, her staring into his soul with pure lust and passion. She was staring up at him, locked in eye contact, pupils completely dilated. She was imploring him to continue.

“You could crush a house before. A whole fucking house! Single breast! Most incredible thing I have ever seen, and you nearly crushed me in the process! Remember that? I was trapped. By your boobs.” Dan was raving frantically now “And that was weeks ago. You didn’t stop growing. You NEVER stop growing. Always bigger. All the time! Everytime I see you! Holy cow, she’s gotten bigger! My friend with the tits SOOOOOOOOO big she can’t live in a normal house! I wonder what you could crush now!? Samantha with the fucking big tits!”

Her breasts were trembling, growing faster than ever. Samantha’s eyes were huge as she stared at him. There was a savage intensity in her expression. Her brain was so overtaxed with the sensation so her growth and trying to listen to every word he said that she had forgotten to blink in some time. Crimson blood was starting to drip from between her hands on her mouth, and she must have been biting her lip very hard under there. She was lying completely still in pure rapture as she listened to him speak. As he egged on her growth.

“You’ve thought about it, haven’t you. All the damage you could cause. You never forget. You CAN’T forget. Else things get obliterated. Else someone winds up dead. You’re too fucking big for life as we know it, and yet you can’t wait to grow another inch. Another yard. Another mile, some day. That’s what you want, isn’t it? Bigger than anything. You’ve outgrown WHALES, for goodness sake. And look, still your breasts swell before our very eyes! Faster and faster and FASTER! You’re not gonna fit in Nanbriar anymore after this! You thought it was hard before, but look at the size of these goddamn tits now. You broke that poor guys car, but the next time he sees you, he’s gonna feel lucky it wasn’t his house! You’ve outgrown bras, but have you ever outgrown a neighborhood? You have tonight, Sam!”

The expression on her face. It would haunt his dreams for years. Her cheeks were burning red, her hair was shimmering gently in the flickering light, and her eyes were locked on his own with absolute yearning. Her carnal desires were all consuming. She was drinking in his every word and they were adding inches to her bust. And still she grew. There was crunching and crashing in the background. It sounded like she had grown into the tree line. The tremendous heaps of Samantha would not be denied this free reign of rampant growth. Dan couldn’t look away, though, he was mesmerized by her beautiful hazel eyes.

He patted her heaving bosom. “Enormous just ain’t a big enough word for your beauties anymore, Samantha. You’ll have to think of a new one. You’re colossal. I don’t even know how we are going to get down. We might be stuck up here. And you’ll just keep growing and growing and growing.”

The next surge was explosive, shaking Dan off his perch on his knees and forcing him to flop onto the boob. The light was suddenly snuffed out. All this shaking had finally dislodged the logs and the flames had died with the sudden collapse. He felt her growth slow and then finally stop. Still, he could feel her heart racing, even through her boobs. It was pounding, drumming a beat against his skin as he was partially enveloped by her doughy mass. They lay there like that in the darkness for some indeterminate amount of time. Her breathing slowly returned to normal, and her heart rate did so very slowly as well.

Neither of them said anything. What was there to say?

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Day 08 – Saturday

Dan didn’t wake up until around midday. When he rolled over, Samantha was watching him but glanced away quickly, like she didn’t want him to know she had been looking at him. Her cheeks were a little pink. Also, Dan’s stomach was growling. The never did get around to actually eating those s’mores last night! Oh well, he couldn’t complain about how events turned out. He stretched and got up, and discretely tried to check just how large she was without making a big deal about it. She must have grown another 30 feet in forward projection, at least. Chalk her up to a nice 150 foot projection. Goodness gracious, girl! How big were you going to get! He stifled a smile, and turned back to her. She did the avert her eyes thing again. Odd. He gestured at the rope and she nodded. By unspoken agreement, they were going to have lunch on the ground today.

The plan for getting home was a lot simpler than the plan for coming to the camp site. Since they didn’t have anywhere particular to be, they could take the long way home, out of the way of the city. Dan packed up the campsite and Samantha watched him.

Finally they were ready to go, though neither of them wanted to leave. It had been a pretty fantastic week. Dan was finally starting to be honest with himself about his feelings. Last night…that had been special. Oh well. It wasn’t a problem yet.

“I guess we can’t go through Nanbriar, huh?” He asked.

Samantha glanced at him with…what was that? Relief? Gratitude? Quickly replaced with an angelic smile of such serene happiness that Dan felt unworthy.

“I got bigger!” She said happily.

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As soon as Samantha neared her trailer park, she knew she hadn’t been let off the hook for partially destroying the entrance when they left. Well I got news for you guys, she thought cheerfully. I’m gonna need to make it a little bigger again.

She was trying not to think about last night as much as she could. Not when Dan was trailing behind her in the motorhome. That could only make this awkward. She would analyze it every which way once she was by herself. Dan honked at her and called out the window “I’m heading out now. See you Tuesday for the cookout!”

“Yeah, about that. I need you to bring me a digital projector!” She called back.

He gave her a thumbs up, and turned the vehicle around.

As she tried to fit herself into the trailer park again, a heavy sigh came from somewhere around her right breast. A tall heavyset man appeared. Mr. Haley, the owner of the trailer park. He looked at her sadly.

“Frank told me you were larger, but he either underestimated, which is very difficult to do, or you’re even bigger, woman! Stop growing! Our poor entrance can’t handle it!”

She laughed. “The only way to make em stop is to stop feeding em!”

“Don’t think I haven’t thought about it! What are we going to do with you?” he was laughing now. “I wish I had a normal trailer park. Where you had to worry about drunk cowboys at two in the morning. You know. Regular life. Not having to worry about your womanly features breaking our stuff. You’ll be at the cookout, yes? Any idea what you’re contributing? We could always use more teriyaki.”

“Yeah I’m coming! No, I already have an idea. A good one, I think. I’ll let you know tomorrow.”

“Can do.”

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Tuesday

Samantha was having a lot of fun today. Lots of food, people laughing, the aromas, it was a great day. Dan was off mingling with her trailer park neighbors, and having a good time. It was getting dark though, almost time for her event. She had set up the digital projector to point in the vicinity of her trailer. The area in front of her trailer, actually. Her chest area.

She was in love with her new size. What a feeling to be so HUGE!!! Even the trailer park neighbors who were used to seeing her all the time had been stunned by her growth. Bigger and bigger. She was going to need more of the trailer park soon!

For the most part, her fellow trailer park denizens treated her newly attained size with an air of resignation. Her exceptional growth wasn’t something they could control, and was something they had come to expect. Some people were disheartened that she had grown so vast on her trip, and she could understand that. They were thinking about their own houses and the limited space in the trailer park. She didn’t care. If she got her way, she was going to fill the whole trailer park from top to bottom with her tits. It was up to them if they wanted their trailers buried under the ocean of tits, or if they decided to move out by then.

She didn’t tell the people her plans, of course. That was information that wouldn’t win her any friends. She had to live with them after all, and she did like most of them. They were all nice enough, at any rate. But none of them were worth more to her than her constant growth.

She had been tempted to make a tent out of her bra again. She had definitely loved doing that over the trip! What an amazing sensation, fitting inside your own bra! Having people throw an entire party in her bra? Samantha bit her lip at the thought. Her massive cups. But these people weren’t Dan. They didn’t share her obsession with her breasts, and they would probably just think it was weird. She was a little turned on by the thought, though. Someday, maybe, she would get that accomplished. Her next bra should be even roomier, so it might be easier to sell the idea then. She hoped she needed a new one soon.

With the remote, she clicked on the projector. “Okay everyone! Get your dinner and gather round! Tonight’s feature is going to begin!”

She waited for everyone to assemble, and she pressed play on the player. The image was projected onto her breasts, providing her service to the cookout as an enormous movie screen. She didn’t need to watch the movie because she knew this one by heart. She didn’t have a prayer of being able to see it from here anyway. Still, she found the idea incredibly erotic. Movie theater boobs. She wondered if she could have a career in that. She was going to have to start thinking along those lines someday. What use were giant tits like hers to other people? She might have to get really creative. She was totally okay with that. She was an expert in giant-boob-related fields.

It was thrilling to look out over the crowd and people and see everyone staring at her monumental bust. They were watching a movie on her! It was unreal. Another dream fulfilled. She searched the crowd for Dan. He was sitting in the grass with a hamburger, watching the film. She gave him a wink, and he gave her a nod as if to say “Good one, Sam!”

That felt good. Her feelings for him were…complicated. And very strong. She couldn’t stop thinking about that night. All those things he had said to her. She couldn’t have stopped growing if she had wanted to. Each word he had said had been like a dagger of lust and eroticism to her. He had talked dirty about her breasts. She was a little woozy just thinking about it. Things were so much better when she had someone else who appreciated her bust the same way that she did! It was a different feeling, not being lonely. Dan, Dan, Dan. What was she going to do with him? She knew what she WANTED to do with him. Still, a problem for another time. She just had this week of relaxation left, and she was determined to use it effectively and worry free.

After this week, she had to go back to school.