

It was about 7 PM and I was lying on my bed thinking of something to do when I heard a knock at my door. Shaking my head to clear my drowsiness, I got up and quickly crossed the short distance to the door. Drawing the door open slightly, I found a woman standing just outside.

“Hi. We met the other night during the fire alarm. Can I come in?” she said.

I stepped back to let her into my apartment, pulling the door open. I remembered her. We *had* met a few days ago, when the whole building had to be evacuated due to someone’s botched attempt at dinner. I had tried to put a good amount of distance between myself and the shrieking alarms. She had apparently had the same idea, and came to stand a little ways down the street from me. Having neglected to grab my cell phone on the way out, I decided the best way to escape the frustration of waiting for the firefighters was to strike up a conversation.

We hit it off pretty well. We didn’t have more than a few minutes to talk before heading back to our respective apartments, but I could tell there was a lot to like about her. She was friendly, engaging, and more than willing to exchange some good-natured sarcasm over our situation. A quick once-over as she was watching the firefighters enter the building gave me a few more things to like about her. She was a little on the short side – I’d guess around 5’3”, going off a rough estimate from my 6’2”. She wore her light brown hair back, letting it reach to just past her shoulders. Seeing her in a t-shirt and shorts made me thankful for living in a warm climate. Her shirt was baggy, but from what I could see of the outline of her torso and the definition in her arms and calves told me she was no stranger to the gym. As the alarm was replaced by a relaxing quietness and people started returning to the building, I got a good look at her from behind. Her shorts were filled out rather generously, with hips that spread out a good ways to either side. I quickly glanced over her round butt, tracing down past solid thighs to her powerful calves, snapping out of it to give a friendly nod to the frowning firefighter at the door, still-smoking frying pan in his hand.

As we got back in to the lobby, she turned to say goodbye. Her eyes, a light brown like her hair, portrayed a light-hearted, entertained look, with a little hint of something else I couldn’t put my finger on. At this point I realized I probably should’ve asked for her number. I took a hard swallow and felt my brain seize up on itself. I was still cursing myself as I walked into my apartment a few minutes later, barely having been able to stammer out my apartment number, “in case she needed anything.” Stupid. I figured that was last I would see of her.

“You told me I should come see you if I needed anything,” She stated, looking down at her feet, then off to the side, distractedly. She leaned back against the edge of the door, pushing it back and forth slightly. Still working through the surprise of seeing her at my door, I started to wonder at why she had come wearing a bulky jacket, in spite of the fact that it was nearly 70 out. Not to mention that she didn’t even have to go outside to get here.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“Well, it’s kind of hard to believe, and kind of embarrassing, but...” she stated as she leaned back, shutting the door and pulling down the zipper on her coat. What I saw next far outweighed the shock of the unexpected visit. There was no way I had missed those! She may have been wearing a baggy shirt, but no t-shirt could hide *those*. The shirt she was wearing under her coat looked big enough to fit my

lanky frame comfortably, yet it showed visible signs of stress on her. I knew my wide eyes and slightly open mouth would give me away instantly, but I couldn't help but stare.

"See, I said it was embarrassing," she said meekly. "They... just grow like this sometimes. That's why I came to you. I need your help to get them back to normal."

"Oh, uh, how?" I managed to stammer out.

"Well," she continued, looking down at her feet again. "I need...your semen."

"Wait, what? How does that even..."

"How did my breasts get like this?" She replied, settling her elbows to her side and pushing her tits up and out for emphasis. "I don't really know how it works, but I just know that's what will make them normal again. Please?"

I froze. If I thought my mind locked up the last time I talked to her, it was nothing compared to this. "I, uh," was all I managed to get out, her looking up into my eyes, me looking down at her shirt bulging out several inches from her chest. Suddenly, her shirt seemed to bulge out further. The creases running across the front grew tighter. I tore my eyes away from her front to find a panicked look in her eyes.

"It's still happening. Please, I really need to put some semen on these. Before they're too heavy to carry," she pleaded.

Her desperate expression brought me back. "Okay, I'll help you," I replied. Immediately she thanked me and started pulling her shirt up over her head. I was momentarily startled to see she had no bra on underneath, until I realized it would be weirder if she *did* have a bra that could fit her at this size. I don't think I'll ever forget the sight of those breasts coming out from that shirt. Faintly golden flesh curved down, down, almost to her navel, capped with modestly-sized pinkish-brownish areolae and stubby nipples the thickness of a pencil eraser.

"Well? You need to take your clothes off too," she said, having already gotten her shirt off and starting to pull off her pants. Still watching her tits swing as she bent forward, I started fumbling at my belt and pulling my pants down over my awakening member. I unconsciously saved my shirt for last, wanting never to have to take my eyes of the wonder before me.

She threw her pants off to the side and walked past me into my modest studio. Somewhere in the back of my mind I thanked myself for having tidied up earlier that week. She only seemed to have eyes for my bed, though. I hastily flung off the rest of my clothes and moved to join her, my dick like a divining rod pointed straight at her as she sat on the bed, one leg tucked under the other.

I reached the bed and sat down, leaning back with my arms supporting me from behind. She turned around to face me, the upper parts of her breasts pressed close between her arms, the bottoms swinging side-to-side a few inches from the surface of the bed. My penis and my face fought for blood supply as she moved to plant her two large lobes squarely over my crotch. As she started to shuffle her breasts up and down, I fought back a gasp at the sheer power of the sensation.

She went at it for a couple minutes, her large, soft breasts rolling up and down around my cock. The situation didn't feel quite right to me, though. "I was thinking," I started, "this feels great for me, and your breasts will go back to normal at the end, but I'll still be leaving you high and dry, so to speak." She

paused what she was doing and raised her head, giving me an intent look. "I just – feel like I should reciprocate. I've never done this before, but they say that the tongue is the strongest muscle in the body, and...." A mouth curved up into a wicked grin, the intent look still in her eyes. Without a word, she shifted over, bringing both legs to one side of me, scooped forward and turned around. I was reminded of just how nice her ass was, as she centered it in front of me, the soft flesh jiggling slightly before coming to rest. She moved her knees farther apart and presented her now moist vagina to me. The difference in our heights being what it was, I had to lean forward a bit to reach, but after the first bit of contact between my lips and hers she shifted and I suddenly found it much easier. "Just let me know what works and what doesn't okay?" I added before starting in earnest, but she was already back to plying her breasts around my penis.

I was in heaven! I had never felt anything quite like this. Her breasts flowing around my cock, applying pressure here, teasing with a light brushing there. And she really knew how to hit the sweet spots. I did my best to pay her back in kind, and was met with some approving grunts and an occasional moan. To my surprise, her pussy tasted almost...sweet. I had been hesitant at first, not knowing what waters I was diving into, but I was soon giving her a fervent tongue-lashing, grabbing on to her generous hips in my eagerness. I usually pride myself on my stamina, but when I felt her tits growing again a few minutes in, I nearly lost it then and there. As it was, it did not take long at all before I reached the tipping point. The raw feeling, the allure of this mysterious woman, the increasingly frequent moans and rare squeal validating the job I was doing, and above all the thought of her breasts growing once again sent me spurting up through her cleavage, my hips bucking slightly. The action down there kept going for another couple minutes, her making sure no drop of cum was missed, me wistfully trying to eke every bit of mind-numbing pleasure I could until I could feel my penis start to relax. My cumming seemed to be a catalyst for her, as she reached her climax just as I was settling down.

Finally, after she rode out the last vestiges of her orgasm, she pulled away from my still-prodding tongue and got up from the bed. I watched her start walking around the counter to what counted as my kitchen, a smile on my face and in my heart as I watched her breasts, slightly visible from behind, sway with each step. Wait. Breasts big enough to see from behind? The smile quickly dropped off my face. I got off my bed and went after her as she started rooting through my cabinets for a glass.

"Wait, weren't your breasts supposed to go back to normal?" I asked. She stopped and turned around to face me. As I got within a few feet of her, I did another mental double take. She looked me in the eyes, her head barely inclined. The top of her head was at my eye level now. I took a step back, staggering from the challenges to my perception.

"I may have lied to you earlier," she said, the same devilish smile as before returning to her face. "You see, my breasts do grow, but not on their own. I happen to have the rather... unique talent of being able to change the size of various parts of my body. The semen you gave me earlier gives me the energy to grow more. Of course, that's not the only way. That orgasm you gave me was a nice bonus, too." She was smiling even more broadly now, a triumphant look taking over from the former mischievous one.

"Unfortunately, all that energy leaves me a bit bloated for a while. I'm going to have to 'digest' for a bit before I can shrink down again." Looking down, I could see what she meant. Her tits now eclipsed her belly button and stuck out farther to the sides and outward to boot. Her nipples looked redder, more engorged, and if anything, more eager. As I stared at them, still at a loss for words, I noticed her breasts start to recede. At the same time, her hips and ass seemed to be pushing out bit by bit. By the time her

tits were back to the size they were when she first showed up, her hips were beyond generous. “Those were getting just a bit too hard to manage. I’ll just keep all that energy down here for now,” she said, giving her right hip a hearty slap that sent reverberations rippling across her smooth skin all the way to the left.

“Sorry if I used you a bit there, but it seemed like you enjoyed it. You wouldn’t mind lending me some spare seed from time to time, would you?” she asked, her eyes boring straight into mine. “Of course, I wouldn’t mind getting more acquainted with that, what did you say it was, ‘strongest muscle’ of yours?” she added. It all clicked into place in my head. The oddly convenient timing with which her breasts grew. The way she seemed to go from embarrassed to nearly aggressive once I agreed to help. The sweet taste of her vaginal juices that was in no small part responsible for the ferocity with which I ate her out. How it had suddenly become easier to reach her vagina. One quick glance around my apartment was enough to confirm my last suspicion – I spotted her coat, shirt and pants, not far from the door, but not a single trace of underpants.

“I’ll let you know the second I’m up for round two,” I said. She had laid the perfect trap for me. And I loved it.