

Flour Power

By Johnny

The covid lockdown was tough on Claire. Her only means of reliving stress through baking; she quickly runs out of supplies. Luckily for her there she finds a new inexpensive, organic brand of flour for her cookies online. However, she should really check her email more often.
Thank you for reading and constructive criticism is always welcome.

"I'm so bored," John thought to himself. It'd been 3 months since all the lockdowns had begun and the most human interactions he had when grocery shopping. But that consisted of most saying, "excuse me," or "thank you." Work shut down and it didn't look like it would be starting back anytime soon. He sat at his desk staring at Facebook, barely aware there was anything on the screen. With no one out doing anything there were no updates from friends, no activities, nothing to do but entertain yourself for months.

At first John thought it was great. He's getting paid to stay at home watch Netflix, browse Facebook, play video games, and do P90x videos. By the middle of week two he was fed up with the routine and at 3 months his body was on autopilot while his brain was along for the ride.

BING!

John snapped out of his trance with a new Facebook chat. It was from his former coworker Claire.

Claire: Hey John! Long time no see!

John: No kidding! How are you doing?

Claire: Not too bad. Just bored out of my mind. This covid stuff is stressing me out.

John: I know what you mean. I'm beyond bored here at my house. You still stress baking?

Claire: I'd like to say no but these delicious from scratch snicker doodles say otherwise LOL!

John: Now you're making me hungry. Those were the best days when you'd bring cookies to share at work. I bet Lauren is ready to kill you with all the cookies and treats around.

Claire: Yeah...about that...umm Lauren and I don't live together anymore. She moved out in January.

John: I'm sorry to hear that. I know you two were close.

Claire: Yeah, she got a really nice offer in Florida. Lucky bitch gets to relax in the warm Florida sun while we're stuck here. But I still that bitch.

John: So, what have you been up to since I left the office last year.

Claire: Well things were getting crazy for a while before all the lockdowns. They started to normalize until this hit. Oh, and I moved into a new house when Lauren left.

John: Way to go! I'll have to get you a housewarming gift whenever we're allowed out lol

Claire: Oh you don't have to! But thank you. So now I have this house and no one to hang out with. And it's not like I own it. I'm just renting.

John: I hear ya on that one. I've been going crazy. I feel like all I do is P90x and play video games.

Claire: I'd take that over my stress baking. At least you are trying to stay in shape. I've kinda gained a little since the lockdown. I wish I could do more physical activity.

Why is she telling me that? We weren't that close before, but I guess the lockdown is really getting to her too. Well I wouldn't mind sampling some of those cookies you mentioned. Besides I bet you still look great IMO.

He hit send before he realized what he wrote. *Shit, I hope she doesn't think I'm a creep.*

Claire: thanks but yeah I've totally added some pounds....like 20 of them.

Boy I dodged a bullet there. Better not press my luck. Time to change the subject. So you aren't over in those apartment on the south end of town anymore?

Claire: Oh, umm nope, I moved up to the north end. Much shorter commute. Especially now. I just walk down the stairs from my bedroom to the kitchen. Don't even need to wear pants lol

John: LOL pants are the enemy. Well, welcome to the northside

Claire: Oh yeah! I forgot you lived up here too. I'm over on 829 Johnson Lane

John: Your kidding me. I'm on 828 Canyon Road. There just the little forested area between us.

Claire: Really? OMG I looked it up on google maps and you can pretty much walk straight to my house.

John: I haven't had a face to face conversation with anyone in months.

Claire: I know it's been forever. You should come over. We can catch up and stuff.

John: uh I don't know...but aren't you afraid of someone seeing us out. Like I don't want to get a fine or arrested or something.

Claire: since when did you become a chicken?

John: I'm not. Just trying to be cautious an all.

Claire: what if I told you I had another batch of snickerdoodles and some wine.

John: tempting...

Claire: ok a lot of wine lol

John: I'm on my way!

Claire: you should probably wait until night though.

John: what, afraid I'll scare the neighbors or something?

Claire: no I just don't want you to get caught is all

John: now who's the chicken?

Claire: shut up

John: so what made you want to talk to me today? Not that I mind just curious

Claire: just taking pity on you :P

John: hey, asshole

Claire: I'm just playing with you. I knew you were up on the northside and I was just thinking about you.

John: you were thinking about me?

Claire: no not like that

John: still so easily frustrated :P

Claire: true story

John: well I better get off and shower before I head over. Don't want to be all sweaty and nasty

Claire: get off huh? :P

John: you know what I mean.

John closed his laptop and headed towards the shower. Standing in the fogged-up mirror he couldn't shake the feeling that Claire was flirting with him a little bit. To be fair he was generally oblivious when girls flirted with him except for the most obvious of situations. *Its probably just my imagination. I haven't had a real conversation or interaction with anyone in months.* He caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. *Damn I look good. Guess there is was one good thing about this lockdown.* The effects of his workout routine were apparent. Defined abs, firm chest, and solid arms. After a few poses in the mirror John looked for a clean pair of boxers. *Damn I*

knew I should have done laundry. Compression shorts it is now. He threw on his black gym shorts and a black long sleeve shirt.

He opened the messenger app on his phone and shot Claire a quick message that he was about to leave. Claire replied saying that she just pulled a fresh batch of cookies out of the oven and there was a glass of wine waiting for him

John stepped out of his back door, the cool spring air energizing him as he ventured into the forest. Unfortunately, he severely underestimated the trek through the woods to Claire's house. He didn't grab a flashlight thinking it would draw too much attention in the woods. On the way there he managed to step in an ankle-deep puddle soaking his shoes and socks. Get caught in a thorn bush; ripping his shirt in several places. Finally, he reached Claire's backdoor. To his knowledge no one had seen him, though he wished he used a flashlight despite the risk.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK

Claire answered the door in an oversized sweatshirt that came down to her mid thigh and white leggings, "come on in," she said before fully looking at John. "What happened to you?"

"Well, I made the mistake of not using a flashlight, so I found a big puddle and thorn bush the old fashion way...by walking into them," John replied a bit annoyed at the situation.

Claire's eyes lingered on his torn shirt seeing hints of abs. "well take your shoes and socks off. I don't want you tracking mud through the house."

He slipped off his shoes and socks and headed in. The intoxicating aroma of the baked goods took over his senses. He walked over and grabbed a fresh cookie. "mmm have I missed these...and you."

"Don't lie you only came for the cookies."

"Well not just the cookies but they do make things better," John replied. "Oh, and you look great by the way," he said with a mouth full of cookie.

"Oh, uh, thank you. What prompted that?"

"Well you said you gained weight during this covid lockdown but I don't see it," John took a big drink from his wine glass.

"You're too nice. And, yes, I have. The scale doesn't lie I've put on like 20 pounds," Claire groaned as she ate another cookie.

"maybe the scale is bending the truth? I don't know where you'd put them" John offered. *I bet that's why she's wearing that baggy sweatshirt. Probably has a buddha belly now...shame she used to be kinda hot.*

"Why do you think I'm wearing leggings?"

"I thought it was cause they're comfy." *Definitely a buddha belly.*

"Well partly yes but my jeans are really tight. I can barely get the button snapped. That is even if I can get them over my butt."

John nearly choked on the wine *Claire didn't have a butt the last time I saw her.* "I thought girls jeans were supposed to be tight?" he asked nonchalantly

"Not that tight," Claire retorted. "You don't believe me, do you? You just see me as some fat ugly chick."

"I...wait...I," John was at a loss for words.

"Haha gotcha! You thought I was mad at you?"

"You really had me going there," John stood there a moment still sweating a bit. Truth be told John had a crush on Claire. What wasn't to like about her. She has beautiful fiery red hair, tall (5'9 about one inch shorter than John), a (probably formerly) toned physique, wide hips, narrow waist, decent chest (34B to be exact. John overheard Claire complaining about her bra to a coworker one day at work. She didn't realize how loud she was talking), cute face, and long legs. The only downfall John thought she had was her flat butt, though it was only a minor complaint being a boob guy and all.

"But really I did invite you over for an ulterior motive," Claire admitted.

"Oh yeah? What you sex slave run away?" John quipped.

"Oh Henry? No, he wasn't a big enough man for me. I'm a big girl and I have big needs," Claire barely got through the sentence before they both started laughing hysterically in their tipsy state. "No but really I invited you over to both catch up and do me a favor. And you have to do the favor, you already ate the cookies."

"Is there a lightbulb in need of replacement? Or a spider need killing?" John replied in his most heroic voice while striking the classic superman pose.

"Ha you goof. No, I need you to help me... finish this bottle of wine."

"Sounds good to me," John slide his empty glass across the kitchen table. Claire dutifully topped off his glass. The two continued to catch up for the next hour or so and finish off two more bottles of wine. Both were feeling the effects of the alcohol at this point.

"So yeah I ran out of flour pretty early on and it seemed like everyone was sold out.

Fortunately, I found this organic brand that was shockingly the same price as the normal stuff. I think it makes the cookies taste better. What do you think?"

"Taste great to me!"

"Glad you like them." Feeling a bit more relaxed Claire asked, "could you do me a favor and measure me."

"What like your height? Just make a mark on the wall," John replied trying to be funny.

"No silly I already know how tall I am; 6'0 on my tippy toes," she proudly exclaimed and slightly slurred. She came down hard on her heels. John thought he saw some movement under her shirt but passed it off as his eyes and the wine playing tricks on him. "I mean my like hips and waist and stuff." John looked at her funny. Claire continued, "I'm serious I tried doing it myself but it's hard to do yourself."

"that's what she said," John interrupted.

"HA! Good one. But, I thought I could bribe you with some of these cookies...and more wine."

"Umm yeah sure. The wine and cookies are yummy. I guess I could help what do I need to do?" John finished his glass of wine.

"I need you to come and," at that point John started to laugh and Claire realized what she just said, started to giggle, and turn a light said of red. "poor phrasing again on my part," she said with a wink. John was a bit confused but in his tipsy state didn't put much stock into it. "I need you to follow my up to my bedroom."

"Oh the bedroom. Bow chicka bow wow."

"Maybe if you're lucky. Now follow me upstairs," she insisted.

John was at a loss for words. *Here is this still pretty attractive girl inviting me up to her bedroom and making comments like that. I can't wait to see where this goes.* The two got up from their seats and John eagerly followed Claire upstairs. On his way up he noticed Claire's ass. Or more accurately that she had one. *Huh, I guess she did put on a little weight but it looks like it went to the right place. But that's definitely not 20 pounds.* They entered Claire's bedroom at the end of the hall.

"Ok so there is the tape measure. Careful not to pull too tight. Make sure you get it at the widest part of my hips too"

"Yes ma'am," John joked and saluted.

"I'm serious. I need new clothes and none of the stores are opened so I need to order them online. I don't want to waste a bunch of time sending stuff back and forth."

Well I guess that answers that question she wasn't hitting on me. "I gotcha," John grabbed the tape measure and got on his knees in front of Claire. She lifted her sweatshirt just above her hips and he wrapped the tape measure around her hips lightly grazing her butt. This sent an involuntary shiver down Claire's spine. As he pulled the tape measure snug, he noticed the slight camel toe in her leggings and the hint of a small wet spot turning a small spot slightly see-through. John shook his head. *I've got to be seeing things now. How much wine did I have? But at least she shaves.* He adjusted his position slightly to accommodate his stiffening cock.

"34" John said.

"34? Are you sure? Check again," Claire requested.

"You're right 33 and 15/16ths."

"Well I guess I know where some of those cookies went at least," Claire said with a subtle hint of pride. "Now do my waist."

"What were you before? If you don't mind me asking. Oh, and you'll have to move your sweatshirt out of the way."

"Oh, yeah," Claire said and she lifted her shirt up slightly, exposing her softened belly. Gone was her tight, toned tummy with a slight hint of abs. In its place was a nice layer of fat. Though no one would accuse her of being fat. "And for your information, Mr. Nosey, it was 32 inches."

"I see. Guess you got a little junk in the trunk now?" John teased.

"Who needs squats when you can just eat cookies?" Claire chuckled as she finished another cookie.

"well your waist is 27 inches on the dot and I've already double checked"

"well maybe I do need squats instead of cookies. That used to be 24 inches," Claire groaned.

"No wonder I couldn't get my jeans buttoned and my leggings dig into my waist. But," she said trying to be positive, "I guess that's the downside to stress baking. Although there are a three big upsides," she said as she gave her ass a smack. "tell me my butt doesn't look good." She turned around and bent over slightly showing off her enhanced posterior. They were clearly a size too small on her and it was apparent that she was not wearing panties.

John stood there staring at her butt for a moment. *It is pretty great.* Perfect eye height while he was on his knees. Not wanting Claire to think he was a creep he stood up. His shirt caught on her dresser handle and ripped the rest of the way. Hearing the rip Claire stood up and turned around to see John's exposed torso.

"Well looks like I'm not the only one who's packed on a few pounds during this lockdown," Claire stated. She closed the gap between them and placed her hand on his stomach. "Looks like those exercise videos paid off or were you always secretly ripped?"

"Umm... well... no I guess this is new," he stammered

"Am I making you nervous?" Claire asked with a hint pleasure in her voice.

"Well yeah a little...I mean you are gorgeous, and I've had a crush on you for a while," all the color left his face. *I can't believe I just said that.*

"Really? Then why did you never look at me when we worked together? I'd see you staring at Julia and Mary all the time. What's so special about them?"

Shit, how do I answer this? "well it's just that their different, I guess?" *nailed it.*

"Different how?" Claire asked feigning anger

I'm screwed. "I dunno."

"Is it my height? I know Julia is 5'5 and Mary's 5'2. So I'm too tall for you?"

"No I like your height. It's just..."

This is so much fun. Claire cut him off, "I know its not their weight cause we were all proportionally the same. Their butts? Julia has a nice bubble butt and Mary's isn't bad either," Claire said matter of factly.

If I didn't know better I'd say she was checking them out too. "No..."

"Their boobs." This wasn't a question; it was a statement.

She knows I'm a boob guy. I'm so screwed she's gonna call me a pervert and kick me out for sure. "yes," John replied sheepishly.

"I can't blame you. Julia is a solid 36DD and the shirts Mary wears how can you not look at the miles of 34DDD cleavage," Claire said with a jealousy in her voice. "if I was that busty and short I would totally do the same thing as Mary."

"I yeah...wait what." It took a moment for John to process what he heard. "So, you aren't mad at me."

"Mad? No, I was just yanking your chain," Claire admitted. "I know this might sound strange but, I just wish you looked at me like you look at them. I've had a crush on you for a while too."

"Really?" John asked still processing what he heard.

"Really, really. Why do you think I practically shouted my bra size that one day in the office when you were right around the corner?"

"You knew I was there?"

"Of course. I know they weren't that impressive at the time, but I was hoping you'd look a little," Claire said a little crestfallen.

"I thought I was treating you with respect. You know not treating you like a piece of meat."

"Well sometimes it's nice to be looked at by someone with lust in their eyes."

"I'm sorry," John's brain finally caught up with his mouth. "what do you mean 'they weren't that impressive at the time'?"

Claire had a devilish grin on her face, "you caught that phrasing, didn't you?"

"Thank you," John replied.

"Weren't you curious where all that weight went. You measured my hips and butt, and you measured my waist..."

John paused for a moment. *Her butt and her stomach...where else.* Then it hit him like a ton of bricks, "your tits!" he said a little to emphatically.

"Down boy," Claire said. "and yes, my BOOBS did benefit as well."

"Ok but how?" John asked. "I'm a bit lost here."

"You know that organic flour I bought at the beginning of the lockdown. I bought five 25-pound sacks. I still have four and a half sacks left."

"Ok..." John said still confused.

"Long story short, it turns out there was some kind of contamination in the flour. But I didn't find that out until I'd made a few batches of cookies. I figured since I wasn't sick, it was fine. I mean, I was baking a lot more and moving around a lot less; so, weight gain was inevitable right? First it was my jeans feeling a little tight and my bras. Just chalk it up to inactivity, right? Then, a week later I was starting to really overflow my bra, but my jeans still felt the same. Two days after that I get an email, from the store I bought the flour from, saying that there was a recall and I should return the flour for a refund. That's when a lightbulb went off in my head."

"It was the flour making you grow," John interrupted with glee.

"Yup. At that point I knew I had to keep baking with that flour and eat those cookies. I stopped wearing a bra and only started wearing leggings. The more I ate the more they grew. It was a quick pace but not so fast that'd I was worried about it. I was just happy I was growing again, like a second puberty but only for my boobs," John's mouth hung open for a moment when Claire said this and cupped her sexy enhanced bust. She added, "that's the look of lust I wanted from you. But that's not the only thing I wanted from you."

"I...it isn't?" *I can think of one thing I want to give her.*

"I want you to measure my bust. You think you could help with that?"

"I know I can!" John grabbed the tape measure and closed the gap between them. *Not what I thought but at least I get to see these new tits of hers.*

"First you have to measure my under bust," Claire stated. She lifted her sweatshirt just high enough to get at her ribcage without flashing him. Claire noticed the slight look of disappointment on his face. "Don't worry, you'll get to see them."

John wrapped the tape measure around and read out, "34 inches."

"Glad to see that hasn't changed," Claire smirked. She knew she had John wrapped around her finger. "Are you ready for the next part?"

John emphatically nodded yes.

"Good," she responded. "Now you'll have to measure them at their fullest point. Which will be right around my nipples."

With that she lifted her sweatshirt up. The next moment will be one that John will never forget. It played in slow motion for him. At first her the bottom creamy swell of the boobs came into view. Slowly falling out of their warm hiding place. Her nipple appeared and hardened in the cooler air. They bounced naturally side to side. Staying firm yet pliable.



John stood there in awe of the moment; finally snapping out of it when Claire said, “so are you going to measure them or just jizz in your pants?”

John stepped forward wrapping the tape measure around her back standing close enough that Claire’s nipples grazed John’s hard chest. She shivered again this time letting a small audible gasp escape her lips.

“Did you just cream your panties?” John asked playfully. He stepped back and brushed the tape measure across her nipples eliciting another.

“Mmm I can’t cream my panties if I’m not wearing any,” Claire said in a deep husky tone. “So, are you going to read the numbers or what?” she asked

“Umm...yeah,” momentarily forgetting what he was doing. “Looks like 40 inches.”

“Uh what did you say?” Claire was shocked.

“40 inches.”

“That means I’m the same size as Mary,” Claire said still processing this information.

“You mean this is what it would look like if Mary was here topless?” John asked.

Those words hit her hard. Pent up anger boiled to the surface. “I’m standing here topless, horny, and ready to jump your bones and all you can think about is Mary?!?”

“Uh,” was all John could muster.

“I invite you over and show you my tits and that’s the thanks I get. ‘they look like Mary’s tits’,” Claire mocked. “What are they not big enough for you? Cause let me tell you these feel huge compared to my old B’s. And, they look even better on my body now that they’re bigger. It’s like I got these sensitive blimps on my chest and all you can think about is Mary. Well fuck you!

And you know what I did this for you. I wanted to fuck you so bad. I’ve had this crush on you since we first met and all you could do is stare at Mary and Julia’s tits. Forget practically flat Claire you dick,” Claire stomped her foot sending shockwaves through her boobs. John couldn’t help but stare. “sure, stare at my tits now asshole,” she grabbed under them and lifted them to his face. “I bet you’d like it more if Mary did this to you!” anger spewed out of Claire. She was finally saying all the things she wanted to say for months. The pent-up jealousy exploding out of her and John bearing the brunt of it.

“I’m sorry,” John snuck in.

"No sorry isn't good enough. Downstairs now!" she shouted. John immediately headed for the stairs with Claire not far behind. He made it back to the kitchen and started to grab his shoes.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Home?" John was confused.

"No you're not! You're going to sit there as I finish these cookies and maybe then you'll appreciate my tits!" Claire shouted.

John plopped down in the chair like a wounded puppy. He stared at this gorgeous, buxom babe reaching up to the top shelf of the cabinet and pull down a box.

"What I didn't tell you, you jackass, is that I only finished about half of the special cookies I've made. I can see you doing your mental math so let me help you. I've grown three cups in the last three months. This other half of the cookies will make you forget about 'little Mary'!"

He was about to ask about the cookies they ate earlier but he knew it was better to keep his mouth shut at this point.

Claire started to sob a little as she stuffed another cookie in her mouth, "Do you know what these have done to me? Sure, they've given me a little padding and these huge 'Mary' sized tits. But they took away my flat tummy. Do you know how much better my tits would look with my flat stomach? I bet that'd make you forget all about Mary!" Claire stuffed her mouth with 2 more cookies before continuing. "Oh and I know you're wondering, you got a few of the special cookies earlier too so I can't wait to see what happens to you now," Claire said proud of her devious actions. John didn't bother to reply he figured it'd be better to let her just get all this off her chest.

"And that's not all," she lectured. "Mary and Julia both said as their tits got bigger, they lost sensitivity in their nipples. Well that sure as hell didn't happen with me. They bigger they got the more sensitive they got! When you brushed against my nipples upstairs it sent a bolt of electricity straight to my pussy. It took a lot of effort not to fuck you right then."

John's jaw dropped. He'd never heard Claire talk like this before. She was letting it all come out. All John could do is sit back and take it. He knew there was nothing he could say as Claire unloaded all these pent-up emotions.

"Yeah, I said it. Pussy! Do you know how hard it was to walk around with that sweatshirt on and not soak through my leggings? That's why I need a nice padded bra so I can actually go out in public and not smell like a whore. Oh and speaking of whores, I have to masturbate at least once a day cause these stupid, delicious cookies have sent my libido into overdrive! Wanna know when the last time I came was? Three days ago! Three days!" Claire stuffed another cookie in her mouth.

John timidly asked, "why three days?"

"I wanted to fuck you! I wanted to fuck you so bad. I wanted to make you feel good, make you feel like a man. Let you think it was 'your' skills that made me cum and maybe put in even more effort," Claire reached for a cookie and came up empty handed. A worried look spread across her face slowly.

John took this opportunity to apologize one more time, "Claire I'm sorry. I don't know why I said that. But I like you. I really do. I don't care how big your boobs are or how much your butt has filled out. I like you because you're awesome. You're smart, funny, sassy, and simply amazing." John walked over to Claire. "Now, is it ok if I give you a hug?"

In a moment of sobriety Claire realized that while John had said something completely stupid it wasn't totally his fault. He is just a dumb guy after all. She turned to embrace him. "I didn't mean to go off on you like that," she cried. "there's just a lot of emotions I'm dealing with. And I just ate all those cookies! I'm gonna be huge!" she wailed.

"It's fine. We can deal with it as it comes. Besides we have a few months to figure this out," to reassure.

"No, we don't," Claire retorted. "The last time it took me two and a half months to eat half those. There's no telling what's gonna happen!"

"Maybe nothing but we can deal with it," John embraced Claire, wrapping his arms around her waist and feeling her butt. "You know even though you said you added fat back here it feels really firm." John began to lightly massage. His cock starting to stir again and press lightly into Claire.

Claire laughed through the tears, "I mean I guess so."

John continued to massage her butt and look into her eyes. Claire let out a small moan as she leaned in and kissed John. Fireworks went off. It felt better than either of them could have imagined. Claire snaked her hand down the front of his shorts and grabbed his cock. She immediately let go and backed away.

"Is that really you? Like that isn't your wallet or a sock or something?" Claire inquired.

"It's all me," John said puzzled

"Bullshit! It had to be the cookies already."

"Umm no its not?"

Claire grabbed his wrist and ran up to the bedroom. "There's no way, you're lying." Claire knelt in front of John and in one swift motion pulled down his shorts. She could clearly see the outline of his bulging cock in his compression shorts. She took the tape measure and said, "looks like I'm not the only one getting measured tonight." She pulled his compression shorts down to his ankles. She subtly licked her lips as his pulsing cock now stood proudly in front of her face. She took the tape measure in her hand and carefully placed the end at the base of his cock. Slowly she straightened it out over the length. John groaned in pleasure.

"Mmm looks like you are a big boy. A full 6 ¾" long. How do you manage?" Claire teased and she lightly ran her nail up and down the length of the underside of his dick. John moaned again.

"Looks like someone is enjoying this," Claire said looking up into John's lust filled eyes. Claire wrapped her hand around his throbbing cock, John let out a low groan. "wow your so thick I can barely get my hand to close around it," Claire said in a husky tone dripping with desire. "so tell me John, have you ever had anyone measure your cock?" Claire started slowly stroking his cock.

"Uh, huh, uh no," he managed to get out.

A drop of pre cum emerged from the tip of his cock. Claire tilted her head forward, gently kissed the drop, and looked up into his eyes, "have you ever put your cock in a girl's mouth before?" Claire started to increase the speed of her strokes.

All John could do, shake his head no. All his focus was on not cumming all over Claire's beautiful face at that moment.

Claire immediately stopped her ministrations. "I'm gonna need a real answer out of you if you want me to continue."

"No," he practically shouted.

"So, you're a blowjob virgin?" Claire teased.

"Yes," John said. His cock aching to be stroked again.

"Well lucky for you I've had practice," Claire said with a wink. "When you aren't as busty or as curvy as some of the other girls in high school and college you need to... how shall I put this? 'Develop' other skills." She looked back down at his cock, he could feel her warm breath on the tip. She leaned down to the bottom of the shaft and kissed slowly upwards. "Now *kiss* try *kiss* not to *kiss kiss* cum," with that she kiss the tip. Her lips slowly parted, swirling her tongue around the tip. John was trying as hard as he could not to cum even. Claire could feel him tense; she stopped her tongue. She took more of his cock into her mouth, teeth lightly scraping the shaft as she expertly swirled her tongue again. She brought him to the edge, by her estimation, no less than 4 times over the next few minutes. She was purposefully torturing him after the Mary comment. She looked up and saw the concentration on his face it was taking everything out of him not to cum. She knew how to get him. She swirled her tongue quickly over the tip and moaned into his cock. That sent him over the edge he let loose three large loads into Claire's waiting mouth, hungrily swallowing every last drop.

With a slurp the head popped out of her mouth. She lapped up the last few drops that leaked out of his cock and with a playful smile she said as she stood up, "you're delicious! I can't wait to taste you again." She reached out to touch his cock, "wait you're still hard?"

"Uh yeah I'm always like three quarters hard after I cum. Been that way my whole life. Didn't know that was strange until pretty recently actually."

"Well my man of steel," she grabbed his cock in her right hand and placed her left on his shoulder, "I want you to sit on that bed right there while I brush my teeth. You're going to take your pants off from around your ankles and wait while I brush my teeth. I may like your taste, but I doubt you want to taste it."

John nodded in understating.

"But, if you leave the bed or don't follow my instructions, I'm putting that sweatshirt back on and sending you home. Got it?"

"Anything you want, Claire," John replied. He watched Claire saunter away as he removed his underwear and shorts from around his ankles and sat on the bed as instructed naked. He could hear Claire in the bathroom using her electric toothbrush.

A few second later he heard the toothbrush hit off the counter and on to the floor still running. He called out, "Claire? Hey, are you ok?" he only heard a pained groan in response. *What if this is just a test? Should I get up?*

"*groan* I need help," she barely got out.

John rushed to the bathroom Claire doubled over on the bathroom floor clutching her stomach.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Oooo my stomach," was all Claire could say.

In one swift motion John bent and picked her up in his arms. Cautiously and quickly he brought her back to the bed and laid her down. *Did her stomach just move? Must be my eye playing tricks on me or her stomach contracting in pain or something.*

He could see the sweat starting to bead on her forehead. He touched her forehead, and she was burning up. He ran to the bathroom and ran a washcloth under some cold water and place it on her head. He kept watch over her as she groaned in pain over the next two hours. Doing what

he could to settle her down. Sometime around midnight she fell asleep; John barely able to keep his eyes open laid in the bed next to her.

That morning Claire felt John's morning wood poking her in her butt as some sort of alarm cock.

"Mmm someone's up for another round," she said starting to grind into his erection for a moment. She rolled over and shook John awake. "What the hell happened last night?"

"Good morning to you too. Well I was waiting here like you asked and I heard you drop your toothbrush and start groaning in pain. I went to see what happened and I found you doubled over on the floor. So, I picked you up and put you on your bed. You were burning up for hours and I kept a cool washcloth on your forehead at all times." John looked down and stared at her boobs.

"Well thank you for helping me out," she replied sheepishly. "Did I say anything? You can stop staring right now. I know they're big."

"You just kept complaining about your stomach hurting," John pointed to her stomach where you could clearly see the outline of a sexy six pack poking through. John was in awe.

"What are you staring at? I can't see past these huge boobs. Argh they feel even bigger."

"The cookies!" John said.

"Oh shit!" Claire realized what happened and immediately grew excited. "Get the tape measure." Claire hopped out of bed and John started at the hypnotic motion of the largest most perfect part of boobs he'd ever seen. He reckoned they were better than Tessa's but he wouldn't dare say that to Claire. He got up, still naked, erect cock swinging around, and grabbed the tape measure.

"Where do you want me to start?" he ask.

"Same as yesterday."

He got down on his knees, eye level with Claire's massive camel toe and growing wet spot. He could already tell she grew last night. There was nothing hiding from John's view of her beautiful pussy through her leggings. John gently wrapped the tape measure around her hips, caressing her ass as her went along. He heard a little sigh escape her lips. "You know Claire, I think these leggings are a little tight and they might give me an inaccurate measurement."

"Well yeah that seems to make sense," her lust filled mind reasoned. She hooked her thumbs in her waistband and started to push them down.

"No, no, no, no, let me do that for you," John interrupted. He slowly raised his hand up her inner thigh, making light contact with her swollen, sensitive lips before grabbing her waistband. He pulled them down, slowly they revealed her aching, dripping pussy. Her lips fully engorged, involuntarily twitching; her clit throbbing with her pulse. He lightly blew across her clit as he continued to lower her leggings.

Her knees went weak as she let out a low moan of approval. Finally, she stepped out of her leggings, "Now I guess you should measure my hips."

John looked up barely making eye contact through her massive cleavage. He smiled and leaned forward acting like he was about to wrap the tape measure around her but instead flicked her clit with his tongue. Claire's knees went weak, lost her balance, and fell back on the bed, he giant jugs nearly slapping her in her face. John seized the opportunity to tease her more. He ran his hands up her thighs and her climbed up between her legs. Using his hands to lights stroke her lips and he blew across her clit again.

Claire wriggled in ecstasy. "mmmm no I need to..."

She was cut off when John placed his lips around her clit and began to suck lightly and swirl his tongue around it.

"Mmmm yes. Eat my pussy! Make me cum," Claire could barely believe the words coming out of her mouth.

"Oh my! My good little girl has a naughty mouth. But that's nothing I didn't learn last night," John said with a mischievous grin. He went back down and nibbled on her clit before swirling his tongue around it. His hand slowly sneaking up her thigh and teasing her tight, wet entrance. Claire's moans were getting louder, he knew this was the right move. He inserted one finger and hooked it up to her g-spot, gently rubbing up and down.

"yes, yes! More faster!" Claire bellowed.

John happily obliged to her request. Moving his finger faster and faster, flicking his tongue across her clit as fast as he could. He used his free hand to hold on as tight as he could. He pushed her to her limits.

Finally, she screamed in ecstasy, "I'm cumming! OH FUCK YESSSS!" her hips bucked wildly. John did everything he could to hold on and continue his ministrations. She started to thrash more violently before she suddenly stopped and released a torrent of her juices into John's face. Not expecting her to squirt, he was caught off guard causing him to fall back and cough a little. She laid there for a few minutes, boobs gently rocking swaying with her heavy breathing. John sat next to her on the bed, "I didn't know you were a squirter. That's kinda hot."

Still panting she replied, "I didn't know I was either. I was trying to hold back cause I thought I was going to pee on you," she giggled awkwardly.

"Well I'm glad I didn't get peed on, R. Kelly."

Claire sat up, "you better get that tape measure and finish measuring me or you'll never get to fuck me," Claire bluntly stated.



"Whatever you say dear," John said pinching her nipple.

"Mmmm," she moaned. "none of that either, I'm serious!"

John finished measuring her hips, "36 inches on the dot."

"wait you mean I gained 2 inches in my hips and ass," she said in a stunned giddy tone. She turned around and bent over giving John an amazing view of her full, firm ass and a clear look at her still dripping pussy.

"You look more breathtaking than before."

"That is so sweet," she gushed. "Now do my waist."

He wrapped the tape measure around her waist and read out, "23 and ½ inches. Your abs are so sexy, by the way."

She parted her boobs to get a better look at her stomach, "damn straight. My toned tight tummy is so sexy and smaller than before." Claire's grin grew even bigger. "Now do my tits."

"I thought you'd never ask!"

She realized what she said, "no measure them...then maybe you can do them."

With a slight disappointment in his eye, he wrapped the tape measure around her under bust, "34 inches just like before." he moved the tape measure around her bust and did a double take. *I knew they were huge but shit this is insane. She's the same size as Tessa Fowler. Better not say that I know what happened last time.*

"well?" she asked impatiently.

"42 inches."

"forty...forty-two inches? Holy fuck they're big," she plopped down on the bed, boobs slapping her thighs. She was stunned for a moment.

"You ok?" he asked

"Ok? I'm better than ok. I'm fucking fantastic! I never thought I'd get this big naturally," she admitted.

"I'm lost now?"

"I like big boobs. I've always been jealous of not just Julia and Mary but any girl bustier than me. I've wanted to be bigger and was pissed I stopped at only a 34B. but now? I'm as big as Tess Fowler. And if I do say so myself, I'm much hotter with my tight tummy. If I didn't know any better, I'd swear I'm her boob doppelgänger. What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. First how do you know who Tessa is?"

"Like I said I like big boobs and stumbled across her before. I wish I was as genetically lucky as her but not with this body, mmmm," she moaned as she caressed her sensitive H cups.

"Well I'd agree that you and her have the same boobs, and your athletic tummy makes them look so much bigger and perkier."

She stood up next to John, breasts pressing into his chest; his cock pressing against her wet slit.

"I want you in me now."

"I...I didn't bring a condom."

"I'm on the pill."

With that John spun her around and pushed her to the bed spreading her legs apart at the same time. Claire barely caught herself before smashing her boobs on the bed.

"Hey, what the...mmmm" was all Claire could get out before John slide the tip of his cock up against her warm, slick entrance. Grabbing her hips, he pushed a little harder, the head of his cock barely in before he felt resistance.

"Fuck, you're thick," she said. He pushed harder, feeling her tight wet pussy contract around his erection. Inch by inch thrust deeper inside until his hips met her firm ass. "Give me a moment to adjust?" she asked. "I feel like your splitting my little pussy in two," she moaned.

He began with little thrusts barely moving in and out an inch. She began moaning as each thrust caused her nipples to graze against the bed, sending little bolts of electricity to her already over stimulated pussy. She moaned louder with each thrust. Every time John thrust in; she wiggled her hips. Slowly they began to pick up speed, each movement harder and faster than the last. The combination Claire's nipple rubbing nonstop against the bed and John's thick cock was too much for her; with a loud shriek she started cumming. John could feel her pussy contract rhythmically as if it was milking his cock, tempting him to cum deep in her. It took all his concentration to pound her harder and harder; her tits slapping her stomach. Feeling his balls well up, he knew he wouldn't last much longer. Just as he was about to lose control she settled down.

"Cum for me baby," she begged, "fill me with your hot seed!" John continued pounding away not wanting to finish just yet. Claire shifted a little, holder herself up with one arm and reaching back with the other to play with her clit. With minimal effort she was cumming a second time. This time John couldn't hold out. It one big thrust, he buried himself balls deep and unloaded. Through her own orgasm she could feel the first thick rope of cum fill her pussy. She tried to pull away, but John's grasp was just tight enough to hold her there as a second shot leaked out the sides of her over stuffed pussy. She wiggled free just before the third shot let loose. She felt it hit her stomach and underside of her boobs. Quick as she could she spun around, opened her mouth, and closed her eyes hoping for a fourth load. She was not disappointed when she felt the hot load hit partially in the mouth and cheek. She opened her eyes just in time to see the fifth and final shot spray her huge tits. She wiped what she could from her face and licked her fingers clean. Slowly she raised her left boob up licking up as much cum as she could before switching to the other; never breaking eye contact. She scooped up the last little bit from her stomach and under-boob before sliding off the bed to her knees. She took his semi hard cock in her had looked up, and asked, "have I told you how good you taste yet?"

"You've mentioned it," he replied still a little sensitive in his post orgasmic bliss.

She leaned forward, took the head of his cock in her mouth, and expertly cleaned his cock. "I couldn't just let you walk around with a dirty cock, now could I?" she asked as she coaxed the last few drops out of his stiffening penis. She looked up again and said, "besides, your too delicious to waste a drop."

John was fully hard again. *Where is all this stamina coming from?*

"Looks like someone's ready for another round, but my pussy can't handle you again," she said, "yet, big guy. But I think I have an idea. Hope your secure in your masculinity." She knelt up and wrapped her new H cups around his cock. "Now where did your cock go?" she teased. Lowing her boobs, the head just barely popped out. "It doesn't look that big now." She leaned forward and let some of her spit coat the tip. "Don't want you rubbed raw." She started moving her tits up and down, slowly, moaning as she went. Her nipples brushed against his thighs. She picked

up the pace, looking up at him, “now I want you to tell me when you’re close,” she instructed. “I mean like your load is at the bottom of your shaft close.”

John nodded his understanding as he gently thrust in rhythm with her motions. It didn’t take long, “I’m close,” he said.

In one swift motion she let her tits go, grabbed his cock, and sealed her lips around the head. She felt the first load hit the back of her throat. She swallowed just before the second load passed her lips. A third, fourth, and fifth load filled her mouth. She slipped her cock out of her mouth. She swallowed and a sixth and seventh load hit her in the face.

Where is all this cum coming from? John wondered he felt like his balls were expanding and filling up as he unleashed a torrent of cum in and on Claire.

Finally, he finished and collapsed on her bed, dick still twitching. He looked over to see Claire scooping as much as she could into her mouth before rising and heading to the bathroom presumably to wash her face and brush her teeth. He watched as her hips swayed with every step as she walked into the bathroom. She had a new swagger about her. She knew she was hot and she could get anyone she wanted. He marveled at how sexy she was; at just how far her tits stuck out to the side.



He couldn’t believe how lucky he was.

“Babe, my stomach hurts.”

John’s heart rate tripled as he rushed to the bathroom. He saw Claire standing there hands akimbo.

“Excited or concerned?”

“Why not both?” John asked.

“What are you thinking for lunch?”

John looked over at the clock; he couldn’t believe how late it was. His stomach growled, “I can cook something up. What do you have?”

“Hmmm I haven’t gone grocery shopping in a little while. What do you say we mask up and hit up Walmart? I could find a shirt or two in my size. And, you know, maybe flaunt this body and make some guys really jealous of you?”

"I'm up for it," he agreed.

"Oh I know," She squeezed his cock playfully. "Now put your shorts on and grab a t-shirt before I start sucking that scrumptious cock of yours again. I have a few guy shirts in my closet."

Eventually John found what he needed and got dressed.

Claire called out from the bathroom, "does this bra make my boobs look fat?"



All John could do is stare in amazement.

"I can't believe my little, old bra clasps," she laughed as the clasp broke; her breast surged forward. She went to the dresser grabbed a pair of leggings and the baggiest sweatshirt she could find. She barely got her legging over her enhanced butt and she a camel toe that even a camel would be embarrassed by. She grabbed a flannel shirt. Buttons straining to stay closed she asked, "you ready to go?"



To be continued...