

The Smiths, Part 2 – My Girl

By Noble Sword

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Chapter VII: He

My name is Martin Smith. I come from a fairly well-to-do family. We, as a whole, are very proud of our family, its heritage and of our family business. The business itself is over two hundred, fifty years old and is a completely private family institution through and through. It also helps that we have such a common surname and that almost all of the components of the business are so highly diversified that our business disappears under the radar that usually picks up other corporations with revenues and profits as large as ours. The fact that our 'Corporation' is comprised of many very small Mom and Pop type of businesses and most of the others are employers of less than twenty employees makes us even more obscure on the 'battlefield' of high finance and big business. You see, family members are encouraged to start their own 'private' businesses, and the family corporation provides the seed money, financing and quite often acts as a buyer and seller of the goods and services. The family business will even go so far as to cover one personal business failure. Every member of the family is entitled to and offered a job somewhere in the family business. Each individual can climb to reach their own personal pinnacle and by family business, I mean either working directly for the 'Corporation' or one of over a thousand smaller 'private' businesses. Most take the offer of employment from the 'Corporation'; one way or another. Very few choose not to, instead choosing the Clergy or Politics. As a result, the 'Corporation' has become very diversified and it is continuously growing in every conceivable field. Any family member can aspire to be virtually anything with the family's blessing and money. It is in everyone's best interest that all facets of the business succeed. Profits from all sources are sown back into the companies that form the 'Corporation'. Everyone benefits. Loan and mortgage rates to family members are usually three to five points below the inter-bank rate. "Smith Corp", as we affectionally call the business, has over the years quietly amassed billions, but we all only draw modest salaries. It is, after all family money, provided with the guidance and steering of the All Mighty.

As for me? I'm twenty-six years old, 5' 10", with a moderate build, weighing in at about 175 pounds. Brown hair, grey eyes. I like older Rock and Roll and reluctantly venture to the gym once a week. Some have called me bookish and I haven't taken offence to it. I consider myself relatively well read. Having just graduated with a Masters degree in Business Administration, I'm heading to the East Coast "Smith Corp" Divisional Office, in Corporate Finance. Never much of a risk taker, I have always liked the concept of a certain level of personal security in a job, so I opted for the security of the 'Corporation' as opposed to 'striking out on my own' in my own business. I'll be helping other family members with their mortgages, or the beginning of or expanding of their businesses, or providing back-room financing for some of the larger companies that are part of the family business. Some of the names might be familiar to you; Smith Advertising, The Smith's Bank, Smith Electric Vehicles, Smith International, Smith's Drug and Food, The Smith's Snack Company, WISmith, DT Smith, SmithGroup Architectural, The Smiths Engineering Group, Smith's College, Smith and Weston, Smith-icks Breweries; Smith's Pancake House; Smith Transport; and no doubt Mary Smith's Fried Chicken, 'Home of the Biggest Breasts'. That's why, within the family we call it 'The Corporation'. Now don't get me wrong. The job will not be a breeze, and I will no doubt have to use most of what I learned at university in order to keep the job. Smith Corp can be like any other company. Just because you're family doesn't guarantee that you'll see a pension. You gotta work for it. Devine intervention and all that still doesn't come into play with some of the baser, more human foibles such as 'a fool and his money are soon parted'.

I uprooted myself from school and from my folk's home during my final exams. The 'Corporation', although family, demanded that I start working, full time, just three days after my last exam. It was fortunately for me that I had a period of five days between my second-to-last and my last exams. During that time, I was able to pack up at school, pack up at my parent's place, move to the East coast, finalize the purchase of a house, with a "Smith Corp" mortgage and move my stuff into it and to return back to the University to write the last exam. Oh, I forgot to mention that somewhere in there I also found time to study.

With the whirlwind settling down to a gentle breeze after writing the exam, I drove the two and a half hours to my folks place to stay a day and a half before moving on to my own new digs. My girlfriend was to meet me there in time for dinner, driving in from the new house. I had used the family business to make all of the arrangements, including selecting the house. It's nice to be able to depend upon family. Anyway ...

It was while I was at University in the fall of our last year that I first saw Jainey.

Chapter VIII: She

Tall for a woman, at five foot ten, Jainey was what one would describe as having an athletic build. Firm muscle toned legs met at the sexiest little heart shaped butt you could ever imagine squeezed into a tight pair of shorts. Slender, almost waspish waist created the impression that her tush was bigger than it actually was. Collar length dirty blond hair, clean and professionally trimmed. The spring in her step alluded to a real strength of character. As you may have guessed, I first time I ever saw her was as she was walking away from me. From that moment, I was hooked. Curiosity got the best of me.

Cautiously and surreptitiously, I rushed ahead of her to see what she looked like from the front. It was a mixed blessing. The clean pure beauty of her face struck me. A sense of innocence radiated from her. Slender slightly arched eyebrows framed two sensually shaped blue-green eyes. Fresh smile and strong white teeth created an even balance of her facial beauty. Yup, she was the girl for me, despite the fact that her slender athletic build was clearly evident in her virtually masculine pectoral chest. Now don't get me wrong, if there were ever breast men born, it was our 'Smith' family. The womenfolk of my family were either born or married into it. All had substantial frontage.

Now that I'd set my sites on Jainey; before I was through with her, Jainey would too. I just knew it. I had seen or read somewhere that women with small to nonexistent breasts had a smouldering desire in their subconscious to increase the size of their frontage, some to a very large size to make up for all the years of having next to none! For most of them however, it was the fear of surgery, lack of money, professional perceptions or family ethics and morals that prevented most of the tiny titted types from realizing their 'big' dreams and making a visual statement. I knew in my heart, without a doubt, that Jainey could and would join the clan of the 'big titted' Smiths.

I just needed a plan and to play my cards right and 'she' and 'I' would become 'us'. And play I did. Cautiously I gained her confidence. There was no need to rush. I planned to spend the rest of my life with this woman. We spent Christmas and New Years apart at our respective family 'homesteads' and finally consummated our love the first week back at school after the break.

With our time together slowly increasing it became obvious to both of us that we were well suited for each other and that we complemented each other. There were enough common interest things that we enjoyed doing together and likewise enough stuff that we liked doing either by ourselves or with the company of others that created a balance. Neither felt neglected nor smothered. Everything was working out wonderfully. She was totally, on one or two occasions brutally honest. I was too, save for one point, of which this narrative will explain.

We spent the March Break with her folks. I cautiously chose my words when asked by her father about my 'intentions'. I gently wove a tale (most of it true) about Jainey having to meet my folks and both of us settling into careers or at least jobs before I could commit to anything. (The last part was the lie. I knew this girl would become my wife and that this man would become my father-in-law. Only at the time, they did not know it.). She came from wonderful stock. Her younger sister, still in High School, was equally as pretty as Jainey. Even her parents had 'aged' well and did not look to be in their early fifties. This bode well for me as I now knew that Jainey's good looks weren't just a passing 'fad'.

Jainey was also studying for a degree in Business Administration, except she was concentrating on Insurance and Law. Her grades were even better than mine and I had the bookish look, remember.

Knowing that I had already lined up my job at the head office, I surreptitiously suggested that she submit a resume to the 'Corporation'. My sending an email to my third cousin in Human Resources and Employee Relations assured her of an interview and ultimately job placement dependent upon the successful completion of her degree, (Her MBA first and subsequently her Mrs.). With that, our careers were set. Working in the same building, albeit on different floors, living together and carpooling would be an easy sell if she wanted to 'take it slow'.

All of the pieces of the puzzle were falling into place with next to no effort. The plan was to visit my family at the end of the school year, but we never contemplated it would be as hectic that time would be.

Jainey had finished her last exam on the Wednesday, and she packed up her stuff and met me at 'our' house. All I was able to do was have dinner with her and leave her with a map to get to my parents place. I drove the three and a half hours back to the University to sleep over the night and write my last exam.

Chapter IX: Home For Dinner

I'd been at my parent's house for a little less than an hour when the doorbell rang. Laura, my 'little' eighteen-year-old sister and my mom got to the door before I did. Having developed their large 'shelves' long ago, I must admit that both Laura and my mom were actually quite graceful despite the obvious impediments to 'normal' movement. I had never mentioned to Jainey about my family's propensity to having 'breasts out to there', as Jainey would later remark. I could sense that Jainey was somewhat taken aback by the quantities of breast flesh that greeted her at the door. You see my mom and Laura appeared to be smuggling soccer balls inside their clothing. Standing behind my mom and sister, I made the introductions. Jainey was absolutely gracious after the initial shock, double take and the immediate feeling of being 'bowled over by breasts'. Despite their seven year difference in age, Laura, and Jainey actually hit it off from the get-go, discovering that they shared a number of common interests, jewellery, music, and movie stars.

Dinner was the usual nervousness of the 'home to visit the family and introduce a possible fiancé' type of atmosphere, but Jainey, who was the subject of the inspection, took it all in stride. At this stage, Jainey and I were simply at the boyfriend and girlfriend stage of our relationship. Jainey was completely unawares of the undercurrent of activity that I had been pursuing. My folks may have heard something through the family grapevine, however if they knew something, they never let on. So, needless to say, the conversation was suitably light. My mom cooked up a wonderful dinner and the evening was a smashing success. I could tell that Jainey accepted my family just as easily as they accepted her.

My folks are quite liberal and we were actually allowed to share a bed under my parent's roof. Feeling somewhat guilty about that, we actually only talked. The cracks in her fine patina became apparent when she commented that most men seemed to pursue women who reminded them of their mother.

Now, I have never really objectively gauged my mother's looks, I mean 'Mom' is 'Mom'. Anyway, I tried to be objective despite knowing that my mother's extremely large bosom would have a tit-hound hot on her trail. Also, it was not even a bit of a stretch, but Jainey could have passed as Laura's older sister and as my mother's daughter. That observation was not lost to Jainey either, and she said so. Until she mentioned that, the resemblance had never occurred to me. Perhaps it was the one very noticeable, up-front, obvious difference that had clouded my mind? At the end of our discussion, I had to do minor damage control by assuring her that I loved her for her and that anything else did not matter. And, at this stage of the game, that was the truth! A bigger bust would (hopefully) come later.

By the time we were ready to leave, Jainey was comfortable with my family and my family was happy with my choice of friend, lover and companion.

We settled into a comfortable routine in 'our' new house. Since the house was in my name, she insisted that I pay the mortgage, taxes, utilities, etc. Jainey made as much money as I did, and she insisted that she help with the bills. We compromised. She bought the foodstuffs, the furniture and made the car payments. We began to fall into that comfortable 'rut'. And our love continued to grow. Talk of formalizing a life together happened more frequently, but there was always something, either her or me. Usually me. But we were getting closer to my end game plan. But, I felt that I'd need more time. At this stage, getting her to marry me would not be the problem. The problem would be ensuring that she would welcome having her breasts balloon to about the size of her head. That was the end state of my plan. Now, don't be making me out to be a bad guy or making assumptions about me being a pervert or sleezeball. I was taking this very slow for the burgeoning breast man that I am. I had been very patient with my flat little Jainey. And I did love her very much. Hopefully, and eventually she would see it my way without me having ever brought up the subject.

Let me explain about the 'breasts as big as her head' comment.

Chapter X: The Family

It all began a little over two hundred, fifty seven years ago when my great, great ... times another ten or so 'greats', grandfather, Steven Smith and his second cousin William were caught in a storm while fishing in a small boat. William was swept overboard by a large wave. Grandpa Steven dove in, found him and rescued him. Later in church, William prayed to God for thanks that Steven had saved him and for Steven to be granted one wish on William's behalf.

William's branch had married into women with substantial breasts and one of William's daughters had secured a wealthy man and it is rumoured that her big breasts formed a big part of her small dowry from her husband's perspective. Apparently, Steven was looking at the women folk of both families gathered on the pew in the church and was comparing the obvious differences in the upper torso of the womenfolk and the financial success the large breasts had brought to William's family. His oldest daughter was just shy of marrying age, and it is believed that he wished that she'd grow large breasts also to help secure a wealthy man like her cousin's daughter.

It seems that both parts of the wish were granted. Steven's descendants became prosperous, as I've already mentioned, and large breasts now run in the family. Through the years, these two requests appeared to have been granted with steadily increasing bounty, as the family fortune has steadily become larger and surprisingly, so did the largess of the womenfolk. Strange but true. Furthermore, it became apparent that over the years there was some sort of inversely proportional thing going on. It seemed that the smaller they started out, the bigger they would be in the end. So, if they started with a reasonable or substantial 'natural blessing', the changes would not be as dramatic and in the end, they would tend to end up being the smallest members of the family. Family legend has it that Great Uncle

William's prayer was for his brother only. But, Steven's wish seems to be open-ended, as generation after generation came and went, we also noticed that as the family fortune grew increasingly larger, so too did the womenfolk. I suppose it helps that because of, or perhaps in spite of this miracle, our family has remained quite devout and very religious. Basically, for the womenfolk and large breasts in the family it boiled down to, you are either born into them, destined to grow them or you marry someone 'into' them. But more on that later.

Months later, after the gathering at my parent's home, we were looking at pictures of the event. In picture after picture, with Janey and either my Mom or my sister or both, the substantial difference in their breast sizes was more than evident. The sour looks on Janey's face become more pronounced. Eventually Janey looked down at her flat top and frowned, "So much for tradition, I guess the family will disown you if we become serious, or am I just a passing fancy while you wait for Miss Titanic Tits to show up and I can become yesterdays news."

I breathed a sigh of relief, although it would have come across as a sigh of frustration, as I knew that she missed the point entirely. Trying to sooth away her anxiety, I said, "I know that my family likes you just fine "

"But look at ME!" She pulled the loose top away from her torso for emphasis. "There is NO WAY I could even come close to filling the mould that your family springs from."

I reassured her that to me it really didn't matter. In all honesty, at this stage in our relationship, it really didn't. I knew that eventually the family would take care of us – in one way AND another!

Chapter XI: A Wedding and a Proposal

We flew to the West Coast for the marriage of my first cousin Samuel to a lovely girl named Michelle. I was quite taken by Michelle, as she and Janey could have been sisters, quite possibly even twins. The resemblance was spooky. Ash blond hair, slender build, deep blue eyes, you get the picture. I was to be an usher at this blessed service.

When Janey entered the church for the wedding, I was not able to escort her down the aisle to a seat. Instead, my cousin Michael had the honour. Offering his arm, he escorted Janey down the aisle and turned to offer her a seat on Michelle's family's side of the church. In hushed tones, she insisted on sitting on the other side. I noticed Mike give her an eye up and down, shrug and guide her to my (and his) family's side of the church. I must admit if I had not known her, I would have made the same mistake. That Sesame Street ditty 'One of these things is not like the other.' immediately came to mind as my flat little Janey sat amongst the womenfolk of my family, all of them looking like they've just cleaned out the melon section of the supermarket.

All of the 'wedding stuff' came off all right; you know the trip to the church, the walk down the aisle, the best man with the ring. Perfect. Even the vows came off with out anyone forgetting or flubbing their lines. Michelle forcefully and quite audible, almost yelled out 'I do.' to the gathered congregation. When she turned to the gathered families and friends she had a strange look on her face. A cross between pain, relief and something else. Sam, upon seeing this look on the face of his new wife broke into a combination smirk and lusty leer. Praise be to great Uncle William and his request to the All Mighty and Great Grampa Steven's wish! Michelle, it seemed, would be another one in the continuing series of family miracles.

The weather was perfect, perhaps a tad too windy, just enough to keep the photographer at wits end trying to get the 'perfect pictures'. A gust pressed the loose bridal gown firmly against Michelle's torso.

We "Smith's" were quick to notice. The changes, albeit subtle, had started and you could tell, she was going to be a BIG girl.

The dinner and reception that followed the service were typical of today's marriages. A quickly catered affair with the usual almost rubbery chicken, fairly inexpensive wine which never stopped flowing, too many toasts and the bride and groom having a hard time trying to eat because everyone was banging their cutlery on their glassware and the (un) fortunate couple stood and kissed for each round. The amount of money spent was not at all extravagant and would be about average for an average income family, despite our family's wealth. For this event (as with most) moderation was an apt description of the event, perhaps excluding the volumes of wine consumed, considering the nature of the event.

I had the obligatory 'after the Bride and Groom's first dance' dance with my cousin Suzie, Sam's sister and my bridesmaid 'date' for the evening. Having her full chest pressed against mine was a feeling that I had felt so infrequently in the last while that my pants were visible 'puffed up' in the groin area after the dance. I tell you, I sure missed the look and the feel of a large rack trying to leave an impression on my chest. I thought of my flat Jainey. I had plans for her and I just hoped that she would concur. I went to join Jainey at her table, referred to as the 'misfits table' during the planning stages, as each of them had steady or spouse sitting at the head table. We all danced, drank, mingled and drank some more. Shortly after Sam and Michelle had departed, it seemed to me to me it seemed the perfect place and time. Emboldened by the wine, I carried out the plan I had formulated earlier. I scooted up to Jainey's side, dropped to one knee, and proposed. Damn it. She did not even want to leave me guessing. She said 'Yes,' right then and there.

So now, the next few months were now going to be very hectic.

Chapter XII: The Shower

A month before we were to be wed, my family held a bridal shower for Jainey. Wouldn't it figure that from all these busty future in-laws that all of the lingerie they brought for Jainey was far too big in the bust. Well! ... Jainey comes home after the shower and I thought I'd never hear the end of the complaints. She said that she wasn't sure if my relatives had ALL just made a mistake and either just assumed that she was busty like they were, or if they had ALL forgotten that she was the 'flat man out' at Michelle and Sam's wedding. It only got worse as she ranted on. She then felt insulted that they had purposely belittled her by intentionally buying the wrong sizes. Wagging her finger at me as though I was the culprit, she then jumped to the conclusion that they were giving her a not too subtle hint to see a plastic surgeon and get with their program ... i.e. copious quantities of breast. By the end of it she had worked herself into a frenzy and was absolutely livid.

Spin doctor time and damage control, again! I assured her that it was probably just an error on their part; they assuming that she would be like they were. Of course she countered with "Your mother and sister too?!" Yes, that was a hard one to explain away and I had to concede that perhaps there was something wrong with the gifts. Pick your cliché, I tap-danced and skated around the issue, but I did not have the heart to tell her that they were right and she was wrong. They had bought appropriate sizes, but I just could not bring myself to explain it to Jainey, but time would tell. Damn it all anyway. Why couldn't they all have just bought toasters - like everybody else does for these things?

Chapter XIII: Pictures

It only went from bad to worse as pictures and the 'Thank you for help with the wedding' note, sent from Sam and Michelle during their honeymoon arrived in the post on the following Monday. A short note explained that they had taken two weeks down south to frolic on a beach. It also gave a synopsis of the

thirty-six prints that they had sent to us. They toured everywhere and seemed to have seen too many things, and yes, the scenery was spectacular, but the changes to Michelle were even more remarkable. With at least two pictures per day, it was blatantly obvious that Sam and Michelle could probably have sat quietly and watched her breasts grow. Michelle seemed to be enjoying everything about the honeymoon and didn't seem troubled by the remarkable changes occurring to her breasts. In fact, in one or two of the pictures she seemed like she was obviously pleased by it all. Her 'shit-eating-grin' grew larger with each passing day, but some of that could have been due to Sam, after all, it was their honeymoon, but I doubt it! Sam didn't look too put out either. I knew from the look on Michelle's face immediately after the exchange of vows at their wedding that she knew what was coming. She seemed to be almost too happy in the photos. It led me to thinking that perhaps she married Sam just for the effect that marriage would have to her physical appearance.

So, as I alluded to before, EVERY woman in Steven Smith's family had large to huge breasts. It was an understandable phenomenon for anyone in Grampa Steven's gene pool. But that somehow also included any woman who married a direct descendent of Steven. Their breasts grew, regardless of the age they were when they married. As soon as the ring was on their finger, their breasts began to fill out – substantially. Call me a 'shit' or being extra cautious, but I consciously neglected to mention the marriage induced breast expansion to Jainey, partially afraid it might have her leave me.

Jainey on the other hand flipped through the photos over and over again. Any faster and I'm sure that she could have been using it for one of those cartoon card games where an image becomes animated due to the rapid progression of the cards. I don't know what Jainey was thinking. My educated guess was that when Michelle and Sam boarded the plane to return home and Michelle looked like she was hefting the country fair's award winning prize pumpkins under her T-shirt; Jainey felt that the only other less-than-modest bosomed woman in my family had deserted her. I'm sure that Jainey felt that she would be conspicuously noticeable at any gathering of my family.

Later I had the chance to look at the pictures a little more carefully and study the changes. If I hadn't known better, I probably would have been as shocked as Jainey.

The pictures of their first day showed a noticeable change from the Michelle we saw in the wedding pictures. Certainly, the next day, Monday with the two of them clowning at the beach showed Michelle with lovely half orange sized breasts stuffed into what one could only assume was the bikini top she had brought from home and had worn in her late teens. By the Wednesday, the hardball sized impressions at the casino were distracting enough that I almost missed the fact that it wasn't Michelle the photo was showing off, but the BAR, BAR, BAR of the slot machine beside her.

Their first Friday was spent on a guided bus tour of the area. Michelle was showing off for the camera, pretending to weave a straw hat, rug, or something like that. A pair of softball-sized tits, packed inside the tight floral Hawaiian style button down shirt she was wearing, could only have created the dark shadow under her still fuller rack.

One full week had passed in the photo history and Sam and Michelle had been moped around the resort. The scoop neck shirt that she was wearing showed absolutely lovely, deep and tanned cleavage. Sam's arm wrapped around her waist only helped to accentuate just how big she was getting. His arm was completely shaded by her amplexus.

The next shot, on Tuesday, was poolside. Resting on her finger was one of those skittish little lizards that are everywhere in the tropics. The shadow of the critter was bent and twisted on the background of her cantaloupe sized breasts.

The only really risqué shot of the bunch was the Thursday shot. Sam had caught her emerging from the shower. Michelle had not completely wrapped herself in a towel and the profile shot clearly showed that her tits were easily as big as her head.

The last shot was on the day of their departure. Obviously, Michelle had now bought a new blue bikini. Too small though it was, her volleyball-sized breasts stretched the triangles of material as she reclined on a beach chair, catching the last few rays before they packed up to go home.

Sam had sent me, in a separate sealed envelope, two photos of the two of them taken a week after their return from their honeymoon. He and Michelle were lounging in a hot tub at their condo. In the first shot, it became obvious that Michelle was bigger still, as the same blue bikini top she had been wearing on their honeymoon appeared as though it had shrunk a size or two. The second shot Sam had tossed in to tease me. Sam was turned facing his wife while she was standing, waist deep in the hot tub holding the skimpy bikini top aloft in her hand. Even with her right arm raised, her left tit hung heavily down almost to her navel. Michelle was definitely one of, if not the largest busted member of the family. Christ was she big! From almost flat to 'that' in a little over two weeks. I felt the pressure building in my groin as I imagined Jainey again looking just like her 'twin'.

Chapter XIV: The Stag-ette

Jainey looked like a red-hot number when she left for the Stag-ette that her future in-laws threw for her. How she got into the pants she was wearing, I'll never know and a troubling thought crossed my mind as she left - How would I get her out of them when she came home, all hot, wet and slicked up from the steamy show? I figured that if push came to shove, I could use scissors to cut that tight heart shaped butt of hers out of the constricting garment. My worries however proved to be unnecessary.

Well!!! I don't know if I'll ever hear the end of it. They went out to watch the male strippers and to whoop it up. To make matters worse for Jainey, the women in my family know how to dress for effect. And they did, taking full advantage of the fact that in the peeler place that they could also act wildly. You can be sure that the only thing that was more outrageous than their dress was their behaviour. Scoop necks, V-necks, halter-tops, tube tops, you name it. Certainly not all of it tasteful or current, but to them it mattered little. They were dressing for effect and effect they had! Half loaded and completely lacking any more inhibitions, they flashed the strippers. Quite a few of them had been smaller earlier in their lives and now could tightly pack even the largest of shirts. And they were not afraid to display their added largess. Some of them apparently joined the 'Chip & Dales' up on the stage. Our Smith women sure are proud of their breasts!

If someone ever had 'big tit envy', it was Jainey after she had come home. It seems that she felt like a dandelion surrounded by a plethora of roses. She had become lost to the male strippers because she had inadvertently surrounded herself by the highest concentration and largest sets of breasts in the bar - my family at her stag-ette. Cursing a blue streak, Jainey ranted about how the evening was supposed to be for her enjoyment, but, according to her, ALL of the other women stole ALL of the attention away from her. Her list of 'lost attention' included the peelers, the bartender, the waitress, the doorman, the cab driver, and the list went on. "God Damn tits everywhere", she screeched, ever so conscious that she didn't really have any to speak of.

I think some of it may have been pre-wedding jitters. At least I hope that's all it was.

Chapter XV: The Wedding

The next day - Two Thumbs Up! All of Jainey's previous worries had disappeared as she became wrapped up in the event. And what an event. Jainey looked absolutely gorgeous. Her family had spent a bundle on her dress. It was something that a princess or royalty would wear for a wedding; rich, lacy, conservative, yet flattering. Although the body of the dress was tight and form fitting, the fact that she was obviously flat as board really didn't matter. She still looked like a living angel. Everything came off without a hitch. This made for two 'perfect' family weddings in a row! Imagine the luck, until ...

And Jainey said, "I do." As she turned to kiss me, still veiled, her eyes bugged out, as obviously something was not right. The look seemed almost like she had been knifed in the back. Wild eyed she turned to the assembled families, hers and mine. The look changed as, and I'm guessing, the pain subsided. The sombre faced bridesmaids from my side of the family broke into wide grins. The biggest smile was on Michelle's face, her having remembered the exact same feeling not more than five months earlier that Jainey was now experiencing. I was comforted, particularly by Michelle's smile and I knew that my wife and I would be carrying on in the family tradition. "God bless Great Uncle William and Great Grampa Steven!" I muttered under my breath as I raised Jainey's veil to kiss her. Now I would relax and let 'nature' take its course.

Chapter XVI: The Truth

In the back of the limo on the way to have our photos taken, we got into our first real fight. I had to come clean. The guilty conscience. The little angel that sits on one's shoulder was present without his little red counterpart on the other shoulder. Jainey had told me about the pain she had felt immediately after reciting her vows and stating, "I do," and I told her I knew exactly what it was. I had known all along what was going to happen. I had known it from the start, even before I started dating her. In fact, the reality of it was that it could have been any woman who I decided to take as my bride that would be 'blessed' by the Smith endowment. No woman really wants to hear that she really is not all that special in the bigger scheme of things, but for the Smith family, it was just a fact of life and had been for over two hundred, fifty years. Jainey would just have to get used to the idea, that for generations the women who married into the family grew to fill the 'Smith' mould. Yes, it could have been anyone, but it was Jainey that I desired and wanted. I could give her something no other man or woman could give her, (outside of my family that is.). Even if the blessing from Great Uncle William and Great Grampa Steven failed to materialize, I would have taken Jainey for my wife, regardless.

I was caught in a 'Catch twenty two'. It was obvious that one of the main reasons, if not the main reason that Michelle had married Sam was because he had promised her handfuls of hooters. I did not want my Jainey to marry me just because my family could fill her chest to outstanding proportions. I wanted her to marry me for me. That's why I had hidden the truth from her. The fact that now that we had been wed and her own bosom would soon balloon, and she had not had any opportunity to provide any of her input into the changes that my family and I would 'force' upon her was what I had to smooth over.

Well!!! ... I told her that Michelle's 'growth spurt' was entirely natural and a gift from God (and Great Uncle William and Great Grampa Steven) and that within the next two weeks her own flat chest would disappear and forever become history. As sensitive as she had been about being pancake breasted among my family of top-heavy womenfolk, she was furious that I would even consider blowing her up to the same proportions. The real reason she was angry, of course, was that I had known all along and had kept it to myself with out any intention of sharing it with her until after we were married. I was damned if I told her and damned if I didn't tell her. Now I was the 'sneaky bastard' who didn't really love her or trust her. Damn.

I sat on my side of the limo while she sat on her side. We both had our arms crossed across our chests, looking out our own windows, trying our best to ignore each other. I felt like a heel despite being in a

'Catch twenty two' situation. I looked over towards her, hoping to salvage our forty-five minute marriage. I knew that her stance, arms crossed against her chest, would be a position she would soon not be able to do. The limo wheeled around a corner and Jaaney dropped her arms to the seat to steady herself. I was surprised, almost shocked. It was blatantly obvious at this early date. Flesh had begun to fill out at the base of her tits. On her once demure frame, broad fleshy mounds were beginning to be pushed out against the tight wedding dress. I could tell right then and there that my Jaaney was going to be big. Very big!

Continued in The Smiths, Part 3 – Happily Ever After