

The Smiths, Part 3 - Happily Ever After

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Chapter XVII: Still Saturday – Still A cup – Flat As A Board

It was a cold and chilly nuptial bed that this newlywed couple crawled into after reception. It seemed to me that I'd sorely misjudged the reaction of my new wife to the news that her breasts could soon swell to the size of her head or quite possibly larger. It almost surprised me when she prevented me from sleeping on the floor and that I could share the bed "and no more!" Some night! She on her side and me on mine ... on our wedding night!

Chapter XVIII: Sunday – A small B – Fleshy Little Mounds

The next morning I awoke first and I lay in bed composing some song-and-dance routine that would have me eating humble pie and grovelling for forgiveness. With my apology almost down pat, Jainey awoke. Sitting up in bed, she threw her legs over the edge and stretched. Peeling off her nightshirt, she stood and walked to the bathroom. Her muscular legs, buttocks and flared hips were certainly inviting and I even had the horrible thought that I may never again even caress them, much less part them. Oddly though, she left the bathroom door open after she had entered. Cautiously I watched her. She was carefully studying her new breasts. It started with gentle prodding and quickly evolved into a grope and knead session. Jainey then studied her breasts in the mirror. I could tell that she was sure that she could actually see a marked difference from the day before. The corners of her mouth curled upward ever so slightly. Her hand could completely cover each breast and it surprised me at the volume of changes that had occurred since we had tied the knot. By the look on her face I'm sure that she was beginning to wonder just how much of what I had told her was fact and how much was fiction. Leaving the washroom, nipples thrusting provocatively from her chest, she quietly picked up her suitcase and placed it on the bed. After a moment's hesitation, she pulled her bra from the suitcase. This in itself is not so strange, in that as flat chested as she had been, she never, ever went without a bra. At arms length she held the lacy small-cupped undergarment up and stared at it. With a flick of the wrist it went flying and I heard that sound of it landing squarely in the garbage can. This certainly gave me mixed emotions. I guess she realized that the bra was either too small, or very soon to be too small, and threw it out for that reason. But I'm sure that for most of the day she could still have made use of the garment. It scared me that she threw out the only bra she was taking on our Honeymoon. Could I be next?

We spent the rest of the day doing last minute shopping, trying to appear like a newly wed couple, albeit with me having to deal with her 'cold shoulder'. The day had been planned as a 'lazy day' preparing for an evening flight for our Honeymoon destination. Even during the expensive dinner that evening, she was distant. But she was a vision. All dolled up, low cut dress with her steadily expanding buds making definite impressions in the front. It was certainly happening fast. By the way, the meal was great.

Some of her chilly demeanour had disappeared as time and the pleasant day healed some of the rift. What may have dissipated some of the anger may have been her resignation from the fight that I really did love her and in no way would ever want to hurt her; and from her recognition that her enlargement was going to happen anyway. We were seated in the First Class section of the aircraft. For the first time in almost twenty-four hours she smiled at me, just as the airliner made one last thumping bounce as it became airborne. That jolt was reflected in a movement behind the loose blouse Jainey was wearing. For me (and I'm sure for her also) it was the first visible indication that she had reached the stage where

there would be no turning back. From here on in a brassiere would become compulsory. What only a day before had been flat now definitely was not!

She caught me eyeing her chest. I blushed and mumbled an apology. She smiled again and said the one thing that would carry me happily from that day forward to my grave. Jainey smiled, "I can't believe how fast their growing. It feels wonderful!" She coyly looked down avoiding my gaze. "Darling," she said softly, "I've always wanted large breasts and was going to ask you if I could have surgical augmentation, but I guess it won't be necessary if I get bigger than Michelle." I nodded, seeming to understand her statement, but the full meaning of it finally sunk in and after a short pause my eyes must have bugged out of my head because she giggled at my reaction. The thought that next went through my head as her words had finally sunk in was that she was willing to let some doctor slice open her chest and pump it full of saline if she did not surpass Michelle with her own growth. I grew faint. Now you know why I love this woman.

Chapter XIX: Monday – A Bigger B - Pale Pink Bulging Flesh

We landed in the tropics three hours later and a taxi bus whisked us and a half dozen others away to our hotel. It was just after midnight when we had finally settled into our room and paid off the bellhop. Jainey asked me to unpack the suitcases. She took the ice bucket and left the room. After a lengthy absence, she came back sans the ice bucket. I also noticed a brassiere under the white cotton shirt. It seemed that her modesty got the best of her. Where she got it at this time of night; I'll never know. She can be very resourceful if the urge strikes her. She gave me a coy, sensual look. Not taking the bait yet wanting to play along, I asked, "Where's the ice bucket?"

She ignored me and gyrated to music playing in her head. "It's a 'B', she stated matter-of-factly and slowly unbuttoned the top three buttons of her blouse. Pulling the blouse slowly apart, she smiled as she showed me the top of her breasts bulging slightly over the top the bra, the shadow of cleavage appearing for the first time ever. She smiled even more broadly, showing her pearly teeth and said, "Thank You." She spun on the heel of one foot and the ball of the other, undoing the front clasp of the bra, and entered the washroom. She pulled the shirt tight against her torso, looking at the 'pubescent' breasts pushing against the thin cotton blouse. Undoing the remaining buttons, she removed the shirt and draped it over the toilet beside her. I watched her through the open door. She seemed almost animated. She pivoted at the waist, excitedly scrutinizing her upper body in the mirror from all angles, pausing slightly longer to fully appreciate her profile. I was happy for her.

She giggled like a young schoolgirl. I was beginning to think that the extra body fat needed to fill her breasts was being drawn from her brain, she was acting that 'silly'. "Martin," she giggled again. I was now sure that she had the smartest breasts and the smallest brain. "Did you know that today is the first day that I'll be able to wear something a little risqué and revealing ..." another giggle, ... and actually have something to show. Giggling again, she cupped one ripening breast. This was getting to be too much. If I had to put up with another two weeks of her bosom bloat and brainless banter, I could possibly go mad! But, there was no doubt about it though, she certainly looked better than she had yesterday and that was one consolation, not that she hadn't been near perfection before. I hoped that the novelty would wear off and her personality would return to normal.

All I'll mention about the next few hours is that we made up for the debacle of the night before. Jainey having breasts, albeit small ones certainly made a dramatic difference in our lovemaking. Both for me and for her.

We spent the day on the beach. I had not realized that Jainey had saved one of her old bikini tops until she appeared on the beach, having sent me ahead to secure a spot. I did a double take. The mini cupped twin triangles of material were certainly overwhelmed by the volume they were containing and as the day wore on it only became worse. (Or should I say better.)

That evening we went to the restaurant in the hotel for dinner. Although the dress was casual, Jainey seemed to be pushing the envelope. It was obvious that since she had bought the bra, just after midnight, this morning, her rapidly developing breasts were beginning to present a greater challenge for the poor undergarment, and the 'something a little revealing' was verging upon a lot revealing. If she persisted in wearing a brassiere, tomorrow a new larger one was in order.

She seemed to be revelling in the fact that she, or at least her breasts, could be larger in volume than an article of clothing was designed and for all appearances made a conscious effort to accentuate the fact.

Chapter XX: Tuesday Still getting bigger. 'C' what I mean.

The next morning Jainey seemed to be taking forever in the washroom. "Go get a table, I'll be down in a minute." she called from behind the closed door. Resigned again to be starting out on my own, I went downstairs and secured a table in the hotel restaurant. The waiter had just poured our coffee when I saw her. She came down the stairway with a pleased-with-herself- smile on her face. Watching her descend the staircase I knew she was smiling because of the sensation of her breasts bouncing with each step. I had been up earlier than she was and had finished my morning ablutions. I was watching the surf break on the shore from our balcony when she secreted herself into the bathroom. For the first time since the lights went out last night did I see the overnight changes. Today there was no question about attempting to snuggle her hooters into the B size holster. It was that obvious. Her breasts now strained against the material wrapped around them, pulling them downward dramatically with each footfall. I swear that you could hear the sound of about two-dozen male eyeballs snapping into a position, fixated upon her chest. She was or perhaps I should say, they were stunning. What a tease she was. As she approached the last few steps, she accentuated each step just to increase the bounce effect, and it worked. A crash of falling dishes drew attention away from her and to two busboys that had collided on their way to the kitchen. It would seem that they too were watching Jainey and neither was paying any attention to where they were hurrying.

After breakfast, I joined her for her bra shopping. She would not go anywhere without first wearing one of those wretched things. I was beginning to wonder what she was going to do next week if her growth in any way resembled Michelle's. Today she was serious. I guess brassiere shopping is a serious and fairly private affair for women, as she didn't even come out of the changing stall to model it for me. But I was glad to have my 'normal' Jainey back. Quickly she settled upon an inexpensive C cup sized one, bought it and wore it out of the store. Whispering, she told me that it was just a little too big. She smiled, winked a coy wink and said, "I hope I'll be able to grow into it!"

That evening we went dancing in one of the local clubs. Jainey had packed clothes for this trip prior to the wedding and her dresses were cut for the smaller woman she had been and with the larger chest than she now had, the fit and cut only emphasized the fullness of her frontage. The plunging neckline showcased heaped dollops of the smooth projection of her breasts and the increasingly deeper, longer and darker crevasse of her cleavage. As we dressed, I noticed that any slack that had been in her bra from this morning was now gone. She was becoming quite the sight. The dance, from my perspective, was great. Through most of the night, she shook her body to the pounding rhythms and her swollen jugs shook along with her. When she wasn't shaking herself and her tits, they were firmly planted against my chest for the slow dances. It was a feeling that I had sorely missed. Two full, firm breasts with turgid nipples pressing into my chest, leaving trails of small circles as we slowly gyrated to the music. This was a taste of a titman's heaven that I hadn't had in a long time.

Chapter XXI: Wednesday Baseball Anyone?

I woke up this morning and the angelic face of Jainey still sleeping put the right spin on the rest of the day. She was lying on her back with her head turned towards me so I had a forty-five degree view of

her pretty face. Momentarily, I was taken back about a week and a half to our shared bed back at home, when we had last awakened facing each other. The remembrance had me forgetting about the changes that for the moment remained hidden from view by the sheets and blankets. Reaching over to her to use her body to provide some leverage to help me pull myself towards her, my hand encountered the swell of her breast and the sleepiness and cobwebs in my mind were immediately banished. I cupped her firm left breast. They had enlarged so quickly that they rose straight from her chest and had not yet developed that natural inclination towards her armpit. I could hardly contain the whole breast in my hand. The uncontrollable stirring of my groin confirmed that both of my 'heads' were actually thinking of the same thing. The gentle manipulation of her turgid flesh had set off a number of reactions from Jainey. The first was the obvious expansion of the nipple. Tickling the palm of my hand as I caressed its bulky support base triggered a soft moan of pleasure from my woman. Although still sleeping, I watched her eyes as the still closed lids fluttered, indicating that she would soon be awake. A movement halfway down the length of her body told me that her right hand had found her sex and would soon be joining my hand in pleasuring her.

Abruptly she awoke. Disoriented at first, she withdrew slightly from me. With the regaining of full consciousness, she smiled at me, and stretched, took a deep breath, and with her left hand pushed down the covers to her belly exposing her breasts and my groping hand. Both hers and my eyes locked upon her breasts protruding forcefully from her chest, with her back arched in the stretch, lungs full, ribs clearly visible. What a sight, the way her single exposed C-cup breast lengthened slightly, still retaining its dollop shape as her chest stretched. By the time I had lifted my hand from her other breast, her stretch had ended and the pair proudly wobbled slightly in unison as they settled into position side-by-side. This was too much for me and needless to say, we missed breakfast. (Lighten up; we're on our honeymoon!)

When we finally made an appearance outside our room, I just couldn't help myself, I cast approving and appreciative glances at Jainey. It was clear that from this date onward the swollen mass would be evident regardless of what she wore. There could be no hiding them. Not that she was making any attempt to create the impression that she was any smaller than she really was. The fact that the plain white unadorned cotton T-shirt was sheer enough and tight enough to see that the roomy bra she had purchased yesterday was beginning to struggle with the additional load another day had brought. There was a clear line across each breast where the cup ended and the excess bulged over the top. Knowing her as well as I did, tomorrow we would go bra shopping again. I smiled to myself at this sight. Yes, daily Jainey was making more and more of an impression.

Chapter XXII: Thursday Grapefruit For Breakfast

This morning at she refused to wear a shirt without a bra, so instead she donned her bikini top. Sometimes women can be so confusing. This was the bikini top she had packed before the wedding, the same one she had been wearing yesterday, two small triangles of material held in place by spaghetti straps. When she had been flat chested, the top had looked demure, now it looked almost obscene. The tiny triangles now barely covered the ever expanding aureole and the whole garment (if you can call it that) was pulled tight since the strings were originally designed for her originally AA cup torso and not the additional almost four inches of padding she had added since the wedding. Regardless, her bikini top looked deliciously overfull and I couldn't help but notice that the grapefruit served at breakfast were about the same size.

We spent the rest of the day lazing poolside and occasionally venturing to the ocean for a splash there. It was a day of genuine relaxation. At one point, we joined in a round of beach volleyball and Jainey all too soon realized that she wasn't properly attired for the game. The small top provided inadequate support and coverage even when she walked, much less bounding around chasing a ball. Once the other team realized this, Jainey was busy returning more volleys than anyone else. With each return, she adjusted (read, put her boobs back inside the micro suit.) just in time to have to return another volley

and repeat the adjustment again. It surprised me that she really took no offence to 'flashing' the opponents and the steadily increasing number of spectators. It was fun none-the-less. By the way, our team won the game. I think our opponents were visually distracted.

Later we flaked out by the pool. Jainey was more modest here. While she lay on her stomach, she had me untie the strings of the micro top "to avoid tan lines" on her back. However, when she was lying on her back. Her front was covered, (albeit, considering the size of the bikini top, 'covered' just doesn't really 'cover' it!).

Chapter XXIII: Friday

Softballs

By now, after having spent four days at the Hotel, I was certain that if the staff and a number of the other guests had not noticed her steadily bloating bosom by this juncture, they were indeed blind. The trip to the Hotel restaurant for breakfast every morning was beginning to be a gawking session for the busboys and today, there were even two heads were peeking out from the kitchen door. I had to restrain myself from laughing as the only male waiter of the six person wait-staff, almost, literally tripped over two of his peers in a rush to greet us at the entrance of the restaurant and then guide / usher us to one of 'his' tables. I really can't blame them. I knew exactly what was happening and I, too, was enraptured by the ever-changing landscape of my wife's chest, so I could really feel for these guys, trying to be discrete and not lose their jobs, while still trying to scope a view of Jainey's rising hillocks.

This morning she was dressed quite conservatively, in a reasonably loose fitting top. She had her hair forward over her shoulders, all in an attempt to disguise the fact that she had not yet gone bra shopping this morning and was, and I might add, quite noticeably without. This must have been a disappointment of the kitchen staff, as this was the first time that they had made the effort to check out the scenery in the restaurant. Although looking relatively sultry with her hair askew, she seemed to have mastered the trick of minimizing the effect of her bigger boobs. All I could think of was that they should check in tomorrow.

By the time lunchtime had rolled around, we had again visited a ladies wear section of a store and me, like a fifth wheel, waited while Jainey found a bigger bra.

That evening we went to the Casino. She was all dolled up in an older outfit that made no bones about the fact that she was now what would be called 'stacked'. Packed with orbs that would rival softballs for size, almost filling out the D cup brassiere that she had purchased earlier, she had squeezed her upper torso into the previously clingy skin-tight fabric. Now she now looked like a flat chick attempting to steal two balls from a sporting goods store. Her breasts had been growing so quickly in the past few days that they almost looked like new implants, they were so seemingly self-supporting. Regardless, Jainey looked hot!

She insisted on paying the cab. It was becoming the story of my life, "Martin, be a dear and go ahead and ... " This time it was to get change for the slot machines. As I was about to entering the building, I looked back and I caught a glimpse of her in profile, rummaging through her purse, trying to see over her swollen bust, looking so obviously top-heavy in the form-fitting dress. She leaned forward to pay the cabbie, wanting to make eye contact as she paid the fare. I can well imagine the view of the deep chasm of cleavage she gave the driver. As she stood erect, I watched the cabbie's head follow the swell of her bosom. She could have paid him with toilet paper and he would not have even noticed, as his eyes remained locked on her tits. She then turned towards the Casino and began walking, the bra doing a fine job of controlling the shimmy and bounce of her naturally heavy footfalls. I waited for her and was scolded for not performing the assigned task. Like most others, I too was becoming transfixed by the 'magic' of her breasts. The cups of her brassiere only lifted and supported. The half cups left the plump flesh globes pressing into each other forming the familiar "Y" of classic cleavage. In the next few days I knew that her cleavage would change from this sought after look to that of shirts, blouses and dresses

with long plunging necklines and the lovely tight cleavage extending farther and farther from her chest wall. I could hardly wait.

What a great time. Jainey certainly was my lady luck. We more than quadrupled our money. Maybe we will buy that Benz after all. We won enough to buy one!

That night, besides being euphoric due to our winnings, we were relatively well liquored up from the free booze provided by the casino. With the liquor clouding her judgment, I think Jainey was being somewhat sentimental, or reminiscing back in time prior to the beginning of this week when she was a flat chesty girl. Standing in front of the full-length mirror, she scowled and frowned at her reflection. Taking her hands, she pressed her palms onto her breasts and it looked like she was trying to squish them back into her chest cavity. The creamy globes overflowed around her hands and flesh bulged out between her fingers. She scowled even more and her frown became deeper. Everything had been so good up to this point. She held up her hand and appraised it. Looking again at her reflection, she placed it on one of her breasts, almost cupping it gently. Her hand now seemed small compared to the bulbous crown of breast flesh it was supporting. Abruptly she dropped her hand to her side and stomped her way towards the bed and me, her large breasts undulating. Flopping herself onto the bed, she quickly threw over the covers, and rolled onto her side – back to me. This was almost as warm a feeling as our wedding night. Things were not looking good.

Chapter XXIV: Saturday Three Quarter Litre Loaves

When she drinks too much, she snores. Jainey had slept like a whirlwind and the blankets only covered her from the belly down. Lying on her back only made the annoying noise of her breathing worse. I awoke to the buzz-saw racket and to the very pleasant view of the gentle rising and falling of a pair of firm gravity defying breasts. In our inebriated states last night, we had cranked the air conditioner up full. Now her arms and her whole torso were covered with small goose bumps and her areola and nipples were pinched from the cold. I lay beside her, studying the swollen flesh. I had never had the opportunity to study the marked changes to the physiology of her teats. I remembered her dugs as being somewhat smaller; without the three quarters of a litre of hormonalized blubber raising them five inches from her chest. They had been small before, only about the size of a quarter with small pencil eraser sized nipples. Now, capping this two-handful size breast, they seemed to be no bigger than a commemorative silver dollar. Although the nipple itself seemed to be about the same size. Eventually, I closed my eyes for each of her exhalations and would open my eyes when the next snore would begin. With this pattern, I was able to watch the rising of her chest and breasts only. It was like a movie loop of a perpetually enlarging tit. In no time, I had developed a visible sign of my own 'rising'. Shortly thereafter Jainey's goose bumps had disappeared due to the heat of passion. The morning was wonderful, and we almost missed breakfast.

What had been somewhat loose yesterday was now filled to capacity. Blue-veined flesh bulging out the cups of the 34-D brassiere. As her mammary glands ballooned on a daily basis, the more obvious masses were filling her shirts. It was interesting to note that across the top of each breast were subtly graduated bands of progressively lighter tanned skin, visual reminders that daily the steadily increasing volume of her breasts forced more of her milky white skin above the top of the bikini or bra until, as I just mentioned, blanched flesh with the visible, steadily enlarging network of her circulatory system made an obvious contrast to the surrounding incrementally darker skin. It's a good thing that she tans and doesn't burn.

The melancholy of last night was gone and what was left behind were the still larger breasts. The mass of titflesh had finally reached the point where, despite their newness, the effects of gravity were just beginning to become noticeable. They were becoming more teardrop shaped, looking more and more like 'natural' breasts. I watched as she dressed. She was looking down and I could tell that she was

impressed with the depth of her cleavage and the fullness of her bosom, which now protruded from her petite frame. She was happy again and I, well, I was relieved.

As we hurried to breakfast, I had been telling Jainey about the chaos she had been causing in the restaurant and the excitement and anticipation of doing it again for another morning had made her nipples tighten and become clearly evident protrusions in the thin material of her dress. The same chaos followed in our wake as staff tripped over each other to either gawk while helping us or by attempting to be inconspicuous. Just to be a tease, when the waiter came to take our order, she was leaning forward in her seat – with her breasts actually resting on and supported by the table. She leaned back into her seat and her burgeoning bustline collapsed against her chest wall as they 'fell' off the table. The waiter's jaw also collapsed against his chest wall. We stifled a laugh and without missing a beat rattled off our order. We had to repeat it for the waiter's sake.

Today we spent the day sightseeing the island from a tour bus. Although, not noticing it until I mentioned it to her, Jainey seemed to be the center of photographic interest for at least three of our traveling companions. At every stop at least two of them would snap pictures of the sights, inevitably with Jainey 'blocking' their camera's shot of the ruin, beach, celebrity home, etc. Leave it to Jainey ... when she was aware of the 'attention', she would ham-it-up for the camera, like taking a deep breath and puffing out her chest. It was very funny watching both her and particularly the shutterbugs as they quickly attempted to catch her 'puffed up', or stretching, or leaning over, etc. I'm sure that they went home with more pictures of my wife and virtually nothing of the island's more permanent sites that they could show their girlfriends or wives.

That evening we spent at the resort bar, slowly sipping drinks and discussing our future together. I must say that she looked ravishing in the tight red dress with plunging neckline. It made the foundations of another night of the things that newlyweds do.

Chapter XXV: Sunday A Bigger Bra For Jainey

Jainey donned a plain white, unadorned undershirt of mine. Her breasts were now of a size that they were almost entirely visible through the oversize arm openings. The thin material also left little to the imagination. She did the garment justice, but I've gotten into the habit of shaking my head at the idiosyncrasies that women have. It's a good thing that for Saturday and Sunday the hours for breakfast are a little later than they are during the week. Jainey absolutely refused to be seen in public without a bra. Before we could go to eat, she needed to buy a new bra. Sighing heavily at this insanity, I trailed along behind her like a lost puppy, she leading the way to the clothing boutique on the main level of the hotel, striding mightily with her usual heavy footfalls. I was about a pace or two behind her, slightly off to the right, as she purposefully forged ahead oblivious to the stares and craned necks that she left in the wake. Me, I enjoyed the steady rhythm of her right breast swaying into view, almost seeming to want to pop out the armhole of the undershirt, and then it would shudder and wobble as her foot struck the ground. Then the heavy hooter would play hide-and-seek and nip almost out of sight around her torso as her gait carried it towards her left. Then the peek-a-boo routine began again. Surely, she could have walked somewhat more daintily and slower and substantially reduced the wild action that was happening inside her shirt. Definitely, she could have worn a shirt of more substance than she did if she was so concerned and modest. And she didn't want to be seen in public without a bra! Women!

The woman's clothing store must never ever close. Here we were, early Sunday morning and it was open. This was almost as absurd as it being open just after Midnight, early on a Monday morning. Jainey was now on a first name basis with the proprietor. I was introduced and immediately slinked away to a chair just inside the doorway, no doubt used by multitudes of husbands and boyfriends as their woman shopped for undergarments and other ladies wear. I kept looking at my watch, my stomach reminding me that it wanted to be fed. I'm sure that Jainey had to be starved also, what with her metabolism in overdrive almost literally packing pounds onto her chest daily. Her rate of growth had

almost been exponential as she was packing more meat onto her chest daily. And the changes were noticeable. It doesn't take a lot of volume to change an A cup size boob to that of a B cup size, where as to make as noticeable difference in size at the cusp of becoming huge busted, the increase in volume was substantially larger. But, be assured that as she continued to grow steadily larger, her caloric intake also steadily increased. At the dinner table she now was packing away more and larger portions than I was at every meal. And every day it got worse. She had been weighing herself daily and had kept me informed of the daily changes. Still as slender as she had been on our wedding day, she had mentioned that each of her breasts extended over three and one half inches from her torso and that she was now six pounds heavier. Every ounce of that being packed into the hormonalized blubber sacks hanging from her torso. And there seemed to be no immediate end in sight!

After half an hour of wasting time sitting on the bench, she had her purchase. Beaming she informed me that she was solidly filling the largest brassiere that they had. A 34 DD/E. And she looked delicious. If my stomach had not intervened with it's demands for food, I probably would have devoured her right there. Her 'shelf' – I'll call it that because the bra did a magnificent job of lifting and separating – stretched the poor undershirt in directions that it had never been stretched before. The sides of the large cups of the mighty brassiere were clearly visible through the now stretched armholes. It definitely accentuated just how big she was getting.

With five minutes to spare, we entered the dining room and made last call for brunch. Although I was hungry, I filled my plate only once and was quite full, but I could tell that Jainey was famished, making a third trip to the all-you-can-eat buffet, returning each time with a large plate heaped with food. By the time she sat down with the third plate, the look on my face must have told of my awe. "I've gotta feed my babies", she said patting the sides of her small melon sized breasts and breaking into a coy smile. I smiled also and could only imagine the mass of her tits bloating with every ounce that she was eating. After brunch all she wanted to do was lie on the beach. She 'was too full'. I could tell. Her belly was so distended that it looked like she was early on in a pregnancy. I had never seen her like that and it had my imagination running wild with thoughts of her breasts expanding along with her belly building a baby!

In the clothing shop she had also bought a new bikini top, which she packed herself into, with another white stripe of untanned skin showing. Wherever she parked herself, there gradually developed a small pack of subtle gawkers, surprisingly including a few women. Throughout the day, we rotated from the bar to the pool to the beach and she to the snack bar. By the end of the day, Jainey bulged out of her new 34-DD/E bra. And to think that she had only purchased it eleven hours earlier. By nightfall, the fresh air and heat from the sun had us whacked out and we retired early.

Chapter XXVI: Monday Cantaloupes

The beginning of a new week and Jainey's breasts overflowed the cups and another new tan line had appeared. It was almost a replay of yesterday's undershirt incident, except this time it was with the bra. It was almost too funny to watch. Jainey struggled to try and corral her breasts into the yawning cups of yesterday's new bra. It was a tight fit. Overnight, her boobs had swollen so much that now they almost squished out the arm openings. She looked down in amazement into the deep cleavage of her lubberly largesse suspended and overflowing their support cups like balls of pudding quivering in the air. The stripe of untanned flesh was the widest I had seen to date. She turned towards me and grinned. "Did you know that this was the largest bra available on the island? It was shipped in accidentally about six months ago and they never got around to sending it back to their supplier. Good thing, huh?" I just nodded numbly. I had been aware that she was getting bigger and would probably move onto gargantuan and then Brobdingnagian sizes, but those thoughts still did not compare to the present and the way she literally stretched the bra. It was magnificent and I was stunned by her beauty.

Today we had agreed to tour the island on our own and so we rented a moped to convey us about on our explorations. With the obligatory helmet, we took off from the rental place, trailing a light cloud of

blue oil smoke. I was driving, so Jainey had herself pressed into my back holding on. Well, in fact, all I felt were the two solid spheres of her tits pressing into my back just below my shoulder blades. With each bump I could feel those masses moving in directions other than what Jainey, the moped and I were moving in. It was very erotic.

We had packed a picnic lunch. When her hunger had finally set in, Jainey indicated to a narrow lightly used lane. It seemed that these days Jainey was always hungry, but that was understandable as almost everything she ate was slowly being packed away into those ever-gloriously larger breasts of hers. We followed it a slight way to a secluded small clearing that was almost completely surrounded by trees and brush. I parked the small cycle and the first order of business was to take off the uncomfortable and hot helmets. Jainey selected 'the spot' for the picnic and I laid the towels we borrowed from the hotel onto the ground. In the meantime, unbeknownst to me Jainey had been fighting with her brassiere. Apparently, it had been bothering her. It had become too tight to be comfortable. When I had everything set up, I looked up in the direction of the moped. Jainey was leaning against it, with one arm resting on the seat. She had removed her shirt and our two helmets had become an armour-plated bra. I laughed at the sight and Jainey blew me a kiss. Slowly, with her arms at her side, she crossed the short distance between the bike and me. Then it dawned on me. She had stuffed her breasts into the helmets ... and those tits were big enough to hold the helmets in place. She giggled as she explained how the chinstraps were pulled tight to anchor the head protection to change it to chest protection. There was still room to grow inside the helmets, but not much!

I mention this incident, not just for its humorous aspect, but because it marked the point where Jainey was now forced to go without a brassiere, at least until we returned home. I particularly enjoyed this half of the honeymoon, as did most of the male staff and guests.

Later that night Jainey stood naked before me. I could hardly believe the extent of the daily changes, just how full and broad her breasts were. The round 'just-implanted' look had virtually disappeared as the weight of her breasts grew. The natural teardrop shape was beginning to become more evident as each ounce that became a pound of flesh was added to her chest. Jainey confided that she found herself having to make a conscious effort to keep her back straight, the weight becoming steadily more pronounced. I was puzzled by that, as never had any of the Smith women ever complained about being 'too heavy'. As she showered, I made a quick call to my mom, who reassured me with the cryptic statement that "The All Mighty will take care of everything." OK. Momma knows best. I passed this tid-bit of info onto Jainey and she still seemed somewhat sceptical. Still, she didn't seem mind the dramatic projection created when she straightened her back, thrusting her rib rockets forward. She could tell that I didn't mind either.

Chapter XXVII: Tuesday F Honeydew

Breakfast was another series of scenes from the Keystone Cops meet Abbot and Costello. Some of the staff tripped over themselves to get Jainey's attention, others went to great lengths to do everything and anything to help her and still others paid more attention to her than where they were going, rubber-necking and on three occasions during our breakfast there were collisions between members of the wait and bussing staff. One guy was actually involved in two of the mishaps. Jainey just giggled at the attention.

The resort had a world class Golf course and both Jainey and I enjoyed playing the links. Jainey actually was very good, usually playing around par on almost any course. However, for Jainey this was to be a frustrating day. The object of golf is to place a small white ball near your feet, swing a club and smack that sucker as far as you can send it. The trouble was Jainey couldn't see the ball, much less her feet. This fact hadn't occurred to either of us until after we had paid for the round, the clubs, balls and (lazy us) cart. Undaunted we decided to try, or at least Jainey wanted to try. It was abysmal. Not only could she not see the ball, but she couldn't swing the club properly. The massive mounds, swinging

unrestrained on her chest interfered with her follow through and her once textbook golf swing disappeared since she could not lock her left arm and had to adjust her swing over the top of her massive shelf. Needless-to-say the grounds keeper had his job cut out for him. Divots were everywhere. Never had I seen such anger in a woman. The round turned out to be even more expensive as Jainey had bent and ruined five clubs with a display of a series of temper tantrums unlike I've ever seen in a golfer. By the time we were progressing through the back nine, Jainey had reached a point of desperation. I could not believe it when she opened the buttons of her shirt. At first I didn't understand, until she whacked the ball from the tee in a form similar to what I had become used to seeing from her in the past. Looking down through the chasm of her cleavage, she was able to see the ball and make contact with it. It was not as good a shot as she usually made, but this was the first shot from the tee that had traveled any appreciable distance. Her breasts, visible in their suntanned stripes, being battered by her arms on the follow through, made for quite the interesting, if not erotic sight. Her game and mood improved dramatically and I certainly enjoyed the last seven holes, (eight if you include Jainey's congratulations to the winner).

There was one slightly embarrassing moment at the club. While we were returning the equipment, and I was paying for the damages, Jainey was trying out a driver. Following the swing, she hadn't realized her shirt had bunched up between her right arm and the 'wall' of tit flesh. The clerk had stopped ringing in my purchase of the broken clubs and his jaw had dropped to the counter. He had been captivated by Jainey's swing, but the gasp he emitted had me wheel around pronto. Jainey was just coming to the realization that her right breast was fully exposed. She looked down and realized her predicament and, still holding the club in her right hand, placed her left one on the exposed teat. Her hand appeared to be very small in comparison to the large target she was attempting to hide. Her palm barely covered the bulls-eye areola. She blushed and turned away. An odd thought crossed my mind, 'her hands aren't really that small!' I'm sure that that section of the store surveillance tape would be viewed many, many times.

After the frustrating and expensive day of golf, we made an evening of relaxing in the piano bar of the resort. The afternoon of ranting and raving about the crappy score she had and the nuisance and impediment to her stroke that those warm, soft and wonderful jugs of hers were; were soothed by the dark ambiance of the bar. Sitting in the dim light of a small booth, it was only me that could clearly see the braless bloated bulk of her breasts. This in itself relaxed her, as she was feeling quite reflective of how dramatically her life was changing because of her expanding bustline. Although she had not descended into the deep dark funk like she had last Saturday, she was on that slippery slope. Hence my suggestion of the piano bar. I had a hard time drawing my sight from her slowly rising and falling bustline and a soft 'ahem' would force me to drag my gaze upwards to meet her eyes. Small talk and lovey-dovey chatter soon had my eyes riveted on her breasts as they jutted out forcefully from the taught fabric; two generous and healthy, albeit striped orbs. Later she allowed me a very close-up inspection of those soft warm masses.

Chapter XXVIII: Wednesday More Than An Armful

Now, always the first to rise, Jainey had begun to develop a new routine. She had always had a high self-esteem, yet as I had mentioned earlier, she had been conservative about her body and dress. It seemed that with each passing day as the pounds steadily accumulated on her chest, she became more outgoing with respect to her dress. Without a suitable sized brassiere, she had been venturing out without one, a feat she would not have even considered when she had been flat chested. I suppose that if she would have been able to find one of an appropriate size, she would be wearing one, however not finding a bra that could even come close to fitting, she rolled with the situation and on occasion, surprising me, flaunted her huge braless breasts. Her morning routine had also changed in that she now made no real effort to dress, until we were getting ready to leave.

It had become a daily ritual. Although I feigned sleep, I watched her as she quietly inspected the changes and took stock of her new dimensions. She would walk from the bathroom and straight to the full length-dressing mirror on the back of the hotel room door. I knew she had adjusted well as without fail, every morning she would take in the breathtaking changes occurring to her outer shell, smiling at her reflection, pleased with her body despite its odd proportions. She would start with a slight pivot of the waist, her eyes locked on her prodigious breasts. A deep breath would thrust the masses forward and outward and always provoked a still larger smile from her. Cupping them equally, lovingly, she would appear to assess their steadily increasing bulk, against her memories of yesterday or against each other.

Then the pivoting of the waist would begin again and she would raise her arms and scrunch-up her hair, and gaze almost dreamily at her profile. While she stood admiring her profile, I had a magnificent view of her directly from behind without her arms at her side. Starting just below her armpit, additional flesh curved and bulged outward until it extended two or three inches beyond her torso on each side. Still as slight as ever, her ribcage was also clearly evident. Despite the volumes of food she was eating, her metabolism was padding her breasts at the expense of the rest of her womanly padding. Me, on the other hand had noticed that my holiday / honeymoon nibbling on small meals, while she gorged, had begun to pad my belly. I'd be hitting the gym, big time, once we returned home.

A slight shake, to watch her breasts weave and shake and she would then lean forward and gravity would pull the heavy masses away from her chest, and Jainey would smile again. It did not matter whether the day before had been good or bad or that when she had gone to bed the night before that her outlook at being extremely busty was positive or negative; each morning would be greeted with the same 'rejoicing' and pleasure in her steadily more provocative and unique physical shape.

Following the inspection of her breasts, she began taking of inventory of the rest of her body. With one hand lifting her breasts while the other sought out the base of her breasts, she gave a pass over her abdomen, breaking into a smile that she remained as flat stomached as she had been flat chested a little over a week earlier. It always brought a smile to her face. A quick squeeze and pat of her hips and buttocks reminded her that not only was her caloric intake feeding her breasts, but that other 'fatty' parts of her body were helping out. I'd noticed the slight change, but never mentioned it to her. Although she wouldn't necessarily frown, there was a hint of disappointment that her once 'best' feature was in a sense wasting away and becoming second fiddle to the prominent features on her front. I knew from family history and stories that once the breasts finally reached the end of their growth spurt, it would take a week or two for the woman's caloric intake to fall back to pre expansion levels. It was during that period that the areas that had been robbed would 'fill' back up overcoming the paying Petra to pay Paula of the growing boobs.

Today was our day SCUBA diving. As part of a group, we set sail for a near by reef, complete with two shipwrecks. Jainey had managed to squeeze her enlarging frontage into a bikini top that was designed for a woman with ample breasts, but nothing near as large as hers. Her boobs, making a mockery of the inadequate bikini cups, were bound uncomfortably by the black satin of the severely overstressed pair of small triangles held in place by stretched ribbons of material. The taught string wound up from each of the triangles around to a bowed knot that dug deeply into the flesh at the back of her neck. Although it must have been extremely painful, she never complained once.

Once dressed with all the accoutrements of the sport, her breasts were only further accentuated. The straps holding the tank and backpack to her back came over her shoulder and pressed on the outer edges of her tits, pushing them together, lengthening and deepening the already cavernous cleavage.

She thoroughly enjoyed the SCUBA diving as the water buoyed the weight of the equipment and her equipment. We enjoyed chasing the fish, admiring the bright colours of the coral reef and exploring the shadowy depths of the wrecks. There was no way we could have found ourselves in a pinch of trouble as Jainey trailed a crowd of other divers who seemed oblivious to any of the other sights.

Scuba diving is physically exhausting and after being in and out of the tropical waters for just over six hours, we were pooped. Once the boat docked, we lugged our carcasses to a pair of chaise lounges poolside. So, it seemed did most of the other males from our six-hour cruise. After an early dinner, we retired to our room with every intention of retiring early.

That evening as Jainey and I lay on our backs in bed resting, I watched as she caressed her breasts. I knew now that she too had become obsessed with breasts, specifically her own.

"They are truly wonderful", I said. She smiled at me and cradled them in her arms, pushing them together, forcing them upward.

"I guess it's strange, having them grow so big so fast." It was the first time that I was actually questioning her, searching for the deeper feelings she had about her expanding shelf. She remained silent for a moment, her hands resting across their girth.

"I guess I figured that I'd never have big boobs and now that I do, I want to catch up on all the feelings I missed when I was growing up – I don't know. It's like a dream and I want to remember how it felt when I wake up."

Her gaze shifted from me back to the dual blobs of flesh, easily each the size of a head, perched on her chest. Giving them another squeeze with her arms, the rose upward and both she and I marvelled at the sight of them pointing skyward like twin mountain peaks. "Beautiful!" I remarked and her head just perceptibly nodded in agreement.

Jainey stared at them. "I don't know why I've become so obsessed with them," she spoke in a barely audible tone. "I don't know why, but I'm excited just thinking about them getting even bigger. That should be 'a man thing', but I really enjoy them being this big and I can't wait for them to become even bigger. Is there something wrong with me for thinking that or am I just going crazy?"

I let the question go unanswered. She released the 'hug' she was giving the tits and they settled slightly creating a large canyon between them. She let out a big sigh and I knew that she had answered the question for herself. She really couldn't see anything wrong with that.

Chapter XXIX: Thursday Easily The Size Of My Head

It was from those who worked at the resort and those who had arrived when we had, that you could hear the whisperings amongst themselves whenever we passed. "Is it me or are her tits are getting bigger every day?" or "She wasn't that big a few days ago? Was she?" etc., etc. It brought a sly smile to Jainey's face and a knowing smirk to mine. She continued to amaze me with her even-keeled non-phased approach to the bigger and bigger boobs. Jainey actually revelled in the subtle and sometimes not so subtle attention. Yet, she still maintained the class I knew and loved. She ignored the men and boys who could not pry their gazes above her absurdly inflated chest. To the catty comments from other women, she would smile broadly back at them and give her chest a slight shake or shimmy and for the staring young teens who were just beginning to fill out she would diplomatically downplay her expanse so as not to negatively influence their tender egos. I knew long before we wed that she was well adjusted and would gradually take to the increase in her bustline, however I had sorely underestimated her acceptance of the growth now that it had reached the 'exceptionally' large stage.

Today we went parasailing. Talk about acts of exhibitionism. Imagine if you will, two tits, the size of your head, clearly visible from a thousand yards, basically being displayed as though they were part and parcel of a kite. That was Jainey for six passes of the hotel beach. By the time she was making her last pass, the number of video camcorders aimed skyward would have put any of the world renown

International Air show to shame. Now I didn't ask her if her lewd display was intentional or not, nor do I expect to ever have her explain away the odd behaviour. I'll just attribute it to an ill-fitting harness, an ill fitting bikini top and her attempts to achieve some sort of comfort level in it while remaining secured in them both while being a couple of hundred feet in the air. All this while attempting to have some 'innocent' fun.

Her appetite was still huge, a sure sign that she was still growing. During meals, she would giggle and brush crumbs off the top of her bosom and comment about cleaning off 'the shelf'. What a woman! Her workout regime had now become quite intense. I quite enjoyed the part I had to play in all of this, as I was the 'official masseuse'. Before her workout, I would massage her back, but inevitably, I finished with her glorious front. She would then work the muscles of her back and her stomach. Then came the warm down / rub down period. Again, I would start with her back, and inevitably would finish the massage with those colossal breasts. Guaranteed that this devolved into foreplay, and it would be half an hour to an hour later before she would hit the showers as things always got carried away, as they most certainly do with all newlyweds. I'd need a shower, too. The shower stall had become quite claustrophobic as Jainey grew to occupy steadily more space, leaving less for me. It was another 'something' that I'd just have to get used to, just like all of the men in my family in the past had.

It was a daily, sometimes twice daily ritual, 'the shower' was! But it was today that struck a chord with me that Jainey was a big titter. As she had not been sunbathing topless, her magnificent boobs looked like huge white targets, her areola, darkened bulls-eyes and the bulk of her breast a contrasting light parchment colour transitioning to the dark tan the rest of her possessed. But tan lines stretched across the bulging bosom were in a steady succession as with each day as more of the 'virgin' solar-untouched skin came into view. Each thin line was progressively darker as I viewed from the center of the 'targets' and gazed steadily higher up her chest towards her deeply tanned upper chest and sculpted neck. As she washed her hair, she raised her hands to the top of her head, to lift the hair off her neck. The action of lifting her arms above her head also lifted her breasts slightly. I was now allowed the breathtaking sight of her considerable mass unobstructed from both the front and side. As she turned to scrub and rinse, her nipples passed lightly over my bare chest and I felt a tingle run up my spine as the turgid nipples tickled my sensitive chest. In a reflex motion, I inched backwards. On their second pass, she missed my chest, yet her hair scrubbing, caused the firm dirigibles to continue to bob slightly and to continue swaying heavily side to side above her stomach, in a much slower undulation than her hands and arms. It was then that their copious size became blatantly apparent to me. Even though I had been witness to her steady and explosive growth, I had become numbed to their steadily increasing mass due to my constant proximity to these now colossal wonders.

There was no doubt in my mind any longer. Jainey was a 'big' girl now. That night our lovemaking was more passionate than usual as I realized that my wife had literally become the girl of my dreams.

Chapter XXX: Friday Volleyballs

The morning started with another romp between the sheets with my dream girl. Lazily, we stayed in bed revelling in the touch, contact and company of each other. By now, I just couldn't help it. After yesterday's revelation, I too, like the beach side voyeurs, the wait staff and the umpteen dozen catty jealous women, had become smitten by Jainey's steadily increasing bulk that no longer was simply perched on her chest. The beautiful pair had become far too big for that 'perky' look. Gravity was slowly beginning to come into play, only because of the sheer volume and size. With the 'morning wood' and the associated lust gone and sated, my head filled with questions about how my partner felt and was adjusting to these dramatic changes. For the first time in a week and one half, we discussed our feelings openly. Wherever our conversation would start or whatever tangent it would take, eventually, inevitably, the conversation came back to the currently growing issue at hand – Jainey's breasts. This woman must have been a one-in-a-million as she loved the feeling of her new huge breasts and that feeling of enjoyment grew with each ounce, and eventually pound, that piled up on her chest.

"Honestly, they felt better and better as they got bigger and bigger and heavier and heavier", she reassured me on more than one occasion during our heart-to-heart. "Having them getting in the way of everything I do, it's such a ... ", and her sentence would trail off to nothing. But the far off look in her eyes told the true story – pure bliss.

It had all happened so fast. So fast that, she could vividly recall the time, less than two weeks prior, that she was flat chested and even a sudden jolt to the body, strong enough to send the flesh on her cheeks and on her buttocks vibrating, would fail to elicit the same reaction from her chest. Now, as she walked she realized that with each step she took, the wobbling of her breasts was a new influence that she had to consciously accommodate for. Daily, as she stood in front of the mirror in our room appraising her changing self, it was obvious from the look of awe on her face that she marvelled at the increased size, weight and 'heat' of her heaving, burgeoning bosom. She giggled like a young school girl as she confided I me that she began doing exercises for her back, not because she wanted to strengthen it, but because she enjoyed leaning forward and watching her heavy pendulous breasts swing away from her torso and sway with every movement she made. I too, particularly enjoyed this now daily event and the verbalization of image created an immediate reaction in my loins. My little friend from below the belt nudged her and it brought an unprovoked, innocent smile from her. The smile changed from innocent to devilish and it was only moments later that she mounted me.

I don't know where my stamina came from, but we only made it out of our room in time for dinner. Four P.M. may be early, but for dinner none-the-less. By this time, Jainey was ravenous and she ate with gusto that I had never seen before. Although she used proper etiquette and table manners, she would have put someone in a pie-eating contest to shame with the speed and volume of food she virtually inhaled. On the elevator ride up, back to our room, I couldn't help but notice that Jainey's usually flat belly was bulged outward. Although not really detracting from her over-all beauty, Jainey 'glowed' like she was pregnant and if I had not known better, looked like she was coming into her second trimester. She even seemed to act as though she were pregnant, constantly rubbing, caressing and stroking her distended belly. Not surprisingly, all of the additional 'bloating' of her belly wasn't without effect. As the evening progressed her belly returned to it's former 'flat' self and her bosom visibly swelled; her breasts obviously absorbing every spare calorie that she had ingested during our two and one half dinner.

Thinking back upon this day, Jainey and I had never, ever been this close mentally or physically, as we were this day. It would be a long time before we were this close and open with each other again. I'm sure that, to date, the recollection of this date has been one of the things that has kept our marriage strong. I know for sure that it has left an indelible impression on both of our minds and that from that we knew the obvious; we were 'made for each other'.

Chapter XXXI: Saturday J Growth Spurt

I don't know for sure, but through the night, despite her already Brobdingnagian dimensions, there was a noticeable increase in the size of Jainey's breasts - every direction. For the changes to even be slightly noticeable the increased mass would have been quite large, however as the changes were as noticeable as they were, Jainey's growth was truly magical. As magical as it may have been, the rest of her body was sacrificed to pad her chest. Jainey was now gaunt and truly looked like a toothpick. Gone was the nicely rounded plush tush. Gone were the sculpted thighs, arms, and back. Even the roundness of her face was gone, replaced by an angular shadow of its self. Every ounce of body fat had been stripped from her body and had been deposited in her breasts. It was this 'strange' woman I woke up next to on this Saturday morning. With a large yawn and a drawn out stretch, Jainey began her day. She seemed to struggle slightly clearly encumbered by the weight of her chest as she sat up. Jainey must have seen the troubled look on my face as she rose from the bed. When she was standing, the full impact of the overnight changes truly struck home for both of us.

She sensed that there were dramatic changes as with such a sudden shift in her center of gravity, it took a moment for her to adjust to her enlarged frontal mass. She struggled to stand fully erect; her musculature not yet fully 'awake'. Ever so slightly, she twisted her torso, causing the enormously heavy load of her breasts to slowly move with the huge momentum of their vast weight - first to the left, then a momentous second later, back to the right. I sat wide-eyed, still in bed, mouth agape. My mouth moved to say something, but no sound came out.

They were now so huge that even as they hung unsupported from her chest, a deep dark crevasse of cleavage began just below the conjunction of her collarbone. And it continued outward and downward, finally dividing so that in their shadow I could just make out the still darker indentation of her navel as she stood facing straight on. Each globe was somewhere between a sphere and the true tear drop shape. Having filled up so quickly over night, the skin appeared stretched very tight, only adding to the impression that there must have been some sort of internal cantilever structure helping to support the staggering masses. She caressed their bulk. Jainey could still cover her areola with her hands, though only just barely.

Grinning like the cat that ate the canary, she confided to me in a hoarse whisper that she was ecstatic that her once flat chest had bloated and had finally surpassed the armful size. She continued, "My titties are perfect! Not just huge (her choice of words), but nice and round and all - perfect!" and she giggled again. My usually contained Jainey seemed to be changing into a giggling 'bimbo'.

"Jainey," I had finally found my voice and motioned towards the mirror.

It was then she noticed her emaciated arms and skeletal fingers.

"Everything's gone to your boobs," I continued as I bounded out of bed, rushing to her side, ready to catch her if she fainted and ready to stifle a scream if it welled up from her wasted frame.

She walked ahead of me towards the full-length mirror that was on the back of the room door with a grace and fluidity of movement that I had never seen in her before. Every muscle and muscle group used in walking was clearly visible; bunching and relaxing with every stride. Despite her almost grotesque thinness, she was poetry in motion and it was beautiful. Her breasts clearly wider than her now extra narrow waist swung heavily back and forth, surprisingly remaining insinc with her stride. When she halted in front of the mirror, she stopped but their bulk remained in motion, as though they were going to continue and meet up with their reflected counterparts.

Jainey didn't scream, nor did she faint, yet from the horrified look on her face as her hands palpitated the unknown face reflected in the mirror, I could not even fathom the thoughts that were surely racing through her mind. Gently I put my hand on her shoulder. I could feel the tenseness.

"I love you," I whispered.

She tore her gaze away from the undernourished face in the mirror and shifted her gaze towards me. The fear in her eyes subtly shifted to hatred. "You did this to ME!" she hissed at me through clenched teeth. "To ME!" she reiterated. By now, she had turned to face me and her arms were extended outward, palms up, showing me the 'damage I had done'.

"Sweetheart", I began, "You still look fine, and I still love you like there's no tomorrow."

Her stomach, quite loudly, let both of us know that what ever she had filled it with last night was long gone and like an irritable child it was letting us know it was feeding time. It was enough to break the ice. The look of hurt in my eyes and on my face had her respond positively.

"There'll be no tomorrow if it doesn't get fed," she said straight faced, waiting for my reaction before breaking into a smile.

"It was the shock," she continues, "I'm sorry." Her irritable child voiced itself again.

Quickly I called room service and ordered – basically a little of everything, instructing the staff to bring it up as each item was finished, instead of waiting for the whole order to be ready. While I was calling down for room-service, she had gone into the bathroom and stepped on the scale. After I got off the phone, she announced, "Well, I'm twenty pounds heavier than when we got here. I guess I've lost seven or eight pounds from everywhere but here," indicating to her breasts, "I hadn't really noticed me getting this thin until today. I think maybe my metabolism's in overdrive."

"I think you're as beautiful as the first day I set eyes on you." It was the truth, although some of the physical components that attracted me to her initially had changed! The approximately two and one half litres that each of her breasts had swollen to were vying for top spot with her angelic face and that full heart-shaped butt had transitioned to her frontage and was no longer in the running!

Jainey literally gorged herself for the second day in a row. I sincerely hoped that what ever she ate would end up on her frame instead of inside her breasts. I never ever thought I would have or could have honestly had that particular thought before today, but my worry for Jainey's well being outweighed the possible and conceivably probable continued enlargement of her breasts. And I did miss that tight tush she had two weeks earlier and I did want it back. It completed her 'package'.

Even I could now admit she was huge. Now, in order to drink from a glass, she had to relearn just how to do it with the monster obstacles preventing her from drinking as you and I. She had to reach out sideways, in an arc to raise a glass to her mouth. I realized that many of the plain and simple movements and tasks you and I take for granted required additional effort on her part. My all round favourite though – Jainey scratching an itch on her nose. It literally set everything shaking.

Chapter XXXII: Sunday - Recovery And Home

Today we were flying home. It had to be First class. Economy seating for Jainey was a thing of the past. It's a good thing she wasn't claustrophobic, as her bloated prize pumpkins were now so large that they filled the narrow space between the seats. The folks at Customs and Immigration were sure that Jainey was attempting to smuggle something inside of her shirt. Needless to say, clearing customs required Jainey to strip to the waist as some butch broad in a uniform pawed over her outsized breasts making sure they were real while getting a few jollies along the way.

We finally found our car and packed it up with our luggage for the trip home. Everything went smoothly until she went to plug the seatbelt in. First of all, it didn't seem as though the damn thing was long enough to encircle her mighty frontage, however, the two and a half inch ribbon of nylon eventually did a wonderful job of separating her breasts and was almost completely swallowed in her yawning cleavage. This created just enough slack to make the belt long enough. I had to send the buckle home as Jainey did not have the strength to force the strap deep into her cleavage and literally poke around near her waist feeling for the buckle's receptacle. Her chest was in her line of sight and her right arm was not long enough to reach around her massive bustline and draw the buckle to the left side of her waist. With pleading puppy-dog eyes, she silently begged me to connect the belt. With the belt secure, I looked over at her and wished that I were that Goddamned strap – buried between those firm chest pillows. Her "Ahem!" brought me out of my reverie and in spite of the magnificent show stretching the shirt in the seat next to mine; the drive home was uneventful.

By mid afternoon, Jainey announced, with an ear-to-ear grin, that she thought the growth had finished. She stood facing me, topless. With her hands on her hips and most of the weight on her left leg, she

watched me studying her. Her hands and wrists disappeared behind the wall of tit flesh. Her breasts were now so large that even her nipples were farther apart than her torso was wide. Not only that, but her body had returned to its pre growth-spurt slightly padded dimensions. It had all returned, just like it was when I first met her. The athletic build and stature had returned. The sexy little heart shaped butt had returned, filled out again after its almost complete deflation to feed her breasts. Firm muscle toned legs and arms, slender, almost waspish waist, flat 'swimmers' belly – it had all returned. The only difference remained the extraordinary change in her bust size. Jainey had finally become a Smith!

Chapter XXXIII: - Epilogue

Needless to say, by the time we came back from our honeymoon Jainey and Michelle were close to looking like twins again. Jainey must have started out just a wee tad smaller than Michelle because there was an ever so slight but noticeable difference in the volumes of the two women, (remember that exponential inverse 'thing'). For a time, Jainey was the largest Smith; and she was extremely happy and proud about that fact. However, Sam and Michelle were busy at work attempting to make little Sams and little Michelles. Needless to say, Michelle's bustline exploded within weeks of her getting pregnant, positively dwarfing the smallest of the Smiths and slightly bypassing Jainey's volume and size. Sam told me that even after Michelle quit breast-feeding and stopped lactating, her breasts did not reduce either their volume or firmness that initially began with the onset of lactation. Michelle is pregnant again with their second and Michelle apparently is swelling again. Praise be to Great Uncle William and Great Grampa Steven and his request to the All Mighty!

Both Jainey and I have gradually advanced to the position of 'Director' in our respective departments. We're both pulling down well over six figures each and as a result we're living very comfortably. It's got to the point where both of us thinking about the future and more specifically - why Man and Woman were put on this wee spinning planet. We've agreed that if spaced properly and since she will be able to work from home, Jainey and I could fill our house with five to six kids (her total, not mine!). We've been practicing, and you know, both Jainey and I can hardly wait to get her pregnant. I can surely tell you that we both have been enjoying trying. Although I sometimes feel badly about her not achieving an orgasm every time we have intercourse, she reminds me of the reason why we are having sex whenever I'm able. Also, as we have been concentrating on me filling her womb with my seed, she is quick to recall my reaction to her description of her pleasure of her free swinging boobs, undulating and swaying freely from her torso. Needless-to-say, I have been taking her from behind quite often lately. It allows my hands to be free to explore once again two of the physically obvious reasons why I revere, love and lust after my wife. Quite often, my ramming her from behind and the special attention I give to her out-sized breasts is enough for her to achieve the orgasm that puts my loving mind to rest. Personally, I can hardly wait until her hormones kick in and a pregnancy takes her medicine-ball-sized breasts and swells them again to even a more substantial size as they have done with Michelle.

I think I will be able to cope with having sons and they venturing out and securing a mate and inflating their wives breasts like I have done with Jainey. But, Lord help me if we have daughters. They'll grow; as is the Smith curse or blessing – or what ever you want to call it. They'll grow to be just as big as their mother and the cost of custom brassieres is sure to be a killer. Ah, but that's way down the road, and until then, "God bless Great Uncle William and Great Grampa Steven!"

End