

The Mover - Part 2

Aaron stood outside Sorina's room with a bunch of open cardboard boxes and packing tapes. His heart was thumping. Meeting Daciana was a very unusual experience for him, and those oddly timed-yet-wonderful two goodbye kisses from Daciana have left him quite a bit aroused.

He knocked on the door.

"Come in", came a soft, melodic voice.

Aaron hesitantly opened the door and entered the room.

"Good morning, ma'am, my name is... um... uhh...", Aaron's voice was stuck in his throat and he seemed to have lost the ability to speak.

Before him appeared a medium-sized room, with a bed, closet, drawer cabinet and various other items. A large, open box was set in one corner, inside which was some sort of a dark green cloth with bright green stars embedded on top of it.

In the center of the room stood an extremely beautiful woman who seemed just a tiny bit older than Daciana, probably around 30 or so. However, if it weren't for her slim facial features and long, slender arms - one could've mistaken her for an insanely obese woman. Like, 'Youtube-documentaries-style' obese.

She stood a couple of inches shorter than her sister, Daciana, probably around 5'1"-5'2". She was wearing a dark green sweater. The sleeves were obscenely too wide for her delicate arms, and so long that not only did they cover her hands, but they actually extended about a foot beyond her fingertips.

It was safe to say that this sweater had many multiple 'X's before the 'L' in its tag. Yet even so, the front of it just barely held on for dear life. It was clear that Sorina's sweater held a ridiculously high load underneath it.

There was no other explanation. This had to have been, as improbable as it may have been - Sorina's bust. The evidence was right there in front of Aaron's disbelieving eyes. His brain alternated between acceptance and denial, since he had no other reference to compare this to. Even his recent encounter with Sorina's sister, Daciana, couldn't have prepared him for this. Daciana's bust, which up to this point was the biggest Aaron has ever seen on any woman on such a slim woman, paled in comparison to that of her older sister. Sorina's monumental breasts were half again as big as Daciana's. Perhaps even double her size! How Sorina even stood up straight without toppling over was beyond Aaron's comprehension.

However, something was odd. Whereas with Daciana, as improbable as it seemed, it was clear that two breasts were held underneath her turtleneck, with Sorina the enormous swell was weirdly shaped. It started WAY high on her chest, with only a few inches of cleavage protruding

upwards so much from a tiny opening in her top that they almost touched her chin. Then, her insane swells disappeared into the sweater. From there the projection kept going as a single mass for almost 2 feet forward, before the angle abruptly changed downwards. For lack of a better description, it looked like Sorina was hiding a barrel in front of her torso. That 'barrel' kept going way below her hips, before ending somewhere around mid-thigh level! What's more, it protruded more than a whole foot on either side of her body...

"Your name is...", Sorina egged him on with a wide, shy smile. She also had an accent, although it was surprisingly subtle and much more 'Americanized'.

"Uh... Aaron!"

"Nice to meet you, Aaron, I'm Sorina", she said with a kind smile.

A long pause stood in the air.

"Sorry, I was um..." Aaron fumbled with his words. In addition to that gigantic bulge in front of her, Sorina was just insanely beautiful, even moreso than Daciana. This was all very confusing and arousing to him. He felt his crotch starting to come to life. He tried to shift his fast-hardening dick as non-conspicuously as he could so that it didn't create any suspicion. If Sorina noticed it, she didn't give any indication of it.

Sorina had a look which suggested she could have saved Aaron from further embarrassment, but instead chose to stay silent and smile, having had too much fun watching Aaron trying to act normally around her.

"I brought boxes with me!" Aaron finally said with a moderate stability to his voice.

"Wonderful!" She said in a giddy, warm tone. She spoke with this underlying sensuality in her voice which sent chills down Aaron's body.

Aaron quickly repeated his previous explanation he'd given Daciana over the prospected logistics. It took every ounce of mental strength for Aaron to look Sorina in her eyes and ignore what's further down.

Sorina then showed him whatever needed to be packed, which included everything in the closet, drawers, make up etc., so that Aaron could plan ahead of what to put where.

"Oh and don't worry about that box in the corner, It's already full", she said.

"Alright, ma'am, I'll start packing, then, if that's ok with you", Aaron said as he walked over to the dresser while creating a close-shaped box from the open cardboard. He started to carefully put items inside.

"That's great, thank you so much. And please, call me Sorina. 'Ma'am sounds so old. Also, I'm not a 'Mrs.' anymore." She said with a wave of her hand. She awkwardly sat down on the small

bed, which caused the huge lump in front of her to sit on and considerably overflow her knees, as well as to rise several inches above her eye level. She shifted sideways in order to be able to keep a clear eyesight with Aaron.

"Err, yes, I've heard. Um, sorry, I didn't ask, Daciana just..."

"...volunteered that information? Of course she did", Sorina rolled her eyes. "I love her so much but that woman doesn't have any filters on her mouth."

"Hey, it's really not my place to pry. Honestly, you don't have to say anything about it. Sorry about it all...", Aaron said diplomatically.

"Meh... how do you Americans say? Don't sweat it?" She said with a smile.

"Yes, that's exactly how we say it. You have a great accent, by the way. And your English is really good, if you don't mind me saying.", Aaron complimented her.

"Thanks. I've always had a thing for languages. And besides, I've been living here for a few years now. Of course, I initially moved in here with my now-ex-husband with the intention of raising a family here, but obviously *that* all flew out the window."

Aaron was both sympathetic to her situation as well as impressed with Sorina's grasp of the language as he continued to carefully place items in boxes. He chose a silent understanding pucker of his lips as the best course of action. He felt that anything he'll say will be the wrong choice of words.

"By the way, I'm sorry I can't help with the packing process. I'm having a hard time... reaching places or bending over as you can clearly see", Sorina said kindly and with that she patted the bulge in front of her on both sides.

Aaron gulped. She was so nice, but she was making it extremely difficult for him to come up with appropriate responses. Also, if these were, indeed, her own breasts underneath that sweater, which was a preposterous thought to have in the first place, Aaron would've expected a lot of jiggling to be going on when she patted them like that. But there was none whatsoever. It was like Sorina was patting a brick wall.

"That's uh... yeah don't worry about it at all, heh. That's part of the extended service that we offer our clients. Plus, it's really no trouble at all, I'm happy to do it for you", Aaron said, purposefully not addressing the last part of her sentence.

"Thank you very much, you're so nice to me", Sorina said. She hesitated before she went on "certainly nicer than my ex-husband was."

Aaron chuckled nervously. 'Where was she going with this?' He finished with the upper part of the dresser and headed for the closet as he opened up a new box.

"Um, I'm starting with your clothes. Would that be alright?" Aaron asked hesitantly, knowing that some women tended to see their clothing as more of an intimate or private matter.

"Please, go ahead, make yourself at home. Everything in this closet needs to be packed", Sorina said.

Aaron opened the closet doors and saw all the clothes that were hanging onto various shelves and hangers, as well as several drawers in different sizes and depths, including a very large one that he didn't see often. He curiously opened the largest drawer but was surprised to find it was empty, so he moved on to the shelves.

Aaron made a point of maintaining the neat folding as he carefully placed the items one by one. While this meant that it'll take a little longer, Aaron was very adamant on keeping his clients happy and giving them the sense that he actually cared about their personal belongings.

"Did Daci tell you *why* I divorced my ex-husband?" Sorina surprised him. Aaron really *really* didn't want to answer that question. In general, he was more of a lone wolf when he was working and was not used to chit chatting during his work, much less when it came to just personal matters.

"She, uh... well. Listen, it's really none of my busine..."

"She told you, didn't she?" She cut him off with a knowing tone.

"...yes, she did", Aaron said, defeated. "But again, you really don't have to..."

"Do you know what he said? After I caught him with that flat-chested bitch? Well, maybe not *completely* flat, I guess she was technically like a J-cup or something, but you know what I mean..."

"Well..."

"He said that I was 'too much for him to be seen with in public', and that 'he was embarrassed to take me out'".

"Jesus...", Aaron blurted.

"Yeah..." Sorina said.

Aaron stopped packing and pondered for a moment, considering the best way to respond.

"I'm so sorry. That's awful. I don't have much experience with women, but even I know you never say anything like that to a woman", he said before he continued packing clothes.

"Oh, you don't?" Sorina changed her tone of voice and raised a curious eyebrow. "Funny, because you're really cute. I'd think the ladies would be all over you", she said with a subtle predatory look.

"Mhehe", Aaron babbled a reflexive, nervous laugh and looked down shyly, his cheeks reddening quickly.

"So you don't have anyone you're attached to at the moment?" Sorina asked curiously.

"Er... no. I mean I did have girls I used to date for a short while but these relationships never worked out I guess", he said and hoped that would be the end of it. However, Sorina had other plans.

"And what exactly, didn't 'work out' about them?" She kept pushing. It seemed that the harder Aaron tried to finish this conversation, the more curious Sorina became.

Aaron thought of all his failed relationships. Deep down he knew the answer. But he could never admit that publicly. He was too ashamed.

"We... uh, I guess... weren't a good fit", he said as he opened one of the larger sized drawers, although not the biggest. He looked down and at first thought he was looking at folded bed sheets. However, a moment later he realized what he had been looking at and his jaw dropped.

Inside the drawer 5 bras were folded neatly, each one of a different color, but all with one characteristic: they were all ENORMOUS. Like, hugely enormous.

Aaron quickly looked at Sorina and saw that she wasn't really paying attention to what he was doing, and was more engaged in the conversation. A primal instinct raised its head from *deep* inside Aaron. However, Aaron ignored it and decided to take the high road.

"Sss...sorry, Sorina, do you want me to pack... these, as well? Or would you like to do it by yourself?"

"Hmm? Pack what?" Sorina asked.

"B... bras."

"Oh. Um, can you show me?" She asked him.

"S...show you?" He faltered.

"Yeah just grab one and show it to me", Sorina said nonchalantly. However, Aaron was anything but nonchalant. This was a big deal for him. Ever since he remembered himself he had a thing for breasts. And not just any breasts. Big. Really big. Really REALLY big breasts. So touching a bra that was so preposterously huge was like touching the forbidden fruit.

His hands trembled madly as he touched the pink bra at the far right side of the drawer. His hand looked so tiny next to it. He had no idea how many hand spans he could place on one cup but he bet it was well over ten. He slowly picked it up and was surprised both by how long it took to fully take it out of the drawer, as well as how heavy it felt. It must've weighed at least 2 lbs,

just from all the material it was made of. He held it folded by its bodyband in front of himself with his arm fully extended.

"Hmmm... I'm not sure. Can you open it for me?" Sorina asked.

"Uh... sssure...", Aaron said with a trembling voice.

He let go of one side of the bodyband and let it hang all the way down. A moment later Aaron realized that he actually had to lift his arm higher because otherwise the bra would have touched the *floor*! Each cup looked like it could contain a large beach ball. The bodyband was absurdly thick, with at least 10 hooks on each row, while the shoulder straps were extra padded, 2 inches thick. This was a completely surreal moment for Aaron. He never dreamed that bras could get that big. His hand was actually getting a little tired from holding its weight! Now he was definitely getting aroused.

He held it like that for a moment as Sorina carefully inspected it, her thumb and index finger on her chin.

"Hmmm... I'm still a little unsure about this one. Ooo, you know what? Just read the tag for me, will you, please? Why didn't I think of this sooner?" She said.

'Tag?' Aaron thought, then he noticed a small piece of white fabric fluttering from the end he had been holding.

"Right.... that's no... no problem... at all. Tag..."

Aaron brought the tag near his face and examined it.

"What does it say?" Sorina asked from afar.

Aaron read and then re-read what the tag said because he was having a hard time believing it.

"Ummm... It says... well. It has two numbers. The first is 32. The other one is 60. Like, 32/60."

Sorina furrowed her brow before a realization washed over her.

"Ohhhh right. Yeah, no. It was my bra, but I decided to leave it for Daci. It's my way of saying thank you to her for letting me stay with her."

'32... 60...' those key numbers were ringing inside Aaron's head like bells as he was trying to comprehend what he'd just read and heard.

He mindlessly folded the enormous contraption Sorina insisted on calling a *too-small* bra and put it back in the drawer.

He kept on putting clothes inside the box, and quickly had to make several other boxes as well to accommodate all of the clothes in the closet. However, his mind was elsewhere.

Sorina's mouth curled up into a mischievous smile as she caught sight of the front of Aaron's pants.