

## The Mover - Part 1

Aaron's closed knuckles hesitantly waited a second longer before he sighed heavily, then knocked on the white, peeling-painted door.

"*Da! Who is it??*" Came a distant, muffled, heavily-accented female voice from the other side. 'Is that... eastern-European?' He thought.

"It's ehm... the mover, Aaron. From 'Aaron Van Lines'", Aaron raised his quivering voice slightly so he could be properly heard.

*"Ohhhh Da, Aron! Uhhh.. A... Just a minute! Uh... Cici, deschide usa te rog!"*

Aaron sighed exasperatedly as he waited patiently to be let in. Another morning. Another client. Another imperative-yet-pointless small-talk before he could start doing what he knew how to do best, so that he could be done with it, get paid, so he could keep living in his small, crumpy apartment that housed only himself and his parrot, Bill, pay his bills... then move onto his next client, get paid and so on.

Before his gloomy train of thought could continue, the door creaked open and snapped him out of it.

"Hello!"

Aaron looked down from his 6'2", slightly bulky stature, and his eyes opened wide in surprise. In front of him stood a very short little girl. She couldn't have been over 4'4". Her face looked no older than 12. Perhaps younger. She had dark brown pigtails. She wore a simple pink t-shirt with cute little golden hearts on them and the word "Love" in the middle.

Yet, Aaron still had a hard time understanding if he was looking at a little preteen girl or a fully grown woman.

Apparently, she developed quite early, and quite fast. Incredibly fast, actually, if her apparent age was any indication. Her young bust projected several inches in front of her otherwise tiny chest frame. 'No... that CAN'T be right', Aaron thought. Yet it was. Even with a conservative estimate she'd have to be at least an F cup. For a full grown woman, a bust this size would be considered very large. On a tiny, short little girl it seemed positively *absurd*!

Aaron shifted uncomfortably in his place. Even though the thought of doing anything would never even cross his mind in a million years - he still longed for the girl to leave and that an adult would take her place. The girl was simply so ridiculously overdeveloped for her age that the mere act of talking to her felt wrong to him, even if he didn't actually do anything wrong. 'Does that make sense?' He pondered.

"Mister?" She asked not with annoyance yet with a tone that suggested she'd just said something.

"Huh? I'm sorry, what?" Aaron's dry mouth had a hard time functioning properly.

"I asked if you'd like to come in. My mom said that you should wait in the kitchen and she'll be there in a minute."

Aaron blinked in confusion. He thanked her and stepped into the apartment. The girl left and Aaron sighed in relief internally.

The inside of the apartment was... interesting. It was not his place to judge people's homes. Only to move what's inside them. However, Aaron's been doing this for 16 years, and never has he seen such a... peculiar décor before.

For some reason - dinner plates, ornamented with dark, thin and thick red stripes were placed on the walls. As if that wasn't odd enough, each plate had its own matching, ornamented 'scarf' resting on top of it. Aaron's eyebrows furrowed in confusion when he realized that all of the old, dark, wooden-furniture was covered in that same type of ornamented, 'scarf-like' fabric. The wooden floor had many carpets with those same stripes. And to top it off, it seemed that any available horizontal surface held large, ceramic vases.

'Ok... Not what I would do with my place, but again, that's not my place...' he dialogued with himself.

"Ah yes hello mister Aron", a female voice broke him out of his reverie as small steps click-clacked their way over to him in a rushed manner.

The woman engulfed his right hand with both of hers and shook it firmly but warmly.

"I am Daciana, uh... good to meeting you!" She said in broken English with a heavy, Eastern European accent which was hard to pinpoint.

Aaron barely noticed that he stretched his own hand for a handshake. His mind was elsewhere. If he thought he had a hard time grasping his previous interaction with the little-yet-not-so-little girl before, he was downright *floored* meeting her mother.

The first thing that Aaron was struck by was how beautiful she was.

Ok, it was the second thing, who was he kidding...

It took Aaron several seconds to register what those two huge bulges in front of her torso were, because his mind was telling him there's no way they were actually what he thought they were. Yet, there was no way around it. They were, in fact, breasts. And not just any breasts. Big breasts. Very big. Hugely big. Like, *what-the-fuck* big. Daciana was just INCREDIBLY busty...

And also she was just so beautiful, Aaron noted to himself upon second glance. She seemed to be somewhere in her late 20's. She had long, straight black hair which framed an elegant face with high cheekbones, pert nose and large brown eyes.

"H.... Hi, uh... thanks. I mean, I'm Aaron." He said, dumbstruck.

"Hahaha, Da, I know, that is what I said already", she laughed. As she did, Aaron couldn't help but notice the immense amount of jiggling going on right under his eye sight.

She was wearing a blue turtleneck sweater which clung to her curvaceous torso. While the sleeves were way too long and way too wide for her slender arm, the front of that sweater was a different story.

Daciana's huge breasts started high, right under her collarbone line. Miraculously, their extreme size barely caused them to sag. From there, they projected more than a foot in front of her torso, before ending at a point somewhere below her waistline! They also protruded by several inches on either side of her torso, obscuring a large portion of her slender arms.

'How big are they?! Forget head-sized... they're larger than basketballs, for God's sake. 'Watermelons' is a better comparison, even though this might still be an understatement for their size! Jesus christ...' Aaron thought with astonishment.

Daciana was otherwise quite slim, actually, and a little on the short side, probably around 5'4". These two factors only further contributed to further emphasize her truly immense proportions.

Aaron's feverish mind automatically went into comparison mode as he thought of other large busted models he was feverishly looking at in the privacy of his own home, night after night.

'Hitomi Tanaka? Not even close. Rachel Aldana? Not a chance. Abby Secraa barely scratches the surface, but she's also fuller all-around. Still, even she's no match for Daciana's proportions.' Never has Aaron seen anyone as slim as Daciana even remotely close to her size. Aaron felt something stirring to life down there, but quickly took hold of himself and assumed a level of professionalism.

"Right... sorry. Yeah. So, um... just a few standard questions I have to ask beforehand so we are all on the same page. You said on the phone that you only needed one room to be moved, correct?" Aaron asked.

"Da, yes. One room. You want to drink?" Daciana asked.

"What? Oh, yeah, sure, I'd love some soda if you have it."

Daciana took a glass from a nearby cupboard, fished out a new soda bottle from the fridge and filled Aaron's cup in a few, surprisingly swift motions, considering... her size.

"Thanks", he said and took a quick gulp of the soda. "And so... I understand you'll need assistance with packaging as well, correct?" He continued.

"Oh, da. Need help packaging, yes. Is that ok?", she asked.

"Yes ma'am, that's no problem at all. It's a paid service we offer when needed."

"I pay. You also bring boxes?" Daciana inquired.

"Sure, as you requested on the phone - I brought cardboard boxes with me. They're just outside the door."

"Foarte bun. Good, good."

"Also, it's just boxes that need to be moved, correct? No furniture, dishwasher and the like, right?"

"No furniture, only boxes, Da."

"Now, one last question - when will you be moving out?"

"Oh, no... I don't move. It's my older sister, Sorina."

"Oh! Ok, sure. That's no..."

"Da, she live with me and my daughter, Cici. You meet Cici, da? She is just finished four grade. Forth. You know... 10 year old. What class is that? 4, yes."

'4t grade... 10... years old...' Aaron thought as he was working hard to process that bit of information. How the hell does a mere 10 year old grow a pair of breasts so large? Then again, a quick look at her mother answered that question easily. Aaron decided the best course of action would be to take another sip from his drink.

"Anyway", Daciana hurriedly continued. She sounded like she was on a rush but still had a very pleasant, polite tone of voice to her. "Sorina come to USA like... 6 year ago. Cici and I come 3 year after her also. No father to Cici, he cheat, we leave him in Romania, he didn't call."

Aaron was caught off guard and snorted some soda from his nose.

"Oh no are you ok mister Aron?" Daciana asked with concern.

"Yeah, sorry about that. I'm good..." he said through a leaking nose.

'What the hell?! What idiot cheated on this gorgeous, insanely-busty sexy woman???'

"Sorina was also married, but her husband also cheat."

'What's going on? Is this normal in Romania to share so much of your own personal life with complete strangers?' Aaron thought. He wasn't used to such blatant honesty, but decided he'd just go along with it.

"Well, I'm sorry to hear that. It sounds awful", he said sympathetically.

"Fucking men, don't know how to handle women like us", she said with a little sneer, almost a smile, her head held up high. She didn't seem ashamed, but rather the other way around. She had a tone that implied those ex-husbands of theirs had something to be ashamed about. Aaron respected the way Daciana seemed not to let those experiences bring her down. It was weird hearing this lovely, polite woman suddenly curse. Then again, he couldn't blame her. He smiled back warmly.

"So after Sorina's husband cheat - she left him and moved in with me and Cici. We love her very much, but we have little apartment. Not enough room. But now Sorina find new apartment, just to live by herself. It's close, only few blocks from here. So, that's why we call you. To help her move. She needs help packing everything. Very difficult for her to do alone."

"Sure", said Aaron as his mind started reeling with all sorts of questions about Sorina.

"Bun, bun. So what now happens?"

"Well, since Sorina will need help with packaging we're gonna do this in two phases. Today I'll pack everything for her and make sure it's all ready to be loaded onto the truck. Then I'll come back on Friday. Since it's only boxes without any furniture I will come by myself, without my assistant. I'll load everything, take her things to the new address and unload it all there. Sounds good?"

"Minunat! Wonderful!" She said and clapped her hands together. Aaron, which up until this point managed to maintain an almost normal line of conversation with Daciana became hypnotized as he saw her breasts jiggle and quiver madly within her turtleneck sweater as a result of her clapping.

Daciana was apparently oblivious to Aaron's subtly mesmerized eyes and said: "ok, now you enter Sorina room, it's down hall on left side. I have to take Cici to school. Sorina is already there. Thank you Aron."

Then she did something Aaron was not prepared for. She reached forward, grabbed his shoulders firmly and kissed first his right cheek then his left cheek. Her soft, pliable boobs mashed against his arms and torso, once on each side, which was an extremely pleasant feeling.

Aaron just stood there, stunned, as Daciana and Cici left for school.