

The Mover

Written by Commandlz©

Part 1

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hello!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Foarte bun. Good, good."

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

"No furniture, only boxes, Da."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Bun, bun. So what now happens?"

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

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

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

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

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

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Part 2

Aaron stood outside Sorina's room with a bunch of open cardboard boxes and packing tapes. His heart was thumping. Meeting Daciana was a very unusual experience for him, and those oddly timed-yet-wonderful two goodbye kisses from Daciana have left him quite a bit aroused.

He knocked on the door.

"Come in", came a soft, melodic voice.

Aaron hesitantly opened the door and entered the room.

"Good morning, ma'am, my name is... um... uhh...", Aaron's voice was stuck in his throat and he seemed to have lost the ability to speak.

Before him appeared a medium-sized room, with a bed, closet, drawer cabinet and various other items. A large, open box was set in one corner, inside which was some sort of a dark green cloth with bright green stars embedded on top of it.

In the center of the room stood an extremely beautiful woman who seemed just a tiny bit older than Daciana, probably around 30 or so. However, if it weren't for her slim facial features and long, slender arms - one could've mistaken her for an insanely obese woman. Like, 'Youtube-documentaries-style' obese.

She stood a couple of inches shorter than her sister, Daciana, probably around 5'1"-5'2". She was wearing a dark green sweater. The sleeves were obscenely too wide for her delicate arms, and so long that not only did they cover her hands, but they actually extended about a foot beyond her fingertips.

It was safe to say that this sweater had many multiple 'X's before the 'L' in its tag. Yet even so, the front of it just barely held on for dear life. It was clear that Sorina's sweater held a ridiculously high load underneath it.

There was no other explanation. This had to have been, as improbable as it may have been - Sorina's bust. The evidence was right there in front of Aaron's disbelieving eyes. His brain alternated between acceptance and denial, since he had no other reference to compare this to. Even his recent encounter with Sorina's sister, Daciana, couldn't have prepared him for this. Daciana's bust, which up to this point was the biggest Aaron has ever seen on any woman on such a slim woman, paled in comparison to that of her older sister. Sorina's monumental breasts were half again as big as Daciana's. Perhaps even double her size! How Sorina even stood up straight without toppling over was beyond Aaron's comprehension.

However, something was odd. Whereas with Daciana, as improbable as it seemed, it was clear that two breasts were held underneath her turtleneck, with Sorina the enormous swell was

weirdly shaped. It started WAY high on her chest, with only a few inches of cleavage protruding upwards so much from a tiny opening in her top that they almost touched her chin. Then, her insane swells disappeared into the sweater. From there the projection kept going as a single mass for almost 2 feet forward, before the angle abruptly changed downwards. For lack of a better description, it looked like Sorina was hiding a barrel in front of her torso. That 'barrel' kept going way below her hips, before ending somewhere around mid-thigh level! What's more, it protruded more than a whole foot on either side of her body...

"Your name is...", Sorina egged him on with a wide, shy smile. She also had an accent, although it was surprisingly subtle and much more 'Americanized'.

"Uh... Aaron!"

"Nice to meet you, Aaron, I'm Sorina", she said with a kind smile.

A long pause stood in the air.

"Sorry, I was um..." Aaron fumbled with his words. In addition to that gigantic bulge in front of her, Sorina was just insanely beautiful, even more so than Daciana. This was all very confusing and arousing to him. He felt his crotch starting to come to life. He tried to shift his fast-hardening dick as non-conspicuously as he could so that it didn't create any suspicion. If Sorina noticed it, she didn't give any indication of it.

Sorina had a look which suggested she could have saved Aaron from further embarrassment, but instead chose to stay silent and smile, having had too much fun watching Aaron trying to act normally around her.

"I brought boxes with me!" Aaron finally said with a moderate stability to his voice.

"Wonderful!" She said in a giddy, warm tone. She spoke with this underlying sensuality in her voice which sent chills down Aaron's body.

Aaron quickly repeated his previous explanation he'd given Daciana over the prospected logistics. It took every ounce of mental strength for Aaron to look Sorina in her eyes and ignore what's further down.

Sorina then showed him whatever needed to be packed, which included everything in the closet, drawers, make up etc., so that Aaron could plan ahead of what to put where.

"Oh and don't worry about that box in the corner, It's already full", she said.

"Alright, ma'am, I'll start packing, then, if that's ok with you", Aaron said as he walked over to the dresser while creating a close-shaped box from the open cardboard. He started to carefully put items inside.

"That's great, thank you so much. And please, call me Sorina. 'Ma'am sounds so old. Also, I'm not a 'Mrs.' anymore." She said with a wave of her hand. She awkwardly sat down on the small bed, which caused the huge lump in front of her to sit on and considerably overflow her knees, as well as to rise several inches above her eye level. She shifted sideways in order to be able to keep a clear eyesight with Aaron.

"Err, yes, I've heard. Um, sorry, I didn't ask, Daciana just..."

"...volunteered that information? Of course she did", Sorina rolled her eyes. "I love her so much but that woman doesn't have any filters on her mouth."

"Hey, it's really not my place to pry. Honestly, you don't have to say anything about it. Sorry about it all...", Aaron said diplomatically.

"Meh... how do you Americans say? Don't sweat it?" She said with a smile.

"Yes, that's exactly how we say it. You have a great accent, by the way. And your English is really good, if you don't mind me saying.", Aaron complimented her.

"Thanks. I've always had a thing for languages. And besides, I've been living here for a few years now. Of course, I initially moved in here with my now-ex-husband with the intention of raising a family here, but obviously *that* all flew out the window."

Aaron was both sympathetic to her situation as well as impressed with Sorina's grasp of the language as he continued to carefully place items in boxes. He chose a silent understanding pucker of his lips as the best course of action. He felt that anything he'll say will be the wrong choice of words.

"By the way, I'm sorry I can't help with the packing process. I'm having a hard time... reaching places or bending over as you can clearly see", Sorina said kindly and with that she patted the bulge in front of her on both sides.

Aaron gulped. She was so nice, but she was making it extremely difficult for him to come up with appropriate responses. Also, if these were, indeed, her own breasts underneath that sweater, which was a preposterous thought to have in the first place, Aaron would've expected a lot of jiggling to be going on when she patted them like that. But there was none whatsoever. It was like Sorina was patting a brick wall.

"That's uh... yeah don't worry about it at all, heh. That's part of the extended service that we offer our clients. Plus, it's really no trouble at all, I'm happy to do it for you", Aaron said, purposefully not addressing the last part of her sentence.

"Thank you very much, you're so nice to me", Sorina said. She hesitated before she went on "certainly nicer than my ex-husband was."

Aaron chuckled nervously. 'Where was she going with this?' He finished with the upper part of the dresser and headed for the closet as he opened up a new box.

"Um, I'm starting with your clothes. Would that be alright?" Aaron asked hesitantly, knowing that some women tended to see their clothing as more of an intimate or private matter.

"Please, go ahead, make yourself at home. Everything in this closet needs to be packed", Sorina said.

Aaron opened the closet doors and saw all the clothes that were hanging onto various shelves and hangers, as well as several drawers in different sizes and depths, including a very large one that he didn't see often. He curiously opened the largest drawer but was surprised to find it was empty, so he moved on to the shelves.

Aaron made a point of maintaining the neat folding as he carefully placed the items one by one. While this meant that it'll take a little longer, Aaron was very adamant on keeping his clients happy and giving them the sense that he actually cared about their personal belongings.

"Did Daci tell you *why* I divorced my ex-husband?" Sorina surprised him. Aaron really *really* didn't want to answer that question. In general, he was more of a lone wolf when he was working and was not used to chit chatting during his work, much less when it came to just personal matters.

"She, uh... well. Listen, it's really none of my busine..."

"She told you, didn't she?" She cut him off with a knowing tone.

"...yes, she did", Aaron said, defeated. "But again, you really don't have to..."

"Do you know what he said? After I caught him with that flat-chested bitch? Well, maybe not *completely* flat, I guess she was technically like a J-cup or something, but you know what I mean..."

"Well..."

"He said that I was 'too much for him to be seen with in public', and that 'he was embarrassed to take me out'".

"Jesus...", Aaron blurted.

"Yeah..." Sorina said.

Aaron stopped packing and pondered for a moment, considering the best way to respond.

"I'm so sorry. That's awful. I don't have much experience with women, but even / know you never say anything like that to a woman", he said before he continued packing clothes.

"Oh, you don't?" Sorina changed her tone of voice and raised a curious eyebrow. "Funny, because you're really cute. I'd think the ladies would be all over you", she said with a subtle predatory look.

"Mhehe", Aaron babbled a reflexive, nervous laugh and looked down shyly, his cheeks reddening quickly.

"So you don't have anyone you're attached to at the moment?" Sorina asked curiously.

"Er... no. I mean I did have girls I used to date for a short while but these relationships never worked out I guess", he said and hoped that would be the end of it. However, Sorina had other plans.

"And what exactly, didn't 'work out' about them?" She kept pushing. It seemed that the harder Aaron tried to finish this conversation, the more curious Sorina became.

Aaron thought of all his failed relationships. Deep down he knew the answer. But he could never admit that publicly. He was too ashamed.

"We... uh, I guess... weren't a good fit", he said as he opened one of the larger sized drawers, although not the biggest. He looked down and at first thought he was looking at folded bed sheets. However, a moment later he realized what he had been looking at and his jaw dropped.

Inside the drawer 5 bras were folded neatly, each one of a different color, but all with one characteristic: they were all ENORMOUS. Like, hugely enormous.

Aaron quickly looked at Sorina and saw that she wasn't really paying attention to what he was doing, and was more engaged in the conversation. A primal instinct raised its head from *deep* inside Aaron. However, Aaron ignored it and decided to take the high road.

"Sss...sorry, Sorina, do you want me to pack... these, as well? Or would you like to do it by yourself?"

"Hmm? Pack what?" Sorina asked.

"B... bras."

"Oh. Um, can you show me?" She asked him.

"S...show you?" He faltered.

"Yeah just grab one and show it to me", Sorina said nonchalantly. However, Aaron was anything but nonchalant. This was a big deal for him. Ever since he remembered himself he had a thing for breasts. And not just any breasts. Big. Really big. Really REALLY big breasts. So touching a bra that was so preposterously huge was like touching the forbidden fruit.

His hands trembled madly as he touched the pink bra at the far right side of the drawer. His hand looked so tiny next to it. He had no idea how many hand spans he could place on one cup but he bet it was well over ten. He slowly picked it up and was surprised both by how long it took to fully take it out of the drawer, as well as how heavy it felt. It must've weighed at least 2 lbs, just from all the material it was made of. He held it folded by its bodyband in front of himself with his arm fully extended.

"Hmmm... I'm not sure. Can you open it for me?" Sorina asked.

"Uh... sssure...", Aaron said with a trembling voice.

He let go of one side of the bodyband and let it hang all the way down. A moment later Aaron realized that he actually had to lift his arm higher because otherwise the bra would have touched the *floor*! Each cup looked like it could contain a large beach ball. The bodyband was absurdly thick, with at least 10 hooks on each row, while the shoulder straps were extra padded, 2 inches thick. This was a completely surreal moment for Aaron. He never dreamed that bras could get that big. His hand was actually getting a little tired from holding its weight! Now he was definitely getting aroused.

He held it like that for a moment as Sorina carefully inspected it, her thumb and index finger on her chin.

"Hmmmm... I'm still a little unsure about this one. Ooo, you know what? Just read the tag for me, will you, please? Why didn't I think of this sooner?" She said.

'Tag?' Aaron thought, then he noticed a small piece of white fabric fluttering from the end he had been holding.

"Right.... that's no... no problem... at all. Tag..."

Aaron brought the tag near his face and examined it.

"What does it say?" Sorina asked from afar.

Aaron read and then re-read what the tag said because he was having a hard time believing it.

"Ummm... It says... well. It has two numbers. The first is 32. The other one is 60. Like, 32/60."

Sorina furrowed her brow before a realization washed over her.

"Ohhhh right. Yeah, no. It *was* my bra, but I decided to leave it for Daci. It's my way of saying thank you to her for letting me stay with her."

'32... 60...' those key numbers were ringing inside Aaron's head like bells as he was trying to comprehend what he'd just read and heard.

He mindlessly folded the enormous contraption Sorina insisted on calling a *too-small* bra and put it back in the drawer.

He kept on putting clothes inside the box, and quickly had to make several other boxes as well to accommodate all of the clothes in the closet. However, his mind was elsewhere.

Sorina's mouth curled up into a mischievous smile as she caught sight of the front of Aaron's pants.

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Part 3

Aaron knocked on Sorina's new apartment door. His truck was waiting outside the driveway, fully packed with her boxes. He closed the truck's rear doors and locked it in place.

He was nervous and wasn't sure why. In an hour's time he'll be done, just like with any other client he'd served. Before the day is done he would go back to his place and binge-watch his favorite show while eating pizza. So why was he so damn nervous...?

The door opened and Aaron's eyes bogged out. Sorina looked even more beautiful than the first time he'd seen her. Maybe it was her hair? Makeup? In any case, she was stunning!

And her body was out of this world. Well, he assumed. It was hard to tell, actually.

Sorina had a tightly-clad gray dress which clung to her every curve. If Aaron had any doubt before with that bulky sweater, it was all gone now. It was obvious that Sorina was slim. Her body was incredibly sexy, with her slender, exposed legs which stood on high, gray heels. These slender arms with those well-manicured fingers, and... well, that's it, actually. The only other visible part of Sorina was that gigantic bulge at her front, which covered her entire torso down to her upper legs. Aaron now reconsidered whether this was actually a short dress, or in fact, a full-length dress which simply rode up to her knees due to that massive bulk at the front.

"Hey Aaron", she said seductively as she looked lustfully into his eyes. Aaron shivered. Like a switch of electric shutters being pressed, Aaron's dick started rising to the occasion. He tried to shift inconspicuously in order to readjust his pants.

"Ehm. Hello Sorina. Congratulations on your new apartment. Ready to move your stuff in?" He asked with as much professionalism as he could muster. Sorina nodded with a smile as she bit her lower lip lightly.

For the next hour, Aaron worked tirelessly, unloading box after box, placing it all in various rooms according to how he'd originally marked each box. This was only a 1-bedroom apartment, but it was nice and elegant. Plus, it already had some basic furniture and a fridge in place, which explained why Sorina only packed her personal stuff.

Sorina chatted with Aaron as he was unloading all of her boxes and made him feel more at ease as time flew by. After a while though, she said she had a matter to take care of and disappeared into the house. He continued unloading boxes.

Before he knew it, the last box was unloaded. Aaron wiped the sweat off his forehead.

"Hey, Sorina?" Aaron timidly called out into the void.

"*In here*", her muffled voice called out from one of the rooms. Aaron was a little surprised but he followed her voice as he entered one of the rooms.

Inside was a large bed with a nightstand next to it, a closet, a small mini-fridge, and a large, closed box. There was also a chair and a small table. The table was pulled close to the foot of the bed. On top of it was an open cardboard box with a delicious looking pizza, a large bottle of cold water with plastic cups, as well as two cold beer bottles.

Last but not least, on the edge of the bed sat Sorina. That bulge in front of her was so large it poured over her knees, and reached so far forward she had to sit sideways, or otherwise the table would've been pushed completely out of reach for her.

Aaron's eyes opened up in wonderment.

Sorina patted the bed next to her as she looked innocently into Aaron's eyes.

"Come, join me. You must be hungry and thirsty after all that hard work you've done", she said.

Aaron took her offer and was about to sit next to her. The problem was that Sorina asked him to join her to her left, which was also the same side she was leaning into.

When Aaron finally sat down he was relieved to find there were still a few inches separating his legs from Sorina's mega-bulge. However, just then, Sorina rotated towards him even more, and Aaron felt something bumping into his right knee. It was a large, solid object with no give whatsoever. Aaron stole the briefest of glances at that high wall next to him and reconsidered, again, whether this actually was Sorina's bust, or something else. Boobs should be much softer. 'Why is it so tough? Could her breasts actually be fake? It does make more sense. Although, who would want to go *that* big?! And what doctor was willing to do that??'

Sorina acted as if nothing happened and let her bulge stay in contact with Aaron's knee.

"Please, help yourself to whatever you want", she said and used this opportunity to touch Aaron's shoulder. She gave it a soft squeeze before sliding it further down his arm and finally letting it go.

Her touch was so sensual Aaron felt himself getting more and more excited. Aaron decided the best course of action would be to take a polite few bites, drink a beer and then leave her be. He was afraid that if Sorina kept this up much longer - his inner boob-crazed-creep might seep out and scare her. He grabbed a slice with tomatoes and feta-cheese. 'How did she know my favorite toppings?'

Sorina didn't eat and instead just looked at him gobbling down his pizza.

"You're so cute when you eat", she giggled.

Aaron suddenly became aware how hungry he'd been and how fast he was eating.

"Umf... forry..." he mumbled with pizza in his mouth. This just made Sorina giggle more.

"No need to be sorry. I'm glad I got you something you liked", she said and stroked his arm softly. This time she didn't pull her hand away. 'Oh oh...', Aaron thought worriedly.

"So...", Sorina said slowly and started caressing Aaron's arm in slow up and down strokes. "I couldn't help but notice that you quite enjoyed touching that bra."

Aaron choked and coughed a few times. He put his pizza slice back on the cardboard.

"Oh no, are you ok?", Sorina asked worriedly as she placed her delicate hand over his upper back as Aaron kept coughing.

"Uhhmm... ah... bhaa... yeah, yes. Sorry... I'm... yeah, I'm ok", Aaron said. He hoped his coughing feat was enough to make Sorina move along with her questioning.

However, Sorina gave him this look which told him there's no way in hell she's dropping this subject. She kept caressing his right arm softly as she was waiting for his response.

"Well... I, I was only... you asked me to show you the bra!" he tried valiantly to throw the ball back at her.

"Yes, yes I did. Although, that nice bulge in your pants told me that you didn't mind helping me so much", she said with a triumphant look.

Aaron wanted the ground to swallow him whole.

"And don't think I haven't seen the way you looked at me. You were trying so hard to be a gentleman and not to stare. To talk to me like you would with any other person. That was so cute and I really appreciated it. But I've seen your glances. You kept wondering about *this*, didn't you?" Sorina asked as she nodded towards her own bulge.

Aaron was getting both extremely nervous and extremely turned on by this talk.

"I... I'm so sorry, Sorina, I never meant to make you uncomfortable. I would never purposefully look at your boo... umm.. boso... chestal area", Aaron said, sweating lightly now.

"Why not? You don't like it?" Sorina asked teasingly.

"No. I mean, yes. I mean... you're a very beautiful woman. I just..."

"You just what?"

"No, forget it", he tried.

"Ohhh no, no way. What is it?" Sorina asked, determined.

Aaron hesitated before he realized there's no way he's getting out of it.

"Ok yes. I'm sorry, I *was* wondering about it... I just... I just gotta know - is that your... um... bust? Is that all, er... *you*?"

Now it was Sorina's turn to stop and ponder. Then, she smiled mischievously.

"Why do you wanna know?" She asked with a piercing gaze, daring Aaron to say what he truly thought.

"Uhh just... you know... curious", Aaron fumbled with his fingers as he looked down in shame.

"Really... 'just curious', huh? About what, exactly? Curious to know how big I am? Curious about how a woman like Daciana, with a V-cup breast size, looks flat-chested next to me? Curious about my size? Or..." she paused and squinted her eyes. "Curious about the *shape* of my front? You're probably trying to make sense of it, aren't you? I think you're a little more than 'just curious', Aaron. I think you like big boobs, don't you?" Sorina pushed on, as she literally pushed her bulge onto Aaron's right thigh and rested its ridiculous weight on top of it. It felt like a literal heavy rock was resting on his thigh. Aaron's face was crimson red and his pants now bulged with an unmistakable hard on.

"And not just big", she continued with a victorious smile. "Huge boobs. Gigantic boobs. Absurdly gigantic. I think you're a guy who's sick and tired of people calling a DD-cup 'huge'. For you, a DD-cup doesn't even begin to be big enough for you. Am I close?" She asked and moved her bust further forwards so that it now rested directly on top of Aaron's hard on.

Aaron didn't dare to look her in the eye. However, a moment later Sorina saw his head nodding the slightest nod and she smiled widely, knowing she now had him.

"What breast size did the biggest girl you've been with had, Aaron? Tell me", Sorina asked with her full bust weight now resting on Aaron's thighs.

"Ggggg... G-cup." Aaron stammered.

"Oooo a G-cup. That's *sooo* big, isn't it?" Sorina asked sarcastically. Aaron could only shake his head without looking at her. He was so hard right now.

"So, what happened with her?" Sorina interrogated.

"She... wasn't... big enough... for me...", Aaron whispered.

"Oh, I see. And what *is* 'big enough' for you, then?"

"There... there's... no..." Aaron choked, embarrassed. "...no such thing. The... bigger... the better", he said quietly and hung his head down. Sorina felt herself getting extremely excited by his answer.

"Really...? What did you think of Daciana's bust, then?" She asked and gently rocked her bust back and forth on top of his crotch.

"I... I loved it. I've never seen anyone even close to her size", Aaron slowly gained confidence.

"Would you have wanted to see a girl with an even BIGGER bust than hers?"

Aaron's eyes opened wide. He looked into Sorina's eyes and slowly nodded yes. Sorina bit her lip. She moved closer to Aaron's face, thus sinking her massive bulk deeper into his crotch.

"Do you wanna know a secret?" She whispered at him, only inches from his face. Aaron nodded with wide eyes.

"That bra I left for Daciana? It's still too large for her right now. She was always smaller than I was at the equivalent age. She only started developing when she was 10. I started at 8, and always had a head start on her by a few cup sizes. That advantage only grew more as time passed by. A few days ago, she told me she was only a 32V-cup. Well, she didn't say the word '*only*'. I added it in my head. Anyway, that bra is 60 inches around with a 32 inch underbust. That means it's the equivalent of a 32(Z)B-cup. That 'Z' there? Yeah... that's one time around the alphabet. Are you excited yet, Aaron? Does this sound *big* enough for you?"

Aaron was speechless. He was certainly excited alright.

"But the problem is... it's too small for me. In fact, it stopped fitting me like 2 years ago. My bras are much, ***much*** bigger than that now."

Aaron felt a little precum escape from his rigid cock head. Having Sorina's gigantic bust brush against it certainly added its effect to the mix.

"Tell me, Aaron. What is it, *exactly*, that you want?" She whispered 2 inches from his face. Aaron was shaking like a leaf. He hesitated again. This was the moment of truth for him. He had to go "*all-in*" and hope for the best. No sneaky backdoor methods were gonna work here. He took a deep breath before he spoke:

"I... want...to... sssssee... your... bbbbbbusts..." He said. A tense pause was in the air.

"...and..." he continued suddenly and Sorina raised an eyebrow. "I want to know their size. No, I *need* to know their size!"

Aaron said it. Just barely, but he managed to say it. Finally, enough beating around the bush. The ball was in Sorina's court now. Sorina smiled.

"Are you sure?" She teased.

"Yes. More than anything in the world. You're so beautiful. So sexy. So irresistibly hot. I want to see your beautiful, sexy body", Aaron said with a sudden burst of confidence coming from deep within him.

They looked at each other deeply before Sorina cradled his head and kissed him passionately. Sparks lit within both of them. Precum was flowing copiously from Aaron's dick, while Sorina felt herself gushing and wetting her own panties.

After a long moment of kissing, Sorina backed her head just a little bit.

"Ready for a show you'll never forget?" She asked, panting from excitement. Aaron eagerly nodded 'yes'.

* * *

Sorina pushed the table back so that they'll have more room. Aaron stared at her, mesmerized, not wanting to miss a second of the spectacle that's about to happen. Then, she stood up and faced him.

She grabbed the sides of her dress and started pulling them up. At first, the skin above her knees appeared. Then, around mid-thigh level, a black fabric started to be revealed. As Sorina continued pulling her dress upwards, more and more of that black fabric was seen. However, something was strange. Whereas Aaron expected two cups to appear, he could only see a single block of that fabric encasing Sorina's body all around her. It looked extremely sturdy and thick. Moreover, it looked like it was under a lot of pressure, since it bulged in the middle and showed stress lines on its ornaments.

Sorina's dress reached her upper chest level before she finally pulled it completely over her head. She casually cast it aside with her foot.

Aaron's jaw was hanging open and his eyes were wide like saucers. Sorina's body was covered, from just under her collarbone all the way down to her mid-thigh level, by an enormous corset-like material. Above it, copious amounts of cleavage burst upwards from the small part of her chest that was not covered by it.

"Expected something else?" Sorina asked as she swung her body left and right. It took some time for her to even gain momentum moving to either side. Surprisingly, no wobbling occurred whatsoever.

"Uh... uhhh... I..."

"You see, Aaron. When you get to a size like mine, it tends to get quite overwhelming. I tend to catch a lot of attention. I tend to knock things off around me. So I got a little help. *This...* is a minimizer corset. It helps to reduce my *actual* size. You know, to tone it down a notch. It's actually doing a remarkable job, too. It gets me down to a *mere* 70 inches around, more or less."

Aaron's cock twitched with anticipation. 'What?! That's her *minimized* size?! She's even *bigger* than that?? But she's already so massive!!' Aaron was dumbfounded.

Sorina was busy undoing something behind her back.

"It's always easier taking it off than putting it on. Are you freaked out yet?" She asked. Aaron took a second before he vigorously shook his head 'no'. "Do you want me to take it off?" She asked rhetorically. Aaron nodded frantically 'yes'. This made Sorina giggle and her upper cleavage wobbled madly.

"Alright. Just... one... last... there we go!"

- PLUCK -

Her corset *flew* forward and revealed what's underneath. It wasn't Sorina's breasts, though. Instead, it was... a yellow bra.

And not just any yellow bra. It was an *insanely* huge yellow bra. So much that it actually made Sorina's 32/60 cast-off bra that she left for Daciana - look small in comparison. If that bra could have contained beachballs, *this* bra could house **yoga** balls! It was insane! It covered Sorina's preposterous bosom all around.

Aaron could now see Sorina's point about her corset. As unbelievable as it was, it really *did* minimize Sorina's size. Now without its "help", Sorina's breasts surged within her bra for about 2 whole feet forward, extended over a foot on either side of her body and reached so low that the bra cups' lower slopes were just above her knees! The straps were about 3 inches thick, and *still* dug deep into her shoulders. The monumental load that bra had to carry was insane! 'Fucking hell...'

Aaron was so aroused he was afraid he might blow his load any second now.

"What do you think?" Sorina asked, half embarrassed, half proud.

Aaron was speechless.

"Sssso big... I... I've never... even imagined... WOW!" Aaron summarized.

"Do you wanna know... how *big* this bra is?" She teased. Aaron just nodded yes, unable to speak further. Sorina smiled.

"Remember that large empty drawer in Daciana's house? That's where I put *my* bras in. They needed more storage space than Daciana's '*little*' ones", she said with a beaming smile.

'I wouldn't call them *little* per se, but...' Aaron thought.

"So this bra is 32" underbust. However, it's 75 inches at its widest point. Technically, if you look at the tag, it says [32/75 ; 32(Z)Q ; **M**], but the seamstresses told me those letters start losing their meaning after you reach a 'Z'. Although, I don't know, I kinda like it, you know? Makes me feel like my boobies are really big."

Aaron furrowed his brow in confusion. In any case, his rigid cock started aching in his pants.

"Aww... that looks painful. Why don't you take off your pants so you are more comfortable?"

Aaron acted on autopilot. Like a good soldier he did as he was told and within 2 seconds his pants and underwear were near his shins. His cock was standing proud, its head purple colored and puffy, while precum dribbled from its slit.

"Ooo that's a beautiful cock, Aaron. I'd love to get to know it better. But first I need to finish up here. Can you take care of that lovely cock for now while I take this off, please?" She asked with the sexiest voice ever.

Aaron nodded and pumped his right hand up and down. After 5 fast strokes he realized he'd blow his load if he kept this up, so with a tremendous amount of self control he slowed down considerably.

Sorina reached back to undo her bra before Aaron suddenly stopped her.

"WAIT!" He almost shouted. Sorina stopped, surprised. "What's that 'M' for?" He asked out of the blue. Sorina blinked once in confusion.

"Like, in the tag... you said '32, Z, Q, **M**'. What does it mean?" He asked. He admitted this felt out of place to halt Sorina's progress towards a goal he very much liked to get to, but that inner pesky side of him that used to notice little details drove him crazy with curiosity.

Sorina's expression changed as she finally realized what Aaron was talking about.

"Ohhh, *that*. Yeah, I tend to forget. My corset is not the only minimizer I use. That 'M' in the bra tag stands for 'Minimizer' as well. As you can tell, I'm quite large, so that corset alone is nice but not enough to dramatically reduce my size."

'Jesus christ! She's *still* bigger than *THAT??*'

"So now with this bra on - 75" is my minimized size. Without it I'm up to 78 inches. Or, like 32(Z)T-cup if you want to get technical", she said.

Aaron noticed his right hand went back to upping its pace again and stopped it altogether, lest he'd really blow it.

"Now... mind if I take it off? It's really cramped inside", she said and without waiting for his response reached behind her back. Sorina looked like she twisted something to one side, then pushed something inwards.

- CLICK -

Aaron felt saliva trickling down from his open mouth as he anxiously waited to finally see Sorina's preposterously gigantic breasts.

However, that didn't happen.

Instead, Aaron was astonished to find *another* bra. Red, this time.

'What the actual fuck??? ANOTHER bra?!

If Aaron could have seen above her knees before, *now* they were almost completely covered up. Just their lowest slopes could barely be seen. Sorina's bra-encased mammaries reached over two feet forward and about a foot and a half on either side of her petite body.

Sorina looked at him with a knowing smile. She felt so exhilarated knowing she got him so worked up, despite being still covered up!

"Oh I'm sorry, were you under the impression that this was gonna be a quick show?" She asked innocently, knowing full well what she was doing. Aaron didn't know what to say.

This was pure absurdity now. They've long since left the world of 'big' or 'huge' and entered the realm of 'fantasy'.

"I, uh... I just didn't expect... another... I mean... why do you have *another* bra underneath?" He finally asked.

Aaron kept finding out his right hand had a life of its own as it started moving again. He stopped it from moving, again. Very soon he won't be able to do that anymore. But if he could just hang on a *tiny bit* longer, he could actually get to see Sorina's mega-boobs before he came.

"That's a great question, glad you asked", she said cheerfully as she rotated her bust mightily left and right. "I asked my seamstress that same question. She explained that while a minimizer bra does bring down the overall volume of what's projected out of my chest, it can only do so much. So one minimizer bra used to be enough when I'd been as *tiny* as Daciana is right now. Poor girl, she's still not even using a minimizer so she can feel like she's of decent size at least...", she dozed off for a moment before she continued:

"However, ever since my size passed the 'Z'-cup mark, it started getting a bit overwhelming for just one minimizer bra. So I added another layer underneath it."

Aaron's mouth was hanging open as he devoured every word coming out of Sorina's mouth. Meanwhile, Sorina was working on the back of her red bra, which seemed to be more difficult than the previous one.

"The corset is especially strong as it gave me that final 5 inches of compression I needed. But I can't put on more than 1 corset, that would be crazy, right?"

'Yeah. **That** would be the crazy thing about all this...' thought Aaron.

"Now what's really cool here is that the way this works is that the first bra I put on can compress *more* than the bra on top of it. That's why when I removed the first bra, I *only* went up by 3 cup sizes to 78". But my size without my second bra goes up by **5** cup sizes to 83 inches. Or, you know... 32(Z)Y-cup. Ugh... almost...", she struggled to speak as she dealt with the back of the bra.

Aaron was on edge. He was really close to blowing his load any second now.

- CLICK -

"There!" Sorina said happily as her second bra flung forward. "Haa... MUCH better!" She sighed contentedly.

Aaron stared at Sorina, discombobulated.

Sorina's boobs were ridiculously, preposterously GIGANTIC.

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They were... beyond comprehension.

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They made her initial size, which only an hour ago seemed insanely gigantic, actually look small.

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They extended BELOW her knees!

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They projected so far forward that they were further away from her body than her fully extended arm, open palm included!!

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They projected to her sides by a foot and a half on each side!!!

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They were... encased in a navy blue bra.

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Aaron's mind was trying to make sense of it and failed. 'What. The actual. FUCK????????'

His eyes looked up at Sorina's eyes, asking for an explanation without having to say anything. Sorina bit her lower lip again and smiled in the most mischievous smile in the world.

"What? Oh... were you expecting something else?" She kept playing innocent, knowing full well what she was doing. Aaron's mouth was hanging fully open. He refused to believe what he was seeing.

The size of that bra was *ridiculous*. There's just no other word for it, and even that didn't begin to capture its enormity. The cups were large enough to each hold the biggest-sized exercise balls, with a LOT of room to spare. This was simply the only analogy Aaron could come up with, yet he knew it was still understating their size.

The straps were so wide they started at the end of her neck and extended *all* the way **over** her shoulders. They were also about 1 inch thick. Yet with all that extra width for support - STILL, amazingly, they dug **deeply** into the soft tissue in her collar.

Aaron could now see the indents of her nipples from underneath the cups, which weren't visible up until that point due to all the layers over that bra.

But the most absurd thing about all of it, is that as humongous as this bra was, as encompassing as it was, it *still* looked a little too small for Sorina's logic-defying breasts! There was about half a foot of cleavage displayed, and boob flesh poured out of it copiously. Just that surplus of flesh seemed enough to fill Aaron's ex-girlfriend's G-cup bra snugly.

"Yeah, sorry, with so many layers above it I tend to 'forget' about the third bra. This one's also a minimizer by the way, can you believe it??" She asked gleefully. Aaron couldn't.

Sorina put her face in her palms to signal she knew she was busted. "Alright, you got me. Maybe I was playing with you a little. I'm sorry, it was just too much fun! You're so cute when you're shocked. Yes! Exactly like you are now!" She said and pointed at Aaron's shocked face with a smile.

"Do you want me to take it off as well?" She asked a completely redundant question. Aaron couldn't have nodded frantically fast enough. Sorina giggled madly and proceeded to deal with the back of this bra.

"Since I teased you so much I *will* say this - this bra you are seeing *is* the last bra I have on, I promise", she said as she was fumbling with the back. "Although, it is a bit too small I'll admit. It's meant to compress a bust with a natural size of 90 inches, but I measured my breasts last week without wearing anything... ugggggggggh"

- CLICK -

"...Ahhh, there we go! And so I got a measurement of 96" around the fullest part. Or like, if you *really* want to get into specifics I guess that'll be a 32(Z)(Z)L-cup, unminimized."

Aaron's jaw, which had previously hung open, now metaphorically dislocated completely and fell to the floor. His eyes opened wide like saucers. Never, in all of his life as a breast-obsessed man, has Aaron seen, heard of or even imagined such a perfect pair of breasts could even exist!

Sorina's breasts have finally been revealed in all their glory. And they were... well... **FUCKING E-N-O-R-M-O-U-S!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Each one of Sorina's mind-bendingly gigantic breasts was almost 3 feet wide. Each one extended from just below her collarbone, all the way down to her shins! Not only that, but they each projected so far to each side that they completely concealed her arms, with almost 2 feet extending to either side of her otherwise petite body. And that's not to say they were saggy at all. On the contrary - Sorina's breasts were extremely full looking and projected almost 3 feet forward as well.

Aaron thought back to Daciana, who's breasts had seemed insanely huge in the far-past that was a few days ago. As huge as they had been, Aaron realized that *both* of Daciana's large boobs put together contained less breast mass than just *one* of Sorina's boobs. *Much* less.

'What's bigger than medicine balls? Perhaps bean bag chairs? Maybe. Large ones, if any', thought Aaron.

In the middle of each magnificent breast was a large, pink areola with an inch-thick nipple in its center, pointing in Aaron's direction, as if teasing him to touch it.

"Soooo...? What do you think? Do you like my titties?" Asked Sorina in a perky voice. As if to emphasize her question, she compressed each breast with her comically inadequate hands from each side and pressed them together. She pouted her lips sexily and swung her mega boobs from side to side, making them jiggle MADLY and creating **MASSIVE** waves of wobbling breast flesh dancing in front of Aaron's wide eyes.

Aaron nodded slowly, hypnotized.

"Have you finally found boobs that are **big** enough for you, tittie man?" Sorina teased further.

Aaron couldn't take it any longer. Without looking away or even blinking Aaron sped up his right hand strokes of his diamond-hard cock. A moment later his purple-colored cock head exploded with the most intense cum of his life.

Aaron almost blacked out from the intensity of his orgasm, which went on for almost 30 seconds, during which jet after jet of white hot cum **catapulted** from his cock. Sorina giggled gleefully when she saw the enormous effect she had over Aaron and continued to jiggle and play with her massive udders all throughout his intense orgasm, so that he could make the most of it.

When Aaron's orgasm finally came to an end, the floor in front of him was covered with multiple puddles of cum. Aaron was panting heavily as he was slowly recovering his breath. This has been the strongest orgasm of his life.

His eyes never left Sorina's body. It was incredibly sexy. She was oozing sex. Her face was so beautiful, with a look conveying an aching need to have sex. **AND HER BOOBS WERE FREAKISHLY ENORMOUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

"I'll take that as a 'yes'", she said with a victorious smile.

They looked deeply into each other's eyes. Then, Sorina averted her eyes downwards. When she looked back up at Aaron, a wicked smile was plastered all over her face.

"I see you're not done yet. That's good, cause I'm just getting started, baby", she said with a wicked smile on her face.

* * *

Part 4

The rays of the setting sun casted over Aaron's and Sorina's naked bodies as they were laying in Sorina's bed, cuddled together.

This has been one CRAZY week for Aaron. Never in a million years would he have imagined such an outcome when he first knocked on Daciana's front door. In hindsight, he almost missed out on this opportunity. He had actually thought of sending his assistant instead of himself. Needless to say, he was *really* glad he didn't.

After his epic orgasm that was triggered by Sorina finally taking her last bra off, Sorina still managed to drain his balls 3 more times in a row, and cum multiple times in various positions herself. She *really* took advantage of the fact that she had a place of her own now with no sister or niece to hear her moaning and screaming. It was mostly in Romanian, which Aaron couldn't understand but still found to be exceptionally erotic to hear.

"Hey... thanks for moving all my stuff here", Sorina said as she smiled and looked up at Aaron's face. Her left boob was pressed heavily into his torso while her right one was laying on top and spilling over it, covering Aaron's body from his chest all the way down to his knees. He didn't need a blanket to stay warm.

"Heh... my pleasure. It's my job, you know...", Aaron smirked as he was stroking her lush hair.

Sorina raised her eyebrow. "Is that the *only* reason you helped me? And packaged all my stuff so neatly?"

Aaron laughed. "Well... I guess you did have *two* other very convincing reasons for that as well", he admitted.

Sorina smiled and kissed him briefly.

Aaron looked at her hesitantly, as if he was fighting to say something.

"Hey, um... I know we just, like, met and stuff. But, um... well..." he scratched the back of his head. Sorina looked at him expectantly with her big beautiful eyes. "I was thinking... like, maybe, I don't know... if you wanted to..." Sorina raised her eyebrows but stayed silent. She knew where this was headed to but she **REALLY** got off on seeing Aaron squirming like that. He was SOOO adorable to her. "Like... you know... have dinner sometime. Together I mean. Like, um... you. And Me. Together. Not that we're *actually* together, or... are we... no sorry. I just..."

"I'd love to", Sorina said and finally put him out of his misery. Aaron sighed in relief. It did feel a little silly, being this nervous after already having had sex, but there's still a difference between a one-time (or 3-time) sex and taking things more seriously with each other towards a relationship.

They looked at each other and smiled widely, then kissed warmly. Aaron felt a warmth in his heart which he hasn't felt in years, certainly not *this* strongly. Sorina was not only his dream girl who looked even more absurdly busty than his most perverted sexual fantasies. She was also extremely easy to get along with, had a wonderful personality and a sense of forwardness which he found to be so refreshing and genuine. It was still early to say and he really didn't want to mess it up, but there was a small part of him which felt like she was the real deal.

After about a minute of kissing Sorina pulled back a little and placed her open palm on his chest.

"Hey, I was thinking, are you free next month for another job?" She asked him.

"Why? Are you already tired of *this* apartment?" He joked. She slapped him softly on his chest.

"No, silly. It's my sister. She sold her apartment and got a new one", Sorina explained.

"Oh, I didn't know Daciana wanted to move as well, I'd have talked to her about it", Aaron said.

"Oh, haha... no. Not Daciana. Zenobia."

"I'm sorry?" He asked, confused.

"Zenobia. My oldest sister. She's about a year older than I am. She lives in a nearby town and wanted to be a little closer to Daci and I."

Aaron's mind started reeling again at high speed. 'Another sister?'

"Oh", was the only thing he said.

"Plus she really wanted a bigger house. Gets a little cramped in there."

"Oh", Aaron repeated stupidly.

"You'll love her, I promise. Although she's married, so no funny ideas", Sorina warned with her index finger pointed at him.

"Uh... I didn't... I'd never..." Aaron stammered as sweat started pouring from his forehead.

"Ohhh but you would", Sorina said with a serious face.

"Wh... what do you mean...? Is it hot in here, or..."

"Listen. If you thought Daciana was big... hell, even if you thought *I* was big... man... you don't know what big is. And I know how much you like **big**", Sorina said.

Aaron didn't know what to think.

"I... I'm still not sure exactly what you..."

"Just a second, let me show you", Sorina said, rolling her eyes exasperatedly. She rolled off of Aaron and pulled up her phone from the nightstand.

Aaron waited confused while Sorina was tapping a few times on her phone screen.

"There. *This* is Zenobia", she said as she showed Aaron her phone screen.

Aaron squinted his eyes as he was trying to make sense of what he was seeing. When he finally realized what it was, his eyes opened wide.

A beautiful woman close to Sorina's age was posing in a half-profile pose. Her stance was similar to that of a model, with her head pulled back a little while her left hand tossed back her luxurious, light-brown hair.

The reason Aaron was struggling to comprehend what he saw was that something obscured the rest of her body. Upon closer inspection, he realized that this... *something*, was in fact, a *bra*.

And not just any bra.

It was the **BIGGEST BRA** Aaron has ever seen, and that included Sorina's 3rd layer bra. From below her neck, all the way down to 2 inches above the **FUCKING FLOOR**, the woman was **ALL TITS!!** Aaron could just barely make out 10 small bare toes underneath that **GIGA** bra, indicating that her feet were still hiding somewhere.

Zenobia's giga bra-encased obscenities projected well over 3 feet forward, and over 2 feet to either side of her. Somehow, GOD knows how, Zenobia actually made SORINA, the busty goddess, look kinda small in comparison!

Aaron felt his dick waking up again, despite having cum so much in a short time span. Monstrous tits tended to have that effect on him.

Something caught Aaron's eye, though.

The bra Zenobia was wearing in the picture was dark green, with light green stars embedded on top of it. Its pattern looked so familiar to Aaron for some reason. Then, he remembered:

"I know this bra!" Was the first thing he said. Sorina raised her eyebrow with a questioning look.

"That box, the one you told me not to pack because it was already full. There was something inside with that same type of cloth pattern", he summarized as he felt like Sherlock Holmes solving a murder case.

Sorina gave him an appreciative look.

"Nothing gets by you, is there?" She said. "You see that box over there? Wanna go take a peek?" She said mysteriously as she nodded her head in the box's direction.

Aaron's heart was thumping. He pushed Sorina's gigantic right tit off of him and jumped out of bed like a cat that was splashed with a bucket of cold water. Sorina giggled at his enthusiasm.

Aaron approached the large box and opened it. Sorina was right - it was full to capacity. With **one** item. A folded, dark green bra with light green stars embedded on top of it.

With a trembling hand, Aaron lifted the biggest bra he's ever seen in his life. As he lifted up his arm, the bra slowly unfolded in the process. Aaron was astonished to find there was no end to it. It just kept going and *going* and **going**.

Finally, his hand reached as high as it would go, the bra was completely out of the box. Despite that fact, the bra dangled all the way down to the floor and a large portion of its body strap was laying on the ground.

The cups looked so gigantic that Aaron could have curled up and slept comfortably in either of them, with room to spare. Plus, it weighed... just, so much! Like, 5-6 lbs, at least! It was actually a hard feat to lift so high.

Then, that magic piece of white fabric sprouted from underneath Aaron's hand. The tag.

Sorina curiously looked at Aaron as he gave her one look, as if asking for permission to look. She nodded with a smile. He looked back and got it closer to his face:

[32/115 ; 32(Z)(Z)(Z)E ; **M**].

Aaron read the tag again. Then again, and again and again. He looked back at Sorina dumbfounded, waiting for answers.

"When Zenobia sent me that picture you saw she asked me if I wanted this. She said it was getting too tight on her. I know I'm still not there, but hopefully in a few years or so it might fit me. At least as a *last* layer. By now you should be an expert in bra sizing, so you know this is also a minimizer by that '**M**'" Sorina explained.

"*Last* layer?" Aaron queried with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, right. Yeah, we're counting layers backwards. So like, the last bra I put on, which was the smallest one, is considered the first layer. The one underneath it is the second layer and so on,

until I reach the layer that actually comes in contact with my breasts. It's easier to think of it as the order at which you take them off, with the first layer being the first to be taken off, etc."

Aaron's heart was really being put to the test having to provide excessive amounts of blood both to his now-hard penis, as well as to his brain which tried to process this information.

He clumsily put the heavy duty bra back in the box and returned to bed. He sat with his back against the wall, next to Sorina's laying form.

"Can I... see that picture again?" He asked hesitantly. Sorina gave him a suspicious, knowing smile but handed her phone over to him nonetheless. She took this opportunity that both her hands were free and used both of them in order to lift her right boob and place it directly *on top* of Aaron's lap. Wonderful titmeat engulfed Aaron's hard cock on all sides. It encompassed his thighs, knees and upper shins and also rose up to his chest level.

"There, now you also have a 'table' to rest your hands on while you watch porn on my phone", Sorina teased. Aaron ignored that last comment royally. He took Sorina's offer and placed his hands on her supple, soft, wonderful right tit as he continued to look at Sorina's sister.

"So if that's also a minimizer, does that mean that Zenobia is also using that... *layers* system?" Aaron asked. It was really difficult to stay focused with Sorina's heavy boob massaging his genitals. Sorina nodded affirmatively and started absent mindedly rocking her right tit back and forth.

"And... ehm... uh, sorry. So, you said that... um... her *last* layer was too small for her, right?" Aaron asked, trying to make sense of it.

"No", she answered matter of factly.

"Wait, no? But I thought that the last layer was the last one you took off. The largest one of them all..." Aaron said, confused.

"It is", Sorina said.

"Ok, now I'm really confused."

"I said... that her *bra* was too small for her. But I didn't say it was the last layer", she said with a meaningful look. She felt Aaron's cock throbbing underneath her soft tit flesh and reinforced her kneading.

"Oh. So... which... layer..."

"First layer", she said.

.

Aaron took a moment to consider what he'd just heard. Sorina basically said that Zenobia, at her *most* restricted, minimized size, being the *smallest* she could get to, was actually **larger** than Sorina while at her **biggest**! And not by a little bit. By 19 inches. Or more, actually, because that bra was too small for her by now!!!

Aaron's cock started copiously spewing precum under Sorina's boob. 'What did this family eat?????'

"Does that turn you on?" Sorina asked teasingly. She no longer maintained her serious face. She was never actually worried about Aaron making a move on her sister. She just enjoyed teasing him and getting him super excited.

Aaron moaned with extreme arousal and his cock twitched again. "I'll take that as a yes", she whispered with a smile.

"How many... layers... does she have there?" Aaron asked, trembling now. He indeed was a man of numbers.

"Well. As opposed to me, Zenobia only uses bras and not a corset, since no corset is big enough for her size. So here in this picture she's actually much, *much* smaller than her **actual**, full size, thanks to no less than **five** layers of industrial, super-strengthened minimizer bras", Sorina said, and further intensified her ministrations on her mega-boob. Aaron felt his balls churning again. Those 4 orgasms he had were now a distant memory to him. A new one was fast approaching.

"Yeah! And remember I told you about how the compression level increases with each layer you remove? So that first layer bra you just held there, minimized her size by 5 inches, from 120" around. The next one gave her 7" compression."

"How... **big**...was she... without them?" Aaron barely managed to ask. He was about to explode.

"Ohhh, you wouldn't believe it. She got up to 160 inches! Pretty effective, huh? 45" inch compression", Sorina said, almost enthusiastically.

'No fucking way... that's insanely enormous!!!! Never in all my life have I...'

Aaron looked again at the picture. Something wasn't right.

"Wait, didn't you also say she's your *oldest* sister?" He asked.

"Yeah, why?"

"B... because... and don't take this the wrong way, but she actually looks a little younger than you are now", Aaron treaded carefully.

"Oh, well of course she does. She sent me that photo about 7 years ago. It's an old photo of her. Before she became pregnant with 3 children. This photo is just after her wedding, I think."

Aaron gulped.

"Yeah, she was always way ahead of Daciana and me. She actually started growing real breasts at the age of 6! I remember when I was 16 and Daciana was 14. We fought over who was bigger at that equivalent age. Daciana tried to claim her H-cups were a big whoop, while I claimed that when I was 14 I'd been wearing a K-cup. Not a moment later Zenobia, who was 17 at the time, came into the room, rolling her eyes at us and showed us a huge bra with a tag that said [28Z], while next to it, written with a pen was: "Z-14". The "Z" meant this belonged to Zenobia, and the "14" represented the age at which she wore that bra. Then she told us to shut up already. Ever since that day Daciana and I have been calling her 'ZZ'. One 'Z' for her name and one for her bra size. We thought it was funny. Zenobia? Not so much..."

'Jesus Christ... a fucking Z-cup at 14????????? That's way bigger than Daciana is *now*!' Aaron felt himself quickly losing control.

"Anyways, she's **Soo** much bigger than that now", Sorina pushed on, knowing exactly the effect her words had over Aaron. She massaged his cock with her soft boob erotically.

"Sssshe sure is", Aaron stammered and pointed at her photo again.

"No.... you're not hearing me, Aaron. *This* photo was taken 7 years ago, remember? And especially after giving birth to her 3 children... you wouldn't believe how **big** she is now!"

"Hhhh.... how..... how.... hhhhhow b.... b.... bbb.... how big... is.... ssshe..... nnnnnnow?" Aaron barely asked. He was closer than ever.

"Ohhhh.... **SO BIG**. We spoke again yesterday. We always update one another on bras and stuff. She told me that the *last* layered bra she was using in this picture used to bring her down to 147". Now? Now, she's using it as a *first* layer. Out of **6**!" Sorina said with a wicked smile and upped her boob-kneading even further.

Aaron tried to say something but was cut off.

"It's a pain in the ass for her to put them all on and take them all off. However, when they are *all* off and Zenobia is completely naked... she reaches a measurement of **207 inches**!!!!!! On a 32 inch frame! Wait... don't tell her I showed you this one..."

And with that Sorina took her phone again, tapped it and slid a little with her finger, then tapped it once more and gave it back to Aaron. She resumed kneading her right breast.

Aaron's eyes opened so wide. He was looking at a picture of that same woman, a little older but still as beautiful, standing in the middle of a large room, occupying about a quarter of its space!

Her **GARGANTUAN, HUMONGOUS, MOUNTAINOUS TITS** projected about 5 feet in front of her and rested heavily on the floor while she was standing upright.

"It's a good thing her husband is there to help her out, otherwise there's no way in hell she'd be able to lug those gigantic tits of hers in and out of bras. Damn, 207 inches, that's like the equivalent of a...."

"...32(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)S-cup", Aaron completed for her with a hollow stare and a white face. If there was one thing he was good at, it was numbers. And boobs. Two things. Well, three things: Numbers and boobs.

"Yes, exactly... that's what she told me! How did you calculate that so fast...?" Sorina asked. Aaron didn't respond. He was on the verge of a massive orgasm.

Sorina was suddenly lost in thought before she burst out laughing out of nowhere.

"I guess Daciana and I have to update Zenobia's nickname, to, like, um.... 'ZZZZZZZ'. Not as catchy, though, but... you know...." she said, laughing. She then looked at Aaron and realized he was not really in the state of mind to process any jokes right now. She cleared her throat and resumed talking:

"Anyways, that's why she's moving to a bigger house. She'll need those extra wide corridors and doors. That wheelbarrow of hers really is wide. And she *has* to use it in addition to wearing all those bras. Otherwise, even *with* all those minimizer bra layers on - her tits would still lay on the floor. And she can't use her wheelbarrow without also wearing her bras because her titties would spill over its sides since they take up **SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO** much space... oooooo!!!!!" Sorina exclaimed as she felt a hot, sticky liquid squirting copiously from underneath her right breast.

Without looking away from the phone for a millisecond, Aaron came one last time with the strongest orgasm of his life, before he finally blacked out.

* * *

Epilogue

Aaron and Sorina hit it off so fast. They quickly fell in love and a short while later they moved in with each other. They decided it was best if Aaron moved in with her since it felt foolish to move all of Sorina's things *again* to another place after all the hard work Aaron's put into it. Plus, he was really excited to finally leave his crappy old place.

When Aaron finally came to meet Zenobia he nearly had a heart attack. Sorina came along with him and fully enjoyed watching him mumble and tremble as he was standing in Zenobia's seemingly-tiny-yet-actually-regular-sized living room. He was forced to pretend that there was no wheelbarrow filled to the brim with the two most gigantic tits this world has ever seen right next to him. Despite Sorina's vivid description of Zenobia, seeing her in person was a HUGE shock which no mental preparation could've helped Aaron with. She actually looked even bigger than Aaron imagined!

When Zenobia wanted to show him what she wanted him to pack on the other side of the living room, Aaron actually had to circle *around* her incredible girth in a trip which took him about 5 whole seconds! It took Aaron a lot of time to get the moving job done since he kept being distracted by seeing Zenobia and Sorina talk to each other, with the 4 biggest tits this world has ever seen facing each other. Between the two of them, they had enough breast flesh to make about 60-70 flat-chested girls very happy with their respectable endowments!

* * *

Aaron was waiting at the end of the aisle expectantly. It's been 5 wonderful, lust and love filled years since he met Sorina. He heard that sound he came to love so much in the last few years, that creaking. His lovely 3 year-old daughter, Viviana was spreading white and pink flowers from a tiny basket that hung on her right forearm. Sure they had a little mishap and Sorina became pregnant before marriage, but who cares, right? Aaron and Sorina loved each other so much. Vivi was their little angel and they loved her more than anything in the world.

Sorina's and Aaron's family were all waiting expectantly as well, looking at the double extra large opening out into the garden. Aaron was happy for Daci. She finally found an honest man who stood by her side. Apparently he also loved that minimizer sizing system that she finally started using recently since her small but meaningful growth. Zenobia was waiting on the other side in her wheelbarrow. She also grew since Aaron met her, although not by a lot. Only like, *half* of the alphabet again. Her growth seemed to have finally staved off about a year later, which Zenobia was thankful for, since it was starting to get a little impractical.

Sorina's growth, on the other hand, has all *but* stopped. In fact, it seemed to have only gotten *worse* (or better...) and further accelerated as time went by. Aaron wiped his right eye. He had a nostalgic moment all of a sudden, thinking about how he used to think that dark green bra with those light green stars was *soooooo* big. He laughed internally as he knew that it wouldn't even fit Sorina as a First layered bra now. Especially after Vivi was born...

That creaking sound got louder and louder. Then, 2 white-covered **whales** appeared in the opening. Aaron really appreciated how devoted Sorina was to the wedding arrangements. She spent nearly 2 hours in the morning putting all of her bras on. Eventually, she managed to squeeze her giant mammaries into Zenobia's tiny old 32(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)H-cup minimizer bra as a First layer. She usually wore 6 layers, which would be enough for everyday life. However, today she had to get *really* small in order to fit through that tiny entrance to the garden, which the manager of the place *insisted* was an extra-wide double-doors width. So she put on 8 layers.

For 10 whole seconds all that appeared were those 2 white covered **whales**, barely hovering above the ground. 'We *really* ought to change her small wheelbarrow into a larger model', thought Aaron with a smile. Having to start buying custom made bras by themselves really put a dent in their bank account, ever since Sorina could no longer leech on Zenobia's cast-off bras anymore.

Aaron knew tonight would be a bitch to take all those layers off, especially that Last layered minimizer bra. It actually started getting a little tight lately and Sorina might have to move it up a layer soon. The size of her Last minimizer bra really *did* start feeling ridiculous, but Aaron still felt excited every time he looked at that tag. It *especially* excited when he read it out loud and it took him so long just to pronounce the words '32(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)N-cup', and knowing her *un*minimized size was about 12 sizes larger than that!

However, when Aaron finally saw Sorina's *extra*-glowing, beautiful, beamingly, smiling face, lagging almost 6 feet after her **TERA-GLOBES** first appeared, and looking straight at him, he knew it was all worth it.

Then he looked over at little Vivi and smiled to himself with joy, knowing that in about 6 months she's gonna meet her new brother or sister.