

Neighbours

Chapter 1

"I hate moving." I groan out loud.

"I know honey... I'm sorry that your father must move so often..." My mum apologises.

"It sucks... I just got used to that town, I mean it hasn't even been 10 months and we are moving again!" I say stropfully.

"I know... well at least if there is a next time you can stay? I mean you are 19 after all." She consoles me.

Always a positive thinker.

"I guess you are right..."

"Maybe this town will be really nice sweetie, maybe you'll want to settle down here?"

"Maybe... Depends, I guess... Maybe you are right, maybe I will make some new friends." I reply, Mum having broken through my grumpy mood.

"That's the spirit, I know that our neighbours are nice, your father said so! And they have a daughter around your age." She looks at me which causes me to go bright red.

"Mum! Stop!" I look out the window as we pull into the quiet village.

My dad works for the government, some defence gig, he isn't really allowed to speak about it, but it does have him moving around often. He is well compensated, but it does mean that every time I just start to settle down somewhere I am plucked out and must start over. Over the years it has caused me to resent the moves although it has meant that I make friends quickly. This time is slightly different as for the past few years we have moved between big cities, London, Manchester, Liverpool, Cardiff, Glasgow. Now we are settling somewhere down south, close enough to be within driving distance of the coast but also quite remote in the lovely English countryside.

I don't resent my family for moving often but it can be frustrating, even if it means my dad is paid extremely well and I've never needed to worry about getting things. My dad bought my first car to say sorry for having to move last time, the gift this time was a high-end gaming PC. I always seem to get a gift each time we move, I think it must be guilt. This one was bought because the friends I made in the last town are avid gamers so he thought it would be nice to be able to continue to play with them.

Mum turns down the quiet side road and finds our house in the row of new builds, a 4-bedroom house with a spacious garage and drive, lush garden with some bushes, very nice. M.O.D paid for of course. Mum parks in the drive next to the moving van dad was driving.

So, it begins...

The next few hours were spent unloading the van, box after box, it was tiresome. I couldn't help but notice that our neighbour's blinds were moving often, each time I looked up there was nobody there.

Feels like someone is watching.

"What's the matter boy?" Dad asks with a raised eyebrow.

"I think someone is watching us?"

"Top left window?"

"Yeah..."

"That's Millie's room, she's sweet, your age. I'm sure you'll get along nicely." He smiles, giving me the same vibes that Mum gave me earlier.

"You are just as bad as mum!" I scoff and carry-on bringing boxes in.

I look once more at the house, and it looks almost identical to ours except the front door is a big double door with an old timey knocker on the front.

Must like the aesthetic.

The drive has three cars in it, all very shiny electric cars.

Must be loaded.

I look up at the blinds one last time before I resume carrying boxes into the house.

Another hour or so and the van is empty. "There we go! That was the last one." Dad says, placing the last box onto the pile. "I've got to take the van back, but I'll go grab us some chips, the chippy here is amazing."

Living this close to the seaside has its perks, chip shops by the sea are always the best.

"Harry, why don't you start sorting your room out? I know you are quite particular about your stuff, plus you can set up your new computer." Mum smiles.

"Sure, do you want any help before you go?" I gesture to the stacks of boxes.

"No, I'll just get some plates and cutlery out so we can eat when your father gets home."

"Cool, I'll get a start on my room then."

I walk up the stairs, looking at the rooms two have en Suites and are very spacious. My parent's have claimed the front bedroom with the walk-in wardrobe, Dad has claimed one of the rear rooms for his office and I have been assigned the other rear bedroom. This one has an en suite too and it overlooks the garden and field backing onto our house.

I enter and find my desk is already set up and my PC has already been built and has a bow on top with a card.

"To Harry" It reads, I open it and gag at the horrible cringe joke on the front. Inside it reads. "Harry, I am sorry we have had to move again, I know you had a bunch of friends, I know it is a long trip so I thought you might enjoy playing online with them. I hope this one is good, Gary from work said this is top of the range. I really am sorry son, me and your mother love you a lot and I hope this is the last time we have to move you. Love Dad x"

My eyes fill up.

He is a good dad.

Peering into the side window I see there is a 3090 TI in there and lots of water-cooling pipes and so many fans. I don't have much of an idea about PC's I just know that a 3090 must've cost him a bomb.

Dad...

The rest of the set up is ready to go and although I'd love to have a go myself, the internet isn't connected yet.

The worst thing about moving...

I turn around and look out the back window and notice that we have a pool and a hot tub.

Mum didn't tell me that! Awesome!

I am just about to excitedly run downstairs when I look to the left and see our neighbours have one too, unlike ours, theirs have occupants. A blonde woman who looks to be in her late 20s? early 30s? it is hard to tell but even from this distance I can tell how beautiful she is.

Must be Millie's mum.

Having not been seen, I stare and take in her features. Her hair tied up into a ponytail, resting over the edge of the hot tub as the bubbles block her body, I can only focus on her face. She looks to have had some work done, her lips look plump and fake, and her skin looks so smooth, the tan looks real at least.

Must have a few holidays. I mean if they can afford this house and have three nice cars in the drive...

She looks relaxed and I don't blame her, the hot tub looks to be very nice. Suddenly the bubbles slow down and start to pop, the water starts to become clear.

Holy shit.

I take pause as I try to focus on what I am seeing.

It can't be...

Beneath the surface of the water as it becomes transparent, I see skin.

What...

A large amount of exposed skin, two giant orbs, breasts, tits, melons, basket balls, whatever.

Oh... My... Fucking... God...

The water now laying still, I can see clearly. The woman is incredibly busty, the bustiest woman I've ever seen. Floating in the water, her massive breasts stretch out her bikini top to an absurd degree. Massive and round her boobs look to be the size of basketballs, just as firm looking, perfectly perky and they look just as fake as her lips.

Surgery?

The strap bikini leaves so little to the imagination, staring into her deep cleavage I find myself lost at the image before me. My cock stirring in my pants as I creep on my next-door neighbour.

I can't believe it... I could watch her all day...

My heart rate increases as I stare from my window at this mature busty MILF. I duck suddenly as I start to see her move.

I guess I can't watch her all day.

Taking the risk, I peer over the windowsill and look down at her as she lifts herself up from the hot tub. Seemingly defying the laws of physics her tits breach the water as she stands straight. Water dripping down into the hot tub, a large amount scooped up on her expansive front. They project out from her mostly trim torso over a foot, at the apex of her ascent they barely bounce, barely move.

Must be fake.

The small fabric covering her nipples moving slightly from the exertion, I swear I see the edges of her pale areola but at this distance it is hard to tell. Raising her arms into the air she stretches her back; the resulting movement thrusts her huge chest out. I can see the bikini being stretched to its limits.

The rest of her body is worthy of the MILF title, she is tanned all over and for the most part thin, not too thin as the years have caught up to her, but she is still in great shape. Her ass seems to have had some work done too as compared to the rest of her trim body her ass protrudes outward unnaturally.

She takes her hands and adjusts her bra, confirming that her nipples were coming out. Her hands, small and outmatched by her heavy tits. She gives them a loving squeeze and bounce as she reaches for her towel, covering herself up.

Taking this chance to hide away, lest I be caught, I notice that my cock is straining in my trousers. Before I can think about what to do with it, I hear the front door go and I hear my dad call out.

“Food’s ready.”

Damn...

Chapter 2

Awkwardly I shuffle downstairs, the smell of salt and vinegar in the air as I descend the stairs. Following the source of the smell I enter the kitchen and see Mum setting out food.

“We don’t have the table up yet, so I thought the breakfast bar was good enough.” She smiles.

Taking my seat and looking at the mountain of chips before me I just stare.

“Their portions are generous.” Dad says, noticing my amazement.

“Right...”

I tuck in and try to get the thought of the incredibly busty MILF next door. My parents are talking about unpacking, work and various other things that don’t interest me. I sit pretty much in silence; too shaken by the wonderful image I had seen earlier.

“Harry?” Mum raises her voice slightly, breaking me from my trance.

“Sorry! I was spacing out there... What did you say?”

“Spacing out? You were in another dimension son, Mum was just saying that they have a girl next door around your age, might be a good place to start to make friends?” She says this time with much less of a smirk.

“Uhh... sure, sounds like a good idea...” I awkwardly say.

“Well look, it’s the afternoon, we’ve had a long day already packing, why don’t you go introduce yourself after lunch?” Dad suggests.

I look at him, a nervous sweat breaks out on my brow.

“Yeah, I think it’s just Millie and her Mum there now... What was her name?” Dad starts to scratch his chin.

Mum laughs “You and names, honestly. Joanne and Jacob Evans, their daughter, Millie.” She teases him.

“Right, you are sweetie, plus I think me, and your mum could use some alone time.” He winks at me.

“Harold!” Mum raises her voice.

“What? I was going to fall asleep on the couch and you could look at the sale they have on in that big clothes shop, they’ve got a huge one near here. My treat.”

“Awh... Well...” Mum swoons.

“Right, well you two lovebirds can have the house to yourself, I’m done anyway. I think I’ll head out now before I spew.”

“Could you do me a favour, ask Mrs Evans if they all want to come around for Dinner next week once we’ve unpacked.”

Speak to Mrs Evans...

“S-sure.” I stutter slightly.

“Just say whatever suits them and we will make arrangements.”

“O-kay” still stammering.

I give myself a once over in the mirror and comb my hair and make sure I look presentable. I start the short journey over to their front door; I start trembling as I get closer to the door.

Not sure if it would be better to know what she looked like before I knock or not.

Standing on their porch, their wide double door before me, I give the giant knocker a lift and hear it come crashing down onto the metal contact on the door. Through the frosted glass I can see a figure moving, getting closer, it causes me to shake more.

Taking a step back I brace for the door to swing open. I hear the handle move and the mechanisms in the door shift before I watch with trepidation as the doors swing open. There she stands.

Holy shit.

Even better up close, Mrs Evans, stands before me. She is wearing a skirt and a crop top, although thanks to the size of her tits, it very well could be a normal top which rides up thanks to her massive tits. I see very little skin of her breasts, but I can see how big they are thanks to the tight fabric of her t-shirt. The projection looks fake, like I am dreaming, straining her top, the fabric clings tight to the swell of her bust.

She smirks, “Hey sugar, you ok?” she asks, pouting her lips out slightly.

“Ummm, Y-yeah... I...” Stammering, stop to refocus but Mrs Evans sees my weakness.

She jumps on the balls of her feet and causes her boobs to bounce slightly, only slightly because they clearly are fake, it was hard to tell from the window but in person it is easy to

see how they all shift at once in one motion that they are fake. She seems to be well aware of the affect these have on men, and she shakes them slightly from side to side whilst she looks at me, gauging my reaction.

“Sorry- I just moved in next door... Umm... My parents were wondering if you wanted to come around for food next week...” I manage to awkwardly get out before I lost my ability to speak once again.

“Oh, that is so sweet honey. Absolutely. Me and Millie can come around next Friday? Give you time to settle in.” She bounces and jiggles before me, killing any ability I have to speak back.

“Why don’t you come in? You must be tired after all that moving. I saw you lugging boxes in, I’ll get Millie down and introduce you two.” She winks, turning around and exposing her rear to me.

I can see that she has indeed had some work done on her ass, it pushes the skirt outwards and barely jiggles as she struts into the house.

Not wanting to be left behind I rush to follow, closing the door after me. Hardly taking in my surroundings, the hallway is a massive open room much like ours with a spiral staircase around the outside wall. There are some handrails and handles dotted around. I notice them but don’t think anything more about them.

“Take a seat in there.” She points to her right, “I’ll go get Millie.”

Entering the room on the side, it turns out to be the kitchen, I walk over to the breakfast bar and take a seat. Using the counter to hide my crotch from view, lest I get a boner and scare our neighbour on my first impression.

I hear some footsteps coming down the stairs and wait eagerly for either Mrs Evans or Millie to enter. I feel my heart thud heavily in my chest as I stare at the door. I don’t have to wait too long as I see Mrs Evans enter the room, tits first.

Her giant protruding breasts enter prior to her slim body, she struts over to the opposite side of the breakfast bar and pulls up a stool. She rests her tits on the bar and stares at me. My vision transfixed on her huge breasts directly opposite me, seeing how they rise 12 inches from the table's surface, the top she is wearing is constricted against the table, stretching the fabric even tighter on her top.

She fully understands the effect she is having on me, and I can see that smirk returning.

“So... I didn’t even get your name...” She says, places her hands on the table as she leans over her bust more.

“Harry... Sorry... I-“

“It’s ok... they are quite a distraction aren’t they.” She reaches back and pulls out the bobble that was holding her brunette hair in place, it cascades down her back as she shakes her

head from side to side. Her firm bust jiggling on the table slightly, she pulls her hands through her hair and brings some of it over her shoulders and down the side of her boobs.

“Sorry... Uuuh-“

“It’s ok, I mean I didn’t get these done so people wouldn’t stare.” She places her hands on either side of her tits lovingly, giving them a slight squeeze. I can see that her hands don’t just sink into them like normal boobs.

“I...” Stammering and clambering for words.

“You can stare if you want, sweetie. It’s ok.” She places her right index finger on her plump lips.

I feel my cock stirring under the counter.

Is she teasing me?

“Mr Evans has a high paying job, and he loves making me happy. One thing that makes me happier than anything else is the stare you are giving me now.” She says, rubbing her round tits. “It is sometimes hard to feel like this when Millie is around.”

Huh?

“She tends to take the attention of the room.” She pouts slightly.

How the fuck can anyone ignore this beauty for Millie... she can’t look as good as this right?

My heart now pounding in my chest as I hear the first footstep on the stairs.

“Here she comes now...”

A long pause and then I hear the second.

“She is a bit slow, so you’ve still got time to stare.” She winks and pats the side of her fake boob. The noise hypnotises me further as I stare at this incredible MILF sitting opposite me.

“Wha-“ I start to say before I am cut off.

“It’s ok Harry, I don’t mind when a handsome young man stares at me. In fact, I rather enjoy it.”

Her hands give her breasts a firm squeeze, I can see how little give they have, her mouth forming an “o” as she coos.

“Despite being fake, they still feel amazing.” She says under her breath, moaning softly.

Neither of us paying much attention, I hear another step, unsure where Millie is in her descent, I stare at her Mum.

“They are an M cup by the way...” She says in a deep sultry tone.

M... Did she say M??

My jaw drops and my eyes go wide. I see a very pleased look on Mrs Evans' face before she starts giggling. "Millie will be here now, stop staring." She giggles as she removes her tits from the table and heads over to the kettle.

"Harry, Tea?" She asks.

Still recovering from the teasing and the anticipation from Millie's arrival I can only nod.

"Would you like a tea dear?" She calls out the door.

"Yes, please Mum." I hear Millie call back, her voice soft and sweet with a higher pitch than her mum.

She sounds close, I fire a glance over to her Mum one last time, she has turned to face me. She gestures for me to take a deep breath but instead I just watch as her bust rises and falls from the motion, riling me up further.

In the corner of my peripheral vision, I see a large figure enter the room. Turning with a snap I watch slack jawed as I see a sight entirely incomprehensible to me.

A giant round mass enters the doorway, barely fitting through the widened door, there is fabric covering it, stretched around its round protruding form, floating in the air, each jerk causing a large amount of movement.

Tits.

My brain tells me what I am looking at, but I cannot fathom it.

Boobs.

Finally, my thoughts are proven right when, presumably, Millie's face and body comes into view.

Those are her tits.

Standing around 5'6 Millie is defined by two massive things. Her boobs. Absolutely massive wouldn't even begin to describe them, humongous, larger than life, these also wouldn't be able to describe what I am seeing.

Her boobs, straining the fabric of her massive top must be bigger than literal beach balls, they aren't as wide on her frame but are just as big vertically. They make her mum's breasts look tiny in comparison. They move a lot, leading me to think they are real somehow. They stick out what looks to be around two feet and they are almost spherical, only being not as wide as they are tall, potentially due to the shirt.

I realise that I've been staring at her tits, and I haven't even taken in the rest of her, I feel my face blush as I now look at her face and see that she was watching me. Her face is

extremely cute, she has petite features and I see that she is blushing profusely. She, unlike her mother, is very pale, it must be hard to get out and around when you are that big.

Resisting a glance down I look at the rest of her. Her hair is about shoulder length, it reaches to the tops of her breasts, and it is a deep crimson. Her hair is curled into sweet ringlets flanking either side of her adorable face. As my eyes look at hers, she quickly turns away and looks over at her mum.

"You didn't say there was a boy here!" She says with a faux anger through gritted teeth.

I don't take my eyes off Millie, but I hear her mum reply "You wouldn't have come down if I had." She laughs.

Millie scoffs and turns back to me and looks to want to introduce herself but as soon as she sees me, I can see her confidence shrivel up.

"Hi Millie, I'm Harry, I'm your new neighbour." I say with confidence, but I can feel the tremors in my hand under the breakfast bar.

She quickly moves over to the side to grab onto the ledge. I raise an eyebrow.

She can't be that shy?

"They're... heavy..." She says timidly.

"Yeah, she doesn't listen to me and exercise enough, she needs to work on her back muscles. So, we have handles around to help her." Mrs Evans chimes in.

Such a surreal topic of conversation, but when you are that big, I guess it's normal?

"Mum! You should've said..."

"Look I've made you both a tea, why don't you sit down and talk to Harry. It would be nice for you to talk to someone in real life rather than online. Look, I'll even leave you too alone." She places two cups of tea on the bar and points to the sugar pot at the end and quickly turning she picks up and slides over a milk jug.

Leaning in, she squeezes her breasts together as I watch her push the mug towards me. My eyes look, obviously, but it has a diminished effect after seeing the mountainous Millie. Mrs Evans winks and realises that her daughter has once again upstaged her and her giant tits.

She struts out the room and I turn my attention back to Millie. She must sit side on thanks to her massive breasts, she rests them on a stool next to her. The sight is quite unbelievable.

"So..." She trails off, she looks at her boobs as if expecting me to say something about them, a slight frown forming on her lips.

"So, you play games?"

Her face lights up as she nods.

“My friends from up north have got me hooked on that new MMO, Tarnished Online.”

“OH MY GOD! I was literally just playing that!” She raises her voice excitedly.

At least we can talk about something other than her huge boobs, lest I pass out!

We spend the next thirty minutes talking about our shared passion about this game when something that catches me off guard is brought up.

“Yeah... I started playing because... well... you might have noticed I’m a bit... *big*...” She trails off and lowers her head.

“Oh well... I er-“

“Don’t try to minimise it, they are huge, I know. You can say it.”

I let out a sigh of relief to which she smiles at.

“People never know how to talk about them but just be chill, they are just boobs.

Just boobs HA!

“I mean I’ve not had them that long.” After saying that she immediately covers her mouth.

Curiosity getting the better of me, my filter doesn’t stop me. “What do you mean?”

“I’ve only been this big for about a year.”

What!

Chapter 3

My face must’ve painted a picture of my shock because Millie turns a deep shade of red.

“Sorry, I er-“ I clear my throat. “Did I hear you right?” already knowing what my ears heard.

“Did you say you’ve only been “big for about a year?”

She nods in response, I feel faint.

How on earth? She is massive, truly massive and she got this way within a year?

“Thereabouts... I started growing on my 18th Birthday...” She stares at the floor, unable to bring her eyes to meet mine.

I hear my heartbeat in my ears, thumping harder.

“But... How...” I trail off, unable to comprehend what she is saying.

“Here, look.” She turns her attention to her phone, quickly swiping through some screens before she turns the phone to me. “Here I am on my 18th”

I stare at the picture, and it is Millie all right, that is her face, hard to mistake those cute features for anyone else's. Her Crimson hair is the same colour, but it is longer, going down to her waist. She has a big badge on her that indicates it's her birthday, and she is flanked by two girls with an arm each wrapped around her neck and some fruity alcoholic beverage in their other hand.

Looking at her chest I notice that indeed her breasts are around the B cup size at a guess. Much more in the realm of normal possibilities. Lastly, I notice the date is written on the bottom of the photo. 01/05/2021. I take in her face from the photo once more and then look back at the girl before me.

Definitely the same...

“Swipe right...” She says nervously.

I oblige, now seeing a new photo appear on the screen, much like the last photo the date is captioned on the bottom of the photo, I noticed it first this time, 07/06/2021.

“I had just finished my last exam, and this was taken of me at a local bar.” Millie adds some context to the photo.

Studying the photo, I notice immediately that her boobs appear bigger. In the photo Millie is at an angle that means I can see the projection. Her bust now appears to be in the D cup range which is quite a growth for just over a month's time.

“I was an E cup here; within a month I had gone up 3 cup sizes.” She stares intently at my face, gauging my reaction. “Swipe again...” She says this time with more of a smirk.

Swiping again reveals another picture, this time it's Millie standing before a mirror in a large T-shirt, her face frowning, her eyes staring at the focus point of this picture. Her chest. Her boobs have grown again, this time they appear to be about as big as her Mum's just less perky, more natural. Straining her shirt with their immense girth.

“Here is when I realised something was wrong, I was having fun until this point. I don't know what size they were here as I didn't have any bras that could fit. My mum wasn't that big at this point either.” Millie trails off.

Her mum too... She got surgery after her daughter's tits blew up.

“I was so timid and shy; I didn't want to go outside or see anyone because I was too big at this point.” Millie looks sad momentarily before looking back at me, the warmth returning to her expression. “I thought they were... *Huge*... How wrong I was... Swipe.” I quickly note the date. 22/07/21.

Swiping again, same pose, this time in an extremely large bikini, the date is 30/07/21. The turquoise bikini top is doing an impressive job of covering up her boobs, the large triangle pieces of fabric cover a good portion of her breast but there is still so much on display.

Millie's face is very neutral, serious in tone, standing straight, her breasts sticking off her chest like two balloons, easily dwarfing any other breasts I had seen to this point, they are now bigger than basketballs and in the latter half of the alphabet.

The straps of her stretchy bikini are cutting into her shoulders as she takes the photo. The mighty cleavage being formed is a remarkable sight.

"I had decided I wanted to take a photo every week, to document my growth, it was at this point I was seeking help from doctors. This Gallery is just now me posing in this position in the mirror. I would recommend you swipe quickly..." her shy demeanour seemingly vanished.

I swipe, see the date caption Week 2 and notice that there is more breast to stare at, I pause and just look once again over her humongous and still growing tits.

"I said quickly..."

Quickly I start to swipe with my index finger. The photos have Millie in the same position but with each swipe I can see that her boobs are growing, her breasts starting to strain the Bikini top more as the cleavage gets deeper and more compressed. Each swipe I increase in speed, wanting to see the growth in real time almost, wanting to see the conclusion.

"I was growing so fast... I must admit... It did feel good..." She whispers before blushing.

Week by week I can see her growing bigger and bigger, each picture closer to resembling the incredibly busty girl before me. She reaches over and grabs my hand, halting my swipes and looks at the screen.

"Week 26, Only a few more left... Go slow..." She says under her breath.

I give a swipe and week 27 appears, much like the other photos, she is larger but going slower. I now notice that she is paler, I guess this happened throughout the swipes but only stopping and going slow enough to take in her whole body did I notice this change.

"So, I stop growing in two more swipes, the doctors by this point have still got not no idea what is happening, you can see actually I have got plasters still where they took my blood." She speaks. "I'd get my blood tested every two weeks and still they had no idea what was going on."

I swipe and see the one before the last picture, the bikini top that was doing such an admiral job at the start, looks to be on its last legs. The straps cutting into her boobs now at this point, the fabric covering truly little of her breast in comparison to where it started. Her huge pale orbs are almost entirely on show for me to stare at.

Her shoulders are almost cut into two by the pressure from the straps and for the first time I notice her expression. A smile. Not a normal smile, a sultry smirk. As if reading my mind Millie chimes in.

"By this point I had accepted my changes, I was starting to come to peace with them. I liked them and I still do. They are me now. Last one is next..."

One last swipe and I see the best progress picture yet. Week 29 and what a picture. Immediately the reason as to why it's the last picture is apparent. Millie's hands are gripping the string of her turquoise bikini, holding up the front of her top.

"The strap snapped when I put it on... Guess I got too big..."

Her boobs were colossal, her huge tits now barely contained, the beginnings of her nipples starting to peak above the fabric. Her breasts, more like beach balls at this point, are protruding before her so much that she likely can't reach her arms around them.

"I retired from taking photos after that point, I have probably grown but if I have, not much." She adds.

Looking at her boobs, barely contained in her top, I see that they are stretching the fabric of her shirt as it is, likely this fit when she bought it.

"Last, *last* photo." She quickly swipes once more, drawing my attention back to the screen.

This final photo is of Millie in the bath, bubbles strategically covering her nipples. Her breasts pressed against the sides of the narrow bath, causing them to bulge over the edges. Her face is bright red like she is embarrassed.

"Mum saw me and thought it was hilarious and snapped a photo." She chuckles. "In hindsight, it was funny but at the time I was so embarrassed, I was stuck!"

"Stuck..." I stammer, the first noise I've made in a while.

"Yes. My boobies were too big for our old bath." She giggles. I turn to her and see the smile on her face.

She looks proud.

"Did you know we have a hot tub?" She asks.

"I did notice when I looked out the window of my room."

"Oh, you are overlooking the back, I'm sure you'll get some nice views." She gives an innocent smile.

Did she mean...?

Her face starts to turn red again. "Oh, I didn't mean. Ah!" She squeals.

I can't get a read on this girl; she seems so innocent and naïve yet sometimes she seems so flirty.

"So there, you have the story of my boobs."

"I can't believe it; I mean I saw the pictures, so I'll have too but... wow..."

"Yeah, it is a lot to take in... Just like them..." She gives a knowing look.

“How big are they? If you don’t mind me asking?” I ask, treading new ground.

“I don’t know, never got them measured... they just kept growing, seemed a bit pointless. I mean, they are *this* big.” With a sudden movement she hefts her bust onto the table, her giant mountainous breasts come crashing down onto the table and the impact causes the mugs to bounce, thankfully they are empty.

Now looking directly at me are her boobs. Her head barely peeking above the vast horizon of the upper swell of her breasts. I can see her eyebrow raise.

“Pretty big huh?”

Chapter 4

Like a deer in the headlights, I just stare, barely registering that she even said a word, I nod. She lets out a soft giggle that causes a quake in her breasts, this just causes me to stare more intently at her. Beneath the counter my cock straining my trousers.

What I wouldn’t give to see them... Touch them...

The fog of a daydream creeping into my mind. Millie clears her throat which causes me to jump.

“Yeah... Most people do find it hard to take their eyes off them.” She says, again with a sense of pride.

"Sorry Millie."

"It's ok, honestly..." She trails off.

I notice that her nipples are getting erect.

Is she enjoying my gaze?

Her nipples seemingly have scaled up with her breasts as these are easily double the size of the largest nipples that I’ve seen in porn, and they are still growing thicker.

Millie suddenly and awkwardly shifts her breasts back off the table with a grunt, she is now blushing.

“Sorry...” Millie’s voice now devoid of confidence and flirtatiousness. “Sometimes I get... Excited.”

I struggle to contain my shock at her admission.

So open and candid about them.

"It's... Er... Ok. Honestly." I reassure her, placing my hand on hers on the table.

She snaps her eyes onto my hand now touching hers.

Let's see how open she is about them.

"I mean... It is natural right." I start watching her face for a reaction. "Especially when you like them as much as you do."

She looks away smirking, her face burning a bright red, her hand now softly rubbing the upper swell of her right breast.

"Harry..."

"It's ok, I get it. For what it's worth you are terrible at hiding it." I joke, laying on my charm.

She giggles and I notice her hand isn't moving off of her boob, moreover, now she is kneading it more, biting her lip.

"Well, you are lucky you've got a table there mister." She looks me dead in the eye as she lands that remark.

I try to not give away anything, but she caught me entirely off guard. I must've revealed something in my face because she gives a small flirty giggle.

"So..." She takes a deep breath, her tits rising high into the air as she does so. "Do you fancy a dip?"

Is this incredibly busty goddess asking me to jump into a hot tub with her?

"Right... Now?" I stammer, she has broken me.

"No time like the present. Plus, I can get the weight of these off me for a bit." She smiles.

"Er- Sure, I'll grab my trunks and be back in a minute." I say with a level of excitement that Millie notices, she bites her lip.

Watching me intently as I stand, she stares at me as I rush past her.

Hope she didn't see anything...

I walk awkwardly out toward the front door, I turn around and give Millie one last look as I see her smiling, both hands now kneading her breasts as I exit the room.

Crash

I bump into something, soft yet firm. Almost feels like a taut water balloon. I manage to remain on my feet but stumble slightly, I feel two hands grab my shoulders and pull me close. Mrs Evans buries my head into her tits.

"Oh Harry, sorry love." She coos.

My face in literal heaven as I am buried deep in her massive fake tits. They are so firm and taut now I am being pressed into them so hard. The soft cushion of their skin now meaningless as I feel her hand on the back of my head pulling me closer.

She lowers her voice to a deep whisper. "They feel good, don't they? My big fucking tits wrapped around your skull?"

I can't breathe in the depth of her cleavage, so I have to pull back for air. Gasping as I retreat from the busty MILF, I steady myself on the wall, Mrs Evans just stands there and stares at me with a big smirk on her face. Looking at her eyes, I can see why. Her eyes are glued to my rigid cock.

Instinctively I try to cover it, but it is too late, she has already seen. "For me?" She says softly so Millie can't hear.

What do I even say to that?

I decide to say nothing and start again for the door. I feel her hands trace my thigh as I pass her, it gives me goosebumps as I head out the front door.

My gait altered thanks to my arousal; I entered my house slowly so as not to alert my Mum.

One mother looking at my dick is quite enough.

Wincing as I scale my stairs, I sneak across the landing.

Home free.

I enter my room just as I hear my name being called behind me.

Jinxed it.

"Harry! You startled me, I didn't hear you come in, what are you doing?" Mum asked me.

I turn my head around and lean out the door, line of sight to my lower half blocked by the door frame. "I am just spending some time with the neighbour, is that ok?"

"Oh of course, I am glad you are getting on. Why are you back here?" She asks.

"Oh, just going for a dip in their hot tub."

She raises her eyebrow. "Oh, just a dip with the girl next door."

"Stop it!" I ran into my room embarrassed. "You treat me like I'm 14" I groan.

She doesn't reply, she just laughs as she walks off down the hallway. I quickly grab my trunks, change into them and rush back over to Millie and Mrs Evans. I knock on the door and am greeted by Mrs Evans; she sticks out her chest and invites me in.

Putting one foot in front of the other is a good start but she doesn't move, instead she forces me to squeeze past her, I have to turn to shimmy past this busty MILF. Just as my head is in

line with her cleavage she pushes them forward, pressing against my chest and with a bit more force they bulge towards my chin. Her firm flesh resting against my chin.

Despite being squashed by her tits, her face is a fair distance away from mine. She looks at me seductively and gives me a wink before releasing me from my titty prison.

“Run along Harry.” She says under her breath as I awkwardly walk away.

Arriving in the kitchen I find it empty. I see the back door is open, barely thinking straight thanks to Mrs Evans, I decide to check around back to see if Millie is already in the hot tub. As I approach the door, I can hear the whir of the hot tub. I start to shake in anticipation.

Stopping just before the door frame, I take a deep breath and walk through.

“Hey Harry, I didn’t think you would come back.” Millie calls over the noise of the hot tub jets.

“Why not?” I ask, confused.

“Most boys see my chest and run away. Except you. Why is that?” She analyses my facial expression.

“Well... Just because you are a bit... Erm... Bustier than most, doesn’t mean I should run away.” I nervously chuckle.

She strokes her chin for a second. “Well... Are you going to join me?”

I nod, taking off my shirt and removing my shoes. I’m not really too confident in my appearance but I do work out regularly, so I have got a fair amount of lean muscle on me. I never have thought about it much but seeing Millie’s reaction, clearly my efforts have paid off.

“Wow... Ahem.” She clears her throat.

I smile and look away from her, embarrassed. Taking the steps to the edge of the hot tub I look down and thanks to the jets I can’t see any of Millie’s massive bust.

That is a shame.

I step into the warm water and descend to the seat opposite Millie. Parking my butt on the ledge, I look directly forward and see Millie’s face close to the bubbling water. Her chin submerged, her cheeks a bright red.

Surely it couldn’t be because of me?

We sit awkwardly for a minute or so before I buck up some courage.

“So... This is nice...”

“Yeah... You don’t look too comfortable though, a bit tense maybe?” She replies.

“Oh... Well... I’ve never been in a hot tub with just two people before, let alone a girl.”

"You can check that one off your list now I guess." She giggles.

"Yeah, I suppose."

"You look so cramped, why don't you stretch out a bit? There is plenty of room." She suggests.

Taking her advice, I sink down into the hot tub, letting the water rise up my torso when I suddenly hit something that stops me from moving.

Strange... Doesn't feel like the edge.

I move my foot and try to work my way around the object but can't, I look at Millie confused, and she is blushing.

Oh shit.

My leg has collided with Millie's massive breast. I instantly retreat and resume my awkward cramped stance.

"Hey, it's ok, don't worry about it, here let me help." She starts to shift her position and I see a massive movement begin. "Stretch out, I'll give you some room now."

I barely hear her as I watch her massive breasts breach the water and slowly start to rise out of the bubbles. Slowly I see more of her bare flesh as her boobs continue to rise out of the water, I watch them intently as I see a massive torrent of water cascade off them. Millie's massive tits now are probably only about a quarter of the way out of the water, but she is showing more bare boob than I have ever seen.

Still, she continues, deliberately slow, to tease me further. Her giant beach balls start to eclipse my line of sight to the sky as they fill up my field of view. Her tits are now starting to obscure her face so I can't even see that cheeky grin any longer. She quickly lifts the rest of her boobs out of the water and stands above me. From my seated position I can just see a mass of underboob.

Millie is wearing a bikini so I can see about 90% of her bare flesh. The comparatively tiny piece of fabric covers her nipples but actually those are very clear thanks to them being hard, and they too are huge. Much like her giant nipples, my cock is also hard, thankfully covered by the bubbles of the hot tub and about two feet worth of boob, I am in very little danger of being caught by Millie.

"Are you going to move?" Millie calls out from above her breasts.

"Oh... Um... Sorry..." I reply as I lay back into the tub and get comfortable. "Right, I'm all comfy."

Like two giant asteroids hurtling towards Earth, I watch as Millie's gigantic breasts come crashing down to the water. Her skin looks so slick and soft, my intrusive thoughts are screaming at me to feel them, just to reach out and touch them, thankfully I resist, mostly from being paralysed at the wondrous sight before me.

My legs are stretched out and I am comfortable as Millie suggested but I am now feeling the result of doing so.

Uh oh.

I feel a weight being applied to my legs, just above my knees down are now covered by her tits, slowly more and more pressure is added to them, I try to move my legs before it is too late.

“Don’t you dare move; you should be comfortable here like I am. They are just boobs right?” She winks.

Fucking massive ones. Yes. Do I mind? No, of course not.

I watch as the water level rises as Millie’s breasts displace more of the warm water. Finally, she has finished her movement and now part of my thighs are covered too by her soft breasts. The feeling of being squished under them is so surreal and although in the water, they still feel dense resting over my legs.

My mind is mush at this point as I look over at her. Millie knows exactly what she is doing as she smirks at me knowingly.

“Comfy?” She asks.

I nod.

Chapter 5

“So... This is a lot nicer right?” She asks.

Struggling to keep my cock from pressing against her boob as she leans on my legs, I look her in the eye with rosy cheeks. “Yes.”

“Good, I love being in here, it gets a weight off my chest... Well, I guess you kind of know what I feel now” She winks.

“Oh yeah, I do indeed. They are...”

“Big, Heavy, Massive... Sexy” She blurts out.

I just nod.

When she talks about her boobs, she seems to get... turned on.

“Do you really think so?” Millie asks.

“They are huge, yes.” I say, a bit too forward. “Sorry I-“

“No. Not that. I mean, yes, they are huge but... Sexy?”

Again, like a deer in the headlights I just stare at my busty neighbour and can feel myself squirming. After taking a deep breath I nod. “Well... Yes.”

It is her time now to squirm, I can actually feel her movements through her breasts, a slight jiggle as she physically does squirm at my comment. Millie’s face goes a deeper shade of crimson.

“Well... Nobody has ever told me that... Not since I’ve grown.” She emphasises her point by pressing her boobs more against my legs, I feel her breasts start to squash towards my torso. They now sit dangerously close to my raging erection.

“Really?” I ask, genuinely stunned that she hasn’t received a comment like that since growing.

“No, most people are scared off. I find it so interesting that you haven’t been scared off though.” She pushes her breasts further up my legs towards my torso. Her face is still multiple feet away from me. “I mean... I am so big Harry...” She lets out a soft little moan as her underboob now presses against my erection.

“Millie, I-“

“Don’t be...” She gets off her side of the hot tub and presses her tits against me, pinning me against the back wall.

Her tits cover my entire torso, from my chin to my thighs, her massive boobs squished against my body, in this position she still is over a foot away from my face. I can see in her eyes, pure lust. The feeling of being squashed by her breasts feels even better than I was expecting. My cock throbs against the underside of her breasts.

“I can feel something down there...” She says, biting her lip. “Is that for me? Is it because of me?”

I can only nod at this point.

“I guess you really do find them sexy huh?” She shakes them from side to side against me. “Do you like massive tits Harry?”

Hard to deny at this point.

“Yes, I do, I love them, I love your tits so much... But not only that, you Millie, you seem so amazing too.”

“Awh that is so sweet Harry, but you don’t have to-“

“No! I am serious, I feel a connection, I can’t explain it, but you like the same games as me and I feel there is something there with us.” I interrupted her.

She smiles. "You really are sweet." She leans back and parts her breasts, tucking me between them so she can lean closer.

It is just enough for her lips to reach mine. A quick kiss but after that first one it is like the dam has burst. Suddenly our lips interlock and we start making out. My arms are stuck at my side because I am stuck in her cleavage but Millie senses my lust and breaks the kiss off. Leaning back once again, this time enough so she is towering over me with her giant meteors.

"You look so small down there." She teases.

I feel small underneath her globes.

Looming over me, two massive mounds, bigger than my eyes can see. With a timid hand I reach out and touch the smooth flesh hovering before me. The fabric of the bikini is doing its best to contain her massive nipples, but they only seem to have gotten bigger since we made out.

Millie leaves my hands rubbing the firm surface of her breasts for a few seconds before pulling back.

"Who said you can touch?" She bites her lip.

I recoil and start stammering.

Giggling above me, Millie cannot contain her laughter. Her boobs quaking before me from the movement. I see my life flash before my eyes as she leans forward, sending her breasts crashing into me. My face smothered between them, my outstretched hands reaching around them as much as they could.

I can just about make out her voice from her cleavage.

"Kiss them... Rub them..." She lets out a moan.

I start to kiss, lick, and grope the soft flesh pinning me in the hot tub.

She is so incredibly massive.

Suddenly I feel something else, a leg being put over mine. Her smooth skin rubbed against my hairy thighs. Millie now moves her other leg to my other side, she is now straddling me, burying my deeper into her cleavage. I feel a hand start to rub my thigh, working its way up to my cock.

Slowly her fingers trace the head of my cock in my trunks, her nails carefully and lightly scraping over its engorged head. I try to let out a moan, but her cleavage muffles any noise attempting to come out of it.

Millie starts to increase her pace, but she is struggling to reach it thanks to her gigantic breasts. I buck my hips against her as she strokes me under the water. Frustrated at the lack of traction she can get on my erection; she moves backward off me. Now standing in the

centre of the hot tub, panting, her huge nipples almost exposed thanks to my wandering hands.

No words are uttered before I launch my own advance. I leap forward and clamber at the edges of her bikini. All sense of modesty gone as I pulled the bikini to the side revealing her giant nipple, exposing it into the summer air very quickly before my mouth. I latch on and start to suck, my tongue dancing around the thick nub, I hear Millie let out a few good moans as my hands also squeeze the sides of her big breasts.

Very quickly she falls backward into the hot tub seat, her breasts now pinning her down as I suck at her teat. In the throws of passion her head rocks back, my hand finds its way to her other nipple, and I start to tease and play with that too.

“Oh! I am... So... Sensitive.” She screeches as she shudders beneath me.

I don't let up and continue to grope and squeeze at her huge breasts. She continues to moan as her overstimulated tits bring her to a second orgasm in a quick succession. I feel her hand pawing at my trunks, once again searching for my cock. To fulfil her handsy request I have to move to the side of her, I remove my hand from her nipple and stand by her side now as I continue to lap at her nipple.

Her hand finds my cock quickly and starts to stroke at it. Very quickly I find my legs are shuddering, too turned on from the foreplay to stand almost.

“Wow... I am not the only one enjoying huh?” She says confidently. The innocent girl is now gone as she grips my cock and strokes. “Maybe we could do something with that huh?”

Giving up the fight with my wobbly knees I set myself down in the water, Millie kept her hand gripped on my cock the whole time. Her giant breasts now back in the water, like an emerging submarine they glide through the water and cover the space in front of me, her hand reaching under them she is still able to stroke my dick.

The motion of her hand now is causing her breasts to bounce up and down as her arm bumps into the underside of them.

“I'm... Close...” I weakly say.

“I bet; you feel like you are about to burst.” She leans in and plants a kiss on my cheek before moving to my ear, lightly whispering. “You can cum in them...” She softly says.

Expertly she releases my cock from my trunks and slowly guides me into her cleavage under the water. With just the tip between her gargantuan breasts, she strokes my shaft and continues to egg me on.

“Go on, cum in them. I want you to cum for my massive tits. Show me how much you love them. Fuck my tits, Harry.”

Bucking beneath her, her hand still providing stimulation and coupled with the foreplay I cannot last a second longer as I grunt as I blast my load into the underside of her cleavage.

My head flops back and I look up into the blue sky, gasping for air. Millie moves her tits off me and leans back in a similar manner.

"Well... That was something..." She says before giggling.

"Words cannot describe what that was." I replied.

Her hand grabs my knee, and she gives a squeeze. "You are sweet."

I turn my head slightly and notice Mrs Evans looking out at us from the window. Millie still has her head leaning back, I make eye contact with Mrs Evans, and she looks down at her tits, I follow her gaze and she starts squeezing them. I can only see from her waist up, but I follow her hand as it makes its way down her torso, presumably, towards her pants.

What lovely neighbours.