

*First of all, I'd like to thank all the fans of my stories for all the kind things I've seen written about my work over the years! I'm genuinely humbled.*

*It's been quite a long time since I've written a story, and I hadn't intended to write anything more, but then the idea for this story came into my head, and it grew, and I wasn't able to dismiss it.*

*The ending of the first FBGB story with Mich and Kerp has always bothered me, even before it was ever published, because it leaves a huge loose end. The agents were trying to solve the kidnapping of one Janet DiGiovani, but never did so. I made a half-assed effort at tying it all up by using Janet, along with Mich and Kerp, in another short story in the same Union Graphics collection of short stories, Attack of the Giant-Breasted Women from Outer Space. However, that story was very much tongue-in-cheek. If such events as described there had actually happened within Mich's and Kerp's reality, it would have drastically changed the circumstances of the following two stories in the "trilogy".*

*So let's consider Attack of the Giant-Breasted Women to be fiction within fiction: like a dream or a fable told around a campfire, not to be taken seriously.*

*When the idea for this new story came to my mind, I began to see how it fit in with the Janet DiGiovani case, and I was compelled to take up "pen & paper" and flesh it out – not only to tie up loose ends and complete that story line, but also to spend some more time with a couple of characters that I love dearly.*

- Steve Palmer

## **The Lab**

It had been a long eight days. Special Agent Louis Kerpalscheiker of the Strategic Endowments Agency had been leading a surveillance workshop in Seattle for federal field operatives, and he was glad to be home at last. Or at least, almost home. Mich had asked him to come directly to the office from the airport, which was fine with him, since that's where she would be. He missed her and couldn't wait to see her.

After setting his suitcase down by his desk, he headed directly for the Director's office, and rapped gently on the door, in case there was a meeting going on. Hearing the Director's voice inviting him to enter, he pushed the door open and peeked in. "It's me," he announced.

Mich smiled broadly and got up from her desk. "My man," she murmured as they approached each other. Their embrace drew him into her massive bosom, and after an emphatic kiss and a lingering hug, she said, "It's so good to see you, babe! How'd the workshop go?"

"Okay."

"Just Okay?"

"It wasn't bad. In retrospect I could've done a more organized job of presenting the material, but I think most of the attendees kept up pretty well."

They released their embrace and sat down, Mich at her Director's desk, and Kerp across from her. The former Director, William Hudson, had retired six years earlier and Mich was chosen to take his place, which surprised her but nobody else. Kerp was very proud of his wife, and had no problem taking orders from her professionally. As she rearranged a couple of items on her desk, her husband appreciatively watched the jostling of her giant breasts.

In addition to appointing Mich as the agency Director, the higher-ups had also decided to change the official name of the agency. The old “Federal Bureau of Gigantic Bosoms” was a moniker that drew more derision than respect. The name was problematic in every area, from congressional review to conducting a simple eyewitness interview. The name “Strategic Endowments Agency” sounded credible, and it raised far fewer questions.

After debriefing Mich on the workshop he’d conducted, the conversation lulled for a moment. Kerp took the opportunity and asked, “So, how come you asked me to come straight to the office from the airport?”

“Ah,” Mich began. “Something has come up. Would you close the door, please?” Kerp got up and shut the door to Mich’s office as she continued in a hushed tone, “The day after you left for Seattle, I was in the grocery store when a young woman came up next to me in the lunch meat section, and started talking to me, although she wasn’t looking directly at me. She whispered something like, ‘Please don’t look at me – just keep shopping while I talk. I’m on the run and I need help.’ Then she asked me, ‘You came from the Lab, right?’” Of course, I didn’t know what she meant by that at first.”

“She asked if you work in a lab?” asked Kerp, mystified.

“No, she thought I was *born* in a place she referred to as ‘*the* Lab’. From what she’s told me, it’s apparently some kind of baby mill that raises and sells young women with enormous breasts.”

“Whoa! Wait – you say they raise these girls from *birth*?”

“Right. That’s common in Africa and some Asian countries, though it’s comparatively rare in the U.S.”

“An insufferable crime in any case,” Kerp commented. “My question is, if they raise them from babies, how do they know they’ll grow up to have big boobs? Implants?”

“No. If what she says is true, we’re talking about super-advanced genetic engineering.”

“Wow! High tech. So why did she single you out to ask for help?”

“She said I look just like a girl she used to know, back at ‘the Lab.’ So, because I have a familiar face and these family-size boobies, she concluded that I was a product of the same place where she’d been raised, and she decided to take a chance and approach me for help. She told me she’d been a sex slave and that she’d escaped from her - owner. I could see she was in serious distress, so I left my cart there in the store and took her to my car to talk. We drove around for over an hour while she told me her story.”

“Why didn’t she just go to the police?” asked Kerp.

“She escaped once before and went to the police – she slept that night in protective custody and woke up back at her owner’s house, with a splitting headache. That, plus some other things she’s told me, lead me to suspect that this trafficking ring has ties inside the Justice Department. As a result of that experience, she doesn’t trust law enforcement.”

“Except for law enforcement with giant hooters.”

Mich smiled. “Well, she didn’t know I was a federal agent when she approached me.”

“So, what’s the girl’s name? How old is she?” asked Kerp.

“Her name is Katie, and she’s 20 – almost 21. According to her, she doesn’t have a last name.”

Kerp raised his eyebrows. “Everybody needs a last name. We all come from *some* sort of family.”

“Apparently not in her case, if what she says is true. And I believe her.”

“I assume you’ve checked out her background?”

She nodded with a frustrated look. “I did, and she doesn’t have one. There’s nothing. Without a last name, I had to rely on fingerprints and DNA, but there’s simply no record of her. I also ran her photo through facial recognition, and again nothing. Which all fits her story. It makes sense that she wouldn’t have a last name, since she was born in captivity. Actually, I just remembered – I did get one hit from facial recognition, but it wasn’t her. It was a woman in her early

forties who disappeared almost 25 years ago, so it can't be Katie. But it was totally her face in every detail. It was uncanny."

Kerp mulled that over for a moment. "So, you're convinced Katie is on the level?"

Mich nodded. "She totally feels like the real deal. She was so scared, Kerp. There's a plausible danger of her being recaptured. I had to throw caution to the wind and help her."

"Help her how?"

"Ah. That's why I asked you to come straight to the office. I took Katie home and let her stay at our house for the time being. I would have discussed this with you, but I wanted to do that in person. With the possibility of someone in Justice being involved, I can't trust open electronic communication."

"So, why do you think someone in the Justice Department is involved with human trafficking?"

"The place Katie calls 'the Lab' is some kind of facility where a number of these girls live captive until they're sold. Whenever they can, they pass along any information they come across, which isn't much. Part of their scuttlebutt is that this trafficking operation is safe from law enforcement at all levels, which makes sense, in light of how extensive such an operation would have to be, and how long this must have been going on."

"Man. If that's true, this is going to be a tricky case to investigate," observed Kerp.

"Right. So, we'll keep this just between you and me until we get enough evidence to act officially."

"You said you got a positive match on Katie from facial recognition, but it was a woman who disappeared years ago. That seems really odd. I have to think it's more than just coincidence."

"I think so too," Mich said. "Not only that, but Katie also told me that one of the residents at the Lab is a woman who had been abducted as an adult a long time ago and has been held captive ever since. She works as a sort of housemother to the young girls. Katie says this woman was targeted because she has really beautiful hair."

"Incredible. But how does Katie know that's the reason the woman was abducted?"

"That was the rumor. Katie says that her own gorgeous hair is exactly the same as this woman's. Same luxurious fullness, same color, same natural wave. Now, I have a theory about that. Suppose these people had kidnapped a number of women, each for her own outstanding feature, such as a dazzling face, luxurious hair, huge boobs..."

"So then, you're thinking that Katie and the other girls were genetically manipulated when they were embryos, and rogue scientists are putting all these parts together - like genetic Frankensteins?"

Mich nodded sadly. "I know it sounds a little crazy, but the more I turn the idea over in my mind, the more it fits the facts."

Kerp knitted his brow and said, "Then it follows that they've kidnapped other women for their particular attributes. This one for her hair, that other woman for her face..."

"And others for their legs, butt, and especially their breasts. *That* fact qualifies this as a legitimate SEA case," Mich declared.

Kerp stared at his wife's enormous bust as he pondered these things. "How has it been, living with Katie? How's she been behaving?"

"She's actually been great. She's a really sweet girl, and smart too. Very naïve about some things, yet streetwise about other things - I'm sure it's because of the unusual circumstances of her life. Anyway, she cooks and helps around the house whenever she can, and she keeps her bedroom neat as a pin. Of course, she hardly owns anything at all so there's little to clutter. But I did give her some clothes I'm not wearing."

"Pants and skirts."

“And blouses and tops. Kerp, this girl has got it *all*. I’ve never seen a young woman so gorgeous. *Everywhere*! There’s not an inch on her that’s any less than spectacular. She’s a living centerfold, airbrushed and morphed out. She’s incredible.”

“So, you’ve seen – *all* of her?”

“Yep. She asked me if it was okay if she went around the house au naturel, and I let her, since it was just the two of us. And let me tell you, *everything* on that girl is – incredible!”

“You say she can wear *your* tops? Does that mean her boobs are the size of yours?” Kerp asked.

“They’re comparable. The clothes I gave her fit fine.”

“Wow. That big, huh?”

Mich’s incredibly huge breasts had been enlarged by the FBGB’s process when she first became an agent. The method was initialized by an injection in each breast, and the growth process was designed to be stopped by an additional set of injections, given whenever the new agent’s breasts were the maximum size she was willing to tolerate. But Mich enjoyed the ever-increasing enormity of her boobs so much that she kept putting off the “shutdown shots” for years. Her tits, of course, grew to phenomenal proportions. They also received an extra boost in size on one occasion when a black-market chemist dosed her with an illegal breast growth drug during an undercover operation. It was quite effective.

Over time, Mich’s boobs continued to grow ever larger, approaching the size of exercise balls when they were at their biggest. Some time after she and Kerp got married, they decided they wanted to start a family, and it was then that they found out she would have to terminate her growth therapy before conceiving, in order to ensure a safe and healthy pregnancy. Though the protein concoction used to stimulate growth was safe for adults, there was a danger that its residual presence could have a toxic effect on an embryo. However, by that time the agency had replaced this particular method of breast enlargement with something more advanced, and unfortunately, the corresponding shutdown shots had become unavailable as a result. So instead, the agency set its labs to the task of devising other means to stop the enlargement of Mich’s breasts and rid her body of any toxins.

Meanwhile, her boobs continued to grow, attaining phenomenal immensity. She was barely able to squeeze through doorways, and driving was impossible. In fact, she had to ride in the middle of the back seat by herself while Kerp or somebody else drove. The SEA finally developed the means to discontinue Mich’s growth, and after it was administered, her boobs began decreasing in size. This was a concern (especially for Kerp), but the shrinkage eventually stopped, and though Mich’s tits were not as monstrously gigantic as they’d been, they were still utterly enormous. However, to the Kerpalscheikers’ great disappointment, they were unable to conceive a child, try as they might.

And they tried mightily, and continued trying, year after year. Mich never gave up on having a child, reasoning that the more often they made love, the better their chances of getting pregnant. Of course, she never had any trouble enlisting Kerp’s help to that end. Sometimes, watching TV in the evening, Mich would remove her top, get up from her chair, and go dangle her gigantic bare boobs in front of him. He’d forget all about television at that point. Once or twice when he was involved in a project in his workshop, she walked in naked with her enormous breasts swaying enticingly: a not-so-subtle invitation to sex.

“Anyway, I wanted to introduce you to Katie before we go home,” Mich explained. “She has serious trust issues, and I want her to get to know you on neutral territory first. So I called an Uber for her, and we’ll meet her for lunch at the Victory.”

“Cool. What’s your plan beyond that?”

“Well, we have to bust the trafficking ring, find the mole or moles in the Justice Department who’re involved, and arrest the people who are buying these young women.”

“Then what are we going to do the *rest* of the afternoon?”

“Funny man,” commented Mich with a smile.

“Listen, babe,” Kerp went on, becoming serious, “you said basically that Katie came up to you because you looked like a girl she knew at – at...”

“The Lab. Yeah. I’ve been wondering about that. I don’t know what to think.”



The Victory Diner was hosting its regular lunch crowd, which included the Kerpalscheikers whenever they were in town. Occupying their favorite booth, they sat opposite each other, with Mich watching the door as they sipped their coffee. Eventually a spectacularly gorgeous young woman entered and began looking around self-consciously.

“There she is,” Mich said, waving at her.

She saw Mich and smiled in relief. She ducked her head down and ambled in their direction. As she drew near, Kerp noticed the great bulk of a bosom she was trying her best to conceal under her loose-fitting clothes and raincoat. Then he saw the girl’s beautiful face, and he was struck to the core of his sensibilities. She was a beauty among beauties, so lovely that he was compelled to stare at her, struggling to keep his jaw closed.

The gorgeous young woman timidly came up and stood at their table. “Hi, Mrs. K,” she said quietly.

“Hello, Katie,” Mich said. “Katie, this is my husband, Kerp... Louis.”

“Kerp,” Kerp said, standing to shake her hand, which she was clearly not accustomed to.

“Hi,” Katie replied bashfully.

Mich scooted over and patted the space next to her for Katie to sit. She settled and began silently examining her menu as the Kerpalscheikers made small talk. The waitress came and took their orders, and then they got down to business.

Kerp looked at Katie, doing his best not to get distracted by her unusual beauty, and said, “Mich tells me you were a victim of human trafficking.”

She nodded. “Yeah. I didn’t know there was a name for it until Mrs. K told me. I grew up in the Lab and never knew anything else. I was 18 when I went to live with the Smiths. I doubt that was their real name, but that’s what they called themselves when I was around.”

“What were your living conditions like in the household you were sold to?”

“It wasn’t *all* bad, I guess. I had my own room with a kitchenette and a TV. The room stayed locked from the outside, but I was allowed out sometimes. Mr. Smith would come get me for sex when Mrs. Smith went out. Usually he’d just sneak into my room if she was home.

“Surely she knew about you, didn’t she?” Kerp inquired.

“Oh yeah. But she didn’t like it. When I first came, he tried to do a threesome with me and his wife, but she couldn’t handle it. When she started hitting him, I snuck back to my room. Sometimes he’d let me out when they were having a party. I was supposed to tell people I was his niece. I was a real hit at those parties. Those people never saw a pair of giant tits like mine. They’d all just stare – even the women. Sometimes he’d let his buddies fuck me if they wanted to. And they *all* wanted to! One time his wife went out of town for a week, and Mr. Smith had a party of all men. Except me. He stood me out in front of them and made me take all my clothes. It was interesting to see the effect I had on them.”

“How did you finally escape from that household?” Kerp asked.

Katie smiled. “I used a trick I saw in a movie on TV. One night after Mr. Smith had finished screwing me in my bed, I borrowed the key to my room from his pants while he was washing in my bathroom. I used it to open the door, and then I put a piece of tape across the hole where it locks. I couldn’t just steal the key, because he would have realized it as soon as he went to lock the door behind him. I packed as much as my pillowcase would hold, and waited until around

three in the morning when I figured everyone would be sleeping good and sound. I pushed that door open and tiptoed out of there in my bare feet – out of the fryin’ pan and into the fire, as it turned out. I knew nothing about living on the street, but I found out fast. I slept in alleys and homeless shelters, begged for spare change, ate out of dumpsters, even whored myself out a couple times. I had nowhere to go. I couldn’t go to the cops – I tried that once. Then I met Mrs. K in the grocery store. She’s been so nice to me. I appreciate you guys letting me crash at your house.”

“How long ago did you escape from the ‘Smith’ house?”

“It’s been 7 or 8 months I guess. It’s hard to keep track.”

“Do you think you could show us where that house is?”

Katie thought about that for a while and then replied, “I don’t know. When I left, I just kept walking as fast and as far as I could, never even glancing back. Maybe I could find it. Why? To arrest him?” she asked hopefully.

“That’s right.”

Katie smiled at that. She relaxed as she continued to tell her story, and as time passed, her posture became less guarded. She grew less concerned with trying to conceal her huge bust, and Kerp observed that Katie’s boobs did appear to be comparable in size to Mich’s enormous endowments. Seeing four super-huge breasts lined up in a row was a compelling sight.

“Most of my sisters aren’t as busty as I am,” she commented. “Oh, they’ve got super big boobs, that’s for sure, just not quite as humongous as mine. But two or three of the sisters have tits even way bigger than mine. Mine got so big that I was considered a special class of merchandise. They sell us *extra*-busty girls to special customers who have a thing for really gigantic boobs. We go for a premium price.”

“These *sisters* you refer to,” Kerp interjected, “these are your fellow, uh, inmates?”

Katie looked at him with a puzzled expression and then turned her questioning gaze to Mich.

“Uh, that’s right, Kerp,” Mich confirmed. “Katie, an inmate is a prisoner.”

“Oh. I didn’t feel much like a prisoner when I was at the Lab: I didn’t know any better. But I sure did when I was living with the Smiths. After staying in your house with Mich this week, though, I realize I’ve always been a prisoner, even while I was on the run by myself. Now, for the first time in my life, I feel – safe.”

“Katie,” Kerp said, “you’re welcome to stay with us as long as you need to. And yes – you *are* safe. But from now on, don’t go out of the house unless you’re with one of us.”



They drove Katie back to their house and dropped her off after lunch before going back to work, and she spent the rest of the afternoon relaxing in her bedroom. Finally the workday ended, and Mich and Kerp returned home for the evening. They came into their house from the garage, and as she set her things on the kitchen island, Mich called out, “We’re home, Katie!”

They heard soft footsteps padding down from upstairs, and shortly, Katie appeared, naked from head to toe, greeting them cheerily. Her humongous boobs swung about and bobbed as she unabashedly walked up and stood before them. Her insanely enormous tits were a moving testimony to genetic engineering: fat, firm, and jutting out imposingly from her chest in seeming defiance of gravity. Kerp stared helplessly at her. In addition to her phenomenal breasts, her nakedness revealed a stunning figure that featured exquisitely formed legs, a perfect fanny full and round, an impeccably sculpted tummy, deliciously curvy hips, long gorgeous flowing hair, and everything else that eyes could ever want to see in a woman.

“*Good gracious!*” blurted Kerp involuntarily as he stared helplessly at the young woman’s amazing form and gigantic breasts.

Mich chuckled and said, “Okay, this is my bad. Katie, I should have been a little more specific when I told you it was okay to go naked in the house. It’s okay when it’s just us girls. But when Kerp is here, or anybody else, you’ll need to put on some clothes, please.”

With a confused expression, Katie responded, “Really? How come?”

“People wear clothes, Sweetie: that’s the cultural convention. Besides, you have no idea how hot you are. That affects people – especially men. You were designed and created to be a sex object, which is a sin and a crime against you. You’ve done nothing wrong, but you’ll need to learn a few rules, which we’ll be glad to teach you. Those rules apply not only in this house, but wherever you go. You see, Kerp is my husband, and I’m the only woman he’s allowed to see naked.”

Katie’s gorgeous face then reflected her confusion. “Really? But if I have to have sex with him, how will that work if, he can’t see me naked?”

Mich sighed. “No, Kerp is my man exclusively. Besides, Kate - that part of your life is over. From now on, it’s entirely up to you, who you have sex with and when – or whether you have sex at all. No one can make you do it anymore.”

“Wow. I mean – wow! So me bein’ here in the nude is a bad thing, then.”

“Not a *bad* thing – just an honest mistake. So, would you mind going upstairs and putting something on, please?” asked Mich with a smile.

“Sure. Sorry about this.”

“Not your fault, hon,” Mich assured her.

“Well, I’ll go dress, then,” Katie said apologetically, and left the room.

Kerp suddenly remembered how to breathe, and turning to Mich, he asked, “How can they just stick straight out like that when they’re so freakin’ *big*?”

At this, they heard Katie giggle as she ascended the stairs.



On the job, whenever Mich and Kerp needed to have a brainstorming session, they would often do so over a long lunch at the Victory Diner. This day, after they’d finished eating and their dishes had been cleared, they lingered over their coffee while batting ideas back and forth about the human trafficking case and other issues.

“By the way,” Mich began after a momentary lull, “I meant to tell you – I got an interesting email this morning. Remember Mox Nix?”

“Sure. Our first case together. We met Janet, um...”

“DiGiovanni,” said Mich.

“Right. With boobs the size of weather balloons. Literally.”

“We sent Nix to prison, as you recall, but he never talked. We learned nothing about his operation, and we never did find poor Janet.”

“I remember.”

“The man actually sent me an email apologizing for what he’d done to me: for stealing my DNA and for taking personal liberties.”

“Personal liberties?”

“Nothing big. As I recall, he touched my boob.”

“That’s something big.”

“He also apologized for wounding you.”

“Yeah, I see that scar every time I take off my socks. He *apologized?*”

“He also asked to speak with both of us in person.”

“He did, did he?”

“Kerp, I think he’s sincere about wanting to talk. Of course, I realize plenty of cons have faked a moral turnaround in hopes of getting out of prison early. But my intuition says he’s for real.”

“So, are you going to grant him his interview?”

“Sure – can’t hurt. If Nix’s change of heart is genuine, he should be willing to fill in some of the blanks in the DiGiovanni case. I think it’s worth a trip to the prison. Maybe tie up a few loose ends.”



Nix was seated at a small table in an interrogation room when Mich and Kerp entered. His face brightened when he saw them, in a way that seemed uncharacteristic.

“Agents Myers and, uh – I’m sorry, I’m afraid I’ve forgotten your name, sir.”

“Kerpalscheiker,” Kerp said.

“Oh yeah. I knew it was a beaut, but I couldn’t remember it.”

“I get that a lot.”

“As a matter of fact,” Mich added, “It’s my name too, now.”

Nix smiled broadly at them. “You mean you two got married? That’s fantastic! Congrats!”

“Thank you, Mox,” Mich said.

“Actually, my real name is David Archer.”

Kerp held out a chair for his wife, and then taking his own seat, he eyed Archer and asked, “So what gives with you? After we busted you, you didn’t say a word! Not your real name, not who you were working for, what you were up to – nothing. And now you freely tell us who you are. What changed?”

“I did. Prison life changes a man, either for the worse, which is what usually happens, but in a few cases, for the better, like me. Believe it or not, I’ve actually been going to Bible studies! *Me!*” He chuckled and shook his head. “And it’s not just for show either. I understand if that’s hard for you to believe. By the way – I want to apologize in person. For shooting you, sir. I sincerely regret that, and I’m glad I wasn’t a better shot!”

Kerp nodded. “Me too. Apology accepted.” *Tentatively at least*, he mused. The validity of Archer’s entire story would be revealed in time.

“And my apologies to you, ma’am: I took liberties with you that I should never have. I touched you inappropriately, and I sold your DNA.”

“I forgive you for those things, David. But as far as my DNA is concerned, you may recall that when we arrested you, we confiscated that blood sample you took from me.”



"You only got *one* sample I took from you. The truth is, I took two."

"Two?!"

"The other one got sold earlier that same day. The deal went down not long before you regained consciousness. It was purchased by some group calling themselves City Hospital."

"So I *was* sold," murmured Mich.

"I'm afraid so."

"And will you confirm for us that you were involved in the kidnapping of a young woman named Janet DiGiovanni?" asked Kerp.

Archer frowned.

"She had breasts 6 or 7 feet in diameter," Mich added.

"Oh, her! Yes, I was involved. In fact, she was purchased by the same people: City Hospital."

"Really?" asked Kerp. "The same outfit that bought my wife's DNA also took Janet DiGiovanni?" Kerp earnestly hoped the man was being truthful, because if he was, the connection between the two would be significant.

"That's correct. My former profession was basically as a procurer for the human trafficking industry. Clients hired me to kidnap mostly women. Today, that fact makes me ashamed, but at least I can say I never kidnapped any children. I always stayed away from that stuff. As far as Janet Di – whatshername, my City Hospital client specifically requested her. They were represented by a man who never told me his name, and I haven't seen him since. It was his team that extricated the girl from her bedroom, using a special truck with an elevator box bed and a government tag. I just did the leg work and supervised the kidnapping and delivery. By the way, it all went down a day or two after you interviewed her. Her mother told me you'd been there, so I pretended to know all about that. If you ask me, someone high up in federal law enforcement was either running the whole operation, or was at least protecting it."

Kerp absorbed this comment as Mich asked, "Do you have any further information at all about your contact?"

Archer shook his head. "No, I'm sorry."

"Would you be able to recognize him if you saw a photo of him?"

The inmate frowned. "Maybe. But it was years ago. Memory fades and faces change."

"Would you mind looking through some photos?"

"Mug shots?"

"Actually, they'll be pictures of federal employees within the Justice Department. We can set you up with a special online connection to a government database of DOJ staff records from that time frame. It may take a while to go through them all."

"Sure, I'll look at 'em for you. Time is something I have plenty of."



As soon as they returned to SEA headquarters, Kerp got started researching the old files from the DiGiovanni case, correlating that information with what David Archer had told them. It was time-consuming work, and at first yielded no leads. After a couple of days, they heard from the prison authorities that Archer had finished looking through the photos of Justice Department employees, but he had not recognized a single face. It was discouraging news.

Kerp finally found something solid during a research visit to the town hall in nearby Arlington, Virginia, and he hurried back to SEA headquarters to set in order all the things he'd learned. It was mid-afternoon that same day when he

knocked on the door to Mich's office and entered without waiting. In his hand he clutched a couple pieces of paper. "I've got a lead in the City Hospital case," he announced.

Mich looked up from her work. "What did you turn up?"

"I couldn't find a thing regarding City Hospital until I searched through title deeds in the DC area and outlying communities. I finally found a record for City Hospital in Arlington."

"Got an address?"

"Sure do," he replied, holding up the papers in his hand. "I went to Google Maps and did a virtual drive-by of this address, but all I saw was just an old brick storefront occupied by a run-down plumbing supply business."

"That's odd." Mich tapped a pencil on her desk as she thought. (Kerp found it amusing that former Director Hudson used to do the same thing on the same desk.)

"Okay, so here's what we know for sure," said Kerp. "Nix – Archer – was doing business with City Hospital, whoever they are: he sold them your DNA."

"And Janet DiGiovanni," Mich added.

"Exactly. We also know that, according to Katie, somewhere in the DC area there's a human trafficking baby mill, growing and selling beautiful young women with humongous breasts. Now according to Katie, there was a girl there who looks just like you. That strongly suggests she was cloned from your DNA, which connects City Hospital to 'the Lab.' The more I think about these things, the more I'm convinced those two entities must be one and the same."

"We need to go down to that City Hospital address and take a look-see." Checking the time, Mich added, "After we get finished in Arlington, it'll be about time to knock off, so we'll just go straight home from there. So do we need any plumbing parts?"



They parked across the street and down the road a little from the plumbing store. The building was actually a row of three storefronts, with vacancies on either side of the plumbing store. The agents sat for almost an hour watching it, and never saw anyone come or go. "Well," observed Kerp, "this place isn't exactly doing a booming business." He started the car. "Let's take a look around back. I think I saw a parking lot back there." He swung the car around and slowly turned down a side street adjacent to the property. There was indeed parking behind the store, and they were surprised to see about a dozen cars parked there. He pulled into the lot.

"Now that's interesting," Mich murmured. "All these cars, parked here inside a fenced-in lot behind a store that does no apparent business."

"Curiouser and curiouser. There can't be this many people inside that store," Kerp said, shutting off the motor and opening the door. "Wait here while I go around front and do a little shopping. I think I need a three-quarter inch reversible flamadiddle. Maybe they have one."

"Is that a real thing?" she asked.

Kerp winked at her and got out of the vehicle.

A buzzer sounded as he entered the store, and the clerk sitting behind a counter looked up from his magazine, scowling over his reading glasses. The shop's interior was dark, dirty, and ill-stocked, looking more like a plumber's attic sale than a retail outlet. The clerk asked Kerp if he needed help, sounding greatly inconvenienced. Kerp inquired if they carried pipe dope, and the answer was a quick no.

Kerp soon returned to the car and got in, saying, "I asked him for pipe dope, and it was like he'd never heard of it. Somethin' ain't right."

"Pipe dope? You asked him for pot?" she asked, chuckling.

"No, dummy," he answered with a grin, poking her. "It's for making connections in plumbing pipes. Something every plumber has in his kit; any supply house should carry it."

"So. Do you think we have enough to get a search warrant?"

"I hope so. The facts as we know them only add up if this location is somehow connected to human trafficking. Why don't you give Judge Halverson a call – that's a hot issue for him. Besides, he likes you."

"He likes me? I've never met the man!"

"Okay, it's actually your humongous boobies he likes."

"He's never met them either."

Kerp laughed. "No, but he's seen you at the courthouse a few times."

"Breast man, huh?"

"No doubt."

"How about you, cutie?" Mich folded her arms under her giant boobs and lifted them temptingly, wagging her eyebrows at him. "Suppose you take me home now, and let's see what you can do with these!"



The search warrant was granted by Judge Emmit Halverson, and the SEA began making preparations for a raid on the City Hospital address. Due to suspicions that somewhere in the Justice Department was a mole involved with the trafficking ring, nobody was told about the raid except those directly involved, and they weren't given details until they were in the van on the way to the target. Except for Kerp, the team was entirely made up of female agents, in order to appear less threatening, should they encounter any female hostages. These extremely busty agents were all wearing custom-fitted body armor on their torsos, a garment that was never intended to show off a lady's figure. They were cumbersome and ugly, but an indispensable piece of personal protective equipment under these circumstances.

The assault group was divided into two teams, one led by the shapely and very capable Faith Church, and the other led by Gail Jones, whom Mich had recruited in the course of an undercover operation at the Tennessee Institute of Technology and Science some years back. She'd come on board with an impressively big pair of natural breasts, and after taking advantage of the agency's enlargement program, Gail's breasts grew to startling dimensions. Kerp looked at the task force and thought to himself, *What a shame to wrap all these lovely, curvy girls in helmets, face shields, and bulky body armor – and then send them into danger.*

As they approached the City Hospital location, Kerp breathed a quick prayer for the agents' safety, and then addressed them. "Ladies – *ladies!* We're about a minute out from our target, so get your heads into this. Stay alert! We don't know what we're about to go up against, so we're assuming the worst and we're going in heavy. We have reason to believe there may be a number of innocent hostages in this facility, and if so, their safety will be our number one priority. Stay with your buddy and keep your head on the swivel. Alright, let's do a comm check."

The two step vans rounded the corner and pulled up beside the entrance to the parking lot at the rear of the bogus plumbing supply store, stopping only a moment and then backing into the lot, one after the other, blocking the exit. The back doors of both vans burst open and seventeen women and one man jumped out, dressed in battle gear. Beta Team swiftly surrounded the perimeter of the building, securing every door, including that of the plumbing store. There were three exterior doors at the rear of the building: the two on either end were weathered and made of wood, leading only

into the empty storefronts. The middle door, however, was a well-maintained steel door, unlocked and apparently used on a regular basis. Team leader Faith Church opened it and peeked in. Seeing a small generic foyer with another steel door, she briefly stepped inside and tried the knob, which turned out to be locked.

She went back out and stood holding the exterior door open, calling to her team, "This is our entry! Everyone on your game and get ready! And bring that ram in here! Let's go!" Alpha Team entered the foyer of "City Hospital", while Mich and Kerp fell in behind, keeping their distance and letting Faith lead. The inner door was electronically locked and covered by a closed circuit camera. The team immediately neutralized the camera, and then the door was knocked open with the battering ram, allowing the Team their initial access. On the other side of the door was a stairway that descended to what would turn out to be only the first underground level.

At the bottom of the stairs, another locked door stood in their way, but again, not for long. It burst open to the utter shock and befuddlement of the security guard who was on duty, napping in his little booth. He was seized and secured before he knew what was happening. The booth held only a chair, a small desk, a walkie-talkie station, and a personnel schedule posted on a wall.

Faith faced the security guard and sternly demanded, "What's your name?"

"Ernest Calder, sir! Ma'am!"

"We're federal agents and we're busting this facility for human trafficking. Here's our warrant." She held it in front of his face for a moment and returned it to her pocket. "You have a choice: cooperate with us now, or go down hard with the rest of these people."

"Hu – human *trafficking*? Shit in a bucket! Seriously? Honest – I had no idea! All I do is sit here and check people in and out! But I'll tell you whatever I can!"

"Good for you. Why don't you start by giving us a tour. Is there a main security office?" asked Faith.

Ernest nodded. "I can take you there, but I've never been beyond that. I've only been here a month, and I'm still probationary."

"Anyone on duty there now?"

He nodded again. "Chief of Security, Bill Philips. He's a real piece of work, so be careful."

"Lead the way."



Gail Jones and two other women stormed into the plumbing supply store, shouting and brandishing their weapons for shock effect as they made their way into the interior. The man behind the counter was caught off guard, and found himself staring down the barrel of Gail's automatic rifle before he could think what to do.

"Federal agents," she barked. "Hands behind your head!"

His name was Larry Bell, and he hated cops. As he slowly lifted his arms, he figured that this would be the right time to make a move. After all, these were just women, and he was a man. Suddenly he grabbed the barrel of Gail's rifle, and pushing it aside, brought his knee up hard into her stomach.



Alpha Team gathered quietly outside the door of the security office, sending their captive guide to the rear of the assembly and away from possible danger. Inside the office, Bill Philips had seen the team approaching in one of his

closed circuit monitors, and had already hit a red button that signaled an alert to the Director's office. Faith signaled her team, silently counting down with the fingers of one hand, and when that hand became a fist, the women charged into the office. The door flung open, and Philips instinctively put his hand on his sidearm, but as the team scrambled into the room with all weapons trained on him, he grudgingly raised his hands in surrender.

"Federal agents," barked Faith Church as one of her team relieved him of the pistol in his holster and began cuffing him. "This facility is being shut down for violation of federal human trafficking laws." She then quickly recited his Miranda rights, and then demanded, "Who are you?"

"My name is William Philips. I'm under arrest?" asked the stunned Philips, beginning to realize how deep the shit was, in which he'd suddenly found himself.

"Yes, sir you are."

"Federal charges?"

"You bet. The state will no doubt want to press charges too."

Philips' face fell. "What's gonna happen to me?"

"That depends on how deeply you're involved and how well you cooperate with us. Right now."

As the agents began searching the security office, Philips replied with a sigh, "What do you want to know?"

"Good choice. Tell us all about this place."

He took a breath and began. "Well, all I know is they raise and sell pretty girls here with really big tits. I mean boobs. Breasts."

"I'm familiar with the concept," the bosomy Faith replied. "Go on."

"Our job is to keep the girls from gettin' out, and keep unscheduled visitors from gettin' in. Every now and then a buyer will arrive, and the standing order is always to shut off our whole surveillance system for as long as the client is in the building – to protect their identity."

"Did you trigger an alarm when we came in?"

Philips nodded reluctantly. "Yeah."

"Who did you alert to our presence?"

"The Director of this place, Doctor Robert Wilson."

"Anyone else?" asked Faith.

"Not sure. I don't think so."

"What's the layout of the building?"

"Uh, well – the floor above us is A-Level, which is just the storefront real estate. We're on B-Level here: security office, dorm rooms and the girls' cafeteria. One floor below this is C-Level. That's where the medical laboratory is, along with the kitchen, childcare, and the swimming pool."

"A swimming pool?" marveled one of the agents.

Pointing to a monitor at the far end of the console, Philips said, "That's right. Open to the residents, 10 AM to 8 PM. We monitor that by video instead of having a lifeguard."

Leaning forward and peering at the monitor, another agent commented, "Plus, you guys get an eyeful in the deal. I see three really busty girls in the pool right now, and they're all swimming in the nude."

"That's the rule!" said Philips defensively.

“Uh-huh. And I see a USB port here that’s labeled ‘Video Download’,” Faith pointed out. Philips chose not to respond to that fact. “Alright. And below C-level?”

“If there’s anything under C, I don’t know about it,” Philips replied. “But there are a lot of rumors and secrets around here, and everything is on a need-to-know basis. All we do is monitor A-, B-, and C-Levels; our responsibility is limited to the patients. The girls.” Pointing to the bank of small video monitors on the master console, he went on, “That top row of screens covers the outside and the fake store: two cameras inside and two out. The next row of monitors shows the dorm rooms and cafeteria. The cafeteria also serves as kind of a break room and gathering place. The bottom row of video monitors is C-Level. There are more cams than monitors, so you can toggle back and forth through different views using the two little buttons under each screen. That larger monitor over there by itself shows the video programming being fed to the dorm rooms for the residents’ education – uh, entertainment.”

One of the more tech-savvy agents took charge of the security console, sitting down at the rolling chair in front of the bank of video and computer monitors. The video feeds showed views of the dorm rooms, a few of which appeared vacant, but most of them were occupied by outlandishly busty females lounging about in various states of dress and undress. A couple of them had tits that were unbelievably enormous, eliciting gasps from the observing agents, who themselves were possessors of amazingly huge racks.

Turning her attention back to Philips, Faith asked, “The doors around here stay locked?”

“Most of ‘em. You’ll need a master key card. There’s a few in that drawer there.” Hearing this, one of the other agents retrieved the cards for distribution.

The radio affixed to Faith’s shoulder then crackled to life, and a female voice announced, “Perimeter is secure.”

“Who is this?” Faith asked. It wasn’t Gail Jones’ voice, which she had expected to hear. She looked up at the monitors that covered the storefront hoping to see what was going on there.

“This is Agent Martha Camden.”

“Where’s Agent Jones?”

“She’s taking a minute to get her breath back. The shop clerk kneed her in the gut before we could subdue him. Gail’s going to be fine, but the clerk will need some attention.”

“Copy that,” Faith responded. “Tell Gail the security office is now clear, Martha. We’ve got two suspects in custody. Everyone on my team is fine. We’re looking at a couple dozen video monitors here, and we have what looks like 18 or 20 captive females in residence. They’ll be safe locked in their rooms until we can secure the floor.”



The raid was going very well so far, with the only casualty being the store clerk, who discovered a new respect for women after making the mistake of assaulting Gail Jones. Alpha Team quickly cleared most of B-Level, taking the City Hospital personnel into custody without incident and sending them out to one of the vans. The cafeteria was the last area on the floor remaining to be secured, after which, the residents would be interviewed and debriefed.

Special Agent-in-Charge Faith Church and Agent-in-Training Roberta Anderson crept up to the cafeteria door and peeked through its small window. Inside they saw a small serving line and a number of tables and chairs. The room appeared to be unoccupied except for one table, at which sat four young women playing a board game, which agreed with the intel they’d gotten from the security office. Faith craned her neck to check out the extreme ends of the room, and seeing no one else, she motioned to her partner that they were to enter quietly.

As she pushed the door open, all four girls turned to see who it was. When they saw Faith and Roberta enter, dressed in their SWAT uniforms and carrying firearms, their expressions became fearful and they started to shrink back.

The agents lowered their weapons and Faith held up a hand, saying, "We're friends, ladies! Don't be afraid! We're here to help you." She immediately unfastened her helmet and swept it off to show the girls her face, and Roberta followed suit. The sight of their pretty faces and long hair cascading out from under their helmets helped much to calm the girls.

The two agents were stunned as they realized that the four gorgeous girls were identical in appearance, even down to their bust size, which was strikingly huge. Their enormous unbrassiered breasts swayed and bobbed buoyantly beneath their shirts as they turned to exchange confused looks with each other.

"Are you girls quadruplets?" asked Roberta.

They all looked confused. One spoke up, saying, "I'm not sure what that means."

"Identical sisters from the same birth, by the same mother," Faith explained.

"Well, we're sure identical, and we're *all* sisters here. But I don't think any of us knows who our mother is."

Just then, Mich peeked in the room to check on things, but before she could utter a word, she was startled by the sight of four Katies looking back at her! They were all the very image of her stunningly beautiful young friend in every detail except their bust size. It was uncanny. With identical multiple births, it's typical for there to be subtle differences in the appearance of the siblings, but these girls were indistinguishable. Mich had gotten to know Katie's face since she'd been living in their home, a shiver ran down her spine as she studied their gorgeous interchangeable likenesses.

Mich stepped closer to their table and smiled. "Hi, I'm Michelle Kerpalscheiker. I'm the Senior Supervisory Agent for this field operation. I don't know what my friends Faith and Roberta have told you, but this facility you live in is an illegal human trafficking operation, and we're shutting it down."

One of the girls asked, "What's human trafficking?"

"In this case, it's slavery for sex."

The girls looked at each other. "You're closing it down?" one asked.

"That's right."

"Are we under arrest?" another asked fearfully.

"Of course not, dear. We're here to set you free, and help you start normal lives." That statement was met with four blank stares. "I know this is very sudden and confusing for you, but you don't need to worry or be afraid. We'll take good care of you. To begin with, why don't you tell us your names. You first, dear," she said to the one nearest her.

"I'm Bridget."

"Got a last name?" asked Faith.

"Just a number: 58."

"How old are you?"

"I'm 19."

Turning to the next one, she asked, "And what's your name?"

"Nicolette. 59. I'm 18 years old."

"Natalia, 57. I'm 18 too."

"I'm Alessandra 55. I'm 19."

"Thank you. Now, I need you all to go report to your own rooms," Mich instructed. "Some of my other ladies will be around to collect information from you and answer any questions you might have." Activating her shoulder radio, she commanded, "Send the Documentation Team into the building and have them start processing the residents."



The SEA now faced the task of documenting all the young female residents, which would be the first step in their assimilation into society. Mich, Kerp, and all the other SEA personal went from dorm room to dorm room, interviewing the girls one by one. Each had the exact same exquisite face that Katie had, along with the identical perfect body and lavish hair. They also had extraordinarily large breasts, all identical in size, yet dwarfed by Katie's colossal pair. It was clear that these lovely girls were not merely genetically engineered – the inescapable fact was that they were also clones: copies of a spliced-together original made of parts from an assortment of donors.

Standing at the door of the next dorm room to be processed, Mich swiped the master key card through the lock, which clicked in response, and its little red LED turned green. She turned the handle and slowly opened the door. Peeking into the room, she saw no occupant at first, so she stepped fully inside for a better look. Seated on a chair in a corner was a young woman reading a book. She raised her face from the book and looked at Mich with a mixture of surprise and perplexity.

Mich stared back, stunned. This girl's appearance was completely different from the others. In fact, it was her *own* face gazing back at her! A younger version of it, but the likeness was astonishing. Impossible.

"Who are you?" the young woman asked, also taken aback by the eerie resemblance.

Mich shook herself out of her stupor and replied, "Um, I'm federal agent Michelle Kerpalscheiker. We're closing down this facility for human trafficking."

The girl considered that for a moment and then answered, "What's human trafficking?"

"That's when people buy and sell other human beings. What's your name, sweetheart?"

"My name's Michelle. Just like yours."

Mich took a couple of tentative steps toward her. "You got a last name?"

She shook her head. "No. No number either."

"Do you know how old you are?"

"I'm 18."

"Dear Lord!" murmured Mich. "Could it – Michelle, I'm going to ask you a strange question." She untucked her blouse and pulled up its front until the bottoms of her enormous boobs were exposed. Lifting up one of the cumbersome globes to display its underside, she asked, "Do you by any chance have a birthmark like this on the bottom part of your right breast?"

The young woman looked at Mich with puzzlement and said, "Yeah! It's not as *big* as that, though! Look." She unabashedly pulled up her top, exposing her much smaller breasts, and with one hand lifted the right one. "See there? The shape of the birthmark is exactly the same as yours! How weird! By the way, I *love* how incredibly busty you are! I wish *my* breasts were super big! Doctor Wilson expected mine to grow much bigger than this." She let her boob fall, and as she pulled her top back down, she noticed that Mich's eyes were tearing up. "You okay, ma'am?" she asked.

Mich took a breath. "Michelle, do you know how you got your name?"

"I think Doctor Wilson named me. I'm pretty sure he names all of us," Michelle answered.

"Do you know your mother?"

"Far as I know, I don't even *have* a mother. Somebody donated me, or something like that." The girl's eyes suddenly grew wide, and she said, "Wait a minute! You mean *you* –"

Mich shrugged. "I'm definitely not your mother in the classic sense of the word, but if my suspicions about you are right, then you did come out of me in a very literal sense. If that's true, then I'd be the closest thing to a mom you have."



They stood looking at each other for a long moment. “Seriously?” asked the younger woman.

Mich nodded. “I’m pretty sure. I can’t think of any other explanation for why we’re exactly alike.”

“Well, almost,” young Michelle added, gazing appreciatively at Mich’s massive bust.

“Actually, the size of my breasts doesn’t come from my DNA. They’ve been metabolically enlarged – after the fact, so to speak. Otherwise, they’d be about the size of yours.”

The younger woman sighed and said softly, “You don’t know how much I’ve always wanted a mom.”

“You don’t know how much I’ve always wanted a daughter!” Mich replied.



Kerp had been looking high and low for Mich. He was about to call her on his walkie talkie, but upon peeking into the next in a series of residential rooms that he’d been checking, he was relieved to see Mich inside. Oddly, she was standing there hugging another woman. “Mich,” he said to get her attention.

She opened her eyes, and when she saw her husband, she smiled broadly and tearfully. Mich drew back from the embrace and said to the young woman, “There’s someone here I want you to meet.”

As Kerp was wondering what kind of odd situation this was, his wife turned the younger woman around to face him. As he looked at her, his mind faltered upon realizing it was Mich! *Another* Mich! Same face, same hair, same great figure – all except for the bust. This girl’s boobs were about the size Mich’s were when he’d first met her, which was a very full and lovely double-D. His rational mind was having difficulty processing the fact that there were two of the same person before his eyes. “Wait,” he stammered. “*What?!*”

“I know,” Mich said. “Michelle, this is my wonderful husband, my soulmate, my best friend and true love, Agent Louis Kerpalscheiker. He likes to be called Kerp for short. Kerp, this is Michelle. She doesn’t have a last name.”

“He’s cute,” the younger Michelle observed under her breath to the older.

Kerp’s mouth was hanging open. He lifted a hand to his head and murmured, “You’re this girl’s – she’s your – *clone!*”

Young Michelle turned her face toward Mich’s and asked plaintively, “I’m a clone?”

Giving Kerp The Look, she tightened her arm around the younger Michelle’s shoulder and assured her, “You’re a *human being*, sweetie. Always remember that!”

Kerp stepped up to the Michelles and said to the younger, “I apologize – Michelle. Of *course* you’re a human being! I didn’t mean... I’m just so stunned! When I saw *two* of... I didn’t realize this was even possible. Not with current technology. And isn’t it illegal?”

“In some states, it is. The main reason it’s not done is ethics,” Mich explained. “But apparently, ethics has not been an issue here. *All* these girls had to have been cloned. I just met four girls who looked exactly like Katie, except their breasts are not quite as enormous. And there’s no doubt in my mind that Michelle here was duplicated from me. A DNA test should confirm it. She’s 18 years old, Kerp. That fits in with the timeline of the DiGiovanni case.”

“Oh! Wow! Right, so we’ll need to order a DNA test for this young lady right away.”

“Will that hurt?” the teenager asked.

“No, they just take a swab of the inside of your mouth,” Kerp explained.

“I’m going to abuse my authority and assign Michelle quarters at our house until we can sort things out,” Mich declared.

“That’s not an abuse,” Kerp assured her. “You can do that. Hudson used to stretch his authority way further than that.”

“Wait,” the younger Michelle interjected. “You guys are going to take me *out*? Into the outside?”

“Yes. From now on you’re free. You’re no longer anyone’s property.” Looking at Kerp, she asked, “Babe, what do you say we invite Michelle to live with us as long as she wants?”

Kerp nodded. “I was thinkin’ the same thing.”

An apprehensive expression came across young Michelle’s face. Mich touched the girl’s arm lightly and asked, “Are you okay with that?”

“Yeah, I totally am! That’d be incredible! It’s just that I’m a little afraid. I mean, it sounds exciting, and I’d be so glad to have an actual home with you guys – but how will I know what to do out in the world?”

“What do you mean,” Mich asked.

“How am I supposed to act around – real people?”

Kerp chuckled. “Don’t worry about that. *Everybody* out there is faking it, Michelle. Just try to look cool.”

Mich snickered and said, “You’ll do fine, Michelle. Don’t worry. We’re going to take good care of you. We’ll teach you what you’ll need to know. That’s what parents do. In fact, now that I think of it, after the DNA proves that you came from me, I’d like to adopt you.” Turning to Kerp, she added, “If you agree, that is.”

Kerp nodded. “Oh, definitely!”

“What if our DNA isn’t the same?” young Michelle asked uneasily.

“Well actually, I’d love to adopt you either way. But it’ll come back a match,” Mich assured her. “I have absolutely no doubt. I just know it.”

Kerp cleared his throat and held up his hands, saying, “It’s disconcerting enough that you two look and sound exactly alike – but with both of you having the same name – that makes things beyond weird! It’s difficult for me to wrap my head around this, and it’ll be especially confusing with this young lady living with us. So. Just for the sake of my sanity if nothing else, from now on your name is always Mich, as it has been,” he said to his wife. Then turning to the teenager, he continued, “And you, young lady, shall be called ‘little Michelle’. That way we can at least know who we’re talking about. Is that okay with you two?”

Mich and little Michelle nodded happily, excited at the prospect of becoming a family.



Kerp approached the door to a dorm room that had not been processed yet, and slowly pushed it open. Stepping inside, he saw a lovely young woman standing in the middle of the room, looking at him with interest as if she’d been expecting him. She was such a startling visage to look upon that Kerp stopped in his tracks, dumbfounded.

For a split second, part of his mind actually wondered if he might be seeing an angel robed in white. The girl’s hip-length hair was pure white, and her skin was like delicate porcelain, tinged barely pink by the blood coursing just beneath its surface. All of this served to set off her brilliant blue eyes with which she surveyed him curiously. Her face was exquisitely beautiful in a childlike way, and her frame was slender without being skinny. A long, gauzy garment hung from her shoulders, open in front, exposing her boobs. Like most of the residents of that facility, this young lady’s breasts were amazingly huge, their tips culminating in big robust nipples that were as pale as the rest of her. Her enormous tits were fat and firm, and though they jutted out from her torso profoundly, they differed from those of the other girls in that they did yield to gravity slightly.

Kerp gazed at the ravishing albino in wonder. Her demeanor was a strange mixture of timidity and absolute self-confidence, and she seemed to be waiting for him to make the first move. At last he cleared his throat and spoke. "Hello, I'm Agent Louis Kerpalscheiker. I'm a federal agent and I'm here to help you." He let her have a moment to digest that.

"Help me what?" she asked in a tiny voice.

"Miss, this facility is in violation of federal and state human trafficking laws and is being shut down."

Her face took on a look of deep concern. "Shut down? What does that mean?"

"This place sells young women such as yourself as sex toys, and we're putting it out of business."

"But no one has bought me yet!"

"And nobody ever will. You're free now."

Tears began forming in her eyes. "But I don't have any other home! I've never even been outside the Lab!" The girl was obviously terrified.

"You don't have to worry about that," Kerp assured her. "I promise you'll be taken care of. What's your name sweetheart?"

"Snow," she said simply.

Wow. *Perfect*. "Do you have a last name?" She shook her head. "A number? Some of the girls here have numbers instead of last names."

"No, I'm just plain Snow."

Kerp smiled. "You're not 'just plain' *anything*, my dear!"

"Thank you, Agent Kerpalscheiker."

"Whoa! You remembered my name perfectly!"

"I remember everything. Perfectly."

Kerp took a moment to absorb that. "Wait. You mean – *everything*?"

She nodded. "Since before I was born," Snow said matter-of-factly.

"Incredible."

They stood there for a very long moment, saying nothing but just gazing into each other's eyes in wonder.

"What will happen to me?" she asked at length. "I have no formal education or skills, and I assume my breasts are too big for me to do manual labor."

"Actually, I'm authorized to offer you and the others who live here a non-surgical breast reduction program if you want it. It's a pharmaceutical therapy – it would take about a year for a woman your size."

"Heavens no! I waited a long time for my breasts to finally start developing, and I dearly love having them this big! I'd never want them to be even a *bit* smaller."

"Works for me," concurred Kerp. He keyed his shoulder microphone and called Mich. "Hey, babe. Come to where I am. Room 12B. Over."

"What's up, over."

"Something I want you to see. Out."

Snow looked at him and asked matter-of-factly, "Is the 'something' me?"

"Yep," he replied with a wink.

"You called that person 'babe'."

"My wife."

Snow's face lit up with childlike joy. "Your *wife*?! She's coming to meet me?" she asked, clasping her hands before her like a child at Christmas.

"Well, uh – yeah."

"Wow! I've always wanted to meet two actually married people!"

Kerp looked at her in amazement. "You've never met a married couple?"

Snow grinned and shook her head. "Not together. None of the married technicians here will discuss personal things, and I've never seen their spouses. What is it like to be married?"

"Well, with the right person, it's awesome. Mich and I have been married since – um, by the way, would you do me a favor and close the front of your, uh, gown thing, please?"

"Oh! I forgot. Sure," she said, drawing the garment around her enormous bare breasts. "At first I thought you were here to shop." The sheer fabric did little to conceal her wondrous attributes, but at least technically she was covered.

Momentarily Mich walked in and was about to ask what he was up to, but before she could speak, she saw Snow and gasped.

"Babe, this is Snow. Snow, this is my sweet wife Michelle. She's also my soulmate, my best friend, and my work boss."

Snow marveled at Mich, and said softly, "You look exactly like my friend Michelle! You're both so pretty! And I love how *very big* your breasts are!"

"Oh, sweetie, you are *exquisite*!" replied Mich, marveling at Snow's childlike beauty. "Exactly how old are you?"

"Exactly?" Snow knitted her brow and lifted her eyes slightly. After a long moment, Mich asked, "You don't know your age?"

Snow held up a preemptive index finger and explained, "Just a moment – I'm counting the days. No one ever asked me my *exact* age before."

Mich looked at Kerp with a perplexed expression on her face. Kerp grinned crookedly and said, "Snow has total recall. She remembers everything since she was born."

"Everything since *before* I was born," Snow corrected, still calculating.

"Since *before* she was born," Kerp amended. "Every single day. Apparently, she doesn't know *exactly* how old she is, so she's counting the days since – since what, Snow?" he asked her.

"Since my last birthday, when I turned 18."

Mich marveled at her for a moment and then said, "That's all I wanted to know, sweetheart."

Snow's face brightened and she announced, "I'm 18 years, 3 months, and 12 days old!"

Turning to Kerp, Mich asked, "Is she a life-long resident here, or was she abducted?"

"She told me she's never been outside this building."

"I wonder," Mich began. "If these girls have never been outside, there must be a birthing facility here in this building."

"There is," Snow affirmed. "It's down in D-Level. None of us are supposed to know about that floor, but I remember one of the nurses mentioning that we were on D-Level the day I was born, plus I saw a sign on the wall."

Mich studied Snow's beautiful face. "The day you were born."

"Yes. I didn't know what those things meant at the time, of course, but I figured out their meaning after I got old enough to understand English."

"Could you take us to D-Level? To the birthing area?"

"Of course." Despite her emphatic assurance, there was some obvious concern in her face.

"What's the matter, Snow?" Mich asked.

"I'm afraid is all. Afraid if they find out I'm helping you, they'll do something bad to me, and I'm afraid of leaving my home here forever." Her eyes began glistening. "But I *will* help you. I want to do what's right."

Mich loved the girl's courage. "Thank you, Snow. But don't you worry. The people who've been keeping you here are now in our custody, and they'll be going to prison for a very long time - they won't ever be able to hurt you. And don't be concerned about a home. Tell you what - if you'd like, you can come stay with us until you get on your feet. Kerp and I have a nice big house, and it's just the two of us. Or it used to be."

"Yep, until we opened the Kerpalscheiker Home for Spectacularly Endowed Orphans."

Mich laughed at him, and Snow grinned as she watched them interact.

"You *are* okay with that, right?" Mich asked Kerp.

"Absolutely, I was just tryin' to be funny. But we're definitely not going to leave you homeless, Snow. We'd love to have you live with us for a while." Turning to Mich, he said, "Y'know, I always had a feeling there was a reason for us buying such a big house. It'll be good to put all that extra space to a good use."

Mich nodded. "Yeah. I'm glad we have all that room. So, Snow, would you like to be our guest?"

Snow nodded enthusiastically. "Yes, thank you! I think it would be wonderful to live in your house. I love you two," Snow stated simply. "You seem so happy together. Maybe someday I can find a nice man to marry *me*."

"Gorgeous and sweet as you are, Snow," said Kerp, "You'll have all manner of young men to choose from!"

Snow smiled broadly at the prospect, and at Kerp's praise. "Can I ask you guys to do something for me?" she asked with a girlish giggle.

"Sure, sweetheart, anything," Kerp responded.

Snow took a breath. "You two kiss, right?"

Kerp chuckled. "Now and then."

"Don't listen to him, Snow, he's joking with you," Mich corrected. "Kerp and I are very much in love, and we kiss often."

"And make love like rabbits," he inserted mischievously.

"Kerp," chided Mich good-naturedly.

"Make love. Is that the same as having sex? They taught us all about that."

"Making love means having sex with someone who has your whole heart," Kerp explained. "Someone you think about all the time and you want to be with them every minute of every day, and nobody else." Mich beamed at Kerp as he continued, "So what's your request, dear?"

Snow blushed. "Can I see you two kiss?"

Mich chuckled and began, "Well, -" but could say nothing further because Kerp grabbed her in his arms, swept her back off her feet in a dip, and planted a big one on her lips, to Snow's utter delight.

"Wow, you guys! That's hot!" the young albino said, clapping.

Laughing, the Kerpalscheikers stood back up and released their embrace.

Snow continued, "I've seen the sex videos they run at night, but I mean, just seeing a *married couple* kiss right in front of me like that is way sexier!"

"Wait," said Kerp. "You say they run sex videos at night?"

"On TV," she replied, pointing to her flat screen. "They run children's shows all morning for the young ones, romance movies from noon to midnight, then after midnight, sex programs until 4 in the morning," Snow explained.

"Hm. Gotta be their own closed-circuit system," concluded Kerp.

"Is it," confirmed Mich. "When Faith Church debriefed me about the security office, she mentioned that they have their own in-house video channel. They use it to educate the little ones until they're of age, then they propagandize them with romance all day, and indoctrinate them with raunchy sex videos all night."

"Until four," Snow corrected.

"Right. Sweetie, may I ask you a personal question?" inquired Mich.

"You can ask me anything."

"Are you a virgin?"

She nodded. "We all are. We bring a higher price that way."

Mich sighed. "Not anymore, sweetheart. You are now *priceless*. In fact, you always were." Mich activated the walkie-talkie on her shoulder and said, "Faith, do you copy?"

Faith's voice crackled back, "Affirmative, Director. Over."

"We just got some intel that there's another floor below C-level. Over."

"Below C? We haven't found any evidence of that. Back."

"We have someone here who knows the way and is willing to show us. We'll need to organize an incursion team and find out what's down there. Over."

"I'm on it. Out."

"Listen babe," Kerp said, emerging from a thought process, "if Snow remembers everything, maybe she's got some information in that mind of hers that could help us track down some of the people involved in this. Buyers as well as sellers, hopefully."

Snow nodded. "I'll be glad to do what I can, but I've never heard where any of my sisters have been sent to. When one of us gets sold, the rest of us only find out about it after she's gone. No one ever gets a chance to say good-bye. I don't know how much help I can be, but I'll tell what I know."

"Thank you, Snow," Mich said. "Sometime after we get you home and settled, we'll arrange a formal interview with you at the agency. You may know more than you realize."



Kerp entered the next room on his list, and found it seemingly empty. A couple of the rooms he'd seen had been unoccupied, but someone was apparently living in this one, as evidenced by the clothing and other various items lying about. Just then a bathroom door opened and a young woman with a face identical to Katie's stepped out, wearing nothing, and drying her long, wet hair with a towel.

"Oh!" she said when she saw Kerp. "Who are you?"

He couldn't answer at first, startled and transfixed by the mind-boggling size of her breasts. They ballooned from her chest imposingly, swollen to staggering fatness, with her huge nipples wagging around her knee level. Her gigantic tits swayed heavily as she stood waiting for him to respond.

“What’s the matter,” the girl asked with a sly grin. “Haven’t you ever seen bare boobies before?” She teasingly swiveled her torso to make her colossal tits swing in heavy arcs.

He cleared his throat and continued, “Uh, I’m Special Agent Louis Kerpalscheiker, and I’m with a federal task force shutting down this facility.”

“Really? Why?”

“Human trafficking. We’re here to set you free!”

“Oh,” she commented, absorbing this information considering its implications.

“What’s your name, dear?” Kerp asked, trying to keep his eyes on hers.

“Emmy. My full name is Emerald. They give us names like that – they’re supposed to sound sexy I guess, but everyone here just calls me Emmy. I like that better.”

“Last name?”

“Huh? Oh, right, last name. Nope. Don’t have one. I don’t have a number either; there’s only one of me. I’m a special case. I was told that it took a lot of time and money to make my breasts grow this big,” she said, patting the wide flanks of her massive boobs. This sent delightful shudders throughout her extravagant flesh.

Kerp wrote her name on the form on his clipboard. “And how old are you, Emmy?”

“I’m 18. And a half.”

“Okay. You’d better get your clothes on. In a few minutes, some people will be here to photograph you, take your measurements, and get you started on the road to having a real identity.



As Kerp walked down the residential hallway, he spotted Mich peeking out of a doorway at the far end. His first thought was to tell her of the gigantic-breasted resident he’d just interviewed. Drawing near to Mich, he opened his mouth to speak, but she held up an index finger and gestured for him to follow her into the room.

Kerp entered and looked at his wife quizzically, who then indicated with a nod of her head that he should look to the opposite side of the room. There, sitting on a love seat, was a young woman having the same super-gorgeous face as Katie, whose naked breasts were four or five times the size of Emmy’s! They rested on the floor before her, spreading out broadly and mounding up so that all Kerp could see of her was tits and a head. He gasped in awe, mouth hanging open. Mich snickered at him.

The girl smiled. “Your wife told me you’d appreciate knockers the size of mine. Quite a rack, huh?”

Grinning, Mich looked at her husband and murmured, “She’s so huge, I knew you’d want to see her. Her name is Scarlett.”

Kerp nodded in stunned astonishment.

“You can touch them if you want,” the ultra-bosomy girl said mischievously.

“Oh no, he can’t!” announced Mich firmly.

Kerp finally found his voice and said, “Hi. I’m Kerp. Nice to meet you. *My*. Can you even walk?”

“Not unless I’m wearing my special support harness with the little wheels. I can also push my boobs along in front of me if they’re sitting on something that slides, but it’s not easy. That’s what this plastic mat is for, under ’em now. And I have a special shower they made for me. Nice and big – no curb thing to step over. Wanna guess my bust measurement?”

Mich ventured, "Oh golly. Gotta be way over a hundred and fifty inches. Two hundred?"

Scarlett replied, "Can you believe *over* two hundred? My bust measurement is 212 inches! Same as the boiling point!" she quipped, wagging her eyebrows at Kerp. "And even though I'm 18, they might even still be growing! My tits weren't supposed to get so humongous, but when I started developing, something happened inside me. One of the techs called it a runaway reaction." Scarlett stretched out her arms and squeezed her goliath breasts together, causing them to rise up in the middle. "There's nowhere near enough letters in the alphabet for *my* cup size!" she proudly proclaimed. "I really like having them so humongous. Wanna try to pick one up?" she asked with a wink.

Mich was fed up with the girl's unveiled come-ons, and though breasts of this magnitude were certainly a rare curiosity, enough was enough, and she decided to end the interview. She told Scarlett that someone would be with her to photograph and document her shortly, and then she herded Kerp out into the hall.



There was now only one dorm room that hadn't been cleared yet, and Mich took along Faith Church to help check it out. As soon as they unlocked and opened the door, they heard the sound of a television, and upon entering the room, they saw a young woman sitting in a big chair watching it, not aware of their presence.

"Excuse us," Mich called.

The girl turned her head, and upon seeing them, turned off the TV and stood up. "Hello!" she said.

She was wearing jeans and a baby doll top. Her breasts were phenomenally huge, much more so than most of the residents, and significantly bigger even than Katie's giant pair, though not as gargantuan as Emmy's. Her loose-fitting billowy top, though generous in size, was nevertheless inadequate to completely cover her massive tits. As the gorgeous young woman took a few steps toward the agents, her gigantic boobs bounced and swayed with her movements and her nipples played peek-a-boo from under her top. Her appearance was identical to most of the other residents, except for her much larger boobs and her blond hair. It had obviously been bleached, as evidenced by her dark roots, but other than that, it was the same luxurious, wavy hair that the rest of the girls had.

"Hello," Mich replied. "We're federal agents, and we're here to close down this human trafficking operation. I'm Michelle, and this lady's name is Faith."

"I'm Erika. So you're, like – police?"

"Yes, we're like the police."

Faith was mesmerized by the extraordinary size of Erika's tits as they undulated heavily beneath her roomy top. The sight was so riveting that Faith unconsciously started to raise her hands to her own huge bosom, but caught herself and refrained.

"I see. Now, what is it again that you're closing down?" Erika asked, noticing how Faith was staring at her. Accustomed to being appraised for her attributes, she off-handedly lifted up the front of her blouse, fully exposing her beautiful breasts for viewing as she awaited an answer to her question. It was a gesture neither agent was expecting. While Mich took it in stride, Faith's eyes grew wide in stunned appreciation of the young woman's immense boobs.

Mich fully explained to Erika what the SEA was doing, what her legal rights were, and what the future held for her, both in the immediate future and long term. Lastly, Mich instructed her to stay in her room until the Documentation people processed her. The agents then left the gigantic-breasted beauty.

As the two agents walked along the hallway, Faith asked, "Is it permissible for a veteran agent to re-enter the enlargement program?"

Mich smiled. "Inspiring, wasn't she?"



Faith chuckled. "I know!"

"So, you're thinking about growing your breasts even bigger, huh?"

"Yeah. I am."

"Before you decide, you might want to discuss it with your husband."

"Oh, he's been begging me to do that for years. My great big boobs are what first attracted him to me, and after we were married, I happened to mention something about the agency's enlargement program. That's when I learned how much he loves super gigantic boobs: the bigger the better! Just talking about it makes him hot. I want to please him, but until now I considered my breasts to be plenty big. But Erika was spectacular! Seeing her makes me want mine to be even more enormous now."

"I know the feeling," Mich said with a twinkle in her eye. "So yes, if you want your boobies to be as huge as Erika's – or even bigger – the SEA will be glad to make that happen."

A smile slowly spread across Agent Church's face.



With A- and B-Levels now secure, Faith took a detail of five agents with her, venturing down one more floor to C-Level, where the medical offices, kitchen, childcare, and pool were located. There, two medical technicians were taken into custody, who uttered not a word after being informed of the charges against them. The childcare and kitchen staffs seemed genuinely clueless when confronted by the SEA squad, and claimed not to work for City Hospital, but for independent vendors. The childcare workers never saw anyone but the children and one of the administrators, believing the place to be a government facility. The kitchen staff had been told it was a clinic. Their only function was to prepare meals and bring the food up to the vacant cafeteria via a special stairwell, after which they would leave. They were carefully isolated from the residents and never saw them. These workers were detained until their allegations could be verified.

The swimming pool looked, smelled, and sounded like any other indoor pool, but the three young women that the agents found frolicking in it were anything but ordinary. Their luscious naked bodies were identical, with gorgeous faces like Katie's, and perfect figures with extraordinarily large breasts. When the skinny-dippers saw Faith and her team appear, their play immediately stopped.

"Hello, ladies," Faith called out. "We're federal agents, and we're here to shut down this facility for human trafficking! You girls have done nothing wrong – we're here to arrest the people who've been keeping you here. I know you'll have a lot of questions, and we'll answer all of them, but right now we need you return to your rooms. Our people will be coming to see you soon to explain things, to take down some information from you, and to start getting you ready for a whole new life."

All three girls stared at them blankly.

Another agent then spoke up, saying, "We're serious, ladies! We're law enforcement officers, and we need you to return to your rooms now."

"But we're supposed to go to the showers after we swim," one of them whined.

"Good. So hit the showers and then off to your rooms. Go!"

The girls swam to the nearest ladder and climbed out of the pool one by one, naked and dripping wet. Their enormous boobs lurched and bounced furiously, slinging water off their nipples as the girls quickly stepped across the concrete past the agents. One of the girls clutched her tits against her chest to keep them from careening about as they hurried along. The agents watched curiously as the huge-breasted beauties disappeared through the door to the showers.

Faith called after them, “And put some clothes on!”



With C-Level now secure, Mich borrowed body armor from one of her super-busty agents, and made Snow put it on in preparation for their sortie into the mysterious D-Level. Snow would serve as guide because she remembered the layout of the floor plan – limited, of course, to those parts she had actually seen when she was there as a baby. She looked adorably out of place in her body armor, with her angelic face peering out from her helmet and her long white hair flowing down her back. She was unarmed, of course, but she had Mich and Kerp on either side of her, both carrying automatic weapons, and both determined to allow no harm to come to their new friend.

Snow led them down a hall in C-Level to an unmarked door at the far end. It proved to be locked, but with a swipe of the master key card, it clicked open and the team filed through and began descending the stairway that was on the other side. The agents’ enormous bosoms heaved with each footfall as they jogged down the stairs, but the only male present, who would have truly appreciated such a sight, was at the front of the parade with his eyes riveted on what was ahead. At the bottom of the stairway was another locked door, which they also keyed open, revealing a hallway that looked like a hospital floor. Snow started walking so quickly that Mich and Kerp had to trot to keep up.

“It’s a little different than when I was here,” the albino beauty commented. “The walls are a different color, and the lights aren’t the same. And the signs on the walls and over the doors – some of those have changed. But this room up here is where I was born.”

Reaching the door, Mich ordered half the team to keep watch in the hall while the other half went in, with the Kerpalscheikers and Snow at the rear. The room was unoccupied. It was utilitarian, with a hospital bed in the center and a few cabinets against the walls, their tops strewn with medical paraphernalia.

“Ma’am,” called one of the agents, “I’ve had two babies. This place is definitely a delivery room. See those stirrups on the bed?”

Kerp looked at them and shivered.

Snow stood still, taking in the scene with tears running down her cheeks. “I didn’t think I would cry,” she squeaked in her tiny voice. “In this very spot, I came out of a woman who wasn’t my mother.”

Mich looked at her and asked, “What?”

Without returning Mich’s gaze, she answered, “The people dressed in green kept referring to the woman as ‘the surrogate.’ Never as ‘the mother.’ I eventually learned what that means.”

Kerp spoke up and addressed the group. “Looks like no one’s being born here at the moment, so let’s keep moving.”

Snow turned and headed out first, saying, “There was a nursery next to this room, where I lived for the first 341 days of my life.”

They followed her to a door with a small window, through which light shone. Kerp peered in and silently indicated that there was someone inside. Snow was kept out until the team could secure it. Mich thrust the door open, and the team rushed into the room and spread out, with weapons at the ready but not leveled.

There was a row of cribs along one wall, and sitting in a nearby rocking chair was a woman nursing an infant, wearing nothing above the waist. Her bare breasts were quite enormous, but not perky like the girls upstairs. She was attractive enough in an average kind of way, but she had not been bred for spectacular looks. In fact, she had not been bred at all. She stared at the team in stunned disbelief.

“I remember her,” Snow said, peeking into the room.

“Who are you people?” she asked fearfully.

"Federal agents, ma'am," Mich said. "This is a raid. We're shutting down this facility."

The woman's face brightened. She stood up from the rocker and gently placed the sleeping baby in a crib. "Can we talk out in the hall, please?" she asked in a hushed tone. Turning to the squad, her huge bare breasts hung down on her tummy, still full enough to drip milk from both nipples. "They're all fed and napping now," she said, "and I don't want to wake them up."

Mich signaled for her group to exit the room, and ushered the wet nurse out in front of her. Once the nursery door was closed, Mich asked, "How many babies are in there?"

"Three right now. There were five just a couple days ago, but I just had two graduate to childcare."

"What's your name?"

"I'm Margaret Elizabeth Hauser," she replied. "I was abducted – I've forgotten how many years ago – and I've been here ever since, forced to take care of these babies. And look what these people did to me!" she said emotionally, thrusting out her chest and looking down at her huge breasts. "They shot me full of something that made my boobs fill up with milk and grow hideously large! I was a normal woman until they disfigured me like this!" It was then that she noticed that all the agents except one were female, and that their breasts appeared to be even bigger than hers. "Oh! My! Sorry. You said you're federal agents?"

"We are," confirmed Mich, showing Margaret the ID that hung around her neck. Margaret's story rang thoroughly true, and Mich saw no reason to detain her. "Where are your living quarters, Ms. Hauser?"

"Down the hall. What kind of agents are you?"

"Secret," explained Kerp. "All you need to know is that we're here to free you."

Margaret looked at him with a glimmer of hope in her eyes and said, "You really mean that? I'll be able to go back to my family?"

Mich sighed at the wrong done to the woman. "Absolutely, Ms. Hauser. Go pack your things. An agent will escort you, and get some more information from you that we'll need. Would you be willing to testify in court as to what happened to you here?"

"You bet your ass I will!" she replied with a fierce tone.

Mich called to one of her agents, "Marsden, take this woman to her quarters and give her any assistance she needs. Then get someone from Documentation to process her, ASAP. While they're doing that, call the motor pool and order a vehicle and a driver, and as soon as we're done with her, you escort her to her home."

Margaret started crying and said, "I'm not even sure I can find the way home anymore. Or if my family still lives in the same place."

"Do you remember your phone number?" asked Kerp.

"Oh! Maybe."

Kerp handed her his phone. "Go ahead and see if you can reach them."

Margaret looked at the smart phone with a confused expression. "What's this thing?"

"My," murmured Mich. "You *have* been here a long time!"

"This is a telephone," explained Kerp.

"Seriously? Wow!"

"If you'll tell me your husband's number, I'll put the call through for you."

She paused for a few seconds, knitting her brow. "I – I just can't remember. It's been so long."

"Okay. If you do remember the number before we get you home, there'll be an agent with you, and you can use her

phone.”

“Thank you so much! Listen – there’s something you’ll want to see before I go pack my things.”

“What is it?” asked Mich.

“Let me show you.”

Margaret led them into a perpendicular wing of D-level, which was administrative in design rather than medical. They entered the corridor and stopped at the first office they came to. The door was standing open, and Margaret pointed to a man at his desk, and declared bitingly, “This is Doctor Sanderson. He’s a geneticist. He’s been working for Doctor Wilson engineering babies to sell for – how long has it been, now, Doctor? At least ten years.”

Sanderson turned and looked in shock at the team of super-busty, body-armored women. Kerp stepped forward and helped the man to his feet, pulling his hands behind his back and snapping a pair of cuffs on him.

“Becky, take this man out to the meat wagon and read him his rights on the way, please,” Mich said.

“There’s more,” Margaret announced as she pushed her way through the agents and stepped out into the hall again.

She led them from office to office, identifying another scientist and a couple of technicians, all of whom were knowing accessories to human trafficking, all of whom were arrested and sent up to the designated van. When the team reached the end of the hallway, there was one last door.

“This is Doctor Wilson’s office,” Margaret said in a hushed tone. “He’s the head man – he runs this whole operation. I’ve never been in there, but I know this is his office. It’s probably locked.”

Kerp quietly tried the knob. “Yep. No matter - we have a key. You’ll need to stand back, please. In fact, if there’s nothing else you wanted to show us, you can go pack your belongings.”

“There’s nothing else.” She hesitated for a moment and said, “Thank you so much for doing this! I’m forever grateful.”

“Sure,” Kerp said. “And you might want to put on a top before you go out into the world.”

“Oh! Of course! I’ll have to get used to that.”

“And here’s my card,” Kerp said. “My email is at the bottom – feel free to contact me if you need *anything*.”

“Email? Oh – I remember reading an article about that. It’s some kind of computer message, right?”

Kerp sighed sadly. “That’s right. Once you get your life back together, things like that will become more intuitive.”

“Okay. Thank you – all of you!”

As one of the agents escorted Margaret back down the hall, the rest of the team made ready. With a swipe of the key card, the door opened and the team rushed inside – but to their disappointment it was unoccupied. The office was in disarray, with papers lying everywhere and drawers left open, indicating that Wilson had spent some time gathering all the incriminating evidence he could lay his hands on before leaving. The team spread out and began searching the room, looking for anything remaining that could be used in court, or would be helpful in any other aspect of the case.

One of the agents called out, “This cup of coffee is still warm! He was here not long ago!”

Kerp went to the desk where she stood, and stuck his finger into the dark liquid. “This coffee was poured no more than 15 minutes ago, and we’ve been in control of the only known exit from this building for the last 30 or 40 minutes. He has to have gotten out another way,” Kerp announced.

“Look for an exit,” Mich directed. “Check inside that closet for a secret door. And inspect these walls for a hidden panel!”

Soon, a sudden mechanical sound got everyone’s attention, and they saw a narrow door sliding open. The lady agent standing there called out, “Here we go! I thought at first this button was a light switch, but it looked out of place. Then I noticed that these wall panels are offset: they’re elevator doors!” The opening had indeed revealed the interior of a

small elevator.

Mich stepped inside and surveyed the button panel next to the door. "There's only one button here!" she said.

Kerp responded, "That narrows our options."

"Okay, ladies – I need as many of you as possible to squeeze in here with me. Kerp, you too," Mich instructed.

The small elevator was packed to the limit with huge-busted women, and Kerp was up to his armpits in bosoms. Someone pressed the lone button and the door closed. They were all surprised when they felt the elevator lurch downward, having assumed that it would take them up to ground level. Apparently, D-Level was not the lowermost floor after all.

After a short descent, the elevator came to a stop and the doors opened onto a broad, shadowy warehouse-like area with a bare concrete floor and some sort of large fixtures looming on either side of a narrow aisle. There was a dim pool of light at the other end of the aisle, and the team began advancing toward it with weapons at the ready.

As they drew near, they heard a stirring and then a woman's voice demanding, "Hey! Who is that? Who's here?" There was an unmistakable note of fear in that voice.

With a heavy *clunk*, the main lights suddenly came on, illuminating the entire area. After a couple seconds the team's eyes adjusted, and they saw a woman strapped to a hospital bed that was whining as it raised her to a nearly upright position. Their minds faltered momentarily as they endeavored to make sense of what they were seeing. The woman was wearing only the green pants of hospital scrubs, and it was her bare chest that challenged their perception. It seemed for a moment that the walls on either side of them were terminating where her boobs should have been, but then they all realized they were standing between the woman's house-size breasts, sprouting from her bare chest and looming up to the ceiling on either side of them! The agents gasped.

Mich and Kerp looked at the woman in astonishment and then at each other – there was no doubt as to who this was!

"Janet DiGiovanni! Federal agents. This is a bust!" announced Mich.

"A bust? Wait," said Janet. "Is this some kind of joke?"

"No, Janet," said Mich. "This is not a joke. I'm federal agent Michelle Kerpalscheiker of the SEA."

"Hey! *You* look familiar," she said to Mich. "Yeah, I remember you! You came to see me when I was livin' at my mom's house. Then this really is a bust! So what's up – did you catch one the scientists smokin' pot or somethin'?"

Kerp took the initiative to answer, "We have a warrant to shut this facility down for human trafficking."

"Human trafficking? Hey – I remember you, too, mister! You came to the house with agent knockers here, didn't you? Whose boobs, I might add, have gotten a *whole* lot bigger since the last time we met!"

"And so have yours! That was a long time ago – you have a good memory," Kerp commented.

"Yeah, well not much happens to me. Same drill every day, with precious few visitors – back then and especially now. But you're wrong about that human trafficking. This is a government research lab."

"No, Janet," Mich replied patiently. "We've been through this entire facility and there's no question about it. There are about 20 young women living in dormitory quarters upstairs: all were born here, and all were genetically engineered for their beauty and their enormous breasts. As compared to the average woman, that is," she added, glancing up at the woman's mountainous tits.

"No! That's not true! My husband wouldn't be involved in anything like that!"

"Your husband?" That was a surprise.

"Yes. My last name is Wilson now. My husband is Doctor Robert Wilson. He's the Director of Research here at the clinic."

Kerp took his phone from his pocket and searched for the videos he had taken during the op. Finding one, he stepped forward, holding up the screen so Janet could see. As she watched the montage of huge-breasted clones her husband

had been selling, the expression on her face was at first crestfallen, and after about a minute it changed into a look of anger mixed with grief.

Janet grabbed the computer touch screen that was mounted by an armature to one side of her bed, and pulling it around in front of her, she began tapping. "Wait, here's a voicemail from Robert that just came in." She seemed to be holding out hope that this would explain everything and restore her reality to normalcy, but as she played the message, her face became more and more flushed with anger.

"My dearest Janet," came Wilson's voice. "I'm sorry, but I haven't been completely honest with you about the nature of my work here. This is not really a government operation. We're privately owned, and what we've been doing is highly illegal: it's referred to as human trafficking, though I look at it as merely providing a rare and valuable commodity. We've all become very rich doing this, but unfortunately, it's all over now. We had always been protected in the past, but I've been informed that law enforcement has somehow found us, and that they are in the building at this moment with a warrant to arrest me and my associates, and to close down our business. If I'm apprehended, they will likely send me to prison for the rest of my life. So, my dear, I'm afraid I must bid you adieu. I have to run. Don't worry about me: I've got plenty of money stashed away and a fool-proof escape plan. Hate to leave you behind, but that's just the way it is. Bye, dear."

Janet then exploded emotionally, "THAT SON OF A BITCH! He's been lying to me *the whole time!*" Janet was spitting mad and crying at the same time. "He just leaves me high and dry and says, 'Bye, dear'? I can't believe this!" She began sobbing. "What's gonna happen to me?"

Looking up at the two zeppelin-size boobs that overshadowed the whole group, Kerp said, "I think it's safe to say you won't be going anywhere. But our agency will be taking care of all the girls upstairs and we'll take care of you too. You don't need to be concerned about that."

"Well, if you want to catch him, I heard him come running through here about 15 minutes ago. He has a private garage on the other side of that red door. Anytime he comes or goes, he has to go through here."

Kerp jogged over to the door and opened it. Peering through, he saw a vacant parking spot and an extended motor tunnel that curved up and out of sight. "Where does this come out at street level?" he called.

"All I know is it's called LaMont Avenue," Janet replied.

"What kind of vehicle is he driving?"

"It's a black SUV – a GMC, I think – with tinted windows." With that, she started crying again.

"Great," Kerp mumbled. "The same kind of vehicle the federal motor pool issues!"

Mich keyed her shoulder walkie and said, "Gail, you copy?"

"Jones here. Over."

"Feeling better? Over."

"Oh, I'm fine. What's up? Back."

"Be on the lookout for an escaped suspect, driving a black GMC SUV with tinted windows," commanded Mich. "Stop all vehicles matching that description, and detain a Doctor Robert Wilson. He's the head honcho here. He was in the vicinity of LaMont Avenue about 15 minutes ago. Out."

"Copy that. Out."

Mich looked at Janet and said, "In case you're interested, my agency has developed a program of pharmaceutical therapy that can drastically reduce the size of your breasts."

"Seriously?"

"Seriously."

“Would that program be able to make my boobs as small as yours?”

The way Janet put the question ruffled Mich’s feathers, but she maintained her professional attitude. “For you, the process would probably take a few years, but it’s a proven method.”

“Wow. I could go outside again! Walk around! I still want to have really big boobs, though. Before I grew The Tits That Ate New York City, I used to like being really big-busted.”

“Yeah, I get a charge out of it myself.”



All five floors of City Hospital were now secure, and almost all the residents had been documented. Mich and Kerp were engaged in conversation as they walked down the residential hallway on B-Level, when a young woman from SEA Documentation poked her head out of a dorm room and asked, “Agent Kerpalscheiker, can you give us a hand?”

Unsure which of them she was addressing, they both said in unison, “What’s up?”

“We could use a man in here,” she replied, returning to the room’s interior.

The Kerpalscheikers followed her in, and seeing the young resident, they recognized where they were. It was Scarlett’s quarters, and she was still sitting on the love seat with her monstrous breasts lolling on the floor in front of her, rising up to the level of her shoulders.

“Well, hello again, cutie!” she said to Kerp. “These ladies are trying to take my bust measurement and they want to pick up my humongous tits and put them up on that gurney so they can get at ‘em. However, it seems they’re just too fuckin’ gigantic for them to wrangle. Like the woman says, we need a *man*!” She winked at him.

Mich had had it with this girl. “You do recall that this *man* is my husband, don’t you?” she asked coldly.

“Sure, but you get to fuck him whenever you want, don’t you? How about sharing?” It was hard to tell if she was just yanking Mich’s chain, or if she was actually serious. Probably both.

“Sorry, Scarlett,” said Kerp. “I’m a one-woman man, and this lady is the woman.”

The Documentation tech interrupted, saying, “Agent Kerpalscheiker, if you wouldn’t mind, pick up that side of her right breast while Judy and I try to lift the other.”

“Wait – one at a time? Not both?” Kerp asked. “There’s a girl attached between these things, y’know.”

“She’ll be fine. Besides – do you really want to try to pick up *both* of these at once?”

“Hm. I see your point. So how do you feel about this plan, Scarlett?” he asked.

“Whatever. I don’t see why they can’t measure them like they are.”

“We can’t get a precise measurement that way,” the tech explained. “The SEA has strict guidelines on taking accurate bust measurements, and I’m obliged to abide by them.”

“Alright then,” said Kerp. “Let’s give it a try. Scarlett, if it starts to hurt, let us know.”

“And as we move your breast up onto the gurney,” the tech instructed, “move your body along with us so you stay as close to both breasts as possible.”

“Okey Dokey,” Scarlett said coquettishly.

“Alright,” said Kerp. “Let’s try this.”

“Need an extra pair of hands?” asked Mich.

“Sure. Grab a couple armloads of boob,” Kerp said. “Okay, everybody ready? One, two, three, UP!”

They all slipped their hands underneath Scarlett's colossal breast, and together began lifting it. The gargantuan tit was soft, warm, and amazingly heavy. It was also very pliable. They struggled to pick its great weight off the floor, but after only a few seconds' effort, they lost control of the wobbling mass, and it slipped out of their hands, falling to the floor with a deep slap.

"Wait," said Kerp, gazing down at Scarlett's humongous bosom. "I have a better idea. Is there a bathmat or a small rug nearby?"

"A bathmat," Scarlett said.

Kerp trotted into the bathroom and back out again with the bathmat. "Alright, let's roll this breast to one side as far as we can, and then put this mat down so we can roll her breast back onto it. Hopefully that'll allow us to pick it up and put it on the gurney using the mat as a lift."

"Good," Scarlett interjected. "You guys were sure grabbing hard! It pinched!"

"We'll try to be more careful," Mich said, not really meaning it.

Kerp's plan worked, and they were able lift her breast onto the gurney as Scarlett maneuvered her torso to avoid stretching her skin. Soon her other gargantuan boob was also lifted onto the gurney, which provided only a limited surface area upon which to rest such a voluminous burden. Though the bulk of the young woman's bosom was fully supported by the gurney, the foremost part of her gigantic breasts hung off the edge, drooping as if her big nipples were gazing at the floor.

The chief tech studied Scarlett's mountainous femininity, shaking her head slowly. "This is much better, but the way they're hanging off the gurney is making them distorted."

"Distorted?" asked, Scarlett.

"SEA guidelines require them to be supported all the way," she explained.

Kerp knew the guidelines and was a step ahead of her. Picking up a small table nearby, he brought it over, saying, "This ought to do the job. Lift up what's hangin' over, and let me slide this under 'em."

The table was almost the same height as the gurney, and it completed the necessary support to the tech's satisfaction: Scarlett was now standing upright with her tits laid out before her in a generally straightforward position, ready to be measured. It was quite an impressive sight for all present, including Scarlett herself.

"Perfect," the tech said. Looking through her kit, she pulled out a roll of yellow nylon strapping. She explained to Scarlett, "My biggest measuring tape is 120 inches, and it's plain to see that your breasts are much too big for that. So that's what this strap is for. I'm going to wrap it around the fullest part of your bust and mark where it meets, and then I'll measure that length with a carpenter's tape."

"Why not just use the carpenter's tape to begin with?" asked Scarlett.

"A carpenter's tape is made of metal and is designed to stay straight and rigid. It won't adhere to the curvature of your bust correctly. Okay, uh - Director, this woman's breasts are so bulky, I could really use some help holding the strap in position around her."

"Sure," Mich replied. "What do you need us to do?"

The lead Documentation tech had her assistant and the Kerpalscheikers stand equidistant around Scarlett's vast bosom, and then pass the strap along from person to person, holding it in place at the broadest part. "Okay, hold whatcha got," the tech directed. She walked slowly around the circumference, inspecting the position of the strap and making a few fine adjustments as she went. Satisfied, she returned to where her assistant was holding the strap together, and she made a mark with a pencil where the end met. After double-checking her mark, she announced, "Got it!"

The two ladies from Documentation took the strap and a carpenter's tape out into the hallway and laid them out side by side. In a moment, one called out, "Two hundred seventeen!"



“What?!” said Scarlett and the Kerpalscheikers in unison.

“I’m *five inches* bigger than I thought I was!” exclaimed Scarlett.

The chief tech walked back into the room, winding up the strap and saying, “Y’see? It’s worth a little extra effort to get a good, accurate reading.”

Scarlett put her hands on her hips and stood there leering at Kerp. “Big tits, huh?”

Kerp gawked at her, as if hypnotized. She *was* quite something after all. Mich cleared her throat sharply at him and he suddenly returned to his senses. “Well, I guess we need to be moving on,” he said, turning toward the door. As he headed out into the hall with Mich following him, he murmured apologetically, “My interest was purely scientific.”

“I know,” Mich replied, swatting him lovingly on the butt.

As they walked down the hall, Kerp mused, “It’s interesting. All these girls were created from the same DNA cocktail: they have the same face, same body – except for a few variations in bust size, like Scarlett and Katie. And yet – in every case I’ve seen, they each have their own unique personality, like the rest of humanity!”

Mich nodded. “You’re right. These rogue geneticists are only able to produce embryos, not much different from when a man and woman conceive. But creating the personality of a living being is beyond the scope of science.”



Doctor Robert Wilson drove his big black SUV as fast as he dared, short of risking a ticket. He had never been in so desperate a situation. Although he’d considered such a scenario many times in his more paranoid moments, it had always seemed distant and unlikely. Now that the reality of it was in his face, it was difficult to think clearly.

After navigating through his posh neighborhood, he finally arrived at his house and pulled into the driveway. He shut off the vehicle’s engine and sat still behind the wheel for a couple minutes, trying to calm himself. If he was the least bit nervous or on edge, it would be evident to his wife. *This* wife. He noticed a curtain move aside in the front room of his house. She had evidently heard him arrive and was wondering why he had not yet come in. He took a breath, and grabbing his briefcase, stepped out.

As he entered through the front door, his wife Anita met him with a quizzical expression. “You’re home early,” she prompted, part statement and part question.

He had anticipated that question during the drive home, and had his excuse prepared. “The damn IRS showed up to do a surprise audit. Can’t do anything while they’re there, so I just came on home.”

“The IRS? But your clinic is a federal facility! I thought the GAO does government audits.”

Great - caught in a lie right out of the box! Thinking fast, he replied, “Yeah, me too. I asked about that, but they’re the IRS: they never make mistakes.”

“Oh. Well, I’m glad I was here to say ‘hi’. Sharon’s on her way over to pick me up and we’re going shopping.”

Perfect. That way he wouldn’t have to make up another lie to explain why he’d be packing up his things.



After a long and eventful day, Mich and Kerp left work and headed home. Director Kerpalscheiker had decided to have most of the City Hospital residents continue living in their dorm rooms until homes could be found for them, or other arrangements could be made. However, there would be no more locked doors, and they could come and go as they

pleased. A few of the girls had dared to go up to A-Level and peek out the door at the strange and dangerous real world, but none of them had actually ventured out into it yet, except for the two young ladies now riding in the Kerpalscheikers' back seat.

After the SEA had interviewed the childcare and kitchen workers, it became apparent that they had actually known nothing about the nature of the business that was being conducted at City Hospital. This was confirmed by the Security Director. Other associates had claimed similar ignorance, but they were found to be lying.

Kerp pulled the SUV into their garage and shut off the engine. As Mich picked up her briefcase, she turned to Snow and little Michelle in the back and announced, "Well, we're home." The young women were grinning from ear to ear as everyone piled out of the vehicle. The girls had no suitcases, so their belongings (which were minimal) had been packed in laundry bags, which Kerp fetched from the rear of the SUV.

As they entered the kitchen, Snow and little Michelle looked around in wonder. Here was something they'd never known before: a home reflecting the kindhearted people who lived there, filled with love and warmth. Katie had heard them arrive, and she came down from her bedroom to meet the new girls Mich had texted her briefly about.

Katie entered the kitchen, and the moment she saw Snow, she screamed in delight and started toward her. Snow then recognized Katie by her reaction and the extreme size of the girl's breasts, and she also squealed joyfully as they ran into each other's arms. Their enormous bosoms represented a considerable barrier between them, but it didn't prevent the girls from embracing each other tightly, laughing and weeping at the same time.

As the others watched the scene in delighted wonder, Kerp commented, "I take it they know each other."

Little Michelle snorted a laugh and looked at him. "You're good at saying funny things, aren't you?" she asked.

Kerp winked at her. Mich chuckled and answered, "Yes, he is. That's one of the many things I love about him."

"Yeah, Katie and Snow were inseparable back at the Lab," little Michelle explained. "As much as two people *could* be in that place, with all their restrictions."

Finally, the girls released their embrace and gleefully looked each other up and down. "Wow!" exclaimed Katie. "Your boobs are *huge* now!"

Snow grinned shyly. "Yes, they finally started getting really big not long after you disappeared. Yours are still unbelievably gigantic I see," she observed with a giggle.

"Yep, these aren't going anywhere," Katie replied, patting the flanks of her tremendous breasts. "I wish they'd have let me say 'good-bye' to you and the others, but I didn't have a chance! One morning I woke up in a hotel room with a headache, and a man took me from there to a new home, and my life was totally different. No, it wasn't a home, it was a luxury prison. *This* is a home. You'll love staying here, my sister."

"I know I will. Mich and Kerp are so nice. I thought I'd never see you again, Katie – but here we are! This is wonderful!"

Katie looked over to the others and said, "Snow and I were best friends growing up. We haven't seen each other in so long! Isn't she beautiful?"

As the rest of the family affirmed their agreement, Snow blushed shyly, and the flush of her cheeks stood out in marked contrast to her otherwise alabaster complexion. The effect was endearing.

"And that has to be Michelle!"

Little Michelle grinned and nodded, saying, "Yep, it's me!"

"It's so good to see you again!" As Katie walked over to the young woman, she said, "Wow! You're grown up now – and you two *totally* look alike!"

"Yeah, except for those," little Michelle quipped with a grin, pointing with her thumb at Mich's colossal bust.



Wilson had been on Interstate 95 headed toward Florida for only a couple of hours when he was forced to stop for gas. He'd always considered his escape plan to be foolproof, but now that he was actually putting that plan into action, he realized how many holes there were in it. He hadn't thoroughly thought things through. For example, it was plausible that there'd be an APB out on his vehicle, but he was in no position to abandon his most immediate and direct method of transport out of the state.

The pump shut off, stirring Wilson from his thoughts, and he returned the handle to its cradle. If he could just make it to Florida, he'd be home free: there he maintained a lavish residence under an alias, where he'd be safe until he could make arrangements to leave for Argentina, where extradition would not be an issue. With his tank now full, the doctor got into his vehicle and was soon back on the road to points south.



That night in the quiet darkness of the Kerpalscheiker master bedroom, Mich's voice asked, "You awake?"

Kerp jerked and said, "Yeah."

"Sorry."

"What's on your mind?" he asked.

"Meeting little Michelle today, she looks exactly like I did when I was that age. It made me realize how old I look, babe. I have crow's feet!"

"You do *not* look old! Seriously! I think your crow's feet are cute! I know you won't ever believe that, but they are."

"You're sweet."

"Little Michelle looks so much like you did back when we met. Seeing her has led me to reminisce about those days. I remember I couldn't believe I'd been assigned such a gorgeous woman to be my partner. So bright and capable and fun to be with. I think I fell in love with you that first day."

Mich rolled over on top of him and replied, "And I spent the next couple years trying to seduce you, you big numbskull."

"Yeah, it took us a while to work things out, didn't it?" he said with a chuckle.

"Uh-huh. Wanna work things out some more?"



Doctor Wilson had stopped at a rest area that night to get some sleep. He was afraid to stop at a motel, for fear that using his credit card would betray his location to law enforcement – besides, it was safer to stay out of sight. Waking to the light of the rising sun, he visited the restroom briefly and then returned to his vehicle. As he organized his thoughts, he realized there was a phone call he should already have made. He got out his phone and tapped the number.

"Senator Dickson's office, how may I help you?"

"Hello, this is Doctor Robert Wilson. Is the senator in?"

"Just a moment, let me see if he's free."

The doctor's name brought a quick response. "Hello, Robert. What can I do for you?"

“Well Senator, I’m afraid the shit has finally hit the fan!”

There was a stunned pause. “What do you mean?”

“Federal agents came to the lab yesterday afternoon and busted us!”

“What?!”

“We had absolutely no warning! What the hell happened?” Wilson demanded. “We’ve been paying you big money to keep us protected! To keep us off the radar!”

“But – well, nothing has come through this office! What agency is in charge?”

“I don’t know, I just took everything I could get my hands on and got out of there. I’ll burn it later. I’m on the run now.”

“Did you get *all* your documentation? Does Justice have any incriminating evidence now?” the senator asked fearfully.

“I don’t know. I didn’t stick around for the party,” the doctor replied.

“So what are you going to do? Where are you going to go?”

“You don’t need to know my plan. You just need to know the game is up. It’s all over. So I’ve told you. Bye.”

The senator hung up the phone and just sat there in his big chair, shocked and trying not to panic. Everything had been going so smoothly for so long. Every precaution had been taken. He had isolated himself from the operation, and had made a fortune from it. He had absolutely no connection to it, except one: Doctor Robert Wilson.

He unlocked a drawer in his desk, took out a small flip-phone, and punched a number. In a moment there was a voice on the other end. “Yes, Senator?”

“I have a special job I need you to take care of for me.”

“Details.”

“Doctor Robert A. Wilson, former Director of City Hospital. He represents a serious threat at this time, and I need him removed immediately.”

“Where will I find him?”

“He’s most likely on his way to Pompano Beach, Florida. He owns a house there: he’s not aware that I know about it. He’ll likely be hiding out there.”

“Who’s he hiding from?”

“Federal authorities.”

“Address?”

“I don’t know it. You’ll have to find him.”

“Alright, but with virtually no information to go on, it’s going to take a little longer – and cost a lot more.”

“I don’t care about the price. I just need this done as soon as possible. I’ll get his tag number and text it to you, if that will help.”

“Do that. I’ll be in touch,” the voice said, and the line disconnected.



The next day while Mich and Kerp were at work, Snow spent the morning exploring the house on her own. She eventually discovered a closet in the spare bedroom on the third floor where Mich kept her old clothes. The SEA provided custom-tailored clothing for all its super-busty field agents, and these had been made for Mich during the early

years of her career while her breasts were growing to incredible size under the then-FBGB's enlargement program. Snow delighted herself in going through the garments, checking out the many dresses and tops, holding them up against her own lavishly endowed torso. The residents raised at the Lab were given a minimal amount of clothing, just enough for day-to-day use, plus one or two provocative items they were to wear whenever a prospective buyer came to 'shop.' Snow was about to try on a dress when Katie called up from downstairs announcing that lunch was ready. Her life at the Lab had trained her to respond immediately for mealtime, so she laid the dress on the bed and trotted down to the kitchen.

As the three young women ate their sandwiches and chips, Snow commented, "I found some really cool clothes in a closet upstairs."

"What kind of clothes?" asked little Michelle.

"All kinds and all sizes. In the bust, I mean," Snow explained. "Everything from casual to sexy evening dresses."

"Anything that might fit these girls?" Katie asked, stroking the sides of her mammoth boobs.

"In fact," Snow replied, "I found some things that may even be *too* big for you!"

"That can't be," commented little Michelle dryly.

"You know what I'd love to do?" said Snow, not waiting for an answer. "I'd love for us all to go try on some of those things. I saw some really pretty clothes there. Can we all go do that after lunch?"

"Sounds like fun," Katie said.

"Sure," agreed little Michelle.

After the girls had finished eating, Katie and little Michelle followed Snow up to the third-floor bedroom. Earlier, Snow had left a couple of her favorites laid out on the bed, and she picked up one of the garments and held it against herself. It was a shimmery strapless blue dress with a mid-thigh hem and a deeply cut bodice.

"Look at this," Snow murmured. "Isn't it sexy?"

"Wow," Katie murmured.

"Why don't you try that on?" prompted little Michelle. "I bet that would look absolutely outrageous on you."

Snow grinned and began taking off her clothes, starting with her top. With that removed, she bent over and pushed her jeans down her legs as her enormous bare breasts swung and jostled. Katie and little Michelle helped Snow put the dress on. When they had arranged it properly, she stepped in front of a full-length mirror to study the result.

Snow's hips were narrower than Mich's, for whose exact measurements it had been created, but her boobs were somewhat bigger than Mich's had been at that time the dress was made. Snow's huge tits stretched the fabric tight, with large puckers forming between her prominent nipples. The weight of her enormous breasts pulled the strapless top down, producing a long tract of deep cleavage. her boobs were so big they were near the point of popping out of the dress, and she had to keep tugging on the neckline to prevent that from happening.

"Wow, look at you!" Katie exclaimed.

"My my," said little Michelle. "You are so hot in that dress, Snow! Your boobs look so big! I mean they *are* way big of course, but in that dress they look positively *ginormous*!"

Looking in the mirror, turning this way and that, Snow was pleased with what she saw.

"The last time I saw Snow at the Lab, her breasts were no bigger than yours," Katie commented to little Michelle, who felt a sting from it. "That was less than two years ago!" Looking at Snow, Katie continued, "Your tits sure did grow really big in a short time, girl! You must have started developing like crazy all of a sudden!"

"I did! In fact, I'm not through developing yet. My breasts keep growing bigger and bigger. I love it! All my tops are constantly getting tighter. When I was living at the Lab, the med tech told me my bust measurement is increasing an average of about an inch per month."

"Lucky. I wish that would happen to *me*," whined little Michelle.

"I can't tell the difference on a day-to-day basis, but over time it's easy to see. If my breasts keep growing at this rate, they'll be big as Katie's in about a year," Snow stated factually.

"Cool!" exclaimed Katie as she went to the closet and began searching through the hanging garments. "We can share tops!"

"Until my breasts get to be *bigger* than yours!" Snow added, wagging her eyebrows.

"What in the world is this?" Katie asked as she pulled out a plastic bag suspended from a hanger by clips. There was something inside the bag, red and sparkling, but it was impossible to tell what it was. She opened the bag and lifted out three items: two red sequined disks about four inches in diameter with an adhesive residue on one side and a tassel on the other, along with what looked to the girls like a red bikini thong, also with sequins. Katie gasped and announced, "I think I know what this is! This has to be a stripper's costume! When I was living at the Smiths, Mr. Smith showed a video at one of his all-men parties, and there was a stripper in it who wore something a lot like this. But – but this *can't* be Mrs. K's! She's always been a law officer, not a stripper!"

The three girls then looked at each other in wonder. "Well, it can't be Kerp's," little Michelle pointed out. They all snickered at the idea.

"Set it aside," suggested Snow, "and we'll ask her about it."

The G-string and pasties were returned to the bag and tossed onto the bed, and the girls resumed picking through the clothes in the closet.

"Let's see if we can find something in here that'll fit those giant hooters of yours, Katie," suggested little Michelle.

"Well, even if there's nothing quite my size, I still wanna try some of these things on – I think it looks cool when my boobs overflow a top and bulge out from it," said Katie with a mischievous tone. "Now, what is this?" she asked, pulling out a strange looking blob of fabric. Upon holding it up, they figured out it was a one-piece swimsuit with enormous capacity at the bust.

"I wonder why she wore this and not a bikini?" mused little Michelle.

As Katie inspected the garment, she informed the others, "This is the kind of swimsuit they used to wear in the olden days."

"Put it on!" encouraged Snow.

Katie giggled and swept off her t-shirt, baring her colossal boobs, which lurched and swung around heavily as she stepped out of her jeans. Snow and little Michelle watched as their friend oriented the swimsuit prior to climbing into it. Seeing Katie bare-breasted was always amazing. Her flesh was so firm and dense that her whopping tits stood out radically from her chest, proud and full. Katie pulled the suit up to her waist and then began trying to stuff her gigantic boobs into it. Their outrageous enormity made the process rather inconvenient, and Snow snickered as Katie struggled with her overwhelming attributes.

Finally, the ultra-busty young woman was able to maneuver one of her enormous wobbling breasts into its cup with one hand while pulling the strap over her shoulder with the other. The fact that the swimsuit fit Katie at all was surprising, given the extraordinary size of her tits. The girl's huge boobs bulged out of the swimsuit's neckline like dough rising out of a bread pan. Her cleavage rose high on her chest and the darker skin of her large areolae could be seen rising above the horizon of the neckline.

While Katie and Snow inspected their reflections and giggled at each other, little Michelle began searching through the closet, checking out garment after garment hanging from the rod. There were two or three items that might have fit her,

but they were uninspiring clothes, and she soon lost interest. She watched the other girls as they removed their outfits so they could try on other items. Their enormous bare breasts bobbed about as they sorted through various articles of clothing, and little Michelle observed their heavy undulations wistfully. She felt left out and discouraged: out of her league. Standing there feeling sorry for herself, she mused, *There's nothing in that closet for a girl with boobs as small as mine. I'm just wasting my time here!* She turned and slipped out of the room unnoticed.



It had been about four hours since Wilson crossed the Florida state line, heading for the house he owned in Pompano Beach. He picked up his phone and tapped a contact purposely mislabeled 'Accountant.'

"Hello, Bob," came a female voice.

"Misty, I'm on my way to the house, about an hour out."

"Really? Well this is nice surprise! How long will you be able to stay?"

"I'm not really sure. At least a few days, maybe more."

"Okay. Bob, you sound down. Is something the matter?" Misty asked.

"I'll tell you about it when I get there."

"Oh. Well, alright."

"See you soon," Wilson said, and hung up.

Misty whisked the covers aside and got out of the bed with her giant bare breasts swinging wildly. "You have to go," she told the man lying there. "My husband is on his way here!"

"Shit!" the man said, leaping up and frantically starting to put on his clothes.

"You've got enough time, Stan, he's not right at the door."

"My name's Scott. I don't care where he is, I'm gettin' out of here five minutes ago!"

"Whatever." Misty stretched, arching her back and thrusting out her immense tits, a sight that temporarily robbed him of the ability to dress himself, despite his hurry.

"When can I see you again, Mindy?"

"It's Misty. Not until my husband leaves again. We'll see."

Soon Scott was gone and Misty went about straightening up the house, especially making sure there were no tell-tale signs of her male visitors. Upon finishing that and doing a double-check, she went to her closet and selected a dress to wear for the doctor's arrival. It was a lightweight cotton print, supple and tailored to her ultra-bosomy body so it clung to every curve. She stripped naked and put it on without panties or a bra, as a special treat for the doctor when he arrived.

Then looking into the bathroom mirror, she began putting on her make-up. She had a spectacularly beautiful face – one that had in fact been duplicated many times over the years, the very same face as graced the lovely Katie and the other City Hospital girls.



That evening after supper, while Kerp was out jogging, the ladies spent time relaxing in the living room, indulging in idle girl talk. During a momentary lull in the conversation, Katie perked up and announced, "Hey – I hope you all don't mind, but there's something I've been dying to show you!"

"What's that?" asked Mich.

"I've been wanting you all to see how much bigger my boobs get when I'm turned on. I'm serious. It's amazing!"

Mich grinned crookedly at her. "You want to get yourself all hot and bothered in front of us so you can do a show-and-tell?"

"Yep," Katie replied happily. "But I don't do this as a show. To me, it's a scientific curiosity."

Snow grinned and interjected, "I've seen her do this. It's quite something!"

"This isn't creepy, is it?" Katie asked.

"Well – I guess not, as long as it's for science. And as long as it's just us girls. If we hear Kerp come up the porch steps, this little demonstration comes to a stop!"

"Sure. So – first we'll need a tape measure. A really *long* one," Katie said. "Snow knows what to do."

"Well then," said Mich, standing up, "I've got a special 120-inch sewing tape that ought to do the job." She left the room and shortly returned with her extra-long tape measure. Snow took it, and as Katie sat up and thrust her chest out, Snow wrapped it around the fullest part of her best friend's gigantic bosom.

"91 inches," Snow announced.

Little Michelle gasped. "91! Good grief! That's *huge*!"

Katie winked at her and said, "You just noticed?"

Little Michelle smiled and said, "No, I'm completely aware of how gigantically enormous your boobies are, my dear!"

Snow giggled at them.

"Okay, are you ready?" asked Katie.

"All set," replied Snow.

"Yeah, Remember not to hold the tape across my nipples."

"Of course. I remember everything, silly," Snow reminded her friend.

"Right. It's just that my nipples really poke out when I do this, and we don't want to throw off the true measurement. Okay, here I go!" Katie said, reaching a hand down into her pants.

The Michelles giggled like schoolgirls at Katie and Snow, a little embarrassed but fixing their gaze on Katie's huge bust with interest. Before long she began to exhibit signs of self-induced passion, and soon her breasts began to swell.

"Here we go!" called Snow. In a moment she began reading off, "Ninety-one and a half... ninety-two... ninety-two and a half..."

"I guess I should mention," Mich said, turning to little Michelle, "that my breasts do the same thing. They get noticeably bigger when I'm sexually aroused, which means it'll happen to you too!"

Little Michelle whispered in reply, "I know."

Katie's t-shirt was stressed to begin with, due the extraordinary magnitude of the breasts inside it, and as they continued expanding, the material of the shirt became ever more translucent, and began popping and snapping under the strain.

"...Ninety-three... wow, ninety-four already – whoa! Ninety-five..."



For a moment it seemed that her boobs had grown as big as they could possibly get, but then they got their second wind and ballooned out to an even greater degree.

“Ninety-six – Ninety-six and a half ... Ninety-seven... Ninety-seven and a half – slowing down now ...” Snow paused a moment in her reporting. “...Ninety-seven and three quarters – and – and ninety-eight inches. Looks like she’s stopped growing. Wow, Katie! That’s a seven-inch increase. More than you’ve ever enlarged before!”

Katie was breathing heavily in her excited state. “Check it out,” Katie said, hiking up the front of her shirt. Her breasts were now so spectacularly enormous that they resisted her efforts to pull the garment off, but it finally slipped free and her amazing tits bounced heavily into view. They were incredibly full and tight, projecting out from her chest profoundly. Her nipples had grown impressively fat and long, which had been evident even prior to her stripping off her top.

“Wow, I hope mine grow to be this big someday,” Snow observed.

The women stared at Katie’s super-enlarged breasts with fascination. Their size had been astounding prior to this extra expansion, but now they were mind-blowingly immense – fattened to extreme, with her skin stretched so tight by the dramatic swelling that it gleamed.

“Katie, would you mind if I snapped a photo of you like this?” asked Mich. “I can’t resist this.”

“Sure,” Katie responded enthusiastically.

As Mich held her phone up, Katie struck a sexy pose, thrusting her immense breasts out toward the camera lens. After Mich took the picture, Katie instantly struck another pose, assuming more photos were in order.

“So you want me to take more shots?”

“Oh. That’s what Mr. Smith always used to do. But yeah. Fire away while my tits are at their biggest!”

“Almost a *hundred inches!*” murmured little Michelle as Katie struck another provocative pose.

As Mich continued taking a few more photos, she commented, “During the first year Kerp and I were married, my bust measurement got to be over 120 inches when my boobs were at their biggest. I’m not sure how much bigger than 120 I was, because I stopped measuring when my breasts outgrew my 120-inch tape.”

“Wow! Katie exclaimed.

“You got any pictures?” asked little Michelle.

“I do. Right here, in fact.” Mich stopped playing photographer and began searching her phone for the photos, while all three girls came and looked over her shoulder. “Here we go. Kerp loved how totally enormous my boobs had become, breast-man that he is, and was taking pictures of me all the time.” She held up the candid shot for them to see, and they all gasped in astonishment when they saw Mich’s insanely bosomy image. In the first photo Mich chose, she was in the laundry room wearing only panties. Her breasts were phenomenally enormous, ballooning out from her chest to an incredible degree. They were full and rotund, resting on her belly, yet projecting out before her nearly to arm’s length!

“Good grief, Mrs. K!” exclaimed Katie. “Compared to the way you are here, I look flat-chested!”

Mich swiped to another image of her in a low-cut slinky dress that revealed a phenomenal tract of deep cleavage. She was wearing makeup and had her hair done up, and she looked spectacular.

“If Kerp took these pictures,” little Michelle asked, “how come they’re on *your* phone?”

“I confiscated them,” she said with a snicker, “just to make sure they never go public. He wouldn’t purposely do that, but accidents happen. He’s allowed to look at these any time he wants, but they stay on my phone. Here’s a short video clip he shot when my breasts were probably at their very biggest.”

When the video appeared on the little screen, they saw Mich walking toward the camera along a hallway in the house, wearing nothing. The rhythm of her pace was causing her massively gigantic boobs to bounce deeply, while at the same time colliding with each other and quaking heavily. The enormity of her tits was staggering! As she approached, she took

notice that she was being videoed, and she shook her finger at the lens, grinning. Then she stopped and teased her husband-cameraman by swinging her monstrous breasts slowly from side to side, their great weight visibly tugging at her torso. The girls all gasped in amazement.

"Mrs. K!" exclaimed Katie, as they all studied the screen. The video flickered and went dark.

"Whoa! Those were some seriously humongous boobies!" little Michelle observed.

"You looked *great* with your tits so huge, Mrs. K," Katie said. "How come they're not as big as this now? Did you have a reduction?"

"Oh no, I'd never do that! I love having super-big boobs," Mich affirmed as she put away her phone. "At that time my breasts had grown to be so massive that it was really inconvenient to do any work – either around the house or at my desk. But in spite of that, I actually loved having them that gigantic. Then, when Kerp and I decided we wanted to have a baby, we were told that the hormones inside me - from the bureau's enlargement process - might be harmful to an unborn baby. So the agency devised a special regimen for me that took all that out of my system, but it had the effect of reducing the size of my boobs somewhat. Well, a lot, but they were pretty freakin' enormous as you can see, so even though I lost some size, I still ended up plenty busty."

"I'll say," affirmed little Michelle, looking at Mich's colossal bosom. Her eyes gravitated to Mich's robust nipples, which were protruding noticeably into the fabric of her shirt. "You never wear a bra, do you? I don't think I've ever seen you wear one."

"Nope, I never do – except in the line of duty," Mich replied. "I can't stand them. Besides, my breasts have always been super firm, and they don't droop down, even though they're so big. And their weight on the bra straps just kills my shoulders. However, I did wear a bra on our wedding day. Specially made, of course. It was designed for extra heavy duty, but it was still a pretty thing. Not show-offy, but elegant."

"What color was it?"

"Just white, nothing super fancy. I still have it. The only real bra I still own."

"Really?" Katie exclaimed. "Can I see it? They didn't give us bras at the Lab."

"Sure, I'll show it to you sometime. The worst bra I ever had was the one I was given when I joined the agency, designed to be adjusted as the wearer's boobs grow. But it was horrible. It was all flaps and straps, and not pretty at all. I couldn't hack it."

"What did they do to you that made your breasts get so big?" asked little Michelle.

"They gave me a special dose of something that basically made them grow naturally. One shot in each boob. They don't use that technique anymore. But it made my breasts grow really big, really fast. My bust measurement increased about an inch a day for a short while! The growth slowed down eventually, but they still just kept getting bigger and bigger."

"An inch a day," Katie echoed, absent mindedly putting her hands on her mammoth breasts. "Oh my!" she exclaimed, looking down at her giant bosom. With a short laugh, she said, "I think all this sexy talk about boobs growing enormous is making my tits bigger. Thing is – they hadn't started going back to normal size since the enlargement experiment!" Katie's breasts were now more gigantic than ever, ballooning out in front of her a startling distance and swelling out to incredible immensity. They all stared at Katie's colossal tits in amazement as they undulated subtly. "Snow, grab that tape measure!" Katie pleaded.

Snow ran to get the tape, her own huge breasts bounding furiously all the way there and back. She wrapped it around her friend, and with help, brought the tape together at the fullest part of Katie's enormously swollen bust. "Wow!" Snow murmured.

"Read it!" Katie demanded.

"A hundred and one and a half inches!"

“My!” little Michelle intoned to herself.

“Take another picture, Mrs. K!” Katie said.

Mich held up her phone and took a shot of the numbers on the tape measure. After Snow took away the tape, Katie turned to the side and thrust her chest out, displaying the unbelievable degree to which her immense breasts jutted out. After a couple of shots that way, Katie turned toward the camera and posed arching her back with her hands behind her head.

“Now Snow and little Michelle, too. All of us topless.” Katie suggested mischievously. The other girls grinned at each other and began removing their tops.

Mich giggled. She set her phone horizontally on a nearby shelf, placing it on its edge and aiming it at the three girls who were now standing bare-breasted on either side of Katie. Mich touched her phone, and it started beeping. Then to the girls’ surprise, she the whipped off her own top and jogged over to join them, her gigantic naked boobs bouncing ponderously. She took her place on the end next to little Michelle and put her arm around her.

The *clack* of a camera shutter sounded from the phone, and Mich walked over to inspect the result. Studying the screen, she carried it to where the girls stood. They looked at it and laughed – all but little Michelle. All she saw was a row of wonderfully enormous breasts – next to hers. Though little Michelle’s boobs were a very respectable double-D cup, they were dwarfed by the immense breasts that were all around her – both in the photo and in her life.

Katie’s face suddenly brightened, and she said to Mich, “Standing here with our bare boobs hanging out just reminded me of something! Um, we were trying on some of your old clothes this afternoon in the third-floor bedroom – I hope you don’t mind.”

“Not at all. Feel free anytime,” Mich replied.

“Well – we found something in that closet we wanted to ask you about.”

“What is it?” Mich asked.

“It looks like a stripper’s costume!” said Katie.

“It was just a thong and two disks,” explained Snow.

Mich smiled sheepishly. “Ah, yes. That’s exactly what that is.”

“You used to be a stripper?” little Michelle asked incredulously.

“No, sweetie, I pretended to be one as part of an undercover operation years ago. In fact, I’ve posed as a stripper a total of three times. The first time I was with the FBI, before I started working for the SEA.”

“Whoa! Mrs. K! You were with the FBI?” gushed Katie.

“Yep, I started training at Quantico right out of college, and then I joined the SEA a few years later. Their enlargement program made my breasts so enormous that I couldn’t wear the top of the costume anymore, so I switched to pasties: those little circles with the tassels.”

Snow raised her eyebrows and asked, “You danced wearing that tiny thing?”

“I did. In front of a bunch of horny drunken men.”

“Wow!” exclaimed Katie. “I bet you blew some minds!”

“Does Kerp know?” asked little Michelle, lowering her voice unnecessarily.

“Sure! In fact, he was with me. Well, not the first time, but the other two times.”

“He was drunk?” inquired Snow.

“No, but he was pretending to be.” Mich chuckled. “He and I weren’t going together at the time, and when I danced on stage, I was directing it all at him, trying to seduce him.”

Katie grinned. "I bet that made your dancing extra hot!"

"Will you show us?" asked Snow. "I'd love to see you dance!"

Mich chuckled. "That was years ago! I was a young thing then."

"Mrs. K, you're still young! And you're totally hot, trust me. I mean *look* at you!" pleaded Katie.

"You're sweet."

"I'm serious!"

A smile slowly spread across Mich's face. "Well – okay!"

"Great! Let's go upstairs right now!"

Helpless to withstand the tide of youthful enthusiasm, Mich was virtually swept along with the girls up to the third-floor bedroom, all of them giggling by reason of the fact that they were still topless. Seeing the plastic bag on the bed, Mich picked it up and took the G-string out.

"Hm," Mich murmured. "Not much to it, is there? Okay – well, here goes!"

She removed the rest of her clothes and stepped into the sequined thong, with the three girls watching in expectant fascination. Then as Mich reached for the pasties, Snow commented, "That's what I'm curious about. Those go over your nipples?"

"Yep. Back then, a dancer had to wear these in local jurisdictions where complete nudity was illegal. Now let me see if I can get 'em to stick after all these years!" Mich reached her arms around her right breast and pushed the disk into place. She then let go, both hands at once, and stood watching it for a couple seconds. "Okay! Looks like it'll hold."

As she picked up the other and placed it over her left nipple, Snow observed, "Is it supposed to completely cover your areolae?"

"Yeah," Mich confirmed.

"So, yours got bigger then, didn't they?"

Mich checked in the mirror. "Hm. I guess they did. My breasts got bigger, so it stands to reason those did too."

"What's airy ohly?" asked little Michelle.

"That's the darker skin around the nipples," Mich answered as she teased one of the tassels to untangle it.

"Wow, Mrs. K! You look amazing!" said Katie.

"Would you show us your dance?" asked Snow.

"Well, I don't remember the whole routine, but I can show you a couple of moves. Like this."

She clasped her hands behind her head and began rocking her hips side to side while swaying her torso in counterpoint. The effect this had on her giant tits was rivetingly sensual. They wobbled and bounced, swinging rhythmically in a loose figure eight pattern. After amazing the girls thus for a while, she started rotating her hips in a wide circle, with her immense tits heavily lurching around in erotic ways.

"That's incredible, Mrs. Kerpalscheiker!" exclaimed Snow.

"I bet you knocked 'em dead!" little Michelle said gleefully.

Grinning, Katie asked, "Can you make your tassels twirl? The woman I saw in the video did that."

Mich chuckled and answered, "Well, I used to be able to, but my breasts are bigger and heavier now, so I might need to adjust my technique."

Katie decided to give it a try without benefit of the pasties, and began trying to swing her massive boobs around in circles, but they were so big that they kept colliding with each other. It was such a compelling sight that the other three women couldn't help but stare in rapt fascination.

"You could knock a person unconscious that way," Snow commented. Katie ceased her gyrations, laughing as she clutched her immense tits to stop their unwieldy antics.

"The trick to spinning the tassels is actually in the shoulders," Mich explained, "swiveling them like this." She began rotating her shoulders, but her breasts were so enormous that it took a few seconds for that motion to make its way to the pasties. Soon she gained momentum and the tassels began to twirl. "Of course, this part of my dance would come after first appearing on stage in some kind of supposedly sexy outfit, which I would then provocatively remove piece by piece while bumping and grinding back and forth across the stage," Mich went on, demonstrating a few steps.

The girls watched in delight as Mich showed off her moves. This went on for half a minute, after which she stopped to catch her breath as the three teenagers applauded. Mich was ready to quit, so she sat on the edge of the bed and began removing her costume.

"Mrs. K, can I try wearing those things?" Katie asked.

"What, the pasties? Sure – here."

Snow commented, "I thought pasties were a type of food."

"That's true. Same spelling, different meanings."

Katie applied the disks over her nipples, but they could only cover a portion of her huge areolae. In a few seconds, one popped off and then the other, failing to adhere to her skin due to the protrusion of her extra-large nipples. "Oh well," she sighed. "That's just one more thing my boobs are too big for!"

"Hey," Mich blurted, thinking out loud. "I bet my wedding bra would fit you. Do you still want to see it?"

"It's *my* size? Wow, cool! I'd *love* to see it, Mrs. K!"

The girls followed Mich to the master bedroom in anticipation of witnessing her giant brassiere. Reaching up to the top shelf of her closet, she pulled out a large plastic storage bag stuffed full of lacey whiteness, and commented, "Now, this thing is *huge*." Opening the bag, she produced an amazingly enormous bra. Its cups were cavernous, and its straps were wide and sturdy; and though utilitarian of necessity, it was nevertheless a thing of beauty.

"Whoa! Mrs. K!" Katie exclaimed.

Snow and little Michelle stared in wonder.

Katie was still topless, as were the others, and she wasted no time in attempting to try the garment on. She needed some assistance, which Mich supplied, helping the young woman slip her gigantic breasts into each cup. Mich made one or two strategic adjustments, and soon the huge brassiere was fitted to its ultra-bosomy wearer, holding her humongous tits against her chest and pushing her cleavage up. The bra had originally been designed not to show above the deep neckline of Mich's wedding dress, and it now revealed a vast tract of Katie's incredible bosom.

Snow studied her and said, "Katie, that's glorious! A real bra, just like the ladies in the TV commercials. Except gigantic."

Little Michelle looked at Katie enviously and murmured, "Good grief!"

"Hey, I like this!" said Katie, doing little toe hops to test the brassiere's supportive capabilities. "I see what you mean about the straps digging in – but still, this is really cool! My boobs feel all snugly," she observed with a giggle. She stood in front of a full-length mirror and inspected her reflection, dressed in only her jeans and the bra.

Snow came up next to her and murmured, "Kate, you really look spectacular in that."

The gigantic-breasted young woman snickered and replied, "I kinda do, don't I?"

All four of them laughed at that.

"Would you like to have it?" offered Mich. "I certainly never use it."

"Oh, I'd *love* it! Thank you so much, Mrs. K, this is great!"

Just then they heard the sound of Kerp coming in the house from his jog. Katie hurried out of the bedroom calling over her shoulder, "I have to show Mister K!" She was on her way down the stairs before Mich could think to offer a cautionary word.

As Mich hurried out of the room in pursuit of Katie, she called to Snow and little Michelle, "Girls, please go to your rooms and put on some tops!"

In the stairwell on the way down, she heard Katie's voice say, "Hey Mister K, check this out!" The next sound was that of an open water bottle hitting the floor.



Late that evening as the whole family relaxed in the living room, chatting and sipping wine, little Michelle sat admiring the other females with growing envy. Their extraordinary bustiness struck her as beautifully feminine!

Katie had quickly become so enamored with her 'new' brassiere that she'd decided to wear it as a top around the house. Her original plan was to wear it in public as well, but after some discussion with Mich and Kerp, it was mutually agreed that Katie would wear it without a shirt only when she was at home, and when she was outside, she would wear something over it.

As they sat unwinding, now and then Katie would lift her gigantic boobs by her bra straps and heft them, ostensibly to settle them into the garment, but she was mostly just playing. Occasionally Mich shifted her position as she sat in a love seat with her husband, and her giant unbrassiered breasts would jostle and shift mightily under her top. Meanwhile, Snow had her hands inside her shirt, clutching her enormous boobs to gauge a recent growth spurt she'd detected. Little Michelle sighed deeply.

Kerp noticed and asked, "Hey, girl – you seem distracted. You okay?"

"Oh, I'm fine. In fact, overall, I've never been so happy! It's just that – I don't know – hanging out like this with Mom and Katie and Snow – I feel so flat chested!"

Kerp flashed her a crooked grin. "Are you aware that you are *significantly* bustier than the average woman? Out there in the real world, I mean. Not here in this rarified atmosphere."

"Well, I realize that, but those three have such seriously huge boobies! I know it's terrible of me, but I can't help but be envious."

By this time the other women had resolved their conversation, and they turned their attention to what little Michelle was saying. "Whose seriously huge boobies?" asked Mich.

"Yours, Snow's, and Katie's," explained Kerp.

"Yeah," said little Michelle, "and seriously huge boobies like all the girls from the lab - except *me*! I'm ashamed to admit it, but I'm jealous! Every time I hear the name *little* Michelle, an accusing voice inside my head tells me it refers to my breasts! I'm pretty sure I have the smallest boobs ever to come out of the Lab!"

"Sweetheart," said Kerp, "you happen to look exactly like Mich did the day I met her, and I thought she was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen! Still do. Most women would give anything to have a face and figure like yours!"

Little Michelle smiled at his praise, but it was an unconvinced smile.



At bedtime that night, little Michelle had just finished her nighttime bathroom routine and was walking down the hall toward her bedroom, when Mich opened a door and peeked out.

"Psst! Come here."

Little Michelle followed Mich into a small office, lit by a table lamp. Mich stood there, holding a little brown envelope in her hand. "What you said tonight, about wishing you had bigger breasts – how serious are you about that?" she asked.

"Oh, I'd give anything to have bigger breasts. Great big ones!" little Michelle replied, somewhat mystified.

Mich held up the little envelope and said, "These are pills that I kept from a case that Kerp and I worked some years ago. They're black market breast enlargement pills."

"Seriously? Do they work?"

"They sure did back in the day. But I have no idea what their shelf life is. Now, here's the thing – they can be addictive. I had a bit of a hard time with them myself, briefly. But I figure that, since these are the last ones on earth, addiction won't be a long-term problem. But it's up to you. They're yours if you want them."

Little Michelle smiled. "Absolutely! It'd be fantastic if they work. Even a little bit," she said, taking the little envelope from Mich. "How many of these do I take?"

"Just one pill. We'll see what happens with that."

"Great! Thank you!"

"Sure, sweetie. I actually know how you feel. Before I started working at the agency, I'd been accustomed to almost always being the girl with the biggest boobs in the room - which I confess I still enjoy. But then after I first saw the bureau girls with their whopping breasts, I felt - inadequate, I guess. When I was offered the agency's high-tech method of breast enlargement, I didn't hesitate. So, I understand your desire."

Peering into the envelope, little Michelle felt buoyant with anticipation and hope.



The man arrived in Pompano Beach on a red-eye flight, and after picking up a rental car, drove downtown to the high-rise hotel where he had a reservation. Selecting one of many credit cards from his wallet, each bearing a different alias, he handed it to the desk clerk, who ran it and then spent some time tapping at his computer.

"Room 1408, sir," the clerk finally said, handing him a key card. "Would you like help with your bag, sir?"

"No." He took the key and his credit card and headed to the elevator. It was too late to start searching for Wilson at that hour, but he'd start first thing in the morning. He'd have to work fast, though: his target was no doubt on the run, and wouldn't be staying in town for long.



Kerp was still in the shower the next morning as Mich, Katie, and Snow sat in the kitchen having breakfast and engaging in girl talk. Little Michelle entered the scene wearing the knee length t-shirt she liked to use as a nightgown.

"Good morning everybody," she said sleepily. "I overslept! I hardly ever do that – but I slept like a rock! What's for breakfast? I'm super hungry." She plopped down in a chair at the table, resulting in some substantial tremors under her shirt.

Katie gazed curiously at little Michelle's chest and finally asked, "I swear your boobs look bigger!"

"They *are* bigger!" she answered excitedly. "Mich gave me some enlargement pills, and they worked like a charm! Check it out." She thrust out her chest to display her enlarged bosom, now at least two cup sizes bigger.

"You're kidding! Pills?"

"Yep. I took one last night, and when I woke up this morning, I was totally amazed by how much bigger my boobs were," little Michelle said, lifting her breasts and pushing them together.

"So let's see 'em!" prodded Katie impishly.

Michelle grinned. "You mean bare?"

Katie nodded.

With a giggle, little Michelle stood and pulled up the front of her nightshirt, exposing her enlarged wiggling tits.

"Nice!" Katie said, nodding her approval. "Are you gonna take any more of those pills?"

"Definitely! I'm so excited that they really work! Now, hopefully, I can grow my boobs seriously big!" She folded her arms beneath her breasts and lifted them up to give the impression of increased size.

"I'm glad they worked for you, sweetie," said Mich, "but just keep in mind that those pills were designed to be addictive. Like I said last night, with a limited supply, there's no danger of long-term dependence, but just make sure it's *your* decision to enlarge your breasts, and not just a pharmaceutical urge."

"Okay," the younger Michelle said off-handedly. "But nobody tells Kerp! Let's see if he notices."

"Oh, he'll notice," Mich assured her. "It's just a matter of time."



Late that afternoon, Mich's desk phone rang. "Director Kerpalscheiker," she answered.

"Director, this is Bob Harper in the FBI lab."

"Hi, Bob."

"Got those results from the DNA samples you sent me."

"Great! Thanks for expediting that. What did you find out?"

"It's a positive match, Director. Those samples are identical."

Tears began welling up in her eyes. She had anticipated those results, but she'd not expected it to have such an emotional impact on her. She terminated the call as quickly as she politely could, and took some time to collect herself. After she felt composed enough, she picked up her personal phone and called home.

"Hello?" said Katie.

"Hey, it's Mich. Is Michelle handy?"

"Oh, hi! Yeah, she's right here – just a second."

After a moment's pause, little Michelle answered, "Hi, Mich!"

"Hello, sweetie. I'm calling to let you know – I just found out – our DNA is a match!"

"A match?"

"Yes!"



“So – what does that mean exactly?”

“It means you *came* from me. We’re more identical than twins!”

“Wow. *Wow!* This is amazing! Just knowing this makes me feel completely different inside...”

“I know. Me too.”

“I *belong* for the first time. To you – to a family!”

“I’m so happy about this!” said Mich.

“Me too! Y’know, there’s something I’ve been wanting to ask you ever since the day we met, but I’ve been too embarrassed to ask face to face – so I’ll ask you over the phone.”

“Ask away, hon.”

“Um – would you mind if I called you ‘Mom’?”

Mich could no longer hold back her emotions, and through tears of joy, she answered, “Michelle, I would absolutely *love* that!”

“How about Kerp? Can I call him ‘Dad’?”

“Definitely! I know he’d be honored.”

“Does he know yet?”

“That’s the next call I’m going to make!”



The Pompano Beach City Hall was a gleaming white building that fit in well with the Spanish-influenced architecture of south Florida’s well-moneyed culture. Having presented false credentials as a federal lawman, he had gained access to records that he hoped would lead him to Wilson. There was a mountain of files to look through, but he was a patient man when it came to killing people.



Breakfast had become a daily household event. Katie had voluntarily assumed the duties of chef, and she had a talent for it. She’d begun acquiring her culinary skills in her kitchenette at the Smith house, learning to keep her giant breasts out of the way at the hot stove by keeping her torso turned to one side or by leaning forward and working at arm’s length. Mich and Kerp hadn’t been in the habit of getting up so early, but the breakfast fare was a delight, and it was a great way to start their day.

Katie tended a pan of bacon that was nearly ready while Snow and the Kerpalscheikers sat at the kitchen table starting in on their pancakes. Little Michelle entered the kitchen wearing a bathrobe, and as it would turn out, not much else but a grin. Snow was the first to notice the change.

“Michelle!” she exclaimed. “Is that all *you*?”

“Sure is!” she answered proudly.

At that, everyone’s attention was drawn to little Michelle, who giggled and turned sideways to show off her busty profile, holding her robe against her tummy for clarity. Her breasts jutted out from her chest in dramatic contrast to

their previous size, and the sight was met with a chorus of appreciative remarks from the ladies as they admired the girl's newfound bustiness.

Kerp stared dumbfounded. "Wait – what's going on here?" he asked, looking at his wife but not waiting for an answer. Turning to little Michelle, he asked, "Is this a prank?"

"No, Dad. Mom gave me some pills that made my boobs grow."

That was the first time little Michelle had addressed him as 'Dad', and it delighted him. "Pills?" he asked.

"Well, as you know, the poor thing has been wishing with all her heart that she had bigger boobs," Mich explained, "so I gave her those pills I'd saved from the Tennessee Institute case."

"So, open up that robe, woman, and let us see!" urged Katie as she brought the bacon to the table.

Little Michelle shook her head and said, "Not in front of Dad! I'm only wearing panties under this robe."

Mich turned to her husband and suggested, "Close your eyes?"

Kerp said, "Sure, babe."

"Thank you, dear."

As soon as Kerp shut his eyes, Little Michelle swept her bathrobe open fully, proudly displaying her greatly enlarged breasts, which were startlingly bigger than they'd been the day before. To her gratification, the other women gasped and squealed with delight at the sight as she turned from side to side, swinging them for effect.

"All this growth is from one pill?" asked Mich.

Sheepishly, little Michelle replied, "Well, no. I took two, actually."

"Two?!" Mich frowned. "Sweetie, please don't do that again! It's a black-market drug, and it's unpredictable in larger doses."

"I just wanted to be a lot bigger," little Michelle pleaded.

"Well, you certainly succeeded!" Snow observed. "Your breasts are now almost *twice* as big as they were naturally."

"Whoa!" exclaimed Kerp .

"Couldn't he just take a peek? Asked Katie. "It's so amazing, and he could look at it scientifically."

"No," Kerp responded, feeling around on his plate for his toast. "I'm all for science, but in my heart, all of you girls are my daughters now. It would be really creepy if I looked. Undadlike."

Mich ran her fingers lovingly through Kerp's hair, and for a moment there was silence.

Little Michelle closed her robe around her and said softly, "This is so good. We're like a real family."

Mich said, "I'm so glad you feel that way." With a sigh she continued, "And just like any family, there have to be rules. We've already agreed on a few of them, and I need to make a new rule right now."

"What is it?" asked Katie.

"It's about those pills. Michelle, for your safety, I told you the dosage was one pill, but you disregarded that and took more. I'm sorry sweetie, but I'm going to have to take the pills back."

"*What?!!*" the teenager shrieked. "I can't have any more?!"

"Please keep your voice at a conversational level, hon." Mich remembered what it was like to be a hormonal teenage girl, confused by life and lashing out unjustly at her mom. "I didn't say you couldn't have any more pills, I'm just going to be rationing them out to you from now on."

"Oh. Sorry. So, I can have one tonight?"

"I think we'd better wait a couple days, just to make sure you're alright, and to see if there are any side effects."

"But I'm fine!"

"I'm glad you are. But you'll still have to wait until I say so."

Little Michelle didn't argue any further, but it was apparent that she wasn't at all happy with the situation.

"Right after breakfast, you and I will go upstairs and you can give me the rest of those pills," Mich said softly.

Little Michelle unceremoniously bit off a piece of bacon.



Another workday passed. It was time to go home, and Kerp sat in his wife's office, waiting for her to finish up some paperwork. As she gathered some folders together into a stack, she commented, "I noticed something interesting in the data we collected from the City Hospital girls."

"What's that?" asked Kerp.

"As you know, we offered all of them our breast reduction therapy, and they *all* rejected it. Every one of them! That seems highly improbable to me."

"Wow. To me too. Most women aren't interested in having really gigantic boobs for some reason. You, my dear, are unique in that respect."

"Oh, now, there are plenty of other women who like having really big breasts," Mich replied.

"Not the size of yours!"

"Some of our field agents are comparable."

"They come close. But you were perfectly happy when your knockers were so humongous that they brushed against both sides of a doorway. Plus, most of our agents take some degree of the reduction therapy when they retire from field work," Kerp pointed out. He shuddered inwardly, as he did every time he thought about the idea of breast reduction. Fixing his gaze on Mich's incredibly huge boobs, he said, "Bottom line is, I've never known a woman as seriously devoted to having radically humongous tits."

"Louis, you know I don't like that word. It's a form of the word teats, and *animals* have teats."

"Yeah, I know – I got carried away in the heat of the moment. But what I said is true. You refused to take the shutdown shots for so long because you were having such a good time growing your – *breasts* – to ever more gigantic proportions. I maintain that your attitude is rare. Anyway, I agree that it's statistically very unlikely that every last one of the City Hospital girls would want to keep their breasts as huge as they are. And yet, that's the case. I suspect it's part of their manipulated genetics, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if it's somehow linked to your DNA."

"You think they got that trait from *me*?"

"We know those City Hospital scientists had your DNA. Little Michelle is living proof of that. And they were years ahead of anybody else in terms of genetic engineering. It's entirely plausible that they isolated something in you – some gene or whatever – that makes a woman instinctively desire to be super busty."

Mich stopped what she was doing and absently glanced down at her gigantic bosom for a moment. "Yeah, you might be right. I do love it."

She returned her attention to finishing up her work, while Kerp occupied himself with his phone. After a couple minutes he said, "Cool! I just got a nice email from Margaret Hauser."

"Who's that?"

"The wet nurse we freed at City Hospital."

"Oh, right. What does she say?"

Kerp chuckled and read, *"Dear Agent Kerpalscheiker. I want to thank you again for what the SEA did for me, and for your kindness. I thought you might like to know that when I got home, I found that my sweet husband had waited for me all these years, and never gave up on me! He said he knew in his heart I was still alive, so he never had me declared dead, never remarried, and never moved from our house, so I could find him whenever I came back! Our reunion was so sweet and tearful! Before I left the Lab, one of your agents explained to me that your agency has a method for reducing the size of my breasts, which I was eager to take advantage of. But when I got home, I found out I was married to quite a breast man! He loves how big my boobs are now, and he begged me to keep them this size. (Like I said, our reunion was very sweet! ☺) Since my dear faithful husband likes them so huge, of course I'll keep them this way, regardless of any inconvenience. Again, thank you for giving me my life back! – Marge Hauser."*

"That's great! It's nice to hear about a happy ending every once in a while."

"Yep. Score another point for huge boobs."

Mich grinned at him. "That's not exactly what I meant!" Then with a sigh, she declared, "Well – I'm going to leave the rest of this mess until tomorrow. Ready to go?"

Mich locked up her office, and as they walked hand in hand toward the parking deck, work was still on their minds. "I've been thinking," said Kerp, "about how we're going to track down the girls from 'City Hospital' who are out there in the world living as sex slaves."

"Yeah, that's a tough one. Has the forensics team found any records at all yet?" asked Mich.

"Well, they've found current financial statements from six or seven institutions, but no names or addresses of buyers. But I have an idea. Why don't we publish an Amber Alert using a photo of Katie's face, and not specify a name. Those girls all look exactly the same, and there may be people out there who'll remember seeing that face."

"I like that idea," said Mich. "Maybe we should figure out some tactful way of telling the public to be on the lookout for larger than head-size boobs."

"Seems to me the general public is always vigilant in that regard," Kerp commented as they walked along.

"A truth made evident to me every time I go out."

"You love it."

Mich smiled. "I must confess. But enough about my big boobies," Mich said.

"Never."

"We also need to learn the identity of whoever it is within the Justice Department that's up to his or her neck in this thing. Maybe even calling the shots."

"Absolutely. We can't let that one get away. Any ideas?" asked Kerp

As they entered the parking deck's elevator, Mich replied, "Snow lived at that place for 19 years, and she remembers everything she's ever heard or seen. As you pointed out the day we met her, that's a potentially valuable resource, and we'd be foolish not to take advantage of it. She might be able to give us critical inside information about City Hospital – things she wouldn't necessarily think would be worth mentioning, but that might lead us to the people behind the operation."

"Could our mole be someone in the oversight committee?" asked Kerp.

"Doubtful. Oversight committee personnel rotate off regularly, and this has been going on for two decades, maybe longer."

"I see. But in any case, I agree that Snow's perfect memory could be a real asset."

"Yeah. And although I see that as an investigator, from a parent's point of view, I don't want to put undue stress on her. Interviewing her could take days."

"I have the same concern. But even though she seems so delicate, she didn't hesitate to help us when we were busting City Hospital. She's strong inside. Brave and resolute."

Mich smiled. "I know. She's an amazing young woman."

"Totally. The kind of person some refer to as an 'old soul'."

"I want you to be the one to interview Snow," said Mich. "You're a gentle dad."

The elevator stopped and let them out. It was a short walk to where Kerp's vehicle was parked, and after stowing their briefcases in the back, they got in. "My turn to drive tomorrow," Mich said as her husband started the motor. He pulled out of the assigned parking space and began following the EXIT signs toward daylight.

They were halfway home when Mich's smart phone chirped at her. She dug it out of her purse and began tapping it. Momentarily she announced, "Oh, Kerp, this is fantastic!"

"What is it?"

"I just got an email from Judge Garner's office," Mich announced.

"He's federal, right?"

"Yep. The judge will be awarding the entire assets of the trafficking ring to its victims! It's not official until the actual hearing, but he's already made up his mind. All those young ladies are going to share in a pot that I'm told totals in the *billions*."

"Wow, that's righteous," Kerp remarked.

Mich sighed. "With assets like that, they must have been selling those girls for a small fortune each."

"From what we've learned," said Kerp, "the going rate for their 'Standard Model' was \$17.5 million each. And that seems to be a firm price, no negotiating. The only time we see a variation in the amount paid is when a 'Special Model' was purchased: girls like our Katie, and the others at the Lab with super enormous breasts. They command a premium price, ranging from 21.5 million to 35 million."

"Good grief," said Mich.

"That 35 mil girl must have been quite something," observed Kerp. "So how many ways is the money going to be split up?"

"So far, we have a total of 32 plaintiffs. That's all the residents of City Hospital, all ages, plus our three girls. It's impossible at this point to say how many other girls from City Hospital are already out there, living in slavery. The SEA will formally be tasked with tracking them all down – and they'll all have rights to an equal share. According to our calculations, based on what we know of City Hospital's assets, each of them will be a multi-millionaire!"

"That's fantastic! I can't wait to tell our girls," said Kerp.

"I know! It makes me feel so relieved, to know that they'll all be set for life – after what's been done to them."

Kerp's smile suddenly faded. "Then Katie and little Michelle and Snow won't need us anymore. That's really sad. We're already so attached to them all. In our hearts, they're our daughters now."

Mich took off her reading glasses and put her phone away. "Yeah. I'd really miss having them with us, living in our house. I love them all so much." She paused a moment and said quietly, "Maybe this is wrong of me, but I especially love little Michelle. She's literally part of me."

"Could we adopt them – all of them?" asked Kerp. "Is that possible?"

Mich's face brightened. "I think so. I could call in a couple of favors and have it fast-tracked."

"Let's do! Even though they're legally adults, they really ought to have at least a few years of good parenting, so they'll be properly prepared to live out in the world when the time comes."

"I totally agree," said Mich. "I'd like them all to stay with us as long as possible."

Kerp was beaming. "Let's tell them as soon as we get home."

"Of course, this is predicated on them *wanting* us to adopt them," pointed out Mich. "But they all do seem so happy in our home..."

"I think they'll want this as much as we do."



As soon as they had gotten home and settled, Kerp and Mich called upstairs for the girls to come down. One by one they came trotting downstairs, little Michelle first, dressed in shorts and a tank top, then Snow arrived wearing a form-fitting dress with a low neckline, followed lastly by Katie in jeans and her giant bra. The girls chattered among themselves as everyone gathered together in the family room.

Kerp called their meeting to order, saying, "Ladies, if I may have your attention? Thanks."

Little Michelle looked at Mich and commented, "Mom's over there grinning like a Cheshire cat! What's up?"

"Our first item of business," Kerp began, "is that we just found out that the court is going to award each of you a share in the holdings of City Hospital. The Lab. That means you girls are going to be multi-millionaires!" None of them jumped for joy or squealed: they all just sat there calmly absorbing the information. "So, you're all rich," Kerp added. They nodded.

Snow spoke up in her little voice, "That's very nice to know, but we've always had all our needs provided for, and have never wanted for anything material. Having plenty of money is a good thing, I'm sure, but if it's okay to say so, the best thing that ever happened to me is being invited to live here, in this lovely house so filled with love and laughter." Katie and little Michelle were nodding their agreement as Snow spoke.

There was a long moment of sweet silence, after which Mich commented softly, "Yes. There are riches, and then there are riches. Kerp and I feel very blessed too."

"Yes we do," Kerp affirmed. "Which actually brings us to our second item of business. There's something very important we want to ask all of you. Not long ago, we took Katie in because she came to us in trouble, and we wanted to protect her. Then when we raided the Lab, we found little Michelle, who turned out to be from Mich's own body, and our beautiful sweet Snow, whom we just fell in love with."

Mich jumped in, unable to contain herself. "You've been living here on a sort of temporary basis until other arrangements could be made, but we have something we want to propose to you all."

"Mich and I have talked this over," continued Kerp, "and we're in complete agreement. We would like to legally adopt all three of you, and have you live here with us for as long as you want! You'll be our daughters and we'll be your parents. Forever." Watching the three girls, Kerp and Mich waited for their answers, but all that happened was an eruption of crying from them all. Turning to his wife, Kerp raised his eyebrows and asked, "Happy tears?"

She smiled and nodded.

Katie sniffled and squeaked, "I've been praying this could happen!"

"Where'd you learn about praying?" Kerp asked curiously.

"Mrs. K taught me right after I got here."

Snow took a tissue from a nearby box and dabbed her eyes. "I'm so glad! I just love you guys too! I told you so the first time we met."

"I've never forgotten that," Mich said.

Little Michelle laughed through her tears and said, "I'm so happy, Mom! Thank you!" The other girls also voiced their thanks.

"I have a question," announced Katie.

"Shoot," Kerp replied.

"Can Snow and I call you guys Mom and Dad like Michelle does?" Snow nodded her agreement to the request.

"We'd both be honored, girls," Mich replied.

"Absolutely," concurred Kerp. "Also, even though it's not official yet, there's no reason you shouldn't start immediately using your new last name."

"We'll have a last name! Like real people," little Michelle said.

"We're all going to be Kerpalscheikers?" squeaked Snow joyously.

"Yep," said Kerp. "The downside is that you'll all have to learn how to spell it."

Everyone laughed except Snow, who burst afresh into tears. Standing up and walking toward them, she sobbed, "Oh, Dad, you're so funny. I love you both so much!" She leaned over and gave Mich a brief kiss on the mouth, and then stepped over to Kerp. He was expecting a kiss on the cheek, but to his surprise, he also got a light one on the lips, as well as a heavy bump in the chest from Snow's enormous breasts. But it was all sweet and innocent, just part of being the dad of a beautiful and outrageously well-endowed young woman.

"So – *Mom and Dad*," Katie said happily, "can we have our own phones?"



It had been a long and eventful work week. When the Kerpalscheikers finally got home from work on Friday, they found a small hand-drawn poster propped up on the kitchen island, announcing a grand fashion show that evening at 8 PM in their living room, presented by Katie and Snow. It was endearingly childlike in its execution, and they smiled as they read it. On the poster, there were two figures rendered in crayon: one had long wavy hair and large circles at the chest, but the other figure didn't immediately become apparent. The most visible part of this figure consisted of two small blue dots side by side, which they soon realized were eyes. What at first looked like white space turned out to be a busty female figure drawn with white crayon.

"Okay," Kerp said with a chuckle as he studied it. "That's Katie and that's Snow."

Mich grinned at her husband and commented, "The other day they were playing dress-up with some of my old clothes – tonight they're putting on their own little fashion show for us – I think these girls are living out the childhood they never had. It's so cute."

"Yeah, it really is. I guess they'll need to be little girls from time to time. Little girls with grown-up bodies and boobs the size of a Cooper! But seriously, it feels really good to be giving them this chance. Giving them their lives – the freedom to be who they are."

"It feels wonderful. They're the best thing to happen to us since *we* happened to us," Mich said, kissing him on the cheek.

"So then it's a date? Tonight at eight in the Kerpalscheiker living room?"

"Wouldn't miss it!"



Wearing Mich's one-piece swimsuit with a scarf tied around the waist, Katie acted as MC and usher for the evening's fashion show. She instructed Mich, Kerp, and little Michelle where to sit so they were strategically positioned, with a good view of the floor space where the main hallway joined the living room: a central location that she and Snow had selected as their stage. Danceable music began playing from the recesses of the hall, presumably started by Snow, and then Katie announced, "Ladies and gentleman: I would now like to present to you – Fashions by Snow and Katie!" The audience of three began applauding as Katie took a bow. Her deep neckline opened up as she bowed, and Katie's immense tits slipped out with her big nipples nearly grazing the floor. Snow could be heard giggling from offstage as Katie stuffed her oversize breasts back into the swimsuit.

Undaunted, she continued, "Our first outfit of the evening will be modeled for you by the beautiful – SNOW KERPALSCHIEKER!" Katie flourished with a hand and stepped aside as Snow appeared from the hallway, shyly presenting herself to the rest of her family, who sat applauding. This was the first time they'd seen Snow wearing any make-up, and they were struck by the sight of her. Her gorgeous blue eyes were stunningly defined by an economical application of mascara to her otherwise white lashes, and her full lips were made rosy with lipstick, all underscoring what a truly gorgeous young female Snow was. Her audience gasped in delight upon seeing her. Katie had fixed Snow's pure white hair prior to the show, so that it hung down her back in ringlets.

She was wearing a shimmering white floor-length gown with a neckline that revealed a generous portion of her cleavage. Her enormous breasts rocked heavily as she stepped and turned. The dress's bodice, in which Snow's heavy bosom lay, was supported by a pair of string straps that were stretched tight under their undulating burden. The white dress, Snow's pearly skin, and her long white hair gave her the appearance of some mystical spirit, and her made-up face stood out, like a spirit peering out of the clouds. She strutted along in front of her audience, turned, and sashayed back to the beat of the music. (She had learned the walk from a TV documentary on fashion models she'd recently watched.)

"Oh, Snow!" said Mich as the girl twirled on her toes in front of them, "You look *gorgeous*!"

"You really do," added little Michelle.

"Yikes," murmured Kerp.

Mich chuckled. "That means you're a total knockout, Snow. Sweetheart. I want you to know first of all that without make-up, you are one of the very loveliest young women I've ever known – but the make-up brings out how really beautiful you are."

"You all are so sweet," Snow said, blushing. Though her skin was devoid of pigment, the rush of blood to her face brought color to it, turning her a cute shade of pink.

"Okay let's break this up," said Katie with a giggle from offstage. "No hobnobbing with the audience, now. On with the show!"

Snow laughed and said, "Okay, okay!" She then took a step backward, cleared her throat and announced, "Our next outfit will be modeled for you tonight by the amazingly gorgeous and insanely busty – KATIE KERPALSCHIEKER!"

Snow turned and hurried out of sight as Katie appeared, wearing distressed jeans, a plain white t-shirt, and a fedora she'd borrowed from Kerp. The t-shirt was plain in the sense that it was just a white tee, but it was actually a rare item, having been conceived and created by the SEA's garment division. It was specially woven in a way that made it extremely large at the bust, yet narrowing toward the waist so it would conform to the contours of an extraordinarily curvaceous torso. However, the breasts that now occupied that space were actually bigger than the shirt was designed for. Katie's gigantic tits stretched the fabric so thin that it became translucent – enough that the darker skin of her areolae was discernable. Her huge nipples were poking out boldly into the garment's thin material, which could only moderately restrain the heavy bounding and swaying of her immense boobs. Katie's exaggerated strutting back and forth across the room caused some jaw-dropping antics inside that shirt for the next minute or so, and gave the



impression that she might have been poking a little fun at the overwhelming size of her tits. Lastly, she headed off stage, purposely wagging her giant breasts from side to side in heavy flounces.

The audience applauded, and in a couple seconds, Snow stepped out wearing tight fitting yellow booty shorts that showed off her pretty legs, and a specially made camisole that had an industrial strength shelf bra designed to hold a pair of truly enormous boobs – once again, proprietary SEA technology. The cami was bright red, creating a dramatic contrast with Snow's ivory skin. It was daringly low cut, revealing an extended tract of cleavage that wiggled as she moved about. The cami's robust support caused her huge tits to mound up impressively high on her chest and create folds of flesh at her armpits. She danced a little for her audience, causing her breasts to rollick about heavily. It was somehow surprising that shy little Snow could dance so well and so seductively, but the young woman was unaware of how sexy she actually was.

Mich leaned close to her husband and whispered in his ear, "Close your mouth, dear."

Somehow, he did.

Snow entertained them by modeling her outfit for a while, and then danced her way out of sight into the hallway, with a cute little wave good-bye. Katie poked her head out, and said with a big grin, "Isn't she hot? You wouldn't believe it – when we started rehearsing, she was too embarrassed to dance at all, even in front of me!"

Katie then ducked back into the hallway, and Kerp commented, "I think Snow is overcoming her shyness."

The music changed, and Katie came out dancing barefoot, wearing a dress that fit snugly on top and then opened out like a skirt from the waist. It was a subdued red, with a neckline that was originally a V-neck, but Katie and Snow had cut a slit at the bottom of the V (with Mich's permission) so it could better accommodate Katie's immense breasts. This had the additional effect of producing a much deeper and wider décolletage. Katie's dance skills again became apparent as she pranced about waving her arms over her head, swinging her hips side to side with the rhythm, and slinging her incredibly enormous tits around expertly. The skirt part of her dress unfurled whenever she did a turn, exposing her exquisite legs all the way up to her full fanny, upon which was only a very scanty thong.

She danced with abandon, her long hair flying and her tremendous boobs bouncing wildly, and as the family all watched Katie's perfectly formed, intensely sexy, gyrating body, it seemed to them that the girl was celebrating her newfound freedom in dance. It was, in fact, the first time she had ever danced in front of an audience of people who loved her, rather than people who were using her for sex. Katie was a riveting sight: a flawless sensual beauty, dancing magnificently, with a pair of perfectly sculpted breasts of colossal proportions, bouncing half exposed. She danced thus for a minute or so, and then took a bow, this time clasping her hands over her huge boobs to keep them from popping out again. The audience applauded as Katie retreated backstage.

Snow then appeared in the doorway wearing a short electric-blue dress that clung to her curvaceous body like a second skin. The neckline was high, and the bodice hugged the considerable bulk of her breasts tightly, delineating their great size and broad curvature. With their weight cantilevered out from her chest, her huge tits swayed heavily with her movements. The fabric of the dress was supple enough to allow Snow's big nipples to poke out grandly. As she slinked across the room, the fabric shimmered in patterns that raced around the contours of her enormous, wobbling boobs. Her feet were bare, which made her look that much more endearing. After strolling to the center of the room, she spun around and stopped momentarily, causing her enormous unbrassiered breasts to rock back and forth heavily. She continued modeling her outfit, and the more she moved about, the more the fabric stimulated her nipples, which became more prominent with every heartbeat. She perfectly imitated the runway walk of professional fashion models, even down to the pouty facial expression, which she couldn't maintain for long before giggling at herself. She finished off with a turning leap, and then pranced offstage with her boobs quaking wondrously.

As they applauded, Mich whispered to Kerp, "That last thing she did? That was actually a roundhouse kick I taught her. She picked right up on it. I'm thinking about teaching all our girls some self-defense."

Katie came out again, her walk a blend of subdued dancing and confident strutting. She was wearing a short black leather skirt (one of the few items of clothing she'd brought with her when she ran away), and a sheer black lace top

that was originally intended to be worn over a blouse. Katie, however, wasn't aware of that fact, and was wearing nothing at all under it. Her gigantic boobs were clearly visible beneath the gauzy fabric, down to every detail of her broad areolae and robust nipples. The top was tied behind her, leaving her back bare. Katie's gargantuan breasts seemed monstrously huge, appearing even more enormous than they normally were.

As Katie pranced about, Kerp whispered to Mich, "Her boobs seem even bigger than usual."

Mich replied, "I think you're right. I'll explain later."

Katie's flimsy top could only cover the front two-thirds of her giant bosom, offering nothing in terms of support or constraint. Her colossal tits bounced and swung around freely as she walked in a way that was designed to elicit such action. From behind, the backs of her tremendous breasts could clearly be seen on either side of her torso.

She strutted back and forth for a while, and then with an impish grin, stepped up in front of her audience and thrust her enormous tits out at them. She wagged them heavily from side to side for a few seconds, stunning her audience with the up-close view of her stupendous swinging breasts. Then she suddenly turned and vanished into the hallway again.

As they applauded, Mich muttered to Kerp, "I need to have a talk with that girl."

Snow's next outfit was a long black gown with an empire waistline and a slit in the side, up to her hip. The neckline was cut super low, nearly revealing her nipples, which were jutting out prominently into the fabric. Though her skin was white over her whole body, the texture around her big nipples subtly revealed that her areolae were peeking out over the dress's neckline. She strolled across to the other end of the room and stopped momentarily, shooting a sultry look at her audience, and then she strode up to them and stopped in front of them. Holding her arms straight up in the air, she turned slowly around to provide a 360-degree view up close. Then with a grin and a wink, she turned and retreated back into the hallway.

For the grand finale, Katie appeared in a black bikini that was so scanty, the audience got the momentary initial impression that she was completely nude. The bottom was a brief thong that did almost nothing to conceal her perfect fanny, and the top was barely anything at all – a couple of small triangles of fabric and some string. The top provided enough coverage to hide her nipples, but it left much of her saucer-size areolae exposed. Her enormous bosom was gloriously displayed, with precious little left to the imagination. As she walked, the lack of restrictive clothing allowed Katie's colossal boobs to dip and shudder freely. When she turned, their great mass wobbled and swayed heavily from side to side.

At the end of her dance the audience applauded enthusiastically, and she gestured for Snow to join her 'on stage' for a final bow. The girl ran out, and as the two best friends joined hands and took a deep bow, Katie's unrestrained boobs momentarily swung near the floor.

"That was great, girls! You both did so well!" exclaimed Mich.

"You sure did!" agreed Kerp.

"Awesome!" little Michelle exclaimed.

The girls giggled and thanked their fans, and the applause abated.

"Um," began Kerp, searching for words. "Katie, sweetheart, that bikini is – well – it wouldn't be a good idea for you to wear that in public. It's *very* revealing, and you, uh – you have so much to reveal!" With a chuckle, he added, "You might cause a riot!"

Mich leaned over to him and said softly, "Do you remember when I wore that in public?"

Kerp turned and looked quizzically at his wife. "You did?"

She nodded with a wry grin. "Las Vegas?"

He suddenly remembered where the bikini had come from: it was the one Mich had worn undercover during the Al-Madini bomb case back in 2001, though now minus the listening device it had been ingeniously designed to conceal.

“Ah. It’s a whole different thing, thinking about *you* wearing that, as opposed to our Katie.”

Observing all of this with concern, Katie interjected, “Did I do a bad thing by wearing this?”

“Absolutely not, dear,” Mich assured her. However, as Katie stood there with her tremendous, nearly naked breasts looming over them, Mich suggested, “Sweetie, why don’t you and Snow go put on some real clothes, and let’s have a little after-show celebration.”

The two girls smiled and pranced off with their enormous breasts bouncing.

Everyone else adjourned to the kitchen, and Mich started setting out the wine and snacks. Soon the girls returned, Katie wearing the red dress with the flared skirt, and Snow wearing a pair of jeans with the cami she had modeled in the show.

“Ah, here are our stars, Miss Katie Kerpalscheiker, and Miss Snow Kerpalscheiker!” announced Kerp, as he began pouring glasses for the newcomers.

Katie and Snow grinned happily as they took their wine.

“I propose a toast,” Kerp announced. “I’d like to honor our sweet Snow and Katie for putting together this program tonight and entertaining us so well!”

They all raised their glasses and took a sip.

“I think we discovered a side of Snow this evening that has never come out before,” Mich commented.

“We sure did,” Kerp agreed.

Katie added, “All I did was show her some dance moves I knew, and that girl picked up on them right away!”

“It was fun!” said Snow. “At first, I didn’t think I could do it, but it turned out to be pretty easy!” She emphasized her point by rocking her hips and rotating her shoulders for a second or two, enough to cause her half-exposed breasts to jiggle sensuously within the low-cut camisole.

Little Michelle took another sip of wine as she regarded her sister’s tremendous boobs. “That’s an amazing top, Snow,” she observed.

“That’s SEA technology,” Mich explained. “The agency has spent a lot of time and money developing the tech that can lift a pair of super big breasts like Snow’s and push them out to such an amazing degree.”

Little Michelle nodded. “It makes your breasts look incredibly huge. Well, they *are* incredibly huge.”

“Yeah, and they keep getting bigger and bigger. I hadn’t realized just how really enormous my breasts have become until I came here and started going out in public, among regular women. At the Lab, most of the females had great big boobs like mine. There were a couple lady techs on staff, and they had normal-size breasts, but on a day-to-day basis, huge boobs were mostly what we saw. I mean, I knew we’d all been bred to be super-busty, but I had no idea that girls like us are so rare.”

“When I’m out in public with you or Katie or Mom,” little Michelle said to her, “next to you guys I’m invisible!”

Standing nearby and eavesdropping, Kerp stepped over to little Michelle and asked softly in her ear, “Is that why you didn’t feel like being involved in the fashion show?”

Surprised, she turned and regarded him a moment. Then she nodded.

“But you’re so much curvier than you used to be!” he protested.

“Yeah, but just look at those three! Their boobs are *amazing*!”

“I should remind you once again, that you are absolutely gorgeous! Just like your mom.”

“Thanks, Dad. You’re sweet.” Turning to gaze at Mich, she murmured to herself, “Not *exactly* like her.”



Monday morning, Kerp knocked once on the door to Mich's office and poked his head in. "Madam Director, I'd like you to meet our newest consultant."

"Sure," said Mich. "Come on in."

Kerp pushed the door open and motioned for the consultant to enter. Snow came in with her face made up and her white hair pulled back in a long ponytail, wearing a smart suit that Mich had outgrown. She looked at once businesslike and adorable.

Grinning with delight, Snow said, "I hope you don't mind that I borrowed this outfit."

Mich smiled broadly and replied, "It's yours, Snow. It looks great on you! It doesn't fit me anymore."

"I figured. Your breasts are unbelievably enormous; mine are only extremely enormous."

"She tied that necktie herself without any help," mentioned Kerp. "Never done it before. She saw a man tie his in a movie once, and of course, she remembers how – perfectly!"

"My perfect memory is why I'm here."

"We appreciate your doing this, hon," Mich said.

"I'm glad to help you catch those people. Katie told me all about what she was forced to do at that place where she was. It was horrible! At the Lab, they never told us what our life would be like after we were bought. That was such a betrayal! I'm actually very angry with them."

"Me too, dear," said Mich. "It's personal for me as well. They took part of me and made a baby out of it – and then they kept that little girl prisoner for over *18 years!*"

This would be a disturbing subject for them to pursue any further, so he diverted the flow, saying, "So, is the interrogation room available?"

"As far as I know, yes."

"You're going to interrogate me?" asked Snow.

Kerp grinned at her. "Actually, I'm going to *interview* you. We just need to find out what you remember."

"But I remember everything! It'll take a really long time to tell you all *that!*"

"Yes it would, Snow. But I have a couple ideas how we might bring out some pertinent information."

They adjourned to the small interrogation room, and for rest of the morning Kerp led Snow in reciting the names of any and all people she had ever heard anyone speak of during her life at the Lab. Most of the names she recalled were merely first names, and so were no help. She did remember a very few last names, but they were all those of low-level City Hospital employees who were already in custody. They went on to discuss everything Kerp could think of that might be usable in a court of law. He took comprehensive notes during the interview, but none of the information seemed promising.

It was lunchtime. Snow had not been able to come up with anything new for a while, and they sat, silent and discouraged. Eventually, she looked at Kerp and said, "Now Dad, you've been asking me for any facts I can remember about the lab, or Doctor Wilson, and like that."

"Right."

"What about something that only *might* be true?"

“What do you mean?”

“Things that I heard through the grapevine. Rumors. Gossip.”

“Sure, Snow. At this point, I’ll listen to anything.”

“Well – one day I overheard two of the medical staff talking. One of them said, ‘He thinks no one knows about his little love nest at 209 Bartlett Avenue.’ Then the other one said, ‘Don’t say that too loud if you want to keep your job.’ And a long time after that, someone else made a joke about Doctor Wilson secretly spending so much time in Pompano Beach, but I don’t know where that is, and I don’t know if those things are connected, or if any of it is true.”

Kerp’s face brightened. “Statistically, 90% of all workplace grapevine rumors turn out to be correct,” Kerp said. “And by the way, Pompano Beach is in Florida.” He pulled out his phone and murmured, “Now, let’s see if there’s a Bartlett Avenue in Pompano.” Momentarily he smiled and exclaimed, “Bingo! This is fantastic, you beautiful genius! This could be the lead we’ve been looking for!” He got up from his chair, took Snow’s head in his hands, and planted a big kiss on her forehead, which delighted her.

“So that’s important?” she asked.

“My gut feeling is that it’s *very* important! Come on, let’s go see the boss.”

As he took Snow’s hand to help her stand, she grasped it in both of hers and stopped him, looking at him intently. “Dad,” she said quietly, “thank you for being my daddy! For being willing to give that to me. Thank you for loving me so well.”

For a long moment they freefell into one another’s gaze. “You’re so sweet, Snow. It’s easy work,” replied Kerp.



After arranging for Snow’s transportation home, Mich wasted no time in acting on the lead: the doctor already had a serious head start. She secured a small government jet to whisk her and Kerp to the Pompano Beach airport on an immediate basis, where a ‘company’ vehicle was made available to them. They lost no time heading out toward 209 Bartlett Avenue. As Mich drove, Kerp was tempted to turn on the blue lights and make a noisy rush to the residence, but she reminded him that they had the element of surprise on their side. Sirens might spook their fugitive.

Within 30 minutes, the GPS system had led them to a neighborhood of grand multi-million-dollar homes with manicured lawns and expensive cars parked in their driveways. “There’s 209,” Mich said softly.

“Park in the drive and block in that car.” Kerp advised.

“It’s not Wilson’s SUV, though,” Mich observed. “I hope this address pans out.”

“Yeah. Me too.”

“Okay, you ready?” asked Mich, grasping the door handle.

“Let’s go.”



The Pompano Beach City Hall is a sprawling white building whose architecture spoke of both the Spanish-influenced style of the area, and the big money that lived there. He’d spent days in that building, searching through property records, motor vehicle records, marriage records – exploring every possible type of document that might point him to the doctor’s location. Eventually he’d studied them all, so he started over again, looking through the countless files a second time.

It was then that he noticed a hand-written notation at the bottom of a tax assessment for medical equipment. It stated that a Doctor Wilson Roberts had applied for a license to practice in the State of Florida, and that permission was contingent upon confirmation from the Commonwealth of Virginia that the doctor's legal name was Robert Wilson. He had little doubt this was the man he'd been hired to remove. A quick check of property records under the name Wilson Roberts yielded the information he'd spent so much time and energy looking for: 209 Bartlett Avenue.



Misty was enjoying a quiet mid-morning cup of coffee, awaiting the return of her 'husband' from an unnamed errand, when the sound of the doorbell suddenly interrupted her reverie. She went to the door and looked through the peephole, seeing a man in a suit and a woman standing behind him. From her point of view, the woman appeared to be either very pregnant or very fat. Misty opened the door as far as the chain would allow, and asked, "Can I help you?"

"Good afternoon, ma'am," Kerp said. The face peering out at them was a familiar one, bearing the same features that were shared among the girls from City Hospital. This was confirmation that they were at the right place. The fact that the woman was surely lab-bred meant that she had to know all about Wilson's real identity and his trade. "Is the doctor at home?" asked Kerp. Not knowing if Wilson was using an alias, he thought it prudent to ask for him by his title and not by name. Doctors are proud of their exalted station in society, and though a physician might use an alias, he would likely be reluctant to give up such status."

"I'm sorry, he's out at the moment," the woman said. "I expect him back shortly, though."

"Okay, thank you," said Mich from behind her partner. "We'll come back a little later."

"Whom should I say asked for him?"

Kerp took out a business card and handed it to her. "We're with the SEA. Our job is to locate citizens who have significant unclaimed cash and/or property coming to them."

"And Will is one of those people?" Misty asked.

"It's very likely, but we'll need to speak with him to make sure."

"Wow. Well, I guess I could let you in."

Mich again spoke up and said, "Thank you, but we'll just come back later – we have another call to make."

"Okay, then."

As the two agents turned and walked away, Misty did a doubletake at Mich. But with Mich obscured by Kerp's body, she couldn't see her clearly, so she closed the door and gave it no more thought.

As they backed out of the driveway, Mich explained, "The reason I said we'd come back later is because I didn't want a strange vehicle to be parked here when Wilson gets back, and maybe scare him off. So, I thought we'd park down the street and watch the house."

"Good thinking."

As Mich drove down the block and parked just within sight of the house, she commented, "That woman definitely had the City Hospital face – but did you notice she looked just a bit older than the version we're used to seeing?"

"Yeah; a more mature face: a little fuller. Still gorgeous."

They sat silently while they watched for Wilson's return, and as boredom began to set in, Kerp suggested, "We could make out while we're waiting."

Mich snickered at him. "Good idea, bad timing, my dear."

“Okay. Raincheck?”

“Definitely.”

“Then how about a peek at them hooters?” he asked grinning.

She laughed out loud. “You just never let up, mister!”

“Why should I? I’m a breast-man married to a gal with a beautiful set of wonderfully huge t – um, boobs!”

Looking around for prying eyes, Mich opened her suitcoat and lifted up the front of her blouse. (The garment had been specially made by the SEA at Mich’s request: though it appeared to button down the front, it was actually a pullover. She disliked the inconvenience of trying to fasten buttons an arm’s length away: buttons that were hidden from her eyes behind the broad horizon of her bosom.) With her enormous breasts bared, she turned slightly toward her husband.

Kerp marveled at their incredible size, as he always did, and promptly reached out his hands to explore their contours. Mich took pleasure and inhaled deeply, making her gigantic bosom seem to swell to even greater dimensions.

Momentarily she suggested, “Babe, I think we’d better stop before I make my panties wet! I don’t have a spare pair with me. Besides, we’re starting something we won’t be able to finish.”

“Yeah, you’re right. It’s easy for me to get carried away.”

“I love it when you get carried away, but we need to keep our heads in the game,” she said, pulling her blouse back down.

“Yeah, this would be a bad time to get distracted.”

“Uh-huh.”

“By my gorgeous sexy wife.”

“You’re sweet.”

“With her giant breasts exposed for my pleasure.”

She smiled. “I totally get that I share culpability here.”

“That’s right. You should know better than to go around all gorgeous and impossibly busty.”

“I’m ashamed.”

“You should be.”

They waited another 20 minutes, and finally a black SUV appeared around the corner and came to a stop in Wilson’s driveway. “Here we go,” said Mich, putting their vehicle in gear.

“Easy,” Kerp cautioned. “Let him get inside before you pull out.”

After the doctor was in the house, Mich drove up and parked behind his SUV. “Okay, let’s go,” she instructed.

“Stay behind me, babe. I’ll take lead again.”

Misty came to the door in response to Kerp’s knock. She cracked it open, and her face brightened when she saw them. “Hello! Welcome! Come on in.” She opened the door fully, revealing her extraordinarily top-heavy figure. Her breasts were quite enormous, though not as big as Mich’s, but so protuberant that she had to step back a pace so they wouldn’t be in the way of her guests as they entered. “Will, these are the people I was just telling you about.” Kerp thanked her and entered the house, followed by the Director. When Mich walked by with her tremendous wobbling bosom, Misty was visibly taken aback. She had never seen a woman outside of the Lab whose breasts were actually bigger than her own huge pair.

As soon as Wilson saw Mich, he recognized her face, mistaking her for the young clone he’d made from her. But when he saw the tremendous size of her breasts, he realized with a chill just who was now inside his secret hideout.

"Doctor Robert Wilson, you are under arrest for multiple counts of human trafficking and kidnapping," Mich said as Kerp took out his handcuffs. Wilson's face fell and his posture became that of a defeated man as Misty looked on in shocked disbelief. "You have the right to remain silent." Kerp turned him around and pulled his arms behind him one at a time, cuffing each wrist. Misty burst out in sobs. "Anything you say can and will be held against you in a court of law –" The doctor began crying as well, faced with the certain end of the life he'd known, and the realization of the trouble he'd finally brought down on himself. "If you cannot afford an attorney," Mich went on, and then stopped. "Oh hell, Wilson, you could afford Perry Mason! Sit down: there are a few things we need to talk about. You have a seat, too, ma'am."

The doctor plopped down on a nearby ottoman with a sigh. "You're Michelle Myers," he stated.

"The original," she said coldly. "And the name's Kerpalscheiker now."

"He's a lucky man, whoever he is," Wilson commented gloomily.

"He's me," said Kerp.

"Oh, Will," bawled Misty.

"We have some questions for you. If you cooperate fully, I promise it will make a difference when it comes to your sentencing."

Wilson sighed. "Alright. Ask me whatever you want."

"You took DNA from me, didn't you, doctor?" demanded Mich. "And you made a clone!"

"I *bought* your DNA. From a man I did business with who called himself Mox Nix. I'd heard about you, about how extraordinarily well-developed you are, and I wanted a DNA sample. I paid dearly for you, by the way. I was led to believe that your breasts were naturally so enormous. But then your clone turned out to be only moderately busty, so I never made any more."

"So, I was a bad investment, huh?" Mich asked. Kerp had heard that tone of voice before, and he was very glad he wasn't on the receiving end this time.

"Not at all," Wilson replied. "It was your DNA that gave us the genetic code that makes our girls' breasts so amazingly firm. It allows the tissue to support great size, so the breasts protrude to a maximum degree. We also derived an unexpected benefit from your DNA: it engenders a psychological tendency to, um – to seriously *enjoy* having enormous breasts."

"Can you confirm that you collected DNA from various other women, each for their specific body parts?" asked Kerp.

"Yes, that's exactly right. I paid Nix to abduct a few special women, each for a specific outstanding physical attribute. Legs from a leg model, buttocks from a particularly interesting porn star, and so on. Nix would kidnap a particular subject, render her unconscious, and then he'd bring her to us so we could get a blood sample. When that was done, he'd take the woman to a motel room and leave her there to wake up, with no idea what had happened. We slipped up a couple times. One woman woke up while we were getting blood from her. She saw too many faces, and since we couldn't let her go, we kept her as a permanent member of our staff. Her name is Marie Swensen, and she still has the most beautiful hair. You see it there on my wife, Misty. The other woman, whose face you see on all our girls, unfortunately died of a heart attack while in our custody. And we got the DNA for breast giantism from a young woman named Janet DiGiovanni."

"Your other wife. We've met," commented Mich.

"Will!" Misty tearfully chided.

"Janet is not legally my wife. I paid a man on my staff to impersonate a minister and perform the ceremony down there in her apartment. She insisted that I marry her if we were to continue our sexual relationship, but I was already married. She didn't know that, though. Anyway, we used Janet's DNA to make our girls' breasts super large, but we had to modify it, because her breasts don't know how to stop growing. Misty's not legally my wife either. She knows that. My real wife and I have a house outside Arlington. Her name is Anita."



“There were three girls at your facility who have *immensely* enlarged breasts,” Mich said, “even much bigger than mine.”

“Yes – Emerald, Erika, and Scarlett. Emmy and Erika were subjects of a special project: research into how to better predict and control breast giantism,” the doctor explained. “We’d been unable to govern the size our girls’ breasts beyond a certain point – the size of our standard model. Emmy and Erika were our first successes in regulating extreme gigantism. Scarlett, however, was an aberration. Her breasts were supposed to be no more enormous than the standard size, but a runaway reaction occurred, and they continued growing at a phenomenal rate, reaching an incredible magnitude. And there’s no evidence to indicate that they’ve stopped. We think her growth may have been triggered by a libido enhancement experiment we were conducting on her. That turned out to backfire on us. Poor girl is more oversexed than a teenage boy.”

“Yeah, we met her,” Mich said.

“He gave me some of that, too,” Misty added with a note of resentment. It makes me uncontrollably horny all the time. I can never get enough!”

“What she says is true,” the doctor confirmed with satisfaction. “We recently discovered that Scarlett has been having regular sex with one of the security guards, and two of the med techs. We’re lucky she hasn’t gotten pregnant. Of course, she’s no longer salable as a virgin.”

Mich wanted to hit him, so she changed the subject. “What about Katie?”

“Yes, Katie 29. Like Misty here, she was another aberration. Fortunately, her breasts eventually stopped growing, and we were able to sell her at a premium.”

“Okay, now tell me about Snow,” she said, walking to a corner of the room and taking a seat on a small chair in a corner behind Kerp. “Why did you decide to make an albino?”

“Actually, Snow was a total genetic oddity. We have no idea what caused her albinism, even after doing deep research into her DNA. She just came out that way. Different face, different figure, different growth rate. We had a hard time selling her, even though she’s so lovely, and a virgin. Our clients prefer our primary model. Plus, it’s taking Snow a long time to fully mature: she’s eighteen now, and fully grown, but her breasts are still developing. Nevertheless, we finally connected with an interested customer from Dubai, who really likes Snow and was ready to buy her early next week.”

Mich shivered at the thought of that close call. “We’ll need contact information for that customer, as well as the rest your clients,” she told him.

Wilson shook his head. “Impossible. We never ask our clients for their name or any other personal information. They just send us an electronic cash transfer, and we deliver the product to them in a hotel room.”

“Shit,” the Kerpalscheikers muttered in unison.

“Okay, then,” said Mich, “we know that somebody in the Justice Department was protecting you. Tell us who that is.”

“He’s not actually *in* Justice, but he’s deeply involved with it – he also pulls strings behind the scenes in municipal law enforcement in the greater DC area. It’s Senator Albert Dickson.”

“Dickson!” repeated Kerp in shock. “Almost everything that goes on in Justice goes through his office!”

“Crap,” said Mich. “I never even considered him, but he’s in a perfect position to...”

Mich was interrupted when the front door burst open and a man in an expensive suit stepped in, pointing a large pistol with a silencer at them. Unfortunately, Mich and Kerp had holstered their weapons and were caught off guard. “No one moves, no one speaks unless I speak to you first. You two,” he said, gesturing to Kerp and Mich with his firearm, “who are you?”

“Federal agents,” Kerp replied.

“I want you both to very slowly take out your weapons and toss them over there.”

Reluctantly, they both complied. Wilson held his head in his hands and moaned, and his 'wife' began hyperventilating in absolute panic. The man turned to look at Misty, and his eyes went wide when he saw her enormous bust. "Whoa. Those are the biggest implants I've ever seen," he commented. He had not yet noticed Mich's astounding figure, since she was sitting behind Kerp on the far side of the room.

"They're not implants," corrected Wilson, not willing to have his achievement belittled, even in such a situation.

"Yeah? Let's see 'em. Come on lady, strip to the waist." Misty stared at him like a deer in headlights, frozen by fear. He moved his gun and trained it on her. "Maybe you'd rather die right now?"

"Misty!" Wilson barked. "Do as he says!"

"Oh, Will!" she pleaded.

The man stepped over to her, keeping a wary eye on his other hostages, and held the barrel of his pistol against her head. "I won't repeat myself. Just so you know, you're all gonna die here, but there's no reason we can't spend these next few precious minutes having a little fun." Crying, Misty began unbuttoning her blouse. "Doc," the man said as he watched Misty with great interest, "it's sad that the last thing you'll ever see in this life is your pretty wife giving me a nice blow job."

Kerp murmured to Mich, "Do him like you did Nix."

"Shut up over there!"

Misty undid the last button and slipped the blouse off her shoulders, revealing an extraordinarily huge brassiere, within which trembled a pair of breasts more enormous than the man had ever imagined possible. "*Please* mister," she pleaded, "don't kill me! I'll fuck you silly! A dozen times a day if you want! You've never had *anyone* like me. I can do things with my tits you wouldn't *believe*!"

"Let's see how you do with this blow job, and maybe we'll talk about it," he said coldly.

Mich, meanwhile, was working on the meaning of Kerp's cryptic instruction.

"Now take the bra off over your head so your tits flop down out of it," the man ordered.

"I can't," Misty sobbed. "They're too big! I have to unhook my bra to get it off! I'm *sorry*!"

"So shut up and unhook it. *Then* pull it up off your tits and let 'em drop."

Mich suddenly realized what Kerp had meant, and softly whispered, "Won't work. No gun." Kerp surreptitiously pulled up his right pant leg until the cuff revealed his spare firearm in an ankle holster. He quietly unsnapped the safety strap.

Misty picked up her breasts in her now loose brassiere and lifted the bra away, letting her enormous boobs come bouncing free. The man uttered an amazed curse as he watched them wiggle about.

"You're right, doc! Those aren't implants. Biggest tits I've ever seen."

"Those aren't tits," Mich said loudly.

"What?" the man replied crossly, turning to look at her.

Mich stood up and lifted up the front of her blouse, exposing and wagging her own gigantic breasts, stunningly bigger than Misty's enormous pair. "*These* are tits!" she proclaimed. The man's jaw dropped as he stood there gawking at her. With the gunman's pistol still against Misty's head, it was a risk Kerp had no choice but to take.

Inside the enclosed space, the three shots that suddenly rang out sounded like cannon fire, deafening everyone. Everyone, that is, except the armed intruder, who was dead before his face hit the hardwood.

Screaming and sobbing, Misty grabbed her clothes, and clutching them against her huge bare breasts, ran into their bedroom and slammed the door.

After a moment, Kerp asked, "Friend of yours, doc?"

Wilson shook his head. "I don't know who he is, but I know who sent him. It was the senator." He turned his head to look at Kerp, and saw Mich still standing there with her mammoth boobs bobbing nakedly. "*Great Scott!*" he exclaimed in astonishment.

"Why don't you cover those things, my dear," Kerp suggested.

"Say again?" Mich asked loudly.

Kerp increased his volume and repeated, "Put your toys away!"

"Oh. Right," she muttered.

As Mich pulled her blouse back down over her gigantic wiggling breasts, Kerp stood up and began collecting pistols off the floor. "We need to call local law about this," he said. "It'd be rude to kill a hitman and just leave the body with no explanation."

Mich pulled out her phone and tapped the number. "This is federal agent Michelle Kerpalscheiker. I have an incident to report. Yes, I'll hold," she said. As she stood there waiting to be connected, she said, "Kerp. Check on Misty."

He first walked over to Mich, handed her firearm to her, and then headed to the master bedroom. He knocked, but heard no response. After knocking again repeatedly, he opened the door and peeked in. Not seeing Misty, he entered the room and saw open drawers and clothing strewn across the bed. Then he noticed an open window with its screen on the floor nearby.

He hurried back into the living room and called, "She's gone! She went out a window." He yanked the front door open and ran into the street, but looking both ways, he saw no one. He turned around and noticed there was a car missing from the driveway. Coming back inside, Kerp announced, "Her car is gone."

"You'll probably never see her again," Wilson said. "She has a small fortune stashed away somewhere, I never could figure out where."

"Why didn't we hear the car start and pull out?" Kerp asked, mystified.

"It's a hybrid. In full electric mode it's virtually silent," the doctor replied.

"Kerp, forget about her," Mich said. "Our warrant is for this guy. Let's just focus on bringing him back to DC. As soon as we give our statements to the local cops, we'll get him on the plane and head out."



It was a relief to be in the air at last, after a long and tiring interface with the Pompano Beach police. Wilson was seated at the back of the plane cuffed to a special seat designed to accommodate prisoners, while the Kerpalscheikers sat not far away, relaxing in nicer seats near the front.

Mich sat silently looking out the window for a long time. Gazing at the clouds, she finally reflected, "That was too close for comfort." Then turning to Kerp she said, "Let's not tell the girls how close we came to —"

"Yeah, let's not. I keep seeing the look on that man's face when I shot him. A split second of shock, and then it just went blank. I don't think I'll ever be able to forget it," Kerp murmured solemnly.

"It was a righteous kill, babe. It was him or all four of us. I'm sure glad you kept your head and came up with that plan. That was nice shooting, by the way. Two in the chest and one mid-forehead."

"The head shot was just in case he was wearing a vest," Kerp explained. "By the way, I like what you did with that line from *Crocodile Dundee*."

"You wouldn't believe how long I've been waiting to use that!"

Kerp chuckled. After a moment of reflection, he commented, "And you said 'tits'."

"Yes, I did," admitted Mich with a grin. "Couldn't help it – it was an emergency. I still don't like the word, but the very rudeness of it was just what I needed to get that man's attention."

"I think it was something else that got his attention," replied Kerp.

"By the way," said Mich, "I'm sorry it took me a while to figure out what you meant when you told me to 'do him like I did Nix'."

"No apology necessary. It was pretty abbreviated, out of necessity. But it only took you a few seconds to put it together – it just *seemed* longer under the circumstances. That day years ago when Nix had me pinned down, flashing your big boobs at him saved my life. This time you saved *four* lives."

"That credit goes to you, my sweet hero. Well, I should call the house and let the girls know we're on our way, and that we'll be getting in late."



It was well after midnight at the end of a long, difficult, yet fruitful day when the weary Kerpalscheikers finally got home. Their daughters had left the kitchen light on for them, but they were nowhere to be seen, and were presumably in bed asleep.

Kerp went straight to the refrigerator, and Mich was right behind him. They'd missed both lunch and supper, and there'd been no food on the plane. They stood pigging out together, Mich leaning against the island and Kerp opposite her, against the fridge.

"It feels so good to have Wilson in custody," Mich commented between bites.

"It never would have happened without Snow's help. What an amazing kid she is!" said Kerp.

"She sure is. *Our* kid, babe. What a blessing they all are."

"I know. We love them all so much. It's kinda crazy after so short a time."

"Yeah. I guess that's how parenthood works. A couple has a baby – a little person they know nothing about – and they instantly fall in love with it," Mich said. She lifted another spoonful of yogurt to her mouth, and half of it sloughed off the spoon and fell. There was nowhere for it land except on the nearly horizontal top of Mich's giant bosom. "Crap," she muttered. "Well, this needs to go in the wash anyway."

She pulled the top off over her head and her tremendous bare breasts bounced out into view. Their motion was further fueled as she walked to the adjacent laundry room and then returned.

"Y'know," began Kerp, "after all these years of being married to you, I can tell when you purposely walk to make your boobs extra bouncy."

Smiling at him, Mich picked up her immense tits and began casually rolling them against each other, which always drove Kerp insane. "You know me so well." Then she dropped her colossal tits and started swinging them side to side.

Kerp chuckled. "Yeah, and you know me pretty well, too. How to render me utterly helpless," he said, stepping up to her and caressing her huge breasts. "Odd, isn't it? That, tired as we are after such an exhausting day, we both want to make love!"

"It is odd," Mich said softly. "You know what I think the reason is? It's because we both came so close to dying today. Maybe sex is a way of psychologically fleeing to the extreme opposite – to life. To love. We just want to suck it all in!"

Kerp lifted one of her gigantic breasts and sucked in its fat nipple.

Moaning, she reached down to undo his pants.

After a minute or two of serious fondling, Mich turned her back and set her gigantic boobs one at a time on top of the kitchen island, and then pulled down her skirt and panties, offering her fanny to him. Her huge tits were amazing to see, resting on the countertop and mounding up impressively.

Kerp was about to go into her when he had to pause. "Babe, as many times as we've done this here, our kitchen is a public place these days. One of the girls might come down for a midnight snack. That'd be a real wienie shrinker."

"Oh my," Mich said, straightening up and lifting her heavy breasts off the island. "You're right, this could be embarrassing. So. Let's go upstairs. Right *now*!"

They were soon within the private confines of their master bedroom, and for the next hour or so, made love to each other with passionate intensity. Mich's gigantic breasts were the center of attention as always, with Kerp deriving intense pleasure from their extraordinary size and heavy firmness, while Mich was driven to heights of extreme arousal at her husband's hands. She was a moaner, and Kerp loved to hear her cries of ecstasy as she repeatedly climaxed in their lovemaking.

Out in the darkened hallway, Katie sat cross-legged against the wall beside the Kerpalscheikers' closed bedroom door, eating a candy bar while quietly listening to her adoptive parents' sexual frolicking. Snow had been in her bedroom reading before going to sleep, until at last, her eyes would no longer stay open. She got up to go have a final pee, but upon exiting her room and coming into the hallway, she encountered Katie.

"What are you doing?" Snow asked.

"Ssh! I'm listening," Katie replied quietly.

"To what?" Snow whispered.

"Mom and Dad. They're doing it."

"Doing what? Oh! They're having sex?"

"Yeah – well, more than just that. I've had sex so many times it'd make your head spin, but the sounds they're making are nothing like I've ever heard. Those two are so crazy about each other!"

Snow smiled at the memory of the day she'd met the Kerpalscheikers, and all the wonderful things she'd been told.

"They're making love," Snow observed. "Dad told me that making love is having sex with someone who has your whole heart. Someone you think about all the time and you want to be with them every minute of every day, and nobody else."

"I bet those were his exact words, weren't they?" Katie asked, feeling sure that was the case.

"Yeah," Snow answered off-handedly. "He also said they do it a lot," she added with a quiet giggle.

"Let's be real quiet and listen to them," Katie said.

"Is this okay for us to do?"

"I guess – as long as we don't do something to interrupt them."

"You mean, get caught!" Snow corrected.

"Yeah."

Snow sat down on the floor next to Katie, and they eavesdropped on their parents for several minutes, hearing only giggles, grunts, and groans, with the occasional muffled remark. Eventually came a crescendo of moans from Mich's soprano voice, culminating in shrieks of climactic pleasure and release.

"Mom had an orgasm, didn't she?" whispered Snow.

"That's her third one since I've been listening."

“What’s that like?”

Katie grinned crookedly. “It’s the best thing you can feel. I’ve had them by myself, but I never got one from a man. All they cared about was satisfying themselves and then they were through with me. Dad is apparently nothing like that, though!”

“His wife’s pleasure is more important to him than his own,” Snow concluded. “I want that kind of husband someday.”

“Mm. Yeah, it would be awesome to love somebody like they love each other.”

The girls listened for another minute, and Snow then commented, “Listen to them! Sometimes they sound like children playing.”

Katie smiled at that. “Yeah. They do.”

Little Michelle’s bedroom door cracked open and she poked her head out. Seeing her sisters sitting there, she snorted a laugh and whispered, “Shame on you two!” Tiptoeing out, she added, “For doing what I came out here to do!” Squatting down next to Snow, she said softly, “That last one actually woke me up, so I thought I’d come out and spy on them.”

“We’re not spying, we’re eavesdropping,” Snow corrected.

Katie shushed them and said, “I think she’s going for another one already!”

They listened intently as Mich began repeating the word ‘oh’ with ever-increasing volume and intensity, and before long they started to hear Kerp groaning with supreme pleasure as well. The sounds of their mutual orgasm seemed to continue for a prolonged time, finally dissolving into delighted sighs and laughter.

Snow chuckled and elbowed little Michelle. “Look how big Katie’s boobs are now,” she whispered.

Little Michelle leaned forward and saw that Katie’s breasts were significantly more gigantic than they normally were, and their enlarged size was severely stressing her flannel nightgown. “Having a good time, there?” little Michelle whispered hoarsely.

Katie shushed her, laughing at the same time. “Yeah, I’m gonna have to change my panties!”



The next morning the Kerpalscheikers elected to commute in separate vehicles, because Mich wanted to get a load of laundry started before leaving, and Kerp had an early meeting. After the chore had been completed, she was driving to work when she received a frantic phone call from Katie, begging her to come back home at once because little Michelle woke up sick. Mich wheeled around and hurried back to the house, letting Kerp know on the way that she would be late coming in, and why.

Arriving home, she entered the house and called out Katie’s name. The girl’s urgent response came from upstairs, and from her tone, it was apparent that she was scared. Mich bounded up the steps toward the sound of her daughters’ voices, following it to little Michelle’s bedroom.

Mich hurried into the room and saw little Michelle sitting on the edge of her bed, bent forward, hugging herself and groaning, with Snow and Katie sitting on either side, comforting her. There was great distress in little Michelle’s face, which was flushed red and dripping sweat. Mich rushed over to the girls and said, “What’s wrong?”

Snow looked pleadingly at her. “Michelle found where you hid those breast enlargement pills, and she took *all* of them!”

“Oh no!” A guilty rush swept over Mich. “How many?” she asked, kneeling before little Michelle.

“I don’t know,” the girl groaned. “I took all that was left – maybe six or seven.”

It was then that Mich noticed how much bigger her daughter's breasts had become. The shirt she was wearing had large gaps stretched between its buttons, which were being pulled beyond what they were designed to withstand. She was obviously not wearing a bra, and her nipples had become extremely large and distended, poking out prominently into the fabric. Her growing boobs were visibly throbbing with each heartbeat. As Mich gazed at the girl's swollen bust, one of the buttons actually popped off before her eyes.

"She's hot," said Snow. (It took Mich a moment to shift gears and realize what Snow meant.) "Feel her forehead."

Mich reached out and laid her palm against little Michelle's head, which was alarmingly feverish. "Snow, run and get some electrolyte drinks from the six-pack in the refrigerator. Bring two bottles. Hurry!"

Snow dashed out of the room and disappeared down the stairs, taking them two at a time and clutching her enormous breasts against her to keep them under control.

"Sweetie," Mich said, turning to little Michelle, "do you feel nauseated? Do you have any pain anywhere?"

The young woman replied, "No, it's not pain. But my whole body feels like – like I'm being squeezed through a really narrow place. And my boobs feel really tight and heavy!" She began crying. "I'm so sorry I disobeyed you, Mom!"

"It's not all your fault, hon," Mich said, stroking her hair gently. "It's partly mine for giving you those pills when I knew for myself how addictive they are. I probably had a little too much wine that night. I'll never forgive myself if..." She decided not to pursue to that particular line of thought any further.

There was a pop and then the sound of something small and hard bouncing across the floor. "There goes another button," observed Katie.

"Hon, would you please bring me a damp washcloth? Cold water, moist, not dripping."

"Sure," Katie replied, rushing out.

"Here, sit up, sweetie," said Mich. "Let me see how big you've gotten."

Little Michelle straightened up and pushed out her chest for Mich to observe. This action caused another button to pop off, allowing the young woman's enlarged bosom to shift slightly downward. Her breasts were enormous! She had gone from being a merely spectacularly well-built girl to having tits so huge that she would never again be overlooked when out in public with the other females of her family. And her awesome boobs were still growing.

"Wow, sweetie. I've never seen breasts get so big this fast."

Katie then returned and handed the washcloth to Mich, who applied it to little Michelle's forehead.

"Ah, that feels good, Mom – thank you!"

Just then Snow returned with a bottle of electrolyte drink in each hand. Mich opened one of them and gave it to little Michelle, silently commanding her to drink. The girl eagerly proceeded to down the entire bottle.

"Wow!" she murmured. "I didn't realize I was so thirsty."

"Your body is creating new tissue using raw material from the rest of your body, especially fluids, so it's vital that you hydrate. Here, have some more."

Snow opened the second one and gave it to little Michelle, who drank it with only slightly less urgency than the first.

"How come you know all about this, Mom?" inquired Snow, not taking her eyes off little Michelle.

"Something like this happened to me once. A doctor from the agency helped me through it. I hadn't taken as many as Michelle did, but I was feverish and – like she said, I felt like I was being squeezed all over. And that's what's actually happening right now. Her body is all about growing her breasts bigger and bigger, and it's squeezing the rest of her body to do it, like pressing juice out of a piece of fruit."

Just then they heard a ripping sound from little Michelle's shirt as her boobs continued to swell. Then another button popped off, starting a chain reaction of multiple buttons snapping away until the front of her shirt burst open and her

now-colossal breasts slid out into the open, bouncing and wiggling. Looking down at her swelling tits, she asked, “Are my boobs going to stay this size?”

Mich couldn’t tell if the question was hopeful or apprehensive. “Well, right now your breasts are still growing, but eventually – hopefully soon – your fever will break, and the growth will taper off. After that, they’ll get a little smaller as your body sends its fluids back to where they’re supposed to be. But I’d say when this is all over, your breasts will be at least as big as they are right now.”

All four women stared in wonder at little Michelle’s exposed tits. They were now a bit bigger than Snow’s huge boobs, and still gaining serious size. They throbbed with each heartbeat, nodding and undulating with every breath.

“So, if my boobs are going to shrink a little because my body will equalize its fluid,” little Michelle said between panting breaths, “then does that mean that the more fluids I drink now, the less they’ll shrink?”

Mich frowned as she considered the idea. “Well – I don’t know for sure, but it sounds logical.”

“Then bring me a couple more bottles, please!” little Michelle pleaded, raising to her lips the one she had started. She drained what was left as Snow went to get more.

“How are you doing, sweetie?” asked Mich, brushing a strand of hair away from little Michelle’s face.

Little Michelle looked at her and replied, “The drinks and the washcloth help a lot, but the way you’re caring for me – I think that helps the most. You’re such a good mom, and I’m such a bad daughter, going behind your back and doing what you told me not to do! I feel like I betrayed you!”

“I forgive you, honey,” Mich assured her emphatically. “Like I said, I know what you’re going through. Michelle, I want you to remember that no matter what mistakes you might ever make, no matter how bad you screw up in life, I’ll *always* be your mom, and I’ll *always* love you! That will never, ever change.”

Mich noticed that not only were there tears in little Michelle’s eyes, but tough Katie was also tearful as she watched the exchange. Forgiveness was a moving anomaly that they’d never encountered prior to coming to live with the Kerpalscheikers.

It wasn’t long until Snow returned with three bottles of the electrolyte drink. As she entered the room, she saw her sister afresh and exclaimed, “Michelle, your breasts are totally *enormous*!” Snow knelt and handed a bottle to her.

Little Michelle opened it and replied, “I know. At least that’s something good to come out of this.”

“But they’re so reddish. Is that okay, Mom?” asked Snow.

“That’ll go away,” Mich replied.

“They don’t look all that red to me,” observed little Michelle, looking down at them.

Snow reached out her arm and held it next to one of her sister’s swelling breasts, and the contrast made the point: the hue of little Michelle’s inflamed skin stood out in vivid contrast to Snow’s complexion. “Wow,” said the other three women in unison as they regarded the comparison.

Little Michelle’s huge boobs continued to swell as they all watched, snapping off the remaining buttons of the shirt she was wearing. At that point she decided to take it off: it was no longer serviceable, due both to its lack of buttons and its inability to span the young woman’s enormously enlarged bosom.

“Ahh,” she murmured, “that makes things cooler. I think I might feel better if I stood up.”

“Alright, hon. Now, Katie and Snow, let’s all be ready to catch her in case she gets light-headed.”

Little Michelle rose to her feet, supported on both sides by the other women. Standing there upright and topless, the spectacular increase in the size of her tits became more evident. They were extraordinarily huge, jutting out boldly from her chest and bobbing noticeably with her pulse.

“Wow, Michelle,” intoned Snow respectfully. They’re positively *humongous*!”



“At first your breasts will be bulbous and sit high on your chest like this, because they’re so swollen. But after the growth is finished and they lose a little size, their shape will become more relaxed and natural.”

“Okay,” said little Michelle.

“Are they still growing?” asked Katie.

“She still looks flushed,” Mich replied. Putting her palm on her daughter’s forehead, she affirmed, “And she’s still feverish. Her breasts will continue to grow until those symptoms are gone.”

Little Michelle’s boobs continued to acquire more and more real estate on her chest, protruding out farther with every breath while constantly throbbing and pulsating. She took her engorged tits in her hands and hefted them. “They’re so wonderfully big and heavy! I have to reach way out to touch my nipples now.” Saying this, she demonstrated. “Good grief!” she exclaimed. “They feel big around as hot dogs!” she commented with a smile. The next moment, her eyelids fluttered and her grin faded. “Uh-oh,” she murmured. “Hold me. I feel weird.”

She suddenly went limp, suspended between Mich and Snow, who were still holding her up by the arms.

“Let’s ease her down and sit her on the edge of the bed,” Mich instructed. That done, Mich sat beside her and said, “Now, help me lean her forward so her head is between her knees. Get the blood back to her head.” As they eased her over with her shoulders between her knees, little Michelle’s huge breasts hung down and poked their tips against the floor.

Under her breath, Mich murmured, “Please don’t let anything happen to my baby daughter!”

After an agonizing minute, little Michelle raised her head and blinked. “What happened?” she mumbled. “How come my boobs are on the floor?”

“You’re okay, hon. Can you sit up?”

“Uh, yeah. Sure.”

“Alright, sit up slowly. Easy now. How are you feeling?”

“Actually, I’m feeling much better now,” said little Michelle as she raised herself up. “I feel cooler. More relaxed. Hey, look at this! My boobs are so big now, they’re sittin’ on my thighs!”

Snow gasped at the sight and exclaimed, “Michelle! They’re so big!”

Katie whistled low and asked, “You think the worst is over now?”

Mich felt her daughter’s forehead. “I believe so. Her temperature seems normal now, and her skin isn’t so red anymore.”

Little Michelle then announced, “I want to try standing again.”

“Okay, sweetie,” said mama Mich. “Snow, hang onto her other arm. Katie, stand by to help us in case she faints again.”

“Actually, I think I’ll be alright,” little Michelle said. She got to her feet and kept her balance without incident. “Okay, you guys can let go now. I feel much better.” They tentatively released her, and she remained steady on her feet. “*Whoa!*” she exclaimed, looking down at her engorged breasts. “Are these really my boobs? This is amazing! Look how ginormous they are! Obviously not as huge as yours, Katie, but now at least I’m in the same league with the other Kerpalscheiker ladies. And yes, I know that’s silly. But still – just *look* at them!” She clutched their firm flesh and rolled them against each other a few times. “Wow – it feels *wonderful* to have such huge boobs!” she murmured, lifting them up and letting them fall. As they bounced and wobbled about, she added, “I regret the way it happened, but I love the results!”

“So, you definitely took *all* the pills that were left?” asked Mich.

“Yeah,” little Michelle said, nodding meekly. “Every last one.”

“So, you’ll experience some withdrawal for a time. It’ll last about a week to ten days. Nothing terrible, but annoying. Just keep yourself occupied – find something to take your mind off it.”

“Okay,” little Michelle said, stepping over to look at herself in a mirror. True to the DNA that had been used to beget her – Mich’s DNA – her enormous breasts were super firm, projecting out from her chest as if some invisible support were being employed. They reacted to each subtle movement of her body, nodding as they swayed in lazy arcs. She admired her altered figure, turning this way and that, commenting, “I guess I’m going to need some new tops!”



The senator had been sitting at his desk all morning, just staring. The last time he’d had a report from his asset, the man had located Doctor Wilson and was on his way to take care of the problem – but that was almost 48 hours ago, and there had been no further word. He was on pins and needles, unable to concentrate on his work until he knew that things were satisfactorily resolved.

Outside his door, his executive assistant looked up as the outer door opened and two women walked in. She was about to ask how she could help them when she noticed the extreme enormity of both women’s bosoms, and she became temporarily speechless.

The busty ladies presented her with their ID’s. “Federal agents, ma’am. Is the senator in?”

“Uh – yes he is. What shall I –”

Before she could finish, the women walked past her and entered the senator’s inner office. Startled from his thoughts, he looked up at them, and a chill ran through him when he saw their huge busts. Seeing one such woman under normal circumstances would be delightful, but when two spectacularly endowed women enter his office dressed in suits and looking stern, that could mean only one thing at a time like this.

“Senator Albert Dickson? We’re agents Church and Jones from the SEA. You’re under arrest for treason, human trafficking, kidnapping, and conspiracy to commit murder.”

He sat staring at them for a moment, and then sighed, “Okay.” He opened a desk drawer and drew out a pistol.

That was something totally unexpected from the old man, and the moment Faith and Gail saw the weapon, they dove aside and took cover behind two upholstered chairs that sat opposite the senator’s desk. A thunderclap shook the room, and then the sound of a body falling onto the carpet. After several seconds of silence, Faith peeked out and saw the senator’s form lying beside his desk with a bloody mess splattered across the wall. It was a quick and final resolution, but a grim one that enmeshed the two curvaceous SEA agents in bureaucratic procedure for the rest of the day.



Mich stood in the kitchen making list of grocery items that needed to be replenished. She stepped over to the stairwell and called out, “I’m going to the store! Anybody want to come?” Usually if anyone tagged along, it would be Katie to provide her input as the household chef; but this time a chorus of voices answered her, and momentarily all three girls came prancing down the stairs, talking and giggling. The ultra-busty young women appeared in the kitchen, wearing jeans and skimpy tops, with no brassieres to encumber the rocking of their enormous breasts.

“Wow,” said Mich. “Full house!”

Little Michelle grinned happily and said, “I’m excited to go out in public and show off my new figure!”

“Well, it’ll be great to have you come along! Yay! I’ll have all my beautiful daughters with me on a grocery run!”

Kerp then entered the kitchen from the garage, where he’d just finished vacuuming out both of their vehicles. When he saw them all, he said, “Hello, family!”

“Hey, babe,” Mich replied. “We’re going to the store. Wanna come?”

He stopped and looked at the four spectacularly busty women. “I’d love to be a fly on the wall to see people’s reactions when you all come bouncing into Trader Joe’s! However, I don’t think I could fit in the same car with all these boobs!” he said with a wink.

The ladies all laughed, and Mich shook her head, saying, “I’m not going to ask how you meant that!”

“Seriously, though, you girls go ahead. I have some things I need to do.”

“Uh-huh,” said Mich, “like *not* go to the store.”

“That’s one of them,” he replied smiling. Then he became serious and said, “Katie, I have a question for you.”

“Okay.”

“First, do you have any plans for tomorrow morning?”

She shook her head. “Nope. Why?”

“Would you like to take a ride with me, and we’ll try to track down where the Smith house is?”

“I’ve been wondering when you’d ask. It’ll be my absolute pleasure!”

“Great!”

“If we find the Smiths tomorrow, are you going to arrest them right then?”

“No, we’ll come back later with a team. Probably the following day.”

“Can I also come along with you when you bust them?” Katie asked. “I want to see their faces.”

Kerp looked at Mich and asked, “Whadya say, boss?”

“Sure, Katie. You deserve that moment.”

“Thanks, Mom.”

“Fantastic,” said Kerp. “Be ready to walk out the door at 9:00 AM. Traffic won’t be so heavy by then, and we can cruise around more easily.”



Having already cleaned up the kitchen after breakfast, Katie was dressed and waiting to go well before 9:00. Kerp came down from upstairs not wearing his usual suit, but was dressed casually so he wouldn’t look like a fed.

“Okay, Miss Kerpalscheiker – you ready to ride?” asked Kerp as he entered the kitchen.

Katie was sitting at the island, exploring her new smart phone. “Absolutely, Dad!” She stuffed the phone in a pocket of her jeans and hopped off the stool, following Kerp into the garage.

They spent a couple of hours driving around the DC area proper, and although Katie found the sights as intriguing as any tourist would, she saw nothing that looked familiar in terms of locating the Smith house. Though the morning had been unfruitful thus far, it was a pleasant and relaxed time spent together, getting to know each other outside the context of the rest of the family. Katie asked Kerp how he and Mich met, and he told her about how they’d hit it off from the start, and how their relationship had deepened over a long time until they finally overcame the barrier of friendship and became lovers.

“Why didn’t you two just tell each other how you felt, Dad?” asked Katie.

"Well, speaking for myself," Kerp explained, "I was afraid Mich might not feel the same way I do, and that she'd be so creeped out by such a revelation that I'd lose her as a friend. My relationship with her was just too precious for me to risk that."

Katie smiled. "But she did feel the same about you."

"Yeah, I eventually figured that out."

"She and I spent hours talking about absolutely everything when I first came to live at your house – I mean at *home* – and she talked a *lot* about you. She's totally crazy about you, Dad!"

Kerp nodded and sighed. "I'm still in complete amazement by that, even after all this time."

"I never believed that love was real until I met you two."

"Sure you did. You loved Snow before that, didn't you?"

"True, but I mean romance. Besides, a person can't help but love that girl. Even a person as cynical as I was."

"Yeah. She's a real bright spot in this world."

They drove in comfortable silence for a while, as Katie looked out her window studying the scenery in hopes of spotting something familiar. Occasionally she'd tell Kerp to make a turn here or there, thinking she might have walked the area during her escape from the Smith house, but nothing panned out.

As the hour approached noon, Kerp turned to Katie and asked, "Are you hungry yet? Wanna get some lunch?"

"Yeah, that sounds good."

"How about a burger? D'ya like fast food?"

"I think so. I used to like the hamburgers they served at the Lab, but I've never eaten at one of those burger places."

"Really? My goodness, that's almost a rite of passage. So, you never ate fast food while you were living on the street?"

"No. When I bought food, I always went to a grocery store. It's cheaper."

"Well my dear, you are about to discover the joys of fast food."

"Why is it called 'fast'?"

"Well, in a regular restaurant you have to wait a while for your food after you order it, but with fast food, you only wait a minute or two. Usually."

As they drove on, Katie grinned with anticipation, as if she'd been invited to eat with royalty. They soon found a burger joint and pulled into the lot. It was not quite noon yet, but there was already a small crowd lining up at the counter, and as Kerp and Katie entered and took their place at the end of a line, people began to take notice of the phenomenally busty young woman. She was wearing an SEA-designed sweatshirt that was specially woven to hug the contours of a pair of immense boobs, and it did absolutely nothing to conceal their size. The amazed expressions on the faces of both genders and all ages were something Kerp was quite accustomed to seeing, being the husband of a woman with breasts of comparable enormity, but such reactions were always entertaining.

They studied the menu board for a while, and after Kerp had made his decision, he turned to Katie and asked, "Do you know what you want?"

She was standing there with a dumbfounded look on her face. "All these things! What should I get?" she pleaded.

"Well, let's see. It goes without saying that your entrée should be a burger. I recommend adding a slice of cheese to make it a cheeseburger..."

She nodded. "Definitely cheese."

"...and I might also recommend adding bacon."

“That sounds yummy.”

“Okay, a bacon cheeseburger it is. And fries are a must. Now – what to drink? They have all kinds of soft drinks, plus tea, coffee, or water.”

After pondering the drink menu for a moment, she asked, “They have beer made out of roots?”

Kerp chuckled. “It’s really nothing like beer – except for the foam – and I don’t think they make it out of sassafras roots anymore, but it’s good. If you’re interested, give it a try, and if you don’t like it, we’ll get you something else.”

“Okay, good deal.”

When they arrived at the cash register, the girl’s eyes widened momentarily when she saw the insanely busty customer, but she kept her cool. Kerp ordered for both of them, and soon they had their food.

Kerp carried their tray into the seating area and headed for a vacant table, but before he could say anything, he turned and saw Katie about to sit at a booth, suggesting, “Let’s sit here.” As she sat down, her enormous boobs came down on the tabletop, which she’d expected, but when she tried to push the table back, she was surprised that it wouldn’t budge.

Kerp laughed as he looked at her sitting there with her giant tits spread out on the table, and she started laughing too. “I was going to suggest,” Kerp said, setting down the tray, “that we sit here at this table. See? It moves. And so do the chairs.”

Grinning, Katie held out a hand and asked, “Help me up?”

Kerp helped her off the bench, and keeping her hand in his, led her to the table and held out a chair for her, which surprised and pleased her. He sat down and distributed their food items one by one from the tray, and Katie dug into her meal, eating voraciously. With her mouth full of both burger and fries, she declared, “This is *great!*”

“Ah. Welcome to American culture! I guess I should mention, in case you don’t know – not everyone approves of this kind of food. I myself love it.”

“People say this is bad?” Katie asked. “Have they tasted it?”

“It’s not the taste they object to,” Kerp explained. “They say this stuff is high in fat, which is probably true, but in my experience, fat tastes good. A steady diet of this stuff would probably not be beneficial. They also say the beef has growth hormones in it, which some people claim makes girls develop sooner. And bigger.”

Katie looked at him as she finished her bite. “And that’s a bad thing?”

Kerp smiled. “Not in my book.”

“Yeah, I’d figured that out about you.”

“That probably wasn’t hard to do.”

“Actually, it took me a while. I assumed you might be, since you’re married to a woman with boobs like nobody’s business, but I’ve never seen you look at me. Well, except for the first time we met, but that was different. You couldn’t help that. What I mean is – you know: checking me out – looking at my body in a sexual way,” Katie said. “You look at my eyes.” He was at that time doing that very thing, and they gazed at each other comfortably for a long silent moment. Finally, Katie said quietly, “You’re the only man I’ve ever trusted, Dad.”

Kerp felt a big lump in his throat, but he smiled at her and replied, “That means so much to me, sweetheart.”

After lunch, they got back in the car and resumed their search. Katie watched out the window, nursing her second root beer as they drove, studying the scenery in hopes of seeing something familiar. They’d been driving for about an hour when she suddenly sat bolt upright and shrieked, “Stop, Dad!” Kerp pulled over to the side of the road and parked.

“What do you see, hon?” he asked.

“That old-timey looking house with the pointy roof thing that looks like a witch’s hat.”

“Yeah, the Victorian with the turret.”

“I walked past that house the morning I escaped from the Smiths. I thought it was so pretty – I looked at it the whole time I was walking by. That’s definitely the same house.”

“Fantastic. Alright, now which way were you coming from that morning?” asked Kerp.

“That way. See that side street ahead? Turn right there.”

Kerp eased out onto the street and drove slowly along as Katie directed. She took them through neighborhoods that became increasingly more luxurious, the homes more opulent. At last, they came to the entrance of a gated community. Katie was certain that the house they were looking for was beyond the automated gate, so Kerp parked nearby and shut off the motor.

“Well, we can’t open that gate, but we can walk around it. You game?”

The expression on her face was resolute as she replied, “Definitely.”

They got out, locked the vehicle, and started walking into the neighborhood. The houses were palatial, with lawns like golf courses and long driveways leading to multi-vehicle garages the size of a middle-class ranch home. After walking for ten or fifteen minutes, Katie stopped short and grabbed Kerp’s hand tightly. Staring with fear at one of the mansions, she whispered, “That’s it, Dad! I remember! That’s the house!” They stood in silence, gazing at it. “So, what now?” she asked.

Kerp took his phone out and replied, “I’m sending the address and GPS location to my lovely wife. She’ll start organizing a raid on the residence. It’ll probably go down early tomorrow morning, before Mr. Smith goes to work. Do you know what time he leaves?”

“No, I don’t. They kept me locked in my room on the top floor, and the only time I heard what was going on in the rest of the house was when they were fighting. And I never saw anyone come or go, because my room didn’t have windows.”

“You poor girl,” Kerp murmured sadly, studying a page on his phone. “By the way, the Smiths’ real names are Harold and Elizabeth Carmichael.”



The posh neighborhood had never witnessed anything like the scene that was taking place on their street that morning. In the driveway of the Carmichael residence was parked an SEA SWAT van and two black SUVs, all with their blue lights flashing, plus one more black SUV parked in front of the house for good measure.

Katie sat with Mich in one of the SUVs until the team had the Carmichaels in custody. The radio crackled to life, informing the Director that the house was secure. Mich looked at Katie and said, “You’re sure you want to go in?”

The bosomy girl nodded. “I’m sure.”

“Now, I need to impress upon you that you may not touch the prisoners in any way. Although I understand your wanting revenge, we can’t allow you to have any physical contact with the Carmichaels. Legally, that’s assault, and their lawyers will eat you for lunch.”

“Don’t worry, Mom. *This* is my revenge. I just want to gloat. I want them to know it was me that brought this down on them.”

“That works.” Mich opened the vehicle’s door and said, “Stay with me.”

Harold and Elizabeth Carmichael, AKA the Smiths, sat crying at their kitchen table, their wrists handcuffed behind their backs. The outside door opened, and the ultra-busty Director of the SEA stepped inside, followed by her equally bosomy young companion, wearing a smart business suit that Mich had loaned her for the occasion. A dread chill came over the

Carmichaels the moment they saw Katie. She and Mich walked up to the couple and stood looking at them. The only reason the Carmichaels didn't stare down in shame was due to the fact that looming over them were four of the most enormous breasts in the world, and the couple couldn't tear their eyes away.

"Hello, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Smith. Remember me?"

Mich couldn't suppress a brief snicker at such a question, but quickly regained her businesslike demeanor. "Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael, I'm Michelle Kerpalscheiker, Director of the federal Strategic Endowments Agency," she said, presenting her badge and ID. "You two have had your rights explained to you, correct?" she asked.

Harold nodded dejectedly. Elizabeth just sobbed.

Katie took out her phone and snapped a couple of pictures of the Carmichaels.

"Do you have to do that?" Harold muttered. "Don't you need our permission or something?"

Katie gave him a steely look and replied, "Did you ever ask my permission to take all those pictures of *me*? It's tit for tat, Mr. Smith! So to speak. And by the way, how many times did you fuck me without asking my permission?"

"Which reminds me, Mr. Carmichael," injected Mich, "we'll be estimating the number of times you did have sex with Katie, and you'll be charged with that many counts of rape. And Mrs. Carmichael, you'll be charged as an accessory to those and the other crimes your husband is accused of."

"Harold, you ass!" spat Elizabeth through angry tears. "Look what you've done to us with your idiotic perversions! You've brought shame on both our families! I *hate* you!"

"Katie has agreed to testify against both of you in court," the Director advised. "Mrs. Carmichael, you can't be forced to testify against your husband, but in this kind of criminal case you can waive that right if you choose to do so. Just sayin'."

"I'm done here, Mom," Katie said tersely, turning to leave. As Mich followed her out the door, the Carmichaels looked at each other in mute trepidation, sharing the same one-word question: *Mom*?

Mich temporarily left the scene of the arrest to drive Katie back home. They drove in silence for a while, and at last Mich asked, "Are you okay, hon?"

Katie nodded. "I'm fine. I feel really good, in fact. Not because I got revenge. Because this really *wasn't* revenge: it was justice. Clean. I like that. It's better. It's *right*."

"You're a wise young woman, Miss Kate."

"Mom – when I'm ready to have a job, after I get some school – I'd like to do what you do. I want to be an SEA agent. Is that even possible?"

Mich smiled proudly. "In fact, you're just the kind of girl I'd want to recruit. I call it the three B's: beauty, boobs and brains! Yes, it's absolutely possible. A college degree is preferable, but that can be waived in special cases."

"Oh, I'm already working toward that online."

"That's great, hon!"

"Something else," Katie ventured.

"What is it?"

Katie grinned impishly. "When I become an agent – could I get my breasts enlarged?"

Mich chuckled. "Well, of course, my dear! Company policy: big as you can stand!"



The Kerpalscheikers' basement was outfitted as a workout room, which primarily served as a venue for Mich to practice her various martial arts. Kerp had a treadmill and exercise bike there too, but more often than not, his use of that equipment was an excuse to watch Mich as she worked out in her skimpy outfits.

Ever since the girls had come to live with them, Mich had been concerned for the safety of her adoptive daughters, and had recently begun training all three of them how to defend themselves against personal attack. This knowledge had come in very handy for Mich numerous times. The three young women were keen to learn, and they were doing very well at it.

Over the years, Mich had fine-tuned her martial arts skills to adjust for the considerable mass of her bust, and had even invented ways of using her unique center of balance to her advantage. After one exhausting lesson, while they were all still panting, Mich whisked off her top, lifted her tremendous bare boobs atop one arm, and towed their undersides and the skin of her torso where they had been lying.

Katie started doing the same, and as little Michelle looked on, she commented, "Honestly, I cannot figure out which one of you two has the bigger boobs! Katie's stick out farther, but Mom's are fuller. Rounder."

"I know," said Katie. "But it seems to me that there must be some method of quantifying both volumes for comparison."

"Wow, Katie," little Michelle commented. "Where'd you learn all that scientist talk?"

"Well, I *am* a scientist! Reading was one thing nasty ol' Mr. Smith allowed me to do, and he let me borrow his old science textbooks. It was a good escape."

Mich was always eager to advance the girls' education, and prompted, "So Katie, how *would* you go about quantifying those volumes?"

"I don't know, I'd have to think about it."

"Go ahead and do that. Study the problem; do some online research. Oh, and I'll give you the phone number of a friend of mine at the agency, who runs the Documentation Department. She's the expert when it comes to measuring enormous breasts. She can probably give you some helpful pointers. Then after you figure that out, let's have a friendly measure-off, and see who's got the bigger boobs," suggested Mich with a smile. "All in good fun, okay?"

"Oh, that'd be cool!" replied Katie enthusiastically.



The martial arts training was going so well with Katie, little Michelle, and Snow, that Mich decided that all the former captives should have the same opportunity. So, Tuesday and Thursday evenings became class night at the Kerpalscheiker house, and an open invitation was extended to all the Lab girls who were interested. Mich requisitioned two government vans and drivers to shuttle the girls to and from the house.

A couple weeks into the program, Kerp heard the vans pull into the drive, and he peeked through a curtain to confirm who it was. He noticed that Bill Wooten, his neighbor across the street, was out mowing his front lawn, which he'd done just the day before. That seemed odd, but then he saw Al Baker sitting on his front porch holding a newspaper in front of him, obviously looking over the top of it. Kerp realized that there were other men pretending to do various things in their front yards, all furtively watching the gaggle of super-busty young women disembark from the vans. It was no doubt harmless, but it made him a little uncomfortable to see the girls gawped at. Then it occurred to him that if he were in their shoes, he too would probably find some excuse to be busy in his front yard when all those vast bosoms came bouncing out of the vans. He wondered if any of the men had even noticed that all of these girls had the same face.





Kerp was working at his desk when his phone chirped, telling him Mich had sent him a text. Checking it, he read, 'Come 2 my office. Something 2 show u.'

Hoping he was about to be seduced, he hurried to the Director's office and shut the door behind him.

But Mich sat at her desk, intently studying her computer screen. It didn't look like the hoped-for seduction scenario was on the agenda. "I think you'll be interested in this," she said. "Come see."

Kerp stepped behind his wife and peered over her shoulder. "You're looking at porn?"

"Yes, actually. This is somebody's personal website dedicated to your friend Scarlett from the Lab. Check it out."

Kerp leaned in and saw an assortment of photos featuring the young woman with her incredible 217-inch bust. She was shown from various angles, each pose celebrating Scarlett's mountainous breasts. The photos were clearly taken by an amateur using a phone, and the background was her City Hospital dorm room. "Oh right: Scarlett! Good grief, what monster boobs!"

"These are obviously bootleg shots," Mich said, clicking to another page. There was Scarlett standing completely upright, yet the full mass of her gargantuan tits still rested on the floor.

"I wonder how much one of her breasts weighs," Kerp wondered out loud.

"I'm thinking maybe as much as 250 pounds," Mich replied. "Kerp, I'd love to prosecute this, and find out who the hell took these pictures right under our noses. It makes me feel violated. I spoke with Scarlett on the phone a minute ago, and asked her who did it. She'd only tell me that it was 'a friend.' I'm determined to find out who's responsible."

"If you catch the guy, what would you charge him with?"

Mich sighed. "That's the problem. Unfortunately, it's not a crime to piss me off."

"Lucky for me. Why would Scarlett pose for these?"

"You know how she is – she craves male attention: the idea of so many men adoring her through the camera's lens."

"So, you think she knew these pictures were going online?" asked Kerp

Mich nodded. "She told me so. She knew what a sensation she'd be. Breast men are gonna go bananas when they see her!"

"Not everyone will believe she's real: not at first, anyway. But with this many photos, it'll be hard to argue that they're all perfect morphs."

"No doubt she'll become a star," Mich predicted sadly. "She's got boobs of historical proportions, plus she's got a spectacularly gorgeous face and body. It's just a shame so many innocent girls have the same face – girls like our sweet Katie. Scarlett is just so – *trashy*!" She continued scrolling through page after page displaying the most enormous real-life documented breasts that the internet had ever seen.

"It was nuts, the way she came on to me in her dorm room, knowing you're my wife standing there. But remember, Wilson told us she was the subject of some libido experiment gone awry, and it made her 'horny as a teenage boy,' I believe were his words."

Mich nodded. "Yeah. I've been getting reports from a few of our male medical techs saying she's constantly trying to get them to screw her. She's so persistent in this, that I've authorized an internal investigation into all the male techs who *haven't* reported her doing this. I bet whoever took these photos will be on that list."

"Probably so. Although, I've got to say, any man able to resist her constant come-ons has got to have a will of iron," Kerp pointed out.

"You resisted her."

"Well, I've got you; I don't need anyone else." Mich smiled lovingly at him. "Besides, you were standing right there!" She poked him and they both laughed.

"One bright note," Mich went on. "That idea of yours, to publish a nationwide Amber Alert using Katie's face? It's starting to pay off! One report was filed last night on the west coast, and local police followed up overnight. They found a girl with the identical face being held against her will, and they've arrested one individual. Then just this morning I got another report of basically the same thing going down in Massachusetts. Both girls are now on their way here for debriefing and processing. Like the rest of them, they'll be legally assigned whatever last name they choose, be given Social Security numbers, and a place to live – in one of City Hospital's dorm rooms at first, then with a foster family until they're emotionally mature enough to make it on their own."

"When will these young ladies get the money that the court is going to award them?" asked Kerp. "And will it be set up in such a way that no one can get it away from them? Like unscrupulous foster parents?"

"Yes, it will. I have to confess, it bothers me a little that people might think we're adopting our three girls for their money."

"I know, me too. But screw 'em. It doesn't matter what people think. Besides, in little Michelle's case, it's obvious that you two are blood."

"And my understanding is that the girls' funds will be distributed to them through an annuity for the rest of their lives, and they'll each get a certain amount every month: plenty to live *very* comfortably, but not enough to permit frivolous spending," Mich explained.

"That's wise. Until a person reaches a certain age, they don't understand how easy it is to spend a *lot* of money in a short time. I hope someday I'll reach that age."



The workday finally came to an end, and Kerp and Mich returned home. They walked into the kitchen from the garage to find all three girls waiting there to greet them. Katie was at the front, grinning at Mich.

"Hi, Mom. Dad." they all said.

Their parents returned the greeting, and Mich homed in on Katie's crooked grin. "Well, Miss Mischief," she said, "what's up?"

"I know what to do now. How to measure our boobs for comparison!" Katie explained enthusiastically.

"Huh?" asked Kerp. "What?"

"Just girl talk," Mich replied teasingly.

"Hey!" protested Kerp.

"It's science, Dad," explained Katie. "We're going to settle once and for all whose boobs are bigger: mine or Mom's!"

"Won't a simple bust measurement do the trick?" he asked. He knew better, but he wanted to prod the conversation along further.

"That's just one parameter. There's also the girth of each breast, the total volume of each, and maybe even the weight, if we want to go that far. That part gets complicated, though – our boobs are part of our bodies, and how do you weight just *part* of something?"

"Yeah, let's not go there," Mich said. "Physical dimensions and volume will be sufficient."

"You ladies have any money on this?" asked Kerp, wagging his eyebrows.

"Of course not, this is a science experiment!" chided Katie happily.

"So, you talked with Doris in Documentation?" asked Mich.

Katie nodded. "She was really nice and very helpful. She told me all the places to measure, and how to do it. All those put together will give us volume. She gave me a formula to use – all we have to do is plug in the numbers, and we get a quantified scientific result!"

Mich went upstairs and changed out of her work clothes into a pair of shorts and a shirt tailored for her immense bust, and then trotted down to the basement workout room where her three daughters were waiting. Katie stood there holding a clipboard in her hand.

"Okay, Mom, let me measure you first. Snow and little Michelle, watch what I do, and then you can do the same thing when you measure me next."

"Alright, what do you want me to do?" asked Mich.

"First, strip to the waist," Katie instructed. Mich removed her shirt and tossed it over a chair. "Okay, now come over to this table here and lean with your arms folded on the edge of it so your boobs hang freely." Mich did so, leaning on the table and letting her massive bare breasts dangle from her chest with her nipples not far above the floor. "I borrowed your 120-inch tape, Mom, I didn't think you'd mind," Katie said somewhat apologetically as she uncoiled the tape.

"Sure, that's fine."

Snow and little Michelle watched carefully as Katie began measuring: first, the basic bust measurement at the fullest part, then around the equator of each individual breast. Next, she measured around Mich's torso, both fore and aft of her tremendous, gently swaying boobs, and finally at a couple other strategic places as recommended by Doris of Documentation. Katie dictated each number as she proceeded, and Snow acted as secretary, jotting them all down on the clipboard. In a few minutes, the procedure was complete.

"Okay, now it's my turn," announced Katie, pulling her top off over her head. The tight fabric hung on her colossal tits and pulled them up until they slipped free, thumping onto her torso and squirming about.

Katie's phenomenally huge breasts dangled downward somewhat farther than Mich's had, but they were not quite as rotund. Snow and little Michelle went about measuring the various dimensions of the immense tits before them, taking similar measurements in the same places as had been done with Mich. After they'd finished, Katie lingered in her position, swinging her heavy boobs from side to side just for fun, to see how high she could pitch them. Eventually their considerable weight threw her off balance and she would have fallen over if Mich hadn't seen it coming and been standing by to steady her.

With a chuckle, Mich commented, "You gotta be careful with those things, girl!"

Just then, a stifled sneeze was heard echoing down the stairwell. Mich called out, "Are you spying on us, mister?"

"No ma'am, I'm not spying. I'm eavesdropping!"

Snow gasped, grinning wide-eyed and covering her mouth with her hand.

Little Michelle noticed the gesture, as well as the uncharacteristic shade of pink her sister had turned. "Hey – what's up?" she asked.

With a snicker, Snow whispered in reply, "Did you hear what Dad said?"

"You mean about eavesdropping?"

"He just said exactly what I said, that night we were spying on them outside their bedroom!"

From the stairwell, Kerp commented, "I thought you were eavesdropping!"

Snow started laughing and shaking her head. "I'm so ashamed!"

“Don’t be, sweetie,” Mich said with a wink. “Anything *inside* our bedroom is private, but any sounds that come out of it are public domain. Eavesdrop all you want, just don’t distract us.”

Little Michelle called up the stairs, “So, since we’re allowed to eavesdrop, I guess you can go on listening!”

“Thanks – couldn’t help it, given the nature of your research down there. After all, I have a vested interest in two of those boobs.”

Laughing, Mich retorted, “And I have a vested interest in the boob at the top of the stairs!”

“Ouch!” replied Kerp. “But don’t mind me. Go back to what you were doing.”

Katie was already plugging Mich’s measurements into the SEA formula, using her phone’s calculator utility to work out all the data and arrive at a figure that Doris referred to as an NSQ, or Non-subjective Size Quotient. In a minute, she announced, “Okay, Mom – your NSQ is 27. I don’t have to tell you, that’s way high on the scale. An NSQ of 1 is flat-chested, and a nicely busty girl would be a 6 or a 7.”

“Wow. So, in other words, I have big boobs.”

“I’ll testify to that,” came an echoey voice.

“Now let me see what my NSQ is.” Katie immersed herself once again in the math, punching numbers into her phone and jotting down the occasional figure. Soon she stood up grinning and announced, “Here we go! My NSQ is – 26! So Mom’s boobs are objectively a little bigger than mine!”

Everyone applauded this revelation, including Katie, who was as pleased with the result as she’d have been if her own NSQ had been the higher.

“Actually,” said Mich after the applause had died down, “I might have had an unfair advantage.”

“Yeah,” came the echoey voice again, “your tits are bigger.”

“My *what*?” Mich called out.

“Your hooters. Your knockers. Your melons. Your ta-tas. Your kettle drums. Your gazongas. Your boulders. Your...”

Mich was laughing at him, and interrupted, “You mean my breasts?”

“Those too: your great big beautiful breasts. Congratulations, my supremely busty wife!”



Snow had gravitated toward wearing jeans and a camisole around the house on a daily basis. The informality of the outfit provided a sort of psychological reassurance that she was no longer merchandise on display, but now a normal girl with a normal life. Of course, normal girls don’t have such radically enormous breasts, but in Snow’s mind, the size of her boobs was a negligible fact of her new life. In fact, as she sat on the front porch swing, enjoying the mild weather that day, she was not mindful of the extreme amount of cleavage revealed by her cami’s plunging neckline.

She loved lingering on that swing, watching the cottony clouds drift along, and watching people pass by in their vehicles, sometimes on foot, usually walking their dogs.

Young Bob Miller pulled up in front of the Kerpalscheiker residence and put his mail truck in Park. It was the first real full-time job he’d ever had: his dad was a ranking member of the postal workers’ union, and had arranged for Bob to work that summer as a mail carrier. Bob picked up the bundle of mail for that address, which included a package that was too big to fit inside their street box. Walking up the driveway, he shuffled through the letters to make sure they were all the right address, and glancing up, he noticed someone on the porch. It was always a nice break in the day’s routine to say hello to a resident.

As he drew nearer to the front porch, his heart skipped a beat at the visage of a beautiful girl with ivory skin and long white hair cascading to her waist, sitting there watching him curiously from behind the porch railing. The closer Bob got to the porch, the more of Snow's body he could see, until finally her bosomy torso came into view. His mind boggled at the sight of the biggest boobs he'd ever seen or imagined! They looked as if they were ready to burst out of the daringly deep neckline of her top.

Snow studied him as he climbed the porch steps. His eyes were wide in surprise, and they were trained on her chest. Quickly he raised his eyes to hers and looked at her sheepishly. Since he apparently was having trouble speaking, she decided to take the initiative. "Hi there!"

Her voice was small and sweet, and now seeing her face up close, he was struck by her unique loveliness: Snow was both very beautiful and very cute at the same time. "Hello," Bob managed to reply.

"You're a mailman," Snow stated.

"That's right," Bob answered, grateful for an opening. "Actually, they call us Mail Carriers now, but I am a man." He cringed inwardly at having said such a thing.

"And I'm a woman," Snow responded impishly. She had never before interacted personally with a guy her own age, and thus far, she was having a delightful time with Bob, whom she found attractive.

"I see," said Bob. "Um, here's your mail."

He held out the bundle, and Snow leaned forward to receive it, lifting her fanny off the swing a few inches as she reached for the letters. As she did so, her enormous breasts lurched outward within the scanty confines of her cami's shelf bra, as if begging his eyes to consider them. Up close, they proved to be even bigger than he'd perceived them to be from off the porch, and though he'd never had any particular attraction to busty ladies, in that brief moment, as he helplessly forgot good manners and stared directly at Snow's huge bulging boobs, he became a confirmed tit man for life. She was a wondrous and compelling sight.

Snow took the stack of mail from him, deliberately touching his fingers in the exchange, and sat back down with a bump that caused her fleshy breasts to shudder. "Thanks," she said.

"My pleasure! Oh – this is yours too," he added, holding the package out to her. "It wouldn't fit in the street box, so that's why I brought your mail to the house."

Leaning forward again with her boobs wobbling, she said as she took the package, "I'm glad you did. Would you like to sit here next to me and chat a while?"

"Sure!" Rain, heat, and gloom of night are one thing, but encountering such a Snow as this, the swift completion of Bob's appointed rounds would have to wait. Without a second thought, he sat down next to her. Face to face with her now, he was captivated by her beauty. Some girls' looks don't hold up as one draws nearer, but this girl was even more lovely up close. The pure sparkling blue of her eyes was the only color on her, except for the light shade of lipstick she'd put on that morning.

"My name's Bob Miller."

"I'm Snow," she said. "Snow Kerpalscheiker."

"Snow. What a great name! I mean especially for you. You're – you're – incredibly beautiful!" He then felt a bit foolish for having stated the obvious. "I guess you know that already."

"What I think doesn't mean anything. But it's very nice to hear *you* say it!" Snow's nipples had been evident in the fabric of her cami to begin with, but Bob's praise caused them to become delightfully prominent in a matter of a few seconds. "Thank you, Bob. I think you're beautiful, too!" He blushed helplessly. No girl had ever said anything like that to him. She swiveled around to face him on the swing, bringing her humongous tits right in front of Bob, mere inches away. He'd never seen anything so alluring in his life.

He suddenly realized he'd been staring at them when Snow asked, "Do you like girls with really big breasts?"

There it was. Even though he'd been caught being disrespectful, Snow's forthrightness was disarming. "I'm sorry, Snow! I don't mean to be rude."

She smiled. "Oh, I'm not offended. But you haven't answered my question. Do you like girls with really big breasts?"

He chuckled, both at her and at himself. "Well, I do now! I never gave it any thought, really, but seeing you here – I mean – wow! You're absolutely gorgeous! And cute. Not to mention built like... Again, I'm sorry if I'm being rude."

"I meant it when I said I'm not offended. I don't mind if you look at me. In fact, I like it. It makes me feel attractive."

"Oh! Well good! Because you are. Very!"

Snow straightened up her posture and thrust her bosom out toward him and said, "So look, if you like."

"Seriously?" he said, not waiting for confirmation. Snow's tremendous boobs were spectacular, fat and full, with cleavage descending nearly to her waist. "Wow!" he exclaimed.

Snow was fascinated by Bob's reaction upon seeing her up close. The expression on his face was almost comically hungry, and she thought she might have noticed him trembling. After some silence, she asked, "Bob, are you okay?"

He chuckled at himself. "I guess you've got me kinda flustered, Snow."

"You mean because my breasts are so big?"

Poor Bob was about to wilt. "Uh, yep. That'd be it."

"Would you feel more comfortable if I put on something less revealing?"

"Um, actually, I'd rather be flustered, thanks."

Snow grinned. "That's funny, Bob. It's the kind of thing my dad would say."

The mention of her father took some wind out of his sails. "You get along well with your parents?"

"Yes, I do; they're wonderful. I love them so much!"

"They're together?"

"I don't know. I know they're both inside the house, but I'm not sure where."

Bob chuckled. "Now *you're* being funny."

"I am?"

Bob got the feeling that they were now having two separate conversations. "I meant, are your folks still married?"

"Oh! Sure! They're crazy in love with each other. I'm sorry, I misunderstood."

"That's great."

"It is?" she asked, befuddled.

"I mean, not that you misunderstood, but that your parents are together."

"Oh, I see."

"Do you live here with them, or are you just visiting?"

"This is my home."

"Yeah, I still live with my folks too, while I'm going to school."

"You go to school *and* work?"

"I work during the summer and I'm in college the rest of the year. How about you?"

"Neither right now. There's plenty of time to make those decisions."

"Hm. So, how old are you, Snow?"

"I'm nineteen," she replied.

"Nineteen. Me too."

The conversation lulled momentarily, and Bob's eyes irresistibly gravitated to Snow's immense breasts again. As he gazed at them, she studied his face, flattered and gratified by his keen interest.

At length, she commented, "I'm told that it's unusual for a woman my age to still be developing."

He lifted his eyes to hers. "What was that?"

"I'm a late bloomer. My breasts will probably keep growing for another year or so, the doctors said. Maybe even longer. I hope."

"Good grief," he murmured. "You mean they're getting even *bigger*?"

Snow nodded. With a note of apprehension in her voice, she asked, "Does that bother you? Would you still find me attractive if my breasts keep growing?"

Bob was touched by her concern: that she wanted him to be attracted to her, and that she was thinking in terms of an ongoing relationship. "How could I ever *not* find you attractive? You're drop dead gorgeous, Snow – plus, until just a couple minutes ago, I never realized how exciting big breasts could be. I think bigger would be all that much more lovely. I had no idea anybody had ever grown them to such a size!"

Snow was about to tell him about the wondrous bosoms possessed by her mom and sisters, but just then Kerp opened the front door and stepped out onto the porch.

"I thought I heard voices out here," Kerp said.

"Hi, Dad," Snow called. "Bob, this is my dad; Dad, this is Bob Miller."

Bob stood to meet Kerp, saying, "How do you do, sir," he said, extending his hand and feeling very self-conscious at having been discovered sitting with the man's scantily clad, ultra-bosomy daughter.

"Hey there," said Kerp. "I'm Louis Kerpalscheiker. Call me Kerp. So how did you meet Snow?"

"Well, I'm, uh, your mail carrier, and I came to the house to deliver a package." Snow smiled at Kerp and held up the parcel for him to see.

"Ah." Kerp could tell by Snow's happy demeanor that the young man had been behaving himself well enough.

"Sir," Bob said in a hushed tone, "may I speak to you privately?"

Kerp studied him a moment and replied, "Sure. Let's step inside and talk in the foyer." They excused themselves and went in the house. "So, what can I do for you, Bob?" asked Kerp.

"Well, um – I've been talking to Snow and getting to know her a little, and I really like her. I mean, she's totally beautiful and – and all that – but she's such a cool person! She's so honest and unpretentious. I'd love to just sit out there and talk to her all day, but I have to finish my route. I want to get to know her better, so I'd like your permission to see her in the future. You know – like socially? I guess that sounds old fashioned, but growing up, I was taught that that's the right thing to do."

Kerp looked at Bob and saw something of himself in the young man. "I appreciate your asking, Bob, and it's not old fashioned. Respect for family is never out of style."

"Truth is, even though I just met her, I've never felt this way about a girl, so I really do want to do things properly as far as she and your family are concerned. I hope I'm making sense!"

Kerp chuckled. "You're doing fine, son."

Their conversation was momentarily interrupted by the commotion of two girls talking and laughing as they came downstairs. Katie and little Michelle were both wearing shorts with tank tops that revealed the bottoms of their heavily bouncing tits. The two ultra-busty girls were having fun seeing how deeply they could make their immense breasts bounce as they pranced down the steps. The sight boggled Bob's imagination. "Hi, Dad," little Michelle called. "We're going to the basement to work out."

"Okay; don't overdo," Kerp replied. Turning back to Bob, he saw an expression of stunned befuddlement on the young man's face. It was all Kerp could do, not to laugh out loud. "Yeah, busty women sort of run in the family."

"Uh, I see!"

"You might be interested to know, neither of those girls have boyfriends right now," he said, testing Bob.

"Huh? Oh. No, I'm only interested in Snow. I've never met a girl like her." Kerp could tell from Bob's deep sigh that he was truly smitten, and not just on the prowl for a huge pair of tits. Bob lowered his voice and said, "She told me she's nineteen, but sometimes a young girl will exaggerate her age. She *is* nineteen, right?"

"Snow never, ever lies."

"That's good to know."

"And how old are you, Bob?"

"Same; nineteen."

"Do you have any other girlfriends?"

"No, sir," Bob said. "I had a girlfriend until about a year ago."

"What happened with that relationship?"

Bob sighed. "I forgot all about her birthday, and she refused to forgive that. Actually, I think the truth was she had her eye on someone else."

Kerp nodded sympathetically. "Do you live alone?"

"No sir, I live with my folks while I'm going to school."

"Ah. That was my next question."

"I'm studying to be an engineer. I'm in my sophomore year at George Washington University."

Just then Kerp noticed that Snow had gotten up from the porch swing and was on her way inside, so he decided it was time to let the young man off the hook – on a few conditions. "Okay, Bob. You have my permission to see Snow. But you're always to be a gentleman with her. And if she ever breaks off the relationship, you will back off and give her that space. You will not dominate her in any way: not now, and not ever." Bob was still nodding his eager acceptance of Kerp's terms as Snow opened the front door and came in.

"So what's going on here?" she asked both of them curiously.

"Um," said Bob.

"This young man has just asked my permission to call upon you, Snow," Kerp explained. "What do you think about that?"

Snow smiled at Bob. "That's so sweet!" Then turning to Kerp, she asked, "What did you tell him, Dad?"

"I told him that'd be alright, as long as he behaves himself."

Snow was delighted. "Can he be my boyfriend? I really like him!"

Kerp laughed and replied, "Well, you'll have to ask *him* about that, sweetheart!"

"Snow," interjected Bob, "I'd *love* to be your boyfriend!"



“Good!” she said. “Um, Dad – are we allowed to kiss?”

Bob’s face was turning red, but he was very happy. Kerp sighed. *Parenthood*, he mused. “Of course you can kiss. Just – try to control yourselves!” Part of him cringed at having suggested such a thing to two young lovers, but as a dad, he felt compelled.

Just then Mich entered the foyer. “What’s that? Who’s kissing? Oh! Hello there!”

Bob’s eyes were open much wider than normal in the presence of Mich’s massive bosom, but he managed to keep his cool. “Good morning, ma’am, I’m, I’m Bob Miller,” he said, extending his hand.

“Bob has just asked my permission to call on Snow.”

As Mich shook his hand, her arm jostled her giant boobs, causing them to quake heavily. “Hi, Bob. I’m Michelle Kerpalscheiker, Kerp’s wife and Snow’s mom. Nice to meet you. So, you’re the one who’ll be kissing our daughter?” she asked mischievously.

“Well – I guess so! It all happened so fast!”

“And how do you know Snow?”

“Actually, ma’am, I’m the mailman.”

“Mail *Carrier*,” Snow corrected. Bob grinned at her.

Mich looked at Snow and silently mouthed the words, *Do you like him?* Snow answered with a big smile, nodding enthusiastically.

Bob turned to Mich and explained, “I came up on the porch because you had a package that was too big for your mailbox, and I met Snow sitting on the porch swing. At first,” he went on, looking at Snow, “for a moment - I thought I might have been seeing an angel! Then we got into a conversation, and the more we talked, the more I liked her. Even though we only talked for a few minutes.”

Turning to Kerp, Mich asked, “I take it that you gave Bob your blessing?”

“I did. With rules. I have his promise to be respectful.”

“Absolutely!” Bob assured Mich.

“And I want you to keep in mind,” Kerp went on, “You’re the first young man Snow has ever met who’s her age.”

“What? Seriously?”

“Yes.”

“How can that – I mean...”

“It’s a long story. Tell you all about it later.”

“Oh. Okay. So, I stand out in a field of one, huh, Snow?”

She slipped her hand into his and said, “You stand out in my heart, Bob. I feel like I’ve always known you.”

“I know,” murmured Bob. “I feel so comfortable with you.”

Kerp cleared his throat to remind the young couple that they were not the only people in the room.

Bob took in a cleansing breath and said, “Well, I hate that I have to run, just when I’ve met you folks, but I am on the clock, and the mail has to be delivered. May I come back and visit after I get off work this afternoon?”

“Sure,” replied Kerp, “if that’s okay with Snow.”

“Oh, I’d love that!” said the gorgeous young albino.

“Stay for supper.” Kerp’s ulterior motive was to be able to interrogate him further during the meal.

"Thanks, I'd love to! Well – I should go." He turned to Snow, reluctant to bid her good-bye, especially in front of her parents.

The wise Mich picked up on this, and suggested, "Snow, why don't you walk your young man out to his vehicle?"

With a big smile, she latched onto Bob's arm and led him out the door. As they left, he called over his shoulder, "I enjoyed meeting you all! See you tonight!"

The door closed behind them and Mich said, "He seems to be a nice guy. Straightforward. Cute. Polite..."

"Employed," Kerp added.

Snow and Bob walked arm in arm to his mail truck, not saying a word until they reached the street. They stopped at the truck, and Bob said to her, "Snow, I've never been so taken with a girl before. And we've only just met!"

"I like you an awful lot, too, Bob."

"I love how transparent you are."

"I'm not actually transparent. Just very pale."

Bob chuckled. "No, by that I mean you don't lie or hide your feelings."

"Oh, I see. Yes, that's true. I don't see any reason to be any other way. It's just how I am."

"I like how you are. Well, I guess I'd better be going."

"Okay. We could kiss now if you want to. I'd like that."

Bob replied with a gentle kiss that lingered a while. When their lips parted, Snow smiled blissfully and wrapped her arms around him. Having his body pressed against her giant breasts seemed almost invasive, but Snow didn't mind that at all, and hugged him tight. He was delighted and amazed by how firm her enormous boobs were, staying plump without being flattened by the embrace.

"I really liked that, Bob," she said, clinging to him. "I never kissed a boy before."

"Yeah – your dad told me you'd never met a guy your own age. How come?"

"Like Dad said, it's a pretty involved story, and I've kept you from your duties too long as it is. We'll tell you about it when you visit this evening. There'll be plenty of time then, and I'm sure you'll have a few questions."

"Alright. Well, I'll be back here after I get off work."

"When's that?" she asked, still clinging to him.

"I usually finish my route around four o'clock."

"Okay," Snow said as they released their embrace. "You won't forget, will you?"

"I couldn't if I tried!"



It was bedtime, and Kerp stood brushing his teeth, watching himself in the bathroom mirror. Mich sashayed into the bathroom topless with her enormous breasts wobbling freely. Kerp knew his wife's regular bedtime routine as well as he knew his own, and this wasn't part of it.

Stepping up behind her husband, she reached into her deep cleavage and, parting her humongous tits, enclosed him between them. Hugging her huge boobs tightly against him, she said, "Have you noticed that my breasts have gotten a little bigger lately?"

“Okay, you now have my full attention,” Kerp said, drooling toothpaste. “However, I’d appreciate it if you’d let me rinse real quick.”

“Sure,” replied Mich, nibbling his ear. “I’ll wait.” She reached down and began fondling him as she did so.

Kerp finished up and dried off. He was enjoying what his wife was doing, so instead of turning around, he reached around her tits and began lightly running his fingers across her big nipples, making them swell out dramatically. “As a matter of fact, I did get the impression that they’re a little bigger, but I decided it was my imagination. So, they really did grow a little? We’re not just talking about the way they swell when you get turned on, are we?”

“Nope, not that. They’ve grown kind of a lot really, but my breasts are so enormous, it doesn’t show much. Mmm, I love when you do that.”

“I know.”

“I know you know,” she said giggling.

“So how come?”

“How come what?” Mich asked coyly, though she knew what he was referring to.

“How come your great big beautiful breasts have gotten even bigger?”

“Just one of nature’s little gifts.”

“Indeed.” Unable to restrain himself any longer, he turned around to face his wife. Face to face, they grinned at each other lovingly for a moment, and then began pulling down their underwear. “Do you think they’ll keep getting bigger?”

“Up to a point – we’ll just have to wait and see how much.” Mich took a step backward to give Kerp better access to her gigantic breasts as she continued fondling him.

They went on caressing and playing with each other for several minutes until it became needful to adjourn to their bed. Mich lovingly pushed her husband backward onto the mattress and straddled him with her humongous tits dangling above him. He instinctively reached for them as she settled down on his erection.

Kerp moaned. “Your boobs definitely are bigger! I can tell.”

As she moved sensuously up and down on him, Mich cooed, “My breasts will probably swell up tremendously when my milk comes in.”

He stopped fondling her massive boobs and spread them apart. Looking between them at her face, he asked, “What do you mean, ‘when your milk comes in’?”

“Well, Mister Kerpalscheiker,” Mich explained with a big smile, “my doctor confirmed it today: I’m pregnant!”

*the end*