

New Beginnings 4

By Fitzbattleaxe

*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 my third entirely unofficial sequel to Steve Palmer's *New Beginnings*, a piece of essential reading for the BE genre. If you haven't read it or Chapters 2 and 3 yet, do it now. They're all on *The Overflowing Bra* and Chapters 2 and 3 are on DeviantART.*

When last you left Bud and me, dear reader, we'd been having tons of fun with my tons of tits. It was New Years' morning and after a hearty breakfast and a little nap, my already unbelievably massive knockers had started growing again. Each was already *five feet wide* but they were growing even *bigger!* Just like before, it was indescribably erotic. It's hard to put into words, but the feeling was like having a full-body orgasm. Every part of my body was on fire, but especially my expanding breasts. Each was already much, much bigger than the rest of my body and it was like every cell and nerve ending was striving in unison to drive me deeper into a sexual frenzy. I could feel every inch of their tremendous, undulating mass adding to their incomprehensible bulk. Bud was in the basement looking for some tools at the time and I found myself screaming for him to come help me *really* enjoy the situation.

The doofus actually decided to waste time theorizing about why I was growing bigger again before finally joining me on the bed. I was actually shouting at him to fuck me before he finally started giving me what I needed. I couldn't help myself. The feeling was electric and I didn't know how long it would last. I *did* know that I wouldn't be able to forgive myself if I let a second of this growth go by without taking him deep inside me to maximize my pleasure. Bud may be modest but he's packing more than enough to *thoroughly* satisfy a woman. Getting him to finally start pounding my pussy helped me in other ways too, it freed up my hands to start massaging my swelling jugs. Digging my fingers into their flesh, running my palms over their smooth skin, massaging every bit of their surface that I could possibly reach just added to the pleasure that was thundering through my body.

What really brought me to the edge though was the sensation of my burgeoning bust finally overwhelming the bed and sending it crashing to the floor in a heap. The sudden sensation of weightlessness followed by the colossal thud to the ground and the bouncing and wobbling of my gargantuan knockers that resulted sent a lightning bolt of pleasure arcing and roaring straight through my brain. The knowledge that I had completely destroyed a king-sized bed with nothing but the power of my overwhelming femininity coupled with Bud's diligent attentions to my delicate nether regions finally brought me to a screaming, raging orgasm...

As you might expect, I was worn out after this latest growth and decided to rest as best I could on the ruined bed to let Bud get back to working on his renovations. The plan was for him to knock down a couple of walls and widen some doorways so that I could at least make it to the bathroom on my own and drag myself to the front door if

need be. He thought he wouldn't have to go back to work for a couple of days, so he could take his time fixing the place up and tending to my *needs* as they arose...

It might seem like I was becoming a little sex-obsessed, but it's kind of hard to think about anything else when you've got two gigantic multi-hundred-pound reminders sitting on your chest. On top of that, the novelty of the situation hadn't had time to wear off and I was still riding high on the euphoria of feeling like a real-life breast goddess. It also didn't help that the sensitivity of my breasts seemed to ramp up every time they grew. Best we could figure, every slight addition to their otherworldly magnitude was laying down feet of extra nerve endings. My mind wasn't used to trying to process the sheer volume of sensory stimuli that were flooding into it from my chest.

The way Bud explained it was that there are always sensations that your body is sending to your brain, but that the mind filters some out so that you aren't constantly distracted. You might be wearing a watch, but unless you actually look down at it or think about the time, you won't be actively aware of the fact that it's wrapped around your wrist. You know what I mean, right? Your brain isn't constantly reminding you of the fact that you're wearing panties and bringing that knowledge to the forefront of your conscious mind. In my case, my brain hadn't had time to acclimate to the avalanche of signals being sent to it from my elephantine funbags. Every motion, every touch, the slightest reaction of my nipples to a temperature change in the room, the gentle kiss of a light breeze against their broad sides was instantly jumping to the forefront of my thoughts and their size meant there was an extreme excess of sensation that wasn't being filtered. Bud guessed that over time, my mind would grow accustomed to the onslaught of potentially arousing stimuli, but for now it was incredibly easy to give in to my more carnal desires...

At any rate, bad news came in the form of a phone call from Bud's boss. Apparently, he was going to have to go in and work long hours the next two days, January 2nd and 3rd, especially if he was going to stay home on the 4th when I was scheduled to meet with Dr. Bloome. That meant he was going to have to work through the night if I was going to be able to take care of myself while he was away. It also meant that he wasn't going to have much time to devote to not-so-little-ol' me... Knowing that I was going to have to stay home all alone with the girls sooner than we expected, we took a few minutes to brainstorm what we had to do to get the place ready. We decided that before Bud could continue fixing things up, he would need to pick up a few items from my apartment and at least a couple of stores.

While Bud was out, I got my first taste of life alone with my most prized possessions. Surprisingly, I found that in some ways I was actually getting better at moving around on my own. With the right application of leverage and if I carefully took my time, I could stand up and lay down on my own, rolling my gorgeous melons backward or forward as needed. (If I didn't remind you earlier, they had grown from about five feet in diameter to about five-and-a-half feet wide each during their last spurt.) Their heightened sensitivity meant that even that much motion was a distraction, but with Bud gone I was trying hard not to let myself get overwhelmed. I decided to take a chance and see if I could lift my expansive pulchritude on my own; however, the act of just standing up wasn't exactly boding well for my prospects.

Getting to my feet and straightening up, I could feel a lot of the weight of my colossal mammaries now suspended from my chest rather than sitting on the floor; however, a wide area of their undersides was still resting heavily on top of the near-flattened mattress. If I was going to be able to lift them off the floor at all, I knew it wouldn't be easy. Getting myself psyched up, I braced myself and bent slightly at the knees, my arms extended out to the sides, gripping and stabilizing as much of my unruly udders as possible, my fingers digging deep into their flesh. The erotic sensations were becoming even more powerful, but I was determined and I struggled to ignore the growing dampness between my legs. Eventually, I found that if I leant back as far as I could, trying to raise my tits off the ground, my knees sinking into their soft flesh, and keeping them from falling back and to the sides with my arms... I couldn't make them leave the ground any more...

It was hard for me to tell from where I was standing but based on the sensations coming from the undersides of my enormously sexy knockers I guessed that a circular area at least a foot in diameter on each boob was still making contact with the mattress despite my best efforts. The good news was that I figured I could still drag them across the floor in this position by moving in a kind of awkward, ponderous crabwalk. I decided to go ahead and test just how far I could lug my mammoth assets. Sliding across the mattress, I was almost immediately bombarded by waves of pleasure radiating from where I could feel my supremely sensitive breast flesh being pulled across the soft surface of the mattress. I was nearly knocked off my feet by the erotic force slamming into me. "OOOOooooOOooOoooooh..."

Quickly, I set the girls down and tried to compose myself. My hands were almost subconsciously gravitating between my legs but I just barely managed to stop them at my thighs. I found my lower lip clenched between my teeth, my eyes screwed tightly shut, and my breath coming in ragged gasps as I struggled to suppress the almost violently sensual urges that were threatening to engulf me. "Oh, sweet Christmas," I said to myself, barely over a whisper. This was going to be harder than I thought, but was I going to let my own hooters beat me? Of course not. I'm Judy Wall, breast goddess, and I rule my breasts, they do not rule me. I can do this.

Over the next 45-minutes or so, I made what I started calling to myself my "victory lap" of the room, my stupendous rack fighting me every step of the way. When I say "victory lap," it was really more of a "victory waddle." My back was largely to the wall, my boobs taking up the center of the room as I sidled along. Slowly, very slowly, I made my way around the room with frequent breaks to regain my composure and catch my breath. By the time I made it back to the bed, I felt positively shattered and practically collapsed onto what was left of the mattress. I say "collapsed," but laying down required rolling my breasts backward to allow me to lower myself to the ground. As a reward for demonstrating my command over the twins, I finally allowed myself to give in to their enthrallingly pleasurable sensations. I'm not going to bore you with the details, but I will say that with my hands mostly engaged elsewhere, it made me feel even more powerful and godlike to be able to lick, suck, and kiss my breasts at the same time my toes were rubbing against their lower slopes and my knees pressed deeply into the soft flesh within my astoundingly cavernous cleavage.

By the time Bud finally got back, I was a sweaty mess on the floor and hungry as hell. Among other things, he'd brought back plenty of food and got to work on a big lunch to compete with the huge breakfast I'd consumed. As Bud and I chatted about his plans for the day, I stuffed myself with plate after plate of pasta with tomato sauce, garlic and olive oil sautéed spinach, and chicken slathered in Italian herbs and more red sauce. I didn't feel quite as hungry as I had that morning, but I still ate like a champ. As I finished wiping the last remnants of sauce from my plate with a slice of bread, I couldn't help remembering what happened not long after the last time I ate. Bud seemed to think that I'd already burned through whatever growth was "left over" from my last session with the device, but I couldn't help hoping that I'd start to feel that telltale rumbling build into mind-blowing pleasure. Unfortunately, it didn't come.

After lunch, Bud got to work around the apartment. While he did that, I sorted through some of the things he'd brought and set within my reach. I started by rummaging through some clothes. Obviously, I didn't have any tops that were going to fit even the smallest fraction of my vast rack, but I'd been stark naked for a while and I felt like putting something on for a change of pace if nothing else. I settled for some lacey black panties and a pair of jeans. Sliding them up my legs and feeling them hug my shapely rear, I was pleasantly reminded that while my breasts were definitely the main event, I wasn't lacking in other areas. Standing on the mattress, I took a moment to run my hands over my flat stomach, my thin waist. Sliding my hands to the small of my back, I allowed them to glide lower until I was firmly squeezing my full, pert backside. The fondling felt good, but it was nothing comparing to the raging infernos of unbelievable sexual gratification that emanated from my chest in response to the slightest touch.

In the back of my mind, I found my thoughts drifting to the possibilities of growth in other parts of my body. I'd always been so focused on my breasts that I'd never really considered the fun I could have with a truly bodacious booty. What if the breast goddess was also rocking the most extreme hourglass figure the world had ever seen? I was already an unbelievably mammoth ???-24-36, but maybe I could do better? Now that I'd experienced Bud's contraption, it didn't seem all that implausible that he could figure out how to jumpstart targeted growth in other areas. Stroking wide areas of my awesome bust to help get me in the mood, I imagined my already skintight jeans slowly growing even tighter as I pictured my butt starting to expand against the restrictive material. Indulging myself, I imagined that I could feel the pressure growing, the fabric resisting with all its might, constricting my steadily growing ass. Pleasure mingled with pain as my mind filled with the exciting knowledge that it wouldn't be long before I would overwhelm the feeble trappings encasing my glorious derriere.

Bigger and bigger my backside grew, the fabric groaning in protest. I knew it wouldn't be long now. I could feel the seams splitting and flesh beginning to spill out from the numerous rips and tears. The sound of rending cloth was music to my ears. Still massaging my softly yielding breast flesh, I became aware of a new kind of cleavage poking out from the top of my soon-to-be-destroyed waistband. The pressure was becoming unbearable as I could feel parts of the garment digging into my burgeoning rump. Then suddenly, with a mighty ripping sound, the entire garment was torn to

shreds and buttocks like two wobbling beach balls bouncing heavily behind me emerging for the first time from their denim cocoon. My panties were somehow still clinging on for dear life, stretched until they resembled black lace dental floss, and the pressure they were putting on my lady parts was incredible stimulating. It was delicious, but when I reached back to bury my hands in my enormous new bubble butt, my hands made contact with my still intact jeans and yanked me out of my erotic expansion fantasy.

With my hands removed from the vast expanses of my mammoth mammaries, I started to come down from my erotic high and remembered that my growing ass had all been in my imagination. I was a little disappointed that it hadn't actually happened but was simultaneously amazed by how carried away I'd been by my little daydream. I had to believe that the all-consuming sensations produced by my gargantuan melons had helped me to sink so thoroughly into my sensual reverie and I was blown away by just how real it felt.

Thinking back to the theoretical joy of destroying my jeans, I realized something. All of a sudden, it hit me that I'd been robbed! As wonderfully gigantic as my tits were now, I hadn't really gotten the full experience of their growth. Sure, I destroyed a ratty old sweater, but I hadn't gotten to burst a bra or see myself outgrow something that would actually put up a fight. Sure, I'd destroyed the bed (the thought of which still made me indescribably horny) but that wasn't quite the same thing as gradually stretching out a bra, feeling it dig into my flesh, hearing the fabric groan as it was pushed to the breaking point, and finally reveling in the snap as it gives up the fight and releases my unstoppable udders to fall heavily to my chest. Flattening the bed might be more impressive, but there's something about the idea of obliterating a bra, the garment specifically intended to reign in your sweater puppies, that has a lot of significance to it or at least it did to me. Also, destroying the bed was all about downward force, the feeling of expanding against something wholly encasing my gigantic gazongas was something I really wanted to experience!

Of course, there wasn't a bra on earth that was going to fit me anymore and intentional growth at this point didn't seem like the best idea at least until we'd gotten me in a position where I could move around without throwing out my back or being forced into a session of furious masturbation. As I laid there thinking, an idea came to me.

"Bud! Bud, can you be a dear and grab something for me?" I called out.

"Sure, what do you need?" Bud gasped out this question and walking into sight from around the curve of my impressive pair. I was pleased to see that he was naked down to the waist and glistening with sweat from his manual labor. I must say that he looked very good but I didn't let his body distract me for long.

"Can you grab me a sewing kit...? Do you *have* a sewing kit?"

"Uh, I have a few needles and a couple of spools of thread that I use to sew on buttons and fix holes in socks..."

"That'll do. And if that bag has what I think it does, can you bring that over?" I leaned as far around the side of my left boob as I could and pointed.

"You mean this?" Bud asked, lifting out a couple of examples of the bag's contents.

"Yes!" I squealed enthusiastically. Bud raised an eyebrow as if he couldn't understand what I could possibly want with those, but I just smiled encouragingly. Seeing that I was serious, he brought the bag over and went to find the sewing kit. It didn't take long before he was back.

Handing me the needle and thread, he asked, "So, what exactly are you doing with those?"

"You'll find out soon enough, Bud. We're going to have at least a little fun tonight, right? Well, this will just be part of the festivities."

Looking thoroughly confused, Bud went back to work and I started on mine. If you're wondering, then yes. Yes, what? Yes, I am being deliberately evasive with exactly what I was doing. Just wait and see! I want you to be surprised just like Bud was.

Anyway, my work didn't take that long, but I didn't want to bother Bud right away. I did feel a little guilty that he was going to all this trouble on my account, but he wasn't complaining and he did seem happy to do it. I guess we both had a price to pay for my wonderful size. While my price was limited mobility, he seemed to be paying with sweat and physical labor. I decided I would rest and read until that evening and give him a chance to really make some headway with the renovations. I've always enjoyed the classics and I decided to pick up and thumb through my copy of *The Three Musketeers* again. Reading through the moments of romance and intrigue, I couldn't help imagining the female characters with figures like mine but all trussed up in those fancy, old-timey French dresses. Somehow that made the story just that much more engaging...

Between the book and my imagination, I managed to keep myself occupied until that night. There was still a lot of work to be done, but Bud decided to take a break so we could spend some time together before I went to sleep for the night. He was looking pretty haggard, so I pretty much figured that I wasn't going to get lucky again, but we still had plans.

"How are things going, Bud?"

"Pretty good. I've made plenty of progress, but there's still a lot I want to get to before I have to go to work tomorrow. I really don't think I'm going to be getting a ton of sleep tonight."

I made what I hoped was a cute pouty face, "I'm soooooo sorry, Bud. Do you think that we can make you feel better?" I leaned forward into my cleavage and traced a series of lazy spirals on the surface of my right tit.

Bud immediately perked up and a smile brightened his face. "I think so! Oh, but wait a sec..." Bud ran out into the living room and called back, "I have a surprise for you!" When he ran back in, he was holding something big and bright yellow under his arm.

"What's that?" I asked.

"Measuring tape!" he proclaimed, holding it out toward me as if presenting a holy relic. He brought it over to me and I got a good look at it. It was a plastic holder

with what appeared to dozens of feet of tape spooled onto a central axle with a long crank handle for quick winding up. I was impressed.

"How long is this exactly?" I asked excitedly.

"Oh, just about 200 feet."

"200 feet?!?!"

"Right. That's 67 yards or a grand total of 2,400 inches that we can measure!"

"Wow... I can't be *that* big right now. Can I?" I asked, getting horny just at the prospect of a good measurement.

Bud chuckled, "I've had all day to think about it and I think I can take a guess at what the measurement is going to be based on about how wide your jugs are. I want you to be surprised though." I was getting really excited now. Bud had gone from seeming run down to completely jazzed in just a couple of minutes. The effect of my monumental pulchritude was almost magical. "Here, hold this."

With that, Bud handed me the end of the measuring tape and began making a circuit of my hugely mountainous melons. As he walked, I could feel the tape being laid against my sensitive flesh. The more tape I could feel, the hornier I got because that meant the bigger the number was going to be when Bud was done. My composure really wasn't helped by what happened when Bud reached the front of my breast. Apparently, he thought it would be helpful to have something right about dead center on the front of it to help hold the tape in place. Out of nowhere, I felt something moist starting to caress my nipple. God, it was electric! Bud should have known better because the sensations he was causing were making it really hard for me to hold onto the end of the tape. Speaking of hard, I could feel my nipple stiffening as he continued licking and sucking on it. My free hand had already undone my jeans and worked its way down to my now dripping snatch.

"Bud... If you keep doooOOooooing that, I'm going to drop the tape..." I managed to force out in between moans. Mercifully, he stopped teasing me and continued on his trip around my "huge tracts of land." Apparently, his attentions had already affected my other nipple because he didn't feel the need to linger longer than the second or two it took to lay the tape atop it. Almost before I knew it, he was back at my side. Okay, he'd been walking along my side for several seconds, but now he was next to me and not my tits.

"You alright Judy?" he asked with a rakish smile on his face.

"Just fine, Bud," I gasped as I finally regained my composure.

"Still really sensitive?" Bud needled as his smile broadened.

"Obviously!" I shot back. "Can we get to the number already?! I want to know just how big my girls are."

"Sure thing." Bud let out some more tape, took my end from me, and brought the tape together at my back. Playfully, he gave a few tugs seemingly trying to find just how tight to pull the tape to get an "accurate" measurement. He gave a long, low whistle, "You know, there's an *awful* lot of play here... I'm not sure what number to go with... But it is definitely a really *BIG* number..."

"What number is it?" I asked through insincerely gritted teeth. I was actually really enjoying 'Playful Bud' and suspected that his lack of sleep was loosening him up a

bit. That was no problem with me; it was great to see him enjoying my mounds without a hint of guilt or regret. Still, I *really* wanted to hear that incredible number. "Come on, Bud! Tell me already!"

"Command me," Bud retorted.

"Huh?"

"I've had time to think about it and I think I've figured out your 'goddess' comment from this morning," he explained. For a second, I was actually a little nervous. I wasn't quite sure how Bud would react to the little game I was playing in my mind.

"So, who am I talking to exactly?"

"The breast goddess," I squeaked out hesitatingly.

God bless Bud! Without a hint of a joke, irony, or a sneer, he responded with a bow, "Command me, oh Breast Goddess! I am your loyal servant, unfit to bask in your glory!"

Out of nowhere, I felt rush of erotic power. It was as though I was suddenly standing two feet taller with all the world at my feet. "I command you to give me my holy measurement!"

"Immediately, my Goddess! Maybe you'd like to provide a 'boob roll?'"

Smiling even wider, I reached my hands over my colossal left teat and started a rhythmic drumming on its now undulating surface.

"And the magic number is 336 inches!" Bud proclaimed.

Wow... Just hearing that number sent a shudder of pleasure through my body. 336 inches. Think about that for a second. That's 28 feet! If cup sizes meant anything to me anymore that would be about an S-cup 12 times around the alphabet. Maybe that doesn't put things into perspective for you. Think about it this way, my bust measurement was almost five times my height! I don't know about you, but I thought that was damned impressive.

"OooooOooooOoOOOOOoh...", I moaned as both hands struggled to make their way inside my tight jeans. "Bud, hurry up and measure my nipples! Now!"

For once, Bud didn't waste any time doing what I asked, "Of course, Goddess!" In no time at all, he was at the front of my Brobdingnagian bosoms and I could feel his hands against me. "Your areolae are 14 inches wide!" Another shudder of pleasure and I was working my jeans and panties down. "I'll need a minute to make sure I'm getting the *optimal* nipple measurements though!"

Once again, I could feel his lips and tongue against my nipples. Good ol' Bud didn't leave his hands idle and I could feel them massaging my massive slopes while his mouth was otherwise engaged. The sensations from my preposterous assets were delicious and it didn't take long for me to collapse in a very enjoyable orgasm.

Shaking away the sexual fog, I found Bud at my side, ready with my last measurements. "Areolae, 14 inches wide; nipples, two-and-a-half inches wide and almost four inches long...", he whispered in my ear.

"Damn, I'm huge," I smiled. "Aren't I, lover?" It was magical seeing Bud's face light up when I called him that. He really is a sweet guy. You know, as lucky as he thinks he is to have found me, a woman obsessed enough with her own hooters to turn herself into a living sexual fantasy, I think I'm even luckier to have found him. How many

women can say that they have a man who's sweet, loving, attentive, completely obsessed with exactly the same kink you are, and willing to do anything to help you reach your live your dream? "I think it's time to unveil my little project now."

"You mean the one that required the use of my 'sewing kit?'" Bud joked, smiling ear-to-ear and clearly loving every minute of this.

"Yes," I grinned. "I was a little upset that I never got to experience growing out of a bra and top. Well, we don't have anything that's going to fit me and growing bigger right now doesn't necessarily seem like the best idea at the moment anyway. So, I tried to put together the next best thing." I explained as I started to slip into my creation, "I start by putting this bra on backwards," I did so, sliding the straps up over my shoulders with the cups across my back. "Now, if you'll notice at the right end of the band, I've sewn another bra to it at its band. I've sewn all my old bras, band-to-band, and hopefully it will be enough to make it around my bust."

Bud still didn't seem to quite get the idea, so I prompted, "Here, take the last bra, walk around me and bring it to me on my left. Be sure to get it right around my middle."

"Okay, my Goddess. You're the boss!"

Bud was a dear and didn't try any funny business on his way around this time. When he arrived at my side, it was pretty obvious that closing my chain of bras was going to take some effort. Between the last bra in the chain and the one that I was wearing across my back, there was a gap of about two feet.

"Uh... So, what now?" Bud asked.

"Hm... I knew it would have to be tight for this to work but this might be too much. If you really pull, can you get the ends to meet?" I questioned hopefully. "Be gentle though."

"All I can do is try. And of course, I'll be gentle," Bud smiled at me.

With that, he braced himself and began to pull the connected bras. It was a steady, even application of force and I grabbed the bra across my back so that the makeshift garment would tighten rather than just get yanked off of me. With him pulling and me bracing, I could feel the bra tightening and the two ends slowly began inching toward each other. This was another new and exhilarating experience. As the gap shrank, I could feel the cloth slide against my skin, sinking into my yielding tit meat. It was especially stimulating against my gigantic nipples, the compression and the soft fabric rubbing against their sensitive surfaces. The sensations were quickly becoming overwhelming and I could feel myself going weak at the knees. With all this excitement, it was incredibly difficult to keep my mind on the current task and my hands clamped around the bra.

After a couple of minutes of straining, we managed to get the hooks of the bra in Bud's hands into loops of the one in mine. I insisted that we latch it into the third set of hooks so that there would be room for me to sew it closed. Why go to all the trouble, you might ask? Well, I wasn't sure the hooks would hold at all on their own (I had Bud working to hold it together to keep some of the strain off of them while I sewed) and I didn't want it springing open before it had put up at least a little bit of a fight.

Once I had quickly and clumsily (my arousal was clouding my mind and resulted in more pin-pricked fingers than I care to remember) sewn the bra closed, we took a moment to admire our handiwork. It was beautiful! The constriction around the middle of my monumental boobage was causing the most delightful bulges both above and below. Unfortunately, the tightness of the bra was forcing me forward into my cleavage, restricting my view somewhat. Gazing lovingly over what I could see of their obscenely bulbous curves, I found myself giving into the new feelings flooding my mind. Overwhelming pleasure was mixed with a delicious hint of pain where the bras were digging into me. I took a moment to close my eyes and just enjoy, resting my face against the wall of boob in front of me. They were so much taller now!

Opening my eyes, I ran my fingers over my breasts. Squeezed in like they were, my flesh was even firmer than usual, the faint tracery of veins beneath the skin just slightly more prominent. Turning my attention to the bra, I was pleased to see that it appeared to be holding up pretty well aside from the fact that it appeared to be almost quivering from the extreme tension. "This is so fucking amazing!" I found myself shouting.

"Yes, it is," Bud agreed, "and so are you." His hands running over my jugs as he said this sent shivers down my spine.

"Ooooh... That feels good," I shuddered. "I still can't get over the fact that this is all me!" I reached out as far as I could on either side of me and gave my monstrous bust a hug.

"It is pretty overwhelming," Bud agreed. "So, now what do we do? It looks like that bra is holding on surprisingly well."

"I can think of a few things I'd like to do at the moment," I suggestively responded. I was really, really horny and I wanted to see just how much moving we could do before the bra burst. "Why don't you get back here and give me what I need?"

"Of course, my Goddess." When Bud came into view behind me, I could see that he'd stripped completely naked. A smile formed on my lips knowing what was about to come. I rolled my titanic tits forward and standing on tip-toes I spread my legs wide to present my lover with appealing target.

"Make love to your goddess," I commanded.

...

Somehow the "bra" held. I don't know how or why, but despite the rough treatment we gave my nethers and my breasts, the bra didn't give out. Oh, it wasn't perfectly intact. We'd heard it creak and even noticed the occasional sound of tearing, but it refused to give up. As we basked in the afterglow, the conversation turned to finally demolishing it.

"So, what do we try now," Bud asked, pointing at the stressed garment, "considering that all our 'activities' weren't enough to make it give up the ghost."

"I do have one idea."

Bud raised an eyebrow clearly prefacing a question, "So, what does my Goddess command me to do?"

"I think you can cool it with the 'goddess' stuff for a while, darling," I smiled at him, laying a hand on his chest and gazing into his eyes. "I can't tell you how much I love hearing it, probably all the more because I didn't have to explain it to you, but I think we should save it for special occasions."

"No problem, darling," he replied, perceptively mirroring the term of endearment I'd just applied to him for the first time. "So what do you want me to do?"

"Help me lift my breasts as high possible."

Without further explanation, Bud made his way to the front of my breasts. It took a few seconds for us to negotiate the best way to lift the twins but after we had a firm grip on them, we found that lifting them was actually made a little bit easier by my makeshift bra-belt. With them trussed up like this, they were much more stable if nothing else. Of course, they didn't weigh any less but we slowly managed to raise them up inch by inch. Off the ground like this, I could feel the bra straining as my titanic tits wanted to fall to the sides. Miraculously, we managed to raise them to a height of about three feet off the ground. I could feel Bud's hands and knees digging into my capacious front, and regardless of the sexual escapades we'd just finished I was quickly growing horny again.

Through gritted teeth, Bud asked "What now?"

Similarly strained, I replied, "On the count of three, we both try to toss them just a little bit higher in the air and then get out of the way..."

"Gotcha, wanna start the count?"

"One... Two... Three!" With that, we put all our strength into a might shove up into the air. They didn't really get much air but the effort did allow us to get out from under them as for the briefest of instants my jugs wobbled in midair. As when I destroyed the bed and felt it fall out from under me, the momentary weightlessness was delightful. Even better though was the solid, satisfying 'WHOMP' that my colossal norks made when they slammed into the ground. The earth-shaking landing sent their mass shifting around, undulating in response and flooding my conscious mind with near-orgasmic pleasure as the bra snapped somewhere near my right nipple. My erotic mass quickly spread back out to its original glory as my hands once again found a welcoming home between my legs. Seeing my predicament, Bud somehow managed to rise to the challenge once again and we lost ourselves in another lovemaking session inspired by my superhuman melons.

...

Bud and I spent so much time indulging our desires that he barely had time to make and eat some dinner before getting back to work. I joined him and still had a healthy appetite, but I wasn't quite as ravenous as earlier. After the full day and with a full stomach, I fell asleep pretty quickly. I'd never really been particularly comfortable sleeping on my back but I was finding it pretty easy to adjust to the position. It wasn't as though I had much of a choice unless I wanted to try sleeping on top of my voluminous rack. The problem with that of course would be getting on and off of them without some help.

I woke up early the next morning to the sound of the shower running nearby and soon found myself with a cleaned and shaven Bud leaning against my monumental right breast. He looked completely worn out but still happy to be here taking care of me. Coincidentally, he barely had enough time to run through everything he'd gotten done around the house before running off to work.

As it turned out, he'd been *REALLY* busy. Between the previous afternoon and this morning, Bud had practically transformed the bedroom (and house) into a dedicated Judy Support System. With my mobility pretty restricted, he'd tried to cram as many of the essentials into this one room as possible. To start with, he'd picked and/or set up a mini-fridge stocked with beverages and food, a toaster oven, a microwave, some plates and silverware, and snacks to keep me fed while he would be away. For entertainment, he set up a TV, hooked up his Dreamcast for me to play, and stacked up some reading material off to the side of the room. He'd even brought in his computer and set it up at the side of the room so that I could surf the internet. Perhaps more importantly, he'd widened both the doorway to the bedroom (so that I could get through the living room and to the front door if need be) and the one to the bathroom for obvious reasons. He didn't have a lot of time so it wasn't pretty, but at least I could get my massive jugs from room to room and he'd done a professional enough job that I wasn't going to catch my immense udders on a stray nail or bit of wood.

Needless to say, I was very impressed. Unfortunately, Bud was out the door before I could really thank him. I just had to hope that he'd be in good enough shape that night to show my appreciation properly. Looking around the room, I took a few moments to plan my day.

I decided to start things off with a shower. While it was much easier to get into the bathroom with half of the wall separating it from the bedroom missing, I still couldn't fit in the shower itself. The warm water hitting the broad sides of my indescribable pulchritude was still exhilarating, but the bathroom was getting absolutely drenched along with me so I tried to keep things relatively short. From the bathroom, I half walked and half dragged myself to the fridge to make some breakfast. As you might expect, the sensations I was experiencing rubbing against the carpet, sliding across the mattress, and generally just making contact between breast flesh and just about anything else (including itself) was proving to be highly distracting. Throughout the day I would find myself alternating between resisting these sensations and giving in completely.

Getting to the fridge to stage left of the bed, I start putting together some cereal, toast, fruit, and other goodies. Doing just about anything with my immense assets was challenging since I could no longer reach over them but had to sidle up to things. That meant that I was restricted to working with one hand or awkwardly reaching over my capacious cleavage to bring both hands into play. As I put my meal together, I thought about how I'd been eating over the past 24 hours. After I massively grew the first time but before the "follow-up spurt," I ate like a horse which seemed to replenish my body and fuel the extra growth to come. After that, my next two meals were big, but gradually getting smaller as I was becoming progressively less hungry at mealtimes. My breakfast was still bigger than normal, but nothing absurd. The best I could figure was

that my body was adapting to all the added mass it had to support and I was settling into a new and increased average caloric intake. Thinking about it for a while, I realized how great this could be!

I decided that what this meant was the bigger my hooters got, the more I would need to eat just to support my burgeoning bust line. In theory with so many calories going just to support the twins, I could eat almost as much as I wanted without gaining weight provided I didn't go crazy. What woman wouldn't want that? I decided that at the next opportunity I would ask Bud to get me a carton of ice cream. Part of me also wondered how much alcohol it was going to take to get me drunk now...

Thoughts like this and the odds and ends Bud left me for entertainment kept me occupied for quite a while. Add in a few sessions of *l'amour de soi* brought on by how sensitive my body still was and they got me all the way to that evening. Just before Bud got home, I found myself again taking stock of my body. Apparently moving around my hulking bazongas as well as the drain they were placing on the rest of me and my metabolism meant that I was looking more a tiny bit more trim than usual. It had only been day, but I distinctly felt a bit more toned and I thought my waist was definitely slimming even further down. This coupled with the impressive scale of my astounding jugs was making me feel even more godlike though I found myself praying that my butt wouldn't suffer. All in all, I couldn't wait for Bud to walk through the door so we could get right back to where we'd left off the previous evening.

Unfortunately, I was very disappointed to find that Bud was completely beat when he got home. He practically stumbled through the front door and I could tell that I would be getting any that night.

"Hi, Bud," I cooed lovingly, try to lift his spirits.

"Hi, Judy," Bud managed to get out, practically slurring his words.

"Long day?"

"Like you wouldn't believe. Apparently, that blackout New Years Eve was the result of a power surge throughout the local electrical grid," Bud explained. "Wreaked havoc with people's electronics. Combine that with the after-holiday sale, the returns, and all that jazz meant that we were swamped."

"I'm sorry to hear that, darling!" I called artificially breathlessly. "Come here to Judy and I'll make it all better." I started to see Bud perking up a little bit as he first hugged me and then he bestowed hugs and kisses all along my gargantuan girth. Coming back around to me, I could tell that all the breast flesh in the world wasn't going to be able to overcome just how absolutely exhausted he was. "I guess you still need to work again tomorrow?"

"Yeah, unfortunately. And probably longer hours on top of that. I'm sorry, Judy, but I think I'm going to have to get right to bed if I want to be any use to anyone tomorrow," Bud explained sheepishly. He perked up slightly when he continued with, "I picked up some more food for you while I was gone though. Thought you might like some more variety. Why don't you tell me about your day while I make sure you're fully stocked in here? Then we can both get some rest."

While Bud brought in his groceries and did some quick shuttling between the mini-fridge, the pantry, and the fridge in the kitchen, I told him about my day of

wrangling the girls and shared my thoughts with him about my new relationship with food. He agreed with my assessment of the situation with the slight concern that if I should ever want to get much bigger than I already was, I might need to worry about at what point my rate of food consumption would be unable to keep up with the demands of my voluminous boobage. I told him he shouldn't worry and that I'd be fine for the foreseeable future at which point he promised to bring me back a few cartons of ice cream at his absolute earliest convenience.

Shortly after finishing the restocking, Bud dragged a futon mattress he'd picked up into the bedroom and even less time later I could hear gentle snoring coming from several feet to my right. I, however, was finding it harder to sleep. It wasn't that I wasn't tired. I mean, my day had been pretty low-impact, but it took a lot of effort to move myself around and it felt like my body was still recovering somewhat from my unbelievable growth. No, I think it was mostly the disappointment of an exhausted Bud basically coming home and dropping right to sleep after a day all on my own. On top of that, I was trying to figure out how I was going to spend the next day all alone and stuck in the bedroom again. My jugs were fun but without someone to help me play with them, my options were pretty limited. The TV was fine, the internet was all well and good, but with two gigantic toys sitting right in front of me I was itching for a playmate like Bud to help me pass the time and enjoy my wonderful situation

A playmate... There was an idea. If Bud couldn't be home, then maybe I could get someone else to come over. But who? I didn't have a lot of friends in town but there had to be someone who would appreciate what had happened to me. At the very least, it would be nice to have someone to talk to and I was just itching to see the look on another person's face the first time they saw me in all my busty glory. To be frank, I wasn't looking for sex as I deeply cared for Bud, but I didn't want to just sit around drumming my fingers on my expansive front. Then it hit me, Chloe Sullivan! I know that name doesn't mean anything to you but let me explain.

Chloe had been trying her hand at modeling around the time I'd started. I might have been hot but she was smoking in all the right ways to be an honest to god supermodel. I was on the tall side, five foot ten, with what I thought were some sizzling measurements: F-cup breasts (by the time I was fired), 24 inch waist, 36 inch hips. She was something else entirely though. While I was hot in a way that got me fired, she was hot in a way almost guaranteed to get her work. She was a full six foot two and very slim, statuesque might be the term. I didn't know her measurements but she didn't have much at all in the way of breasts and her backside was nothing to write home about either though neither deficiency constituted a liability for someone pursuing a legitimate modeling career. If I had to guess, I'd say that she was about 33-23-34.

Unfortunately for her, she couldn't stand the stresses of the job, the catty competitiveness of the other girls, and all the other baggage that came along with being a model. Before long she decided to give it up and try her hand at something else. The times we met though, she'd been very friendly and we'd managed to keep in touch once our careers had both ended. As luck would have it, we shared a home town and both settled back here, occasionally getting together for lunch or an evening out. The last time we met, she had talked about getting into buying and selling real estate. She

claimed to be doing pretty well for herself. Based on her clothes and demeanor though, I'd say she was doing a lot better than "pretty well." Oh, and just so you know, our last get-together had been before I'd signed up for that experimental implant procedure.

A lot of the reason Chloe came to mind was the nature of some of our conversations. You know how people tend to want what they don't have? Well, the same can be particularly true for women when it comes to their body image. Chloe was proud of her body and thrilled to have won her particular genetic lottery, but it occasionally came up that she was a bit jealous of my shapelier physique. Before I quit modeling and while my chest was still growing naturally, she would sometimes toss a good-natured crack my way about my tits eventually ruining my balance or getting so big I'd need a wheelbarrow to cart them around. (Boy, did I have something to show her!) It was always in good fun but in private she sometimes seriously confided in me that she wished she had curves like mine.

For my part, I'd never trade my tits and ass for her slender figure, or a shot at supermodel-dom. Still, there was something she had that I wouldn't have minded trying on for size. Chloe Sullivan was the most beautifully ginger-y ginger I'd ever seen. Her skin was an almost perfectly white pale porcelain with just the cutest smattering of freckles across her cheekbones and bridge of her nose with a little on her chest as well. Her hair was almost shocking in just how bright red it was and completely natural no less! It even fell in lovely loose curls down past her shoulders with little to no effort on her part. If she'd stuck with her modeling career, I always thought she could have been huge. Like I said, I'd never want to trade my curves for anything, but I wouldn't have minded seeing what I'd look like with her hair and complexion. My light brown hair and average complexion were never exactly arresting in the same way.

Laying there in bed, I decided to call Chloe first thing in the morning and see if she could come over. The way I saw it, there could be big things in her future...

...

In the morning, I once again woke up to the sound of the shower and the presence of a sparkling clean Bud next to me. After a quick kiss goodbye to send him on his way, I managed to nonchalantly ask the question that had been on my mind for a good chunk of the night. "Bud, before you leave, I was wondering if you put the enlarger back in the spare bedroom after New Year's Eve."

"Yeah," Bud replied, "why do you ask?" There wasn't a hint of suspicion in Bud's voice but I could tell he was curious about why I was bothering to ask.

"No reason. Just nice to know that something so important is put away somewhere safe," I smiled innocently. "Would you mind making sure I'm all covered up? It seems to be a bit drafty this morning."

"No problem." After straightening the sheets and blankets, Bud was off to work.

Almost immediately, I grabbed my cell phone and dialed Chloe's number. I sat with baited breath waiting to see if she picked up. It was early but she sounded wide awake when...

"Hello. Chloe Sullivan."

"Hi, Chloe! It's Judy Wall," I replied excitedly.

"Judy, it's been a while. How are you doing?" She sounded happy enough to hear from me.

"Doing really well. How about you?"

"I'm doing just fine. Still enjoying the winter holiday actually. Are you still living here in Uttoxeter?"

"As a matter of fact, I am. I take it you are too?" I replied happily.

"Yeah. I can't quite bring myself to leave the old place and work has been lively enough. So, to what do I owe the pleasure of your call?"

"Well, I was hoping you might be free this morning to meet and catch up. You just popped into my mind and I thought I'd go out on a limb and see if you wanted to have breakfast or something."

"You know, that actually sounds lovely. I had plans but the friends I was going to see today had to cancel. It looks like it's our lucky day!"

You have no idea, I thought. "Great!"

"So where and when do you want to meet, Judy?" Chloe asked.

"Well, would you mind swinging by my new place? There's something I'd like to show you. From here, we can decide exactly what we'd like to do. I'm up and around so if you want to drop by now that would be fine."

"That sounds fine to me. Where are you living now?"

I gave her Bud's address and explained to her how to get there. "Sounds great, Chloe. I look forward to seeing you in about 45 minutes."

"Looking forward to it!"

Ending the call and laying back, I had nothing to do now but wait.

-To Be Continued-