

Vignettes in the Life of Karen.  
by FlashBigger

1.

Though it had been going on for some time, Karen would later remember the dream as the real start of the whole thing.

She'd never had an erotic dream before, let alone one that made her orgasm, but she did that night. The dream itself was a blur: pornographic images and sensations of wild, lust filled, dirty, ball slappy sex. She was with a man, then two men, then a woman. She was tied up, she was violently beating one of the men, she was fucked front, back, and sideways.

Nothing clear ever surfaced, until, just before six in the morning, right as a woman pinched her nipple sharply, Karen woke in a screaming, sweaty, humdinger of an orgasm. She sat upright in bed, one hand between her thighs, the other at her tit, and felt her pussy convulse as pleasure shot through her.

After a few moments of confusion, her eyes made out the shapes of her dorm room and she relaxed, taking a few moments to catch her breath and be thankful her roommate was sleeping at her boyfriends.

She looked down. "Oh, not again... When are you two going to stop this?" she asked her tits - her overly full, definitely swelling tits. It wasn't a huge difference, but she could still tell that they were slightly bigger than the day before.

For the past three months, they'd been at it. At the start of the whole process, she'd been a perky B cup. But, though her band size hadn't budged above a 32, she was almost done with her new D cup. Another week, at most, and she'd have graduated to the fabled double D.

She stood and crossed to the mirror to check for stretch marks - a habit she'd picked up in the last month or so - but they were still just as perky and perfect as ever. They were just... bigger.

Crossing back to her bed, Karen pondered her dream and her thunderous awakening. True, she'd been getting more and more worked up lately, but it had been a long time. Almost five months at this point. Particularly when her boobs had decided to restart their development, Karen had opted out of dating for the time being.

Between classes, part time job, and the changes her body had been going through, adding men into the mix had just seemed like too much trouble. But, about two weeks ago, she'd started to seriously crave the cock. Usually only for a bit - flashes of horny lust that would fade when she focused on what she was doing. But... maybe it had been getting more serious than all that. Combined with the spectacular development in her chest, maybe she was suffering some kind of hormonal imbalance...

She sighed, climbed back in bed, and resolved to get another hour's sleep before truly waking.

2.

Two weeks later, Karen woke with one hand at her clit. It had been more and more common to wake up this way. She swung her legs out of bed and crossed to the mirror against her closet, pulling her night shirt off as she went. Her tits bobbed from the motion and she purred at her reflection. The double D was already getting tight, and her hands ran up and down their perky, bouncy volume, enjoying the piercingly erotic feeling it gave her. She let her palms linger over her nipples, letting them just graze her soft hands, shivering at the sensation.

A doctors visit had found nothing wrong with her other than slightly elevated hormones. For the time being, her doc had suggested a wait and see approach. Three days later, she'd crossed a sensual line where she no longer cared about how it was happening. It had started to become... a wondrous journey. A sexual evolution.

Looking at her trim figure, long sexy legs, flaring sensually at the hip, huge firm boobies filling her out from mid-rib to just below the collar bone, and lusty eyed stare, Karen resolved to get laid that night.

3.

Karen slid out of bed, delighted to find that her boobs were still filling out - slightly more delighted than she'd been the day before, and slightly more sexually addicted to her own body. It had been another three weeks and she had blossomed, positively blossomed, under her new daily sexual adventures. Three weeks, two and a half cup sizes. Two months ago, she didn't even know they MADE a G cup, but she was well on her way to needing one.

They had started to droop, finally, about a week ago, and she could now pass the pencil test for the first time in her life. She doubted if many women made it to a 32EE before gravity finally began to take hold.

After gazing at herself, she cheerily slid out of her dorm room in nothing but her panties, and crossed down the hall to the shower room. She'd done this a few times so far - once, her hopeful fantasy of running into some lucky stud who would play along like they were in a porno had actually come true. Today, all was quiet.

She slid into the hot water and eagerly began to soap her hands. Suds overflowing her palms, she set her soap aside and grabbed her tits with gusto, not even bothering with her nethers. She knew, already, that this would be more than enough. She slid her hands from the bottom of her rib cage, up and out along the burstingly full fun bags hanging from her chest, and slowly let them slide from her hands as she dragged her palms upward. Her cunt spasmed in a sort of mini-orgasm that made her gasp.

She hoisted them in her hands and then mashed them together, cooing at the abundant cleavage she presented. Then she took each of her nipples between forefinger and thumb and playfully pinched. This sent a shock down her spine and she really did cum, going weak in the knees. She moaned and began to twist and pull them, feeling her pussy tighten and contract, orgasming as deliciously as she ever had. After a moment, she began to slide her hands up and down their slick expanses, nearly going mad with the sensations this awarded her.

At last, after only two minutes in the hot spray, she collapsed to the floor and began to

furiously finger herself as her free hand mashed as much boob as it could mash. Reaching a point that was somewhere between orgasm and death, she gasped deeply for air, tensing every muscle in her body, and blacked out for five minutes, slumped against the stall wall.

As she made her way back to her room, she felt lucky she hadn't drowned.

4.

The feeling of a rock hard cock between her humungous tits brought her to reality, a month and a half later. She began to moan and adjusted her position to squeeze the enormous monsters together around the fat shaft of man meat.

Her lover - Dave? Don? - whispered a light, "Oh, fuck yeah..." in reverence, and began to pump more vigorously. It had been slightly more than a month since she'd owned a bra that fit - why keep paying, she'd reasoned, when she was clearly just going to keep outgrowing them?

Gravity still had little enough control over them, anyway. Karen opened her eyes and looked up at the man in the pale morning light. Then, only having to slightly look down, she just took in the image of her own massive boobs, nipples pointed skyward, as Dave/Don continued his titfuck.

The sex was making them grow more quickly, she'd decided. The more often she did it, the more often she came, the more she would notice the effects the next morning. Of course, they were always growing. Some days, she was sure they were noticeably larger in the evenings than when she'd awoken. But it was far easier to notice after a full eight- or more often, these days, ten- hours of going without seeing them.

When the mans hands replaced her own, and began to roughly mash her nipples, Karen began to softly scream, orgasm instantly overtaking her. She knew it was unnatural. She knew it was probably even unhealthy. It shouldn't be nearly this easy to cum. But she could. And, despite how much it had started to get in the way, she just couldn't seem to get enough.

Don grinned down like he was somehow a sexual demigod for being able to bring her to climax so easily. Karen could care less as the massive lashes of orgasmic energy ripped through her. Let this guy think whatever he wanted.

5.

A mere two weeks later, Karen would have officially filled an M cup bra, were she to care about such paltry things. The fact was, she'd woken up with a plan this morning. Yesterday, having someone bump into her in the hall, as she was on her way out to try and make it to class, had set her off. The poor girl had thought she'd somehow injured Karen as the over-stimulated nymph had collapsed to the floor, her panties soaking in her love juice.

She'd done enough research on the net to know what they called this. PSAD, or Persistent Sexual Arousal Disorder. She'd read dozens of pages of horror stories over how unbearable it could become... And she'd decided that she needed to do something about it.

Classes, job, friends, family... these things already seemed so far away... so much less important than the needs of her body. But, even through all of this, Karen, herself, didn't WANT to get medical help.

She'd isolated herself. Sat down away from anything sexual, and really thought things through. In the end, she knew that she'd created a kind of mental prison for herself without ever meaning to. It was her tits. Watching them grow, she'd become sexually-no, it was deeper than that... Sexually, emotionally, even intellectually fixated on them. At first, over how large they were becoming. But now, over how they were growing altogether. The actual size wasn't as important as the growth. As the knowledge that she was bigger now than she was yesterday - hell, bigger now than an hour ago. Constantly bigger.

It wasn't that she didn't care for her own well being. She did care. Deeply. She just didn't want to get over her addiction. She didn't want to gain perspective and focus on other things. Karen wanted to cum. She wanted servants to sexually devote themselves to her pleasure, as she watched her tits grow bigger... and bigger... and bigger.

They were still firm, still so perfectly shaped - round, but with just enough hang to appear fully natural. But they were so deliciously fat and full. And her once tiny nipples had kept pace, only falling slightly behind. Each was actually quite massive. Where once she'd had pencil eraser nipples of a delicate pink, she now had thumb tip sized nubs of a darker, more aroused red.

But, against the backdrop of her stomach-concealing mega glands, they were still actually quiet small. Pointed slightly up and outward from center, they were permanently erect these days.

The rest of her had grown toned and vigorous from her voracious sexual escapades, and when she came, the amount of lubricant she was producing had increased as well. From getting slightly more wet, when this had all begun, to the point where her juices would run from thigh to ankle when she got off.

And so, after a lot of careful thought and self control, Karen had made up her mind. She didn't call her parents. She didn't let any of her friends know. She didn't cancel her meal plan, or drop out of classes. She didn't even leave a note behind. She simply gathered up what clothes she could fit into her bag, emptied her bank account of money, and got on a train, where she'd rented a private compartment, bound for Las Vegas.

6.

"It's two grand, mate, and that's that."

The john balked. "That's too much. I mean, I know the stories, but - two grand? That's... no lay is worth that.

Jenna sighed. He was one of THOSE guys. "Alright, look, I'll make you a deal. You let me put these hand cuffs on you, so I make sure you're not touching yourself, and I'll let you watch her next session. You can decide, after you see it."

The businessman looked at her shrewdly. "You're just going to grab my wallet and run."

Melissa gasped. "Sir! This is a place of business!! How long do you think we'd stay open if we were robbing our customers? This isn't some illegal, backwoods whore house! We've been open and in legal business for more than six years!"

Jenna nodded. "Sorry, mate. It's the rules. You can watch from the observation room. And I won't put the cuffs on you. But if your hand makes it to your cock, you owe us two fifty for the

show."

At last, the man gave in. He put his hands behind his back and Jenna firmly locked them together. Then she showed him into a dimly lit room, sat him down, and peaked behind a curtain on the wall in front of him. "Just a minute... last customer is just finishing up."

"Karen better be every bit as amazing as I hear she is."

Jenna smiled savagely at him. "You have no idea, mate. I'm the luckiest woman in the world that I get her to myself after we close."

After another few minutes, Jenna pulled the curtains open. The john's jaw hit the floor.

Karen had come to Madam Zofia's about six months before, and had quickly made a name for herself. The insatiable fuck. The perfect sexual partner. After a few months, she'd found a kind of zen state that she entered when she was getting laid. Coming constantly, being set off by the most minor of touches, she no longer siezed and shook. She just panted and rolled through them, cooing and moaning and coaxing her partners through their adventures together. Her cunt flowed copiously during this state of constant orgasm, and she drank more than five liters a day, just during the working day, to make up for it.

Physically, she had... become something else. Her eyes were clear, piercing, and hungry. Her face was fuller, more rounded, her lips full and succulent. In fact, being on a high protein diet, all of her had filled out, from her plump, but firm ass, to her slight tummy. Everything had softened slightly over an amazingly firm musculature. Her hips were rounded, her thighs thick and powerful.

But her jugs. Her boobs. Her tits, her mountains... From collar bone to crotch, Karen was all boob. Standing, they hung to her ever engorged clit, and jutted out more than two feet in front of her. They thrust out proudly beyond the expanses of her arms so that their breathtaking size could be clearly judged from any angle.

They were round, firm, and together they amounted for more than a third of her total weight. She knew that, before the year was out, they would outweigh the rest of her.

Currently, she was sitting up on a double king sized bed, back against the backboard. She was nude. He could see nothing but her head, shoulders, and legs. Everything else was lost behind her behemoth breasts.

The man's cock was instantly rock hard in his pants and he shifted forward on his seat, gasping at the sight of her. Each nipple was almost as thick as his cock, and about three inches long. They appeared tiny on the glorious globes that covered her body and hid her womanhood entirely from view.

Jenna smiled at his reaction, then glanced over her shoulder. "Ah, here comes her next customer." She reached over and pressed a red switch, which began to glow. From the speaker beneath it, they could now hear Karens sensual sighs and moans.

The door had opened. It was two or three long moments before the man noticed that her next customer was also a woman. He let out a slightly amazed, "Huh..." and watched with unbridled interest and passion.

Jenna nodded. "Get's almost as many fillies and she does studs... But are you surprised?"

The john shook his head. He found it hard to believe that anyone would resist Karen.

Karen brightened as the woman came into view. "Oh! Clarissa! I'm glad to see you!!"

The woman shuddered in excitement, hurriedly unbuttoning her shirt. The man never noticed how sizeable the customers own breasts were. They may as well not have been there. "Oh, Karen... It's been too long... I couldn't sleep since the last time I was here. I think I'm... I'm-oh, Karen. I'm in love with you. I'm obsessed with you...!"

She had stripped down and was standing indecisively at the foot of the overly large bed. She had tears standing out in her eyes.

Karen warmly smiled at her, extending her arms over her giant tits and ushering the woman forward. "Don't worry sweetie. I'll always be here for you when you need me."

The woman gave a single sob and practically jumped on top of Karen, her body pressing desperately against Karen's massive left tit. She rubbed her face and chest against the wall of flesh, moaning and whimpering. Karen's eyes rolled into her head and she moaned a long, sensual moan.

"Yes... please, Clarissa... yes... the nipple..."

Clarissa looked up pleadingly before dipping back down and drawing the huge nub between her lips. Karen arched her back as much as she could under the sizeable weight of her breasts, and wrapped both arms around the womans head.

The man shook his head, trying desperately to contemplate what he was seeing. The womans head seemed so small next to that tit... They actually made the whole woman seem small, somehow.

"Two thousand will be fine," he croaked. It was barely above a whisper.

7.

Karen sighed as her last customer of the day finished up. He was a first timer, but he'd paid ten grand to have her for a full five hours. He hadn't been able to work up an erection for the last hour of it, but that hadn't stopped him from nearly going crazy as he had sucked, slobbered, and worshipped at her tits.

It was nice to have some quiet. Six more months of further growth, further stimulation, had seen her boobs at last overtake the rest of her. If they had been mountainous before, now they were like separate continents now. Of course when, three months ago, Karen had unexpectedly started to lactate, they'd really taken off.

In hindsight, she supposed it was inevitable after all the stimulation they received. In fact, she was surprised it had taken that long.

Jenna showed the man out, patiently listening to him babble as he collected his clothing from the floor and followed her to a bathroom to shower and clean up.

Melissa peaked in. "Still? Really? I mean, five hours, and he didn't empty you out?"

Karen smiled looking at the fat streams of milk still slowly pulsing from her tits, in time with her heartbeat. "You know, other than the once or twice you and Jenna have managed it, I don't

think they've EVER been empty."

Melissa grinned. "And we only got them that way with pumps. And they were spilling out again an hour later."

Karen patted the side of one six foot sphere. It wobbled, throwing her back into a wave of orgasmic joy and causing both nipples to forcefully spray milk for a moment or two.

Jenna came back in. "So... You ready, my love?"

Karen bit her lip. "Oh God... I spend all day cumming, and I STILL can't wait for work to be over... for you two to come in."

Each woman smiled, stripping off their clothes. Simultaneously, they climbed onto the specially designed bed and positioned themselves over her throbbing nipples.

Together, they spoke: "One... two... three."

They sank down, nipples sliding eagerly into their waiting cunts. All three women moaned in joy.

Melissa took Jenna's hand and they began to rock forward and backward in an alternating rhythm. Across the bed from them, Karen let go of her normal control and sank backward into a heaven of sensations. She eagerly pulled a large vibrator from the shelf above her and maneuvered it into her pouring snatch.

Jenna gasped. "Oh Jesus... I'm already close... Your nips are getting... almost TOO big..."

Karen pumped herself in short, quick thrusts, each timed with the thrust of one of her two lovers. She couldn't speak - she was well past that point.

Melissa nodded. "Oh yes... so big... I can't wait... for tomorrow... You'll be even... BIGGER!!!"

Karen screamed out at the word. It usually had that reaction on her. After another five or six minutes, lost inside of the pleasure, Karen mentally clawed her way back.

She gradually got her eyes to go back into focus. She gradually took herself away from the unimaginable sensations. She looked on as two amazingly gorgeous women fucked her tits, lost in their own rapture.

"Do you think... do you think they'll ever get TOO big?"

Jenna stiffened and Karen felt her pussy clamp powerfully down on the long teat. She shuddered, a motion which sent Melissa after her. Melissa began to scream as multiple, powerful orgasms overtook her.

After a long minute, they each slumped forward, grasping Karen's gigantic abundance. At last, Melissa looked up.

"Honey... you're one of a kind. I hope you go on growing forever."

Karen sighed, thinking back briefly on that first erotic dream, what seemed like a million years ago. It had been fifteen months, to the day. "I hope so too."