



A PERFECT PAIR

A BREAST EXPANSION STORY

J.D. TUFTS



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Malia was looking at herself in front of the mirror. She liked the look of her face, with a modest amount of makeup, and her shoulder-length black hair. She was about to go on a big first date, and as could be expected, she wanted to look her best. This was something that any twenty-three-year-old woman would be concerned with, except Malia had a very specific concern that none of her girlfriends ever had to worry about, at least to the extent that she did. Men tended to have a hard time looking at anything but her bust on a date, no matter how much she tried to hide her size.

Malia was a 34H, at least that was how big she was the last time she got measured, and she was still growing. She had been a late bloomer, only being a B cup at the end of high school. She had one serious boyfriend her junior and senior year, but once she got to college, she liked the idea of being able to play the field and get some experience. As her boobs kept growing however, she found that the guys who would hit on her only wanted one thing.

She stopped dating altogether her senior year of college and hadn't dated anybody since then. She was a web designer, and had a nerdy look about her, wearing her black framed glasses and baggy clothes all the time. She worked with mostly men, but they left her alone. Her clothing both obscured the size of her breasts and made her look heavier than she actually was, keeping her male co-workers from drooling over her all day.

Looking at herself in the mirror, this was the first time she had worn something that was not meant to obscure her figure in years, or at least something she planned to wear outside the house. She had decided to go for a casual look, it was just a coffee date. She had picked blue jeans and a black stretchy top, but the top made her boobs look much bigger than she anticipated, and she was thinking about changing into something else.

“Good lord,” she said out loud while she looked at herself. The top looked so tight around the bust that she could sometimes see the outline of her bra, which was looking like it was at least a little bit too small.

When she had decided that it was time to start dating again, she had made an online dating profile. She had chosen four pictures, but none of them showed her below her shoulders. She had put as her body type “curvy” and hoped that would attract the kind of guy who would find her figure attractive. At the same time, she didn’t want guys to just message her because they liked her boobs, so she had kept them hidden.

The first few messages were either boring or obscene, and she didn’t respond to them. A few guys tried to start a conversation, but the chemistry was off. Some others just asked her out right away, but Malia wanted to have some kind of connection with a guy before she let him see her in person, or more specifically, see her boobs.

When Garrett had written her, it was a breath of fresh air. He had actually taken the time to read her profile. They had talked about sci-fi and fantasy novels, as well as their families, their hobbies. They had even talked about politics, a dangerous subject, but they found they had a lot of agreement on things. The conversations went on for about two weeks, and then they decided to meet for coffee. Malia was hoping that there would be some real chemistry in person.

Maybe not if he kept staring at her huge boobs. She decided to wear something over the top, a small sweater worn open. It did make a difference, but there was still no doubting that she was stacked. Maybe he didn’t even like big boobs, or boobs as big as hers. She was growing too. She was so nervous that her stomach was tied up in knots.

She calmed herself down by the time she was ready to go. “It’s just a date,” she said, as she picked up her keys.

She got to the coffee shop first and sat in the corner of the second story. A few minutes later he texted her to let her know he was there, and she told him where he could find her. She felt a sudden wave of nervousness overtake her again.

Then he was standing there, wearing a blue oxford shirt and some tanned slacks. Malia was stunned. Her friends had warned her that men never were as cute as they were in their pictures, but Garrett looked even better. While she had thought he looked cute in his pictures, in person he looked ruggedly handsome. He was tall, over six feet, with broad shoulders and an overall athletic frame.

“Hi, nice to meet you,” she managed to say. He had stunning green eyes and a cute smile. She thought she should stand up, but he might hug her, and then there would be no hiding those boobs. He would feel her huge tits pressed against his chest, and they might inspire an intense reaction. Maybe she wanted one, she thought, but it was best to take it slow.

“It’s so good to meet you,” Garrett said. He pulled out a chair and sat across from her. “How was your morning?”

Malia rambled about the events of her morning nervously, then asked him about his. The conversation went awkwardly at first, but soon they started to get more comfortable with each other. Malia was very aware of her boobs while they were talking. The way she was sitting caused them to smooch against her arms and push out practically every time she moved, but these little tables limited her movements.

They talked for about two hours, each sipping their lattes. Malia was feeling comfortable, but there was one thing that was bothering her. He hadn't taken a look at her boobs even once. His eyes had been firmly locked onto hers, and he hadn't even glanced at her chest, even though she knew they looked positively massive in this top.

Garret looked at his watch. "Oh, I've got to get going," he said. "I'm sorry. I thought I'd have more time when we made this date, but there is something else I have to get to. A friend needs me."

"It's okay," Malia said, though she thought it might be an excuse. She knew there was only one way to find out as Garrett got to his feet. There was a mirror on the wall to her far right, and Malia could see Garrett in it from where she was sitting. That was perfect.

She leaned back in her chair and stretched. She could feel her massive tits push against her top as she did so. It felt like they might burst free and split the thing in half, though she knew that wouldn't happen. This top was very stretchy. As she stretched, she looked over at the mirror, so that Garrett would think it was safe, but she was watching him the whole time.

His eyes were fixed on her huge chest. She could see the reaction in his whole body as he gazed upon her giant breasts. She could see his skin flush, and knew that his heart was beating fast, and there was probably a reaction in his pants as well. She was elated. She liked the guy, and he was cute. He wasn't lying about having to go, but with her womanly abundance, she knew it would be child's play to seduce him.

She ended her stretch and stood up. "It was nice to meet you," Malia said. She put her arms out and made it obvious she wanted a hug. Garrett looked nervous

but obliged. Their bodies came together, and Malia's giant tits pressed against Garrett's chest. She could feel a tremble of excitement go through his body, and then she could feel something else. His cock was stiffening and pressing against her.

She held the hug for as long as she could, enjoying the feel of his hard cock against her. His heart was beating like crazy in his chest. She finally pulled back a little but tilted her head up to him. There was lust blazing in his eyes. She leaned forward and gave him a chaste kiss, only seconds, but she could see that there was passion about to explode inside him. She finally ended her embrace.

"If you want to," she said coyly. "Maybe you can stop over at my place next week for dinner. I'm a good cook."

"I'm free Wednesday," he said. His voice sounded like he could barely get the words out. They came out as a pant.

Malia smiled. "I'll text you my address," she said. Garrett nodded and just stood staring at her. She could tell that he wanted to look at her breasts, but he was too much of a gentleman. He was looking into her eyes again. "I thought you had to go," Malia said.

"Oh yeah," Garrett blushed. "I'll see you Wednesday. It was so nice to meet you."

Malia giggled as he headed off. It had to be tough to walk with that huge boner in his pants, but she was sure that he would be able to manage.

Malia spent the next few days looking forward to Wednesday. She decided she would make lasagna, but more importantly, she needed to decide what she was going to wear. She wanted to knock Garrett's socks off but didn't want to give the poor boy a heart attack.

She finally found the right top, a tight red number with a plunging neckline that she knew would drive Garrett crazy, but was just modest enough not to make things too obvious. On a girl who had a more reasonable size, a D cup perhaps, it would be showing an inch of cleavage. On Malia, it showed a deep valley about four inches across.

They had planned dinner at seven, but Garrett showed up about ten minutes early. Malia already had everything ready and out on the table, including a bottle of red wine. Along with the top, Malia had worn a tight black skirt. She loved the way it made her butt look, and a skirt allowed her to show off her legs.

When Malia opened the door, she relished the shocked look on Garrett's face. If he had been pleased with the feeling of her boobs on their first date, he was astounded by how she looked now, dressed in a way to show off her stunning figure.

"Hello," she said, and reached over to hug him. She could feel his arousal immediately when her body was pressed against his.

"Hi," he said shyly. "You look amazing," he said when she pulled away.

"Thanks," she said. "Dinner is on the table."

The two started eating right away. Garrett was talking about his job. He worked as a civil engineer and did different projects for the city. “There is this contract dispute going on right now between the city and a private contractor. It’s enough to make my eyes bleed. I can’t stand all this bickering over simple legalese.”

“Well, try and relax and forget about it,” Malia said. She bent over slightly, so that her titanic cleavage was on display. Garrett couldn’t help but look at it, and Malia couldn’t help but smile. “Would you like more wine?” she asked.

“Yes,” Garrett said, and she reached over and poured him another glass.

Malia did not miss an opportunity to tease him with her breasts during the dinner. He would often lose track of what he was saying or be silenced by the sight of her breasts being bunched up, or squeezed, or simply her displaying that cavernous cleavage for him again. Malia almost felt sorry for him.

When the meal was over the two retired to the living room. Garrett sat down on Malia’s sofa, while she stood at first.

“I was wondering if I could interest you in some desert?” she asked.

“What did you have in mind?” he asked.

Malia was in his lap in an instant, straddling him, and pressing her big breasts

right into his face. She let him come up for air in a second, and then came down to kiss him gently. She could feel his hard dick in his pants as if it was ready to explode.

“I’ve wanted you ever since we met this weekend,” she purred as she broke the kiss. “I love the way you look at me.” She reached for her tits and cupped them with her hands, though she could barely get a third of her huge tits in her tiny hands as she lifted them up and squeezed. “I love how you look at my great big titties.”

Garrett was staring at the now in disbelief, and as Malia put them back in his face, he shoved his face into them. She could feel him, kissing them and moving his face around as she covered his how face with her epic bustiness. It felt amazing. It had been so long since she had been able to do this.

Malia pulled back so that she could see the lust in Garrett’s eyes and he could speak to her. “I couldn’t believe how big they were when we hugged at the end of our first date,” he said. “I thought I was dreaming.”

“You love great big titties?” Malia asked. “Even ones as big as mine are?”

Garrett reached up and put his right hand on Malia’s huge right tit. Despite how much bigger his hands were than hers, she was amazed at how small his hand looked against that big tit.

“I never knew tits could be this big,” he said breathlessly.

Malia giggled. “Mine are a 34H,” she said. “At least they were the last time I measured them. My bra has been getting awfully tight you see. I’m still growing,” she said.

“Wow,” Garrett exclaimed in awe.

Malia reached down to the bottom of her top. “I’d like to show them to you,” she said.

Within seconds, she had taken her top off to reveal her sexy black lace bra. Garrett was losing his mind with anticipation, but Malia enjoyed torturing him as she slowly reached around and unhooked the six hooks on her huge bra. When it was finally done, she just let go and allowed her tits to push the bra out. Garrett couldn’t wait any longer and ripped it off her chest.

There was pure joy as he saw them in all their glory. Malia knew they looked even bigger out of the bra, and they were so firm that sometimes she felt as if she barely needed one, despite their gigantic size.

Garrett started to suck her right nipple immediately. “Oh, god,” Malia moaned. Within seconds he gave the left some love, while still massaging the right nipple between his fingers.

Then Garrett lifted her up. “Let’s go to the bedroom,” he said.

“There are condoms in the nightstand,” Malia whispered.

Once they were in her bedroom, Garrett ripped her clothes off her, and he soon was naked himself. His cock was rock hard, long and thick. She loved the feeling of his hard, athletic body against her supple curves. Then he was inside of her, and she was overcome with pleasure.

That night, they were insatiable and animalistic. It had been so long that Malia came almost at once when he penetrated her, and the fact that he was squeezing and sucking her giant titties added to the pleasure. She came two more times before he shot his load, but it only took minutes before he wanted it again, this time forcing her down on the bed while he penetrated her from behind and reached around to fondle her huge tits. She came yet again, and then a fifth time before he was done.

The two slept, having exhausted themselves. As soon as he was awake, Garrett got hard again looking at Malia's tits, and she couldn't stop herself from climbing on top of him. "You can't get enough of my giant tits, can you?" she asked, as she bounced on top of him.

"They're incredibly huge," he said. "I can't get enough."

She only came once this time, only because she had exhausted herself to such an extent, but she knew that there was more great things to come. She had never had that much sex with a guy in a single night, and she was convinced that Garrett might be the perfect guy for her.

"I can't believe these are still growing," Garrett said as he fondled one tit as they lay next to each other.

Malia giggled again. “I love it that they keep getting bigger,” she said. “I don’t always like the attention, but the feeling of my tits growing, even after I’ve outsized almost every other woman, is beyond sexy to me.”

“I can’t wait to see it,” Garrett said.

Malia bit his lip. “You will,” she told him.

Over the next month the two became inseparably. After depriving herself for so long, Malia was pleased to have a boyfriend who could not keep his hands off her body. She enjoyed displaying it for him, and she started wearing more provocative clothing, especially when they would go out and she could show off her stunning figure.

Garrett was already obsessed with the idea of her growing. She was obviously already too big for her 34H bras, and Malia took him with her to get remeasured. Her size was now a 34I.

“I hadn’t been fitted for four months,” Malia told him. She didn’t want him to get too excited.

“Two cup sizes in four months is still pretty exciting,” Garrett responded.

After a month of dating, Malia decided to go on birth control pills. She and

Garrett had been using condoms all this time, but she had wanted to feel his skin when he was inside her. She also wanted to feel his cum as he spurt from feeling her big tits.

“They say birth control pills make your boobs grow,” she teased him. She didn’t think much of it at the time though. She had heard the effects were slight if anything.

A few weeks of fantastic sex later, and Malia started to realize her bra was getting tight again. Garrett was over that night and they had fucked vigorously. In the morning, she got a shower and then put her panties on and then her bra, except the bra was having some real problems fitting this time.

“What the hell,” Malia said, and she walked out to her full-length mirror.

“What’s wrong, babe?” Garrett asked.

“This bra isn’t fitting,” Malia told him. “It must have shrunk in the wash.”

Malia looked at herself in the mirror and saw that her boobs were definitely too big for this bra. It was difficult to get them to fit into the big cups. Garrett got off the bed and started to walk toward her, as Malia threw the bra down in frustration. She looked at her huge tits and tried to contemplate whether they were actually bigger.

Garrett wrapped his arms around her, and groped her tits with his right hand,

while gently kissing her neck. “I think maybe you’ve been growing again,” he said. He was getting aroused, and Malia could feel his hard dick lengthen and begin to press against her ass.

“I couldn’t have grown so much so fast,” Malia said.

“There is only one way to find out,” Garrett said.

Garrett got the tape measure and measured her. As usual, her band size was 34, so that ruled out the idea that Malia had simply gained weight. Garrett pulled the tape over her bust.

“Fifty inches,” he announced.

Malia was stunned. “That is three cup sizes. I’ve grown three cup sizes in less than a month.”

“It would appear so,” Garrett said, and he leaned over to suck on her nipples, first one and then the other. Malia moaned as he did so, but she finally pushed him away.

“This is serious,” she said. “There is no way that I should be growing that fast.”

“Is there anything wrong with it?” Garrett asked. “You like having big tits, yes?”

You like growing, yes?”

“Yes,” Malia said, and she definitely loved hearing him say it. “I just don’t know if this is safe. I need to talk to my doctor.”

“By all means talk to your doctor,” Garrett said.

Malia made a visit to her doctor, and he seemed dismissive of her worries. “Breasts grow for a number of reasons,” he said. “There really isn’t much of a reason to worry about it.”

Malia tried not to worry, and she went to get some new bras, which Garrett paid for, but it was only a few days later that they started feeling tight.

Malia called Garrett. “My bras are feeling tight already.”

“I’ll be right over.”

“I’m serious.”

“So am I,” he said with a laugh.

Garrett came over to Malia’s place. She opened the door topless. He stared at her

breasts for a few seconds before saying, “I think they definitely look bigger.”

He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her, fondling her big boobs while he did so. She broke the kiss and closed the door. “I’m glad you like them but I’m worried,” she said.

“Why are you worried,” he asked.

“I shouldn’t be growing this quickly!” she exclaimed. “It must be the birth control pills.”

Garrett shook his head. “I don’t think so,” he said.

“What other explanation is there?” she asked.

Garrett was quiet for a moment, and then he said, “I think that you’ve been holding back all this time.”

“What?” Malia asked perplexed.

“Before you met me, you were very ambivalent about your boobs. You liked them, but you were also weary of how much attention they got. You were looking for a guy who would both love your boobs and love you even if you didn’t have such huge boobs. Considering how huge your boobs are, that was a

tall order, and you now think you might have found it in me.”

“All of that is true, but what does that have to do with why my boobs are growing.”

Garett grinned. “When I was a young man I travelled to Tibet where I spent several months learning advanced meditation techniques. There were men there would had almost complete control over their bodies. We tend to think of our mind and bodies as if they are two separate entities, but we fail to really appreciate how much they are connected. I think your boobs are growing more now because your inhibitions are starting to fall by the wayside.”

“That sounds ridiculous,” Malia said.

“Well, there is a way to test it. You can perform a test by simply letting your body be freer and see what happens. You always try to cover things up. You should show off your body more.”

“I’m not sure I can do that,” Malia said.

“No matter,” Garrett replied. “I plan to ravage you right now anyway.”

He came toward her and picked her up, Malia giggling at his masculine aggression. He threw her down on the sofa and within seconds they were both naked, he thrusting inside her while he sucked and played with her magnificent boobs.

When they were finished, Garrett gave her chest another measure. “34L is the size you should be wearing,” he announced. “Looks like we need to go bra shopping.”

Garrett took Malia shopping for bras and also to buy some new clothes. Malia let Garrett pick an outfit for her to wear to work, a tight grey dress, that was as low cut as she could possibly get away with in the workplace.

“Wear this and see how you feel,” he said.

Malia agreed, but she felt very nervous about it. How could she possibly show her body off like that in front of the guys after she had hidden it from them for so long?

The next morning, Malia took a long look at herself in front of the mirror. The dress fit amazing around her figure, with a black belt accentuating her hip to waist ratio, which was quite stunning. Yet, her tits were so large that they couldn’t possibly seem anything but obscene in that dress. There was an absolute canyon of cleavage on display. She thought that she couldn’t possibly wear this to work.

Yet, she had told Garrett that she would, and she wanted to keep that promise. She worked in a small office with four guys, Jaxon, William, Scott and Tony. Scott was gay, so she was not likely to get his attention, but what would the other three guys think? Jaxon was married, and Malia had met his wife, who was pretty, but small and thin, without much in the boob department.

Malia finally decided to stop worrying and had to work. Once she got out of her car, she got her first preview of how men would react to her in the dress. A man passing her nearly swiveled around, to look, and almost collided with a person walking the other way.

Malia smiled as she headed up to the office. She had never liked showing off her body before, but such an extreme reaction was fun. She still wasn't sure how her coworkers would react. She hoped they would be too polite to say anything.

When she walked in, the four of them were talking among themselves, some movie, though Malia was not sure which one. William was the first to look up at her, and he did a double take after he tried to turn back to the conversation. He was outright staring, and soon the other three guys were looking at her too.

"That is some dress, Malia," Jaxon said, and he whistled. He tried to make it a joke, so that things wouldn't be uncomfortable, but his eyes kept going back to her chest, even as he was trying to keep them away.

"I wanted to try something new," Malia said.

She quickly walked to her desk and sat down but was very aware of the men's eyes on her. They couldn't go back to their conversation, and instead tried to go back to work. She could see them looking at her, catching their reflections in the window behind her computer. They were trying but they couldn't stop themselves.

Malia imagined what it must be like for them, discovering that their frumpy office mate was not fat, had a killer body, and a set of huge 34L tits. As she

started to think about it, it began to turn her on, and she could feel her nipples getting hard and pressing against her bra. As the first few hours went by, she was getting positively horny, and damp between her legs. She wasn't even sure how she was going to make it to lunch.

Then she felt it. Her bra was getting tight. At first, she thought it was her imagination, but it became quickly clear that her breasts were actually growing. She could feel them expanding against her bra and her dress, and it felt good. She closed her eyes and savored the feeling, her boobs starting to muffin top out of her dress and spill over her cups. There was some discomfort, but the pleasure was even better.

Then she heard the sudden rip, and her eyes suddenly opened. All four of her coworkers were staring at her with their mouths hanging open. Her boobs had stopped growing immediately. Garrett was right. The whole thing was psychological. Both Malia's bra and her dress had ripped. She put her hands over her chest and stood up.

"I think I need to go home. I'm not feeling well," she said, and bolted out, not caring that this would seem not the least bit plausible to the men in the office.

Malia made it out to her car and started to drive home. Only then did she allow herself to appreciate how sexy what just happened was. She had burst her bra right in front of some horny men. That meant she must have grown at least three or four cup sizes in minutes. She was at least a 34MM or 34N at this point.

Malia put her phone on speaker and called Garrett. "Hey, babe what's up?" he answered.

“Can you meet me after you get off work?” she asked.

“Yeah, I’ll come over to your place.”

“I was hoping we could meet at the bookstore across from your office.”

There was a short silence on the phone. “Okay,” he finally said. “I’ll be over there by five. I guess I’ll wait for you.”

“Thanks,” Malia said, and hung up. That would give her a few hours to decide what to wear.

When she got home, she decided to wear an oversized grey t-shirt and a tight pair of jeans. She couldn’t wear a bra, because her growth had outright mangled it, but she didn’t really need one. Despite their gigantic size, her breasts still were firm and thrust outward. Her nipples were hard from her arousal at looking at her own figure, but she had to hold herself back. She didn’t want to grow anymore until she saw Garrett. Despite the size of her t-shirt, her bust was so big that it was stretching the logo and letters in front to an absurd degree.

In the meantime, she made an attempt at measuring herself. It was difficult, but she saw that she was indeed a 34N. “Wow,” she said out loud. A few months ago, she never could have imagined being so big, and now all she could think about was getting bigger.

Five o’clock could not come fast enough, but finally it was fifteen minutes

before, and she got in the car to go meet Garrett. She wanted Garrett to be there first for the full effect. When she walked through the door, everything happened exactly as she imagined it.

Her breasts jiggled heavily as she walked, and every head in the place turned to her to gawk at her incredible massiveness. Some men were with their girlfriends and wives, but they stared shamelessly. Hell, their women weren't even noticing because they were staring too. Nobody could believe how preposterously busty Malia had become.

The feeling started to overtake her again, a pleasure that started with her boobs, and began to radiate out through the rest of her body. She knew she was going to grow. She just didn't want it to start until Garrett saw her. He was on the far side of the store, reading a book and sipping a coffee, seemingly the only person oblivious to the massive titted goddess who had walked into the store.

He finally looked up, and the expression on his face was everything that Malia had hoped for. His eyes went wide, and he got to his feet at once. "Good god, Malia!"

She smiled. "I started growing at work and burst right out of my dress." She could feel the growing building up inside her as she tried to hold it back. She wanted him to feel. "Why don't you give me a hug."

Right as they embraced, she couldn't hold it back any longer. Pleasure coursed through her whole body as she felt her breasts growing. It was faster than before. With her tits braless in her t-shirt, it seemed like there was nothing holding them back, and having her breasts squished against Garrett made it easy to feel her growing in contrast to him.

“Of my God,” Garrett said breathlessly as he felt it. “Am I dreaming?”

“No, baby,” Malia said. “This is for real.”

She held onto him until she could make her breasts stop growing, which took a while. Garrett was fully hard by that point, and practically shaking from how turned on he was. Malia pulled away from him, to get a look at just how big she had gotten.

Malia was stunned by her own chest. The shirt had crept up tighter, and now there was an impressive amount of “underboob” that was visible. If she had grown any more the shirt would have likely split in half. She thought she must have grown another eight or nine cup sizes. If she had to guess, she would say that she was probably a 34R now, at the very least.

“I think we better get out of here,” Malia said to Garrett. “I want to get bigger, a lot bigger, and I can’t do that here without it becoming indecent.”

Garrett grabbed Malia’s arm and ushered her out of the bookstore. Once they were in the car Garrett floored it in an attempt to get to his apartment as quickly as possible. Malia thought he might cause a wreck driving at full speed, especially since he couldn’t stop glancing over at her massive bouncing tits the whole way.

Once they were in his house, his hands were all over her. He pressed her against the wall, kissing her with a hunger she had never experienced before, while his

right hand reached up under her shirt to play with her right nipple. She could feel his dick pressed against her, and never thought she had felt anything so hard in her life. Malia came up for air.

“I’m going to start growing again. Let’s get to the bedroom.”

The two ran for the bedroom, Garrett stripping his clothing off all the way. Malia took her jeans off first, then dropped her panties in the doorway. Garrett was standing by the bed, but she still had her t-shirt on.

“Aren’t you going to take that off?” he asked.

“Just a moment,” Malia said, and she walked toward him, pushing him down on the bed and jumping on him, and inserting his hard dick inside her. She could feel the growth built up to the breaking point, but she didn’t want to release it just yet. Looking down at Garrett with smoldering eyes, Malia lifted the shirt up over her head and let the huge tits flop down.

Garrett had a few second to appreciate them at the massive size they were at that moment, and he groped, licked and sucked for all he could while she rode him. She was going to explode in a moment. She was going to grow like she had never grown before, and Garrett was about to experience something that no big boob loving man had ever seen. It wouldn’t have happened if they hadn’t met. They really were the perfect couple.

The moment arrived. The pleasure of release was beyond anything Malia had ever felt before. Her breasts were becoming bigger, fatter, heavier, and they were already a preposterous size. Now she was becoming beyond preposterous. She

was expanding beyond her wildest dreams, reaching her full potential, showing any other woman in the world who thought she was busty what real tits were.

Her tits were soon so big that they were laying on Garrett's body even when she was sitting up, and they were still expanding outward. "Do you like that baby?" Malia asked. "Can you feel them getting bigger and heavier on top of you."

"Oh yes!" Garrett moaned as they continued to grow.

"Soon they will be bigger than you are," Malia said. "Soon they will outgrow this whole room."

Even as she said this, her tits had grown so they had engulfed half of Garrett's body. She could feel her growth becoming quicker not slowing down. There was nothing to stop her but her wildest imagination now. Garrett came inside her, and she came from the excitement. The orgasm just kicked her growth into overdrive. Within seconds her tits were each bigger than her boyfriend. She had to be careful not to smother him to death and was reaching down to reposition herself.

"This is only the beginning baby," she said. "Why don't you get hard for me again?"