

New Beginnings 5

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 fourth 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, 3, and 4 yet; do it now. They're all on *The Overflowing Bra* and Chapters 2, 3, and 4 are on DeviantART.*

Welcome back, reader, it's Judy again! Let's not waste any time getting straight into the action. When we last left off, I'd invited a friend over to Bud's house and was waiting for her to arrive. Whaddaya want? If you're not up to speed, read the first four chapters! Trust me, you'll enjoy it.

Before long, I heard the doorbell ring. Remembering one of the details Bud told me as he was explaining his home renovations, I called out to Chloe to get the key from under the front mat and let herself in. Getting up and letting her in would have spoiled my big reveal to say nothing of the effort required. Just a few seconds later, I heard the key find the lock and the front door swing open.

"Hi, Judy? Where are you?"

"I'm in the bedroom," I called out. "Would you mind coming in here a minute? Don't mind the mess. I'm just doing a little 'redecorating.'"

Standing and looking over my blanket-covered bosoms, I could see Chloe come into view through the widened doorway. She was just as beautiful as I remembered in tight black jeans and a loose gray sweater with a long black coat folded over one arm. She was wearing four-inch heels which only added to the six-foot-two-inches of her incredible height and made her even more striking. Her hair was longer than I recalled; ending about halfway down her back, but it was the same shade of flaming red I remembered. I waved at her to come into the room. As she got closer, I could see the questioning look in her eyes as they took in the widened bedroom doorway and the corresponding one to the bathroom as well as the unidentified mass sitting in front of me covered by sheets.

"Redecorating? It looks as though you're doing some major construction around here," Chloe questioned pleasantly. "And what are the blankets for?" she asked, referring to the one over my shoulders as well as those hiding my outsized mammaries. Standing next to me now, I could tell that she was pretty thoroughly confused. There was something about the way she was standing that suggested that she was uncomfortably waiting for a hug or some other physical contact, but even that would have ruined the unveiling.

"They're hiding a surprise," I said coyly. "Do you remember back before we each stopped modeling and we used to joke about my figure?"

"Of course I remember but what does that have to do with all of this?" She seemed pretty legitimately confused and I thought it would be best not to keep her in suspense any longer.

"Well, take a look at these," I said grandly, sweeping off the blankets that were covering my gigantic tits.

Chloe was stunned. I could see her eyes go wide and her jaw slacken ever so slightly. For a number of seconds, she didn't say or do anything. I could practically hear the gears turning in her mind as she struggled to process the sight in front of her.

"So, what do you think?" I asked, trying to shake her out of her reverie.

Slowly I could see Chloe pulling herself together and the first thing out of her mouth was, "Judy, what happened to you?!?!" I wasn't entirely sure how to interpret her tone so I just plowed ahead and hoped for the best. At this point, it seemed like she wasn't quite sure how to feel either.

"I grew absolutely massive breasts, that's what happened," I said, smiling broadly to convey that this was most definitely a positive development. "You remember back in the day how thrilled I was that I was developing?" Chloe nodded in response, unable to speak. "Well, I found a way to make them even bigger!"

"You did this on purpose?" she asked with significant incredulity.

"Yes, and I absolutely love them!"

I could see the look on Chloe's face gradually changing from shock to one of intense interest. Her eyes were still wide but now more from awe than surprise. "These are all you? Natural?"

"I don't know how 'natural' I can claim they are but they're definitely 100% Judy," I proudly stated, giving my right boob a solid pat and sending ripples cascading over its broad surface (as well as a shudder of pleasure through the rest of my body).

Chloe dropped her coat and started walking toward the side of my enormous bust. "May I?" she asked, extending her hands toward my flesh but stopping just shy of making actual contact. I couldn't help noticing her intensely red shade of nail polish contrasting beautifully with her pale skin and complementing her hair and freckles.

"Of course," I assured her, bracing for the sensations I knew would accompany her touch. Slowly at first, she started probing my flesh. I could feel her palms gliding over my skin, her fingers pinching, poking, and prodding. Gradually, she made her way to the front of their stupendous pulchritude. Coming to my nipple, a barely audible gasp of "Oh, wow!" left her lips. Now that her fingers were exploring my incredibly sensitive areola and making their way to the nipple itself, the sensations were becoming overwhelming and my hands were inexorably drawn between my legs. I was trying desperately to stifle any sounds of pleasure that I was tempted to make. As I've mentioned, I'm not really interested in women sexually. I didn't know if Chloe was but regardless I didn't want to make this weird (or at least weirder than it already was). However, feeling a strong and sudden pinch totally overwhelmed me and a long, low moan forced its way from between my lips.

Chloe's fingers abruptly left my stiffening nipple and I saw her face peeking up over the curve of my breast. "Does this feel that good?"

"It feels absolutely fantastic!" I gasped out.

"They must be incredibly sensitive."

"Like you wouldn't believe."

"Judy, you have to tell me everything. How did you get like this?" Chloe seemed to be overcoming her shock and growing more intrigued. There was now something like a smile forming on her lush red lips.

"I think you better sit down," I responded as Chloe walked back to my side. With that, I rolled my jugs back so that I could sit down comfortably and settled in to tell her the story of everything that had happened over the last few weeks, starting with my first doctor's appointment and ending with me calling her to come over. I didn't spare any of the details and by the end of it she seemed very excited.

"This is incredible! So, you're telling me that there's a gadget somewhere in this house that can make any woman's breasts grow like yours?" Chloe had sat Indian-style on the floor to listen to my explanation, folding her very long legs underneath her. The more I'd spoken the more eager she looked and now she was practically jumping out of her skin with excitement.

"Yeah...! Well, aside from that cow I mentioned, we've only used it on me. I don't see why it wouldn't work on anyone else though."

"I can hardly believe it, Judy. If it wasn't for the fact that you're sitting right in front of me, I wouldn't believe it at all. This all sounds like some sort of sexual science fiction fantasy."

"I don't blame you," I smiled. "I never would have guessed I could have grown this absolutely enormous even with outside help."

"And you really like it?"

"I *LOVE* it!" I cried enthusiastically reaching out and taking Chloe's hands in mine, our fingers intertwining. "Seriously, it's the best thing that's ever happened to me. They are incredibly sensitive and I feel so sexy."

"And the fact that you can hardly walk doesn't bother you?" Chloe asked very seriously and at least somewhat skeptically, her excitement waning a bit.

"That just makes it all the more real! Seriously, every time they get in my way, it only reminds me of how beautifully gigantic they are!" I responded passionately. "They make me feel sexy, powerful, feminine... Like a goddess. I feel like 'woman' turned up to 11."

"So, why did you decide to call me of all people?" Chloe asked, extricating her hands from mine.

"Well, I've always thought of you as a friend. I guess I wanted some company while Bud was away, *female* company once I thought about it, someone to talk to. Part of me was really curious about what another woman's reaction would be to all this... So, what do you think? You've been pretty quiet..." She had actually, really just soaking in everything I was saying and reacting only with a few pointed questions or general exclamations of surprise. She seemed excited, really excited, but she hadn't yet told me what that excitement meant.

"Well, you remember how I used to tease you about your breasts?"
I nodded.

"And how I said that I wouldn't mind if I did a little growing too?"

"Of course."

"It's still true," Chloe smiled broadly, her eyes crinkling a bit at the corners. "I don't know that I'd ever want to be quite as big as you are now but I'm extremely happy for you. You look gorgeous." She picked herself up from the floor, perching once again on those extreme heels, and walked up to me. It took me a little longer but I stood up too. When I did, I found myself wrapped up in a big hug, my head resting under Chloe's chin. From this vantage point, I could tell that her chest definitely hadn't progressed on its own since we last met. In fact, she was still the same thin and spindly Chloe I'd always known.

"Thanks, Chlo," I said, smiling up into her beautifully speckled alabaster face. Oh, and that's not a typo, sometimes I call her "Chlo" and drop the long E at the end of her name, it's a nickname. "It means a lot that you aren't freaking out or calling me crazy for loving this. I guess part of wanting another woman's perspective was thinking that men are supposed to like big tits. Maybe I wasn't sure if I could completely trust Bud's support. You know what I mean?"

"It's no problem at all. I'm just glad you're having fun and it sounds like you've got a great guy helping you out. I am just a little bit curious about why you didn't tell this Bud of yours that you were thinking of asking me over?"

Chloe backed out of our hug and looked me in the eye. I felt my cheeks flush as my eyes tried to avoid hers. That was made all the more difficult because of their strikingly brilliant blue color. "I'm not sure... I guess I didn't know how he would feel about sharing me with anyone else yet. I mean, I owe him a lot and I just wouldn't want to upset him. I'm also not sure just how concerned he is about information about his invention getting out."

"Oh, Judy! If he cares about you as much as you obviously seem to think he does, I wouldn't worry. Besides, he has to care about you if he went to all this trouble," Chloe swept her hand toward all the evidence of recent construction. "If it makes you feel better though, he doesn't need to know I was here. And of course I won't tell anyone about any of this."

"Thanks," I replied, relaxing.

"At any rate, you wanted some company, right? I'll stay here with you and keep you company. It'll be like a sleepover but during the day and without the sleeping. And we'll make sure I leave well before he's supposed to be back," Chloe had a broad smile on her face and seemed to be enjoying herself immensely. Watching her though, I couldn't help but notice her eyeing my mammoth assets as she stood there. She wasn't saying anything but I thought I could guess what was going through her mind.

"I have an idea how we can pass the time actually," I playfully smirked, "if you're up for it, that is."

"What do you mean?" Chloe asked but I could see by the look in her blue eyes that we were on the same wavelength.

"If you go into the first room to the left down that hall, you should be able to find it. It's a metal box with wires, knobs, and buttons. Don't mess around with any of that. Just bring it here and we can get started. Oh, and bring some alcohol and cotton swabs from the bathroom on your way."

Chloe was positively beaming as she left the room. On her way out, she kicked off her shoes and it didn't take her long to walk back in with everything we needed. I instructed her to plug the device into a wall socket and strip down to the waist. In no time at all, her gray sweater was on the floor revealing a lacey red bra. With her chest in its current state, that article of clothing was all for show as she was nearly as flat as a board. Taking off the bra next, I could just make out the smallest beginnings of breasts looking downright pitiful on her chest. Even lacking really anything in the way of assets, she was still a gorgeous woman. I keep harping on about her white skin but adding to her attractiveness was the smattering of red freckles strewn across her chest and the light pink of her petite nipples contrasting against the surrounding paleness.

"So, there are three leads on this machine. We attach one to your forehead and one to each of your nipples," I explained. After Chloe plugged it into the wall socket next to the bed, I

started attaching the device. "We use the alcohol to help make a better connection," I continued, swabbing the appropriate areas. As I attached the electrodes, I mused, "Chloe, I think part of the reason I didn't tell Bud about asking you over was because in the back of my mind I knew I was going to want to do this and was hoping you would too."

"Why would that be a problem?"

"Well, I don't know if Bud wants to go using this again without more testing and I don't know how he'd feel about me using it without him here. I couldn't stay here all day alone again without someone here or something to do though. You have no idea how addictive this growth can be and if it doesn't make sense for me to grow again just now, then I figured I should at least help someone in need," I smiled.

"And I'm pretty needy, right?" Chloe asked looking down at her flat chest. "You're telling me *you'd* like to get even bigger though?" she asked raising a somewhat incredulous eyebrow.

"At some point, yeah. When we have the resources and setup to deal with it, I'd like to grow some more. I thought I would be satisfied with a 100-inch bust and then I thought I'd be satisfied with these 336-inchers... Still, I can't help feeling that bigger would still be better..." I replied seriously. "At least I think so..."

"Whatever you say, Judy," she replied somewhat dismissively. She was intrigued by my desire for further growth but I could tell she was impatient to get started on her own. "Are we ready here?"

"All set. All I need to do is press this button." As my finger hovered over the face of the machine, I looked into Chloe's eager, expectant face and she nodded. With that, I pressed the red button in the center of the console.

"Is that it?" Chloe asked as nothing appeared to have happened.

"Yeah," I replied. "To be honest, that was my reaction too. It's a little anti-climactic. It's just harmless low-voltage electricity, but pretty soon we'll get to see some results."

"We just wait?" she asked as we detached the machine from her body.

"Yup. That's all there is to it and you should grow until we hook you up and hit the button again. Have you had breakfast yet?"

"Just a grapefruit. How do you think I maintain this figure?" she asked, gesturing down at her sleek physique and doing a little twirl.

I reminded Chloe that the growth process was pretty demanding on the body and that she should eat something a bit more substantial. On top of that, I was starving by now as I'd put off eating anything before she arrived. Raiding my stores, we put together a mountain of breakfast foods, partly to satisfy me and partly to give Chloe the energy and nutrients to grow without having any delayed reaction. She wasn't sure how big she wanted to get and preferred not to be surprised with more growth after she went home and had a meal. Learning from my experience, she tucked into her food with a gusto I hadn't anticipated. When I asked her about it, she said that she was always very health conscious and constantly watching her figure. Apparently, she was taking this as an opportunity to let loose and gorge a bit.

After breakfast around 10:30am, we decided to check her progress. Remembering my own regrets, I'd encouraged her to put back on her bra and sweater, which she had. After explaining my thought process, we were both very excited by the prospect that she might grow out of one or both. Lifting her sweater, we could see that she'd already gotten a bit bigger.

"Wow! Judy, it's working! I must be a full B-cup by now!"

"Oooh, go get my tape measure! It's over there," I pointed across the room at the enormous tape measure Bud had gotten me.

"This is a tape measure?" Chloe questioned as she quickly retrieved it.

"It is for me," I smiled while unspooling the tape. When I'd freed up enough, I wrapped it around Chloe's ribcage. "32 inches here," I said while moving the tape to her bust. "Almost 35 inches! Pretty soon you'll be a C-cup!"

"I never thought I'd be able say that without some sort of operation or something! I can't wait to bust right out of this bra. It's getting pretty tight!" I could see that she wasn't kidding. Her bra was really lacey and insubstantial. It definitely wasn't made to carry any kind of load and it was starting to be severely overtaxed. It had more give than we'd expected though.

Chloe wasn't growing fast enough to be visible to the naked eye so she put her loose-fitting sweater back on and we settled down to try and pass the time until it made sense to take another measurement or her bra burst, whichever came first. We mostly played cards and chatted about old times. Over the next half-hour, I could see that she was getting uncomfortable. She kept fidgeting and adjusting her bra. After that, she began arching her back and making rather uncomfortable moaning noises.

"Getting tighter?"

"Ooof, yeah," Chloe grunted.

"Is that all you feel?"

"Yeah, it doesn't feel especially good in and of itself if that's what you mean."

"I guess you haven't gotten to that point yet..."

"What do you mean?" Chloe asked.

"Remember what I told you?" I replied. "For me, there was a point where the growth started accelerating and feeling *really* great."

Chloe grimaced, "I could go for some of that right n- Oh! I think I just felt something give."

She pulled her sweater over her head and revealed a beautiful sight. Flesh was practically pouring from everywhere around her bra as it dug into her now ample boobs, the red lace providing lovely contrast against her skin. I was surprised that the bra was hanging on at all to be frank. Looking down, I could see her eyes widen and a toothy grin spreading across her face. Her hands began gently caressing the exposed skin of her knockers. "I think it's getting ready to burst! Some of the lace has already broken..."

"Cave in your chest and take shallow breaths," I encouraged. "Give it time for some growth to accumulate and we'll see if you can't blast it right off your tits!"

Chloe did as I suggested. "It's still really tight..."

"That's what we want," I smiled.

For the next 10 minutes, Chloe kept asking if it was time yet and I kept telling her to wait. Just a few minutes probably would have been enough, but I wanted to be sure that the bra would have a spectacular and catastrophic failure. Her discomfort was apparent but I couldn't help drawing out the suspense.

"I think it's time, Chlo."

With that, Chloe got carefully to her feet and thrust out her chest, and I could hear her sucking air deep into her lungs. In a split second and with a popping tear, the bra burst right between the tiny and wholly inadequate cups. Her now large and luscious breasts fell heavily to her chest and bounced wildly, wobbling from side to side. The unfamiliar weight caused Chloe to bend forward at the waist, giving me a glorious view of her jiggling jugs. They looked to be bigger than large oranges.

Before giving Chloe a chance to think, I cried, "Measurement!" That brought her instantly to within arm's reach and I couldn't help copping a quick feel as I wrapped the tape around her. "About 38 inches! That puts you at an F-cup. You're about the size I grew to naturally now!"

Chloe looked down at her chest in surprise and disbelief. "Geez, they're huge! I can't believe the bra held on that long." Grabbing her pale orbs, her fingers sinking deep into their flesh, she let out a low moan, her head rolling back. "Fuck, that feels good!"

"You *look* spectacular!"

"Is there a full-length mirror around here somewhere? I want to get a good look at me. *All* of me."

"The back of that closet door," I replied pointing across the room.

I gazed over my rack as Chloe stripped off her jeans, revealing tiny red lace panties that matched her now obliterated bra. Seeing all six-foot-two-inches of Chloe's miraculous form in front of me with nothing but a bit of lace covering her intimate parts was very impressive. As thin as she was, she didn't have that emaciated look that some models tend to get that makes them appear more sickly than sexy. Standing in front of the mirror, she struck pose after pose seeing how her breasts would lay on her chest as she assumed different positions. Personally, I got a bit of a thrill seeing her extend both arms straight over her head and swing her knockers from side to side, watching them bounce off of her ribcage. If I were a guy though, I might have found the most enticing pose to be when she spread her legs wide and bent 90-degrees at the waist with her hands on her hips, letting them hang straight off of her chest and giving them a heavy shake.

"So, what do you think of them?" I asked.

"Judy, they are amazing!" Chloe exclaimed. "I totally understand why you love these so much."

"Can I get a closer look?" I wanted to get her away from the mirror and within arm's reach so I could examine her.

Tearing herself away from the mirror, she walked around my own mindboggling melons and stood next to me thrusting her chest at me. They were glorious. Round orbs of pale flesh with just a light sprinkling of freckles dotting the upper third of their slopes before disappearing entirely, the whiteness of her skin made it easy to see the barest hint of the network of veins below. Surprisingly, her pink nipples had barely grown, if at all, and their petite size only made her breasts look that much bigger.

Wanting to experiment, I put the palms of my hands on the outer sides of her growing tits and felt a slight shudder at the touch. Extending my thumbs toward the center of her breasts, I allowed them to settle on those cute, little nipples. Once I started making gentle circles with my thumbs, the entirely expected happened. Chloe began moaning in pleasure, her

eyes rolling in their sockets, and her head lolling back on her shoulders. I was a bit surprised by the degree of her reaction and quickly removed my hands from her flesh.

"W-what was that?" Chloe asked, shaking her head as she attempted to settle herself down.

"That was your tits," I smiled, regaining my own composure. "I told you they get a lot more sensitive. You went from almost nothing to F-cups in just over an hour. I guess we shouldn't be surprised that you would have that sort of a reaction."

Chloe started experimentally massaging and pinching various areas of her burgeoning bustline and I could see that she was really enjoying it. Looking over at the clock, I could see that with her protracted posing session almost half an hour had passed since she had burst her bra. While her growth still wasn't obvious to the naked eye, I could see that she had definitely gotten larger and I was anxious to measure her again. It seemed like her rate of growth was accelerating and it was getting *me* a little hot and bothered.

"Hey, Tits McGee! Stop that for a second. It's time to measure you again," I said, shaking Chloe out of her boob-induced trance. I wanted to be playful and figured that for a woman who'd been flat as a pancake, a little name-calling that centered on her growing assets wouldn't be unwelcome. Her smile told me she took my jibe in the spirit in which it was intended, and she stood straight and tall in front of me so that I could do the honors. It was getting close to 12:15pm and her bust was now a little over 42 inches around! By now, they'd grown significantly bigger than softballs and were hanging heavily from her chest.

"Congratulations, busty! You're now the proud owner of a set of J-cup breasts," I beamed. While I projected enthusiasm, inside I wasn't quite so excited. I realized that we might be reaching the end of this little experiment. You see, at this point, I figured it wouldn't be long before Chloe would want to stop growing. She might be enjoying this but she had already passed the limit of what would be considered *normally* busty. I mean, I my boobie greed might be strong enough to nearly immobilize myself with jugs bigger than the rest of my body but I couldn't expect that she would feel the same way. "What do you think?" I asked with some trepidation.

"This is fantastic!" Chloe exclaimed. "I understand what you mean now about these things making you feel 'womanly.' I don't think I've ever felt this sexy or sexual in my entire life." Suddenly, her hands were once again sinking into her tit flesh and my worries were growing less and less.

"Does that mean you want to get even bigger?" I asked hopefully. I was quite enjoying this and the bigger Chloe grew the more enjoyment it gave me. My lust for breasts seemed to be overwhelming any and all other inhibitions, and it was incredible how excited this was all making me.

She thought for a minute and replied, "I think I'd like to get at least a little bigger."

"A *little* bigger?" I asked, allowing some 'exaggerated' disappointment to creep into my voice, implicitly encouraging her to go even further.

"I'd at least like to experience a little of the orgasmic growth you told me about," she smiled. "*THAT* sounded like a lot of fun. Assuming that I don't get absurdly huge, I want to hold out for a taste of that action!" She seemed to be losing herself in this experience as after that statement, she bent down and leaned into side of my right breast, her arms folded on top

of it and her chin resting on top of those. I think both of us were getting much more comfortable with each other's bodies.

"Mmmmmmm...", I moaned in response. All of her bare flesh pressing into mine felt glorious. I don't know if she was deliberately trying to turn me on even more but it was working regardless. "So, as long as you're going to keep growing for a while, do you want to try busting out of something else?" I asked, also leaning forward onto my monumental knocker and mimicking Chloe's pose.

"Hmm... Where's your biggest bra?"

My eyes went wide. "My *biggest* bra?" I asked incredulously.

"Yeah, how big did you say you got before you outgrew them altogether?"

"I'm not sure you want to go that far but it's in the closet," I replied, pointing across the room. "Check on the floor and just bring me all the bras."

Chloe opened the closet door, picked up my bra-chain and walked back toward me, "So, you included it with all the bras you sewed together just so you could bust them?" she asked, referring to my little escapade last chapter with Bud.

I smiled, "Yeah, if I hadn't, they wouldn't have reached all the way around me. Let me just find it." I searched through the tangle of bras until I found the one I'd had made when I reached my biggest size prior to using Bud's machine and handed the chain back to Chloe. She held the capacious cups up to her growing chest and let out a low whistle. She was nowhere near even beginning to fill this monster of a boulder holder. Of course, after all the growing I'd done since wearing it, the cups would only have been suitable for nipple pasties on my gargantuan gazongas.

"How the hell big were you when you wore this? And where did you get it? I've never seen a bra anywhere near this size. Seriously, you could carry soccer balls in this thing."

"I had it custom made and I measured just over 60 inches when I wore it," a mock-wistful expression on my face. "Back then, I thought that was big... Now I know better." I leaned forward into my canyonesque cleavage, hugged my erotic mass, and gave it a mighty full-breasted shake. The movement and the ripples across my vast flesh were even more of a turn-on and I could see Chloe was impressed.

With the bras all sewn together, Chloe couldn't hook the 60-incher's band but she was currently holding it closed behind her back and walking around the room, trailing the rest of the bras behind her. Being more-or-less anchored to one spot was starting to annoy me since it meant I couldn't join Chloe in her waltzing traipse. From my spot embracing my enormous rack, I could still see that she was seriously considering whether or not she wanted to wind up filling my old bra. "So, do you feel like you can handle being that big?" I asked with the distinct and intentional implication of a challenge in my voice.

"I don't think so," Chloe replied. "But just in case, what do you say you start ripping out these stitches while I put my sweater back on? I think I'd like to have some fun destroying that before I finish." With that, she handed me back the bra and a pair of scissors.

"That sounds good to me," I replied, getting to work.

Chloe slipped on her sweater and I noticed that it was a great deal more formfitting than it had been earlier. When she'd first arrived at the house, it had moved with her, bouncing and swaying as she walked. Now, it was clinging to her chest, her growing sweater puppies stretching it out and lifting its lower front edge. As I worked, we sat and chatted.

"Still glad I called you?" I asked.

"Definitely," Chloe responded quickly. "I really appreciate that you decided to reach out to me. This really is the most amazing experience I've ever had." She started absentmindedly stroking my breast as she sat there, almost as if its sheer size somehow made it less a part of me and more just an object in the room. I couldn't exactly blame her and I was enjoying every minute of it. Her touch and just knowing that she was still growing meant that my nethers were thoroughly moist and my arousal only increasing.

"The last few days have been the most amazing of my life," I agreed. "Once we figure out how to go about making money from Bud's machine, we'll have to get a bigger place and figure out how to make me more mobile though."

"I wonder what that will mean," Chloe mused. "I can picture you wheeling them around in a big cart." We both laughed at the image.

"It might come to that," I conceded. "Doors are definitely a problem and I can't even lift them entirely from the ground on my own at this point. They're really heavy but not as much as I might have expected from tits this size."

"Even with improved mobility though, you're going to be pretty restricted," Chloe considered. "I mean, if you can't go anywhere without double doors, that's going to cut down on nights out. Also, even if you could get into a restaurant or movie theatre, you'd be taking up the space of several tables or about a dozen seats over several rows."

Maybe she didn't realize this but all the talk about the restrictions my breasts were putting on me was only making me hornier. "I get what you're saying," I responded, "but I think it's going to be fun trying to work around as many of these problems as possible. And if there are things that I can't do anymore, then it's only because my jugs are just too amazing. Honestly, the restrictions they put on me and doing things with them that ought to be impossible (like crushing this bed) only makes me feel more satisfied, fulfilled even. It just makes all of this more real and immediate."

I could see that Chloe wasn't completely convinced, but she was still supportive. "That sounds fantastic. Bud feels the same way?"

"Seems to. As near as I can tell, he feels exactly like I do about the girls. Oh, and the bra's done," I held up the 60-incher now free from the belt of bras I'd constructed.

"That didn't take long."

"All I had to do was rip out some stitching. It wasn't exactly delicate work," I replied, handing it back to Chloe.

She took the bra and put it on properly overtop of her increasingly strained sweater. The cups were still under-filled but the band was an almost perfect fit. Despite being significantly taller than me, Chloe and I nearly shared a band size, though on her it was obviously proportionately much smaller. I suppose that just comes with being slight and fit.

"I think you'd look great with a 60-inch chest," I suggested. "Of course, with your height it would look *smaller* on you than it did on me..."

Chloe glared at me for a second before her face softened. "Huh," she said with some surprise, "I didn't realize just how much I was getting into this... For a second, I got annoyed when you made that remark about looking bigger..."

Yes! I thought, *her boobie greed is only getting stronger!* "It's no problem. I know the feeling," I sympathized, "I can only imagine how I'd react if I found out about a woman who was

bigger than I am. Really thinking about it, I don't think any force on earth could keep me from using that machine again right away."

"Regardless of mobility or anything else?" Chloe asked, somewhat surprised.

I took a moment to consider, "Definitely."

"Why?"

"Think about how you just felt a minute ago," I replied seriously. "I feel the same way but much, much stronger. On top of that, I've already decided that I must have the biggest breasts in the world. If I found out that wasn't the case, I'd just have to fix that by just getting even bigger. And believe me, I'd enjoy every second of it."

Chloe thought for a second and I thought I saw understanding dawn on her face. She nodded as she replied, "I think I get how you feel. If you're sure you're the biggest and it's as important to you as it seems to be, I can only imagine how you'd react to learning someone existed who was larger than you, not that it's very likely anyway."

I nodded and decided to change the subject, "Hey, before you destroy that sweater, how about you take off the bra so we can see what's happening?"

Chloe did so and we could both tell that she'd grown quite a bit and was expanding even faster. "Chlo, I think that sweater doesn't have much life in it at this point and I'm pretty sure I can actually see you growing now." That was the truth. As I looked, I could see Chloe's tits pressing outward against the fabric, becoming larger and larger.

"Holy shit!" Chloe exclaimed. "I'm *really* growing now!"

She was. The sweater had tightened to the point where it was like a second skin and it couldn't be much longer before some part of it would start to give as the pressure built beyond its capacity to resist. Her breasts were becoming enormous. The tightness of the sweater was squishing them into a somewhat unnatural shape but from the looks of it they had left cantaloupe melons in the dust and were working their way toward volleyball-sized.

"Ungh...", Chloe grunted. "It's getting too tight!" Her hands were pressed onto her expanding bosom almost as though some part of her thought that she could will them to stop growing by holding them back. With the increased speed of her growth, her sweater was suddenly becoming very restricting very quickly.

"It's alright," I reassured her. "It won't be long now. Just enjoy the ride."

Chloe sat on the ground as her discomfort and her tits only continued to grow. Watching her actively getting huge in front of me only made me want to beg Chloe to hook me up to Bud's machine but I managed to restrain myself. I doubt she would have heard my pleas anyway. As it was, the show in front of me was thoroughly engrossing. She was arching her back and thrusting her chest forward, willing them to destroy her top and release her from its discomforting confines.

Suddenly, with a mighty rending sound, the seams at the sides of the garment burst and her burgeoning bosom spilled forth. With a gasp, Chloe fell back onto the ground in relief, her still expanding funbags piling on top of her chest and falling to the sides. She continued to suck in air, her chest heaving and sending her now huge udders undulating on her chest.

"You're still growing, Chloe!" I exclaimed, trying to get her attention. "Maybe we should measure you before you get *TOO* big!"

She got the message and tried to sit up. The newly-added weight on her chest was making things difficult though and her first few hurried attempts only resulted in her landing

back on the carpet, her humongous hooters forcing her to the ground and bouncing wildly in response. Ultimately, she rolled to one side and used her hands to help her stand, getting her legs underneath her. She grabbed the tape measure and hurried to my side. Even walking was becoming difficult for her as the shifting weight on her chest was throwing off her balance and her long, thin legs wobbled as she stumbled toward me, the unfamiliar load severely taxing her magnificently shaped lower limbs.

Once I had her within arm's reach, I helped her remove the remnants of her sweater, yanking it over her head, and wrapped the tape around her bust. Glancing at the clock, it was now about 1:30pm and since her last measurement, she'd grown 11 inches! "You're now the owner of a 53 inch bust!" I proclaimed. "Maybe you'll end up wearing that 60-inch bra after all? At the rate you're growing, it won't be more than a few minutes until you're big enough for it." Standing in front of me trying to compose herself she looked amazing. Her pale orbs were almost the size of volleyballs, standing proudly on her chest.

"I don't kno-oooOOooooOOooo...," Chloe trailed off into a long, husky moan. A sudden shudder went through her body and her eyes rolled in their sockets.

I was fairly certain I recognized this. "It's here, isn't it?" I asked, "the orgasmic growth?"

"NoooOOooooOOooooOOooo shit, Dick Tracy!" she spat out as she doubled over in response to the sensations she was experiencing.

Her breasts were still growing quickly and she having even more trouble standing as rolling waves of pleasure were beginning to wash over her. Her hands were now firmly planted between her legs, struggling to pleasure herself and satisfy the urges thundering through her body with increasing strength. Watching her standing there, swaying on her feet, her breasts swinging on her chest, visibly swelling bigger and bigger, I couldn't help but remember the pleasure I felt during my growth and again regretted that I couldn't join Chloe in her ecstasy at this very moment. Even if I dared use the machine again, I couldn't reach my own nipples and I doubt Chloe had the presence of mind to assist me.

While Chloe's hands fumbled under her scant red panties, I could feel my own pussy dripping with desire. I couldn't explain the need I felt at that moment. I didn't want Chloe, not really. However, I was becoming intoxicated by her growth, her arousal becoming infectious as it ramped up to even more extreme levels. Her tall, thin body racked by orgasmic sensations was only becoming more glorious with each passing second. Her breasts had come to dominate her upper body. By now they had surpassed the size of volleyballs and their smooth, snow white skin was a sight to behold. Her red freckles had somehow multiplied and the upper third of her luscious jugs, while more sparsely populated, was still blessed with a sprinkling of the gorgeous little things. Her nipples were still the same pretty pink shade and had remained tantalizingly petite despite the incredible swelling her assets themselves had undergone. They certainly couldn't be more than two inches wide and I suspected they were closer to one-and-a-half. With her tall, fit, almost exceedingly thin frame, her breasts made even more of an impact and I couldn't help but be moved by the sight. I wanted with all my soul to yank down my jeans and pleasure myself as passionately as Chloe was but being the individual not under the influence of growth-induced hysteria, I felt I needed to exercise a little responsibility.

Shaking the more erotic thoughts about Chloe's heavenly teardrop-shaped ta-tas from my mind, I could easily see that she was growing past the point she would likely have wanted to

attain had she not been distracted by the sensations currently clouding her judgment. Being a good friend, I decided I ought to offer her the chance to put a stop to this.

“Chloe!” I practically shouted, trying to get her attention. “You’re getting *REALLY* huge! Do you want to stop?!?!?” I managed to get her attention through the sexual fug.

“NooooOoot yet...,” Chloe moaned. “Feels too good... Ungh... AaaaAAAAaaahh...” At this point, she was leaning heavily into my right breast to steady herself while she attempted to satiate the need that her body was crying out to fill. Feeling her thrashing against me was only turning me on even more and clouding my own judgment.

“What can I do to help?” I managed to ask while trying to keep my own desires in check.

“Fuck me! Please, fuck me!” she moaned. “I *neeeeeeed* release... I need someone to fuck me!”

I couldn’t help myself any longer. That moaning please had been the last straw. In an instant my jeans and panties were around my ankles and my hands were pleasuring my sodden snatch. I tried to think how I could help Chloe but my options were somewhat limited. I hadn’t thought to have Bud bring any toys from my apartment (though I did own a few) and I was limited in how I could move myself around in relation to Chloe’s body. Then an idea hit me.

“Panties off, Chlo!” She had already worked them down her thighs but I wanted them completely off now. She complied immediately and I explained my plan.

Enthusiastically, Chloe set about putting it into action. With difficulty stemming both from the pliability of my mountainous melons and her own voluminous boobage getting in the way, she climbed on top of my colossal rack. The sensations from her ascent were overwhelming and my fingers delved deeper inside me, prompting a series of orgasms that sent jolts of pleasure arcing throughout my body. As carefully as she could in her current state, Chloe lay on her back within my cavernous cleavage and brought her glistening pussy toward my face, her upper legs to either side of my head. One hand still pleasuring myself, I wrapped the other around her left thigh and helped steady her in position. My elephantine bust made a perfect bed for Chloe and I had to bend down only slightly to bring myself eye-level with my target.

I’d never done anything like this before and I’d felt odd even suggesting it to Chloe but feeling her writhing around on top of my titanic bust was arousing me to the point where any inhibitions I had were gladly tossed aside in favor of simply enjoying this moment. It helped that her patch of carefully trimmed red pubic hair and the petite pink lips hiding between her legs presented such a pleasant and inviting picture. As my lips made contact with her pussy and my tongue began exploring her nethers in a slow and meandering search for her clitoris, I looked up to see that her mushrooming mounds had fully obscured her face from my current view. Their sheer size was a thing of beauty and with her body resting in between my knockers, I could feel each of her breasts, their weight pulling them outward to either side of Chloe, resting against my own, growing against them and pressing ever upward and outward.

The smell and taste of Chloe’s snatch were more intoxicating than I ever would have guessed, sweetly musky and thoroughly stimulating. All the while I continued to satisfy her, she was fully engaged in frantically mauling her blossoming bosom. She alternated between hugging them to her chest, pinching and tugging at her nipples, and pulling them to her face so that she could lick, suck, and kiss their smooth skin. I was also pleased to note that every now and again her hands would move to my breast flesh to steady or shift her body and I could feel

her fingers pressing into me and her hands sinking deep into my monumental mammaries. Doing my best to pleasure her, I found what seemed to be a sweet spot and initiated a series of body-wracking orgasms that sent her flailing wildly on top of me. Seeing her pleasure, my own sensations only grew in strength and for a time we were locking in a seemingly never-ending series of mind-blowing convulsions. I don't know how I managed to keep tending to Chloe but I did and was rewarded by the finale to our protracted lovemaking session.

As the true climax neared, I felt Chloe's body tense in preparation. Abruptly, her movements became less wild and more a regular bucking motion. Her hips moved in long, regular thrusts and I could see her arms wrap around the bottoms of her still-expanding norks with the backs of her hands meeting within her cleavage. Her breasts were now undulating up and down to match her hips and her pink nipples kept winking in and out of view. As the motion increased in intensity, I could feel the backs of Chloe's feet, legs crossed at the ankle, bouncing against my back. With the climax beginning to roll over her, both of my hands met between my legs in an effort to match the extent of her orgasm. Suddenly, with howling moans and screams drawn from the depths of our souls, we broke down in a final all-consuming crash of erotic stimulation, lights seeming to burst before my (and I assume Chloe's) eyes.

As the metaphorical dust settled and I began to regain my composure, I couldn't help but think how apt the French euphemism for orgasm, *le petite mort* or "the little death," is. All of that life, all the energy of sex, brought to a quick and conclusive end by a gasping, shuddering moment that wraps our entire bodies and consciousness up into a single moment of thanatobiological ecstasy... But my reverie was cut short when I saw just how enormous Chloe had grown and was still growing!

"Chloe! Snap out of it!" I shouted as I shifted over as best I could to reach Bud's device on the nightstand next to me. That exclamation as well as the movement of the Brobdingnagian bust beneath her seemed to bring her more to her senses. "We need to stop your growth!"

"Fuck! Yeah we do," Chloe agreed as she surveyed her expansive pulchritude.

I grabbed the leads and somehow managed to help get Chloe into a mostly-sitting position in my cleavage with her boobs taking up just about all of my vision. Quickly, I passed her the lead for her head and slapped the others on her nipples. Just as quickly, I hit the button and put an end to her growth. She fell back into my cleavage and the two of us remained silent as our heart rates slowed to normal. Tugging on the leads, I felt them pop off of Chloe and I tossed them to the side.

Chloe was the first to speak, her voice coming from behind the wall of breast in front of me, "What was that?"

"I did warn you that the growth would feel really good at some point. I told you just how good it would feel."

"That's not what I mean," she replied, "though I don't think any description could have prepared me for *THAT!* I mean... You know..." Her voice trailed off but I knew what she meant.

"Yeah... I guess I got caught up in things..."

"I'm not complaining or anything," Chloe replied. "I'm not a..."

"Neither am I," I assured her.

"It was amazing though," she sat up a bit and spread her breasts apart, pressing them into my own mammoth jugs on either side of her, just enough so that I could see the smile on her face.

"For me too," I smiled back. "Let's just chalk this one up to the boobs, huh?"

"Say no more... So, how do I get down from here?"

I thought for a moment. "Give me your hands."

She did and it was a beautiful sight. I could see her hands and lower arms where they protruded from between where my boobs and hers met, her jugs resting against and between the inner slopes of mine. I grasped her hands and helped pull her up into a proper sitting position, her thighs resting on my shoulders and her crotch against my chest. In this position, my head was sandwiched between her tits and it was fantastic.

"Enjoying the view?" she asked.

"Definitely," I replied, my voice muffled by the walls of pale, supple flesh. "Can you swing your right leg and boob over my head? Once we've got your legs over my right breast, you should be able to just slide to the ground."

Chloe scooted back a bit down my cleavage toward the front of my tits and together we managed to lift breast and leg up and over. Somehow managing to deal with the shifting, yielding breast flesh beneath her, she managed to get herself into a full sitting position atop my right jug, her legs dangling down its side toward the floor. Looking at her in profile, I could see that she'd grown to the point where her jugs were now resting in and overflowing her lap. She was so big that her nipples were overhanging her knees by several inches.

"I guess we overdid it a little," I ventured hesitantly.

"I don't know...," Chloe mused. "I certainly enjoyed getting to this point. I'll just have to see how I feel now that I'm here. I mean, I just had a lot of fun with these things. Might as well make the best of this since it seems there's no going back." I guessed that it was the leftover sexual stimulation that was allowing her to take this all in stride. I just hoped that she'd be as calm and collected once that had worn off and the reality of the situation set in. "I think maybe it's time I get off of you," she continued.

As opposed to getting off on top of me? I thought with a wry smile.

With that, Chloe twisted around, placed her hands on my ponderous bulk, and slid down the side of my enormous nork until her feet connected with the ground. After a calming breath, she let go of me and tried to balance her massively increased bust atop her slender form. It was as though she'd grown a pair of prize-winning white watermelons on her chest. The result was like watching a newborn deer trying to walk for the first time and stumbling around on its spindly, wobbling legs. After several moments of sexually comical swaying and undulation, Chloe managed to gain her balance and steady her huge tits by placing her palms on either side of her truly voluminous rack which was now much, much wider than her ribcage.

"This is going to take some getting used to..."

"I'd recommend moving slowly and deliberately until you can get those things into a bra or a shirt or something. Otherwise, they're going to keep trying to knock or pull you over," I offered helpfully. "Slow and steady wins the race."

"Slow and steady..."

"Right. So, time for a measurement?" I was almost dreading this (really her reaction to whatever the number ended up being), but I had to know how big she'd gotten. I needed to

put a number to it. As she wobbled and swayed her way to the tape measure and then to me, I was treated to view after view of her astonishing figure. Standing straight and tall, her breasts projected forward more than two feet from chest to nipple and I was wondering how difficult it was going to be for Chloe to reach her own nipples. You see, her hooters were incredible full and their bulk extended at least ten inches past her torso on either side. Their upper slopes started very high on her chest, gradually sloping forward to a point at those lovely nips. Speaking of nipples, as large as her breasts had gotten, they were still delightfully pink and still relatively small with her areolae looking to be only about three inches across, her actual nipples just petite nubs in their centers. If I measured from nipple to nipple with Chloe just standing naturally, I would have gotten something like 22 inches. The lower slopes of her gazongas were now well below her waist, their very bottoms just about level with or a bit lower than the spot where her legs met. Viewed head-on, her pussy appeared to be closely framed by chesticle on either side, her nipples standing proud on a plane a decent handful of inches higher. Her breasts fully obscured her belly button, their sides sloping away toward the undersides of her udders well below where her belly button was. As with my unbelievable udders, hers were preternaturally firm and well-formed. They projected proudly from her ribcage without a hint of sag or stretch and practically begged to be touched and fondled. She still maintained her sprinkling of freckles, now even more sparse but still covering a sizable portion of the top of her breasts.

Wrapping the tape around her, I encouraged Chloe to lift and support her breasts a bit while I jockeyed the tape to wrap around what seemed to be her widest point. I was treated to an astounding figure, "92 inches!" I didn't even try to relay cup-size. She'd outgrown the alphabet a long time ago and I didn't think I needed to emphasize further just how gigantic she'd become.

"Wow..." Chloe was speechless.

"You know, if I've got the biggest boobs in the world, I think you've at least got a chance at second place," I suggested, trying to put the best spin on this possible and unintentionally negating my cup-size omission.

"I need to see myself," Chloe responded. I could see uncertainty on her face. I think reality was starting to get to her and I wasn't sure precisely where she was going to land with regard to how she felt about her new body.

Slowly and carefully, she made her way to the closet mirror. As before, what followed was a session of posing, tentative at first but gaining in confidence and experimentation. An early pose was just arms straight up in the air and a gentle shake from side to side. Another was standing in profile, hands on hips, and leaning back while her whoppers fell to the sides of her torso, nipples pointing off to the sides. Becoming more adventurous, she turned her back on the mirror and looked over her shoulder to see just how much of her breast flesh would be visible from behind, quite a lot as it happened, again raising her arms over her head. Next, came the inevitable nipple tweaks. It was a bit difficult for Chloe to reach her nipples with her jugs this big, full, and wide. A casual reach would only allow her fingertips to brush the edge of her areola. It required two hands and some groping to be able to properly fondle her nips. When she did though, the reaction was spectacular. Her face flushed and a little of the stimulation that had kept her writhing on top of me was again rushing through her body.

"They're gonna do that for a while," I piped up, "and they're going to be really sensitive in general." Chloe turned to look at me questioningly. "Yeah, remember? Bud and I are guessing that our bodies will acclimate to all the new sensations moving along all our new nerve endings. For now, you just have to be careful about how you play with them unless you really intend to just lose yourself."

Turning back to the mirror, Chloe placed her hands into the undersides of her incredible chesticles. Letting her hands sink deep into their flesh, I watched as she started shaking her tits hard, sending them wobbling and undulating heavily. Waves and shudders moved across her flesh, emphasizing just how beautifully "natural" they were. From what I could see of her expression, I could tell that this was only sending new waves of pleasure through her as well. Next, she placed her hands on the closet door to either side of the mirror to steady herself and leaned forward, wobbling her giant hanging tits back and forth. This is about when she brought the chair into the mix.

Chloe grabbed a folding chair from an adjoining room, unfolded it in front of the mirror, and sat down backwards, spreading her legs wide. Her breasts were hanging over the back of the chair, obscuring most of it and her as well. She tried leaning as far forward as she could and I could see that her nipples were just shy of brushing the ground as she swung them gently sided to side. Standing and spinning the chair to sit properly, she extended her legs in front of her and arched her back, thrusting her chest upward. As her breasts splayed outward toward her sides, she massaged their inner surfaces, moaning with pleasure. Not letting herself stray too far down that path, she eventually stood and placed one foot on the chair, striking a pose suggesting a certain rum-soaked pirate captain. She seemed to be marveling at just how much of the rest of her body her jugs now obscured from view.

"So...?" I prompted as her posing seemed to be winding down.

Chloe turned to face me and started walking toward me, her ponderous funbags swaying heavily from side to side. A smile was forming on her face and she said, "I think I'm going to learn to love these beauties."

"Thank god," I replied, relieved. "I thought you might think they were too big!"

"But they are," Chloe grinned, "beautifully, deliciously, obscenely, decadently too big." She hugged the elephantine globes in front of her, her arms sinking into their flesh and her eyes lolling back in response to the sensations this contact generated. "I've always gotten looks from people with my height, my complexion, you know? I'm actually pretty used to it. I can't wait to see some jaws drop when the world sees all of this!"

"Come here you," I replied, extending my arms to embrace my boobie buddy. Our intended embrace was cut short by our massively swollen sweater meat, devolving into a minor groping session as our arms were filled by bulbous, bulging bosoms. Neither of us complained of course. Realizing that a proper hug wasn't going to work though, Chloe ultimately sidled up to me and giving me a quick side-hug. Looking at the clock, it was now a little past three and we'd had a pretty full day already.

After a quick consultation, we put back on what clothes fit and cleaned up around the apartment. Chloe quickly caught on that she would have to sidle or back up to things, or risk knocking them over with her ponderous jugs. Following that, we decided to raid my stores again and prepare a substantial late-lunch/early-dinner. Now don't get yourself excited because the fact that Chloe was still growing quickly when we shut her breasts down meant

that she wasn't going to have any residual growth. By the time we finished eating, it was getting late-ish and I didn't know exactly when Bud was going to be getting home. I think Chloe could see I was getting a little antsy and offered to be on her way once we made her decent.

Even though we both knew it would never fit, she still tried to put on the 60-inch bra just so that she could say she tried. As big as it was, it came nowhere near to containing her now. When we got the cups on the front of her tits, the straps wouldn't even make it to her ribcage, let alone clasp behind her back. In the end and after a lot of bumbling around looking to see what materials we (mostly Chloe, obviously) could scrounge up, breasts getting in the way the whole time, we finally wrapped her chest in bandages to provide some stability and I hastily sewed part of a sheet around her for coverage like a linen tube top. Of course, this was only a temporary solution and I made sure to give her the number of my seamstress. Considering her reaction to my request for a 60-inch bra, I could only imagine how she would feel about the wardrobe Chloe would be requesting.

Chloe really seemed to be enjoying her figure and once her makeshift top was on she began strutting around the room. For a moment, she considered trying to put her high-heels back on but I managed to convince her that she should wait until she was more used to her enormous rack rather than risk breaking her ankles. With her bust now under some semblance of control, we gave the apartment a last onceover and in short order no one would have guessed that I'd had any company that day. With all of that taken care of it was time to say our goodbyes.

"This was amazing...," Chloe started, suddenly uncertain of her words.

"For me too," I agreed.

"Call me whenever you get the chance and I can tell you how I'm getting on with my new toys," she smiled, giving her bust a pat. "Until you let Bud in on our little secret, I think it'll make more sense that way, you calling me."

"No problem. And I can't wait to see you again."

"Same here," Chloe responded, breaking eye contact. "This was fun and I don't know how I could possibly thank you properly."

"I think we both got just what we needed from this, don't you?"

"Yeah... And about earlier again..."

"Like I said before," I responded quickly, cutting her off, "it was the boobs. I enjoyed it, you enjoyed it, and it doesn't need to mean anything more than that, right?"

"Right," Chloe responded, slightly more sure of herself. "But if I wanted more?"

That response took me by surprise. Thinking for a moment, I smiled broadly once again, "As long as it's about the boobs and having fun, I can't wait." This got a smile out of Chloe. Somehow, as weird as the idea of engaging in regular sex with another woman was to me, it was hard for me to deny just how much I'd enjoyed our little experiment.

That settled, Chloe made her way to the front door with a new bounce in her step in more ways than one. "You know, I hope I can still drive like this," she called out over her shoulder as she, with some difficulty, squeezed herself through the currently un-widened front doorway.

"Only one way to find out," I called back in reply. With that, she was gone and I would later find out that she was only just able to drive herself home. Her breasts were literally pressed up against the wheel with her seat all the way back but she managed it somehow.

Settling down to reflect, I replayed the day's events in my mind, enjoying every instant. I'd been lucky that everything had gone as smoothly as it did and that it turned out Chloe had an ultra-busty bombshell inside her waiting to be let out. When I'd invited her over I'd never expected we'd do the sorts of things we ended up engaging in, but I couldn't bring myself to regret them even one iota. She and I were grown consenting adults and if we wanted a little lesbian cunnilingus now again, who was going to stop us? Maybe I didn't want Chloe and I didn't want women in general, but I wanted breasts and I'd do what I wanted when they were the primary motivator. Seemingly, after a certain size, another woman's breasts would be able to overwhelm all my other preferences in my desire to get my hands on them or help their owner enjoy them. Thinking about this later, I decided that I would never call or consider myself bisexual, I am boobsexual.

About an hour after Chloe left, Bud arrived home. By that point, I was ready for some more fun and a new distraction, but once again he was practically dead on his feet. After a meal for him and a large snack for me, we settled in for bed, discussing our appointment with Dr. Bloom the next morning. Neither of us knew quite what to expect from this meeting but I was eager to show off my body for a new pair of eyes and Bud was eager to check his data against Bloom's own research. Personally, I had Bloom pegged for a breast guy and part of me couldn't wait to see a man's face the first time he beheld my majesty. Would he faint? Would he be overcome with desire? It was thoughts like this that went through my mind as I fell asleep.

-To Be Continued-

But wait! Don't go anywhere just yet, readers. If you're reading this on deviantART or The Overflowing Bra, I have a teensy little suggestion for you. Yes, this is still Judy and I was hoping I might get a chance to respond to some of you out there who have been following my story. If you have questions for me about me, my boobs, or just anything at all, feel free to comment and you might get your question answered at the end of the next chapter of *New Beginnings*. Sound like fun? I thought so.