



THE LATE BLOOMER

J. D. Tufts



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Geri May had a crush on me all through our senior year of high school. We were part of the same circle of friends, so even if I hadn't already noticed it the subject would have been broached by somebody. Our friend Alyssa was the bluntest about it.

"Why won't you give Geri a chance?" she asked.

"She just isn't my type," I said.

"What does that mean?"

Alyssa already knew that Geri and I got along, made each other laugh, and had a lot of the same interests. Geri was cute too. There were a lot of guys who would have loved to have been in my position. Yet, I had no interest in skinny little Geri May because she had one deficiency. Her breasts were almost nonexistent, an A cup, and there was no way that I could get past that.

I liked big breasts, very big, and even a double D was barely enough to satisfy my tit lust. I had only one serious girlfriend in high school, a C cup, and I had lost my virginity to her, but even then, I had been on the lookout for a bustier girl. That was probably why she dumped me.

So, I never dated Geri during senior year, nor did I ask her to prom like a lot of people tried to convince me to do. I thought it would be cruel to do so, because it would inevitably lead her on, and I didn't want to hurt Geri. It wasn't her fault I was mad for big tits. If she hadn't been so flat-chested, I would have loved to

have had her as my girlfriend.

I didn't date a truly busty girl until the summer before college. Ashley Winters was her name, and she had been homeschooled, and as a result was socially awkward and didn't know how hot she was. We worked at the Magic Mountain Mini Golf Center together that summer, and I started conversations with her on our breaks. My friends told me she was out of my league and not even to bother, yet Ashley liked me. Everybody else thought she was too hot to approach, so I was able to win her over, and by the end of the summer she was my girlfriend.

I was ecstatic for a while, but Ashley turned out to be the definition of high maintenance. She wanted gifts constantly and didn't take well to not getting her way. I would have broken up with her, but she was gorgeous, tall with long shapely legs, had a round voluptuous ass, and, oh yeah, she had the best tits of any girl I thought I was likely going to ever get a chance with. So, I basically was her bitch, and because I knew so many other guys wanted to date her and thought they were better than me, I was paranoid.

I'm amazed that things went along for so long like that. I managed to date Ashley all the way through my first year of college and make it to the following summer. Looking back, I guess she knew she had me wrapped around her little finger and decided to stick with me because of that. It was only a matter of time before she dumped me though, and I should have ended it before she had the chance. Hindsight is twenty-twenty.

I got invited to a party late June the summer after my freshman year of college. "I don't know, I have to work that night and I'll probably be pretty tired," I told my friend Matt.

"Well, Geri is going to be there, and she keeps asking if you'll be. Have you

talked to her at all since she went off to school?”

“No,” I admitted. Ashley was often very jealous of any friendship with another girl, and I also was afraid to lead Geri on by trying to keep contact. She hadn’t written to me, and if she had I would have responded, but since she hadn’t, I kept my distance.

“You guys were always such good friends,” Matt said.

“Yeah, until she decided she was in love with me.”

“She knows you have a girlfriend,” Matt said. “Don’t be so arrogant. It’s been almost a year. I’m sure she isn’t still carrying a torch for you after all this time.”

“I guess you’re right,” I said. “You talked me into it. I’ll come.”

I was indeed tired after work that night. I didn’t tell Ashley about the party. I knew that she would get mad at me if I went by myself, but at that point none of my friends could stand her. I was getting pretty burned out on her myself. Yet, I couldn’t bring myself to break up with her.

I was at the party for about a half hour when I saw Geri. I was hanging out talking to Alyssa and she just came up to me. She was wearing a lowcut blue dress with white polka dots. I tried to look her in the eye when she asked me how I’d been, but that dress displayed her chest so much that it made it very hard. Geri had grown boobs, and big ones.

She was still smaller than Ashley, who was a 36DD. Geri was a 34D, but she was thinner than Ashley, and that made her tits look more prominent. I would learn her size when she announced it to Alyssa, who before I could tell Geri how I had been doing exclaimed, “Damn girl! What is with your boobs?”

Geri blushed and glanced to me before turning her full attention to Alyssa. “I guess I’m a late bloomer,” she said. That was when the conversation turned over to cup sizes. I was amazed by Geri’s growth. It seemed as if she hadn’t gained weight anywhere else, no freshman fifteen, but she had gone up three cup sizes in nine months.

Geri finally turned the conversation back to me. “How have you been, Chris?”

“I’m fine. I’m going to Ohio State. Majoring in philosophy.”

“That sounds like you,” Geri laughed. “Give me a hug.”

She put her arms around me. We had hugged before of course, but never one that had been this pleasant. I could feel my cock hardening but didn’t want Geri to feel it. I broke the hug off as quickly as I could and still felt a tingle where her tits had been pressing against my chest.

We talked for a while longer, but eventually Geri decided to mingle and talk with other people. I kept looking back at her, admiring her figure, and she caught me a couple times. I started to feel like I had made a mistake spurning Geri a year ago, but I had a girlfriend now.

“We need to hang out again,” Geri said to me when the party was winding down.

“Yeah, definitely,” I said. “You need to text me.”

Then she gave me another one of her amazing hugs.

Geri didn’t text me until mid-August. I had started to give up on the idea she was going to want to hang out before the end of summer. I thought about texting her myself, but I felt guilty about my feelings about Geri and the fact I was still dating Ashley.

When Geri did text me, she wrote, “Hey, you want to hang out this weekend?”

“Sure, when?”

“How about Sunday?”

“What do you want to do?”

“Why don’t you come over to my parents’ place? We have a pool. We can go swimming.”

Once again, I did not tell Ashley.

When I got to the house, I was not wearing my swim trunks, but I had brought them along in a bag. Geri answered the door wearing blue “beach robe” that obscured her body, except her tanned legs were visible with how short it was.

“Put on your swimsuit,” she said. “I can’t wait to get in.”

“Is anybody else here?” I asked.

She shook her head. “Just us,” she said.

I went to the bathroom, I knew where it was since I had been to this house before on a few occasions, and quickly changed to my trunks. While I was doing so, I began to speculate on Geri’s intentions. It seemed like she had contrived things so we could be alone, but if she had any interest in me romantically still, why did she wait so long after the party to invite me over?

I walked out to the pool where Geri was standing by the edge, the robe still on. “It’s about time,” she teased. Then she dropped the robe. I tried not to let my mouth fall open.

Geri was wearing a skimpy red bikini, or at least it was skimpy on her. It looked like she had bought it at the beginning of the summer. I remembered that then Geri had been a 34D, but it looked like she had grown a lot since then. The cups of the bikini could barely contain her, and she was spilling out. Her nipples were

covered, but I guessed she had to have grown at least three cup sizes. Three cup sizes in two months? It seemed impossible, but there it was staring right in front of me.

Geri jumped right in, while I still stood around looking stunned. She was underwater for quite a while, but when she came up, she asked me, “Aren’t you coming in?”

I jumped in right next to her. It was very cold, and when I came up my teeth were chattering. Geri laughed as she watched me. When I finally composed myself, I had to ask the question.

“I couldn’t help but notice that was quite the bikini,” I said.

Geri blushed, just as she had at the party when Alyssa had commented on her expanding bust. “It fit at the beginning of the summer. I had a huge growth spurt out of nowhere. That is part of the reason I haven’t been socializing much lately. I went from a 34D to a 34FF.”

I was stunned. As a big tit connoisseur, I knew that was four cup sizes, going through double and triple D before going into the F range. At least it was if Geri was using the typical UK sizes, which I knew busty girls usually preferred to other standards.

“Wow,” was all I could say.

Geri stopped blushing and looked at me for a long moment. She seemed to be contemplating something, and then she said. "I could feel how excited you got when you hugged me at the party."

"I...I..." I stammered.

"Your heart was beating so fast."

Well, at least it wasn't what she felt in my pants. "I couldn't help it," I said.

Geri swam over to me, and I found myself backing up toward the edge. I knew what was happening, and I wanted it to happen, but I also felt guilty about Ashley, despite how she treated me.

Geri looped an arm around my waist and then she kissed me. I could feel her big breasts press against my bare flesh and I was instantly hard. My right hand moved up to fondle one of her tits while my left moved down to grab her pert little ass. I had always thought Geri had a cute little ass, even when she was titless.

We made out in the pool for a while, but finally Geri said, "My parents aren't going to be home all day," and I knew exactly what that meant.

We fucked for the first time on her bed in missionary position. When she took the bikini top off, I got to see that her new breasts were incredibly firm and beautifully shaped, with beautiful brown nipples. She came almost instantly

when I entered her. Her fingernails dug into my back. “I’ve been waiting so long for this to happen,” she cried. I tried not to come at once from feeling the biggest tits I had ever touched pushed against me.

I didn’t last very long, but only after coming that time could I have possibly held off the second time. Geri was on top, and she began to comment on her epic bustiness.

“Look at those tits bounce,” she said. “It feels amazing to be this big. I had no tits at all a year ago. Now I walk down the street and I make every woman I pass jealous.”

I was so hard with her talking like that, but I had just come less than thirty minutes before, so I was able to keep from exploding. It didn’t take that long though. The third time we fucked, Geri bent over, and I took her from behind, reaching my hands around to hold those giant tits the whole time. When I came then we were exhausted. I lost track how many times Geri had orgasmed.

“I’ve wanted you for so long,” Geri said while we laid together on her bed. She touched my face gently. “I feel so selfish. You have a girlfriend.”

“Things haven’t been going very well with her,” I said.

“I’m sorry,” Geri said.

I wanted to tell her not to be. I wanted to tell her that I wanted to date her, but I

knew she was going back to school in a few weeks. Instead, we just laid there and held each other until we both fell asleep. When we woke up it was when Geri's parents pulled into the driveway and we scrambled to get dressed before they came in the door.

Geri and I would see each other only one more time that summer. It was just to say goodbye, and we didn't even mention having had sex. I gave her a big hug and held it for as long as I could. I knew it was impossible, but it felt as if her boobs had gotten at least one cup size bigger since we had sex in her parent's house.

Around the end of October Ashley broke up with me. She dumped me for a six-foot-two college quarterback who looked like he could bench press me. I was more relieved than anything else. A few weeks after that I wrote Geri at school.

"Hi, how have you been lately?"

"Things have been going good. How about you?"

"Ashley and I broke up. Other than that, okay, I guess."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. She treated me like shit. Are you coming home for the holiday break?"

“No, my family is going out of state for the holidays. We’re visiting my Dad’s family.”

“Oh, that’s too bad,” I said.

She didn’t reply to that, and I didn’t write her anything else. I would contact her a few more times throughout the school year, but our conversations mostly consisted of small talk, and conversation about our mutual friends. I didn’t date anybody throughout that school year, mostly because I couldn’t find anybody to live up to the spectacular boob standard set by Ashley and Geri, but also because I was waiting for Geri to come back. I figured when she came back the next summer it would be easy to convince her to be my girlfriend, since she had harbored that crush on me for so long.

“Is Geri coming this summer?” I asked Alyssa at the end of May.

“Why don’t you write her yourself and ask?”

“I don’t want to seem too eager,” I said.

Alyssa was reading a magazine in one of the public study areas on campus. I had spotted her while I was walking by. She looked up from her reading and glared at me for a second before saying, “You have a crush on her now, don’t you?”

I knew I couldn’t deny it. “She and I had sex last summer. She invited me over to her house to swim and one thing led to another.”

“It’s because she has boobs now.”

I blushed the same way that Geri had when Alyssa had mentioned her development.

“You dirty dog,” Alyssa said, and laughed.

“Don’t tell her I’m waiting for her to get here. I want to ask her to be my girlfriend, but I don’t want to be overzealous.”

“Well, I have bad news for you slick,” Alyssa said. “She has a boyfriend. She’s had a boyfriend for the past five months. It looks like you missed your opportunity.”

I was crushed. For a few seconds I was hoping that Alyssa was joking, but she obviously wasn’t. I would end up being even more disappointed. Alyssa told me she had plans to hang out with Geri the first night back and she invited me to come along. We met up at a local club that allowed people under twenty-one to enter.

Geri showed up wearing a purple blouse and blue jeans. The blouse wasn’t terribly low cut, but it didn’t need to be in order to show an ocean of cleavage. Geri looked to be at least twice as big as she had been the last time I had seen her. Alyssa of course took notice.

“Damn girl, those are some tig ‘ol bitties!”

Geri laughed. “I’m a 34KK now,” she said. “Finding clothes is becoming a problem.”

“But not dates,” Alyssa said. “Tell me all about this boyfriend of yours.”

Geri ignored her a moment to address me. “How are you, Chris?” she asked.

“I’m doing good. Great to see you.”

We moved to hug each other, and I was practically overwhelmed by the size and warmth of her massive tits. I knew she could feel my heartbeat, just as she said she could feel my excitement last summer. We held our hug for quite a while, until it became awkward and we had to let go.

We sat down and Alyssa spent the next thirty minutes grilling Geri on her new boyfriend. He was a grad student in physics, and apparently tall and handsome. I wanted to flee the conversation, but I couldn’t do it without making my jealousy obvious, so I had to put up with it.

Once that was over, we started to talk about other things, and I had to pretend that I wasn’t obsessed with Geri’s massive sweater kittens. “We should spend more time together than we did last summer,” I said.

“That’s a good idea,” she replied, and I was hoping that she was thinking of how we had slept together.

Hanging out with Geri that summer wasn’t as easy as I thought it would be, or more accurately hanging out with her alone. She always had plans with somebody else any time I asked her, and while she didn’t mind me tagging along, she never seemed interested in spending time with e alone.

I wondered if this was because she knew my intentions. She had a boyfriend now, and I was single. While she hadn’t minded making a direct play for me, even with a girlfriend, it was starting to look like I had missed my opportunity. Geri was over me now, and she had moved onto someone else. I could have had the girl with the biggest tits I had ever seen, if I had been willing to date her back when she was flat as a board. It was incredible irony.

Every time I hung out with Geri my hormones were pushed into overdrive. Especially since her tits just kept right on growing. At a party thrown at the end of August, I overheard Geri tell Alyssa she was now wearing a 34LL bra, and that it was getting way too tight.

“I’m going to have to get custom sizes now,” Geri said. “This is the biggest bra I can order online.”

“Have you considered a reduction?”

“I’ve thought about it, but I heard you have to stop growing before doctors will consider it. Plus, I really like having huge tits.”

Alyssa laughed, and I thought I was going to come in my pants.

“Come on, even if you got them reduced you would still be huge,” Alyssa joked.

Geri didn't respond to this, and she quickly changed the subject to something else. I could have listened to them talk about Geri's boobs all night.

When Geri went back to school I decided to start dating again, but few girls could really catch my eye, and the ones that did usually weren't interested in me. I would write to Geri occasionally, but she seemed to only be polite, not really interested in me too much even as a friend. It hurt quite a bit, but I kept trying to start up conversations with her.

I would always ask about her relationship with her boyfriend, and they were still together every time I would ask her. Sophomore year came and went, and then Junior year as well. Geri was still with the same boyfriend and I hadn't been able to find a girl that I could stay with for more than a few months.

None of the girls I dated for that two years were bigger than a D. I would start a relationship with a girl who had a C or a D cup, but my interest in massive boobs would either result in my losing sexual interest in them, or they discovering my fetish and deciding to break it off with me. I was getting repeatedly more and more frustrated.

I stopped writing to Geri eventually. I hadn't seen her the last two summers because she had gotten an internship that had kept her out of town. I had given

up on the idea that she might dump her boyfriend. I still thought of her all the time though, and fantasized about her frequently, both thinking about the one time we had sex and the size she had been the last time I had seen her.

It was a few weeks before spring break during my senior year that I unexpectedly got a message from Geri on instant messenger. “Hey Chris, how have you been?”

I responded with some small talk. The conversation proceeded awkwardly for a while, but I couldn’t help but get excited. It had been so long since Geri and I had talked, but I couldn’t even remember the last time she had started the conversation. I felt there was something going on here, but I waited until I could make it seem casual in order to ask.

“How is your boyfriend doing?”

It seemed to take her longer to respond than it had to any of my other messages.

“We broke up,” she said.

My heart started beating rapidly and I tried to think about what I wanted to say.

“That’s too bad,” I wrote. “How long were you two together.”

“Over two years.”

“When did you break up?”

“Over the summer,” she said.

That meant it had been a long time. I wondered if Geri was writing because she had a romantic interest, or a lack of a boyfriend had simply made more time to reconnect with old friends. Either way, it had been quite a while since they had broken up. She was probably not still grieving the loss of the relationship.

“Have you been seeing anybody new?” I finally got up the courage to ask.

“No, I’ve been really busy with finishing up school and everything. I really haven’t had time for dating.” There was a short pause, and then she wrote. “Are you doing anything for spring break.”

I did have plans. I was supposed to take a trip with Alyssa, Matt and a few other people. Yet, I typed to Geri. “Nothing concrete, yet. I had a few ideas.”

“Would you like to come visit me?” she asked. “I could really use a friend right now. You could stay with me, and if you can’t afford a plane ticket, I could help you out.”

I was stunned by this offer. “I can swing a ticket,” I wrote. “I have never been to Boston. I think it would be fun to come and I haven’t seen you in forever.”

We talked a little longer, ironing out the details, and then I logged off feeling very excited.

I booked a flight to Boston and Geri and I chatted every day. It was a few days later when she asked me, “Do you think about that day you came over to swim?”

I was honest about it. “All the time,” I said.

“Me too, especially lately.”

My heart was beating like crazy and I thought about what I wanted to type, but then I just said, “I’m sorry, I wasn’t interested in you in high school. It was a mistake.”

“I understand why you weren’t interested,” she wrote.

I stared at that message and waited for her to elaborate further but she didn’t. “My feelings changed,” I wrote her. “They still are the way they were that day I came over to swim.”

We kept talking, and Geri seemed insecure in some way. We agreed we should talk on the phone when we had the time, but both of us were so busy it would be three more days before we could do it. Once we were on the phone, I told Geri I was crazy about her.

“I’d wait until you see me,” she said. “You might change your mind.”

“That won’t matter,” I said.

She snorted. “We both know that isn’t true.” I knew she was referencing how I had felt about her back in high school, so there was nothing I could say. “My ex kind of hurt my self-esteem a bit,” Geri said.

“How so?”

There was a long silence. “I don’t really want to talk about it.”

We continued to flirt up until the day I was set to get on the plane, but there was always this feeling that Geri was holding back on something. When I boarded my flight I had a feeling of nervousness overtake me, and I had to try and calm myself down all the way to Boston. Once I was at the airport I got in a cab and called Geri.

“I’m here,” I said. “I’m in a cab and on my way to the apartment.”

“Well, when you get here come on up,” Geri said. “I have a question for you, but it is kind of a weird one.”

“You can ask me anything?” I said.

There was another long silence from Geri. “When you saw me the last time, two years ago, did you think my boobs were too big?”

I got hard suddenly at the question. My breathing got rapid and I needed a moment to think about what I was going to say. “No, of course not.”

“They’re bigger now,” Geri said. “They’re a lot bigger.”

My throat went dry and I wanted desperately to ask her how big they were, but I thought somehow that was the wrong thing to say. “It doesn’t matter,” I said.

“It mattered to my ex,” Geri confided. “That was why he broke up with me.”

Things started to become clear. This was why Geri was acting so weird. She had issues about her ex, and specifically about her ex dumping her because her boobs were too big.

“It doesn’t matter to me,” I assured her.

“We’ll see,” she said. Then she hung up the phone without saying goodbye.

I was so excited that I was shaking. How big could Geri have gotten in all this time? I remembered how quickly she had been growing before, how much she had grown in just a year, and now it was two years since then. Was it possible that she could really be too big for me?

Once the cab dropped me off, I practically ran to the elevator and punched in the fourth floor. It felt like it took forever for the elevator to go up and then for the doors to open. I looked around frantically for Geri's apartment.

It was a small one-bedroom apartment, but as I entered Geri wasn't in the living room. "I'm here," I called.

"I'm in the bedroom," she said. After a moment she emerged from the hallway, wearing a yellow blouse and blue jeans, and I nearly fainted from the loss of blood to my head.

Geri had grown beyond anything I would have imagined. Her boobs stretched out what looked like four feet in front of her and hung down almost to her thighs. This was not because of sag, they looked to be supported by a gigantic brassiere. I struggle to think of something to compare their size to. They were about twice the size of a beachball, and as Geri walked, they swayed pendulously. I was so hard I felt as if my dick was about to explode.

"So, what do you think?" Geri asked. She sounded nervous.

"My god," I gasped. Geri was still looking at me nervously, so I added. "You're bigger than I could have ever imagined you being."

She bit her lip. “Too big?”

I shook my head. “It’s impossible to be too big,” I said.

There was a silence between us and then Geri said, “That’s good, because I’m still growing.”

I tore my eyes away from her boobs and looked up at her. Our eyes met for a long time. “That’s incredible,” I finally said.

“I should have chosen you to begin with,” Geri said to me. “My ex didn’t appreciate them the way you do. He thought I was too big, and he couldn’t handle that I wanted to grow.”

I couldn’t take it anymore. I bridged the gap between us, and I threw my arms around her. Her tits were so massive that it was difficult to kiss her. I had to practically sink into her cleavage, and smash her tits as much as I could, as I moved toward her, my lips hungrily seeking hers. We finally did kiss, with me enveloped in her boobs, their warmth surrounding me.

Geri kissed me back passionately, our tongues entering each other’s mouths. She wrapped her arms around me, and her own boobs, making me feel constricted by them. It was a wonderous experience having Geri mash her boobs against me, and then we came up for air.

“Do you want to see the bedroom?” she asked. At that moment my cock throbbed and pressed against the softness of one of her tits. Geri laughed. “Well hello, I guess you do want to see it.”

I pulled away from her so she could move, and she gave an appreciative look down at my crotch. My cock was very visible as it pushed against my pants leg. Geri spun around, and I relished the chance to watch her breasts wobble again. As I walked behind her, they were clearly visible from the back, and I could watch them bounce with every step.

Once she got in the bedroom, she stood next to the bed and grinned. “Are you ready for the show?” she asked, and before waiting for an answer she grabbed the hem of her blouse and began to pull it over her head.

At first it pulled her huge breasts up enough, so I could see her slim waist and belly button, before her breasts settled back down and I could see the enormous bra. It was a white utilitarian looking brassiere, with cups that must have taken as much material to make as the average parachute. As she pulled the blouse over her head, I got to see all of the bra for the first time, and as big as it was it looked as if she might burst from it.

She tossed her blouse on the floor and looked at me with blazing eyes. “They look even bigger out of the bra,” she said, and then she reached behind her to undo the clasps.

Geri removed her bra very slowly, watching my reaction the whole time and obviously loving every minute of it. When her giant tits were finally free, they retained most of the same shape that they had in her bra, and were impossibly firm for assets so large, yet jiggled just enough to know they were real. Her huge nipples were hard as she stood there, and I immediately wanted my mouth on

them.

“What do you think?”

“They’re spectacular,” I said.

Geri started to undo her pants and pull them down as well. Her breasts fell forward and I gazed longingly into her massive cleavage. “Take your clothes off,” she said. “I’m going to ride you.”

I did what I was told and then lay on the bed as Geri took her own clothes off. She came on the bed and moved toward me, the shadow of her massive bust falling across me as she did so. She smiled as she reached me and then straddled me, her breasts so big I could no longer see her face.

Her huge tits fell on top of me, and I marveled at the glorious warmth and weight of them, as Geri inserted me inside her. “Tell me what you think of them.”

“They are the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” I said.

Her tits were so big that her nipples were almost to my mouth and I only had to bend up slightly in order to suck on them. When I did just that Geri moaned and began to ride me faster.

“I always wished I had big tits. I hated being so small. That was why you didn’t want to date me in high school, right?”

I took her nipple out of my mouth for a moment. “Geri, I…”

“Don’t lie to me,” she said. “I saw the way you looked at me once I had tits.”

I couldn’t argue with her, and I knew it. “I can’t help it,” I said.

“Big tits drive you crazy?”

“Yes,” I admitted.

I couldn’t see Geri’s face. Her huge tits obscured my ability to see any other part of her body while she rode my dick, but the little chuckle that escaped her made me imagine an expression I had seen on her face before. It was right before she had kissed me in the pool. It was predatory, and sexy. She knew she had me in the palm of her hand.

“Go back to sucking me,” she ordered. I did as she commanded. “I’m the biggest you’ve ever seen and I’m going to keep growing. So, you belong to me now.”

My dick throbbed inside her.

“I can see you like that,” Geri said. She bounced up and down, grinding on my dick and causing her massive tits to rise into the air and then slam back down on me. “It doesn’t matter what you like though. You’re my slave. You do whatever it is I command.”

She leaned over and smothered me with her boobs. They overtook me completely, and she put so much of their weight on me that it felt as if I couldn’t breathe. It only lasted a few seconds, but I thought I was going to die. Then she let them off me and started to laugh.

“Tell me, how much you love my tits.”

“When I first saw you today, I couldn’t believe my eyes. You were so massive. Even when you told me you had grown. I couldn’t have imagined you would get so big.”

Geri started to moan, and she changed her rhythm as she fucked me. “You make every other woman in the world look like a little girl. They are underdeveloped. You are their queen. You rule them all.”

Geri screamed as she came, and I exploded too. She rolled off me, and lay next to me on the bed, wrapping her arms around me and covering me in her warm tits again.

“I’ve been in love with you since high school,” Geri told me. “I was ignoring you because I was afraid of getting hurt. After we had sex that first time, I remembered all the rejection.”

I kissed her on the nose. "I'm sorry, Geri. I love you too."

She snuggled up against me a little closer and so much of her tits were covering me that I felt as if I couldn't move. We fell asleep that night, me realizing that Geri was the girl for me all along and thinking of the day she would be even bigger. I couldn't wait.