

## New Beginnings 7

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 seventh 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, 5, and 6 yet; do it now. They're all here on The Overflowing Bra and DeviantART.*

"No!" I shouted at Bud.

"Oh, come on, Judy," he whined back at me. "You remember what Dr. Bloome said! The only way to examine you properly is to take you to Dr. Clayton's facility."

"Clayton isn't a freakin' doctor! He's a *veterinarian*!"

Bud and I had been having this argument ever since Bloome called to say that he'd worked something out with a friend who could help give me a proper examination. This Clayton guy was apparently a vet specializing in large animals. Needless to say, I didn't like the idea of being dragged into an animal hospital and treated like a cow... As appropriate as that might be in some ways given my endowments.

"We've been through this a hundred times!" Bud complained, his face buried in his hands. "He *IS* a doctor, just for animals."

"And am I an animal?!" I shouted from behind my bulwark of breast flesh.

"Of course you're not! But at your size, taking you to his facility is the only way we'll be able to get you to diagnostic equipment that has a chance of accommodating you. We need to take you to Clayton's hospital."

"His *ANIMAL* hospital...", I fumed.

"We talked this through, Judy! You agreed that this was the only solution!"

"Well, I'm UNagreeing!" Anchored as I was by a set of tits the size of sofas, I wasn't in a position to storm off. Instead, I crossed my arms over my enormous décolletage and stamped my feet. Happily, the tantrum sent pleasant ripples through my titanic teats.

"Ugh!" Bud groaned. "C'mon! Tomorrow is the day we're supposed to take you. We can't call Bloome and Clayton now and cancel. We have to get you there on a Saturday when the hospital isn't technically open."

"Well... There might be a way you could convince me to go with you..."

"And what's that?"

"I'm already huge, right?" I asked, batting my eyelashes. "What difference would it make if I was just a bit... bigger?"

Bud threw up his hands and walked out of our bedroom.

As I stood there watching my darling Bud storm off, a smile spread across my lips. It had been a little over a week since Dr. Bloome had visited and only a couple days after that he'd called Bud and brought up this 'Clayton' and his vet practice. Initially, I was legitimately somewhat offended in a weird way. However, that quickly wore off. Since then though, I enjoyed vacillating between accepting the fact that we were going and acting like I needed to be cajoled. Given my lack of mobility, I was finding my entertainment where and how I could.

As far as my comment about going bigger... I was *mostly* joking. I think by this point, I realized part of me would never truly be satisfied with my breasts at any size, but I did realize just what a hassle it would

be to move me and had enough good sense not to want to make things any more impractical than they'd already be. Even with Bud's best efforts, just getting around his home had only gotten marginally easier with the work he'd put into it since I'd grown.

Bud had actually made his house about as comfortable and 'finished' as they could be. When Dr. Bloome had arrived, the place still looked like a bit of a disaster. Now though, most of the walls that weren't load-bearing had been knocked down to allow me to move more easily from room to room. He'd started by working to just widen the doorways but it became clear pretty quickly that with a bust that was pushing eleven feet wide, he should just make as much open space as possible. Things still weren't 'pretty' exactly but it was functional. All the rough edges had been sanded down, holes spackled and patched, new carpet hastily laid over rough patches of floor where walls had been, and new paint was on some of the walls. This meant that I could somewhat carry, mostly drag my gigantic hooters from the bedroom to the bathroom, living room, and out the front door if need be. The latter was made just wide enough for me to squeeze out of in an emergency if something were to happen while Bud was out of the house. One can't be too careful.

As I stood there musing, Bud walked back in holding the breast-growth device. "Are we really doing this?" he asked, plainly exasperated.

Desire suddenly flared within me, the thought of my boobie behemoths growing even larger making me squirm. Showing a little sense, I bit my lip and composed myself before replying, "No, Bud, I'm just playing. You can put it down."

He set it just outside the bedroom and turned to me eyebrow raised. "Does this mean you're going to Clayton's?"

I flashed my most winning smile. "Of course... That IS tomorrow though, right?"

"Yes..."

"Well, maybe if you entertained me a bit tonight, I wouldn't have to make my own fun."

A sly grin formed on Bud's face, "I guess I have been neglecting my titty goddess... What with all the work around the house and holding down my job." He walked closer to me, laying a hand on the expansive surface of my enormous right breast. Shivers ran down my spine as for what had to be the thousandth time I reveled in how small his hand felt against me. "What sort of 'entertainment' did you have in mind?" he asked with obvious emphasis.

I thought for a moment. "First, I want those clothes OFF," I directed while removing my own jeans and panties, and tossing them to the side. Bud happily did as was requested. His smile beamed when he looked to me for further directions. "Now, climb on top of my big right titty and straddle it."

Excitedly, Bud began gingerly clambering up the undulating slope of my elephantine jug. The feeling was extraordinary! As his hands, knees, and feet pressed into my flesh, pleasure with occasional tinges of pain surged along my nerve endings and rattled around my skull. At six feet from chest to nipple, even just one of my boobs was more than sufficient to hold my lover's body and I enjoyed feeling him sink into it as he shifted his weight. After a minute of awkward climbing, he sat himself right in the middle of my knocker, facing me with one leg dangling toward my cleavage and the other toward the outer slope.

I groaned as I felt my breast flesh bulge out under Bud's weight as well as from the sensation of his cock and balls pressing into me. Unable and unwilling to control myself, my left hand was massaging my clit while my right was squeezing the taut flesh of my compressed knocker.

"What now?" Bud asked suggestively.

"Could you...?" I began, trailing off as I considered the possibilities, "Could you just... bounce... a

little?" As I saw Bud's excitement build, I cautioned, "Gently...! At least at first."

With that, I felt my lover gently begin to shift his weight such that he bounced up and down on my breast. The action was amazing! Feeling his weight rhythmically compressing, squeezing my humongous tit was so goddamned arousing that I could hardly take it. My fingers began thrusting in and out of my dripping snatch in time to his regular up and down motion. The pressure of Bud on top of me generated exquisite pleasure only enhanced by the slightest twinges of discomfort when his weight settled most heavily on me.

"More...," I moaned, feeling the weight come down on my breast harder and faster. I groaned to the depths of my soul as both hands were now between my legs. "More...," I groaned once more and felt the pressure coming even more intensely. It was almost too much and there was now considerable pain radiating from my huge jug, heightening the experience. I cried out as stars exploded in front of my eyes and I fell to my knees. "Stop...! Stop! Enough!" I shouted in between gulping down air, waving one hand in the air from behind my enormous bosom.

Instantly, Bud allowed himself to fall sideways off of my massive knocker and land on the carpet. Hurrying to my side, he asked "You alright?" concern evident on his face.

"Yeah," I gasped, "that was just a bit... intense, you know? At the end, it hurt a bit."

"Not too much I hope..."

I shook my head and looked lovingly up into Bud's face, "Not too much at all." Appreciatively, I reached up and began stroking his cock, swiftly bringing it back to full attention. "Your turn now..."

...

"Yaaaawwwnnn..."

I woke up the next morning feeling satisfied and rested. Lying under my own cleavage with nothing in view but boob, I couldn't see Bud. I could, however, hear him gently breathing just around the side of Righty. (By the way, if you're wondering why Righty seems to get so much of our attention, it's because she sits closer to the middle of the room and as such is easier to have fun with.) He'd started the night attempting to sleep on top of my right breast. I was really excited to give it a try. I mean, anything that my breasts can do because of their size that no other women could possibly do thrills and arouses the hell out of me. The problem was that with him up there, the sensations coming from my bosom were way too intense for me to sleep. Well, that and the fact that his "mattress" wobbled so much he probably would have fallen off on his own even if I hadn't helped him along with a few shoves from underneath.

"Bud...," I called out gently.

"Hurmph...?" he grunted sleepily in response.

"It's morning, darling. Don't you think we should be getting ready for our trip to Dr. Clayton's?"

"Oh, hell!" I heard as Bud roused himself.

The next hour or so was a flurry of activity.

Luckily, I don't sleep well in anything other than pretty much complete darkness and the bedroom only had thin blinds. As such, I woke Bud up in the early hours of the morning, rising as I did with the first light of dawn. Working together, we mostly dragged my bust into the bathroom, made simpler by the lack of a wall between it and the bedroom. Pulling my tits backward while Bud pushed (and sank deliciously into their bulk), I managed to stand in the shower. Of course, my tits couldn't fit inside with me, so they just laid heavily over literally everything else in the room. That included the unpleasantly cold tile which quickly warmed under my enormous beauties. To be honest, they couldn't even completely fit in the bathroom and swelled massively beyond its confines. Time being an issue, we

didn't bother to manhandle each of my lady lumps into the shower to the limited extent possible and wash them. Instead, I cleaned up my non-boob body as much as possible, and we heaved my tits back into the bedroom.

The sensations of all of my massive underboob sliding against carpeting was distracting but I managed to hold myself together as I pulled on a pair of panties, jeans, socks, and sneakers. Finding a top for a pair of nearly six-foot diameter knockers was still proving to be nearly impossible so we improvised. We'd had my seamstress over to the house a few days prior, and after nearly giving her a heart attack she took some measurements. She was still working out how to deal with the logistics of my unconventional physique but in the meantime had provided us with a temporary stopgap which Bud helped me slip on. Knowing we'd need to get me out of the house soon, she'd created cloth boob-pockets by taking pairs of queen-sized white bed sheets and sewing them together along three sides, doing this twice to make one for each breast. This morning for the first time, we laid the makeshift garment out in front of me. As I leaned into my own behemoth hooter and pushed forward, Bud grabbed the opening of the "breast sock," pulled it over the front slope of my monstrous udder, and then yanked it back along its length to cover me and get me inside. Once again, the sensation of cloth being pulled against my sensitive skin, particularly underneath my bosom where its weight against the floor made things difficult, was exciting me to an unreasonable degree. Still, I struggled to ignore all that for the sake of our trip. Tits now resting inside loose pillowcases of sorts, we pulled on the drawstrings my seamstress had provided to tighten the open edge of the bag around the bases of my breasts and hold them somewhat in place. To cover my back and help keep me warm outside, I put a coat on, having no other choice than to leave it open in the front.

Just as we finished getting me somewhat decent, we heard the doorbell ring. Bud went to go get it and just a few moments later in walked Dr. Bloome. Looking at his expression, I detected a hint of disappointment so small that I can't even be sure I saw it. In the moment, I fancied that it was because my beautiful boobs were actually covered up. "Good morning, doctor!" I said brightly, standing there behind an eleven-foot wide wall of tit.

Dr. Bloome greeted me pretty warmly and explained how the morning would go. Given my immense size, he'd thought it necessary to bring along a few colleagues whose "discretion," as he put it, could be "relied upon." He'd mentioned he would probably recruit some help to move me but this was confirmation. I blushed a bit at this. I know I sound like a freak given how excited I was to have grown as big as a minivan, but this would still be the first time I'd be seen and touched by men other than my doctor and my boyfriend. Bloome must have seen this and assured me they were medical men as well and would try to be as detached as possible. He assured me that he had explained my "situation" and they should be prepared for it.

Apparently, there's only so prepared you can be to see a body like mine for the first time. Four men filed into Bud's home and stood gaping at my jugs. Bloome started to introduce them one by one. Their names were Alan, Scott, Arjun, and Lee. To look at them, they seemed to range in age from about late-20s to maybe their late-30s or early-40s. Each looked healthy and physically capable... At least they would have if they weren't all shocked into a silent stupor at the sight of me. It seemed for all Bloome's efforts to compose them in advance and their ingrained scientific disinterest, there's only so ready you can be to see a roomful of breast attached to one woman.

To put them at ease, I tried to act as though everything was completely normal. After introductions, I piped up with, "Hi, guys! Like Dr. Bloome said, I'm Judy. It's really nice to meet each of you." At this, I extended my hand inviting them to shake.

For a solid 20 seconds, nobody moved. Then the tallest one, Scott, seemed to shake himself back to consciousness and walked stiffly around my huge bust to shake. I flashed a beaming smile in his direction and soon the rest of Bloome's cohort was shaking my hand one after another. I could see them struggling not to just stare at my chest and inwardly enjoyed the attention while still projecting innocent pleasure to meet them. Once they were all arranged in front of me once again, I said, "Now that we're all friends, maybe we can address the elephants in the room?" I said this making a nod toward my bust. "Yes, they're my tits. Yes, they're enormous. And we're all here today to make sure they're healthy. As outlandish as I look, I'm still just a normal woman. So, maybe we can get this show on the road?"

That really seemed to bring the room back to reality. After some throat clearing and embarrassed coughs, the general mood relaxed to something approaching normal. I actually caught a smile on Bloome's face as he ran through the day's game plan again. In general terms, that meant getting me into a rented truck outside, getting me to Clayton's hospital, and manhandling me from one room and/or piece of equipment to another. Chiming in after Bloome finished, I added, "That means you'll all be touching my chest a lot today." Most of the room blushed at this to varying degrees. All except Bud, I think he was equal parts jealous about letting other guys put their hands on me and enjoying the farce of their reactions. I continued, "So, we might as well get over the squeamishness. There's plenty to go around so everybody should just grab a handful!"

The next part was kind of funny and really turned me on. With a total of six guys in the room, they all split up three to each of my breasts and began to hash out how this might work best. It was pretty obvious that the front door was only going to let one of my gigantic gazongas through at a time. As such, the lead team made up of Bud, Dr. Bloome, and Lee grabbed my right tit and began moving it toward the door. I followed basically shimmying sideways and the other three men grabbed my left breast, bringing up the rear. Seeing these normally clinical men pondering the best way to grope me and hesitating to do so (with the exception of Bud, of course) was the hilarious part of all this. As soon as their hands began sinking into my soft flesh though, I stopped laughing and had to start suppressing the urge to moan. This was a pretty surreal experience as Bud stood at my nipple with Bloome and Lee more at the sides of my right breast. There were a total of three grown men all copping a feel on just one of my giant udders! What made it harder to keep my emotions under control was the fact that my breast being a giant, yielding orb meant that they couldn't really get a firm handhold. My jugs didn't exactly have edges or corners. To really get any kind of grip on me, they each spread their hands wide and lifted from as far under my wobbling mound as they could. As they lifted, their hands sunk deep and their bodies (particularly their hips and thighs) pressed against me to steady the quivering mass. This was quite a shock and my eyes went wide as a new sensation hit my monstrous tits.

Each man was without exception sporting a raging hard-on. So much sensation was hitting me all at once that my mind was practically reeling. Six hands, three hard dicks, knees, hips... I could hardly keep track of it all and part of me just wanted to just lay back and let them fondle me to my heart's content. Suddenly, my supple skin was craving their touch with a passion I can't even begin to describe. My head was swimming in a cloudy miasma of erotic need, my knees weak and my eyes unfocused. As the first group started moving me toward the door, the second group began getting to terms with my left breast and suddenly my giant rack was being poked by six straining cocks and so many more hands and fingers... The already overwhelming sensations doubled and I could feel myself losing my grip on the moment. I was so driven to distraction that I almost forgot to start walking and stumbled sideways as I remembered I needed to keep up with my own mammary bulk. All of this was

reminding me strong of just how extraordinarily sensitive my tits were and it was all I could do to keep myself from trying to turn this into an orgy.

Everything went pretty smoothly all things considered until we hit the front door. Up until that point, it was a struggle to maintain the presence of mind to put one foot in front of the other but there was no real difficulty or discomfort aside from the skin of my chest pulling slightly as one giant jug or the other might be pulled away from it. Bud had done what he could to widen the door but this was where he found himself most limited by the hardware considerations and structural integrity. We knew it was going to be tight and there definitely wouldn't be enough room for my breast AND a guy on either side lifting it to pass through. The next best thing would be for Bud to go outside with Bloome and Lee pushing from inside the house. Even just thinking about this process made me feel like I was being manhandled, which I guess I already had been.

And I haven't even gotten to how COLD it was outside! It's easy to forget but all of this was taking place in mid-January and all that was covering my bust was a bunch of altered bed sheets. As soon as the door was opened and the frigid air rushed in, I could feel my nipples immediately stiffen. At their huge size, this was completely apparent even with loose fabric wrapping my tits. As my helpers jockeyed my massive bust toward the door, I could feel my hard nips poking two of them (one being Bud) in the chest. I could only guess at their size from where I stood but given how big they were normally, I figured they were probably six inches or more long and at least half of that wide.

Shivering now, I had to struggle to maintain my composure as my right breast made contact with the door frame. I could feel its bulk bulging at the sides, too wide to make it through without effort. With Bud outside pulling at me and trying to work my huge knocker through on his side, everyone else in the room pushed from inside the house. The more time went by, the more the medical men got over their shock and regained their sense of medical detachment. As such, they were becoming much less squeamish about poking, prodding, and pushing me. This meant that it was getting harder and harder for me to keep from dissolving into a self-pleasuring heap on the floor. So many hands were touching me!!! Add to that the pressure of the door squeezing my tit and I was in heaven! Oh, it was a sight to see too! When righty was about halfway through being pinched at the middle, my boob was squeezed so tight that it was filling up the door from the floor to well over six feet high. And my skin was so tight, I couldn't resist running a hand over myself to feel the bulging flesh under the bed sheet wrapper. Oh... And I just knew that if it weren't for the bed sheets, I would've been able to see some of my veins snaking around under the surface of my skin... Just describing it all is so... Arousing...

But once we were past the halfway point, it was relatively easy to push my right breast the rest of the way through. Standing in the door frame, half inside and half out, I once again marveled at my own immensity as each of my huge jugs gently wobbled to a resting quiver. That thought didn't last too long though as one of my jugs was now sitting on the freezing cold concrete front walk. I pointed this out to my sweater puppy Sherpas and we once again got a move on. We figured that getting my left breast out would best be done with more pulling than pushing. As such, I hugged the door frame in front of me (sandwiching it between a small portion of my breasts at the same time) and let most of the doctors shimmy past me and outside. Looking at lefty still sitting in the house, a thought occurred to me.

"Hey, I know we're all in a hurry but I'd like to try something..." I began.

At my direction, we all worked together pulling my left breast until it was snugly stuck in the door. At that point, everyone else took their hands off me and I took a deep breath in preparation. Planting my sneaker-clad feet, I leaned away from the house and began pulling at my own enormous asset. At first, I used just my chest and body weight, no hands. When my tits had grown, their bases had expanded to



cover most of my rib cage. Now, I could feel all of that skin stretching and pulled tight. I could feel my left boob tight in the doorway, not even budging in response to my efforts. I couldn't move my breast... Not at all... Reaching my hands out, I grabbed the bed sheet boob-sock and tugged as I tried to take even one step away from the house... But no, my breast was far too big for that and by comparison the rest of me much too small and weak. But the fullness of my breast, the tightness of my skin, the sense of disproportion, and the erotic absurdity of it excited me in ways I'd never imagined possible before my wild growth. It occurred to me that we'd obviously misjudged when we thought we'd widened the front door enough for me to get out on my own. While that was slightly disconcerting, I assured myself that in an emergency I could have summoned the energy to wrestle myself through. Out of breath, I said to the men around me, "That's enough of that. I'm getting even colder." Catching Bud's eye, I could see deep desire in it and noticed his mouth literally hanging open. Winking, I blew him a kiss heavy with the promise of fun to come.

Dr. Scott and Dr. Lee had stayed in the house, and now pushed while the rest of us pulled. Bud put his arms around my waist and pulled with me while Bloome, Arjun, and Alan tugged at the bed sheets. As more and more flesh slid through, Scott and Lee pushing at the bulging flesh to help it through the door's choke point, I felt Bud's lips at my ear. "A little self-satisfied, are we? Why do I get the sense my goddess wasn't completely joking yesterday when she said she wanted to be bigger?" Inside, I moaned silently to myself but I still elbowed him in the ribs in between tugs. Could I ever truly be satisfied when I could always be another inch or another pound bigger?

Anyway, it wasn't terribly long before I was fully out of the house and it was still early enough that we weren't attracting a crowd. Anyone who was watching at least had the courtesy to do so surreptitiously through their windows. Looking around, I took stock of the neighborhood. It had been a couple weeks since I'd left the house and I hardly remembered what this little suburban street had looked like. I looked up and down the block and realized it didn't actually look like much at all. It could have been any quaint little street with its one- and two-story houses. As I glanced this way and that, my eyes fell upon the vehicle in front of Bud's house. It was at this point, I really began to consider my mode of transportation. "A moving van...", I said out loud with a little bit of trepidation, rubbing my hands together and bouncing on the balls of my feet to try and stay warm.

"Yes," Dr. Bloome responded, "As we discussed. It will take that much room to accommodate you. I initially considered a pickup truck. But aside from the obvious safety and modesty issues of being uncovered, the back of even the most spacious pickup would only comfortably hold one of your ample bosoms." I could feel myself blushing at his frank comments about my size but held my tongue.

Quickly, Bud opened the back of the van and hopped up to check out the interior. "Hey!" he called out, "What's all this?" I could see him lean out holding a fistful of thick straps.

"It's a moving truck," Dr. Bloome responded. "They're meant to hold things down in transit. Obviously, we don't need them for our purposes but I didn't want to explain to the rental company why we wouldn't be using them."

"So, they just threw them in as they normally would," Bud stated matter-of-factly.

Bloome nodded.

"There sure is a lot of them... Why don't we put them in the back of the other car?"

"That would probably be best. That way they won't be in Ms. Wall's way as she rides," striding forward, the doctor took an armful and walked them to the ride-along car. Why a ride-along car? Well, the plan was that I would take up most of the back of the van and the front cab could only hold two passengers. The other four of my six hooter-handlers needed someplace to ride. Anyway, after several

trips with armloads of straps, the back was cleaned out. By now, my teeth were literally chattering and the undersides of my breasts were ice cold from the frigid ground.

"Why were there so many?" Bud asked as we all prepared to lift me into the vehicle.

"I had been refusing all of the various packing paraphernalia they offered me... Boxes, blankets, etc. It started to sound a little 'fishy,' shall we say? And I didn't want to get into all this," he gestured at my mammoth bulk.

In the back of my mind, I couldn't help thinking, *I bet you'd LOVE to get into all this*. Before I opened my mouth though, I decided it wouldn't be prudent at the present moment and just kept silent. I couldn't help allowing a silly grin to spread across my face though.

"Another question," Bud began, "are the backs of these things usually carpeted?"

"Not typically. No," Bloome responded as we continued maneuvering my enormous jugs around. "I thought it would be more comfortable on Ms. Wall's bare skin than the rough wood that the floor is actually made of. What's covering it now is a particularly large remnant I picked up in preparation for today."

"Okay!" I cried out, a little louder than intended, "This conversation is fun and all, but I'm mostly only wearing bed sheets and it's fucking freezing out here! Can we get this show on the road?"

After that outburst, we finally began lifting my right breast up into the truck. Bud was up in the truck, pulling and guiding. Bloome, Scott, and Lee were lifting from below while Arjun and Alan helped my left breast keep pace. The sensations were amazing! It was the first time I had ever really gotten to feel my huge, heavy tit lifted any distance off the ground. Everyone's hands sunk so far into my soft flesh and I could feel every one of their fingertips through the sheets. The wobbling too was something I wasn't entirely used to. To see and feel my own massive knocker undulating heavily this way and that so freely was intoxicating. Before this, I'd only really seen them resting on the ground or carried just a few inches above it. Part of the excitement came from the struggle that the men were obviously having. My breasts being completely "natural," the flesh was very soft and a bit hard to get a handle on. The men were constantly fumbling around and shifting their grips as the bulk of my hooter quivered this way and that. A few times, I felt a face pressed up against me as they struggled, a moment that actually made me gasp out loud the first time it happened. This was all new and freeing and part of me never wanted it to end. Unfortunately, it quickly did and one breast was soon in the truck while the other was on the ground.

As the men shifted position, I carefully climbed up into the vehicle and knelt down close to the bed so as not to pull too much on my left breast. With most of the men on the ground working on lifting the rest of me, Bud and Bloome joined forces to shift my right breast further and further into the truck. As I pulled from above and four men wrestled with my tit-mass from below, it didn't take all that much longer to get me fully loaded into the cargo area. Once again, I had cause to reflect on how massive I'd become. I wasn't sitting in a full-sized tractor-trailer but it was a pretty sizable space. It seemed like the sort of moving van you'd get for a two or three bedroom home. Yet with just my own body inside, it was mostly full of my giant funbags. They were laid splayed out to either side of me so they weren't touching either side wall but there was only a few feet of empty space on either side of me left.

Bloome walked behind me and carefully slid toward the back of the truck, taking care to bump into as little of me as possible. He mentioned there were a couple other things to take care of before we left. In the brief moment we had alone, Bud walked behind me in contrast letting a hand slide along my cloth-covered chesticles. Standing behind me, I felt his hands on my hips, pulling me back to meet him. Suddenly, his hard cock was pressed against my ass and I couldn't stifle a slight moan. "How are



you holding up after all this?" he asked with genuine concern.

"I'm... Okay," I said, a little distracted.

"Yeah?" he asked, pulling his hips away. "This isn't all too much for you? We didn't hurt you moving you, did we?"

"No!" I said quickly, "You guys didn't hurt me. If anything, it was all to... exciting."

"Getting off on needing a crew to heft these?" he asked, giving my right breast a quick fondle.

I smiled and actually felt myself blushing. "You know it," I responded, giving him a fairly chaste kiss on the cheek.

He sighed and looked deep in my eyes. "You have no idea how relieved and pleased I am that you're actually enjoying all this. The morning afterward, I really worried I might have ruined your life."

Smiling wickedly, I gently and playfully slapped his cheek. "No more talk like that! I love what I am and I won't let second-guessing spoil this." Awkwardly tugging on my immobilizing mounds, I struggled to turn enough to take this silly man in my arms and plant a deep passionate kiss on his lips.

This was interrupted by the sound of a throat being cleared and we quickly turned to see Bloome standing at the door to the cargo area. "If you're done?" he asked, holding up an armful of blankets and comforters.

Sheepishly, Bud went back to the front of the van. The doctor proceeded to toss him a few coverings and the two worked to cover me up. The back of the vehicle wasn't heated and as such I was shivering there almost as much as I had been out in the open. Thankfully, I had plenty of mass to generate heat and once I got covered up, I started getting pretty toasty.

"Comfy?" Bud asked, smiling at me. Somehow I felt just a little bit warmer looking into his handsome, concerned face. I really did owe him so much and he was taking such good care of me.

"Very," I said with my own stupid grin plastered on. As he sidled between me and the side wall of the van, I turned as best I could and put a hand on his shoulder, stopping him. Placing a hand on either side of his face, I planted a longer, lingering kiss on his lips.

Finally letting him come up for air, he asked, "And what was that for?"

With a laugh, I responded nonsensically, "For a while."

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It was only a few minutes later that Bloome and Bud were seated driver and shotgun in the moving van, and the doctor's medical colleagues were in the other car. Opening a little sliding window between the cab and the cargo area, Bud called back and asked, "Ready to go, Judy?"

I couldn't actually see him because I'd sat down on the floor of the van, nestling myself in my own cleavage. However, I reached a hand up high enough to be visible above my bosom and gave him a thumbs-up. "Let's get this wagon train a-movin'!"

The engine roared to life and the whole vehicle gave a jolting shudder as it fell into gear. I could begin to feel the sensations of the truck reverberating through my giant tits. That initial shock sent their soft flesh undulating back and forth like the waves on a beach. As we actually began moving, the floor started swaying and any little inconsistency in the road was magnified but softened by the suspension. "Oh," I cried softly, realizing that this was going to be quite an interesting ride. Even now just a minute or two in, I could tell my bust was going to be in constant motion and as such constantly distracting.

I figured I would just do my best to focus on literally anything else. "Should have brought a book to read," I bemoaned under my breath. Just then, one of the back tires hit a pretty gnarly pothole. My enormous jugs didn't actually leave the ground but I could feel some fraction of their bulk heave upward

for a second before falling heavily again to the truck bed. "Fuck!" I shouted, quickly biting my lip and struggling to control my urges. I actually sat on my hands to keep them from going anywhere else.

Bud apparently heard me because I heard the window slide open and his voice asking, "Okay back there?"

"Fine!" I shouted back through gritted teeth, "Just keep the ride a bit smoother if you can."

The rest of the ride was excruciating though mostly uneventful. Bud yelled back just a little further into it to let me know it had started snowing. The men didn't think it was enough to cancel the trip, but it apparently got pretty heavy pretty quick. All told, the drive took a little more than two hours. It was in the last 30 minutes things got a bit "interesting."

We were making good time and I had managed to come to terms with the effect the motion of the truck was having on me. Out of nowhere though, we were suddenly swerving all over the road. It was so bad, the front of my tits actually smacked into the opposite wall. An explosion of mingled pain and pleasure shot through my mind. Shaking my head to clear it, I screamed, "The fuck is going on up there?!"

Bud's voice rang out again, "Sorry! Just crossed over a bridge. It iced over pretty good. We'll be careful on the way back!"

"You damned well better!"

A short while later, the van slowed to a complete stop and the back doors opened wide. Standing up, I found myself looking down at the whole six-person crew again but with one addition. Bud and Dr. Bloome climbed up to join me in the truck and a tall, fit 50-something-year-old with sandy blonde hair joined them. Bloome handled the introductions.

"Judy, this is Dr. Samuel Clayton," he said, gesturing to the man. Waving a hand in my direction, he continued, "Sam, this is Judy Wall."

I could see that Dr. Clayton was still working through exactly what he was seeing. Hoping to break the ice, I extended a hand over my improbable knockers and in his direction. "Doctor," I acknowledged.

Directly addressing him seemed to wake him up a bit and we shook, "Judy. Very nice to meet you. Please, call me Sam."

"Okay, Sam," I agreed, nodding. "Thank you for agreeing to help us... Well, help *me* out."

"You're very welcome. Is this," he asked gesturing at my blanket-covered bosom, "all you?"

"Under all that cloth, yeah."

"I see," he looked pensive for a moment before continuing, "Well, we had better get you inside then."

What followed was basically the same loading procedure we went through in front of Bud's house but in reverse. Once my giant melons were yet again lying heavily on the cold ground though it turned out that Clayton had a bit of a surprise. Waiting for me were what looked like a pair of those flatbed shopping carts you find at big-box home improvement stores. The main difference I could see was that it looked like they had some padding on them rather than being bare metal. "What are those?" I asked.

"Gurneys," Sam responded. "We treat a fair amount of livestock here as well as servicing a few zoos. As such, we are prepared for rather large mammals."

*Like me and my giant tits?* I thought, rather pleased with myself. Out loud, I said, "Interesting. I don't think I've ever seen anything quite like them."

Sam raised an eyebrow and half a smirking half-grin, "Spend a lot of time in animal hospitals, have you?" Without waiting for me to respond, he continued, "You wouldn't have anyway. These are custom-made for us. Above a certain size of veterinary patient, there is generally so little call for specialized equipment that facilities either go the specially-made route or do everything

makeshift. Thankfully, we go the latter route."

While he explained, all the men assembled worked to load me, one breast per wheeled platform, onto the gurneys. Even though they were made to cart around livestock, I could feel that my five-and-a-half-foot-wide monster mammaries were overhanging the edges pretty significantly. Once loaded, Sam produced long straps that he fixed to bars on either side of what had become my boob-carriers, steadying my wobbling masses of tit-meat for transport. Situated like this, the group wheeled me into the facility. In order to fit through the automatic sliding front door, they wheeled my left breast in first, pulling the cart behind them, while they pushed pushed my right breast from behind. I walked in the middle, awkwardly trying to keep pace with the two groups and not let my heels get clipped by the gurneys' platforms. Sam saw the difficulty I was having and stopped us a moment to grab an empty receptionist's chair. Sitting down, I could now just let my boobs and me be wheeled along, each on our own set of casters.

Noticing the lack of a receptionist or really anyone around, I asked the veterinarian, "Is this place always this quiet?"

He chuckled a bit under his breath, "I suppose I should first welcome you to Clayton Animal Hospital."

"Oh, I didn't see a sign. You started this place?"

"Not quite," he explained, "My father did. I just took over management." Since he initially recovered himself, I was surprised just how composed Sam was being and how naturally he was talking to me, the titty freak of nature. "Anyway, it's usually quite here on the weekend. We run with pretty minimal staff that so as many people can actually take advantage of the weekend as possible. Plenty of folks are on call but they would only come in if actually necessary." We awkwardly turned a corner in the hospital corridor, still going left boob, me, right boob, and my chair almost took a spill. The vet reached forward and took my hands, steadying me until we rounded down the next stretch of hallway. "Alright?" he asked.

"Yeah, thanks."

Sam cleared his throat, "It's especially quiet today because I made special preparations knowing you were coming. The staff thinks that a very self-conscious obese individual is coming in today to make use of our diagnostic imaging equipment. That sort of thing is sadly becoming more and more common as more Americans become too overweight to fit in traditional MRI machines. I asked them to stay out of the path from the front door to diagnostics while you were coming in."

I smiled, "So, you told a half-truth."

"I suppose I did."

It was shortly after this point that we arrived at and entered a room with some rather ominous looking machinery. Thankfully, it was a really big space so I only took up most of it.

The vet saw me looking at the equipment and explained, "Specialty MRI machine. We use it on the largest animals we treat." Turning to Bud and the group of medical men, he asked, "Does anyone mind if I have a moment alone with our patient?"

"Why?" Bud asked, seeming both indignant and overly protective. I have to admit that I was wondering the same thing.

"I just want to get to know her a bit better, talk about her situation. This is my hospital and her treatment, if any is needed, is my responsibility while she is here. I'm already violating protocol in any number of ways bringing her in under these circumstances," he explained. "I'd like to do a few things by the book, more or less."

I nodded at Bud and everyone left save for Dr. Clayton and myself. The vet allowed the silence to

linger for just a moment while he considered me.

"So...?" I asked, prompting him.

"How are you doing, Judy?"

I was taken a bit aback by this, it was an innocent enough question but I wasn't quite sure how to take it. "I'm doing great," I responded truthfully. "I feel great. I feel healthy."

"And all this?" he asked, gesturing at my gigantic hooters.

"I love them," I said emphatically. "You know how they got like this?"

"Bloome told me everything as he understood it," Sam explained, "He helped you get to a big but not unreasonable size. Then Mr. McCullough helped you get to a size well past reasonable and an electrical outage forced you to grow until you reached your current state. Does that about sum it up?"

"It does," I agreed, "Except you should know that I do truly love being this big. It was chance or an accident or whatever that made them grow this huge and maybe I wouldn't have had the courage to go this big if that hadn't happened... But it did. And I've been thankful for it every minute of every day since."

"So, no one forced you to do this? No one is forcing you to stay this big either?"

"Not at all!" I said perhaps a bit more strongly than I intended. "I am exactly where I want to be. If anything, I've thought about going even bigger."

"Bigger?" the vet raised an eyebrow.

"Yes," I nodded. "As impractical as it already is, as silly as it might be to some, as disgusting as I'm sure it is to others, this is the life I want and I want to live it to the fullest."

"And that is your final word on the matter?"

"It is."

"Well, then Ms. Wall... Judy... Let's see how all of this has actually impacted your physical well-being, and we'll see what steps you can and should take," he smiled at me. There was a warmth in his expression and maybe not an understanding but I think an acceptance of my life choices. "Shall I bring back in the others?"

"Yes please."

As the medical men filed back in, Bud walked right over to check on me. "Doing alright, Judy? Anything I need to worry about?"

"No, he was just being a good doctor."

The next several hours were one medical test after another. We started by removing my bed-sheet bra and most of the men in the room got their first full view of my naked gazongas. There were plenty of very wide eyes but sadly no audible gasps. There was so much of me to go around, they were all able to simultaneously engage in a "gross" anatomical examination, the medical term apparently. That basically consisted of them staring at every square inch of my giant wobbling hooters, all the while touching, poking, and prodding. You can probably imagine how I reacted to all of that. As clinical as they were all trying to be, it was a struggle not to let myself become too aroused. It wasn't just that my breasts were sensitive, which they were. I was also tempted to get off on just how many men could be engaging with my massive tits at once.

Once everyone felt like they had gained all they could from that level of examination, a pair of stethoscopes were brought out and the group took it in turns to check my breathing and heartbeat. Wanting a more detailed picture, I was then hooked up to an EKG machine and we all watched as my pulse blipped across the screen. I remained hooked up to this while a significant number of blood samples were taken. Next my jugs were subjected to a very thorough ultrasound. The doctors

went through plenty of thankfully-not-too-terribly-cold ultrasound gel as they moved the wand this way and that across my skin, frequently press down hard to get a deeper, clearer look. As this progressed, my heartbeat on the EKG would speed up and slow down depending on what they were doing and where. Somewhat embarrassingly, a firm press within my areola actually caused me to give a groan just loud enough that every eye in the room turned just in time to see me blush. Clearing my throat, I waved them back to what they were doing and they obliged.

Once that was done, they felt it was time to administer the MRI. Yet again, it was time to be manhandled. First my right breast and then my left, was lifted up and pushed independently into the machine. This process took quite a while between the lifting, moving, and just sitting while the scan was completed. Still, the time went pretty quickly. After all, this was a novelty for everyone in the room. The tricky part came after my breasts had been thoroughly imaged. Everyone agreed that it would be best to get a scan of me in addition to my boobs. However, while each of them could just barely be squeezed into the machine on its own, they weren't sure if they were going to be able to get me far enough into the machine to see what they wanted before the mass of my jugs bunched up and blocked the opening. Then there was just the question of what to do with my bust at all. When we went tit by tit, one could go into the machine while the other rested on the ground. With me lying on my back a few feet off the ground, what would we do with the bulk of my breast flesh?

The solution apparently was to get a pair of the widest beds on wheels they had in the place and lay a breast on each while I shimmied as far as possible into the MRI. I'm sure I looked absurd, two giant boobs just bulging obscenely out of the thing with maybe my feet and calves visible between them. From what they could see at the controls, it seemed like they would only just be able to image me from the top of my head down through a little more than half of the bases of my breasts where they met the rest of my body. As it happened, that was just barely enough for them to feel like they had what needed so I spent another stint in the noisy machine. If you've never had an MRI, it sounds like the old AOL start-up noise crossed with a library of arcade game sound effects with a dash of "sockful of quarters spinning in a dryer." Actually having my head inside the thing was quite unpleasant.

MRIs take a long when you're exploring uncharted territory and we were getting hungry. Before my third and final scan, we agreed to order pizzas and break for lunch after it finished. It made the experience of sitting completely still for what felt like an hour while my ears were assaulted slightly more bearable to emerge to a hot, fresh slice of pepperoni and mushroom.

The group sitting around just chowing down pizza and soft drinks while I sat in the middle of them, naked breasts and all, made for a rather surreal experience. We had left them bare ever since we first removed the bed sheets and those same sheets were now spread underneath them to mitigate the coldness of the tile floor. Everyone was finally getting a bit more comfortable with the situation and was treating me like a human being instead of some kind of mythical beast or mad science experiment. It was this very prosaic tone that made the whole thing seem so especially odd. It's weird enough having tits almost as wide as you are tall but it's even stranger for them and you to be treated as almost normal.

While the conversation inevitably kept coming back to my behemoth bust, it was nice to just talk for a while. Aside from Chloe, who Bud still didn't know about, this was the first social activity I'd had in two weeks. I hadn't even realized how much I'd missed this. It turned out Bloome and Clayton were both experienced fly fishermen and took a trip out to the southwest to indulge their hobby each year assuming they could make their schedules work. Scott Wolfe chatted with Bud about the extra-large MRI machine and indulged his questions about various pieces of medical technology. Arjun Patel and

Lee Cheng discussed their experiences of coming to American medical schools from different parts of Asia. It turned out that Alan Starling and I both enjoyed English literature, and we talked about where our reading experiences overlapped. I was more Austen and he was more Conan Doyle.

At one point, Bloome joined Arjun and Lee's conversation, and Dr. Clayton sat down next to me. "I hope you don't mind my questions from earlier?" he asked quietly.

I smiled, "Of course not. You were just doing your job and looking out for the best interests of a patient."

He returned my grin, "Thank you for saying so. And thank you for appreciating how 'unconventional' your situation is. Your patience while we've been examining you has been admirable."

"I want to make sure I'm healthy as much as you do. If this is what we have to do..."

"Sure," Sam replied. "I must say that while I'm not sure I quite fathom your attitude toward your endowments, I do believe you have a good head on your shoulders."

"Thanks for saying so. I know *this* isn't 'normal,'" I gestured at my vast décolletage, "but I'm realistic about what it means for me and my life. And I do want to be safe."

"That's all I can ask."

After lunch, it was time for yet more tests. Sam wheeled in an X-ray machine. I put on one of those lead vests as best I could, basically covering my upper chest and folding the rest of it within my cleavage, and they took pictures of my breasts from a variety of angles. They were fairly certain they wouldn't reveal anything but they wanted to cover all their bases. It is possible for X-rays to pick up masses in soft tissue. Following this they decided to take some tissue samples. I nearly fainted when I saw the biopsy needle but everyone in the room convinced me it was for the best. What really helped me suck it up was Bud's presence next to me, holding me close and comforting me through the experience. They took about half a dozen samples from different spots on each breast. The pain was pretty intense but I managed to push through it.

The last test was an exercise stress test. A couple of guys brought in a treadmill and then we hooked me back to the EKG. Stepping onto the platform, Bloome turned it on very slowly and began gradually ramping it up. At first, my breasts were just resting on the ground, splayed to either side of the control console. However, as soon the machine was moving fast enough that I needed to break into a light jog, I put my feet to either side of the tread and a hand to my chest just under the collarbone. "Stop it! Stop it, guys!" I called out. My tits were huge but apparently they weren't so big that trying to jog on a raised platform didn't tug uncomfortably hard on the skin connecting boob to ribcage. Not wanting to give up on the test, Bud and the doctors grabbed the same beds my giant jugs rested on while I was inside the MRI and set them up in front of me. With my massive mams spilling over their sides but resting securely a few feet off the ground, we started the treadmill again.

I had always been in decent shape and a couple weeks buried in my own breast flesh hadn't completely deconditioned me. As such, I maintained a good pace without any apparent issues. Part of me really wished I could see what I looked like. A fit brunette in jeans and sneakers with no top attached to two giant, wobbling knockers and running. It's definitely something no one in the room would have seen before. Making light of the situation, I called to Bud, "It's a good thing that all I can do at this size is run in place, huh?" I huffed and puffed a moment before continuing. "If I was able to get away from you like that cow on your uncle's farm, I could have gotten even bigger."

"Heh," Bud chuckled, "You're plenty huge already Judy. Let's focus on the test."

"What's this about a cow?" Dr. Clayton asked.

"Oh, it's nothing. My first test subject for the device that caused all of this," he gestured vaguely at



me, "was a dairy cow my uncle had."

"You made a dairy cow's udder grow then?"

"Yeah, significantly too," Bud explained, a bit sheepishly, "She didn't like the electrodes on her skin so she kept running away or shaking them off... I guess I don't exactly have the best track record with using this technology responsibly."

"But the cow did grow?" Sam pressed. "Did her milk production increase proportionally?"

I was still running but I was starting to get a little uncomfortable. Also, I was beginning to think not enough time had passed since eating the pizza to be exerting myself quite this intensely.

"You know, I don't know. My uncle was a little annoyed at the time and we haven't spoken since. I'll have to check with him."

"Please do. The commercial application of your little machine could have drastic implications for the dairy industry," the veterinarian pushed.

"You know, I hadn't even thought of that," Bud exclaimed.

"Now that we've," I puffed, "discussed this," I coughed slightly, "can we bring the focus back here," I waved. "I think I might," I huffed, "be just about done."

Dr. Clayton and the group brought their attention back to me. "Of course, Judy," he agreed, "A conversation for later."

A minute or two later, we slowed the treadmill to a stop and we finished up the test. At this point, the medical men felt that they had exhausted every possible diagnostic procedure that made sense to apply at that time. For a while, the conversation then turned to that cow. Once Bud had checked with his uncle to see what the practical results had been, Dr. Clayton had offered to work with him to run further tests. Over the next hour or so, they discussed the potential benefits, drawbacks, and commercial possibilities. I was still tired from the stress test and the day overall really. As such, I mostly zoned out and let them talk things through.

By the time we were loading me back into the van, it was already dark. The snow had continued falling steadily through the day and both ground and road were coated. Having done this once before and with another pair of hands to help in the form of Dr. Clayton, I was resting comfortably on the floor of the cargo area and covered in blankets surprisingly quickly. Bloome, Clayton, and Bud stood in the back, having one last conversation before we left.

"The bottom line," Sam was saying, "is that we can't find anything obviously wrong with Judy. Despite what her body has been through, every indication is that at least for the time being she has no immediate health risks. That said, we won't have the results of all the tests and the opportunity to sort through them for at least a week or two. Even then, they will probably warrant further examination until we can be absolutely sure."

"I concur," said Bloome. "We have all been extraordinarily lucky it seems. I would never have anticipated the human body could develop so much and still operate in what seems to be a normal and natural manner. It's almost unbelievable. In fact, I wouldn't believe it if I wasn't seeing it with my own eyes."

"Whatever you say, docs," Bloome shrugged, "I'll be happy once we get the results and we're sure Judy is in the clear." He broke into a yawn. "For now, I think we had better get her home... Oh, and I'll definitely let you know about the cow as soon as I can," he added to Clayton.

"Very good," Sam responded. "And Judy," he said, coming closer and looking over my left breast to where I was sitting, "It was very nice meeting you. You take care of yourself."

"I will," I replied with a smile, "and thank you."

The driving again... I settled in and pulled the blankets close around me as I tried to think of anything else except what the sensations coming from every bump and jostle were doing to me. Shutting my eyes, I thought that if I managed to fall asleep, maybe it would be an easier ride. I was half dozing when it happened...

I heard horns blaring and suddenly the back of the van was swinging wildly from one side of the road to the other! My breasts were undulating all around me like the surface of the ocean in a thunderstorm. Repeatedly, the slapped into the wall on one side of the truck, then the other! I cried out in pain again and again! I heard cries from the front of the vehicle, it was Bud's voice but I couldn't make out the words.

A senses-shattering crash sent the back of the truck flying into the air! For a split second, I felt myself hanging weightlessly in the air before the weight of my bust slammed back onto the truck bed and my head cracked against the side wall, plunging the world into darkness...

...

Light flickered back into the world as I dragged myself back into wakefulness... *What's going on?* I wondered. It seemed like the floor was at an angle for some strange reason... I could hear wind and shouting... Shakily, I forced myself to my feet and looked toward the back of the truck... The doors were open and all I could see was... *Water...? A river...?*

*Oh god...*, I thought. I was looking into a river that had to be thirty feet below. Suddenly the truck lurched and I fell back onto my ass. I felt the carpet remnant lining the floor slide sickeningly in the direction of the frightening drop. *I'm looking over the side of a bridge*, I thought, *There was an accident and we're hanging over the edge...*

"Help!" I called out, finding my voice. "Somebody help me!"

"JUDY!" Bud was looking in the window between the cab and the cargo area.

I looked into his face, tears suddenly streaming down my face. "Bud! I... I need you to help me... I need you to save me..."

"I know, Judy!" he said, eyes wide. "We're trying to figure out what to do. The guys are all holding onto the front of truck and we're trying to get a strap from the other car onto it, but there's no traction on the bridge so even when we do, we don't think we'll be able to get enough grip to pull this thing."

"What are we going to do?!" I asked frantically.

"I... I don't know...", Bud said, "I'm thinking..."

"Bud... You're smart! You're a genius!" I called out, confident in my words. "You managed to do this to me, FOR me! You can save me if you think it through."

"Okay...", he said.

Shattering our thought processes, the van gave another lurch.

**"BUD!!!"**