The Disappearance of Timmy Warner

Part IV

by ZTV25

Timmy paced around his room impatiently. *Why hadn’t they gone to bed yet?* He asked himself. He had to meet Emma at her place for a late dinner but his parents wouldn’t go to sleep. Finally after what felt like an eternity the lights clicked off, the talking died down and the snoring began. After waiting a few more minutes just to be safe Timmy grabbed his keys and crept out of the house.

Emma lived in a small apartment two cities over so it was a bit of a drive. By the time he got there it was well after dark. Parking around the block like she told him to he slowly and nervously made his way to her door. Sweat began pouring down his face. He had never been to a girl’s house before let alone a woman like Emma. He knew what was coming or at least he hoped he did. The only question was: was he ready for it?

He knocked and she opened the door. Timmy let out an audible gasp. Emma stood there smiling at him in a small skintight black dress. It stopped well above her knees showing off her long shapely legs. The neckline was nice and low cut revealing a wonderful view of her large (and hopefully soon to be larger) breasts.

“Well thank you,” she teased.

Yes, the answer was yes, he was ready.

The inside of the home was tastefully decorated and elegantly simple. Emma had the lights down low and candles burning on a small table in a nook in the rear of the living room. Two plates already awaited them. Timmy sat down and took in the wonderful aroma of baked ziti. He dove in and Emma dove into the conversation. They talked for hours like old friends. He gave a little jump when her foot found its way out of her shoe and onto his leg. She slowly walked her way up before resting in his lap.

Using her toes she began to massage him through his pants. He began breathing heavier and heavier finding it harder to focus. Emma smiled wickedly as she continued to play with him. He could feel a powerful sensation building up in his hips ready to explode out. She seemed to sense this and let up.

Cleaning the dishes away she sauntered back to the living room and a waiting Timmy. She seductively slunk off the dress and tossed it aside with her foot. She undid the bra and tossed it aside. She pulled an even larger one of a side table and put it on. Her breasts swelled until they wanted to bust free.

“Wow,” was all Timmy could say.

“I’m glad you’re impressed because I lied about a little something.”

“What?” he asked suddenly nervous.

“D is not my full cup size. I actually go up to DD but I had to make sure I liked you enough to show you that.”

That sensation in his hip returned.

“I’m willing to show you that if you do something for me.”

“What?”

“Spend the night.”

“What?”

“I want you to stay here with me all night.”

“All night,” he gulped.

“Just you … and me … and my bed.”

Timmy’s mind went blank.

“Would you like that?”

Timmy just nodded his head. Emma took his hand and led him down the hall to her bedroom. The next thing he knew he was naked on her bed and she was naked kneeling above him her face stretched in a predatory grin. She slowly lowered herself down on his now very stiff rod. He let out a gasp of pure pleasure as the warmth of her womanhood engulfed him.

She began to thrust up and down slowly and deliberately. Timmy’s mind was awash in a sea of hormonal bliss. She began to speed up going at it rough and harder. At one point they had the bed bouncing off the ground. Just when he thought he couldn’t take it anymore she slowed down again.

“What?” he asked weakly.

“I’m gonna make this last.”

And so that’s how it went well into the night. She would pound away until he was ready to explode before slowing down to a crawl and driving him wild with lust. It was erotic torture of the best kind. It was around four in the morning when she finally allowed him relief. With a powerful blast he let loose like never before. It felt as though he had emptied his entire being into her in an explosion of pure euphoria.

Afterward he felt drained. He collapsed into her strong arms.

“Aw, you poor boy, come here.”

She pulled him close gently guiding his head to her nipple which he started to suckle. Timmy felt more content than he had ever before. He drifted off into a deep and blissful sleep. When he awoke the next day it was almost noon.

“Oh my God, my parents are gonna kill me!” he said jumping up in bed.

“Sh, don’t worry about them baby,” she said stroking his cheek, “come back to bed.”

He felt a strange tingling sensation in his cheek. Suddenly he forgot what he was saying. He turned back to ask Emma when he saw her laying there smiling seductively. He dove back under the covers and the two went at it again. By the time they came up for air it was nighttime again.

“Alright, alright,” she said in between kisses, “I think it’s time for your reward.”

She grabbed his hand and led him out of bed and across the room to her drawers. She reached in and pulled out a DD bra. She turned to face him and he gulped appreciatively. She began to slip it on then suddenly throw it to the floor.

“What’s going on?” he asked.

She just stood there smiling. What was this all about? Suddenly her breasts shot out growing into monstrous melons several feet long and high.

“What the hell’s …?”

They swallowed him up in the canyon like cleavage. Just as suddenly as they grew they snapped back into place now a full and bouncy G Cup. As they went Timmy went with them lost somewhere in Emma’s cleavage. She climbed back up onto the bed and started playing with herself with one hand and rubbing her full breasts with the other.

“Sleep well baby boy, I’ll be thinking about you.”

The next week she lay in bed naked, playing with herself again, watching the evening news.

"The search was called off today for Timmy Warner," the news anchor announced, “ending nearly five days of extensive searching. You may remember we started covering this story on Tuesday when Diane Warner, Timmy's mother, first declared him missing. The boy's friends and family say he had been acting strangely for days before his disappearance. He had been secretive, sneaking away to secret rendezvous. Police say there is no sign of foul play and that most likely he just ran away from home. The sad fact is we may never know what happened to Timmy Warner."

Nine Months Later …

Emma awoke in the middle of the night her nipples painfully erect.

“It’s time!” she shouted.

She stood up in the bed. Her breasts swelled out until they spilt over the sides. Slowly they parted dropping something on the bed. Then they flew back reforming as G cups again. On the bed lay a naked Timmy Warner who was dripping with boob sweat.

“What?” he asked weakly.

“You’ve been transformed,” she told him, “my spell has made you my bonded. You will not age as long as I do and I’m immortal BTW. I wiped away all those pesky memories of your old life before you came to me. Don’t bother trying to remember my spell will change all your thoughts to be about sex. You won’t be able to leave either you’ll instinctively jump into bed with me if you try. And if that weren’t enough my spell has left you unable to resist my suggestions.”

“No …”

“Oh you don’t believe me? Watch this, Timmy bed time.”

It was if a switch was flipped and his body began moving on its own. He crawled up the bed and under the blankets where he began to make love to Emma as if he’d done it his whole life and as far as he knew he had. It was the next day before they stopped.

As they lay there in bed Timmy lay there thinking about how thoroughly Emma has trapped him, how completely she now owned. He thought about how this busty beauty wanted him all to herself for eternity. Those thoughts made him smile.

The End