Extra-Curricular Activities

“Mrs. Jessica?” I asked as I peeked into the room. The door was closed and the room was dark, but the English teacher had asked me to stop by after school. I thought the whole situation was strange; teachers only ever asked kids to stay after school for tutoring or extra credit, but Mrs. Jessica said that this wasn’t the case for me.

“Come on in, Josh,” the voice came from inside the room. “I’m just finishing up some grades. I’ll be with you in a minute.” I stepped into the classroom and saw the top of her head sticking out from behind her laptop. I sat down at a nearby desk with a furrowed brow, still trying to figure out why she had asked me to come here as I set my backpack down beside me. I had gotten an A on every paper, and the only time I talked in class was after I had gotten all my work done.

As I contemplated the reason for my being here, my eyes drifted around the classroom, and were eventually led to the sight of Mrs. Jessica typing behind her computer. She was a young teacher; only in her twenties or early thirties, she showed very few signs of age. Of course, a lot of males took her class just because she was something pretty to look at. While the blonde-haired, green-eyed, Swedish-looking teacher was certainly attractive, I was more focused on my grades than on “figures”, so to speak. Still, I took notice of her features as my eyes drifted lazily around the classroom.

The computer lights danced over her shoulder-length blonde hair as it cascaded down and gave her oblong face a wonderful frame. Her thin, high-arched eyebrows gave her green eyes their own frames, and between them her small nose led down to average lips coated in pink lipstick. She was wearing a small, plain gold chain necklace around her neck, which she wore over a green satin shirt with a black jacket. She was wearing dark blue jeans, and her high-heeled boots were brown. I could see why the guys liked to take her class; not only was she easy on the eyes, but she knew how to dress, as well.

I started as she called me over without moving her eyes from the computer. “Come over here, Josh. I have something to show you.”

I stood up from my seat slowly, suddenly tired from the day. I walked over to Mrs. Jessica’s desk and was surprised to find it clean. I found that strange; Mrs. Jessica’s desk was always cluttered with numerous sticky notes, papers to grade, and other office supplies. However, other than her laptop, her desk was devoid of all objects. Still puzzled by that fact, I turned to look at the computer monitor.

The monitor was displaying a huge graph, part of which was highlighted. After a few moments, I realized it was Mrs. Jessica’s gradesheet, and the highlighted part was my section.

“Josh, what is your grade in this class at the moment?” Mrs. Jessica asked me, never averting her eyes from the computer screen.

“97 percent.”

“Good. Do you see any other scores that high?”

I scanned the gradesheet’s percent column.

“No, m’am.”

Mrs. Jessica turned to look at me. She had a slight smile on her lips, and her eyes held some emotion I couldn’t decipher.

“Josh, you have the highest grade in the class at the moment. I have a little tradition of doing something special for the person with the highest grade. Of course, this is off school records.”

“Alright…” I didn’t see where this was going, and I wasn’t sure I was going to like it. I figured we were going to go do something silly like get ice cream. Mrs. Jessica seemed to note my apprehension.

“Josh, I have a question to ask you: what’s your deepest fantasy?”

“Sorry, what?” I was extremely confused.

“What’s your deepest fantasy?” Mrs. Jessica’s eyes seemed to sparkle as she said this. “What do you most desire?”

I was taken aback. I wasn’t sure how to respond, frankly. My mind clamored to find an appropriate response to the question while my conscious battled to say something else. Images flashed through my mind; images of grossly out-of-proportion women with magnificent breasts, each three times as big as their head. Images of women who were so tall they couldn’t fit through normal doors. Images of women with asses so big they overflowed most chairs. My eyes nervously flitted downwards and stole a glance at Mrs. Jessica’s ass. I felt my face go flush.

Mrs. Jessica’s mouth opened into a half-gape, half smile. “Mmm, so that’s what you like, hmm? Kinky…”

I blushed even harder. “I didn’t mean to-“

“It’s alright, Josh. You can tell me what you want,” She stood up from her chair and leaned in close to me, craning her neck to look up at me from a distance of mere inches. She put her hands on my chest. “I promise I won’t tell anyone.”

I was terrified and turned on at the same time. Mrs. Jessica’s sweet perfume washed over me as I gazed at her face, her pink lips, her gleaming eyes. Something about those eyes disquieted me so much that I dared not speak. Her lips drew into a wicked smile as her hand reached for mine.

“Besides,” she whispered, pulling my hand to her ass. “I told you I’d do something special for you.” She closed her eyes and moaned slightly as she lightly pressed my hand into her ass. Suddenly, I felt a pressure build up against my hand. I tried to pull it away, but Mrs. Jessica held it there. Opening her eyes, she gazed into mine. I suddenly recognized the look she had in her eyes: desire. Almost hypnotically, I began to knead Mrs. Jessica’s ass ever so slowly, and she pushed herself into my hand, closing her eyes and biting her lip.

“Mmm, yes, Josh… Show me how much you want my special gift…” I brought my other hand around and pushed it into Mrs. Jessica’s ass as well, pulling her into me. She gasped as I brought her closer, and I began to feel a stirring in my pants. I tried to reach into Mrs. Jessica’s underwear, but my hand was smacked away before I could slide it in under her clothes. Her eyes snapped open.

“Not yet, mister. You haven’t told me what your deepest desire is… yet.” I shrugged and reached around to massage Mrs. Jessica’s ass again. It seemed like I had to reach a lot farther than I did before. I looked around Mrs. Jessica, and my eyes opened wide as I beheld what had to be one of the most bodacious booties I had ever seen. It must have stuck out a good eight inches behind her, and was nearly touching her desk. I looked back at Mrs. Jessica, who had a huge grin on her face, and her eyes seemed to shine even brighter. I stammered for words, until she put a finger to my lips.

“Now you’re getting the idea,” Mrs. Jessica said as she slowly backed away from me, toward the chalkboard. She turned sideways for a profile view, then bent over slightly, sticking her ass even farther out behind her. It jiggled in its confines with her every move as her now too-tight jeans strained to contain it. Her entire lower back was hanging out, exposing creamy-white flesh. I was in awe.

“Do you think I went a little overboard? I just love the feeling so much, I lose control sometimes.”

“I… I think it’s just perfect.”

“I think you’re lying, mister.” I swallowed dryly as Mrs. Jessica bent over even more. “I think you want me to be even bigger. Huge. So big there isn’t a pair of pants in the world that can hold my gigantic ass.” I openly stared at my sexy teacher, imagining how big she could get. My dick was beyond rock solid by that point, but I was afraid to touch it, thinking it might break this wonderful dream. Mrs. Jessica smiled wickedly, then bit her lip as she turned to look at her ass.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, her ass began to inch outwards, pushing harder and harder against the blue jeans. Soon, it was overflowing the waistband of the blue jeans, and Mrs. Jessica turned to face me. She had a look of frustration on her face. I was worried for a minute, until I noticed she was trying to undo the button on her jeans.

“A little help, please? If you want me to grow any bigger, Josh, I’m going to need some more room.” I stepped over to help out, and spent a few seconds struggling with the button. Mrs. Jessica was looking down as well, although she seemed more focused on my bulging pants than hers. I looked her in the eye, and a sly grin crept across her face.

“Don’t worry, we’ll get to that soon enough.”

Finally, the button came loose. At the same time, her zipper flew downward from the force of her gargantuan ass pushing against her pants. Mrs. Jessica gave a start, and giggled a bit as her ass jiggled uncontrollably in their now unzipped container.

“Mmm, perfect. So big,” she said, smacking her ass as she shimmied out of her blue jeans. Her panties were little more than a thong now, stretched tight over her privates and leaving a red mark on her noticeably wider hips. She sauntered back over to her chair and sat down, her ass so huge that it couldn’t possibly all fit on the chair.

“Now,” she said, leaning close once more. “What else do you like?”

I thought about it for a second, before leaning close and whispering in her ear. Mrs. Jessica stood up and smiled.

“Mmm, that sounds so goooooood…” She stretched upwards as she said this, her hands reaching toward the ceiling. She put her hands on my shoulders as they fell, reaching up to rest them comfortably. I figured that wouldn’t last long. I drew the extraordinarily curvy woman over to me and began to massage her bare ass, pressing her into my rock hard dick as I did so. We began to kiss as I explored her incredible ass, flesh surrounding my fingers. Our tongues explored each other’s mouths as our hands explored each other’s bodies, and we drew each other into a tight embrace.

Within two minutes I could tell she had changed. I pulled myself away from her, only to see myself staring at her chest where her head had been only moments before. She smiled down at me as her form began to grow even bigger. She had to be at least 6’5” now; who knew how big she would get?

She began to moan from the pleasure as her body slowly climbed upwards. About every thirty seconds she would gain another inch of height; I was ecstatic to say the least. Her remaining clothes began to pull tight around her growing body, her panties stretched nearly to the limit.

When she finally stopped growing, she stretched again, only to bump her hand against a ceiling tile. She giggled at that. Her head was mere inches from the ceiling.

“Well? What do you think, Josh?” She said, giving a little turn and smacking her ass again. “Am I too much woman for you? Or were you thinking of something else?” Once again, Mrs. Jessica’s wicked smile spread across her lips as she pushed her (comparatively) meager breasts up with one arm.

“I’ll ask you again, Josh: What’s your deepest fantasy?” I couldn’t reply, still in awe of the incredible gift Mrs. Jessica had already given me, which was about to get even better.

“Oh, I think I know what it is…” Mrs. Jessica’s body and mine both shuddered with anticipation of the moment to come. Slowly, she reached down and began to pull my clothes off of me. First, my shirt went; then my pants. She left my underwear on, and stretched back up to her full height, something close to 8’. “I’ll just let you decide when to take those off…” she said as she adjusted the skin-tight fabric of her satin shirt.

Mrs. Jessica moaned as she knelt down, feeling the pleasure and pressurebuild up in her chest. Even kneeling, her tits were at my eye level.

“Oh, god, Josh…” She said between gasps of air. “You have no idea how good this feels…” Her shirt began to inch upwards of her navel as her B-cup breasts began to grow ever so slowly. She began to knead her breasts, and begged for me to come and help her. I happily obliged, and began to fondle breasts that were already the size of my head (about DD-cups, proportionally) through the too-tight T-shirt. Mrs. Jessica’s breasts soon reached epic proportions, sizes I had only seen in my dreams. F-cups, H-cups, K-cups… All were being passed as the shirt strained to hold Mrs. Jessica’s massive form.

First, the shirt quivered. Then it ripped slightly on the seam. Finally, the shirt burst off her body as Mrs. Jessica screamed in pleasure. Her massive, pale, creamy-white breasts were a sight to behold, capped by small pink areolae and nipples stiff as stone and as long as a joint in my finger. Finally, I uncovered my own stiff member, slipping out of my underwear.

“Mmm, let’s see how good these girls feel…” Mrs. Jessica laid down on her back and began to rub her huge nipples as I settled down on top of her. I put my cock between her massive breasts, and she folded them over top of it, covering its full 7 inches easily. I looked into her eyes, both of us wild with desire.

“Give it to me, baby. I’m going to suck you dry.”

And with that, I started. The feeling of the warm flesh enveloping my dick was like nothing I’d ever experienced. Mrs. Jessica screamed encouragement the whole time, her breasts growing to even larger proportions. I was in heaven.

Feeling my orgasm coming, I began to grunt, trying to hold out for as long as possible. With nothing else to say, I finally let go.

“My goddess!” I shouted as I came harder than I ever had in my life. I passed out.

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When I woke, I found myself sitting in a chair in Mrs. Jessica’s classroom, and she was sitting at her desk. Both of us were fully clothed, and Mrs. Jessica was normal-sized again.

“Wh-What happened?”

“Hm?” Mrs. Jessica said as she turned to face me. “Oh, hi Josh. We were just discussing your grades, and I was thinking about doing something special for you since you have the highest score in the class.” I ogled her incredible body, which never seemed to stop growing. At the beginning of the year she’d been an average 5’7” twenty-something. Now, she was a 6’6” blonde bombshell with a J-Lo ass and massive tits to match.

“Oh, okay. What did you have in mind?”

“Oh, the usual I guess…” she said as she pushed her breasts together and leaned over for me, revealing her huge F-cup tits’ cleavage. I grinned, knowing what would come next…

THE END