

Note: This story is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

<https://www.deviantart.com/spartacusda> <https://www.patreon.com/spartacusda>

---

I couldn't believe my uncle had actually done it.

"Darling, are you in here?"

The rich bastard with his crypto and his stupid cartoon monkeys had bought me a wife off the internet for my 30th birthday. She wouldn't say where she was from, but it was probably one of those former Soviet countries, maybe even Russia.

"Yoo-hoo...?"

Elisavetta was twenty-five if she was a day, and probably more like twenty-two or maybe even twenty-one. I hoped to any gods that actually exist that she's over twenty.

"Darrrrlinnnng?"

She was a perfect redhead. Well, maybe it was a dye job, but on Liz it was perfect. True red, none of that orange stuff people called red.

"Here you are."

She smiled, a smile that was somehow both innocent and predatory.

Some people might have called her a "short stack," but that implied more width than she actually had. Her hips and bottom were definitely *there*, but not in a way that was excessive, or anything more than -gods damnit- fucking perfect.

Who was I kidding, Liz had a perfect ass. Big round cheeks without a hint of cellulite or sag, and big round thighs that made me really, *really* want to just pick her up by them and have my way.

“Have you been avoiding me, my dear?”

How did this very young thing manage to talk like a mid-century Natasha while still having the voice of a sorority transfer student? Her red hair brushed past perfectly soft shoulders revealed by a spaghetti strap tank top, and that was where my troubles started.

“I know you are wanting to take things slow, but I have been here for two months now...”

The tank top was tight. It had been tight when I’d bought it for her, but now it was like a second skin. She had a tiny bit of thiccness to her waist, due in no small part to her ravenous appetite. I wondered again how starved and malnourished she must have been in whatever former Soviet country she’d come from.

“I came here to have a new start in Amerika, but I was still hoping to get a handsome husband...”

For the hundredth time since she moved into my apartment, I was tempted. Who was I even maintaining the moral high ground for? My uncle was for it, Liz was for it, and everyone else I knew bought the cover story of us meeting at a club.

I hadn’t been in a club since I was twenty-five. Okay fine twenty-seven. Fine, it was last year, fuck you. Anyway my friends and the rest of my family loved Liz, and were super happy for us.

“Are you sure you’re not, um... homosexual?”

“No, Liz, for the hundredth time, I’m straight.”

She smiled up at me, bouncing on the balls of her feet. Before I could stop them, my eyes were on her. Her. She had the nicest breasts I'd ever seen up close. Firm, round, prominent even when she tried to hide them with baggy sweaters and such. They were huge, biggest I'd ever seen in real life. Well, proportionately the biggest, I've definitely seen plus sized honeys with bigger, but Liz was 5'2" at most, and when we'd gone shopping her first weekend here, she'd been fitted for a 30DD bra.

"Well then..."

She clasped her hands behind her back, unavoidably making her chest stick out even further, and rotated her torso. Her lady lumps bobbed and swayed, bouncing back and forth and doing their utmost to test my resolve. I couldn't. I just couldn't sleep with a woman my uncle had paid to move in with me.

Wait...

My eyes were drawn unavoidably to her breasts as they danced before my eyes. I could see generous cleavage, and hints of side boob as they jostled for space in her shirt. I could see the outline of her bra. Her very large bra.

And it was tight.

Yeah, you heard that right. The 30DD bra my mail-order bride was wearing was too small.

It hadn't been too small when I'd bought it.

"...am I not pleasing to you?"

I gulped, hanging on to my composure by the most delicate of threads.

"Y-yes, you're very pretty..."

"Are you not liking red hair? I heard it was very popular in Amerika."

"No, no, your hair is great!"

It really was. The bright red -let's be honest it was a dye job- contrasted her pale skin perfectly and made her green eyes sparkle.

“Oh... then maybe...”

Her face fell. She stopped twisting in place, which was a small mercy.

“Maybe you don't like my body?”

I nearly went into a coughing fit.

“Your body is fine. Honestly, Liz, you're very pretty.”

“Just 'fine?'”

This was taking a dangerous turn.

“Maybe you are not liking large breasts?”

This time I did have a coughing fit.

“What!?”

“Breasts...”

Liz brought a tiny hand to each healthy orb and squeezed, sending flesh bulging up and out of her now-skimpy tank top.

“Back home I hear that Amerikan men all love large breasts, and am relieved. But maybe you do not like them?”

“I... what??”

Yeah, my brain wasn't working too well. It was being deprived of blood flow if you catch my drift.

“The women in my family haev all been 'blessed' so...”

She cupped her breasts now as if offering them to me.

I very much wanted to accept.

“And while we are still youngk, we only get fat here.”

My mind completely froze for three solid seconds.

“Fat...?”

“Ya, this is why you will not sharing your bed with me, no?”

“Because...”

“Because my boobs are getting too big.”

Liz dropped her arms to her sides now, inhaling deeply and making her glorious orbs puff out even further and press tightly into her skin tight tank. I wanted to grab them so badly, feel their fullness in my hands and squeeze them as she had done just moments ago.

“Wait.”

Synapses were firing in my brain, and I was finally, slowly, making connections.

“What do you mean, ‘getting?’”

She met my eyes, and the glimmer of her green eyes was almost enough to make me forget the grapefruits I had been staring at.

Almost.

“Yes, getting. There is so much good food here in Amerika I am starting to get fat. I was not too worried because I only getting fat in boobs.”

I must have moved using some survival instinct, because one moment I was backing away from my live-in fiancé and the next moment she had her back to the wall, my right hand flat on the wall over her shoulder, the left resting on her soft hip.

“Oh... Maybe I am having things all wrong, yes?”

Her sweet eyes met mine.

“Maybe you **do** like them, and you **don’t** think they’re getting too big?”

I shook my head slowly.

Her delicate fingers wrapped around my left wrist, lifting it from her waist, to slide along her soft midriff, until I was cupping her right breast.

“I can be for you. I want to be for you. *These* can be for you...”

I squeezed ever so slightly, and she made a sound so soft, so delicate, and so erotic, that I felt something deep within me twitch. Deeper than my balls, this stacked little redhead had just aroused me in my damn soul.

“And if you are *liking* them big, I have good news...”

She reached up and pulled my right hand down from the wall to rest on her left breast. My resolve was starting to crumble, and I started actively feeling her up now. The plump springiness surprised me, it was as if they were pressing back against my probing fingers. I was now aroused in the physical sense, as well as the metaphysical.

Liz was starting to moan louder. Whether she was playing it up for my sake, or her gorgeous breasts were really that sensitive, I found myself unable to care.

“If you keep *-ahn-* feeding me so much good *-mmm-* Amerikan food...”

She was backing through the doorway now, and I followed as if my hands were glued to her chest. She stepped back toward the bed and up onto the bench at its foot. She didn't tower over me, but the extra height put her beautiful bosom just below my eye level. I continued to enjoy them, but was staring up into her sparkling eyes now.

"They're going to keep, growing, bigger..."

Whether she was already falling back on the bed before I grabbed her creamy thighs and lifted, I'll never know.