

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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This is a continuation of the story, "Big Changes for the Professor".

The Professor Returns

by Dirk Gently

Chapter 1

Professor Oliver Lee arrived back in the States and at Granger University about two weeks before classes began for the fall. Granger University, nestled in the mountains of Vermont, is the only all women's private university in the United States. Lee is a world renown anthropologist. When he arrived back in his one bedroom flat, on campus, he uploaded all his files and notes to the server and immediately fell asleep. The changes to his body had taken a toll on him and he slept for almost five days.

He awoke with a start and a raging hard-on. Pulling back the sheets, Lee almost forgot, but quickly remembered what had happened to him in the jungles of South America. His erect cock stood majestically before him but seemed small. Leaping from bed and grabbing a nearby tape measure he found that he had indeed lost 4 inches and was now a mere 20 inches long. Still huge by any standards. Making a note in his journal, Lee moved off to relieve himself in the long hot shower.

Cassidy Anne Jones was Prof. Lee's graduate research assistant. Twenty four years old, 5'5 with tawny hair and these deep gray eyes. A petite, lithe body and barely a B cup. Yet, she was smart as a whip and very loyal to the Professor. Cassidy had seen that Prof was back in town when she checked the server logs and had seen that his latest travels had been uploaded. It was now her job to review all the files, document the photos, and to make notes in the research log. The Prof had been gone for over a month and there was much data to sift through.

Cassidy had been working on her doctoral thesis for two years now and was no in no rush to leave the Professor's side. He was a generous teacher, brilliant and very supportive. And while Cass had a very big crush on the Professor she never let it show. He also, always maintained that strict line between teacher and student. Sure, he may fantasize every once in a while but the Professor would never act on such urges. Besides, up until now he had always been embarrassed about his manhood and had an impossible time dating women his own age, let alone coeds, because of the humility he faced. Would that change now?

Cassidy was just getting ready to log into the school server when she heard her two roommates come in. Both graduate students themselves, the girls started living together after their senior year at Granger when they discovered they were all accepted in the doctoral programs for their discipline.

Tianna Ivanka Tsung or “Teeny” as her close friends called her was a stunning half Japanese, half Russian, 5’ 11 stunner. It was the joke that she was called Teeny but was so tall. Wide shoulders and a broad back tapered down to an impossibly thin waist, Teeny was statuesque. Only lacking in one area, of course, but her legs and tiny waist, and cute ass made up for a lot. Raven hair cascaded down her back, when not in a pony tail, and she always insisted on wearing at least 3 inch heels so she was taller than most men she encountered. Her steel blue eyes were a gift from her Russian mother and would pierce the soul of any man. A whiz in economics, Teeny was sure to win a Nobel prize someday.

The other roommate was an athletic dark skinned Greek beauty. Diana Sophia Monk was 5’6 and was stacked compared to her roommates. Sporting a C cup and very fit from her fencing team practice, Di was easy going and loved being with her friends. A doctoral student in the language department, Di was very involved in her studies of Greek and Latin. Her shoulder length brunette hair was often worn down and worked to accentuate her almond eyes.

“Cass, we’re home”, Tee shouted out as they walked in, arms full of groceries.

“Be right down.” Cass pushed the mouse arrow into the upper right corner as the Mac fell asleep and bounded downstairs to check in with her roommates.

“Everyone get the TA assignments and classes yet for this year?” Di asked while starting to unpack the various food items.

“Two Intro to Econ classes, Microeconomics, and World Economic History”, Tee sighed as she loaded the fridge.

“Yeah, I have two classes of Latin 101, Intensive Elementary Greek, and oh... Myth! I’m really looking forward to that one.” Di beamed.

“What about you, Cass?” Teeny looked over.

“Well, Prof got back almost a week ago and I’ve been e-mailing him but I haven’t heard anything. I wondered if he was OK, I almost went over to his apartment on campus to check on him but I saw that he did upload all his photos and notes from his journey. So, at least I know he’s alive.” Cassidy sighed.

“Seriously, Cass, when are you going to tell him how you really feel about him?” Diana chided her.

“What? Me? No, come on. It’s the Prof. He’s a great teacher and mentor. That’s it.”

“Yeah, right.” Tianna rolled her eyes.

Cassidy sighed, “Well, he’s never given ME any indication - so I will keep it professional, like he has. Look, I’ve got work to do - the Prof need me to catalog and document his notes from the expedition and I need to get started.” Cassidy turned and bolted up the stairs.

“Teacher’s pet, teacher’s pet.....” Di and Tee both yelled and giggled and Cass quickly moved away.

Chapter 2

It was two days before classes would start and Prof. Lee was in his campus office. Being a senior faculty member and one that was held in high regard, he had one of the better offices on campus. A second floor suite with a private bathroom, large intricate window that gave a

beautiful view of the lake and mountains to the distance. Dark, ornate wood accentuated his office with stacks of books, small display cases, and oversized leather chairs. A couch, and coffee table were off in one corner and the Prof sat behind a majestic oak desk. This was facing the door with his back to the window. Adjacent to his desk was another smaller work table where his laptop sat along with various journals and assorted camera equipment. His main desk had enough work space but was piled with stacks of books, some which he wrote, and other were collections of long forgotten explorer's journals - first hand accounts of their travels and observations.

Prof Lee logged into the server and saw that Cassidy had been hard at work over the past few days. He had uploaded nearly all, but not all, photos of his journey. Cassidy had seen the picture of the women from the Waikino tribe, all who sported at least a K cup. And she had seen the large manhood of each man in the tribe, most of them being about a foot long when erect. Yet, true to his word, he gave no mention of how the men got to be much size, and her certainly made NO reference to his own current size. Lee smirked. He was pretty big now and having quite a hard time not masturbating several times a day. Now that he was sporting a 20" hard-on, it was pretty hard to not get excited. This was especially true because he spent most of his life at a mere 3" and he also wasn't really sure how long this would last.

Prof wondered what Cassidy thought when she was going through the photos and his public journal records. Was she turned on? Did it excite her as much as him? He still wouldn't act on his thoughts of her, but he had thoughts. But his thoughts right then went to Ngala. The girl from the tribe who nursed him back to health and sucked him off several times and grew this massive set of breasts. These gravity defying orbs that stuck out almost 5 feet in front of her and were twice as wide as her torso. Before he was exiled from the village the Professor was able to take some photos of Ngala and she was more than happy to pose. She was extremely proud of her new assets and wanted to show them off in any way possible.

Prof slipped a thumb drive out of his satchel and plugged it into his Mac. The folder popped up on the screen and he launched everything. Over one hundred photos and two movie clips were now sitting on his desktop. He could feel his penis start to lengthen as he scrolled by photo after photo. His thoughts lingered back to Ngala's soft, pouty lips wrapped tightly around his massive tool. Already massive she had come back a second time and wanted to be the very biggest she could.

It was Sunday and the Professor was fairly confident that no one was around as he unzipped his pants and tugged out his ever enlarging member. Stroking up and down, slowly coaxing it to grow, it did not take long until he was at his full 20 inches. The sensations and feelings were so intense. Holding firm in his left hand he clicked over to a movie clip of Ngala posing, and moving around his decimated campsite. She had destroyed his tent when here breasts ballooned to the massive size they were in the video. He was completely enraptured in the video and pleasuring himself that he did not hear the door open and the footsteps approach his desk.

Because of the stacks of books and journal, Cassidy Anne Jones could not see what the Professor was exactly doing. She saw a look of rapture on his face as he was turned to the left

engaged in something on his laptop. She saw a bobbing up and down and thought he was holding some small club or bat in his hand. As she approached and saw that it was his own dick she gasped and dropped a stack of papers and books.

The Professor snapped out of his trance and quickly turned still holding onto his rock hard cock.

“All the rumors were false - OH MY GOD. Oh my god, I’m so sorry... I didn’t mean to... Um I can come back.....”, Cassie was stammering out her words bending over to pick up the mess. She was averting her eyes but trying to look at the same time.

“Cassie....” Prof quickly rose and turned to his right - his massive cock swinging around and knocking over the glass of bourbon he had poured for himself. He thought, that would have never happened before, as he simultaneously said, “Oh shit”, as he noticed the liquid pouring all over some open journals and research notes.

Cassie saw what happened and quickly responded, knowing how important those documents were, she sprang up to grab something to wipe up the mess. Not really thinking she pulled her t-shirt off and started mopping up the bourbon. After a few seconds it actually occurred to her what happened. She had moved so quickly, without thinking, and was literally bent over at the Professor’s desk soaking up bourbon with her t-shirt, staring right at — The. Largest. Cock. She had ever seen. Prof Lee was just stunned. She had reacted so quickly he didn’t know what to do. He was still standing there with his left hand wrapped around the bottom of his shaft and the empty rocks glass in his right hand.

Something in the air, or her own repressed feelings told Cassidy Anne Jones what to do next. She moved quickly behind the desk and while shoving the Professor back into his high back leather chair with her left hand - she wrapped her right hand the best she could around the top of his penis, bent over, and put as much as she could into her mouth. She was absolutely unhinged. Cassie thrust up and down, two hands moving onto the shaft. Inch after inch more she sucked down. Up and down. Almost a full seven inches. The Professor was gobsmacked. He had no idea how to react. Everything had happened so fast and it felt so damn good. He just sat there and blinked long and hard.

“Cassie, stop. It’s not right, we really shouldn’t” He meekly said in-between his own heartbeats and throbbing pulses.

Cassie stopped halfway up her last stroke, hands still wrapped firmly around. She paused and slowly came all the way up and stood up in front of the Professor.

“Prof, wow! I’m... sorry, I think. My god - look at this thing. The rumors were not true at all. At all..... Please Professor, please, let me have it.” She dropped to her knees - still a tight grip with both her hands.

The Professor sat upright in his chair - his pole sticking straight out. “Rumors? What rumors?”

Cassie adjusted her pose and stared down the barrel of the massive beast. She went in for a gentle kiss and a lick. “The rumors about your manhood. Some of the other grad students....” kiss, lick, kiss, “call you Professor Wee”, kiss, lick, “because they thought you had a really small...” kiss, long lick up the whole shaft....”but THIS, oh my god — this is....” long suck,

deeper, deeper, 5 inches, 6, 8, 10 inches. Holy hell. She slowly comes back up. "This is unreal!" As she goes down again.

Prof Lee was reeling in thought. First off, this was his grad student, he shouldn't be doing this. But... my god she could suck a cock. Where did she learn that from, she was amazing. Shirtless and in only her bra, Cassidy continued to go down on the Professor. He lace trim bra was fully covering her tiny B cups. A nice body but no where near the Professors type. She was built nicely in other places though and her tight, thin, lithe body went a long way to keeping the Professor hard.

"Cass, I'm.... I'm....." As she increased her frequency and intake. She knew. She wanted it, she wanted to swallow him, to suck him dry if possible. She was fondling his almost softball sized balls. They had seemed to swell while Cassie had been sucking him off. With one hand on his scrotum and one on his shaft she felt the twitch. And then... then it was like a firehose had been turned on. Cass held on for dear life and swallow as much as she could. Spasm after spasm. Almost 30 seconds, she swallowed more cum than she had ever in her lifetime - and she had been a cum addict since she was in her late teens. This was all of that and more. She couldn't. She pulled away and even more came out all onto her chest - soaking her bra.

She fell back and collapsed into a sitting position on the floor. His balls deflated back to racquetball size, Prof Lee leaned back in his chair and passed out.

Cassie sat there - not sure what to do. She was trying to process everything that happened in the past 20 minutes. It was all too much. She looked at the Professor and saw that he was asleep - his cock shrinking back down and finally settling in at 6 inches.

"Jesus." She muttered under her breath. "What a grower - huh."

Cass moved to get up from the floor and retrieved her bourbon soaked t-shirt. "Hmmmm... now what do I do." Taking her shirt into the bathroom she blotted it dry with a towel the best she could and came back out to take care of everything else. First, she put the Professor's cock away. As gently as she could, Cassie managed to place his balls and penis back into his pants and zip him up. "Ok - that was weird... I guess I should write a note." Scribbling something down on a pad, she put her shirt back on, not even noticing that her bra was dry and there was no trace of semen on her chest - both having been absorbed quickly into her skin. On her way out she grabbed a spare fleece (Prof always had spare fleeces, hats, raincoats, etc... hanging in his office — be prepared, I guess) - so Cass was able to cover up and make herself a bit more modest. She left.

Chapter 3

Cass got home just after 6 PM to the smell of a big spaghetti dinner being prepared by her roommates.

"How was your meeting?" Teeny asked as Cass rushed by and upstairs to change.

"Fine", she called down. "No big deal". She was looking at herself in the full length mirror as she changed. Her tummy was bulging out a bit and she sank to her bed and smirked to

herself... “Well, Cass - maybe if you hadn’t swallowed pints and pints of cum?” Quickly she changed into sweats and a baggy sweatshirt with no bra.

The three girls sat around the table with a giant bowl of pasta, meatballs, sausage, garlic bread and much wine. On Tuesday they would start teaching classes and continue the more serious work on their doctoral dissertations. They all wanted to enjoy this moment. The conversations with lively with much laughter and the wine easily flowed. Neither Di nor Teeny noticed that Cass had 3 full servings of spaghetti. Cass hardly noticed herself, but she knew she was ravenous. After almost two hours of dining and drinking, the girls called it a night. They piled the dishes into the sink and no one thought twice that there were no leftovers. They went to bed.

It was a restless night for Cassidy. At first she immediately passed out - even snoring because she was so full, tired, and stuffed. But then.. the tossing and turning started. Warmth spread over her body as she kicked off the blankets, her dreams were so strange and out of place. She was at an all you can eat dessert bar and was just packing away treat after treat. Her stomach swelled and swelled as she protested. She couldn’t help herself.

The morning sun came through an unshaded window and Cassie stirred. “What a night she thought...what a cock.” A smile was crossing her lips as she started to wrap her arms around the pillow that were to her side. “Pillows? I don’t have any extra pillows? How come I can FEEL those pillows?” Cass opened her eyes with a jolt. It was her breasts. She was holding onto HER breasts - they were huge. Well maybe not huge, but when you’re a B cup and go to K cup overnight — that’s huge. She sat up and surveyed the scene. Sure enough. Tits. Honest to goodness tits.

Cassidy was entranced. Big, round, full. She kept rubbing and massaging. It was if someone had installed a set of volleyballs on her chest overnight. She was thrilled. Then she started to wonder, what was it? What caused it? “Was it the Professor?”

Chapter 4

It was 2 AM and the Professor awoke with a start in his office chair. His mind started to piece together what had happened earlier that day. He looked around and saw a note on his desk. “Don’t worry a thing about it. It was all me. We’re good. XOXO Cass.”

The Professor was pondering what to do. He remembered more of what happened. The fact that Cassidy had ingested his cum made him wonder if the effect was still going to be the same. Was he going to cause the same changes in Ngala as he did in Cass? He turned to his computer and shot off a quick e-mail.

“Cassidy. I got your note. Ok. But what I really need to know is — have you experienced any changes? Please call me or stop by. The Professor.” Send.

He closed his laptop and left his office walking across campus to his apartment. The stars were out and it was a beautiful night/morning. It was Labor Day and classes would begin tomorrow.

Cassie reached for her phone and saw that she had one e-mail message. It was from the Professor. “Any changes??” Um — yeah. How did he do this? How did know? Cassie

reached for her sweatshirt and thought to herself, "Well - I guess I better show the girls... to the girls." And maybe gloat a little. And oh yeah - Di won't be the biggest anymore.

Sitting around the kitchen table, Diana and Tianna were already awake, sipping on coffee and reading the morning paper. "Fucking, Trump - what a disaster this guy is gonna be." Teeny was shaking her head.

"Well, Hillary didn't have a chance. This country is more sexist than racist." Di chimed in.

"True but.... well.. good morning, sunshine." Teeny said to Cass as she sipped on her coffee.

"Good morning", Cass said as she slipped into a chair next to the other girls. "Something happened."

Cassidy's baggy sweatshirt was doing a good job of hiding the overnight developments.

"What, are you ok?" "What's the matter?" Both girls asked simultaneously.

"I don't know how to explain so.... here." And with that last word Cassie pulled off her sweatshirt.

Silence. Absolute silence as Di and Ti just stared at Cassie's - now massive - chest.

"Cass, what? How??" They both fumbled. "They're massive", Teeny chimed in.

"Wow. Well I guess I'm not the biggest in the house anymore", Di said with slight sarcasm and regret.

"Yeah well.... there's that. But it happened.... um it happened because of something with Prof Lee and me."

"What?? How does THAT.....how does that happen? He didn't force you...." Ti was asking.

"No, no", as Cass cut her off. "No, it was kinda all me. He has well you wouldn't believe. I can't even so I'll just say it. He has a huuuuuuge cock. Huge. It had to be 20 inches."

Blank stares from the other girls as Cass put her sweatshirt back on.

"So because he has a huge cock your boobs just got massive?", Diana asked.

"Wait, didn't he have a nickname of Professor Wee?? A 20 inch cock? What?", Tiana asked at the same time.

They both stared at Cass, waiting for the full story. She sighed and started in. She told them how she came into his office and the scene she saw. She described how she moved to clean up the spill and then couldn't help herself. Then, she found herself taking in the most massive cock she had ever experienced and she need more and more. Cassidy recounted swallowing pint after pint of cum and the extra spilling onto her chest. She then recounted how ravenous she was during their spaghetti dinner and her night of restless dreams. Finally - how she woke up this morning. With these.

The girls were enraptured over all the details and hung on every word. When they were done both of them were staring at Cassie's chest.

"Eyes up here, girls." And they snapped out of it.

"Um... how do you feel?" Ti asked?

"Any word from the Professor?" Di chimed in?

"I'm actually starving and yes he sent me an e-mail asking about any changes."

"What? So, he did know?" Di said.

"Ok, Ok, first thing first, let's get our girl fed", as Teeny moved to put on some bacon, hash browns, toast and eggs.

Cassie was ravenous. She wolfed down the first plate that Ti had prepared and when it looked like there was no stopping, Ti dished up a second plate. A strong cup of coffee and a loud burp, Cassie leaned back, sated.

"Oh." She muttered. "I'm feeling warm again." Cassie reached for her volleyball sized breasts and held them firmly. The warm sensation growing along with a tingling feeling. "Oh!" She exclaimed. Her perfect tits were starting to swell and thrust outward. Every little wave of pleasure struck her with new sensation.

"Cass!" Di gasped. Tianna reached out and held Di's hand back. "Let's just watch, shall we?"

Cassie clutched at her chest more, moaning with pleasure - one inch, two inches.... four. Her breasts continued to swell larger and larger. As much pleasure as Cassidy was enjoying it was almost as much pleasure for Teeny and Di to watch.

"Getting bigger....", Cass sighed, "feels so good...."

"Take it off, take off your sweatshirt", Ti insisted. They both moved to help Cassie out and she did not object. Lifting the garment over her head, Cassidy's magnificent bosom was exposed. None of the girls were necessarily lesbians but they were all turned on by what they were witnessing. The smell in the air was erotic and all of a sudden Teeny and Di couldn't help themselves.

Almost instantly they found themselves to either side of Cass each fondling a gigantic breast. Her nipples had increased in size and were so erect and so long now. Almost the size of a thumb they ached as the girls continued to rub and nuzzle themselves against the expanding bosom.

Much like Cassidy had experienced with the Professor - the other girls didn't know what had come over them. Tianna and Diana just knew they needed to fondle, caress, and suckle what was in front of them. More and more Cassidy's tits continued to expand.... 8 inches, 10.... almost 12 inches — beyond the size of basketballs. Each breast continued to expand. Larger.... larger. Then... suddenly. Small droplets appeared from her nipples slowly at first and then more frequent. The scent was overwhelming. Tianna and Diana latched almost instantly. Each one sucking fiercely, trying to coax more and more out. Each droplet of milk was succulent and sweet. Each girl needed more and more. Cassidy moaned in pleasure. Her hand slid down to her dripping pussy. She was so turned on and horny. Cassidy rubbed both hands along her labia, feeling the folds and how her pussy lips also seemed to be expanding.

Ti and Di hardly acknowledged each other. Their whole world was the giant almost beachball sized breast in front of them and the, now, shot glass sized nipple that was producing the most amazing liquid they had ever tasted. The growth had stopped but the massaging, sucking, and rubbing continued for another twenty minutes.

It was done. Nothing more to be suckled. Teeny and Di fell back, panting, sitting against the wall. Cass was in a daze, half of one hand thrust into her cunt the other one tracing the

edges of her swollen labia. She was in a complete state of ecstasy and oblivious to where she was. All three girls were completely out of it. Each one in a daze of their own erotic desires. None of them heard the continued knocks on the door. None of them knew the Professor was outside, worried about Cassie. None of them heard the door open....

To be continued??