

Where to begin?

I guess with my name: Caleb, 22, occupation: prisoner.

Yeah thats right I'm in jail, and not for some "sexy" crime like armed robbery, oh no, I'm in here for CP, kiddie porn with a capital C.

Wait wait wait, it's not what you think, I never intentionally wanked it to any underaged girls. This was all a huge misunderstanding.

Let me explain.

I have a huge fetish for breast expansion, nothing too extreme (not room filling or anything) but yeah, breast growth turned (turns) me on. Ladies with tits as big as their heads, bimbos sucking off strangers, that kind of thing. Nothing too strange.

Well one day I was trolling the internet for some new material when I stumbled upon this vampire porn site. I know, I know, weird, right? But at the same time, kinda hot. I read some stories, mostly age advancing stuff, little girl turns into a sexy big busted vampire, etc. Then i found the pictures. The site said all the models were 18 and up, but I guess they lied because shortly after downloading a few to my hard drive the FBI showed up at my door.

Shit happened and now I'm in jail, and through a series of events I'd rather not go into (inmates aren't fond of alleged pedophiles) I'm now in solitary.

Its just me, my dick, and my imagination.

Over time I'd imagined myself a girl, let's call her Kristy, a dirty, *dirty* blonde who had magical tits. Again and again i'd imagine the same scenario over and over:

*Kristina woke up at the crack of dawn, like she did every day. She walked over, naked, to her dresser, and after a moment, selected a sexy pink bra and panty from the top drawer. Of course I didn't really matter what she wore, as a single woman "married" to her job nobody was going to see her naked, let alone her bra or panties. She slipped her undies on, slowly, a shiver went down her spine as the soft fabric touched her delicate sex. God she needed to get laid. Kristina quickly put on the rest of her clothing, a white blouse and black pencil skirt with short sensible heels, and went to work.*

*She was damn good at her job, even if she was "just" a receptionist, she put in her hours (and more!) and today was no different. She smiled at all the asshole clients and put up with their obnoxious stares. Fuck working at a sperm bank, all the incoming men were looking left and right for wank material. Her natural blonde hair and big pouty lips did not help matters. She could feel the heat of their gazes and it made her want to vomit. Thank god she had small breasts, A cups to be exact, one less thing for those perverts to stare at. She sighed, her neck was killing her.*

*"Girl, after work you are getting a massage" she thought to herself.*

*And so she did.*

*After punching out at work Kristina headed over to a little walk in chinese massage parlor down the street. A series of small bells jingled as she opened the door, and a strong smell of incense wafted in at her. "Maybe they do happy endings" she joked silently.*

*"Herro, how may we serve you today?" an old chinese man trilled, mixing up his L's and his R's amidst his thick accent.*

*"One massage" Kristina said.*

*"Furr body or just back?"*

*"Um...full body" What the fuck, she deserved it.*

*"Light this way miss" the old man gestured, leading to a darkened hallway.*

*Kristina followed the old man to a small room at the end of the hall where a much younger, much more attractive man stood.*

*"Prease make yourserf comfoltable" Said the young man, with the same thick accent his father (grandfather?) had had, gesturing to a long uncomfortable looking table.*

*Kristina kicked off her shoes and climbed onto the table tummy first.*

*"No no" the young man said "Rie on your back prease".*

*She did as she was told and flipped over.*

*The young man huffed, "I so solly, prease take off your clothes for best massage time"*

*Kristina blushed, did he mean all of her clothes? But again, she did as she was told, it was almost like a strange compulsion.*

*The man sighed contentedly, now he could get to work. He put his hands on her breasts, Kristina's blushed deepened, but she had asked for a full body massage after all. He kneaded her small breasts slowly, oh god, it was heaven!*

*His hands moved in slow circles and she could feel her breasts...shifting? That was odd, she'd never had that much flesh there before. But that thought was swept away with a wave of pleasure.*

*With each knead her breasts began to swell, slowly, like heart beats. The soft pressure of his hands seemed to pull up more and more flesh with each motion. Soon breast was overflowing the masseuse's palms.*

*"Uhn" Kristina moaned, rubbing her thighs together, the skin between them slick with her juices. Her nipples were rock hard and felt bigger than before, her pussy had never been this sensitive.*

*The masseuse carried on, move from her (now D cup) breasts to her hips. His hands caressed her, and with each stroke her hips widened until they were thick and juicy. His hands moved to her buttocks and their magic plumped up her lower cheeks as slowly as they had her tits. Her ass gently filled with flesh growing larger and larger until a sizable shelf had formed. He moved to her thighs and they too, grew.*

*"My boobs" Kristina whispered, almost panted.*

*"Yes?"*

*"Make them bigger" What was she saying? They didn't need to get any bigger, as it was her clothes weren't going to fit!*

*The masseuse moved his hands back up to her breasts--no her tits, working them over. She could feel them growing, and it felt so good! With each knead, each second of growth she could feel and orgasm, the likes of which she had never felt before, building. By this time her tits were the size of her head and she let out a pleasure filled scream as she climaxed. Life was never going to be the same again.*

*Krissy woke up at the crack of dawn, like she did every day. She walked over, naked, to her dresser, and after a moment, selected a sexy black bra and panty from the top drawer. Of course it mattered what she wore, she was going to get fucked tonight like the little slut she was. She quickly put on the rest of her clothing, a white blouse over a black halter top and a black mini skirt with 5 inch hooker heels.*

*She wasn't so good at her job, but she smiled real big at all of the clients. She loved working at the sperm bank, thinking of all the hawt cocks coming in and out of the building practically made her salivate. Sometimes on her breaks she would sneak into the private rooms and "help" the clients out. That was her favorite part of the job.*

*A spurt of cum shot from my dick, and I gasped for breath. God that felt good, better than usual for some reason. I slid down the wall and looked up. One more month in solitary...*