

Anatomically Corrected

Chapter one

He tried to remain calm while lying on a bed of white linens and hooked up to an IV. He waited for her to come in. His skin got goose pimples as the slight chill invaded the paper-thin surgical gown that he's wearing. A chestnut haired nurse came into the room, a tray in one hand and a smile on her face. He unabashedly looked into the cleavage peeping out of the neckline of her crisp white nurse's uniform, while the sharp clacking sound of her heels make contact with the floor fills the awkward silence.

After setting the tray side on the bed's table, she pulled back the sheet to show a semi-aroused average sized penis that was recently shaved. "Well looks like someone's calmed down since last I saw him." she joked.

He's clearly still nervous as he smiles up at her. Letting the memory of the shaving distract him, she reached to the tray and prepared a shot. She taped the syringe before lowering it so he doesn't see it right away. With a practiced hand she brought the needle to his crotch and pinched the head and pulled it aside allowing the sensation to distract him further. She delivered the shot to of all places, his scrotum. She applied something to keep the point of injection sight from weeping.

She commented how he's going to enjoy the next part as she returned the needle to the tray. She glanced up at the hidden cameras as she put on rubber gloves making sure they fit well. Smiling broadly she knew that the doctor enjoyed taping this. She reached for a tube and started to apply a gel to her palms.

"Before I worked for the doctor in his office, I worked at a Fertility Clinic." she revealed, "But they got upset after I earned a reputation for helping the men make their donations first hand." She offered a quick smile at her own pun before getting to her task. She first used the cool gel on his rapidly softening member, making sure to get the gel all over the penis and scrotum. She's very clinical with the situation as she handles his average sized erection, but manages the art of masturbating him very well. She, with her free hand, managed to get the sample dish from the tray. She smiled a little as she took pride in her handiwork. She can tell that she's bringing him close to the edge. With a quick rush he launched a larger than average load of cum for from his reddening penis, except for a blob that jumps beyond the dish, as he let loose his seed. She manages to collect the majority of it. She put the sample dish back on the tray. When she returned to the patient, the stray blob having caught in her chestnut hair finally dripped to her skin on her cheek. She turned away to take a cloth and cleaned the stray blob from her face. She paused to smell it, but knows the patient is watching her and returned to giving her attention to him.



She came back over and sighed, "Well, to ensure saturation of the serum, you'll have to enjoy sweet release again."

Smiling up at her he inquires, “So soon?” He would clap if his hands weren’t medically restrained. He hasn’t gone soft though. His member, though, seems harder, redder and even larger than before.

“It will take longer but it is necessary.” She gets more gel on her hands and starts to get to work again. He’s getting an eye full of her cleavage as she leans in to begin her work anew. She noticed where his eyes are. “Do you like what you see or did you lose something in there?”

His face blushed with a color almost matching his member. He began to mutter an apology before she cuts him off.

“Do you like the Doctor’s work? He gave what I had a lift as they were losing their battle with gravity. He made them nice and perky at least.” She undid a couple of buttons hoping for fire his ardor as she talked to him above what now holds his attention again. As she begins her work he groans in pleasure, she jiggled a breast free and it is obvious her demi-bra wasn’t doing its job today.



Faint scars from the doctor’s handwork only noticeable this close up went unnoticed by the patient as he smiled. The upside down T shaped scars were faint reminders of her surgery. Pre-cum started to dribble out as if to give approval of the sight. She smiles and comments, “Well if you’ve seen one, you might as well see the other.” She took off her top dropping it to the side. Her arm has grown tired and she opted to hike up her skirt, showing the tops of her white stockings. She straddled his legs so he got a better view as she returned to work on his pulsing member. The show of her shimmering breasts became too much for him. She got what she’s after, but for the first time in years, he pops off without warning. It splashed across her chest and what should have upset her impassions her. Her nipples harden as she licks her lips and her eyes start to glaze as the last of his load graces her cleavage. She milked the remaining cum from him and then gave the head of his cock cleansing licks. She used more gel on his throbbing cock and simply pulled her lacy panties to one side revealing her neatly trimmed pussy. She teased herself by rubbing the purpling head against the hood of her clit. He looks to be suffering from priapism and seems further engorged. His scrotum seems to have also grown swollen.



Even with the gel and her own wetness, she has to take in the enlarged organ slowly. As she pauses letting her muscles adjust to his size, he eyes her breasts and groans at his inability to touch her. Something caught his attention. Her areola started to get puffy. She started with a slow rhythm moaning as she goes. Her breasts jiggle softly in unison as she rode him. He tried to thrust up matching her pace, as she bit on her lower lip enthralled by the sensations. He noticed further changes as her bosom starts to swell and fill. He is swollen to the point where he is bumping her cervix with his invading member and she orgasms from the sensation. “Oh god, you are getting so big. *sigh* I love it.” She falls forward, holding herself up by her arms as she crashes through her orgasm. She starts to

slowly gain in cup sizes as she takes a moment to catch her breath. She can feel as weight on her breathing but hasn't made the connections to the reasons yet. He watched in sheer astonishment because he can't touch them with his arms restrained in soft restraints so he doesn't touch himself. She looked down at him; her once neat hair tussled about her face. She is still panting some when she informs him, "Oh, we aren't done yet."

Still embedded in her velvety folds he pleaded with her, "I've got to cum, please."

She narrowed her eyes some as she asked, "Does it feel like a case of vasocongestion?" He looked at her blankly before she clarifies with a roll of the eyes, "I mean blue balls?" He nodded frantically in agreement wincing some as he starts to hurt from the over stimulation. She started to slowly ride him again; unaware of the changes she has gone through. He thrashed his head backwards. The pause had bought him some time. The bouncy show before him is exactly what turns him on. He can feel his climax approaching closer as the noise of their copulation gets wetter with every thrust of his hard member in her warm throbbing pussy. She grunted and pushed herself harder. He offers what help he can by thrusting upwards. She looked him squarely in the eye and near commands, "Cum for me. You know you want to. Cum big for me."

He can't take it any more and explodes inside her. She slowed as the hot rushes of sex washes over her, pushing her over the edge. As he came down from his orgasm and she shuttered from her own, he is caught in awe the sight of her bust while it is once again swollen and her nipples thick. The energy of all the sex and the changing is too much for them and her arms give away with her passing out from an orgasmic euphoria. She covered his face when she fell forward with her new enlarging bosom. He passed out from sheer exhaustion and the lack of air because he can't push her off of himself with his face buried in her luscious melons.

Chapter Two

Darkness gave way to blurred vision as the patient tried to focus on the room. Standing at the bedside, reviewing information on a clipboard, was the doctor.

"Good you're coming around," He commented, smiling softly as he directed his attention to the patient on the bed. Then he checked the wrist pulse point and continued. "There were some interesting developments due to the little tryst you had." He lets go of the wrist happy with the results. "Now you need to take it easy as you will need time to adjust to what's happened. But then I guess you knew that going in there, Nurse Coptic."

He offers a sheepish smile before continuing. "Now I brought in the full body mirror so you could get a look at yourself when you are ready, but there is no rush," he reassures.

"Henry. It's just us. No need to be so formal," she replies as she he offers out a hand seeking assistance. "Please help me up." He only hesitates a moment before taking her hand. She slides her white, stocking clad legs out from under the sheets and sits up. Pausing briefly before rising, she stands up with a wobble as she becomes accustomed to

her new center of gravity. Doctor Goldwyn takes her arm and guides her to the mirror then undoes the tie on the back of the shapeless gown, which slides slowly down her body before dropping to the floor of the room. He smiles with pride as it puddles around her feet.

She gapes as she looks at her new form, running her hands down her larger than ever breasts. She cups one, checking for size and scars. "Henry, the breast lift scars are all gone!" She pauses before adding, "And I'm even three cup sizes bigger than before my lift." She continues down to her waste with one hand, "And I was never this trim." She turns to see her new profile in the mirror to be greeted with another sight. "Did I just get more tone in my ass?" She turns to the Doctor with a blank stare as if asking him silently 'why'.



With a sigh Dr Goldwyn explains, "Apparently there were unintended side effects due to your exposure to the patient's seminal releases. The mixture now contains a new strain of the bacteria that we used to replicate the RNA message telling the cells to divide." He sits on the edge of the hospital bed, giving her a moment to digest this information before continuing. "In laymen's terms, it now makes a new RNA message that turns fat cells into stem cells, and the testosterone, which is normally present in the ejaculate, now helps with muscle development. Additionally, it caused your body to repair every scar and any breast tissue you had lost."

She tilts her head at him as she tweaks a nipple checking her own responsiveness. The doctor takes off his glasses and puts them in his coat pocket allowing her to become a little blurry. "The breast growth, leaving you at a G cup I believe, is the utilizing of your own estrogen which is produced during orgasm and taking advantage of the subtle swelling which naturally occurs in that state." She can tell from the look on his face and the way he had to remove his glasses that she is exciting the doctor. For all his composure he's still very much a man.

Still tweaking her nipples she replies huskily, "So basically while I was with him, every time I climaxed, my tits grew? What's the life cycle of the new bacteria?" She reaches down to her velvety folds and starts to work her first two fingers over them as she waits for an answer.

He coughs a moment trying to regain some composure, “About 4 hours outside of the patient. I tried to keep them alive in the proper environment, but once they leave his glands something in the mix puts the bacteria on the road to ruin. Maybe the same component that keeps the sperm alive in the acidic vaginal fluids slowly kills them. In addition you have also become immune to the bacteria in the process. I’ll have to do more tests to be certain.” The smell of her moistening pussy hits his nose and he shifts uncomfortably on the bed.

She beams with a smile knowing she’s affecting him, “I love it when you try to get all detached talking in scientific terms. I know you too well Doctor.” She moves close to him carrying the scent of her pussy closer. He rises from the bed attempting to stand, but doing so has the unintended consequence of bringing her new large chest almost into his face. “We’ve had sex before as you do with almost all of your breast augmentation cases. Not to mention your vaginoplasty cases.” She manages to push her left breast’s nipple up towards her mouth and, with a tilt of her head, keeps her eyes focused in the doctor’s eyes, watching his reactions as she flicks her tongue on the hard point before breaking eye contact to suckle her own nipple.

She turns her attention back to the doctor to see his pants can no longer hide his excitement. She moves closer, smiling seductively, pressing her bosom against the armor of his button-up dress shirt and white lab coat while murmuring “Now, let me help you relax because you haven’t laid a finger on me in over a month.” She undoes his leather belt before lowering herself to her knees so she can remove his pants and boxers. She is greeted with a sight that puzzles her slightly. She is used to the doctor’s nude form but she’s never seen him like this. She looks up at him and asks, “You tested the treatment on yourself?”



Without waiting for an answer she takes hold of his larger than before member in her soft hands, but she can’t stroke its entire nine inch length due to an upward bend two inches before the tip. “Does the bend hurt?”

Doctor Henry Goldwyn snorts at the nurse’s use of laymen’s terms and corrects her. “It appears to be a case of Peyronie’s Disease, but it still functions well without any discomfort. Though handling urination has become an interesting experience.” She kisses the tip as if curious if will be the same as she remembered it and starts to wonder just how she’s going to manage to get it all down like she used to. He adds, “It handles well enough for me anyway.”

He sighs as she starts to suck the glands of his penis but he continues to explain, “Apparently the low dose version of the treatment is not viable because there is no means to control the application of the serum for even cellular division. And when it is uncontrolled, you can get odd lump, left or right curves, or odd bends.” He sighs, seeming disappointed, at his own lack of foresight. “At some point I’m going to have to get myself adjusted.” He watches her as he speaks, noticing she’s having trouble taking

much of him into her mouth due to his bend. She looks up at him with her doe like brown eyes as she does he best to almost take him to the root. She later chooses that breathing is better and continues to work her mouth on the head while using her hand to stimulate his shaft. He lets of a soft grunt and continues, "Though potentially there is a chance for great stimulation of the Gräfenberg spot with direct vaginal stimulation."



He takes her head in his hands, easing her away from her oral ministrations and pleads with her, "Nurse Coptic, I need to give you a more thorough examination to ensure there haven't been any internal changes." He just steps out of his pants rather than bother to pull them up, his curved penis still seeming to be bobbing in two directions at once, pointing out and up.

Nurse Coptic hops up on bed knowing exactly what he wants to do. Her breasts jiggle as she shifts into position splaying her legs so the doctor can get the best access to her. He takes out a speculum from his lab coat and makes sure it's warm with his hand before inserting it into her pussy to have a very clinical look at her very aroused vagina. He thumbs her engorged cliterous and notes aloud, "larger than before." He contemplates this for a moment, "and the sensitivity?" He looks up to see that Nurse Coptic is too lost



in sensation and unable respond to his question as she pinches her right nipple with her right hand as she tries bring her left breast to her mouth for a lick. He merely grunts at her lack of professionalism and returns to his inspection with her cooing in pleasure. He looks down the speculum and says, "Well the cervix looks unchanged. Let's examine your sensitivity to your Gräfenberg spot."

He removes the speculum setting it aside, briefly inhaling and luxuriating in the scent of her excitement before shaking off the effects her scent has on him. He inserts his middle and ring fingers to her moist folds with his palm facing up and starts to move it around as he searches. Moments later the already aroused nurse shrieks in pleasure. He massages her a moment to see how quickly he

can bring her to climax and soon her stomach muscles contract as she orgasms under his ministrations. During the crash of her orgasm, she does something new. A gush of liquid squirts out from between her vaginal lips spraying the doctor's hand and arm. She screams some as she rides out the orgasm. He seems concerned by this, but his arousal has not subsided. He removes his slicked fingers from his trusted aid as she gasps and sighs in post orgasmic bliss. He takes out a sample dish from his lab coat's pocket and

gets what he can from his wet hand and arm into the dish. He puts the dish on the table with the speculum and then takes off his lab coat and dries his arm and hand with it before tossing it aside.

“Now Nurse Coptic, if you don’t mind. I have some unfinished business here to take care of,” he says as he approaches her with a nine inch throbbler that bounces as he walks. He teases her pussy a moment hitting her clit with his head of cock before easing his cock inside her pussy. He is unable to thrust himself down to the hilt as his curve prevents him from such depth. She cries out in pleasure as his bent cock touches places inside her she has never felt before with his opening thrust. He starts working his hips in a seesaws motion trying to make the best of his new cock and she coos in approval. It takes him a few thrusts before he finds her G-spot, but when he does, he starts to work on hitting it with each of his thrusts.

She starts moaning almost in time with his thrusts and starts speaking to him in obscenities every time he pulls back. “Yes. Fuck me. *uhhh* God. Yes. Right there. *Oohhh* I love your cock. *sigh*”



He changes the pace from quick thrusts to a slow ones and back again. He knows her buttons. He’s been over this territory before. He slaps her thigh knowing what the shock of pain will do for her pleasure. She gasps in

response. She gets into the moment saying, “Yes. Spank me. I’m a bad girl. Spoiled your project.” She seems determined to climax again pinching her left nipple with her left hand as she holds her left tit up to suckle its nipple. He smiles as enjoys watching her pleasure herself as much as he likes fucking her. He gives her clit a few rubs to just to make her cum sooner as her own hands are busy with new breasts. Her hands are keeping her breasts from jiggling around too much. He senses her approaching climax by the quiver of her vagina. He gives a sharp thrust then leans in to give her pinched nipple a lick as he pulls out slowly. She’s thrown over the edge by the change of pace and she shudders into her second climax. She tosses her head shouting something unintelligible and again squirts. She jets her fluid over his cock as he continues to pleasure her. As she does so her stomach flexes with each squirt and her body twitches. She has wetted the doctor invading hooked cock as he keeps on thrusting trying to near his own climax. The

smell of sex fills the room and the doctor smiles widely as he's managed well with his new member.



His face reddened as he pulls out with a jerk, panting as he tries to present his cock to the nurse, "Time . . . to collect . . . another sample."

Nurse Coptic knows that's his code words 'I'm cumming'. She slides her way over to side the bed to kneel at his feet. The first shot dribbles but she manages to catch the ejecting load on her uplifted breasts as she holds them up. She puts her mouth on the glands taking the rest of the load strait down her throat. It dribbles down from the corners of her mouth as she takes the sucks the remaining sperm out of him. She spit shines his cock clean before pulling him out with a smile cum still running from the corners of her mouth. She licks her lips and chin as if sperm was her favorite chocolate sauce. She cranes her neck to tongues each breast clean bringing each one in turn to her lips for a cleaning.

Looking back up at the doctor, she sees, he had already dressed and looks down at his nurse saying, "Best clean up Nurse Coptic." He smiled softly "You're going to be late for your next shift."

Chapter 3

Quietly opening the door, James Roberts scanned the new patient's room. He was still somewhat nervous since he hadn't been discharged from the treatment yet. From the doorway, he saw her relaxing in bed like a good little patient, her large multi-colored

leather bag resting on the only other piece of furniture, a table. These were spartan accommodations, except for the TV hanging from the ceiling, the TV that piped in porn 24/7 as part of the patient “therapy”.

He sized her up as she watched the porn. Evidently she didn’t see him for she was rubbing the crotch of her denim short shorts, aroused by what she was viewing. As he watched her, James could see a sliver of her pink panties exposed each time she moved her hips. Her blue, spaghetti-strapped tank top was tight around her form, outlining her erect nipples. Her skin was tanned and her hair was a blonde dye job cut in a short bob. She wasn’t fat or curvy, but what some would call thick, apparently still carrying some baby fat she had yet to lose. The Doctor knew what James liked.

She stopped when she saw him and smiled. Having been caught rubbing herself through her clothes did not embarrass her. Instead, she cast an appraising eye on him deciding he didn’t look too bad – a fit man of average height with silky brown hair and warm brown eyes. There was seemingly nothing remarkable about him at all, though she hoped something was.



Turning off the movie, she tossed the remote back to the table and then stood to greet the new arrival. “I guess introductions aren’t necessary, huh?” as she leered at the bulge growing in his pants. James wasn’t used to forward women, but he was taking a liking to it. “So you’re the guy Dr. Goldwyn talked about.” She had a sly smile and a smolder in her eyes. “He told me you love boobs.” She pulled up her blue tank top letting her unremarkable A-cup breasts come into view. She tweaked the nipples as she eased closer to him, “I want these to be some huge tits when we’re done.” She was almost kissing distance as he stood just watching her. “I have got to see what I’m working with!” Without any hesitation she went down on her knees and started unfastening his belt.

He tried to smile, joking nervously, “Bet you don’t say that to all the guys.” Then he unbuttoned his shirt knowing where this all was going to lead. He had his instructions. He knew what to do. She looked up at him with those piercing eyes and undid the button fly pants. After four of the button had been undone, she just got tired of waiting and pulled the pants down. His hard member nearly slapped her in the face as it sprang free from its confines. “Umm, yeah, underwear was kind of tight so I skipped it.” On her knees before his swollen foot-long cock, she looked up with her blues eyes in awe of its size and girth.

She eyed it from the side exclaiming softly, “Wow, I mean, the doc said big, but he didn’t say, HOW big!” Then she smiled like a kid in a candy store.

First she tried a hand to gage it for girth – her delicate fingers barely encompassed it. Then she rolled back the foreskin revealing the cock in its entirety. She studied it for a moment as if she questioned whether it would fit into her mouth! Finding herself at the perfect height, she removed her hand and attempted to take it in with her mouth alone. Her lips had just slid passed the glands when she found herself having trouble. Working only on the first four inches she steadied herself by holding his legs.

She tried to take him deeper but had trouble with his width. Her jaw began to ache so she backed off to just work the head. Swirling her tongue over the glands, she let spit drizzle out to lubricate the large prong. With one hand at the base, she used her thumb and index finger to pump the monster cock, working the spit all along the length. Once there is good lubrication going, her entire hand began pumping his already twitching member. With her other hand she fondled his swollen scrotum. As her mouth pulled back along his shaft, she used her teeth to lightly scrap the textured glands, causing him to grunt in pleasure and close his eyes to take in the pure sensation of her work. Just as he started to lose himself in the sensation, he remembered why he’s there. “Maybe we should do this on the bed so we can . . .” He didn’t get a chance to finish as she pulled him out from her lips with a soft pop.



She had been told what had to be done as well.

Easing up from her knees she said, “Good, cause this floor is killing my knees.” Smiling, her hand gave one last tug on his throbbing prong as she moved past him to the bed. Lying down, she smiled at him again and reclined on her back the way she had been when James first saw her playing with her crotch. Her small breasts sag a little to the left or right respectively. Joining her on the bed, he straddled her midsection and rested his swollen balls on her warm body between her breasts. Then he leaned in so she

could raise her lips up to his rod. Once her lips were around him, she tried a few new tricks to give him thrilling sensations. Rather than use her tongue, she switched to humming, using her teeth to vibrate his cock. He could only offer groans in protest. Then, in the heat of passion and without asking, she took one of her spit slicked fingers



and pushed it into his ass hitting his prostate. His flushed red face told her she hit the jackpot. He moved to her side and let out a grunt as she began jerking his cock rapidly to coax out her prize. It throbbed steadily in her hands as rivulets of clear fluid seeped from his cock head. His already wet cock became even slicker and she jerked him faster; her hands feeling him throb harder as the fluid arced out in a near steady stream.

The fluid hit her in the mouth first and she was caught off guard by the flavor. She liked it. Then she realized he hadn't fully cum yet. He pulled out of her hands and fired the first shots on her chest making a small pool which she massaged into her skin knowing the fluids

properties. But there was so much of it pools still remained, causing a soft burn start in her breasts. It was like a heating pad had been turned on to high heat and reached the maximum in seconds. The last pool started to vanish and the faint stretch marks on her skin faded away. As the nerve cells started to replicate themselves, it turned to a pleasurable hot tingling sensation. She moaned and lolled her. Her areola had begun to swell like they did when she was fifteen and her nipples responded next thickening as if her breast would lactate. Finally, her breasts as a whole swelled up, going from their former deflated A-cup to a buxom C-cup.



Looking at them, she smiled moaning, "Oh, oh yeah, good start." She was so distracted with her lovely new swells of flesh that she did not realize he had moved to position himself between her legs. He tapped the head of his prick on the damp panties that she was still wearing as if he was knocking before coming in, managing to hit her clit square on. She gasped for a moment and then her eyes went wide. He wasn't sure if it was a look of fear or hunger. Either way he liked it and wanted more.

She looked down at the large piece of man meat standing ready between her legs and compromised, "Umm, why don't you lay down so I can ease myself onto that bat you got down there." He shrugged and traded places with her. She stood on the side of the bed sizing him up as he made his cock point strait up for her to straddle more easily. She



thought to herself, "If he was any bigger I'd need a ladder." She climbed up on the bed and stood between his legs, then eased herself down reverse cowgirl style so she could control the depth of his penetration. Then she splayed her labia wide with her fingers and hissed with a sharp intake of breath as her body adjusted to taking in the thick tip of his cock. She tried to slowly feed his length into her wet pussy, making her way down his cock as in vaginal muscles adjusted to his girth. But, he was growing impatient and started trying to help her orgasm knowing the lubrication she would produce would ease her down.

He tried rubbing her clit and she moaned in protest, but managed to ease down a few more inches. She climaxed suddenly, eyes fluttering, pussy quivering in spasms. A soft flash of heat passed over her chest, but she

was too busy to give it any thought for at that moment he eased deeper into her. He used his hands to ensure she didn't hurt herself by closing her legs as her orgasm subsided. Now she sat on his stomach, panting, trying to regain control of the situation. But he gave her a few pistoning thrusts even though he had trouble getting a full range of motion in the current position. He found she was responding well and that she had to come often and hard



for this to be a "full" test. So within moments of his thrusts he reached around her, locating her g-spot. With just a flick of his fingertips, she started to orgasm again, going almost completely limp. Her chest flushed with warmth and color, but in her sensory overload, she didn't notice it. The smell and sounds of their sex filled the room.

Taking advantage of her limp state, he picked her up without pulling out, laying her face down on the bed. Just as she caught her breath, he pulled back until only the head of his cock was still inside her. Then he thrust hard into her pussy admiring how her enlarged breasts were now visible at her sides. A shot of pain seemed to run through her when he hit her cervix and it caused her to cry out moaning protests. James tried to re-measure his thrust, not wanting to hurt her. At his deepest penetration, he still had almost two inches remaining outside her velvet folds. Slowly, he pulled out again.

Her mind awash in pain and pleasure and she gulped air, trying to catch her breath. On each down stroke she felt like he was sucking out her very core and on each upstroke the pressure and pleasure was intense. She struggled to get up on



her arms and offered encouragement, “Don’t . . . stop . . . ever.” She repeated the phrase over and over as if it was a mantra. She finally managed to stay up on one elbow, propping herself up to look back at him. He was holding her by the waist to better measure his thrusts. She reached back trying to open herself more, wanting to take him in fully. When he accidentally hit her cervix again, fireworks went off in her mind. She climaxed again, remembering to breathe only after the fireworks had faded. Then she felt the warmth in her chest, her enlarged tits jiggling and swaying with each of his thrusts.



He grinned proudly at her, “You want to watch...” Grunting with exertion, he continued thrusting, “...don’t you?” He didn’t wait for a reply

for she was no longer speaking words of encouragement, but babbling and moaning. Taking hold of her legs, he rolled her to her back and began thrusting again. He saw her propped up on her elbows trying to get a better view of his oversized organ stroking into her. With each thrust her new breasts bounced seductively. He loved watching her tits wobble in front of him. He felt so in charge, empowered for the first time in his life!



He felt himself hurtling toward the edge, but wanted to get her off one more time, so he focused his mind and put his hand on her pubic bone, thumbing her clit as he drove into her. With her left leg resting on his right shoulder and his right hand keeping it in place, he tried to distract himself with other thoughts as his orgasm approached.

With some of his weight on her pubic bone she felt a new sensation. She felt like she had the urge to pee yet she could feel another orgasm about to crash through her. A worried look briefly filled her eyes as she didn’t want to pee on him, but she didn’t want the sex to stop either. Those thoughts evaporated as she threw her head back, crying out from the orgasm that claimed all reason. For the first time in her life, she squirted as she came, spraying him and the bedding with her wetness and adding more lubrication to their sex. Her convulsing pussy and the sight of her squirting makes him lose all his distractions and loose his seed.



Wordlessly he grunted as he came inside her and there he remained, taking deep breaths until he was able to calm down. When he finally did pull out of her pussy, instead of gravity coming into effect, the sheer volume of cum let loose could not be contained within her. It started with a flow that he had only heard of, never actually seen, called “back splash.” Grinning, he watched as it slowed to a trickle.



Panting, she slowly came down from her own orgasm. Not only did she feel the warmth in her chest, but she also felt like she had gotten a hot douche. All over her body, her skin felt simultaneously itchy and tingly. From what she could see, her skin cleared itself from every blemish she ever had. Her clit still throbbed and her breasts felt like they were expanding. She gazed at her new melons, fondling and groping them in awe. Looking across the bed, she gave him a soft smile as she contemplated how she was going to enjoy getting one more monster load out of him.

“You have . . . got too . . . stick that . . . bad boy right up my ass,” she panted.

He hesitated at that. Anal play wasn’t normally something he enjoyed, but he was instructed beforehand that it needed to be done. He glanced at the table to see if there was any lube handy.

“Check my bag. I brought some,” she grinned widely.



He nodded at her and went to the table; his unending hard-on, still wet from their sex, pointing the way. In her bag he found a large tube next to an even larger vibrator. He paused at the vibrator, wondering how often she used that thing and where, before shaking his head and returning his attention to the lube. He examined the tube for a moment and then slathered some lube on his already slicked cock.

She walked over to where he stood and bent over the edge of the bed. He couldn’t help but notice that her pussy was still glazed with his jism. “Put some around my ass first,” she ordered. He then realized the lube was more for her ass not his cock, so he did as she commanded and lubed her anus with his finger.

Then he used two of his fingers to ease her tight ass open, working them into her rectum before pulling his hand away. He offered a soft smile and for a moment he hesitated, "Hope you ready for this."

"I had an enema recently. Impale me," was her reply - that and a shake of her ass against his hard cock. His fears of getting shit-stained abated and he started to ease himself into her sphincter. She moaned as he applied steady pressure against her ass. When he finally eased up, she looked back at him with a smile.



"That was just the head." He heard her sigh, as if she suddenly realized how much more they had to go. "You're just so damn tight. This is going to take a while."

She looked at the clock. The window for her growth was shrinking. She did her best to relax her anus and accept him inside her bowels. He moved slowly, as if he knew knowing this could not be comfortable for her. But she could tell the tightness of her ass was making him hot for more room to thrust. She softly moaned and gasped as he pressed further into her. He held onto her hips as he slowly made way up her anus. When he seemed to have about six inches of his massive cock deep within her, he began to thrust in and out. She tried to help him by spreading her legs wider. As she rubbed her clit, she could feel the orgasm building, as she knew it would.



His thrusts loosened her shit chute and he found himself penetrating deeper and deeper into her tight bottom. He grimaced, thinking he should have a slower trigger since he'd fired off twice already, but she was so tight he felt his resistance eroding away. Thankfully so were her rectal muscles. She moaned in near synch with his thrusts. When he was finally balls deep he asked her, "Could you hop on the bed and roll over now? I want to try this doggie style for better penetration"

With him cock deep in her ass, she nearly complained, "Just keep fucking me!" But she moved quickly onto the bed, a bit mad that she was losing her buzz from changing positions. When she felt his meaty cock plunge back into in her ass, her buzz was right back on top again. He started thrusting in earnest then, grabbing one of her breasts and pinching a swollen nipple until she was sore. She liked it. All was forgiven.

He worked up to a rhythm, then changed the pacing knowing if he built up his orgasm it would be better for her. She reached back with her free hand and started rubbing her clit, slicked with sex juice and throbbing beyond its hood. His balls swung wildly, hitting her hand and clit as she fingered it and they began to swell, signaling his impending release. She felt a new sensation that threw her over the edge. Her sphincter flexed and throbbed as she came, wetting her hand and his balls. She could not see the growth of her breasts, for he had pressed her down onto the mattress, but she could feel the pressure from her fingers still pinching her nipple.

As he worked closer to his own orgasm, thrusting at full length he moaned, "Gonna bury . . . this load. . . .Soooo deep." He grunted thrusting more quickly as his pre-cum slicked her bowels. He was past the point of no return.



She heard him panting as she goaded him onwards, "Give it *grunt* to me. Give me *gasp* my hot white enema." She had never had this much sex nor had it ever been this intense. She orgasmed right then, the pleasure exploding through her so forcefully that she forgot to breathe caught in sensory overload of pleasure.

He was too busy to notice as he climaxed himself, filling her bowels with untold amounts of his semen. Then he pulled out, admiring his work for a moment. With a proud smile he chimed, "Was it good for you too?" It was only then he realized he had fucked her so hard that she had stopped breathing. He had literally fucked the life out of her. She gasped finally breathing on her own again. Her breasts rose and fell with each breath she took. With her breathing on her own, he sighed thinking that maybe they should both rest. He cleaned off his slowly fading hard on and started to get dress. She was in no shape to continue.

As he prepared to leave, pants on and the rest of his clothes in hand, he wondered just how big she would be when she woke. With the bed's blankets drawn over her, He stole a last look at her sleeping form and exited the room. He only hoped that she would be happy with how she would look as he left the room.

