**Plus Size**

**Warning**: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion, butt expansion,* and other minor fetishes. You know why you’re here, so don’t complain to me if it’s not your thing.

**Commission:** The following is a commission for an *anonymous* DeviantArt user.

* *Madam Materia*

“Come on Jake,” Lene whined in frustration, pressing her thick rear back at him insistently, “just a little more.”

There was sweat dripping down his brow, matting his light brown bangs to his forehead. They'd been building up to this moment for weeks, and now that he had her hips in his hand, her plush thighs soft under his fingertips, as she waited nude on all fours; they were having trouble.

His cock was throbbing at full mast, but still he couldn’t get into her for the girth of her rear. Her cheeks were pressed tightly as he could get them against his abdomen, wider than the whole of his chest, and all he was managing was to tease the head of his member against her soaked lips. She was hot to a boiling point, desperate to feel him inside her, but he was just failing to measure up.

“Maybe we could try on your back again?” he suggested, eager to please his girlfriend as much as she wanted to be pleased.

She wasted no time, pulling away and rolling onto her back for him. She was a vision, full natural breasts falling to the sides, each more than a handful with pristine pink nubs big as pencil erasers capping them. She lifted her legs, hooking her hands around thighs she had no real hope of containing. They were like young trees, so plump there was no gap between them when she stood straight. They had to be to support her ass, that flared out from her miniscule waist in a waspish hourglass.

He pulled in, hoisting her calves over his shoulders to stop them getting in the way. Even the change of positions made no difference. The buxom beauty let out a whine as his cock barely managed to press through her thickness enough to continue teasing her opening.

She wrapped her legs around his neck, pulling him in so hard he nearly lost his balance, and it still wasn’t enough. Her rear squished up to him and she could feel his head starting to spread her but there just wasn’t enough of him to penetrate her how she needed. Her whimpers were of agony, as she tugged on him again and again to try and get him there, Jake feeling more and more of her fluids splashing onto his tip until he could hear it smacking against her entrance as much as feel it.

This wouldn’t have been a problem a month ago. Lene wasn’t always the voluptuous dream that was laying over the bed in front of him, tweaking a nipple in her fingers as her other hand curled into the sheets beneath her hoping the next thrust might be the one that spread her wide. She'd always been a beauty, but her recent growth spurt was taking her to a whole new level. A growth spurt that all started shortly after she started trialing a new drug.

Jake was still in disbelief. Here he was, walking up the path to his number one choice university after receiving his acceptance letter more than a month ago. That alone would have been enough reason for anyone to be excited, but it wasn’t even the best part for the plain, brown haired boy.

“Are you going to keep staring Jake? Or are we going to get to class?” Lene teased him with a giggle.

Pink tinted his cheeks as he turned to meet her sparkling ocean blues. She held his hand tightly, their fingers interwoven as she tried to tug him from his reverie. Never in a million years did he believe he'd be with a girl like Lene.

She was a in a whole different league than him. Throughout high school he had always admired her from afar, taking in the angel given form that she was. Perfect from head to toe, beautiful by anyone’s standard. She was lithe and toned from her time with the cheerleading and track teams, yet still presented the lightest shifts in her body that bloomed into feminine curves. A nice pert bottom that no skirt or pants could do justice. Perky little breasts that showed just enough in her tops to let you know they were there.

The blonde was cut from a different cloth, and everyone knew it. It was practically a rotating door in high school of men, hell there was the occasional woman too, who wanted to be with her. When she hung from someone’s arm she just made them look all the better for having her. When she hung her arms around someone’s shoulders in public, pulled herself up to press her rose petal lips to theirs in a kiss, the whole room's hearts collectively skipped a beat; and everyone wished they could take the place of that lucky person.

Beyond all hope somehow Jake had become that person. Jake, who sat in the back of the lunch room with his small group of friends. Jake, a scrawny nobody barely more than five foot five. Jake, who was still working on getting his full license. Jake, who hadn’t even so much as been with another girl topless, let alone lost his v-card. That Jake, him, he was her boyfriend. And the one she was currently pulling in to press her rose petal lips to.

Their kiss lingered. He'd learned to react to her, opening his mouth slightly to let her tongue tease the thin pink lines of his lips, and occasionally nibble on him. He was even starting to return it, and it always brought a smile to her pretty cheeks when he did.

“Did that help straighten your thoughts?” she continued to tease, brushing a strand of her blonde hair over her ear and letting one of her earrings sparkle in the sunlight.

“Yes,” he answered with the laugh of the happiest man on Earth.

How had it happened that he'd been so blessed? It was something the brown haired lad thought about all too often, replaying it in his head over and over just to make sure it wasn’t a dream.

It was freshman orientation, something he'd never gone to when he entered high school, but going to university it had been plastered on every wall between the entrance and the registrar’s office. None of his friends had chosen to go to the same school, so Jake figured it might be a good opportunity to reinvent himself; meet some new people. It was an alright time, though parties were never particularly his thing, so as normal he kept to himself, in the corner looking in. Until she stumbled into him.

Whatever divine force caused it Lene hadn’t been paying attention, carrying her red cup in hand she bumped directly into him and spilled the cheap beer the school served all over his front. “Oh, I'm so sorry,” the blonde beauty apologized quickly, unsure of what to do.

“It’s okay,” was all the boy had managed to say, struck silent when he turned to see just who it was addressing him. His cheeks went red, and he got lost in the blue of her eyes drifting away shyly.

Slowly she looked up, a smile crossing her red painted lips. “Hey, you’re… Jake right?”

She knew his name? His heart hammered in his chest, and a brain normally good for crunching numbers and solving problems scrambled like an office on fire. “Y-yeah,” he'd somehow gotten his tongue to work and make a reply. “And you’re Lene.”

It felt like the stupidest thing he could have said. Everyone knew Lene. Well, everyone from their old school anyway. “God, it's nice to see a familiar face,” she sighed, rubbing her arm nervously. “They did not prep us for this many people. I feel like I’m gonna have an anxiety attack, or else puke if someone else offers me a drink,” she joked with a giggle.

Her laugh was like the ringing of bells, lifting his heart and filling him with confidence he didn’t have before. “I guess I shouldn’t offer to replace this one then?” he joked back, pulling at his soaked top.

Her giggle turned to a proper laugh, enough to make her blush and cover her mouth to hide her grin. “I should probably be offering to replace your shirt Jake,” she teased.

“It was warm in here anyway,” he replied with a smile.

Their little conversation was interrupted as a taller boy, more a man really, pushed his way up wielding a pair of red cups. “Hey beautiful, I thought you might like a drink?” he offered.

Jake thought it might be over at that, but to his surprise suddenly Lene had her arms wrapped around his bicep, holding him close so he could feel her heartbeat between her petite breasts. “I still have to finish this one,” she replied, cheerily but with a venomous, passive aggressive undertone, as she pointed a pink painted nail towards Jake's soaked chest. “Might take me a while.”

The scrawny boy was red, unsure exactly how he was supposed to react. Her little display though was enough to shoo the persistent alpha type to back off. Once out of earshot once again the boy expected a series of events where she let him go and drifted off, but no. She kept him tight, a smile returning.

“Thanks,” she offered, turning her ocean blues to him.

He was sure he was still red, but managed to string together the words to reply. “I didn’t really do anything,” he admitted.

Lene gave a sweet as honey chuckle. “You didn’t stop me,” she pointed out, “And you didn’t grab my butt or get possessive.”

He had undeniably thought about stealing a squeeze of that marble sculpted rear. “You’re welcome then Lene,” he replied with a smile.

There was a moment of silence between them, the blonde just hanging off his arm in front of the crowd of party goers. Their collective hearts skipping beats at where he was right now.

“Would you want to go check out the clubs with me?” she offered. “There’s a few I wanna join, and it would be quieter.”

She accented her words with a small squeeze of his arm that had him flutter. When a girl like Lene asked you to go with her there was only ever one correct answer. “Sure.”

The pair spent the rest of orientation together. Lene joined up with the university's feminist alliance, telling him how she'd heard good things about their protests for women’s rights. She had a lot to say on how everyone at their old school seemed to just treat her as an object, like a status symbol to have on their belt, and Jake had ears to listen.

“I really can’t believe anyone could think of you that way,” he found himself replying naturally.

She turned her ruby smile to him. “And how do you think of me Jake?” she had asked him.

He remembered racking his brain to realize she was right. Even he saw her kissing someone else and wanted to be with her because she was Lene. Beautiful, perfect, Lene. Somehow his tongue had managed to say just the right thing though. “I didn’t really know you before,” he admitted truthfully. “Hearing you laugh though, and getting to spend this time with you. I think you’re as beautiful inside as you are on the outside, and I want to keep getting to know you.”

Still clung to his arm he felt her breath stop for a moment, making the hammering of her heart all the more prominent. Her cheeks went almost as red as her perfect lips, and that colour spread over her whole face in an instant. Her grip on him tightened and she looked away shyly, but fighting between a grin and maybe tears. “You’re probably the nicest person I've ever met Jake,” she murmured. Then in what was probably a split second decision she snapped up like a viper and gave him the lightest pack of a kiss on the lips? To fast for him to even register what was happening at the time, and making him go just as flush as she was. “I’d like to keep getting to know you too.”

That started their little relationship. It had been two weeks now of helping her move into the dorms and spending time whenever they could on dates. They were never horribly long, what with them both preparing for the start of classes, but there was one in her dorm where things had gotten steamy.

It was cut short though. In the middle of their kissing, her hands creeping into his top, she suddenly paused. “I-I’m not sure if we should do this yet,” she told him, looking away from him.

The part of his lizard brain that was rearing to go and give her the gift of his first had been almost ready to outburst. Over their time together though he'd gotten good at suppressing it though, knowing that it was what drove her away from so many others, and kept himself level, running a hand down her arm. “Is everything alright Lene?”

She gave a nod, turning back to him and smiling from his reassurance. “I’ve done this so many times with so many people. It’s not like I don’t like it but… You’re different Jake. I really like you, and I don’t want to ruin things by jumping into bed too soon,” her gaze was drifting away again, and she was straitening his top again where she had ruffled it. “Would… it be okay if we didn’t yet?”

He wanted to, badly. Knowing that he was special enough to her to warrant her worry though was a greater feeling that filled him with a special kind of happiness. “It would be fine,” he assured her, rubbing her arm up and down. “I love you Lene, and I don’t want to lose you over something as simple as rushing into sex.”

Her cheeks flushed, and that shy smile turned to a grin. “That’s the first time you've said you love me,” she swooned a bit, her hands falling to hold his.

It was his turn to blush, it came out so reflexively he hadn’t even noticed. “Well I… it’s true. I love being with you, it makes me happier than I ever thought I could be.”

She giggled, covering her mouth and fluttering her made up blues at him. “God you’re so sweet. How have you stayed a virgin so long?” she teased him playfully.

He laughed with her, even if he was a tad sensitive about the joke. “Bad luck?” he answered with a shrug.

Lene leaned in, placing a tender kiss on his lips. “Maybe,” she agreed, holding his hand tighter. “Well I've got a secret Jake. I might love you too, I just need a little bit longer to make up my mind,” she whispered to him, nuzzling into his neck affectionately.

He wrapped an arm around her, holding her close and running his hand down her back. “I can wait,” he assured her, feeling her snuggle up closer to him at his words.

“Earth to Jake,” Lene laughed, snapping her fingers in front of his face.

The brown haired boy jumped with a start, back in the present as she was tugging him up the path. “I thought you said my kiss straightened you out. You weren’t lying to me were you?” she teased him playfully.

He shook his head, smiling. “Sorry Lene, I was just thinking about all the time we've spent together. How every kiss in better than the last.”

The blonde put on a disbelieving smirk, shuffling up to him. “Oh are they now? Now I know you’re full of shit,” she teased, releasing his hand to drape her arms over her shoulders. “Cause I know I've given you better kisses that that. Like this one.”

She pulled in, sighing happily as she tilted her head ever so slightly and properly took him into an unforgettable kiss. It lasted seconds, enough for his hands to rest on his hips, then for an arm to curl around the small of her back and pull her right up to him. When she was satisfied of her work she broke it, smiling like a minx and drinking in his dark eyes with her own.

He gave a chuckle, holding her tight. “Alright, you win,” he conceded to her, offering her a peck back of his own that she lovingly accepted.

“Of course I do,” she joked, giving him a tap on the nose.

The ringing of the bell signified they were running late, and the couple immediately jumped to get back on track. Hands once again intertwined, as like the young lovers they were not even tardiness was going to stop them doing everything together. When they got inside they pulled each other in for one last embrace before they'd have to part ways.

“I have my first feminist club meeting after first lecture, so I'll see you at lunch time?” she asked, drifting away and refusing to release his hand until he confirmed for her.

“There’s no one I'd rather see,” he assured her.

She pulled back in, stealing a quick kiss to taste his sweet words before quickly skipping away. “I’ll see you then!” she called out as she disappeared down the hallway.

He waved until she was gone, then realizing he was just as late set off to get to his first class of the semester. Being with Lene though? It was worth it to be a little late.

It was a long first day, broken up of course by moments with Lene that seems all too short and fleeting. With her living on campus Jake stayed late after last classes so the two could have dinner in the cafeteria before finally parting ways with a kiss. By the time the boy was getting home it was dark enough the street lights were coming on.

He snuck in through the front door, kicking off his shoes so they landed next to his mother’s heels. She beat him to the punch with a greeting.

“You’re home late,” her voice came from the living room, along with the shuffling of papers.

Bag full of books and homework he walked through the house to meet her. “Sorry mom, I was having dinner with my girlfriend,” he apologized.

The older woman gave a playful scoff, flashing her grey eyes her son’s way. “Nothing to apologize about sweetie,” she assured him.

His mother wasn’t like Lene, not physically anyway, but the older woman still had her own form of radiant beauty. Even with the lightest signs of age around her eyes her face was still soft, with nice full lips she painted a deep purple in the mornings to complimented her gorgeous brunette nicely. With just how good the woman’s hair looked, straight locks flowing over her shoulders, it was hard to remember his was technically the same colour; on him it was plain, on her she wore it so well it was eye catching.

It wouldn’t hold anyone’s eye too long though. Following her neck down you'd be met by a deep black line of cleavage, created by the mother’s great bust. There weren’t many, but Jake had seen a few pictures of her before; in her old high school year book and the odd candid pic one of her friends posted on line of the old days. She’d always been big, on the higher range of what once could buy commercially, but when she’d gotten pregnant with him it had rocketed her to the next level. She had to order custom bras online, and her son still had memories from when he was only a few years old, her size still fluctuating from weaning him off breastfeeding, where she cussed because another one busted a hook or got too small for her above average endowment.

She wasn’t fat by any account. Her crisply ironed blouse may have been tight around the chest, the too two buttons left open since she was home and could afford the liberty to let herself breath, but it was slack around her waist. The pointed hem bunched up around her hips though, wider than her shoulders and attached to a plump ass that balanced out her otherwise top heavy figure. Her friends always joked that she must have popped Jake out like he was nothing with such a motherly figure.

Not that she had friends over anymore. It had been years since she had anything resembling a social life, not since his father had left. She buried herself in her work as a biologist and pharmacologist, “to make the world better” as she always told him, but she was always working harder than she needed to to give them the best life possible.

“You’re quite smitten with this girl, you haven’t stopped talking about her for weeks,” the doctor noted, sorting through the stack of papers she'd brought home with her. Always working.

His cheeks felt hot, Jake knew he was blushing as his grin stretched from cheek to cheek. Even if he couldn’t count them he remembered each brush of Lene's lips against his through the day. Her teasing as she was getting more and more comfortable with him, leading to the day they were finally going to seal the deal and get physical. “She’s like a dream mom. Everything I could ever ask for in a girl and more, she’s always got some new surprise that just makes me love her even more,” he explained.

His mother couldn’t help chuckling, shaking her head. “I’m glad you’re happy sweetheart,” she offered, pushing her glasses up her nose as she sunk back into reading.

“It’s more than happy,” he continued, starting towards the stairs to head up to his room. “She’s just… perfect. I can’t see myself with anyone else.”

“Does that mean I'm going to get to meet her some day?” she teased with a womanly giggle.

He'd been reluctant to bring the blonde home. For a few reasons, the most prevalent being that it was so much nicer to get to spend the time with his angel alone. He was also still worried his mother might not approve of her, considering the stark differences between Lene’s young still slightly wild lifestyle and his mother’s hard work ethic. “Maybe when classes slow down?” he suggested, feeling his phone going off and knowing it was her texting him.

The voluptuous doctor paused in her work, holding one of the forms she was going over in a delicate hand. “And what was this dream girl's name again darling?” she asked her son as he was cresting the landing.

Jake let out a joyful sigh, savouring how her name felt with honey in his mouth. “Lene Jae,” he answered.

She took a moment to straighten her piles, getting up with a stretch that strained the buttons of her top. “Well, tell Lene I can’t wait to meet her 'when classes slow down',” she told him, bouncing her way to the kitchen. “Now get to your homework sweetie, before you get too deep into texting her and forget you have it.”

He blushed at that, knowing she was right. He could probably lose the night to texting with his angel. “Thanks mom,” he finished before disappearing upstairs.

It turned into a long night, up late in bed texting back and forth with Lene until they both passed out from exhaustion. Unfortunately that meant when Jake's alarm sounded to rouse him for class he was reluctant to get up, and then subsequently running late. She was waiting for him out front of the university building, playing with a strand of her blonde hair until he came rushing up to greet her.

Despite his tardiness, she greeted her boyfriend with a smile. “Hmhm, I worried you might not make it,” she teased, taking his hands as he caught his breath and pulling him into a kiss.

He paused to savour it, letting a hand rest on her hip before she finally let him go. “You were waiting for me, there’s no way I was going to be *too* late,” he replied smoothly.

The bell sounded loudly for them to hear, reminding them of their limited time in the current moment. “There’s something I have to talk to you about. Meet me at lunch?” she suggested, already slinging her bag over her shoulder. Two days in a row late to first class wouldn’t leave a good look on either of their university careers.

The plain boy couldn’t help a sliver of worry that entered him at those words. The anxiety alone of not knowing what she needed to talk about beforehand would gnaw at him through class, but unfortunately there was no time for them to discuss it. “Okay Lene, I'll see you then,” he assured her.

With a smile she leaned in, planting a loving kiss on his lips before parting with the grace of a deer. “See you then Jake,” she confirmed as she bounded away to her class.

Her kiss calmed him, somewhat anyway. At least he knew it wasn’t the worst case scenario as he trudged his busy mind to his own lecture hall. Still, the boy couldn’t help but worry about it as he tried to take notes.

It was like the minutes crawled by on the way to lunch. Jake would dart his eyes up at the clock, tapping away at a little blotch of ink his pen had created waiting and watching the second hand creep its way closer to the hour mark. When the noon bell rang he was the first one up for his seat, and out the door as the rest of the students were still packing their books away.

He waited in the cafeteria, right near the entrance so that he couldn’t possibly miss her. Not that he could ever miss her perfection coming into a room. When she finally rounded the corner her face read worry, as if she’d been just as anxious as him about whatever she needed to talk about, and like an empathic link it washed over him all over again. When her blue eyes looked up at him though she put on a sweet smile, and the skip in her step cast away whatever shadows were plaguing her like they were nothing but dust.

“You’re early,” she purred, slinking right up to him and wrapping herself on her boyfriend's arm.

At her touch his tension melted away and he found himself smiling. “Had to make up for my tardiness this morning,” he teased her, making her laugh and fill the air with the delightful sing song that was her joy.

She nuzzled into him, planting a kiss on his neck. “You’re so sweet Jake. Shall we grab a table?”

They walked arm in arm to a nice secluded table in the corner. The brown haired boy couldn’t help shooting the occasional look around, seeing the eyes that followed them, filled with jealousy and the thoughts he still remembered all too well from high school. There was the lightest bit of Schadenfreude, filling him with happiness that she was his and no one else’s.

Once they'd settled there was a moment of silence, as she went about unpacking her lunch. Despite everything the idea there was something she needed to tell him was eating him up inside, and he was the first to bring it up. “There was something you needed to talk about Lene?” he said, reaching an arm around her.

She smiled, leaning into his embrace lovingly. “It’s nothing too serious,” she assured him, resting a hand on his thigh that made him twitch as his blood started rushing to the obvious place. “The head of the feminist alliance is doing a drug trial for an anorexia medication and suggested a few members take part. Do our part to help our sisters, ya know?” she trailed off a bit.

The obvious question jumped to the front of his head. “You’re not anorexic though,” he posed it as a statement. They’d been together plenty and he'd never seen her throw up or anything. Was there something he didn’t know?

“No,” she clarified, “but I'm close. Enough to be part of the control group I think, I'm pretty skinny,” she said with a blush.

That made enough sense. “I think you're perfect Lene,” he assured her, tightening his hug with her.

Her blush deepened, though she didn’t seem as reassured as he hoped. “The medication has some side effects, and a few rules I've got to follow that you might not like.”

His selfish lizard brain knocked on the forefront. What kind of rules? He suppressed it though, his tongue forming a better response than his brain was capable of. “It’s nothing dangerous is it?” he asked, concern in his voice.

She shook her head quickly. “No, nothing like that,” she answered, resting a loving hand on his and managing a smile at his care for her. “The drug might cause some weight gain though,” her tone dropped, and he felt the way she tensed nervously at the idea, looking away.

That was it? “Lene, you’re beautiful,” he told her, making her blush shyly, but he also felt her flinch a little. “A little weight isn’t going to change that, or how I feel about you.”

The blonde smiled lightly, though still wasn’t entirely confident in in. “You promise Jake?” she asked, slowly bringing her ocean blues up to him.

“Promise,” he replied, taking her hand and giving it a squeeze. “I love you for you, not how thin you are.”

Her smile brightened, and she wrapped her arms around him graciously. “Thank you. I love you too Jake.”

His heart skipped a beat, his arms falling in around her and holding her close. They lingered for a moment, before she turned up to him with the same kind of elated grin she liked to wear when she was thinking naughty thoughts. Her pale cheeks tinted, and she gave him a hungry kiss before getting back to what she was trying to tell him.

“Like I said though, there’s a teeny rule I need to follow on the trial,” she explained, turning away like a crushing school girl.

Jake only replied with a small chuckle at her antics, scooting himself closer and waiting for the answer.

She toyed with her hair, her expression disappointed as her gaze darted around between his chest and away. “I have to abstain from sex for the first month,” she told him with a frown. “I know I’ve been hyping it up the last few days for us, I was totally ready for this weekend to be the night, but then this happened,” she rambled a bit, nibbling on her lip as she thought about it. “Can you wait just a little bit longer Jake? Promise, the first day I'm allowed we can finally do it.”

It was like a roller coaster. The idea he was going to get it this weekend was huge, inciting a throb from his member, only for the realization that was off the table to drag him back down again. Having a date though for when it would happen though brought him right back up, and with a confident smile he gave her a small squeeze. “I can wait Lene, a few more weeks is a drop in the bucket. So long as you’re comfortable that’s what matters.”

You couldn’t put words to her smile. She pulled him in, kissing his fiercely with a soft moan. “Thanks Jake, you’re the best,” she praised him, sinking back away with her minxy grin. “Honestly I'm more worried about my ability to wait. I've been wanting it pretty bad, but wanted the time to be right with you,” she finished, returning to her lunch.

Any time would have been perfect for him. Right then and their would have been, as he struggled to keep his erection from being too obvious by crossing his legs. All made worse by her own excitement, feeding into his own to create an inferno. He felt like he was sweating, or at least blushing, but to the rest of the room he was pale and cool; the image of the perfect boyfriend as he rubbed her back and started to unpack his own meal. “You can do it,” he assured her, even his reflexive tongue unsure of exactly what to say when he was flooded with arousal as he was.

Had Jake known exactly how the next month would unfold, he may have been more bold; maybe suggested they try before Lene took her first dose. Instead he would experience the most edging four weeks of his life up to that point, as he watched his abstinent girlfriend bloom into a new aspect of womanhood.

It was fine for the first few days. The blonde often joked and reassured him that she was probably in the control group taking the placebo. By the middle of the first week though something subtle happened as they were eating lunch.

Lene had finished her meal rather quickly, the pair sitting in their usual secluded corner to eat and cuddle. Leaning up against him she nuzzled softly into his arm, but her ocean blues kept firm on his half finished lunch. Then he heard it, the light gurgle of her stomach just loud enough to pierce over the hum of the crowded cafeteria around them.

Immediately the girl flushed crimson, trying to hide her face in embarrassment. “Kill me,” she groaned, curling up as small as she could in her boyfriend’s arms.

It was adorable. It took him a moment to finish chewing before he gave a teasing giggle and slid his container closer between them. “Still hungry?” he offered.

The blonde beauty peeked up from her hiding place, her eyes sparkling with the purest kind of love. “Yes,” she admitted to him, straightening to sit proper at his offer and taking up her fork. “I’ll just have a little,” she said to herself more than him, as she once more eyed his meal like a predator to prey.

She didn’t have a little. In what seemed like only seconds she wolfed back the whole of his food in huge bites she swallowed without even a hint of effort. It was amazing to watch, leaving the boy wide eyed as she sat back.

It took longer for it to dawn on her what she’d done than it had to polish of his dish. “Shit, I'm sorry,” she apologized to him with watery eyes.

“It’s alright, you were hungry,” he told her, rubbing her back comfortingly.

She flushed, smiling softly at his words. “I dunno why but I've just been starving. Last night I just scarfed everything in my fridge that didn’t have a prep time. I feel…” she cut herself off, resting a hand on her belly self consciously.

Jake just held her. “Want to go grocery shopping tonight then? I can help you carry everything back, and so long as we’re careful and I don’t get pulled over I could probably get my mom’s car to use,” he offered.

That radiant smile brightened. Even when she was feeling bad about herself he came through for her above and beyond. She leaned in and planted a kiss on his lips, nibbling the last few little scraps of taste from his bottom lip. “You’re amazing Jake,” she purred.

He gave a chuckle, collecting his container to put it away. “I’ll pack a bigger lunch tomorrow too. Just in case,” he teased her.

Clearly though she took the tease seriously, her mouth watering already at the idea of more food. “Did I say amazing? I meant perfect,” she giggled, taking him by the arm and pulling him close into her bust.

How could he say no to perfect? So it settled into their little routine that Jake brought a double lunch for her. She was, of course, increasing her own intake on top of it as well. No matter how gifted, the blessings of Lene's overactive metabolism couldn’t handle such an appetite forever.

When the weekend rolled in the blonde grew quiet. Normally with the free time the pair were practically blowing each other’s phones up with text, or planning a nice date, so the silence came with a certain amount of worry for Jake as he laid in bed looking at the ceiling. He didn’t want to smother her, rationalizing she was probably sleeping in after a rough school week; they were only two weeks into the semester after all, and even his work and projects were starting to pile up a bit. When his alarm clock showed two in the afternoon though his carefully constructed patience cracked, and he couldn’t help himself anymore.

*“Everything okay Lene?”* he texted, keeping it simple at least despite the hornet’s nest of thoughts running through his head.

He stared at it a moment, feeling the anxiety building inside him that he may have misstepped. As he was in the middle of setting the phone down again however, it went off in his fingers, vibrating up his arm. Like lightning he jolted up, pulling it back in to see her reply.

It was just one line. *“I can’t fit in any of my pants…”* it read, accompanied by a pair of emotes: one blushing with embarrassment, the other sobbing.

Jake sat stunned a second. He couldn’t help himself, the first thing that happened was him imagining his girlfriend without bottoms; an image that had him shifting uncomfortably from a spike of arousal. Once he wrangled his dirty thoughts though he was quick to reply.

*“I’ll be right over,”* he replied, rushing to his closet to get dressed and collect a few things.

She was upset, nothing short of an act of God was going to keep him from her. Filling his backpack he slung it over his shoulder and rushed down the stairs. “Borrowing the car mom!” the boy called out, plucking the keys from their place on the wall and setting off.

He was only weeks from his driving test, getting caught driving solo would flush that all down the drain. His angel was in need though, so careful as he could to avoid any checkpoints he raced to the school dorms. He made record time, his phone going off a few times with messages from her that he rightfully ignored.

Bounding the stairs two at a time he got to her door, reaching up to knock and having her door simply open to his touch. Apparently whoever used it last hadn’t closed it properly, letting Jake wander in freely. “Lene?” he called out to let her know he was there.

“Oh god,” he heard her mumble from her room.

He was quick to kick off his shoes, maneuvering over the mess of discarded clothes that led to his girlfriend’s bedroom. Skirts, jeans, all with their zippers open or otherwise broken, and leaving a trail to their distraught owner.

He came to her door, finding it closed. “Don’t come in!” she protested weakly. The hurt in her voice though told him she didn’t mean it though, and slowly the plain boy pushed his way in.

The blonde was on her bed, red in the face and looking at the floor in embarrassment. Her beautiful eyes were swollen and puffy from crying, and even despite everything she was struggling to get into a pair of leggings.

He'd seen her wear them before, with their striped design drawing the eye to how they perfectly conformed to the curves of her hips and rear. They were probably the stretchiest thing she owned, and yet as his dark eyes were plainly seeing they were barely clearing her knees. The fabric was stretched taut over her thighs, giving a sheer look through at her pale skin. Where the elastic of the waistband hugged her flesh was muffining out, fighting against her desperate attempts to stuff it into the ill equipped garment.

It wasn’t the only thing she had clearly struggled to her into. Her panties were obviously tight, digging into her hips to the point it looked painful. You could clearly see every line of her shaved pussy by the camel toe she was sporting, and her full cheeks were jutting out from her as a proper plump ass that would surely jiggle with each step.

When she caught where his eyes had fallen she quickly closed her legs, fumbling to get her thumbs out from her poor leggings. “I’ve gained ten pounds,” she sobbed, her lip quivering as rivers of tears fell from her oceans.

He didn’t waste a second, walking in and setting his bag down before falling in line beside her. His arm wrapped around her, holding her to his chest as she let out her tears. “There there,” he reassured her, running his hand up and down her back.

Lene sniffled, burying herself into his shirt. “I’m a fat ass. A fucking cow. With how I've been gorging myself-“

“Hey that’s not true,” he wasn’t about to let her continue, hugging her tight. “I told you Lene, you're beautiful,” his hand ran down her side, along the dip of her waist and out to the new flare of her hips. She was reluctant, but the way he lingered, giving her new curves the same loving attention he always did, had her relax into his touch. “A few pounds?” he gave a small chuckle. “It’s only added to how sexy you are. I’m just mad we've still got three weeks to wait,” he teased her.

She couldn’t help giggling through her tears. It wavered, but the pearly white of her smile shone through. “You’re something else Jake,” she couldn’t help laughing, looking up at him. “I’m a wreck who can’t even pull her pants up and you’re still calling me sexy.”

He returned her smile, and it was worth a thousand of the smooth words he somehow wove when he was around her. “Because it’s true,” was all he needed to say.

This time it was happy tears pooling in her eyes, as she leaned up and gave him a kiss for his kindness. “I love you,” she sighed, nuzzling into his chest.

“I love you to,” he replied, reaching back for his bag. She couldn’t help but be curious, peeking her watery eyes up over her boyfriend’s shoulder to watch as he dug into his backpack. “They’re not particularly flattering,” he prefaced, pulling out a pair of his sweatpants, “but I figured they should cover you up while we go clothes shopping?

“Not that I mind the view,” he blushed, stealing a look down at her smooth shaven thighs. “You can’t exactly go to class Monday without bottoms though.”

Full of joy she threw her arms over his shoulders and hugged him tight. Pressed right up against him he could feel her butt wasn’t the only part to put on weight, as he could make out the swell of her boobs over her confining bra, and the small divots where the garment was digging into her shoulders. “You’re the best,” the blonde reiterated her affection for him. “You’re right, those three weeks already feel like forever. I want you now,” she teased, nibbling on his neck.

There were shivers running down Jake's spine. He could feel the heat radiating in her breath, and off her bare thighs. Despite it though, despite that her hands were eagerly moving over him, he had to reject her advances for now; lest he not only invalidate her trial but put her current weight gain to waste in the process. He offered her a kiss, letting it linger as it unwittingly whet his appetite for her, before once again offering her his pants so they could get her a new wardrobe.

The boy's desire for her, and hers for him, would only continue to grow along with her frame. Lene made an active attempt to cut back on her eating, but whether the damage had already been done or the medication was starting to hit her harder, she continued to put on pound after pound. It was subtle but every few days something would happen that reminded them both what was happening.

During one lunch the blonde was wearing a button up blouse, chosen for a presentation she had needed to give during one of her morning classes. When they'd said their good mornings out front he'd been able to make out the stern lines of her bra through it. After only a few hours not only could he see that now, but the light pilling of her soft breasts over their cups, and the strain of her buttons.

As they ate he kept stealing glances, wondering if maybe he should say something. Then, in the middle of a big mouthful as the beauty was swallowing, the unimaginable happened. The middle button, right at the apex of her bust, popped up, flying across the table with a clatter and opening a window to a mouth watering cleavage the petite girl hadn’t had only weeks before.

Immediately her face went red, and she moved to cover up. Jake though just met her with a small chuckle and a smile. It was a beautiful sight, and seeing her so shy about something so sexy made her adorable. He put his arms around her, helping her up leading them out so she could change back at her dorm. When classes ended they went out to learn since starting the trial she'd gone up three whole cup sizes, giving her a proper chest that warranted proper support her cute bras just couldn’t provide. Yet again, she needed new wardrobe.

Days later he was watching her try out for cheerleading. He'd gone with her when she’d gone to purchase her uniform, the royal blues and whites flattering to her natural look. She was bouncing around in it though today, her freshly bra'd tits threatening to jump out of her tight top. The shiny booty shorts under her skirt looked practically painted on, and Jake knew he wasn’t the only one in the crowd peeking whenever her movement lifted the hem of her short garment.

It was stopping her thighs jiggling at least, until disaster struck. In the middle of her performance Lene took a far dip, and immediately the sound of tearing fabric rose above the crowd. Her boyfriend blushed, seeing her pretty white panties hugging her pale cheeks closer than even her shorts. His shade of red though couldn’t compare to hers, as the blonde shot upright and scurried away to hide.

He followed, quick to get his jacket off and wrap it around her to keep people from staring. The best she could offer was a thankful smile, as she leaned against him and once again they found themselves sneaking back to her dorm. To get her decent and once again hit the mall for fitting clothes.

Jake, like most boys, never really knew the effect of just a few pounds on a body. By this point Lene had stacked on twenty five though, pretty much exclusively in her hips and breast, and they'd had to get her up three each in pants and bra sizes. She had basically perfect genetics to put weight on so perfectly, her lithe form now an alluring hourglass. Unfortunately you couldn’t really tell her that. All she saw was a number going up, and an increased difficulty in seeing her feet.

Still he tried, and she found comfort in his assurance. Her desire for him was growing every time, and she was practically counting the clock down for the day she'd be able to show him proper appreciation. He was counting too, as he couldn’t deny the bigger she was getting the more she had him straining his pants with arousal. To his guilty admission he had masturbated to a few of the pictures she sent him, whenever his words had her confident enough in her looks to share like she used to.

All of it leading up to the big day, when after a teasing text he was told to bring condoms and lube to her place; and his freshly upgraded licence let him get there in record time.

And thus here they were, Lene letting out a frustrated whimper, her hands sinking into her meaty tights as she held them up in hopes her boyfriend could measure up and spear her deep. It wasn’t happening though, as each attempted thrust from Jake only served to set her plush rear jiggling and tease her lips with his head. His fingers were digging into her hips, and they could both feel the trembling in his arms as he worked at his limits.

He wasn’t strong enough to hold in past her resistant curves, and not long enough to penetrate her in spite of them.

As the brown haired boy’s breaths started to become taxed his girlfriend sat up, resting a hand on his chest to stop him. “I don’t think this is going to work,” she conceded with a sad sigh.

Jake felt his heart drop into the pit of his stomach. No other eight words had filled him with this much dread before, and he was sure the colour had faded from his features. As he was going to retort, to beg for her to let him prove himself, she leaned in and gave him a kiss that took his breath away.

“I'm sorry I’m too fat,” she told him, shoulders slumped and her look distraught. “It’s the drug, I've been gorging myself like a-“

He cut her off with a kiss of him own, running his hand down the almost extreme curvature of her waist. “You’re not fat Lene, you’re the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on. And you've only gotten more beautiful since I've known you.”

The blonde couldn’t help a smile, her cheeks a cute pink. “You’re just saying that cause I have these now,” she teased, reaching up and squeezing her DDs to her chest.

It was his turn to blush, looking away but unable to hide his small smile. “You know that’s not true,” he retorted playfully, maneuvering in the sit next to her. Leaning his naked body next to her he felt her warmth, the softness of her rear pushing back against him without barriers. It was still a great experience on its own. “Besides, pretty sure you like them more than I do,” he teased her back.

Lene was still cupping them, the pink in her face deepening to a blood red. “They’re a lot more sensitive,” she said, gently rolling one of her pink nubs in her fingers and letting out a hot gasp. “I didn’t really like breast play before, but now it’s just…” she didn’t have the words, grinding her thighs together as her juices kept flowing. “Doesn’t help either that I feel hornier than I've ever been before.”

A wave of shame washed over him that he hadn’t been able to satisfy her. “I’m sorry Lene,” he offered, the guilt of everything reversed.

Like he did her though she moved in to comfort him, a small kiss on the cheek and her breasts came down to bounce against his arm. “It’s okay Jake, it happens,” she assured him, running a newly freed hand over his thigh. “The feminist alliance meets tomorrow, I'll ask the doctor if there’s anything we can do or try,” she offered, kissing her way across his face and pressing her body up more against his.

“’til then,” she purred, nibbling on the corner of his mouth. With her so close, her hard nipples making themselves known as they brushed over his skin, he hadn’t noticed that hard on his thigh making a move. He felt her round tipped nails tickling over his skin, making their way to the base of his still fully erect dick where they started to roll his condom up. “I think I remember some promise I made today that we were going to do it?”

His cock throbbed under her touch. He caught her eyes, ocean blue and sparkling with mischief as she dragged her teeth over her lip. He couldn’t read her mind, or else was too addled by his arousal to read the signals, so all he managed to croak out was a, “You don’t have to.”

With a giggle she was off the bed, immediately falling to her knees and meandering up between his legs. “You’re sweet Jake,” she teased, pulling the condom off him with a little snap, and immediately letting her free hand take hold of his length. “I’ve been building you up for a while though. I’m not gonna leave you blue balled,” she stated, letting her tongue out between her perfect rose petal lips and playfully lapping at his swollen tip.

There was a roughness to her tongue compared to the smooth perfection of her lips, and feeling it on his sensitive tip sent a shiver up his spine. His fingers curled into the bedsheets, and Jake did his best to hold back from just jumping at what she was offering. No matter how badly he might want it. “What about you?” he forced himself to ask.

Her laugh was like the chime of bells, and once more her eyes darted up for him to look right into their watery depths. “I’m a girl Jake, I've got toys for days,” she teased him, running the tip of her wet muscle from his base up his length in one go. “When I finish with you, I'll get one out and tend to my own needs.”

That was a good enough answer. Not that he could keep resisting her, as he planted a feather soft kiss on his glans. “Alright,” he conceded. In the sense of pride only, he knew deep down really he was begging for his girlfriend to keep going and suck him off.

Something his consent made her get right into. She gave his tip another tender kiss that bloomed into her taking his down to the flare into her warm maw. He'd been tormented with the feeling of her hot box on his tip before, so to have this was enough to make him moan with satisfied delight.

Her tongue moved around every possible inch of her mouth, dancing over his cock and sampling the musky taste of his skin with a pleasant hum. Those ocean blues closed as she savoured the moment, twisting her head back and forth to make sure she enjoyed all of him before sinking down another slow inch of his length. No doubt about it the blonde was an expert at oral play, as she used everything at her disposal to toy with him.

Two fingers remained wrapped around the base of his safe, giving occasional little pumps but otherwise keeping him still for her. He was thankful for it too, as every little roll of her tongue or little vocalization she made had him twitching trying to hold back from making a fool of himself.

Was it minutes or only seconds? Time felt like such a vague concept to the boy, as the radiant blonde continued to bob on his throbbing dick. However long it was, eventually he felt himself hit the back of her mouth. It was like it was made of him, his head slotting in perfectly as her tongue methodically massaged him in her attempts to swallow him.

She tried but couldn’t go further. Her rose petal lips met his groin with him barely opening her throat. She had a vacuum tight seal, massaging up and down his length while moaning to make her lips buzz against his sensitive skin. Eventually when she realized she couldn’t take her boyfriend deeper though she slowed.

Jake looked down, watching her release her grip on his base while keeping the seal of her lips on him. For a moment he thought she was finished, but no. She reached up, took his hand in hers, unhooking his tense fingers from the sheets, and placed it on her head. Then her ocean blues opened up, staring up at him expectantly. It was one of the cutest, sexiest things he had ever seen.

He was still a moment, needing to take stock and process exactly what she was telling him to do. He was already flushed from her five star blowjob, but still he grew a shade darker. “Alright,” he told her, feeling stupid for having said anything, but the muffled giggle she made at him around the dick filling her mouth couldn’t help but calm him.

Reaching out he took her head in his hands, running his fingers through her silken blonde locks to find the right grip. Once he had it Lene's ocean blues closed blissfully, and he felt her tongue drop to open up her throat for him. Meanwhile her hands, now free, moved down to her own body. He lost one below her bust, as it traveled down to her sodden box. The other took one of those fat breasts in her hand and started kneading to tease herself, increasing the intensity of her pleasured sounds; and in turn their effect on his trapped meat.

He swallowed thickly, feeling the knot in his gut from his ever approaching climax. She wanted him to do something though, and the last thing he wanted was to disappoint. He pulled her in, her seal on him weakening now that she wasn’t in control and letting a couple errant drops of drool out over her full lips. She tried to slurp it back, only adding to the mess she was making, and spiking just how hot the whole situation was for Jake. He couldn’t help thrusting, and she made a happy little startled gasp as he hilted in her mouth.

Her self fondling intensified, and she shot her blues back up at him, urging him to continue. Pulling back just enough he pumped back in, his un-guided member jumping in her maw and finding new sensations as his tip grazed everything. By the third pump he realized just how much control she was giving him, as he held her back just to let his more sensitive glans hover around the largest swell of her tongue; the muscle doing its best to stroke whatever he presented it.

It was a mind blowing experience. Like masturbating with her face. There was a power in it, and from the scent filling the room she was just as turned on by the dynamic. He found his rhythm, fucking her face enthusiastically to her happy moaning. His deepest thrusts had him feeling her teeth at the base of his pubes, her nose pressed into his naval. When he came close to pulling out she would suck in to keep his flare from escaping her lips. She made a glorious oral cock sleeve.

With control though, he could keep her in just the right places. He found himself growing close, breath quickening and sweat trailing along the ridge of his brows. “I’m gonna-“ he tried to warn her.

At his words she knelt in, trying again to take him into her throat. He didn’t reach, but it was more than enough to push him over the edge. His fingers took chunks of her hair and his dick jumped and butt the roof of her mouth right before erupting.

Lene's eyes went wide as the first rope of cum sprayed into her. Immediately she tensed, and the boy felt her throat close up tight. She gave a cough around him, the bit of his seed that had managed to get past her iron defense coming out her nose. The rest burst from her lips as she sputtered, creamy spunk dribbling down her chin to land all over her chest, and some down her thighs as her spit turned the normally thick substance nearly watery.

She had to let him go, leaning back as she continued to cough. “I’m sorry,” Jake was quick to tell her, moving in to help.

The blonde held up a hand to stop him, retching as another glob of his cum got out of her mouth. “It’s not your fault,” she told him, wiping her mouth. “Hold on hun, I've gotta…” she didn’t finish, getting to her feet and rushing into the bathroom.

Even through the door Jake heard her spit, and the sound of the sink running right before the vigorous scraping of her toothbrush. His stomach was doing backflips, and he worried he'd need to use it next. After a minute though his lover emerged with a small smile, his jizz still sticking to most of her body, and came over to sit next to him.

She set him at ease with a kiss on the cheek, ever so slightly minty and leaving his skin cool. “Sorry Jake, I should have probably told you: the taste of cum makes me gag. I can’t help it, once it touches my tongue it’s game over,” she explained. “Most of the guys that've face fucked me get right down,” she gestured to her neck as she spoke, “I was hoping you were long enough to cum in my throat.”

The boy's cheeks went red, and he found his legs pressing together self consciously as he imagined other guys, better hung than him and able to please her. She picked up on the discomfort immediately, taking his hand in her with a worried look on her face. “N-not that you’re small or anything! You're more than enough for a good time,” she assured him, her ocean blues reading for any sign she may have offended him.

He forced a smile for her. “You don’t need to sugar coat it Lene,” he told her.

“I’m not,” she replied, reaching down and brushing her fingertips over his softening length. “I was drooling at the idea of having you inside me.”

Leaning over Jake gave her a kiss, which she returned with all the passion she had at the beginning on their encounter. It was more than enough to chase away the shadows of his doubts. “So,” he said as her rose petals parted from his lips, “I suppose it’s time for your needs?” he offered.

The buxom beauty flushed as she grinned, nibbling on her lip and casting her gaze his way. “I actually got myself there after you took over,” she admitted, “I was pretty revved up from all the foreplay, so it didn’t take much.”

He felt a swell of pride at that. “Glad I could be of service,” he teased with a chuckle.

She took him by the arm, leaning up against him and pressing her breasts into him. He could feel the stickiness of his seed on her skin still, and the sight of her cum covered returned to him. It was a sight he wouldn’t soon forget, and had his dick twitching excitedly despite its need for cooldown.

“Next time I'll let you pull out,” she teased, running her fingers over him once more, “and you can give me a proper facial,” she teased him, eliciting another eager twitch.

He definitely looked forward to it, but still. “If your doctor doesn’t give us an answer to the… problem,” he reminded with a twinge of embarrassment.

His angel giggled, draping her arms over his shoulders and giving him a loving kiss. “Of course,” she agreed.

Jake sat at their usual lunch table, double lunch waiting out for her to arrive once she was done with her club meeting. He had to admit the prior night was still on his mind, her oral skill still had him tingling at its memory, and he was eager to hear if there was something they could do to help them go further. He'd always admittedly wanted to be intimate with her, now though with the taste on the tip of his tongue it was almost like an all consuming desire. There was nothing he wanted more than to please her, and make her happy.

So he sat like an obedient pup, hands in his lap as he patiently watched the entrance to the cafeteria for her. Had he a tail it would have wagged as he caught the first signs of her modestly heeled shoe come around the corner. His eyes followed it up, past her calf to the top of her thigh high leggings. They were growing sheer around her plump thighs, which meant they may end up having to pan another shopping trip in the near future; an idea he wasn’t particularly opposed to.

Her rear was hugged by a nice pleated skirt, held over her wide hips by a belt around her sinuously tiny waist. Not that you saw it for her untucked button up. The hem waved back and forth with each step, offering short peeks to her pale skin beneath, but the top held firm. Two buttons were open, yet the fabric was tight around the globe-like roundness of her tits, and she was showing a bit of cleavage that had him and everyone else stirring with arousal.

Rising up to her face though, framed perfectly by her straight blonde locks, any happiness one built up fell away. The plain boy knew that concerned look all to well; he'd worn it himself many times before. She was worried about something, which from how her ocean blue eyes caught him and she only managed a small comfort of a smile, he knew was for him.

The curvy girl settled herself in wordlessly beside her boyfriend, avoiding his gaze directly while she unpacked her own mid sized lunch; smaller than her past few lunches he couldn’t help noticing. “So what did the doctor have to say?” he asked, keeping his tone neutral to try and bring her up.

Lene flinched at the question, her gaze dropping a bit. His miraculous tongue had once again led him to say just the right thing, striking at what was bothering her like a hammer to hot iron. She took a moment to clear her throat, embarrassment filling her cheeks. “A-apparently 'libido was a fairly common side effect in the first round of trials',” she quoted, pressing her thighs together. “It was in my waivers. I didn’t figure it would be a huge issue cause, well, I have you. And I was always pretty horny anyway,” she admitted.

An admission that had him tenting a little. However, it wasn’t really an answer to their problems. “Alright,” he nodded along, urging her to continue.

“And the weight gain causing problems with,” she paused, catching her boyfriend’s look and considering her words carefully, “um… current partners. That’s not horribly uncommon either. To the point that the doctor has… provisions, in place,” she explained.

Jake smiled at that, running his hand up and down her back. “Well that’s great,” he replied.

She didn’t share his excitement, clamming up almost immediately. He could feel the tension in her shoulders, the light shudder of fear that ran through her.

His smile sank, and he was forced to ask, “What kind of provisions Lene?”

She swallowed thickly, squirming nervously in her seat. “They, um… They’re called 'studs',” she answered. Seeing the blank stare her boyfriend gave Lene realized she had to explain it a bit better. “The trial has a number of volunteers. Male volunteers, who're well built, clean, and um… hung.”

“How do you know-“ he went to ask, only to have the blonde cut him off.

“The doctor showed me some pictures,” she told him quickly, blushing as she wriggled her toes under the table. “Anyway, all I have to do is book an appointment with one of them and they’ll come… scratch my itch,” she finished, looking away as she did and down to her food.

By this point the boy's heart may as well have taken residence in the pit of his gut; it kept finding its way there. Mentally he steeled himself, having expected her to leave him eventually at the back of his mind. “I see, well if it’s what you need,” he offered, doing everything in his power to keep his voice from cracking with his despair.

Her hand found his, squeezing tightly as drawing him through the sadness to look into her eyes. “I don’t wanna do anything without you Jake,” she exclaimed, pulling on him to stay. “I love you, and I don’t want to lose you.”

He could have said the very same thing, but hearing it from her made his sunken heart stop. There was a very real possibility he spent a couple seconds stone dead before it finally kicked it again, filing him with the warm sensation of life, and being loved in such a pure way. “I love you too,” was all he could croak out in response.

They pulled one another into an embrace, her plush body pressing against his, and her petal soft lips grazing his own. He relaxed into her, finding calm in her affection as they lingered in the kiss for a minute. When it broke however, he realized they were still where they started.

“So what are we going to do then?” Jake asked to bring them back on track.

The blonde paused, once more tightening her grip on his hand. “Well, I need the relief, and I can barely see down there to tend to myself,” she explained, arching her back and showing off her chest as the cause. The notion had him growing stiff. “The doctor suggested something a bit unorthodox, but if you were okay with it…” she trailed off.

It didn’t matter what it was, the boy would have figured out how to move mountains for her. “I’ll do anything for you Lene,” he promised blindly.

She couldn’t help a smile at his devotion, gaining the confidence to go on. “They suggested an open relationship. But like I told you, I don’t want to do anything without you,” she reiterated with a squeeze of his fingers. “I did a little bit of peeking around, and there’s all sorts of non-standard relationship dynamics; they’re pretty common nowadays. There’s no real rules, it’s all just about what the couple agrees to.

“So I was thinking that we could have our own special arrangement. While I'm on this drug I'll be allowed to use the studs,” he felt her squirming next to him, shifting on her thighs, “and you'll be there with me? You can watch, pretend that it’s you giving it to me. And before, after, during, whenever you'd like, I can see that you’re tended to for being the best boyfriend ever?” she finished with a lick of her lips, to let him know exactly what she meant.

The best boyfriend ever. He ran through the scene in his mind. Basically what she was suggesting was that they have threesomes with these trial studs. Most guys would need to beg and offer an arm and a leg for that kind of thing, but here she was suggesting it as the norm. While she was on this drug trial and he couldn’t be the one giving it to her himself anyway. Catching the naughty look in her ocean blues sealed the deal for him. How could he possibly say no.

He brought her hand up, laying a kiss across her fingers. “Whatever you need Lene, I'll support you,” he told her with a soft smile.

She smiled back, pink in her cheeks as she draped her arms over him. “You’re the best Jake,” she purred, laying kisses on his cheek and neck before pulling out her phone. “I’ll ask the doctor to set up an appointment for tonight, so we can have a little fun,” she teased, running a naughty hand up his thigh to wear the boy was shamelessly tenting his jeans. The discovery upon which the blonde shot a naughty little smirk his way. “Unless you want me to take care of you now?”

Redness filled his cheeks. The idea was certainly tempting, but he wasn’t sure he'd be able to go twice with her yet. And adding a threesome to his experiences was just too much to pass up. “I can wait,” he chuckled, leaning in to give her a kiss on the cheek.

It was a hell of a wait. Once again the plain boy found himself of the edge of something he could hardly have imagined he'd be getting into. For the rest of the day he struggled with thoughts of them with a third, acting out some of the more randy things he'd seen in pornography. Double pen, spit roasting. With the latter thought in mind he'd settled he wanted to have his relief during, though nerves would continue crash back in and make him second guess it. When classes finished Jake drove them both back to her place, where they were currently waiting for the stud to arrive.

“I’m a bit nervous,” the blonde admitted as the pair sat on the bed.

They were already in their underwear, Lene's curves hugged tightly by her matched bra and panties. “You’ve got nothing to be nervous about,” her boyfriend reassured, running his hand up and down her bare back; so very tempted to undo her hooks and savour her.

She turned to him with a weak smile in her ocean blues. “Thanks Jake, but I’ve never done anything like this before,” she explained, fidgeting with her hands. “Like I've jumped into bed with people before, but never so…” she tried to find the words pursing her lips in troubled thought.

The lax nature of the statement struck like an arrow. Were it not for her assurance the past few months he was special to her the fact she didn’t jump into bed with him would have hurt more. As is it only hurt a little, made worse by not currently being able to satisfy her, but still only a little.

When he didn’t reply Lene caught her faux pas, blush tinting her cheeks. “I-I didn’t mean it like-“ she stammered, withdrawing as her shoulders arched up.

“It’s alright,” the boy continued to reassure her, boxers already tented with anticipation.

With a beautiful smile she leaned in to kiss him. “Thanks,” she said again, resting up against him, “for being here, and letting me do this.”

He smiled back, holding her close as he spoke. “You’re welcome,” he whispered, toying with her hair as they waited.

A knock on the door eventually broke their cuddling silence, and Jake felt his girlfriend flush with heat. “That’ll be him,” she squeaked nervously, rising to her feet.

The boy watched the bounce in her step ripple up her legs and set her luscious booty alive with jiggling; as if he needed more fuel for his arousal. Taking a deep breath he looked around the room, trying to pick the best spot to enjoy from until he built up to courage to ask her for his “tending to”. He didn’t know what this supposed stud was capable of, and deep down there was a foolish sense of competitive pride that had the plain boy wanting to outmatch him in stamina. If nothing else.

Outside the room he heard his nearly naked girlfriend open the door, and a deeper than his own voice simply ask, “Lene?”

“Yes,” her voice quivered with unchecked desire as she spoke. The curvy blonde needed to cough to collect herself before she could continue. “Come on in…” she paused, hoping for a name.

Jake heard his heavy footfalls accept her offer. “Nick,” he answered warmly. “The doctor sent me. You need relief, I like relief, so where are we doing this?” he asked, and the boy could hear the man's charm as he spoke.

Still it was phrased more like a business transaction than an intimate encounter. Thinking about it though, Jake realized it basically was. Like scientifically funded prostitution.

“My room,” Lene answered, “my boyfriend is waiting for us.”

There wasn’t any sort of protest from him like the boy might have expected. Just the sound of footfalls as the built man made his way through the small dorm apartment. “So long as I'm not pegging him too. I’ve done threesomes before, but I don’t really swing that way,” he joked as he entered the room.

The brown haired boy couldn’t help being a bit intimidated. Nick was huge, at least six feet tall, and built like a tank. Arms thicker than Jake’s thigh strained the short sleeves of his football jersey, and the width of his chest would put even Lene's new hips to shame; hell even his mother’s when he thought about it. Stretched across those pecs was the university’s team logo. The stud didn’t look old enough to be alumni, so Jake could only hazard the guess he was a member of the team.

Speaking of members, as the boy's eyes moved their way down in a mix of nervousness and feelings of inadequacy, Jake caught sight of the stud's. It was half hard already, and running down the man's pant leg like a third thigh. He'd seen sex toys smaller than that thing. With the muscles the boy had thought maybe the guy was a steroid user. If he was though, and after shrinkage he was still this big, the man must have been impossibly huge before.

Swallowing thickly Jake tore his gaze away, staring into the corner as his own comparatively mediocre rod still sat at full attention at the prospects of what was going to be happening. “No, Jake's here to watch, and maybe use my mouth if he's feeling up to it,” his girlfriend chirped up as she came in behind the light haired stud.

Very suddenly her boyfriend was decidedly not feeling up to it. He offered Nick an anxious wave and a nervous, “Hi,” before falling into silence.

“Sounds like a plan,” the stud replied, in one fluid motion pulling his jersey off over his head and casting it aside. Believe it or not he was more intimidating without the top, as they were both given an eyeful of the tight hard muscle coating his body.

Lene couldn’t help an excited little trill.

Without any hesitation their guest then slipped out of his pants, making sure to fish his wallet from his pocket as he did so and pull out a condom. “Your request said you weren’t on birth control?” Nick verified, turning a look the girl’s was as his fuck stick began to inflate to full.

“Yeah,” was all the girl managed to pop out. With that answer he began to roll the translucent rubber down his shaft, the contraceptive needing to stretch to engulf his girth. “So how are we…” she mused, looking her to-be partner for the festivities up and down.

“However you want,” he answered simply as he got the condom to his base, hefting his tool like a baton, it was about as big too.

Redness tinted her cheeks, as she contemplated the offer. Her ocean blues turned to Jake, seeking further confirmation that all of this was okay. Even the boy could see she was sodden, the front of her panties soaked through, but still she wanted his support.

He gave her a thumbs up, even if a part of him was nervous. Jake wanted her to be satisfied, and if he couldn’t do it himself, seeing it was like the next best thing. Right?

A smile creeping onto her rosy lips she turned to the stud. “Well, no kissing,” she began, mulling over what she wanted. “Can we do it from behind?” she asked, one hand absentmindedly traveling down to touch her hot box, “That way if Jake wants his fun, we don’t need to shift around or anything.”

The stud got up on the bed, the frame creaking from his weight. “Works for me,” he replied with a kind smile, and assumed a position on his knees to wait for her.

Lene gave one last nervous look to her boyfriend, seeking his final approval. Once the plain boy raised up his gesture for “okay” though she was off to the races. The blonde couldn’t help the natural seductive foreplay of her movements. She peeled her bottoms away, bending low and giving both men a nice view of the round curve of her ass. Her breasts hung low for Jake, and with a flirty little smirked she unclipped her bra to give him the full experience as she straightened.

“You feel uncomfortable, or want your present,” she said, miming sucking his dick with her hand, “just say so Jake.”

He gave a laugh, confident as he could make it given the current circumstances. His silver tongue supported him though. “I will. This is about your fun though, so go have it,” he told her, shooing her along as his cock throbbed at the sight of her.

Her smile returned twofold, and she had to come over and give him a hug, bare boobs squishing up towards his chin. “You’re the best,” she whispered to him before skipping over to the bed.

Jake's cheeks went warm, and he knew he was grinning like a doofus. Neither of the others called him on it though. Nick was a professional, and she was a thirsty client. Like everything she did, Lene just followed instinct and crawled up to her stud on all fours. He was already gloved, and she was more than ready for him, so he simply took her in his massive hands and guided her around.

His fingers sank into her plush hips, and their voyeur watching as his girlfriend visibly shuddered with arousal from the manhandling. She turned her hazy eyes over her shoulder, lowering her body to the bed to make sure her stud would strike all the best areas when he took her, and gave an impatient whine. He didn’t leave her waiting.

Thrusting forward, the tip of his horse cock entered her with little resistance, and Jake had a front row seat to Lene's eyes practically bulging out of her blonde head. Her breath caught, her mouth trapped in an “O” of pleasure, as the impossibly hung stud pulled back for another pump into her. Each go sank his meat deeper and deeper into her needy cunt, until finally he reached bottom. With his powerful arms he tugged her in, that plush rear that had caused Jake so much trouble relenting as it pressed into his abdomen.

Lene’s eyes were rolling back, and the boy thought he caught a line of drool escaping the corner of her mouth. Her slender fingers were curled into the sheets, though they failed to keep her steady as the stud went on. As his hips withdrew to pound back in, hard enough to make her ass clap against him, it was like the seal keeping her silent broke, and she let out a guttural mewl of pleasure.

Despite his position, it was undeniably one of the sexiest things Jake had ever seen. Porn was one thing, seeing the act up close though was an entirely different beast. The primal way his girlfriend reacted to this raw fucking. It wasn’t making love like she and him had tried yesterday, this was the satiation of lust, and with a girl as pristine as Lene it was beyond sexy. Part of him wished he could be the one treating her to this experience himself, but the stain of pre at the tip of his tented boxers was enough of a sign he was happy watching.

He couldn’t help himself, starting to peel out of his underthings and letting his rock hard rod out. Immediately his girlfriend took note, turning her hazed eyes to him and reaching out. She even tried to say something, but all it came out as was a throaty moan as Nick hilted her again.

Her boyfriend knew what she meant though. “You just focus on you Lene,” he told her, taking his cock in his hand. He didn’t want to openly admit he was enjoying it, but thankfully his tongue had an excuse. “I’m gonna warm up.”

She seemed fine with that, giving a lazy nod that had her blonde locks falling every which way in front of her face. Biting her lip she sank into the sheets, giving a satisfied hum from the core of her being as she tensed up with a nice good orgasm. Clearly her stud felt it to, as he let out a hiss, fingers tightening on those plump hips enough she'd be left with red marks for the night. One little spasm of her tight walls wasn’t about to break his stamina.

Proving his worth the man kept strong, reducing the blonde to a babbling mess riding over and under the orgasm line for a good number of minutes. Her voyeuristic boyfriend on the other hand couldn’t hold out. Unable to help himself from quickening his masturbation to the sight Jake felt his climax fast approaching, and seconds after another of his girlfriend’s deep moans he fired his load across the base of the bed, and a good section of floor.

The boy flushed with embarrassment, it proved unwarranted though. He may as well have been invisible to the focused Nick, and Lene only offered a cute coo and a lopsided smile. Were he not softening he'd have wanted to keep going at such a pleasant view.

Eventually though the prime example of manhood got to the edge. He let out a grunt, pulling the blue eyed blonde in hard to hilt her and make her squeal in delight as his monster exploded inside her. You could see every jump his cock made ripple through her, making her twitch as he emptied the whole of his pent up frustrations into her needy box. Finally though the pair could relax.

Nick pulled out, making the sore slut whimper as each inch was dragged through her sensitive channel. The balloon at the head of the rubber was the size of a small fruit, putting even the horny mess Jake made to shame, and with a tug and a flick of the wrist he flicked it into the trash.

“Feeling better?” he asked his client, running a hand up her side.

Lene just managed a weak nod, flopping around towards him to cuddle. However the giant man refused her, rising to his feet and fetching his underwear.

“Sorry Lene, other clients to get to,” he said simply, redressing as if he hadn’t just been railing her with what Jake assumed had been everything he had.

The blissed out girl let out a whine, and her boyfriend needed no further encouragement to rush to her side and hold her. Immediately she nuzzled into his lap, and Jake felt her body pulsing from the afterglow of her climax.

Nick couldn’t help a small grin. “Take good care of her Jake,” the built stud gave him a salute once he got his shirt on. “She’s something special.”

He couldn’t agree more.

They stayed like that until Nick was on his way, and the girl was finally able to make words again. “That was,” she started, brushing her sweaty bangs out of her eyes as she spoke, “wow,” was all she managed, grinning ear to ear.

Once again there was a sense of inadequacy filling him, but the boy managed to push it down and put on a smile, “Glad you had fun,” he chuckled playfully.

She turned her blue eyes to him with a giggle. “I wasn’t the only one,” she teased him, tinting his cheeks as he eyed his mess over the edge of the bed.

Rather than go on though she pulled herself up, arms still trembling lightly as she recovered, and pressed a kiss to his lips. The soft antithesis to the wild animal she'd been moments ago while getting railed. His Lene.

“I'll clean it up in a bit,” she told him, smiling warmly. “Think you'll be good to go in a bit? I do owe you something after all for letting me do this.”

Seeing the mischief in her eyes Jake's limp dick gave an excited twitch. “You don’t have to,” he assured her, running his hand down her body, from her shoulder to one of her full tits. Another excited jump, and he flashed a smile of his own. “But if you really want to…” he trailed off, and she came back up for a hungry kiss.

With Lene's initial nerves shattered by their encounter with Nick, the couple settled into their new dynamic easily over the following weeks. It started out with them scheduling a stud so they could have some intimate time twice a week. Always once during the weekend when they were both free, and once during the school week when they both had time to blow off stress, or occasionally when she wanted to surprise him.

Unfortunately not all the studs were like Nick. They were all similar physically, jacked and hung like they were smuggling shotguns in their pants, but he was by far the nicest one they shared a bed with. Most were indifferent to Jake’s presence, some even robotic about it seeing him as little more than furniture or a sex toy if he wanted his oral attention during. Others though seemed to actively disdain him, mid coitus flipping Lene over missionary so she couldn’t keep looking at her boyfriend, or pushing the blonde’s no kissing limit. The first time she'd actually kicked the stud out for not respecting her limit, but as time went on things started to change.

Twice a week became three times, then four. She started letting them kiss her neck, or actively requested positions that didn’t let Jake in; she asked his permission the first few times, but after he agreed so many times she stopped even that. She would book them for longer so they could stay to cuddle in her afterglow, running one hand over their chiseled bodies while holding Jake with the other. If the stud allowed it.

And all the while this was happening: Lene was still growing. Every week she was putting on a few pounds, and it was adding up. Days that weren’t scheduled for studs basically had the couple shopping for new clothes, and the task was becoming increasingly difficult. In addition to emotionally charged.

“What do you mean?” Lene asked teary eyed, clinging to her boyfriend's arm as they stood at the counter to her favorite boutique.

The clerk kept the straightest face she could. Clearly the lean brunette dealt with upset customers all the time from her professional calm at the overstuffed girl's display. “I’m sorry but we don’t carry your size miss,” she explained for the second time. “If you like our styles you can order custom bras from our online storefront, but otherwise you're going to have to shop at one of the plus sized outlets in the mall.”

Despite the statement’s neutral delivery it shattered the blonde like a brick through her window. “I can always try a larger band size,” she protested, tightening her grip on the plain boy with her.

Jake could see the woman across from them internalize a sigh. “You’re free to try anything on in the fitting room miss,” she offered, holding a delicate hand out to the shelves. “Just be aware of our policy on wrecked articles.”

Stubbornly the buxom girl pulled them to the shelf, releasing her lover and digging to the back to try and find the biggest bra she could. Jake couldn’t entirely blame her, as he watched her rear wiggle as she dug. She was squeezed into sweatpants that hugged her new ass tightly, though they had to be worn low due to her still relatively tiny waist, and this he could see her panties digging into her hips above the waistband. They were sized as triple extra large, and Lene had been just as adamant about not needing to wear them when they'd gone shopping for them.

The stacked girl did though. Her boyfriend had been present for more than one of her self weigh ins, and she was more than a hundred and eighty pounds. She nearly weighed twice as much as when he'd met her, and it was basically all in head sized tits and her monumental rear due to her genes. It was concerning to both of them. Even if Jake always promised her he loved how she looked, which by his current erection he was being honest about, this kind of growth couldn’t be good. Whenever she consulted the doctor running the trial though they said it was fine.

Maybe it was time to get a second opinion? His mother worked in this kind of field, maybe he could ask her?

The thought was short lived though as the curvy blonde settled on a bra, pulling it from the back and checking the tag: a forty double E. The band was way too big compared to her measured thirty four, but even in the thirty six she was sporting under her loose top right now Jake knew she was overflowing her cups. Hopefully it might help.

Without a word she took him by the hand and dragged him back towards the dressing rooms. This was a matter of pride for the girl, and even without his linguistic talents he knew better than to argue it. “I’m gonna try this on,” she said, masking her exasperation with flirty cockiness.

“I'll wait here,” he replied smoothly, crossing his legs over as he took a seat on the bench.

She knew his awkward body language a mile away, flashing a naughty look at him with her eyes. “Sure you don’t wanna come with?” she teased, licking her soft lips to insinuate her intentions to him.

He looked away nervously, chuckling and feeling the wanting throb of his dick on his thigh. “I would, but we'd make a mess,” he whispered, not wanting to be overheard.

Lene stuck out her tongue, turning on her heel and swinging her hips at him. The result of course being her booty flying into motion. “Boo. When we get home then,” she pouted before disappearing into the stall.

That horny persistence meant he could expect them to have a stud over tonight. As much pf a turn on as her libido was, Jake was having trouble keeping up. She’d want the foreplay home, the stud, and then if he didn’t take part him again afterwards. At least his stamina and refractory improving. He just wished he could be the one directly supplying her pleasure.

Which would require at least one of two things. He either needed a bigger dick, or else the build to be able to force himself past her delicious thighs and rear. As a student he was entitled to use the school’s gym, so that was an option. One he quickly decided he was going to pursue as his girlfriend came out of the change room.

She had a frown on her pretty face, looking down at her tits attempt to destroy the garment holding her. The cups were woefully undersized, the bottoms of her breasts squished in with more than twice as much spilling out over the top. It didn’t even cover the whole of her nipples, her little buds peeking over the lip to stare at her lover’s agape look. The band at least made it around, but it was far from a fit.

Despite that, she turned her blues to him hopefully. “What do you think?” she whimpered.

He was the one who should have been whimpering though, feeling warm pre soak into his boxers. There was an internal struggle for what to say that made his cheeks pink as he sat for what felt like a minute, tongue tied and staring. What she wanted to hear, and what she needed to hear; and his silver tongue spun them both into one.

“You're beautiful Lene,” he told her, ripping his gaze up to meet hers earnestly, “too good for that bra though.”

She smiled, in spite of the negative feelings filling her. Bouncing her way over she pulled him into her hug, thin arms a stark contrast to the soft pillows keeping him inches away. “You’re sweet,” she said, letting out a disappointed sigh when she broke away.

They went back to her place, and after his blowjob set about measuring her while they waited for the stud. When all was said and done, they ended up ordering a couple new bras to survive her, hopefully, the week. Sized thirty four H.

Jake wouldn’t end up getting home to his own bed until the next afternoon, and not without a morning quickie with a stud beforehand. He was wobbly on his feet as he made his way through the door, strangely thankful to be getting at least a small bit of rest. Or maybe it was just time away from the studs?

Whatever it was, he was almost startled when he heard his mother’s voice. “Welcome home sweetie,” she chided from the kitchen.

Following the sound of her voice, and the smell of good food, he wandered in, catching the voluptuous matron blindly cooking sausages with one hand while she read and wrote on her research with the other. “Sorry I wasn’t home last night,” he apologized, moving to say more when she cut him off.

“Nonsense sweetheart,” she smiled, ensuring she was at a point in her work she could pause at before looking over her shoulder to him. “You’re a grown man in love. Of course you’re going to be-“ she coughed suggestively, turning away as she contemplated the right words, “enjoying each other’s company,” she giggled.

She didn’t know the half of it. He couldn’t manage quite the smile she was probably hoping for though, thoughts lingering on just how much Lene had changed over the course of this drug trial. “Actually mom… could I ask you something?” he piped up over the sound of sizzling.

“Anything sweetie,” his mother replied, shaking the frying pan forward and back to roll her lunch. “You’re my baby, you can always talk to me. If you’re going to ask for lunch though I only made enough for one, so you're out of luck,” she joked playfully.

That lightened his mood a bit. He swallowed, steeling himself to make sure he wasn’t about to say anything too revealing. “It’s about Lene,” he started. “She’s been taking a new medication.”

“Birth control?” the buxom woman probed.

The idea of the studs taking his girlfriend bare flitted into his mind's eye, and he found jealous frustration welling up inside him. “No,” he replied, perhaps a bit more heated than he intended.

His mother raised a brow at that, turning over her shoulder at him once more. “Nothing illegal I hope.”

Jake shook his head. “No, doctor prescribed,” he clarified to douse her concerns.

The woman checked her cooking, giving the meats another roll to make sure the whole of their skins caramelized to a crispy dark brown. “Alright, so what’s bothering you about it sweetheart?”

He leaned forward, crossing his arms and resting on his elbows as he tried to figure out how best to word it. “There’ve been side effects,” he told her.

“Redness, swelling, drowsiness?” the pharmacologist rounded off some of the most common side effects of any medication.

Biting his lip, and looking at his mother’s cushioned backside, Jake tread lightly with his next statement. “Weight gain,” he said, and heard the scraping of the pan against the element grind to a halt. “Excessive weight gain,” he added.

The voluptuous woman reached for pair of tongs, plating up her lunch despite the sausages' not being quite perfectly browned. As her eyes followed from pan to plate her son caught glimpses of the stern line of her mouth, and the hard expression that accompanied it. “How much is 'excessive',” she asked, an accusatory tone to her voice.

The boy found himself retreating into the seat. “About ninety pounds in two months,” he answered as accurately as he could.

“You’re not going to leave her just because she’s gotten a little bigger are you?” with everything plated she turned, her huge bust swinging around with her. Thankfully her bra kept them from bouncing around too much, but it was enough they took a cool few seconds to calm down. It however did nothing for the glare in her eyes, as she collected her work in her free hand and moved to take a seat at the table.

He shook his head, blush in his cheeks as he answered from the heart. “Never, I love Lene more than anything. A little weight doesn’t change that, it just makes things a little… difficult,” he muttered nervously as the redness in his cheeks deepened.

His mother leaned forward, resting her elbows on the table and creating a perfect window for her generous bosom. “How so?” she continued to press.

The boy’s shoulders arched up, recoiling in embarrassment at the idea of talking about his sex life with his mother. He had to remember though she was a professional, and he was asking for her help. “She’s also been very…” he gave a nervous cough to buy time to think of an appropriate term, “randy. And with her new figure I don’t exactly ‘measure up' so to speak,” he admitted, looking away shyly.

She didn’t judge him for it, only gave a matronly smile. “Sweetie it's completely normal. Sex between individuals of drastically different body types can be hassle some, trust me,” she chuckled, arching her back a bit to show off her chest. “I’ve got books you can borrow on positions to try if you'd like.”

Jake bit on his lip. “Already did. We borrowed a few from the library and tried just about everything we could,” he explained with a muted tone. He was the weak link for most of the positions, lacking the strength to support her for the ones his slightly below average length would have proven an asset.

Sensing the discomfort the boy's mother moved on. “Well, weight and an increased libido sounds like a hormone imbalance. It should calm down by the end of the trial, as her body adjusts.”

That was a relief to hear, allowing him his first proper smile the whole conversation. “Thanks mom,” he said, getting to his feet.

His mom had a hand over her work, pushing it aside and settling into her lunch. “Anytime sweetie,” she sighed.

Getting up he started out, pausing and drawing his mother’s eye once more. “Uh mom?” he looked to her, the pair meeting eye to eye. “Would it still be okay if I borrowed that book?” he asked.

A smile crossed her warms lips. “Of course sweetheart. I'll get it for you after I finish lunch,” she promised, returning to her meal; and her work.

To Jake's surprise his mother’s book was surprisingly helpful. Unlike when he and Lene had gone fishing for solutions, this came from someone with experience. And on top of that, his mother had over the years taken notes and highlighted the positions that worked best. It was a powerful tool, though still he doubted he'd be able to pull any of it off without exercise. So first thing that morning, with a free day to himself, the boy set off for the campus gym.

He wasn’t entirely sure what to expect, he'd never really been interested in the gym before. He also wasn’t really sure what he should be doing. The meek looking boy just found himself wandering between then machines, occasionally getting asked if he wanted to use anything after the one currently taking advantage of it was finished. He would decline, as slowly the anxiety of not having a clue built up inside him. Eventually he settled on something that looked familiar from television and set about reading how it worked.

He settled in, raising his arms up and taking the bar hanging over his head tightly. He just had to pull down, and pulleys would apply the weight to it; simple. When he made the attempt though the boy instead lufted out of the seat, managing half a pull up before falling back down with a thud. He was making a fool of himself, and was contemplating just leaving when a familiar voice broke out over though sounds of grinding metal equipment.

“Hey, Jake was it?” the deeper voice called out.

Whipping around Jake was met face to pec with Nick, towering over him with a friendly grin. “Y-yeah,” he replied nervously, trailing down to where the man's bulge was, basically level with the smaller boy's waist.

Nick didn’t seem at all perturbed. Then again, the man was a stud who regularly showed up to client’s places to fuck them. People ogling had to be a daily occurrence. “What brings you here?” the stud asked curiously, leaning one of his pythons against the machine.

“I um…” the boy stammered, finding himself twiddling his thumbs. No wonder he was so nervous, he was here to work out so he could actually please his girlfriend. It was like an open admission of his inadequacy.

The huge man looked around, seeing that no one was listening. “This about Lene?” he asked with a note of concern for the boy in his voice.

Blushing Jake nodded solemnly. “Yes,” he answered in a whisper.

The light haired stud just gave a nod. “Well, this machine works your delts,” he explained, patting the device the boy had been trying. “Not a bad choice, but most of what you’re gonna need comes from your quads and your grip. Once you’ve got those down you'll be driving in no time.”

Quads and grip? The boy took a moment to rub his thighs before looking at his hands. Yeah, that made sense, especially for the positions in his mom’s book. “What should I do to work on that?” he practically pleaded for the answer.

Nick couldn’t help chuckling at the enthusiasm. “I can show you. We can start you on something easy for the legs, my suggestion would be squats to build stamina before trying to jump onto any machines. Last thing you want is to pull something. Then start with some low resistance grippers you can just carry around in your bag, do a few reps with your off hand while working on other things.”

Jake held onto every word, committing it to memory. “Okay, squats,” he repeated, getting up and realizing he probably didn’t know how to do them properly. “Would you-“

“Sure,” the stud answered without needing to hear the rest of the question. “Come on this way,” he ordered, waving the boy to follow over to an area with a number of weights and mats lain out across the ground.

They weren't the only two there, but with someone he knew helping him out Jake's nerves were certainly dissipating. He knew he made mistakes, Nick pointed them out and would tell him to tighten his core, or straighten his back. No one seemed to stare at him as he had worried. If anything the hung stud got more looks, which honestly he should have expected. Their workout lasted a solid thirty minutes, building up a sweat for the inexperienced lad, when the stud told him to take a water break. Nick even handed him a towel.

“Thanks,” the boy managed, realizing he was winded.

“Don’t mention it,” his coach chuckled, settling onto the bench and starting some curls for himself.

Sitting himself next to him Jake took a swig from his water bottle, feeling the burn from his angry body as the cool liquid ran down through him. His mind was racing though, and he felt the need to ask questions. “So, were you always so…?” he asked, peeking around and wondering if it might not have been the right time for such a question.

Nick gave a laugh, shaking his head. “Are you talking this,” he asked slapping his bicep for emphasis, “or other things?”

Embarrassed the boy arched his shoulders a bit, turning his gaze away. “Both,” he replied, admitted curious about both, even if he had been asking only about the muscles. “If it's not too rude.”

With a shrug Nick relaxed his arm, going into the next rep with a deep breath in before answering. “You’re not the first, won’t be the last,” he told him. “It’s a complicated answer. No one’s just born looking like this, so there’s some work that goes into it, but yeah. I hit a huge growth spurt in high school and went from about one fifty to two ten. Got told by the coach if I didn’t work out that I'd basically turn into a barrel,” he chuckled, shaking his head. “Same time it became really hard to hide myself, so I was a bit of an oddity. Most girls can’t handle it, but that’s never stopped them trying.”

From the smile the stud gave it was intended to be a joke. Unfortunately Jake's mind was elsewhere, sinking in the idea that what he wanted might not be attainable.

Sensing the discomfort Nick cleared his throat and went on. “Anyway, that’s why I volunteered for this stud program. Regular relationships don’t really work out for me, but ya got needs you know. So having girls who want a good time, NSA, just kinda works out. Plus the doc offered a credit for it, so really there’s no downside. So long as I stay clean,” he explained as he finished up his first arm and moved onto the second.

Once more the boy's mind was abuzz. “What’s this doctor like?” he asked, realizing he'd never even questioned Lene about them at all.

“Dunno,” Nick answered truthfully. “I just get a text whenever they want me to go see a girl. Even when I signed up it was a liaison for the corporation. I couldn’t tell you even if they’re a guy or a girl.”

He wondered if maybe it was the same way for Lene, though remembered her telling him about checkups these past few months so that couldn’t be the case. “So what’re the other trial girls like then?” he went on questioning.

The buff stud just shook his head. “Sorry Jake, confidentiality and all that,” he apologized, turning a grin to the boy. “Why you ask though, interested in the stud life?”

His face went beet red at that. “N-no!” he stammered out quickly.

Nick once again gave a hearty laugh. “I’m kidding. You and Lene have something special. I'd honestly never give something like that up if I found it.”

Smiling Jake nodded his agreement, remembering the closeness they shared over the summer. Even if thing were a little rocky with their sex life they still loved one another. They'd get through this, and be stronger than ever. “Thanks,” he offered.

Finishing his rep Nick set down the weight giving a stretch. “No worries. Ready for your next set?” he asked.

There was a next set? The boy’s body was still aching, but at the same time the promised rewards gave him a vigor he couldn’t deny. “You bet,” he replied eagerly as they started stretching.

Things were starting to look up over the next few days. Jake did his best to visit the gym once a day, even if only for a half hour or so. Nick wasn’t always there to coach him of course, but he now had a general idea of what he was doing; and the other gym goes were often pretty enthusiastic to help him out. It was a nice little community going on he'd never really been aware of.

On the other side of his life, Lene was getting thirstier. More than once his girlfriend had scheduled one to meet them out front the university and the trio would walk back to her dorm, her fingers digging into Jake's arm as she drooled so bad you could smell her arousal. It was becoming harder and harder to get actual alone time with her. They were almost always accompanied by a stud, even during their lunches as now the girl was often requesting a quickie between periods.

So when Jake got the text from her in the middle of the night, the boy jumped at the opportunity. *“Hey, could you grab us some dinner and come over Jake?”* It was simple, but the idea of a dinner date alone was just what he needed. So scooping the car keys he was out the door, stopping to pick up one of their favourites on the way.

He bounded the stairs two at a time, greasy bag in hand, up to her dorm room. Upon arrival though he was surprised to find the door creak open at his lightest touch. Part of him thought maybe she'd left it open for him, but such ideas were dashed as he surveyed the scene.

There were clothes scattered from the door making a trail to the living room, and not just Lene’s. The sound of moaning and the slap of body against body was ringing out in harmonious waves. At the center of it all the buxom blonde was bent over her coffee table, her tits supporting her and her nails digging into the varnish as a dark haired stud pounded her hungry hole from behind. They were so caught up in it they hadn’t even noticed Jake enter.

He stood stunned a moment, his first feeling embarrassment at having walked in on them. Then he remembered she was his girlfriend, the one who'd said she wanted him as part of everything, who loved him, and still flush in the face he felt a rage well up inside him until it burst. “What the fuck?”

The sound of his voice broke the girl from her stupor, and she turned to him instantly. “Jake,” she cried with a start, her face a look of abject horror at what she’d been caught doing.

She didn’t stop the stud taking her though. It took the man a good minute to slow down when he realized the curvy slut wasn’t thrusting back with the same enthusiasm.

“I thought we had a-“ he didn’t really know what to call what they had anymore, “You weren’t going to do anything without me.”

At least the girl had the wherewithal to tell he was upset. With a whine she dismounted from the stud, practically crawling over to Jake with bleary eyes. “I’m sorry, I didn’t think it would be a problem,” she apologized, staring up at him from on her knees. “You were still on the way when my stud arrived, and I just needed the relief so badly. I couldn’t help myself,” she whimpered as her tears started to well up.

All the while the stud remained silent, one hand resting on his hip as the other idly stroked his monster to keep it at the ready. He was unreadable, save for perhaps impatience, as he kept his stern gaze on them.

Any anger he'd built up washed away when the first drop rolled down her cheek. The whole of his body deflated, shoulders dropping down low as she sniveled. “It’s alright,” he conceded, kneeling and running his fingers through her hair.

Lene nuzzled into his touch, managing a small smile as she flashed her watery blues up at him. “You’re too good to me Jake,” she whispered, resting her hand over his.

He found himself smiling back, taking in the sight of the curvy goddess on her knees, naked, breasts practically pressed against his legs. He was pitching a tent right at her eye level, and she was quick to take notice.

“How about I show you just how special you are?” she cooed, trailing her hand up his leg and rubbing at him through his jeans. “Then we can all eat.”

Jake felt himself twitch at her touch, an aroused tremble running down his legs. Like most men, rational thought went out the window when arousal took hold. “Sure,” he replied with a cocky grin.

Her delicate finger fidgeted with his belt, those heavy tits pressed right up against him as she work. “Don, would you get going again? It was getting good,” she called over her shoulder to the stud.

The man wasn’t about to argue. “Whatever you say,” he replied as he stepped up behind her.

The curvy girl hesitated, fingers curled into her boyfriend's boxers and lingering there while she raised her rear to present. It was edging to watch, but her ocean blues were too busy looking over her shoulder and the swell of her rear to “Don” and his huge dong lining up to take her. As one of his powerful hands took a plush him she slid Jake's underthings down to let his rod out. When the flared head made her gasp in delight she gagged herself with his tip. And when that spear sunk into her it pushed for forward to take inches of him into her warm mouth.

With a strong thrust the dark haired stud's thighs slapped into her ass, and she let out a pleasurable moan that reverberated through into Jake's member. He couldn’t help himself, letting out a gasp and resting a hand on Lene's head; and from the look she gave that was right where she wanted it. Don's hands countered in place on her hips, and with a grunt the built stud pulled her in with enough force to hilt her.

Her seal on her boyfriend’s dick faltered as she gasped with delight, drool dribbling down her chin and connecting her to the meat she was eager to keep feasting on. Jake’s only response was to curl his fingers, taking handfuls of her blonde locks, and giving a thrust to keep himself between her lips. It was like the two men were competing to continue fucking their appropriate hole, and from the horny mewls she made the girl was loving it.

Both the boy's hands were entangled in her hair as he pounded away. There wasn’t any synchronicity between himself and the stud. Some thrusts met nothing as Lene's lips were pulled away up his length. Others his head fell into that perfect little groove at the back of her mouth, and he felt the force of Don's slamming against her rear loud enough to fill the air with a slap.

The tension rose quickly, and he felt that gnawing sensation at the back of his neck; the swell of his building orgasm rising up in his chest. Stubborn pride made him want to outlast the man across from him, but he knew that was an impossibility. Despite arriving late, with the stud and his girlfriend having been going already, Don was showing no signs of slowing.

Gritting his teeth Jake held on as long as he could, his pumping of her face becoming erratic. Hitting his limit he withdrew, Lene letting out a disappointed whimper when his flared tip pulled from her lips. Her disappointed cry though quickly became one of startled amusement as the first blast of his sticky seed splattered over her face. The stud pulled her back, making the second shot fire and miss her chin to give her flopping breasts a coating. The third she was close once again, nose to his groin as it fired over her shoulder.

Being a sticky mess though didn’t bother her at all. She gave a lazy grin, giggling between the moaning gasps of Don slamming into her. Without the boy acting as a counter to his efforts, the dark haired stud could pound her harder. The slap of her ass on his abs was soon joined by her cum coated tits flopping against themselves, as the girl devolved into a hazy eyed climaxing mess.

At this point all Jake could do was watch, as he tried to catch his breath. Seeing his girlfriend in the throes of it was still as sexy as ever, maybe more so with her beyond curvy figure out of some people’s wet dreams, but it still carried the reality that he wasn’t the one giving it. It must have shown on his face, because Lene's blue eyes fixed on him and he saw her look fill with disappointment.

For a second anyway, it was gone once more when Don took her by the hair, yanking her up as he hilted her. She let out a squeal of pleasure, eyes rolling back and the outline of his monster inside her visible on her teeny waist. It jumped inside her, exploding with a load that put even Jake's mess all over her to shame. The condom in her filled quickly, and the girl was left with a little bump on her tummy from his load filling her fuller than she could handle.

The stud kept her like that, back arched with her tits on display as she rode out the afterglow. One of her strong arms wrapped around her, cupping under her bosom and pulling her in close to lay kisses on her neck. The girl didn’t even hesitate to return them, nuzzling at his attentions even though her boyfriend was only feet away.

Don kept at it, lavishing his client with attention until Jake gave an uncomfortable cough. “So um…” he muttered nervously, getting an ireful glare from the dark haired stud. “Shall we eat? Before dinner gets too cold?”

With a giggle the blonde started to pull off the meat filling her with a deeply satisfied sigh. “Yes,” she agreed, cum covered approaching her lover and planting a kiss right on his lips. “Thanks again for bringing dinner Jake,” she purred with a smirk, “and the extra treat.”

The rest of the night went by a tad awkwardly. Don ended up leaving shortly after dinner, but Lene was relatively quiet; like there was something on her mind. When Jake tried to press about it though she would simply offer him a kiss and snuggle up closer to assure him it was nothing. He knew better, but at the same time knew pursuing it further would just risk pushing her away. And here, with her in his arms, one hand running down her arm with her plush breast grazing his wrist, and the other wrapped around her back to cup over her outrageous rear: the last thing he wanted was to push her away.

They were woken in the morning by her alarm, the buxom babe hoping up and squeezing into her clothes right in front of him with a sexy little display. “Jake, you think we could talk about something at lunch today?” she asked, peeking her ocean blues over her shoulder at him.

Her tone was even as she spoke, but she had the softest smile on that put him at ease. “Sure,” he replied blankly, still half covered by the bedsheets as he watched her.

With a little hop that sent her half-dressed body jiggling enticingly she came over to plant a kiss on her boyfriend’s cheek. “Awesome, we’ll talk then,” she told him, returning to dressing and struggling to pull a tight fitting top over her custom size bust.

“Am I allowed to know what it’s about?” the boy asked as he hauled himself out of bed. He quickly became aware just how wobbly his legs were, only barely catching himself on the nightstand.

Redness tinted her cheeks, and just like last night he knew she was pondering on something. “I think it would be better to wait,” she explained, nibbling on her one of her rose petal lips.

Suddenly he wasn’t as comfortable about this talk. “Alright,” he managed, fishing about for his pants. “If you think that’ll be best, I trust you.”

A warm smile graced her face, as she finished packing her bag and slung it over her shoulder. “Thanks Jake,” she purred, returning for one last kiss. “I love you,” she told him cheerily before skipping out the door to get to class.

“I love you too,” he replied, unsure if she’d even caught it.

It took him a solid few minutes to get his bearings. Not to mention he had to swing back home to grab his school bag; he'd been in such a rush last night he hadn’t even thought about it. The end result was a drive home with his mind abuzz about whatever was on his girlfriend’s mind that needed to be discussed, and then arriving to his morning class late. Not that he took good notes anyway, as he tried to mentally condition himself for any outcome.

When the bell sounded for lunch Jake let out a nervous sigh, slinging his bag over his shoulder as usual and making his way through the halls to meet her outside her classroom. As his angel came out of the double doors he could visible see her discomfort. Her thick thighs were pressed together, and she had her books pulled as closely to her chest as she could muster, forcing her grand orbs up towards her neckline to make a dark line of cleavage. The sight of her boyfriend though at least gave her a small smile.

“Ready for lunch?” he asked, knowing it better to distract her than draw attention to whatever was bothering her.

Her blue eyes met him, and she let out a breath of her own. “As I'll ever be,” she answered him, coming to loop herself over his arm. “Think we could go to one of our private spots?”

Jake couldn’t help the twinge his member gave at that. Private spots meant she likely wanted to have a little fun, so his natural conditioning had him in the mood. “Of course,” he replied, pink cheeked and acutely aware of her tit pressing into his arm.

She led the way double paced, her heels clacking quickly as the horny boy practically stumbled along beside her. As always she drew eyes, her barely contained curves bouncing madly as she moved, but they'd learned just the right ways to get lost on their way to various hot spots. She settled on bringing them to one of the abandoned stairwells, with a small nook that wouldn’t be noticed unless you were specifically looking for it. Clearly even the janitors had that problem, as it still held the faintest smell of his and Lene's prior encounter.

The last time they'd been here she'd been all over him, hands roaming and lips connected as they readied for play. Now however, the blonde was visibly trying to reign herself in. She guided them over to the corner before letting go of his arm and leaning up against the wall. No easy feat considering the shelf of her backside, so the result was a display of arching her back and pushing her chest out trying to get comfortable. Eventually she just slid down to a sit and waited for Jake to join her.

The seriousness of her expression put a little dampener on his mood, at least enough not to be focused so much on his boner, and he slipped into place next to her. “So what did you want to talk about?” he asked, feeling the knot in his throat as he managed to get the words out.

Her blue eyes were locked on the floor, and she brushed a lock of her hair over her ear as she mentally prepared the words in her head. “I was thinking about last night,” she told him, her fingers fidgeting nervously as she spoke. “Things have been getting worse. I didn’t mean to do anything without you last night, but I just… I needed it so badly Jake,” she explained, visibly squirming.

He reached over, running his hand up and down her back to console her. “I told you, it’s alright,” he said, though the weight of it inside him let him know he was just saying that. He was still hurt.

Regardless she snuggled into his arm. “I know,” she started up again when she was nestled into his shoulder. “Still, I don’t think it’s fair to be asking you to constantly make time for me whenever I get urges. You were late today, and it was my fault for hauling you out of bed.”

Jake put on a smile for her. “It happens,” he assured her, though the nervous swarm that had been in his head all morning had now migrated into his stomach.

She shook her head, finally turning up at him. “It shouldn’t happen,” she told him, straightening out of his grasp and pulling up her knees. “So I was going to ask, if it would be alright if I was allowed to keep seeing the studs solo. You shouldn’t be putting yourself on the line for me, and I think this would be better for both of us,” the buxom girl explained.

The boy felt his heart drop down with the swarm in his belly. It was like he was going to throw up, the worst of his fears realized. “I see,” was all her managed to choke out, turning away from her to pull his own knees in.

Lene was quick to put a hand on him, pulling him close into her bosom. “I don’t wanna leave you Jake. You’re he best boyfriend I've ever had,” she assured him, holding him tight. “I just think it would be best to be a little more open with our relationship, so that I'm not ruining your life.”

Once again she managed to spark a light in him. It didn’t cast away his nerves entirely, but understanding what she wanted, that it was him she was looking out for, calmed him enough to string his options together. If he didn’t let her, would they still be together? He had no doubt they loved each other with every fiber of their being, and he knew her well enough she probably wouldn’t stay around to keep hurting him. If he let her, then it was trust; he trusted her to stay his even if she was bedding a bunch of prime alpha male material. Plus as his mother had said, this would all die down when the drug trial was over. Then she'd be just his again, so this was just something temporary.

The plain boy smiled for her, turning to meet her gaze only inches from his face. “If you think it’s best, then I'm right here for you,” he promised, taking her hand in his.

The girl smiled so wide he worried she was going to cry. Instead though she gave him a kiss and tightened her grip on him, squishing him into her body. “Thanks Jake, you’re the absolute best.”

Of course he was. With the heavy stuff out of the way, the boy's rowdiness was returning, and he knew his prick was poking against her thigh with want. He gave a small chuckle, reaching down and giving her rear a squeeze. “Does being the absolute best come with the same benefits as being the regular best?” he joked, separating them enough to hint at his implication.

She gave a red faced grin, clearly enthused by the idea, but caught herself. “That probably wouldn’t be the best idea,” she told him, looking away shyly. “Having you face fuck me would just rile me up, and I don’t have any studs scheduled to get me off. I'd be a wreck through classes,” she explained to him.

Naturally he was disappointed, but he couldn’t deny her logic. Sensing it all though she came in for another kiss, running her hand up his thigh enticingly. “Next time, promise.”

That was good enough for him to crack a chuckle. “Alright,” he agreed, giving her a kiss back before they got up to go enjoy the rest of their lunch together.

With Jake no longer mandatory for his girlfriend’s sexcapades he found himself with a lot more free time. Time he got to spend at the gym, and improving his grade point average, but that ultimately he wished he could have been spending with her. They still texted pretty much on the daily, sending him lewds as a tease or when she needed to go clothes shopping. Not that the latter happened as often as more and more she had to order custom clothing for her oversexed frame.

Every time he saw her Lene’s outfits were getting skimpier. Skirts were getting higher around her growing rear, necklines drew down lower over her queen sized breasts. She hit a point where when they sat to lunch she actually needed to rest them on the table, unable to comfortably sit close enough with them holding her away.

The jealous stares they used to draw were changing to something else entirely. Many looked upon them with disgust at her overly provocative body, and how she displayed it. What before had been shame and embarrassment over her weight though seemed to have evolved into a pride.

“The feminist alliance says we need to be proud of our bodies,” she'd explained to him, pulling him into her giant bust with a loving smile. “Besides, you think I'm beautiful Jake, and that’s all that really matters.”

It was true. The blonde was still gorgeous to him, able to inspire his lusts with a flutter of her eyes and a swing of her ever widening hips. It didn’t matter what other people thought: she was his love, and his inspiration.

Unfortunately he would see that inspiration less and less as their lives kept changing. It started one day when Lene didn’t meet him out front of the school like she usually did. Jake waited till as late as the bell before giving up and hurrying his way to class, where he tried to text her to find out what was going on. He got no response.

The safest assumption was that she had to be in class herself. Maybe he'd missed her, or she'd had to arrive early for a test? When his morning classes finished he went as fast as he could to her normal before lunch lecture hall. One by one students filed out, and the boy was up in his toes scanning for her in the crowd. She wasn’t among them though.

Next he waited through lunch, tossing her another concerned text only to receive no reply. Anxiety stopped him from eating much, so his double lunch, normally packed half for her, went to waste. As the bell sounded to beckon him to class he vowed he would go see her at the end of the day, find out what was wrong.

When he arrived at the dorms he bolted up to her room, finding the door slightly ajar and letting out the hot wet sounds of sex. Pressing his way in the whole place smelled of sweat and cum, and it appeared the blonde hadn’t even managed to get all the way to a surface before getting her current stud to pound her on the floor.

At least she took notice of him. “Jake,” she managed between her own randy moans, nails digging into the thick shoulders of the stud taking her. “What’s up?”

She was so relaxed with the question it was almost off-putting, especially among the slaps of her ass on his thighs. “I’ve been texting you all day,” the boy told her, trying his best to ignore the situation happening in front of him; even if his body was keen to show his excitement.

The blonde couldn’t answer immediately, tensing as she had a spike of pleasure and letting out a lewd moan. “Sorry,” she said, giving her stud a pat on the shoulder to get his attention. “Change positions?”

The piece of man meat gave a nod, rising up and lifting her with what looked like little effort; especially considering her weight. Her flexibility was surprising, as with only a little aid she got her leg straight up, and he rolled her into a position on her side before resuming pounding away.

And she resumed talking with her boyfriend. “My new bra hasn’t arrived yet, so I decided to schedule some studs to pass the day,” she explained between the stud's deepest thrusts setting her off. “I must have lost track of time,” she murmured in her lusty haze.

It made enough sense. The other students already leered at them enough, going braless would only add to the slut shaming. “I was worried,” he told her, watching the way her breasts bounced up and down her chest with each slap of her rear, threatening to slam into her chin.

Her fingers curls against the floor, nails scraping thin lines of polish over the tile. “I know, you’re the best boyfriend ever for looking out for me,” she told him, turning her lusty blue eyes to him, and his straining boner. She licked her pouty lips in a display, the hot gasps the stud was forcing out of her dropping to a sultry tone. “Want to come here so I can show you just how amazing you are?” she purred.

His cock jumped at the idea, and that haze of his arousal cast clouds over any other feelings the boy may have had at the situation. Like they were moving on their own his legs carried him over, and he was undoing his belt to take his pants off. Splayed out seductively his buxom girl was up as soon as his buckle hit the floor, jerking him off and lapping at his pre-speckled tip. All without missing a beat of her stud's pounding.

It turned out her bra had arrived at some point over the day, but she'd, much like his texts, missed the buzzer. Jake offered to pick it up for her, getting a kiss for his efforts and the promise she'd be at school tomorrow.

Lene’s absence from school however wasn't a one time occurrence. In just that week alone she had a day only arriving at the campus by lunch, reeking or sex, and another where she simply disappeared with a stud for the break hour and didn’t return. That weekend Jake hardly heard from her, and the following week she had multiple days of not showing.

A few rumors spread, as they do, that perhaps the “slut” had gotten pregnant. Of course her boyfriend rose to her defense, she'd started on birth control after all in order to start taking the studs bare. He was seeing her less and less though to stay vigil, losing even their school alone time. By the end of the month, the blonde stopped showing up entirely.

He'd hoped perhaps the next meeting of the feminist alliance would draw her out. After all she was part of a trial, and the doctor used that as a touching point. Lene didn’t even show up for that though, leaving him with concerns she'd be facing expulsion by the end of the semester. Things were getting dire, but for all his worrying there was nothing the boy could think to do. He only knew one person though with any knowledge in what might be able to be done, so when his concerns became to heavy to focus on the day he signed out to head home and wait for his mother.

As Jake walked in through the front door he immediately heard the sound of his mother’s voice from the dining room. “Oh sweetie,” she cooed with a light tut.

He'd expected her to still be at work, and immediately jumped on the defensive. Of course she would be upset with him for skipping the end of the day. As he was about to respond however, another voice beat him to it. One all too familiar to him.

“Please doctor V, I need it.”

Lene? What was she doing here, pleading to his mother for? As quietly as he could the boy shut the door behind him, keeping his ears open to the goings on.

His mother gave a small chuckle. “I know you do. So how much is your dose up to, three hundred milligrams?” she mused. He heard her shift in her chair, wide rear scraping the legs across the tile as she moved.

As he got to the division between the rooms he was able to steal a peek around to see the scene. His matron was counting out pills on the table, a number of data sheets splayed out across the surface, while his girlfriend sat on her knees at the older woman’s feet. She was positively squirming with impatience, letting out light whimpers under her breath as she watched the older woman work.

“Three hundred and fifty?” the blonde whimpered hopefully, fingers curling into her plush thighs as she prayed her little white lie would slip past the doctor.

Once again his mother simple gave an amused giggle. “Nice try. Even if you have turned out beyond my expectations little slut, I still need my data,” she said, holding out a half dozen round tablets for the girl.

The girl didn’t even react to the derogatory statement. Lene’s blue eyes just lit up with hunger, and she took the older woman’s hand greedily to suck them right out of her palm. She didn’t even need a drink, practically inhaling them with need down her gullet.

His mother was the doctor behind the trial, but why hadn’t she told him anything?

“It’s rude to stare Jake,” the voluptuous older woman muttered, wiping off her drool covered hand on her lab coat.

His shoulders arched up defensively. She didn’t even look up at him, remaining fixed on the patient currently squirming in her skin. “Jake’s here?” Lene chirped excitedly, her blue eyes catching the tuft of the boy's plain hair in the doorframe.

Caught. There was no more point in hiding. Stepping out into the open he was still processing everything he was seeing. “What’s going on here?” he questioned, his miracle tongue helping him keep a stern tone.

The doctor scoffed at the question. “Oh please Jake, I raised you to be smarter than that,” she turned her gaze up at him through her old eyes, made up around the edges to make her glare pop. “Or did this little cum dumpster suck your brains out through your dick while she was blowing you?” she gave Lene a little scratch under the chin as she referenced her, and the girl just leaned into it as the dominant woman crossed her thick thighs one over the other.

He'd never seen this side of his mother before. Her words were sharp, cutting him like a knife, and the posing of her body was deliberately provocative. She was lording over him like a queen, insisting on an explanation of her son of what he was seeing.

His knee jerk reaction was to defend his angel though. “She’s not a-“

“Oh really?” his mother countered before he could even finish. She lifted Lene's chin with a finger, pulling the girl’s blue gaze her way. “Lene sweetheart, would you like one stud or two to fill your fuck holes with hot seed?” she asked as plainly as if it were a question about the weather.

The blonde gave a whimpering quiver, visibly grinding her thighs. “Two,” she answered with a pout that spoke to her need; and the fact that, had her prior plea for more not failed, she would gladly have pushed her luck for more.

The doctor simply turned to her son with a smirk, challenging him to raise another objection.

Swallowing thickly Jake could only watch the state his love has been reduced to. “What did you do to her?” he demanded, keeping his voice level as to not potentially irk the woman further.

“Nothing she didn’t ask for. She wanted to be a shining example of femininity, to help her fellow women redefine the standard by which we're measured,” she ran her fingers through the girl’s blonde locks as she explained. “And my work achieved this perfectly. Secondary sexual characteristics have expanded… would you say maybe one thousand percent over only a few months?” she teased, letting her hand drift down to cup one of the girl’s huge udders. It took until seeing them side by side, but proportionally Lene had outgrown even his mother’s exaggerated form. “The addiction was unexpected, but I couldn’t have asked for better for my plans.”

“Plans?” her son pressed on.

The voluptuous woman’s lips curled into a twisted grin. “I’m changing the world. With these results my drug is going into mass production, and with a dissolved particle density so low non-specialized filters won't catch it...” she mused, looking down at the bimbo by her feet. “All it'll take it a little dumping in the reservoir and every woman in the city will get their first dose. From there they'll come crawling just like this little slut for more.”

The boy’s eyes widened with the realization of what she was suggesting. “That’s terrorism,” he blurted out. “There’s no way your work would let you go through with something like that.”

She just chuckled, shaking her head. “I left those idiots years ago. Working with my own lab and private investors has been significantly more lucrative than anything they ever offered. And besides that, it's been glorious for skirting around ethical limitations and bureaucratic red tape. You'd be surprised what people with more money than sense want,” she responded to the accusation with almost sociopathic calmness.

Jake scrambled for something to say, anything that might talk his mother out of this sheer insanity. “You always told me you wanted to make the world a better place!” he accused. “How is… doing this, better?”

Her expression tightened into one of disdain. “Of course,” she growled, words dripping with a caustic venom, “you’re a man, you'll never understand. All you have to worry about in life is where you’re going to dip your dick next.

“You know what it was like developing first? Gaining ten pounds on your chest fresh out of your tweens. Forced to wear dumpy oversized crap because the world is only made to cater to skinny bitches. To hide in the shadows because the shallow cunts who sit at the top deem you a cow. Where even those established to protect you take part in pushing you down to being ashamed of your womanhood. And then at the end of it all, having to stand among those who insist you call them friends and keep a straight face while they openly mock you,” she scoffed at the last bit, her free hand curling to a hate filled fist. “It will be better. No one will ever dare say anything about me again without having my wrath brought down,” she explained, resuming petting Lene to calm herself. “And the fairer sex will be remade. No more twiggy sluts lording genetics over their 'sisters'. We know all men truly want are sluts with more tits than brains, and when they’re in abundance the bitches will either conform or fall to the wayside.”

He was stunned, honestly afraid of the woman revealing herself to him. “You’ll never get away with this!” it was pitiful, cliché, a last hollow hope he could stop her.

The way she cackled at it just deflated it all the more. “Oh sweetie, like you could stop me now,” she sighed as she caught her breath. “What are you planning to do? I’m the only one who understands the drug enough to know how to stop it, and I've got my hands so deep in my investors pockets they can’t back out now. By the time anyone from law enforcement arrived to check things out the first dose will already have been released, so even if they did lock me away, desperation from the pandemic would have me out again,” she explained, dashing his potential options one by one. “Had you figured it out a month ago maybe you'd have been able to do something, but now it’s far to late.”

The voluptuous woman rose, her curves bouncing enticingly in their confines. “All you're going to do now Jake sweetheart,” she purred, walking over and bending in front of him. She pat his cheek, patronizing him with a motherly smile that masked the true sick malice beneath her features. “Is accept a blowjob from your little slut girlfriend while she waits for her studs to arrive,” she told him, giving him a little tap on the nose.

Upon hearing that Lene crawled over, pulling her top up to let her tits flop out for him, on display in their custom fit bra. Her ocean blues looked up at him, full of innocence, as she licked her lips and squirmed with anticipation for her reward.

His body betrayed him, his jeans tenting with his arousal. This was wrong, there had to be something he could do; something he should do. As soon as the blonde took hold of his belt though and started undressing him he gave in. Falling back against the wall as she bore down on him, breasts pinning his legs as her hands got hold of his member, and took him into her lavish mouth.

As the first gasps of pleasure escaped his lips the doctor gave a chuckle, walking past him. “Good boy, now play nice with your ‘angel’! Mommy has work to do.”

“Oh yeah, just a little more,” the girl on screen moaned as her co-star rammed his cock into her repeatedly, the wet slaps of her muff drowning out even the squeaks of the bed.

Jake watched from his chair, one hand busily pumping his meat as the other kept a tissue at the ready. As the video went on, the pair swapping to a new position and the camera angle shifting to capture the actress’s blissed out expression, he could feel his finish approaching. Five years with working out had done wonders for his stamina, not to mention his physique. The now man's core tightened, and with a grunt he quickly moved to catch his eruption before he blasted it all over the keyboard.

Maintaining control his hand and a half of cock took concentration, the tip jumping as it fired rope after rope of his seed into his rag. Tone and muscle weren’t the only things he'd gained in five years, and he had the pump sitting at the edge of his desk to that for this nice above average dick. All of it though was for one purpose, as his climax rode down as his gaze was drawn to the gold band adorning his finger.

With a flick of his wrist Jake tossed his used tissue into the bin in the corner, rolling his chair away with a relieved sigh. His eyes turned to the office wall, where hung a picture from his wedding day. A crisp suit made him look sophisticated, though you couldn’t see his tie for how his wife’s right breast encroached over him. Squeezed into a custom dress each of her tits were wide as her chest, and their combined girth pretty much matched her hips on the lowest edge of the shot. Their hands were clasped under her bust, the only place they could connect without one of them having to stretch over their massive expanse, and they were both smiling lovingly to the camera.

Lene was as beautiful as always, her ocean blues almost tearing with joy, her pearly whites catching the flash to light up her face, her blonde locks held to frame her face with a pristine veil. Next to her and her voluptuous beauty Jake still looked plain, but even with everything he was smiling just a brightly as her. It was enough to crack his façade even now, as he rolled around his huge office to the window that overlooked their yard.

The pool was empty, the water as clear as his wife’s eyes, and past the patio bright green grass stretched on for an acre. It looked like a good day for an after workout swim. As the man was moving to stand however a knock came on the door.

“Come in,” he offered warmly, fixing his pants as the handle turned.

A buxom maid stood in the doorway, her frilled skirt lifted high by her cushioned rear. Immediately her eyes darted to Jake’s hands doing up his button. “Would you like some assistance sir?” she asked, squirming in her dress. The girl’s breaths were shallow, and one hand was pulling at her collar to let some of the heat of her arousal out.

He waved the offer off. “Maybe next time Jen, I just tended to myself,” he told her, making the dark haired girl let out a small disappointed whine. “Was there something you needed?” Jake asked to put the girl back on track.

She straightened, making her curves bounce from the sudden motion. “Right,” she chirped, fixing her top over her breasts. “Your wife was asking for you in the living room.”

“Tell Lene I'll be right there,” he instructed, rising to his feet and sliding his chair back into place in front of his desk.

Jen gave a low bow, her heavy tits threatening to spill out of her dress, before skipping off to do as she was told. Jake wasn’t horribly far behind, shutting his computer down as the pornstar received a nice money shot all over her waist and tits, and taking a moment to check his phone. He had a half dozen notifications to sift through, a bank notice that he'd received another deposit from his mother being the one his device deemed as priority.

He'd thought school would have been important, but there was no way he could have anticipated how life would turn out. Next highest in his feed was a news article. “Valentine drops drug on another city” was the headline, and a quick tap brought up a world map. Pretty much the whole of North America was deep red, and there were growing spots all over the rest of the globe. Places his mother had dropped her creation.

Whether people wanted to accept it or not, his mother ruled the world. Anyone who directly opposed her would find their partners dosed, and it was only a matter of time before they were pleading with her to slow down in a hopes to maintain their daily lives, or for more. A number of places were held ransom, paying through the nose in hopes that she would ignore them in the drug's spread, or to get filters for their water supplies. The world bowed to doctor Meghan Valentine, or else they were made to bow and get fucked by her studs.

Despite the horrors of it though, Jake was living the good life. His mother made sure he and his wife were living in luxury, with anything they could possibly want. This house, multiple cars, personal servants to tend to their needs. Plus the perks of the world knowing your mother could rain hell down on them if they do you wrong. There was a lack of satisfaction in it though. All of his hard work, the rough times, only to have everything handed to him.

Well, everything but the one thing he wanted most.

Stepping out into the hall it was no less extravagant that the rest of their home. It took a good minute, the man passing by door after door, to come into the main entryway to the mansion, and from there it was down a set of curved steps and through another short hallway to get to the living room.

The sounds and smells of sex reached him long before he came close to seeing the scene. The man had no reaction though to it, so desensitized by it that it was little more than sensual noise. Coming around the corner he surveyed the scene, knowing it may be a while before he was noticed.

Living room was an exaggeration. In a normal household yes, this would be where one would have a living room; the large window looking out to the front of the property, the hearth with a nice space above for a television. This room though was not that, it was just a nook for fucking.

Dominating the center of the room was his wife. Even compared to their wedding photos the girl was massive. Her breasts weighed her down, rested on a padded mat on the floor to keep from getting rug burn as she rolled forward and back on them. Her rear stood high, representing well over half the girl’s weight, and you could barely see the stud behind her pounding away into it. His thick arms were spread wide, barely reaching around for her hips as he got armfuls of the cheeks, and still his whole waist was practically engulfed. Each thrust had them jiggling around him, slapping him in the sides as sweat rolled down his brow from working to satiate her.

He wasn’t the only on. Currently in front of her, his foot long held in one of her hands as she throat fucked herself on him was another stud. He didn’t have to do much work beyond keep steady, one hand on the blonde’s shoulder as she did most of the work herself.

The signs this had been going on a while were all around. There were puddles of arousal and the odd stain from spunk. One of the housemaids was laying blissed out on the floor, her skirt pulled high and showing off her sex. She had smears across her made up face, and you could smell from across the way she'd taken a turn at eating out the madam of the house. From the sponge and bucket tipped over next to her, the girl had come in to tend to the mess, or maybe had been assigned to helping Lene clean herself before their libidos got the best of them.

And all this would go on for some time more. There were probably replacement studs already on the way to tap in for these current two. Such was just the routine of the hyper sexed woman’s life.

Her ocean blues fluttered open, catching her husband peeping from the corner, and a smile crossed her “O” stretched lips. Slowly she withdrew the dick from her mouth, the bulge of his head visible on her neck as it slowly came up from her throat. Then with a final lewd pop it was free, flopping in her hand and knocking into her cheek.

“Jake honey,” she cooed sweetly, hand already stroking her stud to keep him hard, “could you go pick up my medication?” she asked her husband.

He managed a smile for her. “Of course hun,” he replied.

She smiled brightly, giving the cock in her hand a long lick. “Thank you,” she purred, fluttering her eyes at him. “Would you like to come and have a go before you leave?” she offered with a lick of her rose petal lips.

Jake just waved it away. “Sorry, I just came,” he told her, a legitimate note of apology in his voice.

He was hard, probably why she'd offered. He'd been accepting oral less and less though, holding out hope at the back of his head that the next time he'd be able to finally give it to his wife properly. He was long enough to get in her throat now, but still he was struggling to actually penetrate with her ever growing rear. Their openness went both ways though, and he'd proven himself more than capable with their maids in the earlier phases of the drug. Some day he would catch up to his wife. She couldn’t grow forever.

Oblivious to his internal plight the blonde simply gave a giggle. “Later then,” she teased, taking the tip of the stud's member back in her mouth before pulling it back out to say one last thing. “I love you.”

“I love you too Lene,” he replied. “I’ll see you when I get back,” he promised, stepping away as she resumed sinking back into her near eternal orgy.

Some day he'd catch up to her. Some day he'd finally get to feel that ultimate intimacy with her. “Some day,” he told himself as he got into the car to go and get more of the substance that would continue her ascension further into the surreal. Further away from him in leaps and bounds.