

New Beginnings 3

*Note: This is a story intended for adults and a BE-enthusiast audience specifically. If you don't qualify as the former, you shouldn't be reading this. If you aren't part of the latter, you've been warned. Also, this is a still unofficial sequel to the thoroughly unofficial sequel to Steve Palmer's *New Beginnings*, a piece of essential reading for the BE genre. If you haven't read it or Chapter 2 yet, do it now. They're both on *The Overflowing Bra* and Chapter 2 is on DeviantART.*

Hi, readers, Judy here! It's time for another installment of *New Beginnings*. I know, I know, you might be expecting darling Bud to be running the show again like he did in the last chapter of our sordid little story. I'm sure he'd like that, but I couldn't let him have all the fun, now could I? It's my story too and they're my huge knockers we're talking about.

I have to say I'm not sure what you think of me at this point. When Bud left off, I'd just finished pretty much threatening him to promise that he'd never give anyone bigger breasts than mine. Can you really blame me though? I was a little overwhelmed by everything that had happened. Discovering that the guy I really liked was just as breast-obsessed as I was, finding out he could make me even bigger right then and there, my breasts growing more immense than I ever thought possible, having the greatest sex of my life, and finding myself that morning with funbags the size of Mini Coopers all in less than a day, was a dream come true. I never imagined I'd be overflowing a king-sized bed with breasts each five feet wide and I was, I think understandably, hesitant to share my new and wonderful womanliness with anyone.

I keep using that word "womanly" and "womanliness," and I think you should understand exactly how I feel about my breasts. I don't just love breasts, I *adore* breasts. I have ever since I was little. It's a fundamental truth about breasts that lots of flat-chested women really want a big, beautiful set to call their own. On the other hand, girls who grow early and grow big can't fully appreciate what they've got. Instead, they only focus on the uncomfortable or annoying things that come with big tits. For me, when other girls were blossoming, I was as flat as a board and stayed that way for what felt like forever. You shouldn't feel bad for me though, I was still pretty hot. Actually, I was slim and shapely everywhere except for where it *really* mattered for me. Back then, my flat tummy and sexy butt were probably my best features. Having a 23-inch waist and 36-inch hips has to count for something even if my tits were downright pitiful, right? I still got plenty of attention from the boys and started doing some modeling.

Even with all of that, I was never satisfied with my body and couldn't stop thinking about tits. The whole time I was young and even after my breasts began their long overdue development, I couldn't help ogling pictures of women with truly tremendous knockers, the bigger the better. I didn't *want* these women, not in a way *you* might enjoy hearing about, but did I want to be *like* them, one of them. There has always been something about breasts that has been incredibly fascinating for me in ways that go beyond the simply erotic. For me, they've always been the most obvious and important signs of femininity. The way they look, the way they move, everything about them is beautiful in a way that is distinctly feminine. Back before I developed, I

always felt incomplete, like something was missing, like I was less of a woman. When the Tit Fairy finally got around to visiting, I was thrilled. As they grew bigger and bigger, I reveled in every new bra I had to buy. Every extra inch of bust, every added bit of bounce, every time I noticed some extra bulge between my fingers when I gave them a real good squeeze, I felt a sense of fulfillment and pleasure that I can't even put into words. After they stopped growing naturally at a respectable F-cup, I knew somewhere deep inside of me that I still needed more, much more.

I've heard some people use the expression "boobie greed" to describe their desire for bigger and bigger jugs. I wouldn't say that I have boobie greed exactly. Well, I *do*, but it's a lot more than that. I have a passionate lust for breasts. Not just the boobs themselves either, but everything that goes along with them. I even love what some consider the less pleasant things about breasts, the things other women usually complain about. I love feeling their weight. I love when they get in the way. Everything that reminds me they're sitting on my chest and how huge they are is *incredibly* sexy to me. I wasn't even upset when my growing bust brought my modeling career to a very premature end. Part of me couldn't help but be proud of the fact that my rack was just too glorious for an industry that trades on beauty.

Waking up after New Year's Eve and finding out how much I had grown was an amazingly sensual experience. I loved everything about my new jugs and every bit of effort it took to move them. Every sensation I experienced lifting them, squeezing them through the doorway to Bud's bedroom, heaving them around on the bed, and the stimulation they gave me as Bud fucked me senseless made me adore them more and more. The whole time, I couldn't help thinking to myself that I had practically become a breast goddess! There was no other word for it than "goddess." There couldn't be any other woman on earth as big as me! I'd never seen anyone with even a quarter of my marvelous pulchritude. I finally felt like I'd become the embodiment of the womanly femininity I'd always adored. Ancient societies worshiping beauty and womanhood might have created statues that looked like me if they had even imagined a woman could grow to *my* size. Women might have prayed and given offerings to me. They would have worshiped me hoping to grow to even a fraction of my size to satisfy their husbands and lovers. I couldn't help imagining flat-chested women kneeling before my naked magnificence begging for the chance to grow like I had. Then Bud started talking about using his device on other women and suddenly I felt threatened. I felt like my godhood was in danger of being taken away! What can I say? Now you know exactly how I feel about breasts.

I think that's enough philosophy for now. You get the idea, right? Anyway, when we left Bud and me, I was sitting on his bed underneath and between hundreds of pounds of boobs and he was walking toward me with a hungry gleam in his eye.

"So, you promise? No one will be bigger than me?" I asked Bud, my anxiety starting to wane.

"Of course not, Judy. You've got the biggest breasts in the world and I wouldn't dream of taking that away from you." Bud began walking around to the front of my knockers until I couldn't see him from where I was sitting. As he walked, he gently placed a fingertip on the side of my left breast and slid it along my skin. The feeling was

electric. I hadn't yet gotten used to my newly monstrous mammaries and any little sensation was driving me absolutely wild. My body began writhing on the bed and I could feel breast all around me. My legs, my stomach, my sides, my chest, with every move I made I could feel myself rubbing and pressing against my heavy mounds of undulating femininity. It's an unbelievable sensation to suddenly have so much *more* of you to feel, pound upon pound of breast flesh with miles of nerve endings all sending the most glorious sensations to my brain by way of my suddenly sopping wet pussy. Immediately, my right hand flew between my legs, vigorously massaging my most intimate areas. At the same time, my left hand started groping as much of my breasts as possible, fingers sinking deeply into my tits, adding to my arousal. I could barely catch my breath as Bud continued to slowly make his way around to the very front of my stupendously oversized assets.

"B-B-Bud, what are you-oooOOOooo doing?" I managed to ask.

"Just having some fun. The way you feel about your breasts is really turning me on. I decided I couldn't wait any longer to test out just how sensitive *these* are." With that Bud stopped directly in front of my left breast and I felt his finger leave my skin. Now that his fingertip had stopped sliding against me, the sensations thundering through my body began to die down a little and my mind cleared a bit. But now I could feel an aching deep inside of me growing in anticipation of what was coming next. *Oh, my god. Is he going to...?*

Before I could think anything else, I felt his finger making a new circle on my enormous teat, this time not around its entire gargantuan girth but just around a very particular circular section on its front. The sensation was maddening!

"W-w-what are you doing now...?" I managed to gasp out. Though I knew what the answer would be, I wanted to hear *him* say it. I *needed* to hear him say it.

"This is your nipple right here, Judy, your massive nipple. You don't know how big it is. You haven't seen it yet... I'm just running my fingers around your areola..."

God! Bud was mercilessly teasing me now! The waves of pleasure coming from my breast were indescribable. The pressure of his fingers pressing deep into the flesh just outside of my nipple was almost more than I could bear. The fingers of my right hand worked their way deeper inside me, frantically sliding in and out of my dripping cunt, while my other hand was still groping my mighty, quivering mounds. I couldn't think straight with all the different sensations being forced into my brain at once. Through the haze of sexual stimulation, I realized just how incredibly far away my nipples were from me. Not only could I not reach them, but I couldn't even reach a hand to the summit of the vast mountain of tit in front of me. And yet... And yet I could perfectly feel the texture of Bud's fingers, any change in pressure no matter how slight, any change in his circular path in perfect detail. Knowing that these sensations were coming from a part of my tits that I couldn't see or touch due to their sheer, mind-blowing size was a deliciously erotic contradiction. So much breast, so much of *ME* between us, so much distance, and yet such an intimately sensual experience.

Somehow, in my energized state I was able to pull myself to my feet on the bed, rolling my tits forward. Masturbating furiously, I leaned forward into my breasts. Feeling their heaving mass supporting the rest of my body only added to the

overwhelming stimulation I was experiencing. Every point of contact between my body and breasts, every shudder and ripple across their tumultuous surface only heightened the experience. My left hand was still extended as far forward as I could reach, futilely striving to reach Bud and my nipple, and reveling in the handfuls of tit flesh I was groping in the process. Bud tells me that by this point I was screaming like a maniac.

With my arousal at a fever pitch, it only took a few moments to finally bring the experience to a resounding climax. In those moments, I was aware of only a few things beyond the blinding pleasure. Blazing through the sexual haze was the feeling of Bud's lips finally enveloping my erect nipple, his tongue licking along its length and tip, and a powerful sucking driving me over the ultimate edge. The very last thing I was conscious of was Bud reaching across my mountainous, titanic breast and our fingers just barely interlacing as they sank into my monumental mammary. It was at that moment that fireworks burst in front of my eyes as an overwhelming wave of orgasmic energy finally made everything go black...

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When I woke up, I found myself kneeling limply behind my breasts. As I shook my head to try and clear it, I realized that my melons were actually holding me up and keeping me from falling back on the bed. Bud was at my side, his arm around my shoulder, his eyes looking into mine. "Welcome back to the land of the living, Little Lady."

"Don't call me 'little,'" I jokingly (and somewhat wearily) glared at him.

"I don't mean these," he laughed as he patted Lefty, causing the slightest shudder of pleasure. "I wouldn't dare commit that particular sacrilege."

All of a sudden, I was smiling like an idiot. Bud always seemed to know just the right thing to say to me. "The goddess approves," I joked, my smile widening even further.

"Huh?"

"I'll explain later... How long was I asleep?"

"Just a few minutes," Bud responded. "How do you feel?" There was a look of mild concern on Bud's face.

"Satisfied... Happy... Tired..."

"Good then?" Bud suggested with a smile.

"Excellent!" I paused, allowing the events of the past day to catch up with me. "This has been an awful lot of excitement though. I think I need a break and a chance to freshen up. Do you think there's any way we can haul me into the shower? I just need something to help wake me up and feel a little more 'normal.'"

"Uh... Only one way to find out, I guess. It ain't gonna be easy though," Bud mused as he gazed apprehensively at my overwhelming bust. "Give me a sec." Bud ran into the bathroom.

"So, what do you think?" I called out from the bed.

"It's going to be tight. If we're lucky, we might be able to squeeze you and each of your breasts into the shower one at a time. I think there's just enough room for all of

you in this room at once,” Bud sheepishly explained as he came back to the side of the bed. I could see that part of him was feeling guilty again for the state I was in. I really didn’t want this to happen every time he wasn’t caught up in the moment with me or the girls.

“Bud, please stop that! How many times do I have to tell you that I love the way I am? There is nothing about this that isn’t absolutely thrilling! Are there some things that are going to be harder for me? Yes. Will there be some things that I just can’t do? Sure. Would I trade any of this,” I waved my arm over my expansive pulchritude, “to get back any of that? Not on your life! So, come here, you.” I reached out as far as I could and managed to grab Bud. I dragged him close and planted a deeply passionate kiss on his lips, my tongue finding its way into his mouth and his returning the favor. It seemed to go on forever and I could finally feel Bud relax.

“Sorry, Judy. I think it’s still gonna take me a while to get used to this... But if you keep reassuring me like that, I’m sure I’ll come around pretty quick.”

With that, we got down to the business of getting me clean. As Bud predicted, it wasn’t easy. First, Bud ran back to the bathroom and took everything off the sink and any other flat surface that I could possibly knock over trying to move around in there. Then, we had to drag my giant gazongas off the bed and to the bathroom door. All the fun we’d just had was both a help and a hindrance. On the one hand, moving my bulk was a lot easier when we weren’t so exhausted. On the other, all that stimulation and satisfaction seemed to make them a little less sensitive at least temporarily. Oh, it was still hard to keep my composure, but at least I wasn’t falling on top of them and giving into my sexual urges every time their lower slopes would brush against the carpet. They were still amazingly heavy and I still had to lean back obscenely to get them off the floor, but that was a small price to pay for everything I’d gained.

We had the same trouble getting through this door that we did getting me into Bud’s bedroom. With a lot of pushing, pulling, and sensual bulging, we managed it one tit at a time. The real trouble began once I was in the bathroom. The fact that I was taking up most of the room was making it a pain in the ass to maneuver. It was a sexy pain in the ass, but still a pain. On top of that, contact with the cold tile wasn’t making it easy to keep my cool and I could feel my nipples responding.

Navigating was so awkward that Bud ended up having to clamber over my knockers a few times so he could get from one side of the bathroom to the other to help me jockey into the shower. If it was hard to control my emotions and desires before, it was nearly impossible now. Bud was moving as gingerly as possible, but you can only be so graceful on top of a gigantic, wobbling hooter. With every little touch threatening to send me over the edge, you can imagine what I was going through now. On top of that, just knowing that one of my breasts was supporting a full-grown man made me feel powerful and sensual in new and exciting ways. It was intoxicating and I struggled to keep any semblance of composure. It was so erotic that I found myself biting my lower lip in an effort to distract myself from the waves of pleasure and subconsciously my hands had begun to massage my inner thighs. It took every ounce of self-control to prevent them from finding a wet and welcoming home in my dripping pussy, but I knew if that happened there would be no turning back.

In the middle of this herculean display of self-restraint, Bud decided to crack wise. "You know, I've never had my own Bouncy Castle," he laughed from atop my right breast.

"NOT... NOW..., BUD!" I forced through painfully gritted teeth, giving my breast a shove and throwing Bud off balance.

"Oof!"

After several more minutes of manhandled melons and almost witty banter, I was finally standing in the shower. The curtain was pushed all the way to one side and both of my breasts rested heavily outside of the tub itself. Standing there completely naked, I was pleased to experience a new and thoroughly erotic sensation. My enormous jugs were mashed together, squeezed by the walls on either side, my right breast resting partially on top of the left so they could fit at all. For the first time in my life, I found myself too big for the room I was in. An entire, albeit small, room! In fact, I could feel two walls, the floor, the toilet, the sink, and the medicine cabinet; all at the same time. If I hadn't been so tired, I probably would have called for Bud to help me *fully* enjoy the moment.

For the time being though, I decided to be content with my hot shower. First the rest of my body and then each of my tits in turn was, with Bud's very willing assistance, washed clean under the hot water. Again, I had to work hard to keep my desires under control as I felt the new and almost overwhelming experience of the shower spraying a sensual stream onto the expansive sides of my ungainly udders. It wasn't easy. Each droplet created its own miniature shockwave of pleasure, the full force of the water combining to send the surface of my tit flesh undulating wonderfully. Of course, we were drenching the bathroom with all the water bouncing off and running down the sides of my jugs, but we weren't too worried about that at the moment. By the time we finished, I had managed to keep myself under control but keeping a tight rein on all those raging emotions had left me with a lot of pent up energy. I could feel it seething through me as I stood warm and wet, panting heavily, and trying to bring my heart rate and my emotions back under control. We found this energy very helpful in lugging me back out of the bathroom and onto the bed. As Bud sat on the edge of the bed, we looked at each other with fresh eyes and realized there was a lot we had to talk about.

"So, what now?" asked Bud.

"Good question." I'd started wondering that myself. You see, it would be tempting to only think orgasm to orgasm or growth to (if I dared) further growth, and leave it at that. However, there were other important things to be discussed.

"Well, for now I guess you're kinda stuck here. We can barely get you through doors, there aren't any clothes that are going to fit you, and I'd probably have to rent a U-Haul to drive you anywhere... If we could even fit you in one..."

"Ooooh, Bud..." I cooed. "Enough with the dirty talk, we need to have a serious conversation!" Bud chuckled a bit at my attempt to lighten the mood though to be honest I could really get off on that sort of talk. "Seriously though, even if we could get me back to my apartment, I don't think we're going to be walking these up six floors and my building doesn't have a freight elevator. So... Yeah, I think I'll be occupying your bed for the foreseeable future." The thought wasn't exactly unpleasant.

"Does this mean we're going steady now?" Bud grinned.

"At the very least, Bud! I know we're still getting to know each other, but I think we've got two of the most important things in common." I patted those two things for emphasis. *God, they were so sensitive!* Even that little pat was pleasantly distracting.

"Come to think of it, we don't actually know a lot about each other. I don't know where you work, what you do, anything about your family..." Bud trailed off.

"There will be plenty of time for all of that. Besides, it's going to take time for us to *really* get to know each other. I think we have some practical concerns we need to discuss. Like what do we do about dealing with my tits and your invention."

"Yeah, I have to go to work. I can take a few days off, but eventually I'll have to leave you here by yourself and I'm not sure how that's going to work. You know, doorways and all... Do you have anywhere you were supposed to be in the next few days?"

"Not really. I've been focusing on me for a while..." I explained to Bud that before meeting him, I'd been sorta lazily focusing on my breast obsession. You see, I'd come into some money a while back that was letting me get by without holding down a job. Unfortunately, it had come at great personal expense. Not that long ago, I had lost my parents in an accident. It was a horrible time for me, but they had been well off financially and their responsible planning meant that they left a substantial inheritance.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know..." Bud replied sympathetically.

"It's alright. I've had time to work through it. It does mean though that I've been well taken care of and I don't have to worry about trying to drag these to an office or having to explain that I'm quitting because I can't fit in a cubicle anymore."

"At least that makes things a little simpler..."

What followed was an hour or so of back and forth, negotiation, and planning. We made a number of decisions during that discussion. We decided that Bud would take a few days off of work to make some adjustments to the house so that I could get along without him. As far as his job, even with my funds and the money he was likely to get from his invention, we decided that for the time being he should stay on at the electronics shop just so we could have a source of income and in case things didn't pan out like we were hoping.

The last thing we decided was to call Dr. Philip Bloome, the physician who had handled the experimental breast enlargement procedure I'd undergone prior to meeting Bud. We figured that while Bud had the breast enlarger, we still didn't understand the full implications of my enormous growth and didn't know the first thing about trying to make money with it or protect the device from anyone trying to replicate it once word got out. Luckily, since I was part of an experimental trial, I had Dr. Bloome's personal number and decided to try giving him a call to see if he could do a house call.

"Do you think he'll want to be bothered?" asked Bud. "*It is New Years Day.*"

"Bud, look at me. If you were a doctor working on figuring out minimal-surgery non-implant breast enlargement, wouldn't you be interested in this?"

"Point taken."

Bud passed me a phone and I dialed the doctor. By now, it was a reasonable hour even for a New Years morning and he picked up pretty quick.

"Hello?"

"Dr. Bloome?" I asked.

"This is he."

"Dr. Bloome, this is Judy Wall, a patient of yours from the breast enlargement trials."

"Oh, it's nice to hear from you, Judy. The last time I saw you in my office, you were quite pleased by your development. Is everything alright?" he asked with mild concern.

"Everything is great actually, but there have been some additional developments. I think that you would be quite interested in the results," I smiled as I rubbed my hand over the nearest slope of the 'results.'

"Additional development? You mean you've grown further?"

"Quite a bit actually. I thought you'd like to examine them, so I decided to call you up. Every bit of data is important for the trial, right?"

"Very much so. You've got me on my cell phone actually and I'm out of town. Can you come to my office on... Let me check my calendar..." There was a sound of papers shuffling. "Can you come in on January 4th?"

"Actually, I don't think I can come in at all... I was hoping you might be willing to make a house call," I couldn't help allowing a bit of coy mirth to creep into my voice.

"Is there something wrong? Has something about the procedure negatively impacted your health?"

"I promise that I am perfectly healthy as far as I can tell. My mobility just isn't what it used to be..."

"I don't understand. Please, just tell me what's going on. Why can't you come to my office?" He was starting to sound worried now.

"Don't worry. There is nothing to be concerned about. Let's just say that when you last saw me, I was just getting warmed up," I was sounding positively playful by this point. There was a stunned silence on the other end of the phone that I took as a good sign. I ended the call by giving the doctor Bud's address, "and get here early, there's a lot to examine." As I hung up, I noticed the stunned expression on Bud's face.

"Wow, having fun with that?" Bud asked. "I can't imagine what he's thinking right now. Do you think he'll come?"

"Oh, he'll come. He was totally professional during the trial, but I could see that he was enjoying my follow-up appointments. I'm sure he'll want to know exactly what I was hinting at," I allowed myself a little giggle and gave the girls a big hug.

"Well, that's taken care of at least," Bud sighed. "If I'm going to make this place more Judy-friendly, I'm going to have to get started ASAP. I just realized though, I'm really hungry. We haven't had breakfast yet and it's been forever since we've eaten anything."

As soon as Bud mentioned food, I suddenly realized that I was ravenously hungry. It was the weirdest thing. I guess all the stimulation, the shock of my new size, and the sensations that came along with it crowded out the feeling of hunger. Now, though it was like I hadn't eaten in weeks.

As it happened, Bud was more of a responsible adult than most young men living on their own and had more than just condiments in his fridge. He actually whipped up an amazing breakfast of pancakes, eggs, bacon, toast, cereal, and some fruit. As we started eating (at the edge of the bed on trays because we didn't want me to have to squeeze out of the bedroom again), Bud let a bombshell drop.

"So, you know my name?"

"Yes, it's Bud."

"Well, that's my nickname of course. I actually feel pretty bad that we've gotten this close and I've never given you my full name."

I'd gotten so comfortable calling him 'Bud' that I hadn't really thought much of it. "Well, why haven't you?" I smiled at him.

"Well, I'm not exactly thrilled with it... I was made fun of a lot back in the day and I've sort of unofficially changed my name to 'Bud.' Not legally, but I never really go by anything else and I only use my last name when I really have to."

"So, what is it?"

Bud hesitated but then simply said, "Eugene... Eugene McCullough."

I tried to reassure him, "It isn't that bad! It isn't bad at all! Why does it bother you so much?"

"Just guys being guys. 'Eugene' is one of those stereotypically nerdy names and they never let me forget it," he seemed a little dejected at the memory.

"Well, you're just 'Bud' to me and you'll stay that way as long as you want to." That seemed to perk him up and we went back to our breakfasts.

I must have been even hungrier than I thought because I just kept eating, and eating, and eating. I didn't even let me breasts slow me down. My breakfast had to be set to my side and I had to reach one arm across my ample front, but you wouldn't have guessed that I was having any difficulty. Bud must have gone back to the kitchen a few times for me because when I finally finished and looked up, I could see the remains of what I had consumed and Bud giving me a sort of quizzical look.

"You alright?" he asked.

"I think so," I replied. "It's like I just refused to get full. I didn't even realize how much I was eating. I guess it makes sense though. I did do a whole lot of growing last night. That has to take a lot of energy and my body must have needed to refuel."

"Makes sense to me," Bud replied. "I'll just clean up in the kitchen and get started on the renovations. Are you going to be alright on your own for a while?"

"I think so. I'm actually pretty tired from all the excitement. Could you pass me a blanket before you go?" I asked as I felt a yawn coming on.

"Sure." Very considerately Bud draped a small blanket over my shoulders before attempting to drape a larger one over my stupendous front. It wasn't quite up to the task, and the lowest slopes of my knockers were still exposed to the air. It did the job well enough though and soon I found myself snoozing comfortably. Thinking back over the day, I was very pleased with myself and was finding it quite pleasant nestling in the warm embrace of my big, beautiful girls and their canyon-like cleavage. As I drifted off to sleep, I couldn't help sinking back into my fantasies of godhood.

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A short while later though, an odd sensation dragged me back to consciousness. It felt almost like a rumbling coming from somewhere close but I couldn't quite figure out where. Shaking off the cobwebs, I stared around the room looking to see what was going on. Quickly, I realized that the room was perfectly still. Shifting around on the bed, it hit me why it seemed to be coming from all around me...

It was my breasts!

Quickly, the sensation changed from odd to indescribably pleasurable. The last time I'd felt something like this was when I'd been growing...

"Bud!!! Bud, something's happening! Come here **RIGHT NOW!!!**" I could feel the pleasure building and my hands made their way back down to my moistening pussy. The sensations coming from my colossal mammaries were overwhelming. When Bud ran into the room, I was already writhing on the bed, my head thrown back, and my eyes rolling in their sockets.

"What's going on?!?!" Bud was obviously concerned. Apparently, he'd been in the basement looking for his tools.

"I think I might be groooOOOooowing again... H-h-h-help me up! I need you to fuck me!!!" The pleasure was blinding and I needed more! I needed Bud's big, throbbing cock inside of me and I needed it now!

As Bud undressed, I heard, "Growing again...? When I woke up, your growth had slowed dramatically. I wonder if your body had nearly run out of nutrients. Fuel, essentially. Maybe that's what slowed it..."

"I dooOOOOooooOooooooooon't care, Bud!!! Just come here and fuck me!"

Bud climbed on top of the bed and helped me to my feet, rolling my titanic melons forward. Apparently, he couldn't help himself because he continued, "Breakfast must have caught up with you. This must be residual growth spurred by the sudden addition of nutrients and calo-"

"Shut up and fuck me already!!!"

That finally got through to Bud and he threw me forward, letting my jugs support the rest of my body. Feeling my weight land on them sent waves of erotic stimulation through my entire body. My hands left my dripping snatch and started mauling my mountainous hooters. I was barely aware of Bud's hands gripping my hips and lifting me higher onto my knockers. Instinctively, I wrapped my legs around Bud's hips and drew him closer. Suddenly breaking through the overwhelming swirl of sexual stimuli, I felt his cock slam into me from behind with surprising and gratifying force. I buried my face into my cavernous cleavage and screamed in pleasure at the top of my lungs. He made me feel so deliciously tight but the pleasure coming from my jugs was matching his every stroke.

As he continued to pound into me, I could finally truly feel the growth. Slowly, I could tell that I was being lifted higher from the bed while I could feel my bulk increasingly overhang the sides of the mattress. Ever since Bud had climbed onto the bed and started giving me the proper fucking I needed, the bed had been creaking. As the weight of my awesome assets increased, the creak was turning into a tortured

scream. Climbing to a fever pitch, it gave one final shrieking death knell and the world fell out from under me.

Suddenly the bed frame surrendered to the tremendous strain we were putting on it and collapsed. My immense bust landed heavily on the mattress and our ears were suddenly filled by the cracking and crunching of the box springs as they too surrendered to my elephantine mass. The fall had made every ounce of my knockers bounce and undulate underneath me. Large rolling waves moved across their surface as they settled heavily onto the ruined bed, nearly flattening the mattress. The shock of their landing and the sensations it sent rippling through them drove my arousal to new heights. More than the feelings I was experiencing though, the mantra that was now endlessly repeating in my mind was almost more intoxicating... "CRUSHED A BED, CRUSHED A BED, MY BOOBS JUST CRUSHED A BED, CRUSHED A BED, CRU-..." All of this combined to finally push me over the edge into a gasping, moaning climax just as I could feel Bud finishing inside me. Miraculously, he hadn't missed a stroke through the whole unbelievable experience.

The whole thing had lasted only a few minutes and as extreme as it all felt, the actual growth I experienced was fairly modest. As I struggled to catch my breath, I attempted to assess the damage. Before this latest round of growth, we'd guessed that each of my breasts was about five feet in diameter. Now, they each had to be just shy of five-and-a-half feet wide. That might not sound like a lot of growth, but at this size that adds up to a lot of extra size and weight. If I was lucky, I might just be able to get them off the floor now, though I was suspecting I might be limited to dragging them around at this point.

Once again, Bud and I found ourselves spent and exhausted. Sandwiched between my bare breasts and Bud's naked body, I turned my head and said with a smile, "I think you better get back to work on the renovations... You've certainly got your work cut out for you."

-To Be Continued-