

Lucid

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I always found that I had my most lucid dreams during Spring and Autumn, when the temperature was just right for snuggling up in the covers. Most of the time, when I was able to recall such a dream after waking, I could only piece together bits and pieces of what transpired. That was definitely not the case when it came to the events that changed my life forever and without warning. It all started with a dream that I could never forget. After all, how could I? I went to bed a fit, healthy young man living a pretty average life by most accounts. Most women described me as “cute”. Not the sexiest descriptor for a man, but I wasn't doing terribly with my medium length light brown hair, a sharp jawline, and sinewy frame. Nobody today would put me and that description together. The dream changed everything.

The first thing I could recall was opening my eyes and seeing my bedroom, just as it had been when I laid down to sleep. I was lying flat on my back, with my head elevated just slightly from the pillow beneath it. I could glance around with my eyes, but couldn't seem to move any other part of my body. A sense of fear and foreboding came over me as I struggled to get some part of my body to respond even just a little. I had only had a handful of night terrors in my life (thankfully!), but I was coherent enough in that instance to realize what was going on, which helped assuage my helplessness. I figured if I could keep calm and focus on my breathing, I could ride it out in relatively little discomfort and return to a peaceful sleep. That was easier said than done.

Despite knowing that it was all in my head, the sense of dread that washed over me was accompanied by the feeling of an eerie, dark presence in the room. I became acutely aware that my eyes had been wide-eyed with the initial panic of the situation. They began to burn and tear up. I was afraid that if I closed my eyes, the darkness would consume me. Finally unable to hold them open any longer, I squeezed my eyes shut and prepared for death.

What I encountered instead was a complete change of scenery and ambiance. I had just closed my eyes, but found myself with eyes open again standing in a vast white space, undefined by walls or horizon. At least I assumed I was standing. Without the use of my limbs it was hard to say. I still wasn't able to move my body, but the permeating dread was dissolving with the change of scenery. My eyes kept searching for something to use as a point of reference. The room was so featureless that it was a bit disorienting. In fact, I hesitated in calling it a “room” at all. I could see no edges, no walls –

not even a floor!

Now, before I had gone to bed that night, I must confess that I had spent a long time looking at a wide variety of porn. I liked to get myself really worked up without finishing for a length of time before finally deciding to pull the trigger and end my “session.” On that particular night, I had gone a little overboard and spent something like three hours bouncing from image to video to erotic fiction to whatever caught my fancy. The resulting orgasm was incredible, but I had still gone to bed a bit unsatisfied. I craved alleviation for my self-induced anticipation. But at that point it was really late and I felt guilty for wasting so much time looking at questionable things and fantasizing about impossible scenarios.

Standing, or perhaps floating, in the white void had calmed my racing heart, as well as my breathing. I was beginning to feel soothed and warm. The effect was doubly so, coming right after such a state of terror. Calm took over with a great relief.

As my eyes struggled to find something to focus on, lewd images, animations, and short clips of video began flashing in front of me, taking up most of my available vision. There was no way to look away. Not that I wanted to.

At first, every image was something I had seen earlier that night. Every fetish I had looked up material for was represented in some way. Instead of making any attempt to avoid it, I just watched and took it in, letting the anticipation once again build. I couldn't estimate how long I hung motionless there watching this flood of sight and sound crash over me. It could have been a few seconds or half an hour. Perception of time distorts according to one's activity, and this was a dream besides.

A warm glow began very slowly enveloping my immobile body. It was a bit like rolling on ecstasy, but much slower, and across my entire body at once. I wanted to roll my eyes back and just feel this new sensation, but they were transfixed on the rush of enormous tits, unreal dicks, and figures with cartoonish proportions. The glow evolved into a slow and steady pulse, passing waves of electricity through my entire self. Instead of struggling to understand what was happening or trying to fight my lack of mobility, I let out a sigh to relax my entire body, letting my mind drift in time with the waves of warm tingles.

The images began to focus on women with natural breasts in the C and D range. Posing, squeezing, lifting, stroking, pinching, biting them. My breathing became shallower. It was as if I had been hypnotized by beautiful breasts. By the time I took notice, I had a pert set of C-cup breasts of my

own hanging from my chest. Without being able to move my head, I could only see them from the bottom of my vision, and feel the pulse across their skin.

The flashes of images and clips shifted once again. This time toward curvy women with big, round booties. I hadn't noticed when my tits had started to appear, but this time I noticed a concentration of sensitivity emanating from my own ass. I could feel it expanding. It stretched ever so slowly wider and fuller, emulating the bubble-butts I was seeing. My thighs joined in, swelling thicker to match my new shape. My waist was drawn ever so slightly inward, creating what I assumed was a firm and very sexy hourglass.

Still images of large asses gave way to short clips of women having their puckered assholes covered in baby oil. Then having them fingered. Then fucked. Then fisted or pounded with large toys. As the intensity escalated, I could feel my asshole growing thicker and larger, spreading my new ass apart from the middle until the cheeks barely met at all. I imagined the slapping noise they would cause if I was getting reamed from behind. I relished the waves of ecstasy this brought me, as I thought about just how much I might be able to take up the ass.

The next set of images was calmer, bringing my heart rate and breathing back to normal levels. They recalled some of the most beautiful women I've ever laid eyes on. There were images that I swore I hadn't seen as a teen, and had forgotten, being brought back quite vividly for me to gawk at once again. Pleasurable pins and needles covered my head and neck. My facial features were slowly shifting into an amalgamation of all the women I personally found to be incredibly attractive. My lips puffed up, jaw line softened, and my nose rounded off a bit, just to name a few of the changes that I could be sure of. I also noticed my hair was growing out quite fast. It stopped around my shoulder blades, where I felt it against my back. I watched some stray hairs in front of my face as their tint shifted to a sultry deep red.

As more and more changes pulsed through my body, a great feeling of need began to engulf me, starting at my crotch. Up until this point I was aware that I probably had a raging hard-on, but I was unable to see it past my new bust. Presently all of my attention not glued to the images was redirected toward my nether region. Some part of me expected my cock and balls to grow to ridiculous proportions, filled with loads of cum. I was a bit taken aback when instead I felt my scrotum retracting until it no longer seemed to hang between my now-thick thighs. This was followed by my shaft retreating inward a bit with each pulse. I couldn't see it happening, but the feeling was unmistakable and surreal. When just the head was left, the slit sealed up and the bare helmet fused with the patch of

skin behind it. I was now sporting a stiff clitoris the size of my original cock head.

A gentle throb separate from the full body wave began quickly just below my clit, where my balls had once hung. Images of women rubbing their own swollen clits gave way to clips of hands fondling pussies which had just been pumped with a suction cup. They looked so obscene, yet undeniably sexy. The women all seemed to be enjoying their oversized mounds very much. Labia, swollen and taut, grew from the area where my balls used to hang. I could tell they were quite sensitive, because as they expanded in time with the throbbing they pressed outward against my unmoving thighs and caused extra ripples of pleasure to cascade through me. Even if I had been able to move, I don't think I could have by this point, because all the blood felt like it had retreated from my limbs, congregating at the newly-formed, grossly-enlarged pussy pushing out between my legs.

The throb in my loins gained steadily but slowly in power and pressure. Soon I was seeing clips of fists and large toys being rammed roughly into swollen cunts, slick with lubrication. My own steady stream of warm liquid began oozing from within, running down my powerful thighs.

A crest of release rolled out from my new pussy, causing the throb to back off a little. It was followed by a second, then a third, each lessening in magnitude. No matter how good it may have felt, it didn't give me the finished, satisfied feeling like I would get from cumming with my cock. It felt absolutely amazing to feel the clenching and release of new, sensitive areas of skin on my body. But there was a craving that just wasn't being met. I didn't want it to end, but some part of me wondered when the big payoff was going to happen, or if I had maybe lost something more in the loss of my manhood.

As tends to happen in dreams, my train of thought apparently adjusted course and it was time to move on. My eyes felt heavy. My body felt worked, but not tired. The last images I can remember seeing were animations of large, growing breasts.

Opening my eyes once more, I found myself lying face down on something resembling a sawhorse, but much shorter. My lovely new tits were split to either side of a supporting plank which ran from sternum to pelvis. My head dangled heavily off one end of the padded plank. I could see my new, shapely legs, knees resting flatly on the ground at one end, spread but not at all uncomfortable. I couldn't see my feet from my awkward angle. Most of my lower half was still enveloped in a nice tingle. I found I could now move my arms and hands, but nothing else below the shoulders. I felt cool air on my exposed pussy and asshole. It sent a shudder through me which was accompanied by the first sound I could recall hearing during the entire ordeal. I moaned at the sensitivity of my exposed sex. I

wanted, no, needed to get off.

After taking stock of myself, I began to take in the rest of my surroundings. Being unable to lift my head very high, I could only make out the soft beige carpet below me. Footfalls alerted me that there was another person nearby, but I couldn't see them from my vantage point. I wanted to ask who it was, but no sound would come out. The footsteps approached from behind, sending a wave of anxious nerves shooting up my spine.

A pair of legs came into view beyond my thighs.

The faintest touch of a hand to my puffy pussy sent it into overdrive, and I was a bit shocked to feel it start throbbing and opening up. My inner thighs were still a bit wet from the smaller orgasms, but now they were getting wet in earnest. The fingers traced lightly from top to bottom, bottom to top. Fingernails were dragged ever so gently across the stretched, swollen skin of my labia, always just avoiding my fat new clitoris.

A low, long moan crept from within me. The puffed up pussy was throbbing again at a fever pitch. This time it was accompanied by a concentration in my clit. It wasn't long before there was a regular, audible *thwop* of my pussy juices onto the carpet added to my moans.

I wanted to reach down and start going to town on myself, but the contraption I was lying on wouldn't quite let me reach. Instead I opted for grabbing my new tits and molesting them with both hands. I wanted to cry out. I wanted to beg the person to let me get off. I wanted to plead for them to hurry up. All that came out was moans and groans of pleasure.

As wide as my eyes were during the first harrowing moments of terror at the beginning of the dream, they had to have been nearly popping out of my skull when the realization struck me that a cock head had just been placed at the entrance to my virgin hole. The masculine part of my brain cried out that there was something disturbing and wrong about everything that was taking place. It was quickly overruled by a flash of stars and swirls of colors.

I couldn't tell you how much dick was forced into me on the first stroke. With no sense of reference, everything was bound to feel huge. My breath caught in my throat.

I let go of my tits and grabbed for a pair of well-placed handle-bars near my shoulders. Fingers clenched the handle-bars until the knuckles were white. Time froze as I hovered on the edge of pleasure and pain. I felt split in half. A trembling started at my core.

The cock had been shoved in to a point, then held absolutely still as my body again pulled the blood from my arms and legs. Pins and needles pricked up from my toes and crept up my calves. The hair stood on the back of my neck. As the feeling reached its peak, I was crestfallen to again be treated to an orgasm. At least not one that was comparable to what I had known as a man. I let out a whimper as it started to subside. This was met by my pussy being again shocked and stretched by the rest of the cock, as it was buried into my sopping gash. I felt the base make contact with my puffed up pussy lips, as a large set of balls swung up to tap my cock-head clitoris.

The feeling of fullness provided by that cock made my eyes roll back and the tremor at my core returned tenfold to explode with a violence unlike any orgasm I had previously experienced. I droned a loud, solid note of bliss as my vision grew darker.

I either zoned out completely with the feeling of exquisite joy, or I blacked out. The next thing I knew my entire body was quivering uncontrollably, and the cock was plowing its full length in and out of my cunt. I could hear wails and moans of sheer and utter sexual enjoyment. It took a few seconds for me to realize they were coming from my own drooling lips.

A pair of hands latched on to my flared hips as the piston picked up speed and vigor. Every thrust went as far to the hilt as possible. My swollen labia were squashed between my own thighs and ass, spreading to make lots of contact with the cock's base. My ass cheeks shimmied and slapped together in time with the movement.

With each thrust my clit was assaulted by heavy, swinging balls clearly visible between my spread thighs. I began to fixate on those balls, wishing they'd fill me with their hot seed. Wondering how much cum was coming my way sent my head into a tizzy. Whatever masculinity I had possibly held on to was long gone. I wanted to be filled and fucked and pumped full of cum by thick, hard cocks.

The hands tightened and squeezed into my hips.

The cock was pressed as far in as possible and held there.

Ass cheeks and labia were spread to either side to get as much dick inside me as was physically possible. Again I felt like I was at the precipice of pleasure and pain. For the first time the thought crossed my mind that I may have bottomed out and reached a limit.

The entire shaft and head seemed to expand within my already full cunt. I held on for dear life.

I didn't want to pass out this time. I wanted to remember every second of the dream that I possibly could.

Again I saw stars and pretty swirls of color dance in front of my eyes. The cock and balls spasmed so hard that the meaty balls yanked up and again tapped my exposed clit. That sent me over the edge again, and I began shuddering uncontrollably. My pussy muscles clamped down on the huge member and massaged for all they could. Splash after splash of warmth filled me until I felt slightly bloated. The amount of cum probably would have splashed back out of my pussy had the cock's girth not filled me up so fully.

When the cock finally stopped twitching, it contracted in size slightly and began to slide out ever so slowly. It was leaving a void, despite having just dumped who knows how much semen into me. My body was trying to calm down after such a tiring climax. Feeling how long it was taking to remove the member got my mind immediately racing again, and I really wanted to know how big and long it was.

Finally the head came out with a *shlop*, followed quickly by a splash of thick white cum on the ground where I could see it. The amount that fell out of me was more than I had ever cum as a man. Much more. My pussy throbbed again to be filled.

The bloated feeling in my stomach dissolved into a shifting and gurgling from my midsection. I tried in vain to see anything of my midsection past my hanging tits. As I was trying to adjust my neck for a better view, my nipples started to get hot. I watched in awe as they both swelled and puffed out from the rest of the mounds. The feeling expanded to the rest of my tits and they slowly stretched and ballooned, hanging on either side of where my breastbone was supported. The feeling was again exquisite as my greatest fetish was being realized right before my eyes. Not only did I now have tits, I had big, sexy tits with thick nipples expanding right before my eyes.

I reached down to grope my growing flesh. They were so sensitive while expanding that the slightest brush of my fingers caused a shock to run straight down to my pussy. I didn't dare to fully grab them, so I watched intently while dragging my fingernails around the expanding flesh. The growth slowed as the rumbling in my tummy subsided.

They had settled at about the size of cantaloupes. I didn't know how to even estimate a cup size once they got so big. Each areola was in perfect proportion to the new size, capped by a stiff nipple the size of the tip of a finger. I figured I could probably pull them to my mouth now, but they were still a

bit overly sensitive for that.

It didn't take me long to realize that the cum injection I had just been given had been translated into extra cup sizes. Again my imagination began running rampant. Would this happen every time I received a load? I wondered what the limits were. I wondered if I could control it. I wondered about all sorts of things I had read in various stories and seen in erotic comics.

I didn't have very long to wonder, because the owner of the cock sauntered around to stand directly in front of me. I still couldn't lift my head much, so all I could see was a shapely pair of bare, hairless legs, and a cock that had to be at least 8 inches flaccid, hanging from just above my head. The shaft was glistening with fluids; some of which continued to drip from the tip. After its powerful ejaculation, the balls had pulled up toward the body into a fairly tight wad instead of hanging down.

This time when the hands touched me, I noticed that they seemed smaller and more delicate than I imagined a man's hands would be. They grabbed a handful of hair at the base of my skull with one hand and lifted my head to line up my mouth near the flaccid monster. I could already feel my pussy juices flowing again, mixing with the thicker cum still left in my gaping cavity. The second hand gripped the thick, soft cock shaft and aimed it at my mouth.

Copious amounts of drool, pussy juice, and spent cum lubricated the thick cock as it pressed past my now lusciously thick lips. I let out an involuntary guttural groan as it filled my mouth. Pressure was applied to get more in, but I couldn't see how it was going to be possible. There was no way that thing was going any further, even if it was flaccid. Little did I know, because the grip on my hair tightened, pulling my head further up to create a straight alignment of cock, mouth, and throat. The pressure into my mouth continued, unrelenting, as the head entered my throat and my eyes began to water. At first I assumed the tears were from being forced beyond my body's limits. Opening my eyes I realized they were tears of sheer joy at the pleasure I was receiving. There was a good 4 or 5 inches of cock still between my lips and the base, but it felt like the head had passed into my throat unimpeded. I was proud of myself.

It took a lot of effort to keep calm with this enormous dick being pressed into my face. I kept my eyes on the base, making it my new goal. What I hadn't counted on was that it was just starting to get hard again. I fought back a wave of panic as the shaft grew stiffer and a bit wider within my throat. As it stiffened, the grip on my hair eased a little, and the forward movement halted. I focused on breathing through my nose until it came so naturally I didn't have to think about it. There was still 4-5 inches of cock in front of me, but now it was quite rigid and felt like it had lengthened into my throat a

bit. I still had no idea just how big this thing was at full attention.

My attention, however, was turned to the ball sac, which had begun shifting and drooping again from the crotch. I stared with wonder through teary eyes as I thought I could actually see cum filling up the space. I started thinking about what that much more cum could do to my tits which now hung with considerable weight from my chest. Again my pussy throbbed, and my nipples became so hard they ached.

The hand holding the cock shaft lifted and stroked a few wayward strands of my hair, pushing it behind my ear. It was a soft, erotic gesture, that finally made me want to know who it was that was providing me with so much pleasure. Looking up, I was greeted first by a flat, smooth stomach, pierced at the belly button. Next, what I can only describe as one of the best underboob views I had ever seen. Thick, erect nipples were silhouetted on the massive-looking mounds. Then, peering over past the large bust, and between the cleavage, was the sultry face of a fiery-eyed vixen, framed by wavy, walnut hair.

I should have been surprised. Knowing that this all came from within my own head, I wasn't at all surprised to be face-to-dick with a gorgeous babe who happened to also have an enormous cock and balls.

Now, I never found videos of real-life transgender people all that attractive, personally, because they never looked like hot chicks with dicks to me. They were always feminine dudes with boob jobs. Great for some people, I'm sure, but not my cup of tea. Artistic renderings of dickgirls, on the other hand, I always had a strong attraction to. As such, when we made eye contact a flood of pleasure and contentment flowed from my head to toes.

In the throes of this feeling I closed my eyes, her cock still buried in my throat. It somehow was starting to feel totally natural. She reached her second hand behind my head, gathering all of my hair into a ponytail in both hands. I opened my eyes just in time to see her ball sac reach the width of a grapefruit and hanging twice as far. My saliva glands went into overdrive, and she didn't miss the cue.

Accepting my slobbering as an invitation to proceed, she first pulled back and away until her cock head was just brushing my pouting, full lips. My eyes flashed past astonishment and went straight to hungry. It had to be close to 10 inches long and nearly as wide as a juice can. I already knew it fit into my throat, so there was no more anxiety as she eased it back in.

She popped the head in and out of my mouth past my lips a few times before pressing on into

my throat at a slow but steady speed. Only this time she didn't stop where she had stopped the first time. The base got closer and closer until the tip of my nose just touched her bare, smooth skin. At the same time, the cock head had bottomed out at what I have to assume was the entrance to my stomach.

I suddenly remembered that I could remove my white-knuckled hands from the handles and put them to some use. That idea didn't last long. As soon as I cupped her enormous balls in both hands, they seized upward. The shaft expanded quickly and forcefully down my torso. It should have been extremely painful, if not fatal, but this was a dream, after all. Blast after blast of cum filled my stomach without ever backing up my throat. Like my pussy, I think the cock took every last bit of space there was, leaving nowhere for the jizz to go but forward and inward.

This time my stomach ballooned quickly to deal with the forced entry. My big round ass was lifted as my stomach gurgled and bloated, pulling my knees off the ground. I found that I had hooker high heels on when feeling was returned to my lower half and I tried to quickly get my feet under myself. I must have been quite a sight! Impaled through my throat, large tits dangling, and a bubble-butt standing proudly over an engorged, sloppy pussy and hooker heels.

When she eventually let go of my hair and began sliding backward from my mouth with a softening dick, I looked up and we held eye contact until the head popped out. She licked her lips and I did the same. My chin was wet with drool and pussy juices. She dragged a hand's fingernails down, or rather up, my back as she walked around behind me again. I shuddered with delight.

My head dropped with no energy left to hold it. I was greeted with an upside-down viewing of my dangling tits, and beyond that her lithe legs taking up position behind my spread legs.

She picked up her fat cock head, without waiting for it to get hard again, and began rubbing it up and down between the spread cheeks of my wanton ass. When all of my saliva had been applied to my crack, she gripped the middle of her cock tightly to swell the tip and pressed the head into my sloppy, gaping pussy. That little touch about sent me over the edge again. I knew better was coming, so I consciously made an attempt to hold out. With all the pressure still in my stomach, it was no easy task.

After rubbing her cock head all over and in my folds, the slick juices were added to my glistening anus. Without warning, she leaned in and expertly lapped at the only hole she hadn't yet violated. Whatever control I was holding on to was instantly forfeit, as my body began bucking all of its own accord. She grabbed my hips and held on tight, licking consistently as I thrashed. This caused

her own big tits to be smashed and rubbed roughly between herself and my thighs.

Getting me off so hard must have reinvigorated her own drive, because the next thing I knew there was a rock-hard cock sliding effortlessly into my awaiting ass. No pain. No wondering how much I could take. Eyes closed, I moaned long and hard as she began to add some speed and force to her thrusts. Those giant balls were once again filling with a half-gallon of cum, and it was sloshing right into my clit and pussy lips with every deep thrust.

She fucked my ass with that glorious cock for longer than she had fucked my pussy or face. My orgasms rolled one into another, never really backing down much. Having already cum twice in very large amounts, I figured it might take her a little longer to reach a climax this time around. I reveled in the fact that I was being used for someone's enjoyment. I loved feeling as if all of my holes had been stretched open and fucked deeply.

I tried to let most of my body relax and just take the pounding. My legs were becoming weak and wobbly, quivering on top of the high heels. I enjoyed the view of my big tits swinging and flopping back and forth with each thrust. My stomach, filled with cum and looking 6 months pregnant, was still supporting my midsection. It started to rumble with all the jostling, and I looked forward to what would happen next.

Instead of grabbing the handles this time, I cupped each of my new giant tits in either hand and began rolling the thick nipples between my fingers. The expansion started quite quickly this time, expanding a full cup size in each of the first waves of growth. It then slowed to a steady, billowing pressure. Feeling the weight of my growing tits, I squeezed and kneaded them with as much gusto as I could muster. As the pool of semen in my stomach transferred to my bustline, more and more of my weight was being supported by the thick shaft sliding in and out of my ass.

The strength in my legs gave out and both feet started sliding further apart, still perched on very high heels. As a man I could never stretch very far toward the splits. That had obviously changed, too. When my entire body was again lying flat on the plank, both legs were outstretched to either side, with no pain whatsoever.

The cock never missed a beat, following the descent of my hips down. She appeared to be crouched behind me. Beyond my now enormous hooters I could see her balls, heavy with another load, smacking wetly against my loose pussy lips and rock hard clit. They were wet with pussy juice and cum which sloshed from my gaping cunt on hard thrusts.

By the time the growth had stopped, my swinging udders were slightly larger than a volleyball, but moved like the all-natural boobs that they were. I guessed my hard nipples stuck out at least an inch, capping each slightly puffed-out areola.

Her thrusts became shorter and faster. I closed my eyes and prepared myself for one last load.

Nothing.

In one swift motion she pulled the entire length of her cock from my abused asshole.

The emptiness I felt in that moment was like a despair I couldn't describe. I opened my eyes to find myself completely inverted, lying upon my back. It wasn't confusing at the time, being a dream and all. My shapely legs were still spread wide, but now angled upward. The full weight of my tits really became apparent once they were resting atop my ribs. They were now large enough that each one lolled over toward their respective side so I could see past them.

Before I had time to take in what had just happened, there was a cock being aimed at my face from between my titanic boobs. She was straddling my middle, lining up for an epic tit-fuck. My libido snapped back into priority one.

My eyes filled with fire when I looked up and we made eye contact. Without ever looking away, she grabbed each nipple roughly and smashed the huge breasts around her pole. The cock looked even thicker now. Every vein was visible, bulging and straining for release. The head was purple and swollen.

Her hips rolled atop me like a professional go-go dancer, plunging her shaft into my massive cleavage. Each thrust brought the head just shy of my lips. I felt my mouth watering at the thought of sucking on it again.

The heavy ball sac was laid out on my stomach, stretching almost down to my clit. The semen inside sloshed with each roll of the hips.

For the first time I got a real clear view of her full figure up top. I couldn't look away if I had wanted to. No woman had ever looked so singularly sexy to me. Sultry, seductive, confident, busty; the list would go on and on.

With a final hard squeeze of both my nipples, she pressed down on my tits to in turn clamp down on her cock. Her head threw back in a silent pose of climax.

Warm, thick cum squirted out by the cup-full, instantly covering my face, shoulders, and hair. I greedily tried to catch as much in my mouth as I could, but I had to keep my eyes closed.

The deathgrip on my nipples was released, and I felt her weight shift toward my lower half. A hand found my large pulsing clitoris, and clamped down around it.

Splashes of cum were still spurting over my tits as she rocked her hips to a very long orgasm.

I felt her balls moving and shifting on my abdomen with each jet.

Her cock gradually calmed. She did not.

She began quaking with the same sort of violent spasms that I had experienced earlier. I was still trying to wipe the sticky semen from my eyes, but I could feel her start to shudder.

I was finally able to see again in time to witness her being racked with such an amazing orgasm. Her tits bounced wildly, and her cock ping-ponged between the valley of my breasts.

The hand that had cupped my clit suddenly clamped down hard and began vibrating along with the rest of her. There was no holding back against my own orgasm any longer.

I don't think I formed a single word among all of the guttural, primal noises ringing in my ears. My whole world blurred and spun. Time stopped.

Everything was right in that moment.

To be continued. . .