Joan snuggled closer to Tom’s chest, easing herself into a more comfortable position while making sure not to wake him. She thoroughly enjoyed the feeling of lying beside him, just his bare skin against hers in the dark, still but for the sound of their still slightly ragged breathing.  
  
Tom was spent and had quickly fallen deeply asleep, though not forgetting to encircle her in his arms; the cosy little spoon. His chin rested just above her head, and the hairs on his shins tickled her feet. She turned to kiss him once more, and moved the fringe of her bob out of her eyes before settling down.  
  
She took care not to focus too much on the evening’s events, lest the savour keep her from sleeping. Still, it had been wonderful she thought to herself, stretching in contentment. After a little too much wine at the restaurant they had ambled five minutes late to the theatre. Apparently those few had been pivotal to the plot, as neither of them had been able to make head nor tail of the story, which only served to make it funnier for the tipsy couple. There had been quite a few stares in response to their sniggers when one of the heroines was murdered.  
  
The bus ride home had been all a rush, and the effort of walking had left her memory a little vague. Joan could, however, recall vividly the passion of the last hour. She felt a tingle and cursed quietly under her breath. She had told herself not to do this again. Too late now… she put one finger, and then another, into her already surprisingly damp slit, and began to curl them heavily but slowly, still conscious of her boyfriend sleeping beside her. She wouldn’t give Tom the satisfaction of knowing she was masturbating to him.  
  
Keeping her breathing low, she slowly shifted her elbow out from under his arm. She watched him as she slowly rotated her forearm, all the while still stroking her inside, and gently sucked on her fingers. She shook her head to rest her curls behind an ebony shoulder. Her libido loomed with lewd thoughts, making shrewdness difficult. Her breathing increased - she couldn’t help it, and she closed her eyes as she imagined she was sucking Tom’s thick, juicy cock. She curled her toes at the sensation as her feet brushed the ends of his.  
  
*It had been so wild, and they still hadn’t even moved the bed back against the wall. It was shoved up against the dresser, the better for Tom to push against the wall with his feet while the bed and her cunt were trapped and his for the taking.* Beads of sweat slowly trickled down her, pooling in the burgeon of her dark cleavage. *He was so hard, and as his muscles strained, pushing him further and further into her, he grunted like some ravenous animal, his blood pumping – all into his dick, which seemed to get bigger and bigger and harder and harder by the second.* Her hand now moved down from within one set of lips to just above another, wetter and slicker, and the fingers began to rub her already engorged clit. She craned her neck back, her head beside his on the pillow. She imagined his cock becoming erect, and spread her fingers a little in simulation which felt surprisingly good. Joan was shivering slightly, straining not to move, as Tom behind her lay, his heavy arm across her. As she breathed her chest rose and fell, her nipples brushing between his fingers a little more with each rapid rise and fall, lifting Tom's arm with greater and greater force.  
  
*Despite how furiously Tom pumped, his stamina had not lessened, and continued fucking her, sliding his dick out and shoving it back in with an alacrity and reckless abandon she could only ever have fantasised about before…* as she did again now, her fingers moving more quickly inside and out of her between her crossed legs, her upper calves nestled beside his feet. She began to give little intermittent bucks, unable to stop herself from moving, as much as she did not want to wake the sleeper beside her. *She had had to make him stop, it was too much. He thought he was hurting her, and when he pulled out, concern on his face, she had bowled him over and seized his manhood.*Oh God, was she being too loud? *She had then determinedly started to blow him, her hands working over his junk to enhance the pleasure, and unexpectedly found that he had had even more to give, his dick growing harder and more augmented, stretching her jaw to aching as she tongued and moved her head back and forth ferociously.* She bit her lip and to hold back a moan *She planned to make this cock hers, and she was so hungry… He could scarcely concentrate on her tits, and though they strained for his touch his inability to do even that was a turn on in itself.* His hand now rested on the breast closest too him, and her nipple practically pulsed beside the twin peak of his thumb. *When she could suck no more and was forced to admit defeat, she released him and watched as his hips continued to convulse in the air, before she ordered him back inside her and to fuck her until she broke or he came.*  
  
*Joan had never before let Tom come in her. She was never sure why, though she had made several excuses before. They weren’t unfounded, of course she didn’t want to get pregnant, and when they were first dating she wanted him to get checked out just in case. However, they had taken every precaution, and whatever was left of those small inhibitions was blown to incinerating oblivion by a single, aching, urgent need.* The bed felt uncomfortable, and there just didn't seem to be room for subterfuge when you were so horny. She felt a wave of pleasure overcome her as she worked a little faster, and fell to the sensation. Her dark locks tickled her sultry, flaring hips, and she shivered, flaring Tom several inches to the other side of the bed. *She wanted him, wanted him inside her, wanted him to fill her, to fill her up. She wanted to finally feel his cock swell, harder and bigger than she had ever felt before and explode inside her. Her moans became louder as he began thrusting again, her legs around him, drawing every delicious inch of him into her like a vice.* She was absorbed by the fantasy, and only a shred of propriety kept any attempt at silence. Her chest surged, muscle memory piqued from Tom's unintentional caresses, and pressed out further.  
  
*Considering how much he was clearly turned on by her urging – a mantra of dirty talk, gasping that she wanted him to come for her, to fill her up with his hot seed, that she wanted to feel him get enormous as he blew his load into her, and every other dirty term that came to her he actually took longer than she expected.* Her rubbing now reached a frantic speed and she let out soft whimpers as she felt waves of pleasure begin to course through her. She did not stop, and neither did her growth as her feet slipped off the end of the bed and hung above the floor.   
  
*Neither had he stopped then. His pounding ministrations made her feel like she would go off at any second, but she held herself back from the edge, and all the while her pleasure mounted, higher and higher, ready to break over her like a cataclysm. She could feel something similar happening from inside his member.* Her hand pressed a forcefully against the head of the bed, and a quiet splintering could be heard creaking. *He pushed more forcefully than before, and her pussy somehow continued to take his entire, still-swelling trunk that seemed be trying to split her in two, more eagerly still than before. Every push of his was getting them closer and closer to a finale, but she didn’t know if she could hold out.* Her ass bucked on the mattress, filling out along with the rest of her curves. She was becoming more of a giant hourglass by the second, and was completely unaware, even at this accelerated stage of her expansion.  
  
Even now, as her fingers twirled, curled, pulled, and tugged, she wondered if she would get to the end of the memory. She allowed her breathing to increase, and her chest rubbed up and down beneath Tom's hand, which was again upon her breast after the last bit of growth, faster than before, pleasuring her nipples. Her eyes were still shut and her mouth was open, crying out almost silently as she played with herself in horny, hot desperation. Her back arched, gargantuan, and she felt her juices gush out of her, wetting the sheet below her. Tom stirred, and the nervous excitement of almost waking him did nothing but heighten her ecstasy. Oh, it felt so good she thought she thought as she unconsciously continued to stretch, well past nine feet. Even now, she could still recall the moment…   
  
*It was going to happen, she could feel it. She couldn’t get any wetter, she surely couldn’t take any more. Yet still it held off, and moments stretched, like the sides of her sex, as ever more of this mammoth creature continued to force itself upon and into her. Then he bit down hard on to her nipple, and she cried out in pleasure, but then her scream reached new heights as she felt him finally explode inside her. It was indescribable, it felt so good.* Most of her legs were hanging off the bed, and her left arm was no longer on the bed, but still she continued to fuck herself. *She felt so tight, he felt so big, huge, gigantic, as the head of his penis expanded and fired wad after wad in a seemingly endless torrent of hot, white cum inside her.* A sudden spasm sent her into the twelve foot mark. *After a moment, she realised it was still going and time had not in fact stood still, and this cannon-like python was still spewing more and more into her. He really was doing it – filling her. She felt a rush from inside her meeting his as she too came for all she was worth.* She was close now, so very close, as she arched her back towards the room ceiling, her efforts at subtlety almost shredded like the tattered nightgown strewn beneath her as the thrill coursed through her entire body, pushing outwards. *It wouldn’t end, and she kept on crying out in pleasure- Stretch ...it felt so exquisite, so magical, until she felt the-* A throaty moan escaped her, and she clamped her hand over her mouth, brushing the ceiling with her hand *...hot liquid began to spill down her legs as there seemed to be no more room in her cunt. She squealed and he groaned, both shuddering in ecstasy that was overcoming.* She felt it now, almost upon her. She loomed, huge enough to be sitting along the entire length of the bed, her lower thighs and legs hanging off the edge and her shoulders touching the ceiling. *Tom had pushed and pushed, driven on in a spasm of primordial instinct, till he had no more to give and beyond, thrusting into her splashing wet cunt.*  
  
Even now the bed was getting really soaked for a second time, and for the first time it occurred to her that her own juices were rapidly seeping closer to him, whom she was unaware but was now lying prostrate on her. He rolled, and his arm tugged her fingers jostling her out of rhythm. Her hands scrabbled to get back into place and resume their work, but she was too sensitive and too clumsy with the shock to properly do anything. She could not stop, it wasn’t enough. She moved, pushing Tom's legs apart and pressing his whole dick into her mouth. Hardness overcame him, and they both opened their eyes.