

## Echo I

*by Goldleaf*

He had bumped into her two days ago in town. Though he had seen on Facebook that she had moved into the area, he definitely hadn't expected to run into her so soon. Walking along the high street, he had turned at the sound of someone calling his name, and had come face to face with his ex-girlfriend, a broad smile lighting up her face as she stood opposite him.

'Long time, no see,' she had said with a raised eyebrow.

He had studied her face as he replied, thinking back to the amicable ending of their relationship several years before, and the numerous times since when he had wondered quietly to himself whether she was the one that had got away.

Trying not to be too obvious about it, he checked her out. Her long brown hair was mixed with professional-looking highlights, and cascaded over her shoulders as their breath rose between them in the cold winter air. Beyond that, and the minimal make-up she wore, her thick coat made it difficult for him to see much more. She had always been petite – her appearance almost mousy – her slender figure fitting her 5'6" frame and her somewhat quiet and reserved persona. Today, however, she seemed full of a new confidence, her height bolstered by a pair of black boots with a substantial heel. He quickly traced the outline of her jean-clad legs until they disappeared behind the lower hem of her jacket. She went to the gym – he had seen that on Facebook too – and though her legs were lean, there was a new, gentle curve to them.

The two of them had chatted for several minutes, catching up on each other's lives with genuine interest. On several occasions, he had been tempted to ask out for a coffee, but, ultimately, the right moment hadn't arrived, and suddenly he had found himself saying goodbye.

Taking a step forward, she had wrapped her arms around him in a farewell hug, and as her body pressed against him he had felt the faint impression of her breasts through the layers of their coats. Matching the rest of her, and recalling her perky

B-cups from the year or so they had dated, he suspected that they remained much the same as they always had done. And as he reached out and placed his arms around her in response, he couldn't help himself.

The two of them had parted, and he smiled down at her as she said a final farewell and turned away. She hadn't felt a thing – and neither had he really; just a faint and fleeting pulse that faded as quickly as it had originated in his fingers and travelled through their coats to her.

He didn't know where it had all come from – and he didn't question it much either. As far as he was concerned, this strange ability he had somehow developed didn't harm anyone, and it seemed extremely unlikely that he'd ever receive answers to any questions he might ask anyway.

But now, two days later, he was about to get an answer to a related, yet different question.

On the sofa beside him, the Facebook Messenger app on his phone pinged, and, with a devilish smile, he recognised her name.

Claire.

*Here we go.*

He opened the chat, returning her greeting and wondering whether she'd have the guts to mention it. Because it was, undoubtedly, the sole reason she was messaging him at half-past nine at night.

He waited patiently, replying politely to her messages and trying coyly to pretend he couldn't see she was trying to lead the conversation somewhere.

'So, do you think I've changed much since we last saw each other?' she asked him eventually.

He sat up a little straighter on the sofa.

'I'm not sure,' he replied innocently, 'we only spoke for a minute or so.'

She replied almost instantly with an exasperated emoji.

'I meant physically,' she wrote. 'Did you think I had changed much?'

*Well you hadn't changed much then, he mused, but since...*

'Your hair was different.' He wrote back. 'I liked it a lot.'

Her reply was, again, almost instant – and it was clear that she was still digging for a different, very specific answer.

Deciding to help the conversation – and her – along a little, he picked his next words carefully, and typed:

‘I think you looked the same the other day, but you’re probably looking a little different now.’

This time, there was a pause before she replied.

Somehow – through the bizarre ability he had come to possess and the strange link it gave him – he knew her dreams had, for the last two nights, been filled with images of him; moments between the two of them.

‘How so?’

He knew that, despite all logic to the contrary, she suspected he knew. Though it was impossible. Wasn’t it?

‘I think there’s a part of you that’s grown a little,’ he typed, his pulse quickening slightly as he continued to smirk.

This time, there was a significant pause before she replied.

‘It was you...?’

In a sense, it was an admission, and his smile grew. Shrugging slightly to himself, he decided to just go for it.

‘Your boobs grew, didn’t they?’

An agonising pause, then...

‘Yes! How did you do it? It’s impossible!’

He chuckled quietly to himself in the cosy warmth of his living room. On the opposite wall, a film continued on his TV, though he’d turned the volume down when she had first messaged him.

‘I don’t know,’ he replied. ‘You get the dreams and it just happens. If you want to fix it, go and stand in the shower. Don’t touch them, just slowly turn the temperature down as cold as you can handle.’

He hit send and watched as the ‘message received’ symbol changed to ‘message read’. He waited.

He wondered how much they had grown by. She had been a solid B-cup when they had dated, and none of her photos on Facebook or anything he’d seen the other day had suggested otherwise. Though their hug had been brief, he wondered whether they could have grown a whole cup size. It would have had to have been significant enough for her to message him. Though of course there were the dreams too.

If he closed his eyes, he could almost picture her now heading into her bathroom, removing her clothes and she turned on the tap. She hadn't replied to his last message, and he was sure it was what she was doing.

Did she really mind, he wondered. He was fairly certain they'd had the odd conversation back when they'd dated about things she wouldn't mind changing about herself.

He saw her standing in the shower, the warm water running down her trim body as she reached for the temperature control. Even as the fingers on one hand reached out for the silver dial though, her other hand reached up to cup the swollen outline of her newly enlarged breast. Her whole body shuddered slightly as her fingers sunk in to the soft, voluminous flesh that had spilled out of her bra earlier that morning. Her eyes closed as her thumb and index finger surrounded her nipple as the rest of her hand gently squeezed.

And that, he knew, would be it.

'I think I deserve an explanation.'

His Messenger app pinged, and the images from his almost meditative daydream vanished as he opened his eyes.

'You live over on the marina, right? Can I come round?'

He glanced at the clock on his phone. It was gone ten. Thirty minutes or so was a long time to stand in a cold shower...

He gave her his address and glanced around his living room. Though his two-bedroom house wasn't exactly large, it's interior was spacious. Whilst the front door opened onto a small, pedestrianised boardwalk, the rear patio doors beside him opened onto a small balcony overlooking a small U-shaped bay of the marina. Across the short distance – currently devoid of boats thanks to the winter months – he could see a handful of lights on in the houses opposite. Preferring to admire the view of the twinkling lights, he often spent the evening with the curtains open, confident that, with only a lamp and his TV illuminating the room, the darkness of the night would hide him from view.

The doorbell rang, and he glanced, once again, at the time. It hadn't taken her long.

He stood up, walking somewhat excitedly down the dimly-lit hallway toward the front door. Trying hard, he forced the smile off his face as he opened the door.

'Hey,' he said cheerfully, stepping quickly aside as she didn't hesitate before brushing past him. Closing the door behind her, he followed her through to the lounge. From behind, and in the relative darkness of the hallway, it was difficult to make out much beyond her silhouette. Her long hair was tied back in a ponytail, her upper body hidden by a black hoody. He could see her legs though, he noted as he followed her into the lounge, the pale skin of her thighs, then calves, appearing from beneath the hem of a short grey skirt.

'Can I get you a drink?' he asked innocently as she came to a stop before him. Turning to face him, and lit from the side by the light of the lamp, he saw it. Despite the oversized, near-shapeless and decidedly far-too-large hoody, it was obvious, and as he traced the faint yet undeniable swell beneath the fabric down from her neck toward her navel, he knew exactly what had happened in the shower.

With one hand firmly grasping the shower controls, her other had begun to massage the larger, rounder, heavier shape of her swollen breast. Though she had done the exact same thing earlier that morning when she had awoken, soaking wet, once again, from another night of sex-filled dreams, it somehow felt different, now, under the warm water of the shower.

She closed her eyes as she kneaded and squeezed her chest, the taut skin of her breast spilling out between her fingers as her breath grew shallow. Without any sort of conscious decision, her other hand left the temperature control and, from her thigh, worked its way between her legs. She gasped faintly as she began to play with herself, her swollen nipple squeezed gently between her fingers as she kneaded her breast.

It wasn't long before she convulsed, gasped involuntarily as she orgasmed. For the first time, her hand left her breast as she steadied herself against the shower wall, her eyes closed tight as she shuddered, enjoying the sensation of the hot water massaging her swollen body.

Eventually though, her breathing beginning to slow, she opened her eyes, and choked back an involuntary stutter of surprise. For the past two days she had been living with the all but explicable growth of her breasts from her usual size to at least a proud C-cup. Now, however, she saw as she looked down in shock, they had grown again and by at least the same amount.

She watched as they rose and fell, swelling in tandem with her shallow breathing. Both nipples stood firmly erect, and she watched as a steady stream of water cascaded down each, utterly perfect, breast. Curiously, she twisted her upper body sharply, and watched, transfixed, as they jiggled and swayed. And then, once again, she had reached up and cupped them.

This time, her moans had grown a little louder, and her squeezing and kneading a little more frantic as her hand returned, once again, to between her thighs. She had orgasmed faster too, and harder, and even as she had bucked and gasped, reaching out to steady herself, she had opened her eyes to see her breasts larger once more. Staggered, she had held them in her small hands, watching as only the slightest squeeze formed a chasm of cleavage. A moment from last night's dream pierced her body, and, as she remembered the weight of his body atop hers, she fought to remain standing as her knees threatened to buckle. Gasping, and spluttering at the water cascading down over her, she squeezed her swollen breasts and moaned.

He couldn't help but stare as she stood defiantly before him. Without speaking, she reached down, grasping the hem of her hoody and pulling it up. Underneath, he saw the light grey material of a t-shirt begin to ride up as she lifted the top away. The elasticated band of her short grey skirt dug into her narrow hips, he noticed, the beginnings of a muffin top spilling out above it from a surprisingly soft little belly. As the hoody continued its journey upward, he felt his heart skip a beat.

*How many times had she orgasmed in the shower?*

Her light grey t-shirt would normally, he suspected, be a size too big for her. It's lower half, despite her tummy, was loose, and as it returned to it's natural position on her body, it

hid the flare of her slender hips from view. But it was up top that his attention was now fixed.

His first thought, he realised as he saw her stiff nipples poking prominently through the taught cotton, was that she wasn't wearing a bra. Which made sense, as none she owned would surely fit her. As had none of her t-shirts either, he suspected. Had they had room, her magnificent tits would surely have hung proudly before her, free to sway and jiggle with each minuscule movement she made. In the confines of the only t-shirt she had clearly been able to squeeze them into however, he saw that they had simply run out of room.

Though their perfect shape was obvious, they were now pushed so tightly together they could barely move, a insane cleavage running from the taught mid-point of the top's v-neck almost all the way down to her navel – at which point the t-shirt hung loosely off her.

'I, err...

He couldn't help but chuckle as she threw the hoody to the floor beside them.

'I guess you didn't turn the temperature down like I said?'

The obvious flush to her cheeks as he tore his gaze away from her sensationally swollen breasts told him she knew he knew what she had done in the shower.

Taking a step forward, her boobs bulging as they jostled up and down within her t-shirt, she pressed herself against him. Half expecting a slap, and caught somewhat off-guard, he opened his mouth to speak. But, before he could, she had leaned in and kissed him. It was fierce and unexpected, and as he felt the incredible swell beneath her t-shirt press against him, he stumbled and fell backward.

Somewhat unceremoniously, he landed on his back on the elongated section of his sofa where he normally stretched out his legs. Looking up, and blinking in surprise, he watched as she climbed onto the soft fabric, her knees resting either side of his waist as she lowered her body towards his. First to make contact were her tits, squeezed between them as she pressed her crotch against his. Within his jeans, he felt himself grow impossibly harder as she grinded herself against him. As she continued to kiss him, he reached up and placed his hands on her thighs, running them blindly upward, brushing

past the hem of her skirt and the delicate fabric of her underwear until he found her arse.

She moaned softly and her hips bucked against him. Moving her lips to his neck, she laid a trail of breathless kisses downward until she reached the top of his t-shirt. With her hands around his waist, she lifted it up, affording him a momentary view of her incredible cleavage as her heaving breasts hung down in the gap between them, still constricted by the confines of her top.

Shimmying down a little until her tits were pressed against the unmistakeable bulge in his jeans, she continued to kiss her way down his chest until she reached his belt. Almost frantically, her fingers worked at the buckle and then at the zip of his jeans until, finally, she was able to pull them off him entirely and discard them onto the floor beside her hoody. Running her hand over the top of his boxer shorts, her delicate fingers caressed the bulge beneath the soft material, before reaching up and pulling them away too.

Free, his penis stood erect above his muscular abdomen, and even as his gaze was drawn in once again by the pair of enormous breasts before him, he couldn't help but notice the slight look of surprise on his ex-girlfriend's face.

*He was bigger than she remembered.*

Her tits disappeared from view as she lowered her head toward his waist, and he closed his eyes as her warm, wet lips closed softly around his aching cock. Already shallow, his breathing grew ragged as she slowly began to work her way up and down. His mind, on fire, leapt back to the image of her in her shower, before fast-forwarding to the moment she had removed her hoody.

His hips bucked, and he groaned softly as he came. She had learnt some new tricks since they had split up, and that, couple with her recent growth spurt, meant he hadn't lasted long at all. He knew that she had been expecting it though, and he had felt her grasp his hips firmly as she swallowed over and over again. Ironically, it lasted longer than normal, and with each spasm and murmured groan, he felt her grip tighten a little, and even as the throbbing began to dissipate, he pushed as hard as he could.

'Oh, my god.'



She had more gasped it than spoken it.

He opened his eyes to see her resting before him, her arms propping herself up at the end of the sofa between his legs. Immediately, he found himself staring at the taught fabric of her t-shirt. It was unmistakable: her breasts had grown again. Filling the space around them to the maximum, they had expanded in the only direction they could. Downward. Her nipples continued to poke angrily through the fabric, and, as he glanced down, he saw a series of other small yet still noticeable changes. Though the bulge of her breasts created an enormous overhang, he could now see the faint outline of her small, round belly pressing against the front of her t-shirt, and from where her engorged breasts were now causing it to ride up slightly higher, he see that her muffin top was now spilling over the top of her skirt. Though he couldn't be sure, he suspected that even her hips were a little wider.

'I can't believe how good that tast...'

She trailed off as she opened her eyes, her gaze darting momentarily to his face before returning to his crotch.

She wasn't the only one who had grown.

Whereas he was normally a fairly healthy eight or so inches, he was now a solid nine or even ten – and still rock hard.

'But...'

Apparently oblivious to the changes within her own body, she glanced at him in breathless confusion. Reaching out, she wrapped an inquisitive hand firmly around his new girth.

'When you do what you just did,' he murmured with a slight shrug and a shudder as she began to move her hand slowly back and forth, 'I'll get bigger and stay hard until we –,'

He gasped as she squeezed him playfully.

'– until we do something else.'

Her gaze fixed largely on his quivering penis, he saw her cock an intrigued eyebrow.

'Interesting,' she murmured, lifting herself slowly up, her breasts catching on the end of the sofa as she moved upward. His eyes closed again as he felt her take him into her mouth, and though he suspected that she was struggling a little with his size, it was clear that she wasn't going to let it get in her way.

Twisting and turning, she managed to tease him for several minutes, her hands pressing down firmly on his waist to stop him moving too much as she sucked. Before long, though, he felt himself begin to lose control, and as he groaned loudly, he felt his entire body go rigid. His hips bucked as he came, and through his own, powerful orgasm, he heard her moan softly as she swallowed. Pressing him down into the sofa, the sensation of her lips pressed tightly around him only intensified it, and for what felt like more than a minute he came continuously into her mouth, her groans muffled as she tried to keep up.

Finally, the throbbing subsided, and even though he felt his cock stiffen, he opened his eyes.

She was kneeling at the end of the sofa, her eyes closed as she panted heavily. Her tits had grown to the point where he doubted they could possibly move even an inch beneath the furiously taught t-shirt; the material cutting sharply into her back as her breasts pulled at the front. With her top now pulled even higher, he could see the round curve of her swollen belly poking out the bottom, the waistline of her skirt taught around her fleshy waist.

‘That was amazing,’ she moaned, her open palms propping herself up against the end of the sofa, ‘but I can’t breathe.’

She gasped a dark laugh, and he watched, almost hypnotised, as she reached up and grabbed at one of her enormous boobs, her fingernails digging in to the stretched fabric of her t-shirt. She moaned loudly and swayed as she squeezed the mass of flesh beneath her hand, her face flushed as she eyes never broke contact with his. Then, reaching down, she pulled at the hem of the distorted garment and, with a little difficulty, pulled it up and over her head.

He took it all in as it was revealed: her flared hips and the outpouring of flesh around her waist pushed up and out into a muffin top by her waistband; the bulge of her belly as though she had spent the last few hours stuffing her face; her remarkably narrow waist and then...

Her fantastic breasts came free from the confines of the t-shirt, and with a magnificent array of jiggling and bouncing

spread out to take their proper shape and size. They must have been at least J-cups, he thought to himself. Though still teardrop shaped, they had lost some of their perkiness, giving them a shape that looked entirely natural. Which was, he knew, a side effect of growing the way they had. When he got his hands on them he'd be able to change that.

Above him, he saw her expression change as her attention moved away from herself and back to him – and he glanced down: he was still rock hard, and well past 10 inches. Her flushed face spread into a grin as she reached out and began to stroke his throbbing dick. Though her lower half was hidden from view as she kneeled at the end of the sofa, all he wanted was to rip her panties off and...

She leaned forward, her tits flowing and bulging against the insides of his legs as she approached him from the third time.

'Wait,' he begun, 'we can –,'

In front of him, her warm breath making his cock twitch, he saw her shake her head.

'Oh no,' she said darkly. 'We're doing this my way.'

Her grip tightened around him and he couldn't help but moan.

'And when we do 'do it', I want you to be the biggest I can take.'

She shot him a look that told him everything he needed to know, and as she pushed his hips forcefully into the sofa, she wrapped her lips around him once again.

Though he couldn't quite tell how much of him she was able to take into her mouth, it didn't matter. Each movement was ecstasy, and he found himself holding his breath as she rotated a little to the left and then right, moving up and down, her enormous tits filling the gap between his legs and pressing against his balls.

Soon, he felt his orgasm beginning to build, and as he pictured her mischievous expression and expanding body, he found himself determined to give her exactly what she wanted – and perhaps a little bit more. Summoning everything he could, he forced as much as he could into making his pulsating cock as big as possible, and as he began to come, he pushed as much cum out as possible, the desperately needy moans coming from his midsection keeping him going

and going. How she kept her lips wrapped so tightly around him, he simply couldn't fathom, and as the throbbing finally began to subside, he found himself wondering what she would look like when he opened his eyes. Down below, he felt his cock twitch, and, for the first time, he realised that though she had slowed, she hadn't stopped her rhythmic movement. This time, and though mainly by the sensation of her mouth growing smaller around him, he felt himself grow; his penis lengthening as it grew thicker and heavier. Undeterred, she was building speed, and as he found himself simply unable to do anything but lie on his back on the sofa, he found himself moaning almost uncontrollably.

*She was mad!*

Unable to see it, this time he felt the growth of her breasts; the soft yet taught skin expanding outward against his legs as she sucked feverishly. She too was moaning, he was sure, and as he felt her try to take him as deeply as she could, he felt himself start to come. Without warning, and so violently that he almost dislodged her hands from his hips, he exploded into her mouth, his hips bucking and his moans drowning out her whimpers as she frantically swallowed everything he gave her. By the time he stopped, he had lost track of time; his head was spinning and his whole body felt light. Had it not been for his desire to see what he had done to her body, he could easily have passed out.

Gasping for air, sweat glistening off her body, he watched as she staggered to her feet at the end of the sofa. Her tits were fantastic; swaying and wobbling as she tried to stand. Not only had they grown out sideways, they had bulged outward as well as down as gravity took its toll on their incredible size. They must have been slightly bigger than basketballs, creating their own cleavage down from her neck to her stomach. And speaking of which. Though, somehow, her waist was still, relatively speaking, narrow, the waistband of her skirt was digging into her flared hips to such an extent he was surprised it wasn't hurting her. And, to be accurate, the small skirt was now almost just a waistband. Whilst, above it, her almost-pregnant looking belly extended out toward him – the lower half of her enormous breasts resting against it, the lower half had been pushed upward by the expansion that

had taken place there. It was the first time he had seen her lower half since she had first dropped to her knees, and he couldn't believe the changes that had occurred there. Trying desperately to wiggle her fingers through the band in order to remove it, he watched as she turned slowly on the spot, her entire body jiggling as he took it in.

Her slender legs had doubled in size, her thigh gap disappearing to be replaced by her two, enormous, curvaceous thighs which had, in expanding outward, pushed her skirt upward and over her bum – which had been doing some growing of its own. Perhaps due to her previous dedication to the gym, her arse had somehow retained its incredible shape as it had swollen and doubled in size, her two large cheeks taught and perfectly shaped as they stretched her lacy lingerie to its limit. Until, finally, she wrestled the last of her clothing away – her enormous tits blocking her elegant sweep of an arm as she tried to discard them onto the floor.

Finally naked, she turned to face him, her incredible hourglass figure swaying before him as his cock began to throb again. As though drawn to it, she took a step forward, her eyes taking in its size with a strange expression of eagerness and determination. It was enormous, and as he looked between it and her, he found himself consumed by the singular desire to push himself deep within her.

She knelt astride him as she had done before, shimmying her incredible body forward until his enormous dick was resting against her swollen belly. Then, lifting herself slightly, she took it in her hand and positioned herself above it. With a look of gleeful desire, she closed her eyes and slowly began to lower herself.

He listened to her deep, drawn out moan as she began to take him inside her; her tight, wet, warmth surrounding him as his dick throbbed within her. Bit by bit, she continued lowering herself down, and he saw her bite her bottom lip as she gasped. Slowly, her enormous breasts grew closer to him, their magnificent size and shape almost within his reach.

*Oh, what he still had to do to them! To her!*

And then, incredibly, she came to rest against him, the entirety of him taken within her, her incredible body angled slightly forward as she placed a hand beside his shoulder. Her soft, fleshy belly pressed against his stomach, and her breasts hovered tantalising close to his face.

You have time, he told himself.

With incredible self control, he placed his hands on her arse, his fingers sinking into her soft flesh as he heard her moan in response; her body sinking into his as she quivered.

Slowly, yet forcefully, he used his hands to pull her forward slightly, his enormous dick moving inside her.

She gasped loudly, the sound transforming into another moan as she pushed back against him, then forward again. With a soft, almost guttural sound escaping her lips each time, she began to establish a slow and steady rhythm.

And with her distracted, he gently squeezed her arse, and concentrated. The sensation was the same as it had been two days before, though now, skin to skin, it was stronger and more intense. It was almost like an energy, and as she slowly gyrated on top of him, he felt it flow into her through his fingers. Though he couldn't see it's effect, he could feel it, and as he channelled it as he wanted, he felt her begin to grow.

Her hips grew wider, her thighs rounder as he channelled the muscle and fat into just the right areas to keep her figure nothing but stunning. Though by no means finished, he moved his hands up to her waist, keeping her hourglass figure intact as he rounded the top of the thighs. Gently, he ran his fingers up her stomach, adding flesh to make her soft, flabby belly round and taught.

And then came something he did not expect.

'My boobs,' she gasped above him, her eyes closed as she moved back and forth above him. 'Please. Make them –,'

She whimpered as he forced himself to grow a little inside her.

'Make them bigger.'

He didn't need to be told twice.

Removing his hands from her swollen stomach, he paused for a fraction of second, before taking her fantastic tits in his hands. Above him she let out a helpless cry as he squeezed them gently, and then, with an incredible amount of flesh

pressing through his fingers, he lifted them up as though imitating a push-up bra. Even as he did, he squeezed, the energy flowing through his fingers into her tits. And incredibly, bulging upward in his hands, he felt them begin to change in order to stay that way. The effect of gravity on their enormous size reduced, and as they slowly began to expand between his fingers, he saw them take on a new, perfect teardrop shape as they hung off her chest. As though, now, entirely unaffected by their incredible mass, they simply continued to grow as he channelled more and more energy into her.

Though this time, she was very much aware of it.

‘Yes!’ she whispered breathlessly, whimpering as she pushed herself backward and forward on top of him.

Unsteadily, she raised a hand from the sofa, and as he removed his own hands, she grabbed her left boob. As her fingers settled into the soft flesh, her small hand ridiculous in comparison, she cried out.

‘Oh my god,’ she breathed. ‘I’m going to come.’

She shuddered, her hand returning to the sofa, and he found her enormous tits surging toward him as she leaned forward, her head hovering above his chest.

‘Wait,’ he replied with a little urgency. ‘You need to wait for me.’

‘I...can’t...’

She groaned, her mouth remaining open as her hips kicked.

Fighting to bring himself to orgasm, he felt himself pulsate within her – which was the final straw for her. He felt her spasm around him, and even as he felt himself rushing toward orgasm, he felt her go rigid. Inside her, he continued to twitch, the motion enough to make her whimper slightly each time. As her own orgasm began to hit her, he began to feel it. Though his hands rested on her enormous butt, without any intent or input from him, he felt it beginning to grow once more. As she shuddered and moaned on top of him, her inflated body sinking into his, he felt everything else begin to grow too. Around his waist, her thighs began to expand, whilst against his stomach, he felt her belly begin to balloon. All of which couldn’t come close to her breasts.

All of which, finally, pushed him over the edge.

Inside her, he felt himself erupt, his cum flowing into her as he grunted helplessly – entirely unable to explain that this was why he should have come first.

As the first of his spasms hit her, he felt her shudder, a breath escaping her lips as her head collapsed onto his shoulder. With each enormous release, he heard her gasp almost silently in his ear, entirely unable to move as another orgasm hit her.

And it wasn't just his writhing dick that was making her quiver uncontrollably. As his cum flooded through her, and entirely unable to do anything to stop it, he simply placed his hands around her as she ballooned. Her thighs began to squash him as they grew, his hands struggling to encompass the size of her arse as it too expanded. Between them he could feel her belly growing in every direction as if she was overdue to give birth. And her breasts. Pressed between them, resting against his upper chest, he felt them grow in every direction until the force of their expansion began to lift her upward in order to generate more space. With each of her muted cries as her second, or perhaps even third, orgasm ravaged her, he felt her grow. With each of his uncontrollable grunts, he felt her balloon a little more.

Finally though, her last orgasm subsiding alongside his, he felt the throbbing began to subside. And suddenly he remembered the look on her face from earlier.

Even as the last throes of his orgasm shot through him, he concentrated hard and, one last time, pushed his penis as hard as he could.

He felt the last eruption surge into her; her slowing rate of expansion reversing momentarily as, all at once, every part of burgeoned under a fresh wave of flesh. Unsuspecting, and finally beginning to regain her breath as she lay, exhausted, against him, he felt her tense as another wave of pleasure rocked her body.

'Ooh,' he heard her whimper, before suddenly, to his immense surprise, he felt her pass out.

Standing in darkness at the window on the opposite side of the small marina bay, the woman stood motionless, her breath caught in her throat. Why she had originally come from her



kitchen to her living room was now a mystery; she had popped in to get something and, by chance, caught sight of a mystery woman standing in the apartment across the way of the man she quite fancied. For how long she had stood there, utterly motionless, in the darkness, she did not know; her eyes wide as she had followed the events that had unfolded in the dimly-lit apartment just close enough for her to see into across the way. In her chest, her heart pounded, and as she took in the sight before her, realising that now might be the time to finally turn away, she absentmindedly raised a hand and somewhat wistfully cupped one of her small breasts.