

## Day 0 - Saturday, October 31st

It was a Friday night and their little apartment was a Halloween mess - fake spiderwebs on the plants, candy wrappers on the couch, the smell of cheap candles and caramel corn everywhere. Hailey was sitting on the bed in her half-finished vampire costume, trying to decide which necklace would fit best.

Miles leaned on the wall and adjusted the red and white wool hat with pom of his '*Where's Waldo*' costume, smiling. "You look amazing, babe. Like, scary good."

She grinned. "You mean *scary* or *good*?"

"Both," he said with a smile.

"Suck-up", she rolled her eyes but could not hide her blushing smile. "Now come on, be honest," she said, turning this way and that in the mirror, "too much cleavage for a house party?"

Miles looked back at his girlfriend and didn't know how to answer that without lying. On any other girl, this vampire costume would've looked like a fun, goth, scary-like costume with a mellow sexy undertone to it. On Hailey, however, it needed to come with a warning sign for people with heart conditions. Everything other than her chest was normal. Well, normally hot. The burgundy cloak, the high, black leather boots, the ankle length black loose skirt with the slits going up to 2 inches below her crotch, the black leather gloves. Her make up was elegantly gothic, accentuating her already beautiful facial features, blue eyes, cute nose and high cheekbones. Her thick, blonde hair was mostly tied in a bun with 2 long curled strings adorning her face. She did not look scary. She looked like every guy's wet dream come true.

Yet, none of that mattered. It didn't matter if she chose the pearl necklace or the cross or the skull. It didn't matter if she wore makeup or not, or if she chose the high heels or the low ones. The only thing people, *any* people, would notice - was her **boobs**. These were the only two things that caught the entire attention of Miles right now.

Due to her wearing a tight corset around her torso, her already **huge** bust was (un)necessarily emphasized even more than usual. The corset pushed her bosom up to her collarbones! From there - they extended forward to an unimaginable degree, projecting so much that when she put her arms forward, they reached past her elbows! And Miles knew that the corset had been pushing and restricting them inwards, so that when fully freed they reached several inches further than that. From there, they basically occupied most of her torso, reaching below her waist! It was like she was stuffing two basketballs inside her costume, only they were 100% pure, soft, pliant, perky, wonderful, perfect, sexy, amazing, **huge breasts**.

Miles still couldn't come to terms with how such a bombshell ended up with him. It's not like he was bad looking or anything. He just felt like a pretty average guy. He *was* pretty funny, which she kept praising and saying how much she loved that about him. Or how much he made her feel safe, and unjudged, and able to be her true self without shame. But still, Miles almost felt

like he's gonna wake up one day and discover she found someone better and leave him. He looked back into her eyes, which for some inexplicable reason gave off an insecure vibe:

"Hailey, that's like asking if the ocean's too wet", he said with a snicker.

She threw a pillow at him. "Come on, Miles, I'm serious. Is this too much?"

"Babe, I don't know how else to say this - you're a knockout. You're stunningly gorgeous. I feel like the luckiest man alive having the privilege of going out with you to this party and having everyone see me with you. You're perfect just the way you are right now."

Hailey blushed like a little girl and bit her lower lip, "you're such a charmer, always know the right thing to say. Ok, fine, I'll go out like this. But be prepared for a *lot* of stares. You wouldn't believe how jealous these girls can get."

"Yeah, I kinda got what I signed up for since I started dating you. Don't worry, if you're good - I'm good," he reassured her.

While she fixed her lipstick, her phone pinged. "Okay, explain this to me," she said, waving the screen. "I keep seeing these '#NNN' everywhere today. I saw this Tik Tok from last year of a guy being all super red in the face and sweating and just being weird as he looked into the distance, and the caption said '*POV: day 15 of NNN*'. Or this other video of a cute girl wearing this super sexy outfit that showed off a lot of skin, saying '*I heard you guys are doing NNN so I decided to help out*', and she had this smirk on her face." What's NNN? What does it even mean?" she asked, puzzled.

Miles rolled his eyes and smirked. "Oh god... Nothing, really. It stands for '*No Nut November*'. It's just a dumb online challenge, where guys try not to nut for a whole month", he explained.

"Nut?" she asked with her big beautiful eyes open in confusion. Miles looked at her incredulously. '*How is she so sexy yet so naive at the same time?!*'

"You know... Nut. Cum? Finish? Reach orgasm? Like, nuts? Balls...? Never mind...", he said exasperatedly.

It took her a moment, then her eyes lit up. "Wait, seriously? Guys actually do that?"

"Some do. Most fail. It's just a stupid challenge." He shrugged.

She tilted her head. Something lit up within her that she didn't quite understand yet. "So... you're saying *you* couldn't do it?"

"I'm saying I *wouldn't*," he shot back, laughing. "Why would anyone want to torture themselves like that?"

Hailey got up and stepped closer, feeling a game in the air. Miles's eyes opened wide at the sight of her endless cleavage jiggling madly a few feet from him. "Sounds like you're scared you'd lose."

"I'm not scared, it's just dumb", he said, but Hailey knew him well enough to know when he's trying to act cool to hide something.

"Uh-huh, sure," she said knowingly and took a step forward, closing the gap between them.

Miles tried to look cool, but his eyes betrayed him. The way her boobs surged forward while shaking and bouncing with her steps was hypnotizing, no matter how many times he saw them. He felt his crotch starting to bulge against his jeans.

"I'm not!" he said louder than he meant to, which Hailey picked up on easily and smiled mischievously. She took the last few steps to close the gap between them. Miles felt her bare breasts starting to push against his white and red striped sweater, and gulped audibly.

"Oh really? Well... why don't you prove it, then?" she looked up at him and in one swift motion, pushed *all* of her soft breasts against him. She *knew* her huge breasts were his weak spot. Miles was completely trapped, with Hailey's two huge, soft, barely contained tits smothering him and reaching the wall on either side of him. His cock was really gaining hardness by the second. '*Fuck, why does she have to be so goddamn hot?!*' A small part of him tried to give a cool facade. There's no way he's giving her the pleasure of making him admit he can't do it. He had to step up. He straightened up as much as her smothering breasts allowed him to.

"Fine," he said, trying to seem calm. "If it'll shut you up, I'll do it. The whole month."

Her smile turned wicked. "Really?? You *mean* it?"

"Sure. But if we're doing this, we need to set some ground rules", he said. Hailey took half a step back, her breasts still brushing him but allowing him some space to breathe. "Oh. ok, I'm listening."

"Ehm...", he cleared his throat. '*What **are** the rules?*', Miles thought with panic. He tried to regain control of himself, "so, ok. Um... alright. So first, the contest..."

"Contest?!" she interjected.

"Contest!" he said with a weird official tone which made Hailey smirk. He continued: "the contest officially starts on November 1st at 00:00 AM, and ends on December 1st at 00:00 AM. 30 full days. During this time I can't cum. If I cum - I lose. If I last until the end - I win."

"Ok, I kinda got that from the title but..."

"Silence, woman!" he said with authority and raised his index finger in the air. Hailey bit her lower lip with desire. She always loved it when he tried to look tough and take control. "Second -

you're not allowed to make me cum if I don't agree to it. It has to be voluntary, and I can decide to stop you at any moment. No stimulation, no touch, nothing. I'm the only one in control of my cum."

"Ok, mister serious. Is that al..."

"Third! If and *when* I win - you have to give me the most mind blowing orgasm of my life. And you have to call me '*Master of Cum*' for a whole day."

"And when you lose?" She raised an eyebrow, loving every moment of his attempt to be serious and poking holes at his facade.

"*If* I lose", he said.

"When."

"If!"

She sighed and rolled her eyes. "Fine, *if* you lose?"

"Then... I'll do whatever you ask me to for a whole day. Just no violence or illegal stuff, or stuff that would get me expelled from the university. But other than that - you have the right to embarrass me and ask me whatever you want."

"Ooo I like the sound of that. I have like 5 ideas in my pocket right now." she teased. "Alright, Waldo. Anything else?"

"No, that's it. We just have to shake hands to make this official, and declare this is a binding, mutually consensual agreement."

"Jesus, you should've dressed up as a lawyer. Fine, agreed," and they shook hands. Hailey also shook her breasts way beyond reason during the handshake. Then - she suddenly smashed herself against him once again, their still-shaken hands buried underneath her soft tits. "Game on, sexy boy", she whispered, then pressed her boobs even further forward to smooch a kiss onto his lips, while her left hand cupped his tight, hard crotch and gave it a few playful, soft squeezes.

Miles groaned in pleasure and gulped audibly. '*Ok... I'm fucked*', he thought with dread.

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The party was a blast. Hailey had so much fun dancing with Miles and showing off her sexy outfit. She loved making him feel special, like he's the only man in the world to her, and seeing his bashful smiles. She felt how much he appreciated and adored her and truly loved her, and that made her want to really make him feel like a king. She didn't mind the nasty looks some girls gave her, and she barely even noticed the guys leering and drooling at her indecent

costume. All she cared about was Miles. They liked teasing each other a lot, but it was all in good spirits. At the end of the day, she was crazy in love with him as he was with her.

Later that night, after the party, Miles was already out cold in their bed.

Hailey sat on the edge of the bed, brushing her hair and thinking about his expression when he'd agreed. He'd looked so sure... yet so nervous. So *cute*!

She went to her closet and fished her hand in the top shelf drawer underneath her shirts. Her hand rummaged a bit before it found its target - a small brown bottle of pills. She took it and opened up the cap. Only 4 left. She took out one of them and was about to pop it in her mouth when something stopped her.

*'What if... I just... **stopped** taking them?'*, she thought. She recalled that dreadful talk she'd had with her doctor a few years ago, explaining her hormonal imbalance. She knew she had to keep taking them, probably for the rest of her life, otherwise... *'maybe I can just... pause? Only for a month? It's not like I stop growing completely with them anyway. It's just faster without them...'* she reasoned with herself.

Miles never knew about any of this. It wasn't exactly a first-date topic, and after a while it just felt easier to keep it to herself. In truth, she was just afraid he's gonna find out and freak out or feel betrayed or something and leave her.

But then she thought of how he gulped nervously when she approached him today, and how he kept drooling over her breasts all throughout the party. It would've been creepy if he was a stranger, but it was so sweet and cute when it came from her boyfriend. Then she thought of how **hard** his dick was when she felt him up. Or how hard he came between her tits earlier today, after the party - when she gave him a sensual titfuck and smothered his entire torso with her soft, giant tits. He'd insisted he started the contest with a clean slate, and it only felt fair. Plus, it was just so much fun for her, smashing and gyrating her giant pillows onto his hard dick and making him cum his brains out.

She smiled inwardly, and looked back at the pill. She dropped it back into its bottle, then shoved the bottle back into the top shelf. "Let's see how easy it's gonna be for him to resist when these babies start growing **even bigger**", she thought with a smile.

Then she switched off the light and curled up, spooning him and mashing her tits against his back, grinning excitedly while thinking about tomorrow.

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