



Hillery's Breast Obsession

By Candy

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This is a really weird story about a woman's odyssey of self exploration and breast enlargement obsession.

* * *

Candy was smiling angelically at us having finished the story of how she developed her massive bust and the effects that that growth had on her life.

"Candy, are you happy now with how things turned out? An "L" cup is really large! I'd thought of maybe an "F" cup but I may set my sights higher now that I've seen how you look so, well, radiant and serene and so, so, well, LARGE!"

"Not an "L" cup now. I grew more after that afternoon in the library." Her smile was still angelic but there was now a hint of pride and immense satisfaction as well. "I now wear a "P" cup bra. That's what it would be if you measured by

inches. I get bras custom made here in town now and the seamstress say cup measurements don't really matter when you get to be this size."

"Can you, I mean would you, I've never imagined..." Hillary was almost stuttering in her eagerness. "I'd like to see what your bra looks like."

Candy turned to Ms. Le Faye. "Is it all right? I'd like to show Hillary if you don't mind?"

At Ms. Le Faye's nod Candy unbuttoned her coat. As she turned around to place it on the chair behind her she slipped it off her shoulders.

She bent over to place it on the chair which pulled her skirt snug against her tight little bum. As she straightened up she reached up to release the bun that held her hair in place. With her arms up I was able to count each of the eight hooks that struggled to hold their burden in place. An expanse of shiny pink nylon described an arc from several inches below where the side panels disappeared around her rib cage to just below her armpits. The fabric I could see on either side would each comprise a normal "C" bra cup.

As she turned to face us, it was obvious that the jacket had done an excellent job of hiding Candy's true size. Her projection was at least a foot from the sternum.

"My GOD!" Hillary sighed, in awe and wonderment as Candy completed her slow turn. I almost echoed her but I'd completely lost my voice. Candy's breasts were immense. There is no other word for it. Each bra cup used as much fabric as one of my T-shirts it seemed. Hundreds of flowerettes were sprinkled across the swaths of fabric that comprised each cup. There was a dusky, creamy cleavage of at least 6 inches that started four or five inches below her collar bone and disappeared into her bra almost half way to the juncture of her bra cups. Each bra strap was at least an inch wide although they seemed not to dig into her shoulders as I would have expected given the mammoth load they were carrying. Candy's pride was evident as she gazed down at herself and then at our open mouthed astonishment.

The bra cups reached from the bottom of her rib cage to her arm pits, at least eight inches. The volume was easily larger than a basketball on each side.

"They look even larger when I take bra off!" stated Candy proudly. "I love attention Harvey gives me. I don't dress to show myself in public, but I love to dress for Harvey. And he loves to see me dress up. I wear outlandish costumes for him. Hillary, you come over and see them sometime, if you want to."

"I will! I want to!" Hillary said immediately.

Merle purred from the desk and Ms. Le Faye took her cue.

"Well, that's Candy's story although there are lots of others you could listen to." said Ms. Le Faye. "Are you still interested Hillary?"

"Oh, you bet! I can't wait to get started! What can I do? When can I start?"

"Right now if you like," replied Ms. Le Faye.

So saying, she once again picked up the pendant in front of her on the table. She removed the gold chain from around her neck and allowed the pendant and chain to rest in front of her in the sunlight that splashed on her desk.

Muttering something that I could not hear, she passed her hand over the pendant. A bright glow of light slowly grew from the crystal, becoming too bright to look at with in a few seconds. After the glow faded there were two pendants and chains where only one had been a few moments before.

At a gesture from Ms. Le Faye, Candy picked up the pendant and stood behind Hillary.

Candy slipped the pendant around Hillary's neck from behind and fastened the clasp in the back. She had to reach up over her head to do so. She did not even come up to Hillary's shoulder! However, despite the fact that Hillary was standing between Candy and me, I could see Candy's vast breasts to either side of Hillary slender frame.

Hillary had a happy little smile on her face as she looked down and patted the pendant where it lay under her blouse.

Merle let out a small yowl of approval from his perch on the desk.

"Now remember," admonished Ms. Le Faye, "that the effects of this type of spell vary widely. It may take some time for any effects to be observed, it may happen very rapidly. But when you are satisfied with the results, all you have to do is slip the pendant off. If you put the pendant back on, the effects will continue to occur again.

"Please feel free to visit us here. I think I speak for both Candy and myself when I say that."

"Yes, please!" Candy concurred. "Like very much to get to know tall American girl. Love your hair! You grow big bosom like me! You already so pretty!"

"And try to confine your sexual activities to a more private place than a dorm room!" Ms. Le Faye added with a chuckle.

All the way back to the apartment Hillary kept touching at the pendant under her blouse.

"Just making sure it's real," she explained when she saw me watching her.

That night as we got ready for bed, Hillary stood in front of the mirror looking at herself and the pendant that nestled high up, just below where a line would be drawn between the very tops of her breasts. The look on her face was difficult to read.

"Honey, what are you thinking," I asked.

"I'm just wondering how I'm going to look with wonderfully large breasts! All my life I've really wanted them and now it's going to happen! I'm so excited I can't wait! Do you think I'm bigger yet?"

"I don't see any difference," I said. "It's only been a few hours! Give it some time!"

None the less, Hillary measured herself. As she entered the numbers in to a small notebook she said, "Day one. 36-26-39. 138 pounds, just like always."

The next few days were filled with anticipation. No change was evident although Hillary insisted that she felt fuller across the chest and reported tinglings and strange feelings shooting between her crotch and her breasts from time to time.

On the week anniversary of our conversation with Ms. Le Faye, Hillary had dinner with Candy and came back all excited.

"I had such a nice time with her, she's so sweet and warm. It's funny, you sit with her a while and you sort of forget how she looks and then some guy will walk into a wall or something and you suddenly realize just how big she is! She's so unaffected by all the looks she gets.

Of course, she can't sit in a regular booth because her boobs sort of rest on top of the table, or press against the table if she pushes them underneath the table. She showed me before we sat at the table. It was almost funny watching the waiter try not to stare at her! She's so in love with Harvey that the attention she gets from other men just doesn't seem to register on her. Although I do think she has a bit of the tease in her.

"She told me to be patient, that when it happens, it happens. She sounded so Zen! I want it to happen now! I can't wait to have larger breasts."

Two days later we were sitting at the food court in the mall finishing up lunch. All lunch long Hillary's head had been on a pivot, she was watching everyone who walked by.

"Hillary, what in the world are you doing? You are so dis- tracted today. Every time I say something to you I have to repeat myself."

"Oh, honey, I'm sorry. I'm watching the girls."

"I thought that was my job."

"Oh, silly, I'm trying to decide how I'm going to look and how big I'm going to get. Now scoot over here for a minute."

I switched sides on the table so we were looking the same direction.

Hillary pointed to a couple of women walking past.

"Now there is a woman with a nice pair of tits. Do you think I should get that big? How about bigger? Like that lady, there! Those have got to be Double D's. Look how tight the sweater is on that young thing over there. She's not all that big, but she's proud of what she's got!

"I'm going to be proud too! Ohhh, look at her! See how she bounces! I bet she's not wearing a bra under that! Oh, honey. I'm so excited!" Her hand stole into my lap and cupped my crotch. "But I'm going to be really, really big. None of these women are nearly as big as I'm going to be! I'm going to be big and then bigger! Bigger than Candy! I'm taller than she is so I can carry a bigger load!" Her hand was patting and squeezing and pulling at me through my pants!

"Hey, watch it. If you get me all excited I'll never get out of here," I protested. "I can't walk through the mall with a hard on. People will point!"

"Well, I want you hard! So let's go home now! I'll get you hard and soft so fast you'll be dizzy from blood deprivation of the brain!" she hissed.

Back we went to Hillary's apartment. As usual Mrs. Murgatroyd's daughter was sitting on the front porch steps as we approached. And as usual, she beat a hasty retreat into the house when she saw us coming.

"That little girl is so shy!" said Hillary. "Sometimes I think she's spying on me but I've never really seen her? She just always seems to be around, is all. She doesn't have any friends that I know of. I can't figure out why she isn't in school, either. Oh well, I've got bigger things on my mind right now." She grinned as she gave my crotch a grab.

The Mystery of the Shy Girl, as I had thought of it, faded from my mind as we entered Hillary's apartment and headed for the bedroom. As always, I was fascinated to watch as Hillary's pussy, which felt so tight when I slipped a finger into it, was able to comfortably accommodate my girth and length. Thank God I'd found her, I thought as we wrestled in passion on the bed. Despite the rather unique way we had met the sex was always great! And Hillary was an enthusiastic and vocal lover!

I didn't hear from Hillary for two weeks after that day. When I did get a call from her, she sounded upset as she asked me to come over.

Mrs. M's daughter was keeping her usual vigil as I drove up and this time she gave me a half wave as she got up and disappeared.

"Must be my boyish charm," I muttered as I walked up the stairs to Hillary's apartment door in the rear of the building.

"Nothings happened" Hillary sobbed. She threw herself into my arms as I walked in.

"What do you mean?" I asked

"Look at me! It's been weeks and nothing has happened. Every day I measure, every day it's the same! This pendant isn't doing a damn thing," she wept.

"Are you sure?" I asked, although from looking at her it didn't seem that her chest was any bigger at all.

"Yes I'm sure. I've measured 36-26-39 since high school! Nothings changed! I've felt all these weird tinglings and throbbings and so on! But nothing happens!" She picked up the notebook she'd been keeping and flung it across the room.

"Well Hillary," I consoled her, "I don't think you should be so upset. After all, look in the mirror!"

She turned with me as I wrapped my arm around her waist and led her to the full length mirror in the bedroom.

"Look at your hair," I pointed out. "It's beautiful. Long, natural blonde wavy hair like yours is a rarity. And it always looks great. I don't think you've ever had a bad hair day." I joked.

"You have legs that reach your neck. All the guys talk about your legs." I slipped her shorts off her as I spoke, leaving her in panties and a shirt. "When you wear these heels," I continued handing her my favorite of her many shoes,

"your legs could be used in commercials for silk stockings!"

She was starting to brighten as I continued to pour on the compliments. And they were all true!

"And tell the truth," I told her as I unbuttoned her shirt and slipped it off her shoulders. "How many women do you know that have the kind of tall, shapely figure that you have? You don't have any excess weight at all, you have a lovely long waist that is nicely toned and muscled. Your neck is elegant and graceful. Your face is drop dead gorgeous and you know it! So what if you don't have the biggest boobs in the world? You turn heads everywhere you go!"

She was smiling at her reflection now.

She turned to me and kissed me full on the mouth. "Richard you always know how to make me feel better! You're right. Maybe I'm just a little crazy. When you tell me those things I know you're right and I am proud of how I appear." A funny look passed over her face as she said this but cleared away as she continued. "Wanna fuck, honey?"

I laughed out loud at the sudden change of direction.

"Well, I better do something with this," I told her. Her gaze dropped to my groin and a smile crossed her face as she noticed the protrusion in my loose fitting pants.

"Did I do that?" she asked mischievously.

"Yeah," I replied. "Talking about how good looking you are and seeing you in nothing but bikini panties and a skimpy bra will do that to me."

"Well, lets take care of that!"

Hillary kissed me hotly and ground herself against me. My hardened dick reached up almost to her navel despite her height advantage and she hunched her moistening pussy along the length of my prick as we kissed.

Hillary slid to her knees in front of me and quickly undid my belt and zipper,

pulling my pants down to my ankles. I stepped out of them as she gingerly pulled out the waist band of my shorts and reached in to grasp my dick.

"Well, I may not be growing," she smiled, "but I suspect that this thing may be bigger than ever! I can't get over how it starts out being so small and defenseless and then grows into such a behemoth!"

"God, I hope it's not getting any bigger!" I said. "I can't get a boner without having everyone within eyesight noticing it. Being the owner of an almost 15 inch dick is not the boy's fantasy I thought it might be!"

"Poor baby. Shall I kiss it and make it all better?" she asked as she proceeded to do just that. While it was true that Hillary could accommodate my cock in her amazingly elastic cunt, her mouth and jaws were not so able. Still, she did manage to get the head and about two inches of the shaft into her before having to admit defeat.

I groaned out loud as her lips and tongue went wild on my dick head.

She was panting slightly as she removed my dick from her mouth.

"I just love trying to stuff this sausage down my throat. Some time I may just be able to!"

"I don't really care one way or the other," I told her. "As long as we can make love and you and I enjoy it it's aces with me!"

"Well, lets play cards then," she said as she dragged me to the couch. "I'm too horny now to go all the way to the bed room. Sit down here and brace yourself!"

Standing over me as I slouched on the couch she continued to run a hand up and down my shaft while she slipped off her panties. Her excitement was dribbling down her leg as she positioned my cock head at the lips of her cunt.

"It always feels so good!" she moaned as she began a slow decent down my cock lance. "I love the feeling of being filled by this huge cock!"

She shifted her weight from her feet on the floor to her knees on either side of

me as she slid down and down. Finally she was pressed tight to my groin, not a fraction of an inch was outside her as she shuffled her hips left and right.

"God you fill me up so good! I've never been so full!"

Because of her height my head was pressed to her chest as her arms tightened around my neck. Reaching behind her I undid the single hook of her bra and she let it fall to the floor.

They may not be very big, I thought as I gazed at her breasts so close in front of me, but they sure are pretty. Smallish nipples were perched jauntily on top of amazingly wide mounds that projected only slightly from her chest. The flesh of her boobs appeared to start almost immediately below her collarbone and ended even with bottom of her sternum.

I licked and nipped at them as Hillary's talented pussy did amazing things to my dick without her even seeming to move. She had more action going on inside her while sitting still on my lap than some girls had when they were bouncing all over the place!

"I just can't seem to get enough of you," she moaned as she began a slight up and down movement. "It always feel so good." She picked up the pace.

"Feels good to me, too." I said as I continued to kiss and suckle her breasts. "Want me to get on top?" I asked.

"No. This feels too good. Let me cum this way, then we'll see," she smiled into my eyes. She was always able to have multiple orgasms. Some times her energy was almost frightening.

Then her eyes drifted close as the feelings rose in her. Her pussy was moving up and down in short, five inch strokes and I was occasionally hitting her cervix with the head of my dick. This seemed not to hurt her, but rather, to spur her on to harder and faster efforts. She was moaning with each down stroke and breathing in with each up stroke.

Finally, after several more minutes of this she came down hard and clutched at me with her arms and legs as she had her first orgasm. Hillary was almost never one to stop with the first one and today was no exception.

After regaining her breath and spending several moments kissing me thoroughly she climbed off and positioned herself doggie style on the couch and wagged her butt at my face.

"Climb on stud! I'm going to wear you out today! I haven't felt this horny in a long time," she grinned. "You have to earn your keep!"

"Fine with me," I told her as I positioned myself behind her.

Looking down I was again struck by how dainty her pussy looked. Neatly trimmed hair surrounded pussy lips that gripped my exploring finger as I teased her in preparation of trying to fuck her lights out! How she could grip my single finger and then open up to easily accept my oversized schlong was something I had never understood. But I'd never complained about it either! Even though we had just made love for almost ten minutes her pussy managed to look and feel fresh and tight!

"Oh, honey, don't tease me! I want you back inside me now!"

"Hold your horses," I told her as I moved up behind her. Bracing myself with one hand on her back I used the other to swipe the head of my dick over the entrance to her cunt. Each time I wiped from top to bottom she moaned and moved back to try to engulf me.

"Teasing bastard!" She moaned. "I need it now! Quit fucking around and start fucking!"

I loved to hear her beg! But I was ready to give her what we both wanted. Without warning I pushed into her my full length. Not stopping until I was completely embedded in her, my hips crushed against her butt and my balls bounced against her thighs.

Her head snapped up, a long, loud moan of ecstasy coming from deep inside her! Her head sank back onto her folded forearms braced on the couch arm as she squirmed her butt back against me to make sure that she had every bit of me!

Gripping her hips I proceeded to give her what I knew she wanted. There was

a time when I would have been more gentle and sensitive. Not today. Somehow I knew that what Hillary wanted was to be taken as hard and as often as I could!

Drawing back from her until only the tip of the head of my cock was still in her I gave her two very short strokes just popping the dick head in and out, and then I started to slam into her, using every fraction of an inch that I had. And every bit of strength as well!

Hillary's back took on a deep arch. She shifted her legs apart a little and raised her pelvis to offer me as straight a path as possible for my battering ram approach. She was squealing and yelping in time with my strokes. After about four minutes of this assault she screamed into an orgasm that shook her body like palsy. I never even slowed down.

Two minutes later she had another orgasm and then another one only about a minute later! I was sweating heavily and breathing hard from the effort. And I was getting close to my release. Hillary was climbing higher and higher, faster and faster. She came one more time.

Moving quickly, I withdrew, eliciting a moan of disappointment from Hillary. I flipped her over on the couch and slid back into her pussy as her arms and legs wrapped themselves around me. Her hips slammed up at me as I regained my rhythm. Her breath was coming in gasps and moans as we continued to fuck. She had another orgasm and then I was cumming like a fire hose inside her. She kept her death grip on me as we both started to settle.

"That was fabulous, babe," she whispered in my ear. "Just fabulous. I came so many times! What a train ride!"

"Yeah, me too" I gasped as I struggled to regain my breath. I was about wiped out.

"Okay, okay, get off me, you oaf!" She was smiling as she said this. "You may be shorter than me but you still weigh too much to just lie on me like this if you're not going to be driving that monster cock of yours into me to help me forget how heavy you are!" she teased.

"Sorry." I slid onto the floor next to the couch and braced my back against the

couch.

"You know, I feel a little funny," she announced. Looking down at herself, she was frowning. "I think, I wonder if...."

She was off the couch and into the bedroom in a disgusting display of energy.

Another moment she was back. Grinning from ear to ear.

"It's true! I'm bigger! Oh Honey, it's finally started! I thought things felt a little different when we were going at it! I've grown an inch! Look!"

She wrapped the tape in her hand around her bust line. "See! 37, no, wait, 37 and a half! I'm growing honey! I'm going to have big tits!"

"If you say so," I replied. She didn't look bigger to me but the tape told no lies. Hillary was smiling triumphantly down at herself and remeasuring herself.

I was more concerned with finding something to eat.

Men can be so insensitive.

When Hillary got home she had a new glint in her eye. She was a changed woman. She had a renewed purpose. She was dedicated, determined and willing to go the distance while doing what needed to be done in order to achieve her goal. Throw in any other business/sports cliché about a will to win that fits.

I followed her as she marched straight into the bedroom, retrieved the amulet from the nightstand and slipped it over her head once more.

Turning to me she proclaimed: "No Oriental chick, friend or not, is going to have a bigger bust than me. Guys, prepare to lust. After me. I'm gonna tease, I'm gonna tempt, I will swing and sway. I'll jiggle and jounce. I will flaunt what I've got and get even more as a result. Just wait. I may become the first woman to need a Level III bra!" I had no idea what she was talking about.

Flinging open the closet doors Hillary began to sort through her wardrobe. Rapidly she started tossing clothes onto the bed. She built two piles of clothes.

The first contained all the clothes that could not possibly fit her any longer. Old dresses and clothes that predated her bust expansion. She indicated that they were to be given to charity.

It was the second pile that she was interested in.

"Richard, help me sort through this stuff. I have to find the hottest, sexiest clothes I own so I can get the best response from guys. I want to be able to stiffen a cock at a hundred paces and cause ejaculations just by walking by men. I'm going to grow the biggest set of tits I can! Nothing else will do!"

Soon enough the pile had been winnowed down to a collection of short-shorts, tight skirts, skin tight jeans and the smallest, tightest, most revealing tops that Hillary owned. Many of them were items that had fit well some time ago but were now just a little too small for her seventy six inch bosom.

Over the next several days she mapped out her strategy with the precision of a military campaign. Her target: the crotch of every man in town. Her goal: the arousal of lust in everyone who saw her. Her determination: absolute and unstoppable.

Over the following weeks Hillary took to wearing the most titillating outfits she could put together. Every evening she would return home and measure herself. I was called upon to sate the lust that she built up as she teased and taunted the men in town. I was truly surprised that at no time was she ever accosted or attacked.

I wasn't spending every night at Hillary's the way I'd been doing. Her priorities had clearly changed and I was just the object to be used when available to satisfy her needs. Every time I saw her Hillary would recount the who, where, how and other details of the days events.

She would regale me with the tales of the reactions of the men as they first saw her. The double and triple takes. The ones that walked into walls and light posts. The glares of the suddenly ignored girlfriends. The details of the attempts to be ever more provocative.

Daily she would dress in short skirts, tight sweaters or blouses. Dresses cut down to there. Or further. Inches and feet of cleavage was revealed. But

despite her every effort Hillary was not at all content with the results of her campaign. It seemed to take longer for the pendant to charge than it had before. Her crystal would flicker to life with a soft pale glow when she gained lustful looks and die out after we had sex. Her breasts would expand another fraction of an inch each time. She became more and more determined even though the growth was not as rapid as she wanted it to be.

As I recall I was the first to notice one significant change. We were making love one evening. Hillary was on top of me, powering up and down in long, strong, deep strokes that brought the maximum pressure to bear on her clit. She had experienced two or three orgasms and was building to another peak when I began to squeeze the tips of her breasts.

Understand, when Hillary was on top, her nipples were not always right there for me to latch onto. If her hands were on the bed instead of on my shoulders or chest, then her breasts rested on top of me.

That was the position now. I could feel her tiny stiff nipples scraping back and forth over my upper stomach and lower chest with her movement. Then, when she straightened up some and shifted her weight a little more toward my thighs her breasts rose off me and I grabbed hold with both hands.

Her breasts were so firm that I never was really able to squeeze a full handful. Rather, I was able to flex my fingers together a little and then her firm flesh would resist. It was somewhat like trying to grab a mostly inflated basketball, but each breast was larger, although not so spherical. This time, when I squeezed, she hissed in a breath and moaned.

"Gently, lover, gently! I'm real sensitive tonight!"

"Okay, I'll kiss 'em and make 'em feel all better," I replied as I used both hands to heft her left breast to my lips. As I drew her nipple between my teeth she moaned again, deeper and longer. It felt like her nipple was larger between my lips. My head moved like windshield wiper blades as I switched back and forth from one to the other. Her moans rose in pitch and increased in frequency.

She crashed into an intense orgasm and shuddered to a halt on top of me while I kept up my nursing, alternating tit tips. Suddenly to my complete

surprise, I felt her entire vagina convulse around my embedded dick. The pressure was stronger than anything I could recall having felt within this marvelously active cunt and her entire passage began to pulse, quivering and trembling the length of my whole shaft. I came within seconds and as I ejaculated deep with in Hillary she crumpled over me in a dead faint.

Concerned, I quickly got her onto her back and rushed to the bathroom for a glass of water. I don't know if that was the right thing to do or not but by the time I got back she was conscious. And thirsty, so the water did come in handy.

Hillary quickly regained herself.

"Lord, that was something else. It was the most intense orgasm I've ever felt," she told me. "It was like there was an electrical current between my pussy and my breasts. It pulsed and grew and grew until I fainted! Wow! I don't know how many more like that I could take! But I'm willing to find out!" and she reached for my dick.

"Take it easy honey. Not so fast! Take a few minutes to recover! Besides, I'm not nearly ready to go again so soon."

"Honey, I can get your dick hard so fast you'll be dizzy. I'm blessed with the biggest tits you've ever seen and if I want you hard you'll get hard. You boob crazed maniac. Here, lie down. Let me sit on your stomach and dangle these huge hooters in your face. That oughta get you hard in no time!"

Putting words to action, Hillary was astride me in seconds.

The ceiling was blocked out as she hunched her shoulders and thrust her colossal boobs at my face. I ended up wedged into the cleavage between each breast as they pressed against the bed. My nose was at least six inches away from the bottom of her cleavage!

"I'll back up a little," she giggled as she wiggled backwards.

Once again I used both hands to heft her boob to my lips. This time I started with the right one. As i brought it into my view I saw that her aureole was puffed up. It and the nipple were larger than I'd ever seen them.

"Honey, your nipples look larger!" I exclaimed. I ran my tongue around the perimeter of her perfectly circular tit tip. Her nipple was the size of a pencil eraser. Just as stiff, as well!

"And more sensitive too!" she moaned.

"No, really. I used to be able to completely enclose your nipple and aureole in my mouth. Now, it seems that there is a little outside of my lips."

The nipple and aureole that had once resembled a TicTac centered on a silver dollar was now both longer and larger.

Smiling lustfully down at me Hillary used both hands to heave her other breast to where she could gaze at it's prominent nipple.

"You're right! It is a little bigger. And puffier as well, she exclaimed as she pinched and pulled at it with one hand while trying to support her boob with her other hand and arm. "Oh, and it IS more sensitive! I like it! Can you suck them both at once?"

She dropped the breast she was holding and, using both hands, tried to crush her breasts together enough so that I could get my mouth on both at the same time. That didn't work. There was too much flesh to handle. Switching approaches, Hillary rested her hands on the swells of breast just above her nipples and tried to crunch her boobs together with her elbows while pulling her nipples closer to one another with her hands. It was an epic struggle. Her nipples pointed out ward somewhat when her breasts hung from her chest. They more or less pointed straight ahead when she was leaning over me as she was now. But there was still at least nine inches of flesh from the center of her cleavage to the nipple on each breast. With both of us pushing and mashing her tits together we were able to bring both nipples close enough that I could suck on them at the same time. With her boobs squeezed together like this her cleavage was forced up so far that Hillary could barely see what I was doing. Her face was buried into her cleavage almost up to her nose as she moaned and sighed in response to the nibbles, sucks and licking I was subjecting her nipples to.

Hillary had at least two more orgasms as I spent the next half hour lavishing

her tits with attention. Then we fucked until we both collapsed in exhaustion.

Her change continued. Soon her aureole was the circumference of a small saucer while her nipples grew wider and just a bit longer. They quickly became so large when she was excited that they were to be seen even when she was wearing a sweater. This did not disturb Hillary at all.

"Lots of men like to see my nipples poking out like that. I like it too. It tingles and makes me feel sexy when my nipples jut out for all the world to see."

The growth continued. Within weeks her breast circumference at the largest increased by several inches due solely to the expansion of her now wildly puffy aureoles. When aroused, which was practically constantly, they sat like a soup bowl, 7 inches wide, two or three inches deep, on the end of Hillary's breasts. And they were topped, finally, by nipples that would swell when excited like half a Vienna sausage. The fullest part of Hillary's bosom continued to fall just an inch and one half below these now behemoth nipples. When the nipples were added into the calculation they pushed her total bust measurement up another few inches!

Now, no matter what she wore, her constant excitement was prominently displayed.

"I feel like a little kid again." She whispered to me one day while we were waiting for the bus. "I can't wait to see what happens next. When my bestest friend, Mandy, had puffy nipples as a kid it marked the beginning of her breast growth. And I had a similar episode when I first started to grow remember?"

"Well, yeah, but this time you've really grown a LOT larger. Last time your cute little titty tips just puffed up a little. Now you're as large as some women's entire breasts!"

"I know," she smiled proudly down at her self. We were sitting on bus bench near campus. "And still, so sensitive. It takes just the smallest touch!" Not caring if anyone was watching she brushed her hands lightly over her breast tips and smiled fondly as her immense nipples and aureole swelled into jutting prominence. A passing bike rider smashed into the back of a parked car. Hillary did not seem to even notice.

That night Hillary dug through her lingerie drawer. Crowing with triumph, she exhibited her find.

"Look, honey. It's one of my old bras!"

"That one looks like it was one of your first bras! That thing will never fit you." I told her.

"I know that silly," she told me as she stripped off her clothes. "Look at how small it seems now." She held it up next to the bra she had just removed. Both cups of the old bra were dwarfed by one of the cups from her newer bra. "This is one of the first bras I bought. It's a B cup. I wonder.."

She held the old bra to her immense chest. Using both hands she positioned the cup to her right breast, over her newly enlarged nipple and aureole. As she rubbed the lacy bra over her tit tip and pinched her nipple thru the fabric the flesh beneath sprang to prominence, her aureole puffing up. As it did so, it filled the bra cup that Hillary kept covering her tit tip. With-in seconds the cup was filled to the brim. And beyond.

Look here, Richard! I can over fill this cup with just my nipple and aureole! See, the cup can't cover the pink flesh on either side when the bottom is covered. I remember the time not so long ago when I would have been ecstatic if my breasts had become as large as these are all by themselves!"

But Hillary's excitement faded as within a few days. It became evident that her breast expansion was almost at a complete halt. True, her breasts were now well over 80 inches in circumference and were topped with hugely excitable nipples. But no matter what she tried, she could not achieve the massive growth that had come so easily before.

Her activity outside the college library a week later was typical. By this time her schedule was well known. Male students had been jockeying for the best positions for an hour when she appeared around the corner of the library and started toward the steps. An immediate hush fell over the crowd. Her mincing gate and high heel shoes gave her walk an element of eroticism that was seldom seen outside of a movie house or striptease hall. She was not going to strip perhaps but she was definitely teasing.

Her men's shirt was stretched tight over a custom made turtle necked leotard and tucked into a tight denim skirt that was cut up the front and back to reveal quick glances of her legs as she watched. No one noticed her legs.

Every one noticed the massive surging that was evident even through her bra, leotard and shirt as she strode majestically toward the steps down to the broad promenade that lead away from the library.

At the top of the stairs she paused to move the bookbag she clutched against her gargantuan left breast to the other side and lightly stroked the brass railing with her left hand. As she made her way slowly down the stairs her use of the railing was understandable. She was clearly unable to see the three closest steps because of how far in front of her the fleshy shelf of her bosom projected. Her breasts surged and rebounded with movement as she gingerly made her way down the stair case. Her boobs rose and fell with her downward progression. Slowly her blouse was working itself free of the confines of her tight skirt despite the constraint of both bra and leotard. Finally, as she was almost to the bottom, it did come free. At the base of the staircase Hillary stopped and dropped her belongings on the short wall next to the stair case and, moving with exquisite slowness, she gathered up the loose fabric of the blouse. Beginning with the lowest button, she slowly began to unbutton her blouse, seemingly unaware of the hundreds of pairs of eyes following her every move. A groan of disappointment mixed with rising excitement greeted the sight of the turtlenecked leotard that was revealed as she crammed her blouse into her book bag.

Her bra, revealed now under the leotard to also be white, was clearly visible in contrast to the light tan that Hillary still retained from summer. It was the newest bra that she had bought from Ms. Shaw. The shoulder straps were over an inch wide. The body strap was at least six inches wide and housed a hook-and-eye every half inch. The cups were made of lace and spandex panels. As this was her newest bra there were no small rolls of flesh pooching above the line of the bra cups. Her leotard, not so new, was stretched so tight in places that the fabric pattern of Hillary's bra was embossed onto the leotard. This was particularly evident at the tips of her breasts where the fabric was stretched to the point of translucency.

Once again on the move, she strutted between the crowds of men who watched in awe as the largest bust any of them had ever imagined paraded past. Moving ponderously up and down, each elephantine breast had a natural rhythm that swayed, quivered and surged in time with Hillary's walk. Without the shirt the shifting and quivering movement of Hillary's increadable vastness could easily be appreciated. The erotic spell was only enhanced by the slow emergence of her aureole as they became visible through her now even thinner leotard fabric. Slowly swelling with excitement they approached the size of a half grapefruit. Each was capped by a nipple the thickness and half the length of a Vienna sausage. As her excitement increased the nipples became more and more prominent. As she turned the last corner it appeared Hillary had stuffed a robins egg into the tip of each bra cup!

That evening, Hillary was disconsolate.

"Look here", she cried, pointing to the log she had been keeping. "Weeks and weeks of strutting my stuff all over town and all I have to show for it is a measly ten inch increase in my bust! For all the teasing I've done, for all the men that have lusted for me, this pendant should be shining like a lighthouse. Not glowing dimly the way it has been! I have to go see Ms. LeFaye tomorrow and see what's going on. She should be able to help me. I have to do something drastic if I want to reach my goal."

"But honey, your nipples and aureole have expanded hugely! Why, just last week you were bragging that you could fill a normal B-cup with each aureole! And I swear, they are bigger now than ever! If you just wait you may start growing again."

"Well, it isn't enough! I want to have the biggest breasts in the world. And I don't want to have to wait! I want to grow so large that I have trouble moving. I want a Level III Bra! There are going to be some changes. I'm going to have the largest bosom I can have! Nothing is going to stop me now!" Hillary shouted at me.

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