

Warning: This is an erotic story for adults. This story contains PE (penis enlargement) and BE (breast enlargement/expansion). If you are not of age you should not be reading this story.

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Big Changes for The Professor

by Dirk Gently

Prologue:

Professor Oliver Lee was a leading anthropologist. He dealt primarily with indigenous native tribes of the South American rain forests. Although only 38, Lee was an expert in the field and was recognized world wide by his peers. 'Prof', as almost everyone called him, grew up traveling the world with a spinster Aunt who loved adventure. Prof easily took to languages and cultures and had a keen ear for dialects. Versed in over 30 languages it was often very easy for him to pick up new languages, even ones found deep in the rain forests, in only a matter of days.

Ruggedly handsome, and 6'1, you would think that the Professor would have been snatched up. He had several "relationships" in his twenties but there was always one thing that eventually happened. Intimacy and the great let down of his very small penis. Barely 3" when erect, Lee always felt that it was the thing that eventually drove women away. They would always give the same lines, "You deserve someone better", "It's not you, it's me", etc... No one ever said it outright but the Professor knew it was because of his small member.

In his mid twenties he threw himself into his career and traveled the world, wrote books, and gave lectures. He gave up on women. Lee had tried pills, pumps, and jelqing, but all to no avail so he eventually gave those up too. He always figured there was nothing to be done.

Chapter 1:

The Professor is an early riser and wakes up as dawn breaks. It's a little after 5 AM and he is deep in the South American jungle. It took him weeks to get to this spot and to an isolated area that contains several local indigenous tribes. Contact with outsiders is almost never heard but with Lee's connection to another tribe down river he found his way here. Existing in these forests for hundreds of years these tribes were very civil and well organized. He was not permitted to stay within the village but was allowed to stay downstream about a mile away. He was given a 'guide' of sorts. A young woman, orphaned when her parents died, and who was taken in by the village medicine woman. Ngala, was her name and she was slightly ostracized

by others in the village. You see, she never quite developed. Although not massive, all of the women in the village had breasts that would easily be K cups if they wore bras. And they weren't saggy either, all of them were full, firm, round, and stupendous (even the older women), almost gravity defying. Every woman grew breasts to at least that size. Some slightly smaller, some bigger. Ngala, never had really developed though and was at best a C cup, maybe the size of an orange and not the big Wattuti melons that the other women were. It was a shame too as Ngala probably had the best face and body of any woman in the village. But, for whatever reason, it just never happened and she had been given the task of looking over and assisting the Professor.

Being mostly nudists, women were topless and wore modest coverings below. The men while wearing some covering for their backside and half shirts had a unique situation going on for the front. Their garments were designed to showcase their immense members. Each man of the tribe was a real shower and hung at least 8" long. This was one of the reasons the Professor had chosen this tribe, he had heard stories for year of how well endowed the men were and how they were NOT born this way but some ritual occurred when the boys came of age. They displayed their manhood and it was also a matter of intimidation and negotiation strategy with other tribes they traded with. Although long when limp, during an erection each man would gain an addition 2 to 4 inches. So, no man in the tribe was larger than a foot long. Still, with the combination of beautiful woman of ample bosom, and well hung men, village morale was good.

Chapter 2

Ngala comes running down the trail to tell Prof that a ritual is about to start for a young man. Lee grabs his camera, notepad, and bolts off his cot and out of his classic canvas tent. "Finally, after weeks, what I've been waiting for", he thinks to himself eagerly. As he enters the village the young man is strapped down on the center stone altar. The medicine woman is examining his current manhood, almost as small as the Professors, although the man is flaccid. She grabs the tip of his penis and yanks it quickly upwards extending it out just over six inches. She reaches over and grabs the cocoa shell which has a special creature inside, a large red ant. She quickly slaps it over the man's testicles and holds it tight. The young man screams and then passes out. The ritual is over. When she removes the shell, the ant is dead.

Lee is fascinated, he has so many questions but doesn't even know where to begin. As the crowds disperse, Ngala is helping to redress the boy and is soothing his forehead with a cool, damp sponge. Although still passed out he is breathing heavily and starting to sweat. His

manhood is starting to swell and turns this reddish color. It looks extremely painful. One of the village elders, a man called Hdong comes over to the Professor. Using his tact and charm Prof learns that this ant is rare and tough to find so it is a great honor when the ceremony takes place. Often the young man himself with search for months to find the nesting area and retrieve such a rare specimen. This has been a very closely guarded secret for many generations and Hdong almost threatens the Professor that he too must now keep the secret.

“Of course, of course”, Lee replies. Bowing to show humility and understanding.

“It is a pity about Ngala, huh? We will probably never be able to find her a husband”, the elder says.

“Yes, nothing like the ant treatment for the women I suppose?” Lee asks.

The elder looks around to see if others are listening. And then whispers, “follow me.”

The two walk up the river some distance towards a waterfall. Lee cannot help but notice the elder’s prodigious manhood swaying in front of him and cannot help to think of himself a bit jealous. When they reach the waterfall the elder slips past some rocks and motions the Professor to follow. They have entered a well hidden cave and the elder strikes up a light with materials that were there covered and protected by the cave entrance. Once inside and his adjust, the Professor is overwhelmed by the imagery. Scenes, of blight, and sickly people, people who are starving. Then, three women with massive breasts, the size of beanbags, and villagers lining up to suckle from their ample bosom. A white ant shown above them. The elder tells the story.

“This hasn’t happened for generations but there was a period of time when there were terrible period of drought and famine with nothing to eat. It was said that three women were chosen to become “life-givers” and went through the process of being bitten by the white ant. Their breasts swelled with milk and they could sustain the village. Over time all of the women got a little bigger until you see what you see today. No one has found a white ant in years and with good farming, gathering, and hunting, we have not needed to create a “life-giver”. This all happened well before my own lifetime and even before my father’s”, Hdong went on to say. “This tells you more about our village.”

The Professor was just astounded, mouth wide open as he continued staring at the drawings, and listened to the story. Amazing, he thought to himself. Women that were even bigger than what’s in the village now was quite a turn on to the Professor and although he was starting to sport an erection. No one would know it. And that further deflated him.

Chapter 3

Alone in his campsite, Prof was down by the river washing up. He didn't hear the girls from the village until they started giggling. They were staring and pointing at his manliness, or lack thereof. Lee covered himself quickly and heard some yelling. Ngala bursts through the underbrush and starts yelling at the girls. They snicker back at her and move off, each flaunting their already burgeoning developments to the small chested Ngala as they move past.

"I'm sorry," she says, as she approaches. "They are just silly girls."

"Well, they have a right to laugh, it is pretty pathetic."

"Oh come on it cannot be that bad."

The Professor removes his hand and her face stays stone solid. She would have made a great poker player.

"Well, I guess we are both quite the pair?" And she turned and left.

The Professor usually made it a rule to not drink while in the field but in honor of the young man's growth ceremony the village was celebrating. The fermented fruit juices were a bit more potent than he imagined and add in the jealousy and resentment he was feeling, this did not bode well for the Professor. As he stumbled back to his camp he stepped off the trail to relieve himself. While taking a very long piss he looks down and sees it, a red ant crawling along the log. He immediately stops and leans in with his headlamp for a closer look. It's not just one, it's dozens. Dozens and dozens of those red ants - the same one. He's mere feet from his camp and cannot believe his luck. Backing away he starts stripping down and leaves his clothes as a marker. Buck naked, staggering, and ecstatic he gets down the trail to his camp and find the only container there - his coffee pot. Lee grabs it, bolts back up to the spot and peers back at the log. Less now. Damn. But wait, Lee sees where they are going. They are going into the log a parade of ants heading down into the rotten hollowed out log. The Professor tears at the top and rips off a piece of the log, ants are scurrying everywhere. He jams the lidless coffee pot into the hole and scoops along the bottom. He got something. Immediately he slams it over his penis and scrotum.

The pain, the burning, the dozens of pricks. The pain. He passes out.

Chapter 4

Ngala comes down the trail early in the morning bringing some fruit for the Professor. She hopes to apologize and see if he is ok. Such strange behavior he had last night. Staring at the men and women equally, focusing on their respective organs. And those silly girls still

whispering amongst themselves and to others while pointing at the Professor. When he staggered off in a drunken stupor, she was worried last night. But, being a but tipsy herself and having to attend to the medicine woman, Boobasta, she could not check on the Professor. As she comes around he's lying in the middle of the trail stark naked with his coffee pot barely in one hand. He is breathing so hard and sweating profusely. She looks down and his penis and scrotum and a bright red with white blotches and grotesquely swollen. Ngala rushes to him. "What have you done, Professor?"

She drags him back to his tent and gets him onto the cot. She retrieves water from the river and begins cleaning and cooling the man off. She is worried. She has never seen the bites that bad as she examines his penis. "And what are those white blotches? That I have never seen before," she thinks to herself.

Over the next several days, Ngala does her best to keep the Professor cool and clean. He comes in and out of consciousness, usually just enough to sip water or to eat a bit of the boar stew she made. He is delirious the entire time. During this whole process his penis is changing, it's growing. It becomes less red, his testicles become larger. By day two his penis looks to be about 4" flaccid, and his balls are about the size of limes. On day three he starts to get erections even while he is still passed out. His penis swells to 8, then 9, then 10 inches. His testicles also swell beyond lemons, almost oranges. Ngala continues to care for and feed him. On day four the fever is still there and the Professor is still mostly out. Ngala reaches down with a cool, wet sponge and begins cleaning his manhood. And it certainly is manly now. Although only about 5" when not erect, her motions start it growing and it becomes larger and larger and larger. She is mesmerized. Although she has helped Boobasta with the growth ceremony for years, she never really handled a mans penis before. Setting aside the sponge she wraps her hand around the base, her fingers cannot touch, and she starts stroking it up and down. It's as big as her forearm and still mostly soft. She uses two hands and continues to pump. Almost a foot now and still growing. Bigger and bigger. It swells larger than any man in the village and it continues to grow. The testicles are pulsing and she massages them also. She can feel them grow as well. Ngala continues to pump up and down with her right as her left hand struggle to contain even one testicle. The Professor is moaning in pain/pleasure? Ngala keeps going as his organ swells to over twice the size of any man. Almost a full 22 inches now, and sticking straight up, almost fully hard.

She leans in and brushes her nose against the tip. The smell is intoxicating. She sticks out her tongue. She melts. The taste is amazing. Before she knows it, Ngala is straddling the

Professor, on her knees, both hands on that massive cock and she is going down. She is licking and working that huge organ in and out getting as much as she can down her throat.

“Ohhhhhhhhh”, she moans as her lower areas become ever more damp. I must have more, she thinks. Finally fully hard and topping out at just over 24” it is a sight to behold. Ngala does her best but only gets down 6 or 8 inches. Up and down, up and down. faster, and faster. She cannot stop herself. She feels a twitching. Another strong spasm and the flow. “Ughh” As she holds on, lip-locked and sucking everything she can out. Tears almost coming to her eyes, she is in a state of pure bliss. At least 10 solid spasms of the sweetest liquid she has ever tasted. It subsides and she pulls away. The erection starts to diminish and the Professor settles into a deep sleep with a smile on his face. Ngala falls back and is breathing heavily, filled with contentment. She has never felt this way before. She smiles.

Over the next few minutes, she continues the cleanup and his penis has shrunk back down, no larger than a small plantain. “Certainly not like men in our tribe, what a grower”, she thinks to herself. After covering him up and make sure he is sleeping well, Ngala leaves. The fever has finally broken.

Chapter 5

The Professor is groggy, it is early morning and he is trying to remember where he is. Cot, tent, jungle..... the village! Memories flood back and he bolts upright and springs off the cot. What the hell is that? He looks down. Testicles almost the size of softballs are sitting below a very furrowed up penis with a head about the size of a lime. He rushes to his supplies and finds the tape measure. 6 inches. “I’m hanging 6 inches”, he gasps. He sits back on his cot and starts to tug on his penis - he can pull it longer and longer. Blood starts rushing in and he almost feels a bit light headed. He tugs is past 10. Stretch, more. He goes past 14 and it still feels soft. Pull more, more blood, his heart pumping. He hits 18 inches, still not hard. Prof is astounded. He drops the tape measure and starts stroking with two hands, 20 inches. Bigger. 22 inches. Bigger. Over 24 inches and hard as steel. The Professor is ecstatic. The feel, the touch, the contours, all of those thick veins. He can barely put his hands around the shaft. Stroking up and down he can feel the massiveness of the Corpus spongiosum (the thing that runs up the underside of the penis.) “Wow!”

In the village a terrifying scream wakes up Boobasta. She runs to Ngala’s mat and the once tiny girl is now in possession of the largest breasts of the village. They were stupendous. Pendulous orbs hanging out and in front of her by at least two feet. She was simple massive

and firm and round. Ngala was staring and rubbing and moaning in pleasure. Boobasta immediately started asking questions and told her about the Professor and the last few days. She described the phases that his penis went through and what she had done to him, for him.

Boobasta paced and pondered. "He must have also been bitten by a white ant, perhaps even a queen. That is the only explanation as to why you, my child have become so big. At least you can still stand, and walk, yes?"

Ngala got to her feet and her breasts, while still jutting almost straight out almost two feet, they settled to be just above her hips. What a set of breasts. Her first few steps were tentative but she slowly got the hang of it and could easily navigate with these additional assets.

A meeting of the elders needed to happen. Boobasta whisked out of the hut to find Hdong and the others while Ngala rocked back and forth cradling her new assets.

Chapter 6

"It is time for you to leave, Professor", Hdong stated clearly. We have sent word and the boat will be here in two days. "Please do not come to the village." Hdong turned and left, his own manhood now small in comparison to what the Professor was packing. While the other elders left the medicine woman was still in his campsite.

"Let me see it. Let me see what you did without my guidance." She demanded.

Sheepishly, Lee rose to his feet and dropped his pants.

Boobasta let out an audible gasp and muffled, "hmmmm". "Do you know what happened to Ngala?"

He didn't, he had not seen her and didn't know she was the one who nursed him back to health. He shook his head.

"She took care of you and when you grew hard, she took care of you then too." She chuckled. "Her breasts have grown larger than any girls in the village. She could almost be a 'life-giver'."

The Professor's eyes widened a little and his penis began to stir.

"I see you know that term and what it means. I suppose Hdong told you. Yes, her breasts have swollen to a large size, over twice as big as me." As she thrust her chest out. Even though she was in her fifties, the 'old' medicine woman still had it going on.

The Professor felt a continued stirring and some dizziness. His organ stretched out another 5 inches.

"I see.... interesting." Boobasta moved in as Lee collapsed back into a chair. She reaching down and started inspecting the growing piece of manhood.

It lengthened more and more, swelling faster and faster, his heart beating and his vision slightly blurring. It was quite a sensation.

"Ngala said you were in very bad shape and had been bitten many times, I see that is the case. Isn't that right my dear?"

Ngala appeared out of the dense forest covering, well her breasts appeared first, and then the rest of her about a second later. "Yes, matron. I did."

Upon seeing her massive bosom the Professor almost became instantly hard swelling from 15 inches to 25 inches in a matter of seconds. He passed out, for a moment. When he snapped to, there the was in all her glory. Her massive pair of breasts defying gravity as she stood in front of the fully erect man.

"Don't swallow this time, my dear, or you will end up even bigger.", Boobasta said as she moved off.

Immediately Ngala thrust her massive orbs around the Professor's giant pole. Although big, he was still bigger and could easily slide through that canyon. She licked him every time he came up. She staggered back onto her knees, Prof came off the chair and joined her. She lay back and he straddled the gigantic bosom.

"Ngala, you're..... you're huge."

"I know, thanks to you." She said in-between sucking the head of his penis.

His whole shaft was within the canyon walls and there was still a good 8 inches for her to take into her throat.

"I'm..." suck, suck, suck, "I'm huge now", suck, moan, lick, breathe, "But I want to be even huger!" She grinned and her eyes lit up and that's when she really got down to business.

Lee was so hard. Driving his titanic pole through that cleavage he was fondling and kneading and massaging every square inch. Everything he did, Ngala moaned in pleasure. Grab her nipple? Moan. Dig his hand into mounds of flesh? Moan. Scoop them up with such force it lifts her body off the ground? Moan. He could do no wrong.

Minutes went by, she was ravenous and although this was only the second time ever sucking a man's penis, she was an expert. The Professor had never experienced such feeling. Every little section of his skin was triggering a pleasure response, he could feel everything from root to tip. It was indescribable.

He was getting close. "You're sure about this? You want to be bigger??" He panted out in between moans.

Her hands clamped down on the top of his shaft and she went in for the kill. The last few strokes and she held on for dear life. Load after load after load went in and she swallowed every single one. Not a drop was wasted. The release that he felt was the most incredible thing that Oliver Lee had ever experienced. He collapsed backwards, panting, almost out of breath and sweating. "OH MY GOD! That was amazing." Pant, pant, pant.

Dizzy and intoxicated from what they had done, Lee helped Ngala to her feet and they both fell asleep on his cot in the tent.

Chapter 7

It was dark. Lee couldn't see a thing but he felt like he was being crushed. Putting his hand out he felt flesh. A wall of flesh, moving around it he couldn't find the edge. His hand moved, 2 feet, 3 feet, 4 feet, he rolled off the cot. A dark outline was all he could make out as high as the ceiling and pushing on either side of the tent. Down on his knees he fumbled for his light.

"Wow", he gasped. There attached to this tiny 5'4 girl was the largest set of breasts in the history of the world. They jutted up 4 feet? No, almost 5 feet into the air. They were wider than the poor girl by several feet on either side. Ngala woke and rolled towards the Professor. It was as if a mountain was coming to crush him. He rolled out the way and she took out the tent.

Ngala was there laying on top of her twin mounds 5 feet in the air. She rocked forward and back. When she got to her feet she leaned way back and stood up and tall as she could. Her breasts were mere inches off the ground and when she put her arms straight out, her hands could almost reach the curve. And still that same firm, round, perfectly formed pair of breasts. They were truly magnificent.

"Perfect." She said, and sighed. "What do you think, Professor?"

Lee was blown away. With the tent gone and the moonlight lighting up everything she was an amazing sight.

"Let's see those little girls in the village laugh at me now!"

Ngala moved toward the Professor, slowly and got close to him and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you. Be well"

And with that she moved off making a heck of a racket as her breasts plowed through the vegetation on either side of the trail.

The Professor looked around and started packing up the camp. The tent was a loss, he'd have to replace it, and no one would believe how it got destroyed.

Shrieks in the distance could be heard. She made it back to the village and the Professor was on his way back to the States.

Classes started in two weeks.

The End.

I hope to write a continuation where the Professor meets up with his doctoral student, Cassidy, and she falls victim to boogie greed as well. Not as much BE as I hoped but more in the next story. Let me know if you enjoyed this and want more?