

New Beginnings 6

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 fifth 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, 4, and 5 yet; do it now. They're all on The Overflowing Bra and DeviantART.

Excerpt from the Personal Diary of Dr. Philip Bloome

January 4th, 2000

Where to start? Today was- Judy-

I suppose I should just start at the beginning. I wasn't sure in the slightest what to make of Judy Wall's phone call on New Year's Day. It seemed as though she was being needlessly cryptic and I couldn't shake the feeling that she was toying with me for some incomprehensible reason. I'm not sure what she did or how she did it, but she had me completely flummoxed to the point where I could barely respond while I took down the address she gave me and listened to her frustratingly coy goodbye. For the next two days, I had half a mind not to see her at all and as a result didn't bother recording that initial conversation or my impressions of it here. Who did she think she was basically ordering me to her house with hardly a word of explanation?

Still, I couldn't help mulling over her words. *Just getting warmed up... There's a lot to examine... Additional developments... My mobility isn't what it used to be...* She claimed to have grown since I'd last examined her, possibly a great deal more by the sound of it; however, I reasoned to myself that such a development should not be possible. When I had last examined her, the growth of her breasts had well and truly ceased. By that point, her bust had grown to 61 inches, an impressive measurement but hardly something that should unduly impact her mobility. It seemed to me that the best course of action would be to ignore her for the time being. If she truly needed assistance, she could come into my office or at the very least explain why it was that I needed to go to the inconvenience of driving out to see her. I am certainly not a pizza delivery man or her significant other that she can just call over whenever she pleases. And yet...

I'd never seen any woman as large as Judy was once she had reached the end of her treatment. At least I'd never seen breasts anywhere near that large on any woman whose body wasn't also excessively voluminous everywhere else. I must admit that she was quite attractive even discounting her singular endowments and her attitude toward breast size was decidedly intoxicating. My own perspective on the female figure is already well-documented here so there is no need to restate it now. I suppose in the back of my mind I've always wondered about the limitations of medically/scientifically-assisted breast growth and Judy's results gave me quite a bit of hope for the future. If she could grow that large in one round of treatment, what might be possible for other women?

Part of me had even hoped that Judy would approach me for a second round of treatment. I don't think that I would have been medically or scientifically justified in suggesting such a thing, especially given the size that she had already attained, but I feel I could have indulged in performing an additional procedure if she had requested it herself. The trials would certainly benefit from testing the effects of multiple successive applications. A voice in the back of my mind also kept reminding me that seeing her with

even larger breasts would be quite a singular experience. I hesitate to record it even here but I might add that I was quite thankful that the trial required taking numerous photographs to document the progress of her growth. The images collected during our repeated follow-up sessions essentially constituted the most erotic time-lapse photography I have ever seen. Privately, I have been exceedingly happy to have those pictures as a lasting record of the trials. It also provides me no small amount of amusement to consider the faces of the reviewers who will eventually peruse the report I intended to publish on the trial. It makes absolute sense scientifically to include those images (with Judy's identity obscured of course) but I can't deny that they will certainly shock some of the more prudish or closed-minded of my medical peers.

Those, as well as pure scientific curiosity, were the thoughts that ultimately brought me to the address Judy had provided. Something in the back of my mind needed to know precisely what was going on and even the most insubstantial chance that she had continued growing really did need to be investigated. I walked up to the door and was met by a man I'd never seen before.

"Good morning."

"Mornin'. You're Dr. Bloome, right?"

"Yes, and I'm here to see Judy Wall. I presume I came to the right place?"

"Yeah," the man replied. He turned to face into the house, "Judy! Dr. Bloome is here."

*A voice came from somewhere inside, "Show him in. He's in for a **BIG** surprise."*

He introduced himself as "Bud" and we made our way into the house. It looked as though he was in the middle of some construction as walls were torn down, apparently to widen doorways, and little bits of building material were scattered about as though there hadn't been time for a thorough cleaning. The man told me he was leading me into the bedroom to see Judy and I asked him what was going on. This situation was already highly irregular and nothing I was seeing or hearing was convincing me that I wasn't wasting my time. He responded by telling me to simply "just wait and see." I was beginning to get annoyed again but it was only a few steps before Judy was in front of me, almost hidden by something large resting in front of her, covered in sheets and blankets. I couldn't imagine what was going on or why she was grinning wickedly from ear to ear.

"Hello, Doctor."

"Good morning, Judy. Will you please tell me precisely why I'm here? Honestly, I'm not sure why I bothered coming at all after the nature of your phone call. I don't appreciate being ordered and I'm not in the habit of making 'house calls.'"

"Please, don't be mad at little ol' me. I think you'll be very interested in what I have to show you. In the end, I'm sure you'll be very pleased that you decided to come."

"And why is that exactly?"

With minimal ceremony, she and Bud whipped the cloth from the mass that was resting in front of her

and revealed the most staggeringly enormous bosom I had ever seen. It rested on the floor in front of Judy as she was standing and leaning onto it, and seemed to be overflowing what looked to be a mattress which lay squashed beneath it on the floor, just barely visible underneath her copious flesh. The sight was incredible, unbelievable, too much to be real. Somehow, I managed to maintain my equanimity and take the mind-boggling sight in stride.

THUD

"What just happened, Bud?"

"I think he fainted."

It only took a moment for me to catch my breath.

"W-where am I?"

"It's okay, Doc. I pulled you out of the bedroom and onto a chair until you came to. Water?"

"Thank you. Did I just see what I think I saw?"

"Yeah, that's all Judy."

A scream and subsequent trailing moan emanated from the bedroom.

"What in heaven's name was that?!?"

"Well, I dragged you in here so Judy could have some privacy. You see, she gets really turned on by just how massive her boobs are and this is the first time the sight of them has ever made anyone lose consciousness. We weren't sure how long you would be out and..."

"Ahem... Well, how did this happen and who are you?"

"We'll get to all of that in a minute but I'm sure Judy will want to be the one to tell you. I guess I can at least say that I'm Judy's boyfriend. Anyway, I think she'll be ready to see you now."

Once I had completely regained my composure, I tried to come to terms with what I was seeing. Standing in front of Judy was unreal. After the initial shock, I tried to convince myself that what I was seeing couldn't possibly be as it appeared.

"Sorry I let myself get carried away, Dr. Bloome. You have no idea what it's like being attached to these monsters. So, what do you think?"

"What do I think? I think that this is some terrible joke you're playing on me. What are these? Latex? Foam rubber? What sort of fetish shop even produces things like these?"

"These are completely real!"

"Nonsense! This is a physical and medical impossibility. You just called me over here to play a joke on me and the two of us just heard you getting off on it. I knew you had an appreciation for large breasts but I didn't think you would waste my time with something like this."

"Hey, Doc, don't talk to her like that. We're completely on the level. If you don't believe us, go ahead and examine her yourself. You'll see that's 100% real, living breast tissue sitting in front of you."

"Humph... There's absolutely no point to it, but I guess I might as well, if only to put an end to this nonsense. Once I do though, I'm leaving."

However, even the briefest of examinations confirmed the apparent truth of the situation. The fleshy orbs in front of her had every appearance of living breasts. The skin was soft, supple, and had an authentic as well as hard-to-replicate translucence that allowed one to just barely see some of her breasts' network of veins just beneath the surface of her skin. They wobbled in a completely realistic manner and were warm to the touch as real breasts should be.

Speaking of touch, I am somewhat embarrassed to admit, even to myself, that the more time I spent examining and coming into contact with them, the more aroused I became regardless of my lingering questions. The sensation of rubbing or squeezing them was so thoroughly pleasing that it was taking quite an effort to maintain my medical detachment. Checking Judy's chest where her breasts connected to her body, there were no visible seams and the look, feel, and texture of her skin were unchanged as one moved from chest to bosom. Looking her face, her expression seemed to be fighting between two the extremes of apparent arousal at my touch (somewhat surprising given how clinical I was attempting to be) and frustration, presumably over the fact that I questioned the reality of her endowments.

Thinking that this all might possibly still be a pair of clever and convincing "falsies" of some sort and Judy's reactions playacting, I decided to try an experiment. Moving to the front of her breasts where I was out of sight of both Judy and this Bud person, I sat for a minute or so without making any contact at all with the wall of flesh in front of me. Then, I quietly began to slowly caress one of her nipples. Fake or not, they were certainly impressive, the areolas over a foot wide and the nipples themselves about as long as a roll of quarters and much wider. Astonishingly, Judy immediately responded with a deep, low moan.

"Ooooooooooooooh..."

This helped to convince me of the reality of her bust as without possessing genuine sensation she couldn't have known precisely when I'd made contact with them. Her nipple responded as well, growing even more prominent in support of its genuineness. Almost completely convinced now, there was only one more test I wanted to administer that I felt would eliminate all doubt from the equation. Taking a sterile small-gauge syringe from the bag I'd brought along, I made a tiny pin-prick on the face of her breasts outside the areola and was rewarded with a tiny, corroborative drop of ruby red blood.

"Ow! What the fuck was that?!?!"

"That was my final test. I'm sorry but I had to be certain."

"Well, you damn well better be after that. That hurt!"

"I'm sorry... It shouldn't have hurt you THAT much to be honest."

"You have no idea how sensitive these are!"

Satisfied that I was indeed dealing with some sort of medical or biological miracle, I was well and truly floored by the sight in front of me. So much breast on one woman hardly seemed possible and yet there it was. Digressing into the thoroughly unprofessional, my biological impulses were beginning to assert themselves quite distractingly. A familiar sensation was attesting to the impact that this otherworldly bust was having on me. As my mind struggled to process the full meaning and importance of Judy's mammoth bosom, I latched onto the most pressing question in my mind partly to distract from how my own anatomy was reacting to the astonishingly sexual being in front of me. That question, of course, was whether the procedure that I performed had resulted in this substantially magnified bustline. If it had, I would be responsible for Judy's current state and thus for whatever care and accommodations she might require given her obviously lessened mobility. It would also throw the results of the trial into utter disarray and I could potentially expect to hear from a number of other former patients who'd grow beyond the bounds of reason.

To my relief, the pair quickly reassured me that my procedure alone hadn't resulted in the baffling display in front of me. That concern ameliorated, I proceeded to question Bud and Judy about her massive development. Encouraging them to start from the beginning, they told me of their meeting, their dates, Bud's breast-growing device, the New Years Eve celebration that got out of hand, and coming to terms with Judy's incredible bust over the subsequent days. I will not go into detail here as the conversation is indelibly seared into my memory.

Once I'd been brought up to speed, the two of them explained why they had called me to... I feel silly calling him "Bud." Eugene's house.

"Well, Doc, this is a new situation for all of us... I don't have the know-how or the tools to give Judy a thorough medical examination. As far as I can tell, she's perfectly healthy but... There's a lot of her to test and I can't really be... I'm not sure how to say it... Invasive? Let's just say that you can check things that I can't."

"Of course, I'm more than happy to help now that I understand the reality of the situation. I brought some equipment and I can take a few samples. To be completely exhaustive though, I'll need to bring Judy somewhere with equipment that I don't currently have access to."

"Getting me anywhere is going to be a challenge, Dr. Bloomfield. I think the three of us should be able to manage it if you can tell us where we need to go."

"I'll... I'll make some calls. I may have to call in a favor or two, but I should be able to work something out."

The medical examination was only the tip of the iceberg though. After I had finished taking Judy's vitals and drawing some blood as well as performing a thorough physical exam, they continued.

"There's something else, Doc."

"Yes, Mr. McCullough?"

"...Seriously, you can call me 'Bud,' Doc."

"If I can put up with you calling me 'Doc' incessantly, then you can certainly handle being addressed properly."

"Sure... Anyway, the way I see it, you and I are kindred spirits in a way. I mean, we were basically working toward the same end and I studied your work very thoroughly as I developed my breast-enlarging device. I have to say, your ideas were groundbreaking."

"Thank you. I do have to acknowledge that you've certainly taken my work to the next level."

"He's done more than that Dr. Bloome! Look what his device did to me and without ANY surgery!"

"Put that way, I suppose he's made my research a bit superfluous..."

"Don't look at it like that, Doc. I couldn't have made my machine work without your work... Anyway, I was hoping to talk to you about the possibility of us working together..."

It turned out that the two of them were eager to begin exploiting Eugene's device for financial gain and they perceived that I, as a medical professional, would be an invaluable partner in such a venture. After several hours of close discussion, we determined that if the results of Judy's medical examination revealed her and her breasts to be perfectly healthy, then we might be able to set something up on a limited basis. Luckily, laws regarding noninvasive devices are much less strict and onerous than those requiring actual invasive medical procedures or supplements/ingested medications. I had to laugh when I saw Eugene's expression after I asked him whether he thought all the quacks selling ab-building belts that claimed to be able to stimulate muscle growth through directly-applied electric shocks had gone through any FDA-mandated process. I then pointed out to him that his own device would be just as simple to implement and utilize though his would (apparently) actually work.

By the end of my time with the couple, we'd worked out a rough plan of how to proceed. Over the next few days, we intended to examine Judy more fully using whatever medical equipment I could find that could accommodate her. At time of writing, I have a few ideas on that score but I still need to make a few calls. Additionally, we'd resolved to start discussions on a sort of private clinic that we could operate jointly which, assuming Judy's health would support the safety of the device, would allow all of us to profit from this joint venture while gathering new data on the machine's operation.

Writing this tonight, so soon after my experience with Bud and Judy, it hardly feels real. Every so often, I find myself utterly convinced it was all a dream, but then I check again and find that the measurements and samples I took are still there.

I'll need to make a few calls but the next steps of this new project are beginning to take shape in my mind. I'll need to look up a professional acquaintance of mine...

But damn I wish I'd brought a camera with me...

-To Be Continued-

Hey, everyone, Judy here again! I know it's literally been years since the last installment of my story but we're back! Here's hoping you don't have to wait nearly so long to hear more about me and my gigantic jubbies. A bit of business before I leave you. At the end of the last chapter, I invited reader questions. We only got one but after a long delay here is an answer!

js1234 asked: OK, Judy! How did you come to know this Fitzbattleaxe who has been kind enough to relay your story to us?

Bud and I have come a long way since what you've been reading. Since we've become so famous, the public has been demanding the story of how we got to where we are now (and how my massive mams have gotten to their current glorious size!) and we've hired Fitz to gather documentation and interviews to compile our lives over the years. Enjoy reading the first draft.