

DESIREE AND THE TWINS

BY TROGDOR297

With a yawn Desiree pushed herself up to sitting. Her sandy brown hair sat tied up in a loose bun atop the crown of her head. She looked over to her phone sitting on the nightstand as she fought another yawn. 6:58 am, two minutes before her alarm. Annoyed that it was time to get up, she blew air out through her lips causing them to trill.

She looked across to the other side of the king bed, empty as always. She'd lived alone ever since she'd moved out of her parents' place. Partially, because she liked her space, but mostly because she'd never found the courage to explain to another living person that her tits could talk.

The first questions she knew would be a mix of "What the Fuck?!" and "How?!", neither of which she had an answer for. She didn't know how or why this had happened to her. She'd woken up shortly after her 21st birthday, walked into the bathroom, looked at herself in the mirror, and like a pair of tiny mouths her nipples had opened and her breasts spoke to her. Her shriek had been loud enough that one of her neighbours had called the police, fearing someone was being murdered.

With a sigh she swung her legs off the bed and walked to her ensuite bathroom. She typically slept topless, and last night had been no exception. She stopped in front of the sink and stared at herself in the mirror, shooting a puff of air out of her mouth to blow an errant lock of hair away from her face.

"Morning love"

"Good morning Des, honey."

She wiped the sleep from her eyes with both hands. "Morning Left. Morning Right" She replied absentmindedly as she turned her head back and forth to look at herself.

"You're looking quite fetching today, love!" Spoke her left tit. Desiree rolled her eyes with a smirk, as she applied toothpaste to her toothbrush "Left, you are such a flirt"

"Is it really flirting if I'm a part of you? Hmm?"

Desiree smiled as she brushed her teeth. "Mmmf, well fank you"

"So, Des, any plans for the day?" Asked Right.

Spitting into the sink, she rinsed out her mouth before answering. "I have a date tonight"

"Ooooooo!" Her breasts sang in unison. The vibration of air through her nipples sent tingles up her spine.

"Is he cute? Where'd you meet him?"

“You gonna let him play with us?”

Desiree laughed as she started to apply her makeup. “Yes, he’s cute, and no I most certainly will not! Not on a first date!”

There were still mysteries of her condition that Desiree didn’t understand; one of which was how much they did or didn’t know. They were omnipresent in her life, and yet not. They often asked her questions about events where they’d been present, albeit clothed. She tended to not bog herself down with the details, it was too much of a headache trying to keep track of what they had or hadn’t been witness to.

“Pity...” Moaned Left.

“That doesn’t mean that I won’t play with you” Desiree teased, pausing her makeup application to look down at them.

“Go on...” Left replied. Both her nipples stiffened and lengthened, signalling both their and her own arousal. Desiree took several deep breaths and willed herself to calm down. “Not right now, I have to get ready for work”

“You’re such a lech, Left. Honestly, Des, I don’t know how you put up with them” Right’s voice was thick with condescension.

“Don’t get high and mighty on me Right, I know you love it as much as I do”

“Both of you stop” Desiree chided as she applied mascara. “You know I don’t like it when you fight”

“Sorry, love” Left apologized. “Yeah, sorry” Right chimed in.

Desiree smiled “It’s ok, you know I love you both. Now, let’s get dressed!” Still wearing just her panties she walked back through her bedroom and into her walk-in closet. On the far wall was a series of racks, each holding bras of various sizes.

“So, what are you feeling today?” She asked them.

“C” Replied Left. “Definitely a C-cup, hon” Right concurred. Desiree nodded “C-cup it is”. She didn’t know how they knew how big they were, but they were never wrong. Sliding a black lace C-cup bra off one of her racks, she slid it over her shoulders, gently scooping each breast into the cups. Unsurprisingly it fit perfectly. A black pencil skirt and sleeveless white blouse completed the outfit.

A few minutes later she sat down at her kitchen table with a plate of egg whites and turkey bacon. As she munched on a bite of eggs, she both heard and felt something from her chest. Undoing a single button and opening her blouse, she eased the cups of her bra down. “Yes?” She asked.

“Des, honey. Left and I were just thinking..”

Desiree groaned as she swallowed her eggs. “Just spit it out!”

“We were thinking that maybe you’d like to make a big splash with your date tonight?”

“Meaning?”

“They mean it’s time for you to make us bigger! Fatten us up, eh?!” Left added

Desiree snorted “You’re just saying that because you want some of this turkey bacon”

“Eh, little of Column A, little of Column B!” Left replied. She could feel her left nipple twitch as it twisted into a smile.

This was the second mystery of her breasts, though this one had certainly been much more advantageous to her. Not long after they began to speak to her, she’d asked them some questions about themselves. One such question was “Do they eat?”. Her nipples had essentially become little mouths, so it wasn’t an absurd query.

The answer was a resounding yes, in fact it was something they enjoyed immensely. And what happens when things eat? They grow.

The first time she’d given them something to eat had been an experience that would never be erased from her memory. Her breasts, though having minds of their own, were a part of her body, and she felt everything they felt, including taste and pleasure; and they got a lot of pleasure from eating. She hadn’t given them much, barely a handful of chips split between the two of them, but the effects had been instant. She remembered collapsing back onto the bed, as a hurricane of sensations overwhelmed her. A mix of intense pleasure, both sexual and food-based, emanated from her breasts in great waves.

It was an odd sensation feeling her nipples move when they spoke. It was something else entirely to feel them chew. Before they’d finished eating, her body had been forcefully brought to orgasm, multiple times for that matter, as an unending storm of foreign yet incredibly pleasing sensations swept her away. When she’d come to, she was shocked to discover that her B-cups, that she’d had her entire life, had plumped up into proper Double D’s. Her hands had caressed and squeezed their new size, drawing moans of pleasure from both them and her.

The effects unfortunately were temporary. She didn’t know where the food went, but eventually it was absorbed into her body, and her breasts would begin to recede in size. This was why she kept a closet with brassieres of multiple sizes; depending how recently she’d fed them impacted their mass.

She fed them fairly regularly, both because of how pleasurable it was, but also because she liked being bigger than her natural B. To her, bigger was better. They felt better, they looked better; and why should she settle for what nature gave her when she had the ability to change it?

That being said she was quite careful with how much she fed them. They didn't really experience hunger, and so they were never really full. This meant theoretically they could eat without ending, resulting in equivalent growth. In an unprecedented binge a few months after she learned about this power, she'd let them eat unchecked, and as a result her breasts had ballooned into massive fat J-cups, each the size of a cantaloupe. She'd been so embarrassed, that she'd stayed home in hiding for a full month while they shrunk back down. After that she'd made a vow of moderation; she would never go that big again (though the three of them did have quite a bit of fun playing with them at that size).

"I don't think I should" Desiree said after a moment of contemplation. "I want him to like me for me, not just because I have a nice rack"

"Des, he's going to like you regardless! You're a knockout! Not to mention, sweet, smart, and funny!"

"Right's right, love. We just know how men are, is all. They need something to keep their attention until they recognize what an amazing person you are!"

"And that's where we come in"

Desiree shook her head. "I think this guy's different. He's sweet and thoughtful. We've texted every night this past week, and I just feel that he gets me!"

Her breasts said nothing for a moment, though she knew that wasn't the end of the conversation.

"You said you've just been texting?" Right asked.

"Yes..."

"Have you even met him in person, Love?" Left demanded.

"Well, no, not yet..." Desiree admitted with a shrug.

"So, where'd you find him, Des?"

"On tinder, why?" Desiree replied not sure why they were asking.

"And, what's your profile picture on Tinder, Des?"

Desiree didn't answer, as she realized the point they were trying to make, and she'd be damned if she'd be outsmarted by her own breasts.

"Des...answer the question" Right continued to prod.

Desiree let out a heavy sigh, shoulders slumping. "A bikini pic from our trip to Aruba..."

“Aruba!?” Left blurted out. “Love, we were pushing double F cups on that trip! You overfed us because you were trying to flirt with the bartender!”

“Who turned out to be gay” Right chimed in.

Desiree went pink with embarrassment “Ugh, don't remind me”

“I remember that bikini too, that tiny little thing barely covered us after how big we got!” Left continued. “Ooo, that was a fun trip” A wave of tingling pleasure emanated from her left breast, causing Desiree to involuntarily inhale a tiny quick breath.

When Right spoke next their voice was consoling “Des...this guy, whoever he is, is probably as sweet and as kind as you say he is. But he's also expecting you to be a queen with big fat tits. If you show up with C-cups he's going to think you catfished him”

Desiree groaned. “Fine! Have it your way”

“Oh, don't be that way, Love. We know you like it as much as we do”

She smiled down at them as she picked up a piece of turkey bacon and split in half holding a piece in each hand. “Yes, yes I do”

Holding the pieces of crispy, fatty meat by their ends she dangled them in front of her exposed chest. As one she felt her nipples swell and surge forward, as both tried to snatch the bacon from her grip. She moved the meat away, causing them to swell further. The feeling sent tingles across her chest, causing her breath to quicken with excitement.

“Come on, Love, don't be a tease!” Left reprimanded her.

“Mmm, but it feels so good” She purred.

“Des!” Right pleaded.

Desiree held the bacon just out of reach for a moment longer. The feeling of her nipples stretching had brought her excitement to a fever pitch. Each was nearly an inch long as the two tiny mouth like nubs desperately reached for the meat held before them. A deep well of pleasure was building in her as she teased them, and now she was ready for release.

With a deeply satisfied grin she brought her hands back towards her, letting the bacon make contact with her nipples. As one they clamped down and in seconds had consumed the bacon, pulling the pieces of the meat into her, chewing the whole way.

Desiree let out a throaty moan, as the waves of pleasure resounding from her nipples as they munched their way through the bacon pushed her over the edge into a heavenly climax. She never came harder than she did while her tits were eating; not even close.

As she came down from her orgasm, she felt a secondary source of pleasure begin to burn in her chest. Opening her eyes she watched her breasts swell off her chest, using those directly consumed calories to create more fat tissue.

“Mmmm” She moaned as she watched them grow, spreading across and down her chest.

“Ahhh, now we're talking Love! Now we're nice and big for you!” Left boasted

“How big...” She asked, still catching her breath.

“Firmly into F cup territory, Des. With us looking this good, you're sure to win your man tonight!”

With a nod Desiree scooped them back into her bra, though they now overflowed the cups by a large margin. She'd have to go back upstairs and change again before work.

She breathed a sigh of relief when the largest bra in her collection fit; growing her twins wasn't an exact science and she hadn't wanted to overdo it. She slipped the new bra on, a large beige number (they rarely made cute bras for the well-endowed). However, the rest of her outfit remained the same. The buttons of her blouse strained slightly as she redid them up, the top now much tighter than it had been 20 minutes ago.

Multiple bras had been the only investment she'd made to accommodate her fluctuating bust line; it'd be far too expensive to have a separate wardrobe for each cup size. Typically, she bought clothes aiming somewhere in the middle, meaning when she was in her smaller phase they fit loose, but when she'd just recently fed them, they were tight to the point of being scandalous. She'd left one of the buttons undone on today's blouse, that she'd previously done up as it no longer would close. Not that she minded. What was the point in having them if she wasn't going to show them off a bit?

She left for work shortly after, feeling confident and sexy. The day of a feeding was always dramatic, as she often drew stares from the people she normally encountered. She imagined they all were thinking the same thing when they saw her; “Were her boobs always that big?”. The easy self-assured smile she wore throughout the day seemed to offer a reply “Of course they were, you just never noticed” though in reality they weren't.

It was an hour or so after work and Desiree sat on the edge of her bed in nothing but her panties. As she'd expected she'd received a lot of attention today and that always left her turned on. Her date was in an hour from now and she was in the midst of deciding whether she wanted to relieve her pent-up sexual urges now or wait for after dinner.

Both options had their merits. It'd been a while since she'd taken a lover and she had a hunch that her date, one Dan Waters, would be eager to satisfy her. But what if her date went sour, and Dan was actually a creep? She'd have to go through the evening feeling sexually frustrated.

“Come on, Love, give us a pinch and a squeeze” Left said, clearly on the side of not delaying gratification. “How often do you get to play with us at this size? All big and full? A right proper handful, ready to give you all the pleasure you desire!”

With a coy smile she slid a hand down the slope of her left breast, taking her time to feel how big they were. Her fingers dragged over the tip of the nipple, sending a shock of delight through her and making her left breast moan. Her hands slid past and wrapped around, hefting the full mass of her teat in one hand. They were quite big today; she hadn't been this big in a while, and she was very tempted to give in to Left's temptations.

“Des, hon, don't let that horn dog get the best of you. Think of your date, think of how good it would feel to have us in his hands” Right said, offering a counter opinion.

Desiree let go of her left breast, letting it slap gently against her rib cage, and drawing an “Oof!” From her nipple.

“Sigh, you're right” she said, her other hand now gently caressing her right breast. “I think I'd enjoy the date more if I spent it imagining his hands on me”

“Now hold on, Love! Didn't you say this very morning that you wouldn't let this stranger touch us on your first date!” Left's rebuttal did have a point.

“I know I did...but ever since then I've felt less and less nervous about the date. I'm actually really excited!” Desiree let out a little giggle of delight.

“See, Left? She knows I'm right. I'm always right” Right said with a smirking tone.

“Oh, shut up, Right” Left shot back.

“Ah, ah!” Desiree tutted, holding up a finger. “If you two start fighting, then no one's going to be playing with you!”

After that they were silent. Desiree nodded with a smile, pleased with their acquiescence. She loved her breasts but they had a tendency to bicker sometimes, and she couldn't stand that.

An hour later she arrived at the restaurant dressed to the nines. She'd heard no more protestations out of her twins since she'd made her decision. She could never predict when they were or weren't conscious, but she never let it bother her; she always knew they'd wake back up at some point.

She'd decided to go all out for her date with Dan tonight. She wore a stunning red cocktail dress with a plunging neckline to show off her pair in all their newly grown glory. No matter how big they got they were always perky and looking absolutely delicious, and tonight was no exception.

When he met her outside the restaurant, she knew she had him in the palm of her hand, his eyes bugging out and a mad smile splitting his face as he saw her.

“Desiree...wow!” He'd said as he stepped up to greet her. “You look just like your picture. Actually no...you're far more ravishing in person”

She smiled, blushing slightly. “Thank you, Dan”. Within her dress she felt her nipples tingle, causing her breath to catch. As Dan entered the restaurant, Desiree turned around putting her back to him. Leaning her head down she whispered “Yes, yes, you two were right, he was expecting me to have big tits. Now be quiet! I don't need any more distractions!” The tingling emanating from each nipple subsided. Desiree took a single breath to recollect herself before following Dan in, a big smile on her face. This was going to be a great date; she just knew it.

It was a great date...for all of two minutes. He'd led her by the arm to their table, helped her in to the booth, peppering her with compliments and adoration the whole time. He was the perfect gentleman and Desiree was beginning to feel butterflies in her stomach.

Then it all came crashing down when their server arrived. They'd been just starting to get to know one another, gazing across the intimate table when a female voice made its presence known.

“Good evening, my name is Evelynn and I'll be taking care of you this evening”

Desiree didn't look, she was too focused on Dan. With a charming smile he turned to face the waitress, to order them some drinks. Then his jaw dropped as he looked at her. Confused, Desiree looked up herself to see what had gotten Dan so riled. It was immediately apparent what.

Evelynn the waitress was gorgeous, but not only that, she was busty, to the point of making Desiree look small. The olive-skinned beauty stood beside the table, hands on her hips, a warm smile on her face. She wore a simple black dress, shoulderless with a high neckline, but even with no cleavage on display there was no denying she was very gifted. Desiree guessed that each of her breasts were as big as hers had been, that one time she'd gone too far. The dreaded J cup. They had to be fake, she reasoned; no one had natural breasts that large with a figure so sleight.

No need to panic, she thought. Yes, this woman was incredibly beautiful but Desiree was the one on the date with Dan, not her. Once they'd ordered she'd leave and they could go back to having a wonderful time.

She looked back to Dan waiting for him to order the drinks. His eyes were locked on Evelynn and her massive breasts, too stunned to speak. Desiree felt herself go red, a mix of embarrassment and anger.

Evelynn either hadn't noticed Dan's ogling or didn't mind as she gave her opening spiel, introducing that evening's specials. “I'll give you two a few minutes with the menus. Any drinks?”

Dan said nothing, still mesmerized by Evelynn's bust. "A Gin & Tonic" Desiree said pointedly, hoping the sound of her voice would snap Dan back to reality. Evelynn nodded with a smile "Of course, and you sir?" Dan nodded dumbly "Uhh...Same, thanks". As Evelynn left, Dan turned back to Desiree who was now fuming.

"So...what do you think of the restaurant?" He asked with a smile, pretending as if he hadn't just spent 30 seconds staring at another woman's chest.

Desiree closed her eyes for a moment and pushed down her anger. This date could still be salvaged. Dan was cute and sweet, but just a bit oblivious. She couldn't blame him for finding Evelynn attractive even if he'd been boneheaded about it. Just as long as he now paid her the proper attention.

"It's nice" She said, forcing a smile. "I've always wanted to come here"

Dan nodded his agreement. "Well, a special lady deserves a special date" He gave her a wink and another grin. Desiree let out a soft giggle, at his corny but sweet line. Yes, this could still be a really nice night.

"So, tell me about yourself?" He asked, leaning forward on the table.

Desiree nodded with a smile, and began to give him the typical rundown. She talked a bit about work, about where she grew up, the usual basic information. All the while Dan was focused and attentive. Until suddenly he wasn't. She'd been in the middle of telling him about where she went to school, when his eyes flicked away from hers over her shoulder. His features slackened slightly, his warm grin falling to a slightly open-mouthed gape. Desiree knew what was coming, but still found herself shocked as Evelynn appeared to her left, or more accurately first her breasts appeared, and then the rest of her.

The waitress leaned over, setting their drinks on the table, the motion causing her breasts to fall slightly away from her, pressing forward on her dress. Each bulbous form was mere inches away from Dan's face as Evelynn reached across to set the drinks down. As she stood up straight, his eyes followed, totally mesmerized.

"Ready to order?" The waitress asked.

Desiree hadn't even looked at the menu, but at the moment that didn't matter. She just needed to get this woman out of here ASAP, before her giant fake tits scuppered her date completely. "I'll have the Prime Rib, please" This seemed like the kind of place that would have Prime Rib, and Evelynn's nod in response, confirmed that Desiree had guessed right.

"And for you, sir?"

Dan looked up at her, then back at his menu. "Uhh...same..." He mumbled, unable to form coherent thought. Desiree rolled her eyes with frustration, lifting her Gin & tonic to her lips and nearly downing it completely.

"Very good, sir. Will that be all?"

“Another one of these” Desiree said, clinking her now empty glass.

Evelynn nodded, and then left. With her presence gone, Dan returned to normal, though Desiree’s patience was wearing thin. She was upset, not just that he was behaving like a jackass, but also because everything up to now had indicated that he was a really sweet guy. Just his penchant for big tits was apparently more than she’d expected. Well, she had big tits, too. Perhaps she should remind him of that.

His attention back on her, she sat up and leaned forward, resting her elbows on the table. Arching her back, she heaved her chest forward in between her arms, then squeezed them together, to make her cleavage bulge out even further. Her beautiful F-cups were nearly popping out of her dress after her minor positional adjustment, and the widening of Dan’s eyes indicated that she’d gotten his attention once more.

“Wow...” He said, eyes flicking between her and her chest. “You’re really beautiful, Desiree”

“Oh, thank you, that’s so sweet” She said coyly.

“I’m really glad that we went on this...” He stopped mid-sentence, and with an internal sigh Desiree knew why.

“Here’s your Gin & Tonic! Sorry for the delay, I had to pop into the freezer to get more ice!”

Desiree didn’t want to look, but her curiosity got the better of her. She turned her gaze to Evelynn and immediately regretted it. The busty waitress stood with a smile beside their table, except now she had two visible dints in the front of her dress. Clearly Evelynn wasn’t wearing a bra this evening. Wordlessly Desiree grabbed her new drink and began to sip at it.

“It’s no problem at all” Dan said with a smile. He seemed to have gotten over his total shock regarding Evelynn’s bust, but he was still completely enamoured; he gazed up at the waitress, or perhaps just her breasts, with a look of adoration.

“Another drink?” Evelynn asked.

Dan looked back to Desiree to see that she’d already downed her second cocktail.

“Absolutely” Desiree said with gritted teeth.

As Evelynn disappeared once again, Dan refocused on Desiree. “So, have any plans for the weekend?”

Desiree pushed down her anger once again and re-attempted to enjoy her date with Dan, but found it ever increasingly difficult. Evelynn was too attentive a waitress, constantly interrupting and refilling Desiree’s drink, and of course drawing away Dan’s attention with her impressive figure. By the time that their entree’s arrived Desiree was quite drunk, and reaching her emotional limit.

As Evelynn walked away after placing the two plates of prime rib on the table, Dan stood up suddenly. "Excuse me for a moment, I just need to use the restroom." Desiree watched him leave, worried that he'd lied to her and was chasing after Evelynn. Thankfully he wasn't that much of a cad, and indeed made a beeline straight for the washroom.

Alone at the table, Desiree let out a groan of despair. She'd had such high hopes for tonight, and things had gone rather terribly. The worst part was she really liked Dan. In all their conversations before tonight he'd been cute, funny, and sweet, and then tonight he'd been equally charming...except for the moments when Evelynn and her stupid jumbo jugs had been present.

With a sigh of frustration, she tilted her head back against the cushioned booth. How was Desiree supposed to compete against tits like those!

Her head snapped up with a start, her alcohol-addled mind abuzz. She had a terrible idea. Or perhaps it was an amazing idea; she was too drunk to tell which.

She had to act quick, she didn't know how much time she'd have before Dan returned from the washroom. First, she grabbed the large wine menu that had been left on the table, and unfolded it before setting it atop the table, forming a little privacy screen. Then with a quick glance around the restaurant to be sure no one was looking at her, she slid down the front of her dress, exposing her breasts.

"Pssst!" She whispered.

"Des, honey? What's going on?" Spoke Right.

"Are we at Denucci's, Love? Swanky joint!" Added Left.

"Shhh!" Desiree hushed them. "Not so loud!"

"Des, why did you whip us out at the restaurant!?" Right demanded, though its voice now hushed.

"Because we look fantastic, obviously" Left said smugly. "Why wouldn't she want to show us off"

"Both of you shut the fuck up!" She hissed.

"Des, are you drunk?"

"No! Maybe, a little. Ok, yes, but that doesn't matter right now! What matters is that bitch of a waitress has bigger tits than me!"

"Sorry to hear that, Love. So, I guess your date's left with her then?"

"No, no, no he's in the bathroom...but before he gets back...we're going to outshine that whore!"

A wave of excitement rushed through her emanating from the tips of her breasts, her nipples swelling with anticipation. Desiree bit her lower lip with a grin "I knew you two would be on board"

Looking about once again to be sure that Dan wasn't on his way back, she grabbed her knife and fork and cut her slab of Prime Rib in half. The piece of meat was massive; she doubted she'd be able to finish it anyway. Might as well put it to good use.

With the entire piece of beef stuck to the end of her fork she lifted it off her plate and brought it down toward her chest. "Just...just a little bit...Just to be as big as Evelynn" She muttered to herself.

A second wave of pleasure rippled through her as the chunk of prime rib came within inches of her breasts. "Oh fuck" She moaned.

"My god, Des, what is that!? It smells absolutely heavenly!"

"It's called Prime Rib...it's a little richer than the stuff I usually feed you two. Hope you like it! Now remember just a little bi-Ahh!" Desiree yelped as her right breast jumped in place, her nipple lunging forward and latching on to the edge of the prime rib. The stimulation she'd felt moments before were nothing compared to the flood that washed over her now as her right breast began to consume the piece of beef.

"Hnnnggg, oh Jesus..." She moaned through gritted teeth, her free hand gripping the front of the seat cushion tight. "Okay, that's enough...Right?" She hissed. "I said that's enough! Right?!"

Her right breast was already a quarter of the way chowing down on the thick cut of pink meat. With her fork still stuck in the other hand, she pulled, attempting to pry the meat from her nipple's clutches, though finding it quite impossible. What didn't help was the near orgasmic levels of sensory overload emanating from her one breast. Her left hand moved from the seat to the edge of the table to keep herself upright, as spasms of pleasure ripped through her second after second. Her first orgasm hit her hard, making her see stars and her panties drenched with her juices. She sealed her mouth shut, desperate to contain the heavy moan that echoed from her chest.

Her breathing coming now in heavy pants, she opened her eyes momentarily and looked down at her chest. Her right breast hadn't grown yet but she knew it wouldn't be long now. She stared in a mix of horror and fascination at her nipple which was stretched beyond belief around the slab of prime rib that bit by bit disappeared inside her. With a last desperate heave, she tugged on her fork again, hoping to retrieve the last quarter of the piece of meat that remained uneaten. Instead, when she pulled, her fork released its hold on the meat, flying free and landing on the table with a clatter. She could do nothing else but shudder as a second Orgasm hit her, her jaw going slack as she felt her pussy spasm within her dress. As her most recent climax disappeared, so did the last of the beef.

She sat in silence for a moment, just breathing. "What the fuck..." She said under her breath.

"What the fuck indeed, Love! How you gonna give Right here the feast of their life and leave me high and dry?!" Her left breast yipped.

"I'm...I'm sorry, Des. I couldn't help myself...it was so...good" Right's voice was heavy and burdened, as if it were tired.

Desiree pushed herself up, looking about to see if her spectacle had been spotted. No one was looking at her, which was a relief. "We need to get out of here" she said as she pulled her dress back up. Already she found it feeling snugger than when she'd put it on; soon it wouldn't fit her at all.

Desiree stood up, and grabbed her purse. She didn't have a plan; she just knew she needed to leave before Dan saw her. The last thing she did was grab the other half of the prime rib, and after wrapping it in a napkin, stuck it in her purse.

As she moved away from the table, she could feel the pressure build in her right breast; growth was imminent. She rushed towards the exit when she heard a voice behind her.

"Desiree? Where are you going?"

Dan had finally returned from the washroom and seen her. Thinking on her feet, she abruptly turned and ran towards the women's washrooms. She sprinted past Dan, no easy feat in heels, and offered an apology over her shoulder. "Sorry! Not feeling well! See you later!" Dan couldn't even word a reply before she pushed her way into the washrooms.

She stalked in, her breathing once again becoming heavy as she could feel her right breast begin to grow. She walked the length of the room to be sure that all the stalls were empty before pulling her dress down once again. She paled as she looked at herself in the mirror.

Though her growth had just started, her right breast was already much larger than the left, and showed no sign of stopping. Slowly but surely it swelled, fuller, rounder, fatter.

"Your size, Right?" She asked breathlessly.

"K-Cup and growing, Hon"

"Shit..." Desiree muttered. So much for that promise to herself.

The bottom of her breast continued to descend, draping over the bottom of her rib cage and easily reaching her waistline. Despite this impressive downward growth, they were by no means saggy, their width and depth more than keeping up. Her right breast sloped away from her collarbone like a massive tear drop to where it reached its outer edge, a foot away from her stomach. At their widest point they stuck out a few inches past the edge of her torso.

Finally, the growth ceased. The entire right side of her torso was covered by her one breast, the bottom of which rested against her hips.

“Jesus christ” She said.

“Oh my god, Left! Look how big I am!” Her right breast said excitedly. They were right to be excited, they’d loved being J-cups, and they were probably four times bigger than that now. Even her nipple had grown, the nub now the size of a cork.

“That’s new...” She said, as she reached forward. The front of her right breast was so far away that she could only just barely reach her newly swollen nipple. She gave it a squeeze, sending tingles of delight through the new mass of titflesh. She shivered, as that pleasure rebounded within her. It felt good...very good.

“Come on, Love. My turn now!” Left snapped.

“Patience, Left” She muttered as she ran a hand from her collarbone up and down the surface of her newly grown breast.

“Oooo, that feels excellent” Right purred.

She smiled. “Yes it does.”

“Desiree!” Left pleaded.

“Yes, yes. Hold on” With a turn she walked into one of the stalls, sitting down on the closed toilet. It was much easier to feed them while seated; she didn’t have to worry about losing balance from the uncontrollable orgasms. Then she fished the other half of the prime rib out of her purse, unwrapping it from the napkin.

She looked at it for a moment before giving a resigned sigh, and lowering it to her left breast. She’d gone too big, but there was no helping that now. No matter what, she couldn’t leave them asymmetrical; that would draw too much attention. And so, she would have to let Left grow just as big.

“Ooo you’re going to enjoy this, Left” Right said. Desiree noticed then that right’s voice was deeper now, which she supposed made sense in some way, though she didn’t really understand how.

Desiree wasted no time, letting her left nipple grab on to the meat right away, then she let it go, letting it feast as it pleased. Now that she was alone, she might as well enjoy the feeding session.

As Left chomped down on the prime rib, Desiree disrobed, sliding down her dress until it sat in bunches around her ankles. Sitting back against the toilet she slid her left hand into her panties, finding her pussy thoroughly soaked from earlier. She began to tease and play with her clit in concert with the storm of sensation emanating from her left breast. Her other hand

explored the newly grown mass of her right breast, settling around her nipple which she could now grope and massage, making it swell thicker with turgidity.

Her first climax drew a heavy moan from her throat as her hips bucked beneath her, her fingers plunging into her gash to further intensify her experience. She rode the wave of that orgasm right into the start of her second, her breathing growing fast and shallow, her fingers racing across the surface of her clit as she desperately drew every bit of pleasure she could from it.

She collapsed back against the toilet, panting heavily as Left finished eating. "You were not kidding, Right! That was fantastic! Ooo, I feel it coming. Here we go, love!"

She brushed some loose strands of hair that had come loose out of her face, giving a tired smile. "Show me what you got, Left"

Her Left breast's growth started quicker than her Right's but it was no less intense. "Oh fuck yes! Keep growing!" She purred. She didn't know if it was because she was drunk, but she was starting to get really excited about having breasts that completely covered her torso.

She watched with an ever-widening grin as her left breast rapidly swelled and descended to match its twin. Shivers of pleasure bounced around inside her, culminating in a body wide shudder as Left settled beside Right upon her lap, now equally massive. Sitting down on the toilet, she could no longer see her knees, all that she saw was her breasts sloping away from her, and a nearly two-foot line of cleavage.

"Love, why have we not done this before?!" Left teased. "Look at us! Oh, ho, ho, we are gigantic!"

"I have to concur with Left, Des. You've been wasting our potential! We could've been this big and felt this good the whole time!?"

Desiree laughed. "Oh hush, you two. I can't just live life as a woman with...how big are they right now?"

"Ehhh..." Left hemmed and hawwed.

"Wait...you don't know?!" Desiree asked surprised.

"Unfortunately, not, Hon. We did know, or at least I did for a bit. But a little bit before we stopped growing..."

"...The cup sizes stopped." Left continued. "Honestly, Love, I think you're bigger than anyone's ever been?"

She gasped, clapping her hands excitedly. "I'm a world record holder!" She giggled with delight as she bounced on the toilet seat. Wanting to capture the moment, she pulled out her phone and attempted to take a selfie with all of her bust within it, but found it impossible.

Her arms weren't long enough to hold the phone far enough away to get all of her breasts in the photo. She put her phone back in her purse with a shrug, the motion causing a ripple of motion to shake through her breasts, bringing echoes of tingling delight.

"Oh goodness" She said, biting her lower lip. "Every little move feels so good!" It was true. The growth had also amplified her sensitivity, dialling up the nerve receptors to 11. She lifted both hands and held them above her breasts, then flicked them both. "Oh shit!" She involuntarily moaned as a shockwave of stimulation resonated from the impact centers. "Christ, you two are sensitive now!"

"Mmhmm" Right said smugly.

"It feels like Heaven, Love. Wish we were always this big!" Left added.

Desiree shook her head with a laugh. "Of course you do."

"So, Love, time for a little test drive with your new monster tits?" Left asked, voice low and suggestive.

"Oooo, yes please" Right rumbled. Desiree felt herself getting flushed, as her already overgrown nipples stiffened and elongated. When her breasts had been small, their talking had always felt like gentle tickles. Now each word sent intense pangs of stimulation through her, making it a little difficult to focus.

"Mmf" She stifled a moan. "No...No I can't. Not until we get home, though...I'm not sure how. You two are definitely not fitting in that dress again."

"Good riddance! We deserve to be free! We're the most glorious pair of breasts in the world, and shouldn't be hidden!" Right said.

"Hear, hear!" Said Left.

"Oh, shut up" Desiree said, as she pushed herself off the toilet. With a strain she stood up straight, her back arching as she attempted to maintain balance, her shoulders rolling back to help adjust for the newly added weight. "Fuck, you're heavy"

"You calling us fat, Love?"

"Face it Left; we *are* fat. And I fucking love it!"

"Aha, too true, Right!"

"Shut up!" She yelled again.

"Desiree?"

Desiree froze. That was Dan's voice. She hadn't heard him come in. What was he doing in here?!

“You looked upset when you ran in. It’s been almost ten minutes, and I was worried, so I came to check on you” His voice explained from wherever he stood in the bathroom.

Well, that was why he was here. But how long had he been in here? How much had he heard?!

“Desiree?” He called again.

“I’m over here” She answered, voice meek.

“Are you ok?” He asked.

She looked down at herself, her discarded dress on the floor, and her now mammoth bust that nearly reached the stall door before her. Was she ok?

“Not really...”

“Oh no! Well come out, and let’s see if I can help you” His voice was kind and sweet. This was the guy that she’d been chatting with online for weeks. The guy that she thought she could fall for. Was he the kind of guy that she could share her secret with? Only one way to find out.

With a deep breath to brace herself, she took a moment to fix her hair, and then pulled her dress up to the underside of her bust, unlocked the stall door, then gingerly stepped out. As she prepared herself Dan had begun to talk.

“Desiree, I understand that maybe you’re upset because of how I acted at dinner, and I want to apologize. I was being an ass, and I’m sorry. I want you to know that I really like you, and I won’t let something like a pair of breasts come between...Holy Shit...”

His charming face and kind smile had dropped completely from his face as he took her, or more accurately her breasts, in. His eyes bugged out, and his jaw slumped out. Funnily enough it made Desiree feel warm inside, and a little bit triumphant. He hadn’t looked at Evelyn like this.

“Hi...” She said with a small smile.

“Hi...” He replied, running a hand through his hair in shock. “Desiree...what the fuck?...How?!”

She tilted her head back and forth “It’s...sort of hard to explain. Do you like?”

“Do I... Do I like?! Yes! Fuck, yes I do! You look...fucking amazing!” A dumb smile split his face as he ogled her chest. He was still just as oblivious as he’d been at the table, but Desiree didn’t mind it as much now that she was the focus of his attention.

"I promise I'll explain later" she said, her smile matching his own. "But right now can you help me get out of here? I...don't fit in my dress anymore!"

Dan laughed along with her "Aha! No, you definitely don't! Goddamn, Desiree! You look incredible! Okay, let me just go run out to my car; I've got an overcoat I keep in the trunk for when it rains that can cover you up"

She clasped her hands together with joy. "Oh, thank you, Dan! Such a gentleman!"

He did a little bow before her, taking one of her hands in his and kissing the back of it. "Anything for my lady" he said with a grin.

He turned to leave, and Desiree let out a sigh of relief. She didn't know how she was going to explain to Dan how her breasts had gotten this big, but Dan hadn't heard her and her breasts talking so she was in the clear on that front. Her secret was safe...

"Wait..." Dan said, stopping before the door. "When I came in, I heard voices? You were talking with someone? Who else is in here?"

Desiree gulped; looks like Dan had heard. "No one!" She said far too quickly to be convincing.

Dan stepped back toward her looking sceptical. "No, there was definitely someone? What are you hiding?"

"Nothing!" She lied, her face going pink. It was then that she began to feel a sensation deep within her right breast. A discomfort that she didn't recognize though it felt somewhat familiar.

Dan wasn't buying it. "Why are you lying to me? Who was in here?!"

"No one else was here!" A fact that was technically true. "I swear, no one was here, please!" She pleaded. The discomfort in her one breast was building, and she could've sworn she felt her nipple starting to twitch.

"Desiree, if you don't tell me who you were talking to, then I'm walking out that door" Dan said, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I...I..." She stammered, unsure of what to say. "I wasn't...there's no..." The discomfort had turned into a pressure and it was beginning to travel through her breast. All at once she realized how she recognized that feeling, and knew the jig was up.

BUUUURP

Desiree's face went dark red with embarrassment, as the loud belch emanated from her shot glass sized right nipple, which had opened wide to release the buildup of gas. She didn't even know they could do that, but of course she didn't understand why any of it worked.

Dan was stopped in his tracks, his train of thought completely forgotten. "Did...did your right boob just burp?"

She nodded, holding her left hand over the side of her face to shield herself from the embarrassment.

"Good lord, Right, you bloody sod! Way to give us away!"

"Sorry, Hon, couldn't hold it. That Prime Rib really was too rich"

Dan's face went white, his voice jumping an octave. "Did your boobs just talk?!"

Her right hand joined her left, completely covering her face as she nodded again.

"I...uh...wow..." Dan said, searching for words.

"You gonna get us that jacket, mate? Our poor girl's standing here desperate for help, and here you are more flummoxed than a penguin in the Sahara!" Left quipped.

"I apologize for his rudeness, but he has a valid point" Right added.

"Your breasts...are...talking to me" Dan said, voice distant.

"Yes...and they're both being rude." Desiree said, starting to pull herself out of her shock of being found out. "Dan owes us nothing"

"No, no" Dan said, holding up his hands. "They're right, I'll...go get my coat"

"Good lad" Said Left.

Dan turned to leave but stopped when Desiree caught him by the arm. He turned to look at her, raising one eyebrow questioningly.

"Please...don't tell anyone. Nobody else knows except you now" She asked, eyes pleading. He gave her a small smile and nodded "Of course" Then he was gone.

"Think we can trust him, Honey?" Right asked after he left.

"Don't have much of a choice now, do we? Thanks to you!" Left sniped.

"I said I was sorry!"

Desiree let out a loud sigh as she ignored the shots back and forth between her breasts. She walked over to the mirror to look at herself, slowly becoming accustomed to walking and moving with her newly exaggerated form. She turned back and forth as she looked in the mirror. She did look incredible, she thought as a grin formed on her face. She'd always liked the top heavy look and now...well this was just that but to the umpteenth degree. She wouldn't stay like this forever of course, but for now...she would enjoy herself.

She ran her fingers down the slope of her bust, marvelling at how far out they went. Her arms were fully outstretched when she slid her hands over the end. With a grin she wrapped each hand around her nipples, and squeezed, pinching them shut and silencing them.

“No more talking.” She said with a smirk.

Dan returned shortly with a large black coat. Slinging it over her shoulders, she was just able to cover her exposed upper half. “Thank you, Dan.”

He nodded with a smile. “No problem. Let’s go”

“Wait...our dinner?” Desiree asked as she began to walk beside him.

“Already taken care of.” He said, pushing open the bathroom door for her.

“Oh, you didn’t have to do that!” Desiree said.

“Don’t worry about it. Think of it as me making up for how much of a jerk I was” Dan said leading her toward the exit.

Desiree giggled. “Yes, you were a bit of an ass, weren’t you!”

Dan nodded “Yeah...sorry again”

“Mr. Waters!” A voice came from behind them.

They both turned to see Evelynn the waitress running up behind them. Desiree couldn’t help but smile as she looked at the other women’s chest. They were so small compared to her now!

“Yes?” Dan asked, his eyes completely focused on her face.

Evelynn gave him a seductive smile and held out a piece of paper. “I couldn’t help but notice you checking me out this evening, so I thought I’d give you my number. You seem like a man who appreciates a woman with a little more curves”

Dan opened his mouth to offer a polite rejection, but Desiree stepped in between them. “You’re absolutely right, Evelynn! He does appreciate curves, though...not yours” Then with an evil grin she opened the front of the overcoat just a smidge, revealing her cleavage that started just below her collar bone then kept going...and going...and going.

“Wh...what?” Evelynn stuttered, face shocked. Desiree pulled the coat closed and gave her a wink. “Have a nice night...bitch” Then she turned and strutted out the door, feeling quite proud. Dan rushed after her, chuckling to himself.

Outside they walked for a bit until they reached Dan’s car.

“Alright then. Guess this is goodnight? I had a lovely time” He said with a smile as he fished his keys out of his pocket. “Don’t worry about the coat, I’ve got another”

Desiree lifted an indignant eyebrow. “What?! Where are you going!?”

“Home? I thought...the date was over? I didn’t want to assume...”

Desiree rolled her eyes. “Get in the car you dummy. I’m taking you home” Without waiting, she walked past him and stepped up to the passenger door and got in. Another dumb smile split Dan’s face as he hurried to join her.

Thirty minutes later they entered Desiree’s bedroom in her apartment. “Nice place!” Dan said as he looked around. “Really like what you’ve done...” His voice trailed off as before him Desiree undid his jacket and slung it off her shoulders, revealing herself to him once more. She gave him a sultry smile as she removed the coat entirely, standing before him topless.

“Sweet mother of god” he said under his breath as she stepped toward him. She stopped just short of him, the outer edge of her breasts resting comfortably at her waistline, mere inches from him.

“Sit” She commanded. He did so obediently.

“So” She said, her breasts looming over him. “Any questions?”

“Why can they talk?” He asked first.

“I don’t know,” She answered as she began to remove her dress. “Next question”

“How did they get so big?”

“I fed them...more than I meant to... though I don’t regret it” Her nipples tensed with excitement.

Dan licked his lips as he stared at them. “I don’t either”

“Anything else?” She said removing her panties.

“Can I touch them?” He asked, looking up at her with an eager smile.

“That’s more like it” Said Left.

“Been waiting all night!” Said Right.

Dan kept his eyes on Desiree, waiting for an answer. She nodded towards her breasts with a coy smile “You heard them”

Dan didn't hesitate, lifting his hands and pressing them into the front of her massive pillow mounds. Though she was standing nearly a foot away, they hung in the air right in front of him, and after a moment of groping he leant forward placing his face in between them.

Desiree closed her eyes and tilted her head back as she soaked in the sensations. It'd been a long time since anyone had played with her tits, and it had never felt this good before. Part of that was because of their size, and how enhanced her sensitivity had become. But part of it was also that she felt fully comfortable with Dan. She had no secrets, nothing to hide. Didn't have to worry about accidentally letting something slip, she could just revel in this moment and the feeling of him massaging as much of her gigantic breasts that he could reach.

As she felt her excitement build, Dan suddenly pulled away. "Dan?" She asked, opening her eyes in confusion. Before her, Dan was in the midst of removing his clothes as quickly as possible.

"Join me?" He asked, now naked on the bed before her. She nodded with a smile, getting on the bed with him. She laid down on her pillow as he kneeled before her, though she could barely see him with her breasts piling high atop her.

"I'm ready for you" She purred, one hand idly massaging one of her breasts, while her other played with her pussy which already glistened with wetness. With a devilish grin Dan dove headfirst between her legs, his tongue finding its way to her clit. Desiree sank into her pillow as she let out a breathless scream of delight, her hands dropping to her sides to grip the mattress as Dan caressed and teased her with his tongue. The only thing that would make it better was if Dan played with her nipples and then as if he was able to read her mind, she felt him take her udders in his hands and tightly squeeze each colossal nub.

Desiree let her moans and squeals of delight echo freely in her room as Dan brought her relentlessly to orgasm. Her vision went blurry as her entire body spasmed with her climax, her legs quaking like jelly as he continued to lick and suck on her clit, her nipples gripped tightly in his hands. Her eyes were squeezed tight as the waves of her release refused to subside as Dan continued to pleasure her, her voice getting raw from the moans and screams he continued to pull from her.

Finally, he released her, and her body collapsed into the bed. "Oh...oh my god" She breathed. "I've never cum that hard before"

"Glad I could satisfy" He said, sitting up straight. "Did...they...enjoy it?"

"Fuckin right, we did!" Left cheered.

"Des, Hon, hold on to this one. He's rather good with his hands. Ooo, and he's got a nice cock, too!"

Desiree pushed herself up to look over her breasts to have a look herself. Indeed, from Dan's crotch sprouted quite a nice cock, currently hard and throbbing. "Mmm, why don't you

come here and I'll show you how much I appreciate it" she said, crooking a finger towards him and licking her lips.

Dan got up on his knees and began to crawl toward her when her breasts spoke.

"If you don't mind, Love, why don't you let us?"

"Yes, Des, I think that's only fair, and he does look rather tasty"

Dan looked up at Desiree with a confused look. "Can...they?"

Desiree shrugged from where she laid on her pillow. "I told you, I don't know how any of this works"

"Come here big boy, and let me show you..." Right said.

Tentatively Dan crawled over and sat up, straddling her right leg. Then shimmying forward with his cock in his hand, he brought the tip up towards her awaiting nipple, which opened slightly to allow him to slide in. Dan's eyes widened as the head of his cock disappeared within the large pink fleshy nub of her nipple. Dan's breath quickened as he slid further in.

"Holy shit, this is wild" he said, giving her a quick grin. "How does it feel for you?"

Desiree smiled back. "Pretty fucking good, though not as good as what you just did to me"

Dan nodded. "Yeah that's fair, it feels good too, though not exactly mindbl-" At that moment the suction began. Dan's eyes rolled back up in his head, his body beginning to tense and spasm as her nipple gave him the blowjob to end all blowjobs.

"Dan?!" Desiree yelled, concerned at his sudden change in demeanour. "Is he ok?!" She asked her breasts.

"Oh, he's much better than ok, Love. Trust me" Left said smugly.

"Oh really?" She said with a dawning realization "Didn't know you two were good at that! Whoa!" She yelped as she felt his hands suddenly grip the side of her right tit. His mouth was open, drool hanging from his lips as he began to thrust into her like a mad man.

"Ohhh...Fu..uu..uu..uu..uu..ck!" She moaned as he continued to fuck her nipple. She could feel his cock tensing and throbbing within her as he continued to pound into her. Each impact sending a shock of tingling pleasure through her. It was a whole new kind of pleasure, one she'd never felt before, though it was really growing on her.

Dan began to grunt, his thrusting increasing in intensity. Emitting a roar like a bear, he came, pounding his cock deep within her breast as he spilled his seed.

Dan pulled out, his cock slick with whatever juices her nipple had used for lubricant. With a grunt he collapsed onto the bed, breathing heavily.

Desiree pushed herself up on to her knees and crawled over, sitting on the bed beside him, her massive breasts resting in her lap. "You ok?" She asked with a smile.

Dan looked over and up at her with a grin. "Holy fuck, that was incredible! I've never felt anything like it!"

Desiree nodded with a smile "Glad you liked it, I kind of liked it too."

"Told you I'd take care of him, Des!"

Desiree rested a hand on her right breast and gave it a loving pat. "Yes, yes you did"

Dan pushed himself up to seating to face her, leaning in to give her a kiss. Their lips met and Desiree let out a soft moan as she tasted his breath.

"So..." Dan said after pulling back slightly. "Are...they permanently this big?"

"I wish!" said Left.

Desiree shook her head, rolling her eyes at Left's quip. "No, they slowly go down over time. It'll probably take a few months to get back to normal, though I can't be sure. I've never been this big before" Her hands idly moved back and forth, fingers tracing the surface of her immense bust. She found it difficult to keep her hands off of them.

"Damn...wait...before our date did you...?" Dan asked.

She nodded. "Yes, I fed them this morning. I'm naturally only a B-cup, though I never stay that size for long. I like them big!"

Dan's eyes looked down at the impressive slopes of her chest. "Do you like them...this big?"

Desiree giggled. "Maybe..."

Dan reached out and grabbed a handful, squeezing firmly. Desiree let out a gasp as the wave of stimulation hit her. "Would you like them bigger?"

Desiree shook her head. "I...I don't know. This is already too big for a normal life, you know? Before tonight I had a rule never go as big as a J-cup. That sort of went out the window, but still... I don't think going bigger is in the cards"

"Never say never, Love!" Said Left.

"I have to agree, with Left on this one" Right added.

Desiree rolled her eyes. "Lucky for me, you two aren't in charge!"

Dan wrapped an arm around her shoulder and began to kiss her neck and whisper in her ear. "I think you're amazing at any size...But if you do ever want to go bigger...I'd certainly support you"

She pushed him away with a scoff. "You devil, you're just as bad as them!" Together they playfully wrestled on the bed, until Desiree stopped them out of nowhere.

"What? What's wrong?" Dan asked.

Desiree sat up, feeling an unexpected pressure in her Right breast. "Right...what's happening?"

"What do you think is happening, Hon? You fed me something!"

Desiree furrowed her brow in confusion. "I didn't feed you..." She looked over to Dan's cock which still had a drip of cum on the tip. "Oh goddammit..."

Leaning back on the bed to brace herself, Desiree grit her teeth as her Right breast surged forth adding an extra inch in every direction. Her nipple stiffened and swelled, eager to enjoy some growth as well.

"Whoa...cool" Dan said after she was done growing.

"No, not cool!" Desiree barked. "Now they're Asymmetrical again!" Indeed, her right breast was now visibly larger than her left, the extra inch in every direction noticeable.

"Oh yeah...huh..." Dan said, rubbing his chin. "So how do you fix that?"

Desiree looked over at Dan, nodded at his cock, and then at her other breast.

"...Oh!" Dan said with sudden understanding, his soft cock beginning to fill with blood once more.

With a tired smile, Desiree pushed herself back onto her pillows. Dan crawled across the bed, his newly erect cock in hand once again.

Her left nipple engorged with excitement as he drew near. "Alright, mate, let me show you what a real nip-job feels like!"

THE END?