

A Harem His Own

Warning: The following is erotic content featuring *breast expansion*, *lactation*, *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 Patreon user *Error Prone*.

- *Madam Materia*

"Mister Mills," at the sound of his last name Ryan shot upright in his seat, spotting the stern look his teacher was giving him through her thick semi-circle glasses.

Shit, he'd been daydreaming again. "Sorry Miss Fletcher," the boy managed to blurt out through his embarrassment, and the stares of his fellow classmates.

This wasn't the first time, and it certainly wouldn't be the last, but could you blame him? As people started to settle back into the lesson, his eyes were darting to steal one last look at the girl of his dreams, Julianne Ashton, hoping to catch the last scant seconds of her crystal-blue gaze on him. He managed to see a glimpse of her face, a knowing little smirk on her pristine lips as she rolled her eyes and returned her attention to the front.

Not promising, but understandable, the redheaded boy wasn't anything special. A plain face with uninteresting brown eyes, and, seeing as she was tutoring him two nights out of the week, not particularly smart either. His biggest selling point was his fitness, nice and trim from his position on the senior swim team, though even in that regard he was far from the top.

Comparatively she was divinity given form, perfect from head to toe and more. Beautiful by every definition, golden blonde hair flowed over her shoulders, framing the soft pink features of her face. Puberty had been kind, the girl's form lithe and curvy with plump little fist sized breasts and a perky rear set on wide womanly hips. He'd get to see it all later at swim practice tonight, giving even more reason he was fantasising his pre-lunch class away.

Her looks alone would have made her one of the most popular girls in school, but they weren't even close to the end of her dream-like qualities. She was top of nearly all of her classes, captain of the girl's half of the swim team, and she came from a well-off family, leaving her wanting for little. She wasn't just Ryan's dream, she was everyone's dream, and yet, likely no one would ever be good enough for her; least of all a nobody like him.

With a sigh under his breath the boy tried to return his focus to the lesson, in time for the bell to ring and signal their release. "Alright students," Miss Fletcher spoke over the sounds of their chairs scraping along the floor, "for homework, review what we went over, and complete the formulae on pages three o one, to three o three in your textbooks."

It was a good thing tonight was a tutoring session, because the redheaded boy only had the faintest idea what today's lesson was even about. He hoped to maybe get one last look at his dream girl,

but she was already gone, leaving him to filter out with the rest of the class. Until tonight, he reasoned to himself, starting the familiar walk back to his locker.

Well, mostly familiar. As Ryan passed down one of the empty halls, he caught something new and unusual out of the corner of his eye: a door. Now it was a school, so doors were a dime a dozen, generally nothing special. This one however, was out of place. It was old, with an antique brass handle, and even a small step like you'd find on an outdoor storefront. Not only that though, it had somehow found itself wedged in between two other doorways the boy knew led into classrooms. So, this mysterious door, logically, should lead nowhere; or at best into the dividing wall.

What was it doing here? Was it a shop student's project that just got left out? Either way, the fit boy's curiosity got the better of him, and he found himself wandering up and taking the handle in his hands.

It turned gently, and against all sense opened up into the interior of a strange knickknack shop; that would have encompassed both its adjacent rooms and then some. Without even realizing it he was walking inside, his dark eyes scanning around at the shelves, stacked with strange items and oddities. They were all there, laid out on display, and yet without prices. Maybe it was supposed to be a storage area? But then it was still somehow taking up two classrooms that had been there as recently as only a few hours ago.

Thinking about it was making his head hurt. Maybe there was someone around who could tell him what this place was. "Hello?" he called out, hearing his voice echo back to him as he made his way towards the unmanned counter.

"Coming," a cheery female voice sounded from an adjoining room at the back, followed by the light slapping of bare feet on hardwood.

He tried to ignore the fact that, realistically, that door should have led to outside the school, if his sense of spatial awareness was right. Something that came much easier when the voice's owner stepped through the portal into the room with him.

She was like something out of a fetish porn, her body and curves built to an absolutely impossible standard. The woman was indeed barefoot, and he couldn't help imagining it was because she couldn't get to her feet. Her delicate little steppers were on the end of lithely toned calves, but as you followed them up, they attached to outrageously thick and perfectly smooth thighs. The hem of her short little dress stopped him seeing more, but he could easily imagine the small overhang that'd have to connect to a plush rear that could sit across one and a half, maybe even two of him.

It also wasn't the end of her inhuman wonders. The waist of her simple lavender dress was done up with a neatly tied bow, hanging off over her backside and revealing just how sinfully small her middle was; the center of a lewd hourglass that bloomed up into the largest pair of tits the boy had ever seen with his own eyes. They were ridiculously huge, yet resting perkily on her chest even without a bra; a fact he only knew because of how clearly her thumb-wide nipples were outlined by her wispy garment. Each he tried to compare to something, but the best he could come up with through an arousal-addled mind was that a whole middle schooler could probably be balled up and fit in each one of the monumental symbols of sexuality.

Had he fallen asleep browsing through some of the more lurid porn in his collection, and this was all just a dream concocted from his desires and sexual frustrations? There was no way she, any of this, could be real.

"Sorry," the over-stacked woman offered, running her slim fingers through her long blonde hair to brush it out of her face, over her shoulder, and reveal what was more than a foot of dark cleavage peeking out from the low-cut top of her risqué dress.

It seemed like she may have more to say, but once the hyper-curved woman turned her violet-hued gaze his way, she stopped. The grown woman stared at him, the beautiful features of her face locked in a look of familiarity, as if the sight of the redheaded boy were stirring something within her; something long forgotten.

Ryan couldn't help his nerves at such a creature giving him any sort of attention. Had she noticed he was hard? He certainly had, shuffling on his feet to try and hide the obvious tent he was making at the sight of her. "Um, Miss?"

She snapped to, perking up and dipping into a bow that threatened to have her breasts spilling out between her spaghetti straps. "I'm sorry Ryan."

How did she know his name? The idea that this was all some fantasy seemed much more likely, though the feeling of his dick chafing against his pants was fighting that notion with everything it had. "No need to apologize Miss," he tried to console her, reaching a hand out, but afraid to touch someone so provocative to just look at.

"Miss...?" she tried to urge him onwards with a hopeful grin.

Should he remember her? A small part of him felt maybe, just from how she was acting. He was sure he would have remembered someone with such a figure though, even if she was just a famous cam girl he frequented or something. She had to be a handful of years older than him, and she definitely wasn't one of the teachers so the boy was just left with a blank.

"I'm sorry Miss, I don't think we've met," he apologized, trying to keep his gaze upward from her canyon of cleavage.

Just those few words visibly seemed to upset her, that eager smile shifting into a sad frown. "You don't remember?"

It didn't last long. The rear door opened once more, releasing the sound of clicking heels into the room as an attractive redhead joined them. Out of the corner of his eye Ryan watched the mysterious woman saunter up, with wide rolls of her sensual hips, and grab a handful of the blonde's scrumptious rear in her sleek fingers.

"Alice, what have I told you?" the fiery-haired woman purred, tipping her head. The shadows cast from her wide brimmed witch's cap shifted over her face, revealing her shining gold eyes, and the teasing smirk of her ruby-painted lips.

Immediately the oversexualized woman perked back up. "Madam," she chirped happily as her oddly dressed companion stretched up on her tippy toes to plant a kiss firmly on her lips. "You said to behave with our guest, you were right here for me."

The witch gave a nod, running her sinuous fingers up through the dip in the extremely curvy woman's back. "That's right," she cooed happily, "you're my special girl, and I'm going to make sure everything is just right for you."

With that, the "Madam" turned her attention to Ryan. "Hello there, and welcome to Madam Materia's Magical Menagerie," she greeted with a gesture out to the floor with her free hand, only to have it return and land lovingly on one of Alice's gigantic teats. "You've already met my Alice, and I'm the titular Madam Materia; though Matty is just fine for customers."

Watching her actions, and looking her over, the young adult couldn't help but be titillated. While no one could ever hold a candle to the blonde bombshell, that didn't stop this Matty woman from being any less of a sight. Her ornate form of dress complimented her figure, a carefully placed cravat doing well to tickle the imagination of her supple bust, pushed up and together by a colourful corset and brassiere. Her hips flared beautifully too, swaying as she openly snuggled up close to her "special girl".

The trim boy needed a moment to collect himself; and not appear too flagrantly turned on by the pair's public displays of affection. "So uh, this is a store then?" he stammered, trying to keep his gaze up at the redhead's golden eyes, and not everything else they had going on. "I didn't see any prices."

"We don't accept money. Seeing the results of our work is all the compensation we need here," the witchy woman explained, again running her hand over Alice's body as she admired her, making the hyper-buxom girl quiver delightedly.

With one last little peck of a kiss, which the blonde happily returned to her Madam with a smile, the colourful character sauntered up to her guest. "So, what brings you in here?" she wondered aloud, rhetorically if the knowing gaze she was laying upon him was any indication. "Mortals don't find the Menagerie unless there's something that, quote unquote, *real life*, is failing to provide."

She was close, close enough he could take a quick peek down and see into her bosom. It was hard to think of something he didn't have is his life, all things considered. Giving it more than a second however, and with his present company, his mind drifted to the same thing it had all afternoon: Julianne.

He vividly imagined having what the two girls had with each other. Walking into the room to have Julianne greet him with a warm smile. To take her in his arms and taste what her kiss was like, to let his hands roam over her body. Then the more fantastical side of his perversions kicked in, his dream girl filling out to unrealistic proportions like the over-buxom woman standing just in front of him, Alice. What he wouldn't give to have a girl like that in real life.

"I guess I wish I had what you have," he admitted to the redhead.

A knowing smirk crossed the witch's lips. "A girl like Alice?" she called him out, slipping around him like some sinful temptress and resting her hands upon his shoulders. "Perfect, natural, shapely in all the right ways and loyal to a fault."

The blonde perked up on her toes, looking about ready to leap forward. "You could have me," she offered hopefully, only to have her Madam release the boy to come to her.

"He can't stay here Alice sweetheart," Matty told her, resting her fingertips on those wide hips, "and I'm not sure I could give you up," she nuzzled into the girl's neck, nibbling on her playmate's perfect skin, "Besides, we both know his heart is set on another."

It was hard for the curvy girl to be disappointed when she was getting such lavish attention from the loving redhead, yet you could still hear it in her voice when she spoke. "Julianne," she sighed, hugging in closer to the witch and smothering her in soft tit.

Ryan froze. How could they possibly know? It wasn't like it was something he broadcast out there. "Have you been spying on me?" he accused, trying to regain a little footing in whatever was going on.

"Oh, please Ryan, as if I'd stoop to something so mundane," the golden-eyed mistress giggled, barely paying him heed as she stroked up Alice's side to keep her satisfied. "Mortals are easy to read, eighteen-year-olds more so. You're like a children's book. I can flip three pages in and know the ending."

Something about the confidence by which the woman spoke had him flushing, again shifting to hide his arousal as he watched her groping the fantasy girl. "Now," she whispered to the blonde, giving her another sensual kiss, "let me get him what he desires."

"Yes Madam," Alice chirped, her good cheer having returned.

With that the pair parted their embrace, keeping their hands on one another every possible second until the witch was carried off on her clicking heels. Hips swaying sensually, she made her way amongst the shelves, moving with purpose and precision to pluck out a small bound leather pouch. "Here it is."

This was still odd beyond reckoning, but at the same time, real or not, he was tempted by his curiosity. "What is it?" the redheaded boy asked as the woman placed the packet in his open palms.

"The same thing that fulfilled my precious Alice's dreams," she cooed, giving the boy a rather patronizing pat on the cheek.

A girl so perfect could have dreams? Regardless Ryan took a moment to peek, pulling open the little bag with his fingertips to reveal what looked like simple, purple sand; maybe even finer as he dipped his digits in and took up a light pinch. "What do I do with it?"

Matty rolled her golden eyes. "So many questions," she teased, wandering back to her buxom toy and giving her a squeeze. "Just give a little to your Julianne, and she'll bend the world to make you happy," accentuating her point she pulled the blonde down for a passionate kiss, nearly knocking off her own hat if her free hand hadn't caught it.

As the two shared their moment, the boy's dark eyes lingered on this new gift he'd been given. Just a little dust and she would be his. Could it really be so easy? His heart was hammering with excitement, mind racing to rationalize the possibilities. She would make him happy, but would he make her? Of course he would. He would be a great husband, and do everything in his power to make the love of his life the happiest in the world.

If any of this was real. It still felt like any second now Ryan would wake up at his desk, or in his room, and realize how silly this dream really was. Especially as he brought his gaze back up to watch the

two beauties fondling one another. "Alright, I guess I'll be going then?" he offered, not wanting to interrupt.

The witch offered him a small wave, not taking her lips off her playmate. With his okay to leave the boy turned on his heel, still doing his best to hide his stiffy as he made his way to the door.

Behind him Alice broke the embrace, looking out sadly at the redheaded boy as he left. "Hey darling, don't worry," her Madam cooed, turning the blonde's head to face her. "I told you, I'll take care of things for you."

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Stepping out into the hall, Ryan expected to find his fellow students flooding the walkways, but no; it was just as he had left. Looking at the antiquated clock hanging from the wall, not a second had passed from when he remembered walking into the strange Menagerie, and turning around, the door was nowhere to be seen. Had he just imagined it all like he thought?

That would make the most sense, but it couldn't be the case; because he was still holding the Madam's gifted powder in his hands. What was the saying? When you've ruled out the impossible, all that remains is the truth. Which meant only one thing: this really was magic. This really would make Julianne fall for him.

His heart quickened once again, as already he was trying to figure out when he would use it; or rather, if he should use it. Would it be right to use magic to alter her feelings for him? It was something to think about, as he slipped the pouch into the pocket of his trousers and waited for when he would see her next: swim practice.

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Through lunch and his remaining periods, the dust was burning a hole in his pocket, only for the redheaded boy to come to a realization in the change room: he wouldn't be able to bring it with him out to the pool. The school was strict about only the uniform swimwear being permitted by the water, which meant no pockets. Honestly though it was probably for the best. It gave him more time to ponder the ramifications, and magical or otherwise, he wasn't sure a powder would take well to getting wet if he didn't get an opportunity to use it before they took a dip. So, slipping into his jammer, and hiding the little packet deep in his locker, the boy started with the team for the pool.

"Any plans for graduation?" their brown-haired team head, Gavin, asked the lot of them. "Vanessa's parents are giving us the house for the evening, so it's gonna be a kickin' ragger at her place after the dance."

They were all hot-blooded boys, so each of them knew without it being said what the question was really about. "I'm thinking of asking Rowana," another of his teammates, Jay, darker in complexion than his three mates, was quick to answer as he smugly reached his arms up behind his head. "After all, thing have been going pretty well since the party at Kyle's--"

"Where you two made out," the third blonde, and rather chiseled, member of the team cut in. "Yeah, you've been telling everyone at every opportunity," he razed his buddy.

A grin crossed the lucky boy's face. "Like you wouldn't Ed."

He lacked a retort to that. Stubborn as they were as teenagers, they all knew they'd be doing the same in his shoes. "Got someone in mind for yourself Eddy?" Gavin asked to keep the conversation rolling through the halls.

Just the right question. "Brittany," he declared smugly. "I asked her out a week ago now and she accepted, just gotta get my parents to rent the car and I'm all set."

"Nice," there was a small round of congratulations before the spotlight was firmly fixed to the scarlet-haired one among them. "What about you Ryan? Got someone special in mind?"

He did of course, she was always on his mind, but should he just up and admit it? "Yeah," the trim boy started, feeling his nerves well up in his chest. "I have my eyes set on Julianne."

The other three stopped dead in their tracks, wondering if perhaps they'd heard him right. When he didn't correct it, Jay was the first to comment. "Yeah, you and every other straight man and lesbian in this school," she scoffed as Eddy broke into a laugh.

"Might want to set your sights a little lower there Ry," even Gavin joined in the pile on. "I've seen people bark up that tree, Julianne's forbidden fruit."

Embarrassment flushed the boy's cheeks. He expected as much of a response, after all, the distance between him and his dream girl was monumental. Unlike others before him though, he had a trump card that would ensure his success. Not that he could tell them without them thinking him nuts; or perhaps worse wanting in on his secret.

"Tell me you're gonna try now! I so want to be there to see this," the blonde continued to make fun of him.

Pure pride made Ryan want to show his "friend" up, though he had the sense not to take the bait. Not without the dust on hand, and definitely not in front of others. What would someone think watching him blow purple powder on her? He was suddenly very glad he'd dropped the pouch off in his locker, it would force him to wait until tonight. Until their tutoring session.

"A girl like Julianne deserves way better than a poolside proposal," the redheaded boy countered to get back some edge in the conversation.

"Deserves way better than you too," Jay muttered dismissively, letting his eyes drift away as they came out into the glass-roofed pool house, and the natural sun washed over them.

It took a moment for the trim boy to adjust to the light, but once he did, he immediately settled on the girl's team there ahead of them. The one-piece swimsuits, bright red with thick stripes of denim blue up the elastic sides, were always a treat for the eyes, but none more so that seeing Julianne's perfect form hugged by one. There she was, her back ever so slightly to them so he could make out the swell of her breast under her arm as she spoke. The sculpted shape of her rear was outlined perfectly; you'd have even been able to identify her smooth folds of her sex were the uniforms not appropriately

padded. Her long, golden hair flowed over her back, shining in the sunlight, drawing everyone to look and see the treasure she was. In that moment, he knew the other boys were right: she deserved better. At the same time, that just made him covet her all the more.

“Hey girls!” Eddy called out, the smug tone to his words raising a red flag brighter than Ryan’s hair.

The couple that were facing them already replied with a wave, as the goddess who led their team turned with a smile that could have melted anyone. “Hey boys,” she replied back, her voice like sweet honey pouring over her full lips.

“Ready for us to swim laps around you while you gawk again?” another of her team piped up as she stretched her arms over her head.

That comment felt almost personal, the redheaded boy quickly turning away with a tint to his cheeks. “Nah, just Ryan,” Eddy went on as they got to the edge of the pool.

Julianne's blues caught the act. “If I remember it was you that had the longest lap in our last relay race Eddy,” she noted calmly, putting the other blonde on the back foot as the other girls chuckled behind their fingers.

Even when he'd been openly caught ogling her, when he was planning to use magic to win her over, she was still defending him. She really was perfect.

“Alright, alright,” Gavin stepped in with a playful smile. Ribbing between the two teams wasn’t uncommon, but lines needed to be drawn. “How about warm-ups, and then we can see about a rematch before they need to close everything for the day?”

“Sounds like a plan,” the girls’ team lead agreed, and set about her stretches.

Throughout their practice laps, limbering their muscles and acclimatizing to the water temperature, there was small banter. From how Ryan kept getting looks from his blonde teammate, it was clear he was waiting for that opening; for him to ask Julianne to grad. By all means, there were opportunities, but the trim boy knew better. He tried to just focus on his warm-up, and not the goddess only a handful of feet away from him. He'd have time to watch her during the race.

Or so he had hoped. “Alright Ryan, I'm moving you to third swimmer,” Gavin informed him as they were preparing for the relay against the girls.

“Third?” the crushing boy questioned. “I’m definitely faster than Ed.”

The chiseled teen shot him a leer, though their captain cut any protest short. “I want to see if we can shave a few seconds with Eddy in the second slot. You’re faster to hit the water, which'll take the pressure off Ed to speed for Jay.”

It made sense, and honestly, he wouldn’t have minded too much under normal circumstances. Julianne was the girl’s team's anchor though. If they were behind, then he wouldn’t be able to see her swim. “Alright, let's try it,” he agreed. There wasn’t much to gain from arguing, he'd just need to try harder to catch as much as he could.

With everything agreed on, the redhead was given a stopwatch, in third it'd be his job to time Gavin in the first slot, and they got underway. The two swimmers hit the water on "go", and shot across the pool as fast as they could manage. Coming off of a loss, the boys had a lot to prove, though the girls were no pushovers. The difference in the pair hitting the opposite end was a little over a second, with the boy's captain holding a small lead all the way back for the swap.

"Time?" he asked as Eddy dove in next, his bigger frame sending short waves that licked over the lead's neck.

Ryan checked the clock. "Minute and five," he answered, handing the stopwatch over as the soaked brunette pulled himself out of the water.

Looking at his results the head grinned. "Not bad," he nodded, resetting to be ready to time the trim ginger on his go. "Alright, into position!"

He didn't need the reminder. Ryan got to the edge of the pool, making sure his feet were planted firmly as to avoid a foul. Beside him the girls' third was setting up, the feisty girl from before, now shooting a confident smirk his way. Down the pool, Eddy had squandered their small lead, his larger body not nearly as nimble as his rival's, currently kicking off the opposite end as the blonde was just touching it.

Not good. He could feel his heart racing, his woody eyes darting over to his dream as she timed her current member. He should have stolen some looks in practice, fuck what they would have said. At this rate he'd miss her in the water.

His feisty opponent took her dive, Julianne helping her second swimmer out of the water with a congratulations he could barely hear. Every sense he had was suddenly sharp, and the millisecond Ed's hand touched the side he fired into the water like a rocket. Ryan felt the water moving around him, pushed aside as he pressed forward with purpose, to earn just a few more seconds of watching an angel in the water.

He wasn't paying his rival and mind, feeling the side of the pool under his fingertips before long and bolting back the way he had come. Did he even breathe? He hardly noticed, just tore his way through until he was back at the beginning, and could pull his head above the surface.

Against all odds he saw her there, the divine beauty standing at the poolside, hovering just above him in that tight swimwear. Her blues cast a glance to him quickly, carrying an impressed smile, before her swimmer touched down and she dove with unparalleled grace into the water. He got to watch her go, gliding through the waves, her perfect hair fanning behind her across the surface and outlining her curves with each pivot of her hips as she moved.

"Holy shit," Gavin couldn't keep from cussing as he helped Ryan out of the pool. "You just got a minute three."

That didn't feel possible, he never beat the captain's times. As he looked over to see it for himself though it was a lot more plausible. He could feel how ragged and heavy his breaths were, showing just how much he'd pushed himself. Turning back to the water, to the purity given form that was Julianne, cutting cleanly through the waves as if the water were moving aside to make room for her, unlike the rough chopping he'd been doing. This was his prize; he'd won the treat of watching her.

Just because he had a plan didn't mean it didn't still hurt. The look on her face, the complete disinterest, would haunt Ryan as he waited for the diva to arrive for his tutoring. Once more the magical powder was itching to be used, sitting at the edge of his desk and weighing on him morally.

Should he really do this? Confidently he kept telling himself "yes", that with her as his own he'd make her the happiest woman alive. Deep down though, he wondered if he was right in that assumption; if it was right at all to change her to win her.

Such reveries were brought to a close when the sound of echoed knocking reached his ears. He heard his mother answer the door with, "He's just upstairs," signaling his fantasy had arrived, and the moment to decide was drawing near. Each creak of the steps caused his heart to quicken, until he felt it hammering heavy in his throat, in perfect rhythm with the light rapping of his dream girl's delicate hand on his door.

"Come in," the boy croaked nervously.

The handle turned, and, on her shapely legs, in stepped Julianne. "Ready to go over what you were daydreaming through today Ry?" she teased him, closing the door behind herself to ensure them privacy to study.

In this moment, she seemed all the more radiant than the rest of the day combined. Maybe it was the change of clothes, to a simple modest-cut tank top and skirt, or maybe it was just knowing she was so close to being his. "Yeah," the redheaded boy replied meekly, cheeks flush. If only she knew what he'd been dreaming about.

Gliding over on long strides she plopped her bag down and pulled up a seat, quickly fishing out her textbook and laying it open on the desk. She was organized to a fault, the points from today marked with little red sticky tabs, with their three pages of homework tabbed in yellow. "Alright, so what all did you actually catch?" she asked with a warm smile, not holding any judgement for his drifting off; or what had happened at the swim meet.

He explained what little he recalled, and she filled in the gaps, pointing out each of their connections to make sure he understood. He was only half paying attention, his thoughts drifting between the bag, only inches away from him, and what had been revealed to her earlier today. She hadn't brought it up at all, which bothered him more than it happening in the first place. Before he could do anything, Ryan needed to know how she felt.

"Hey, about what happened at the pool today," he let slip out while they were in the middle of solving one of the homework problems.

The smile on the angel's face dimmed, and she let out a heavy sigh. "Look Ryan, it isn't you," she started.

Without thinking the trim boy's hand went for the powder, fingers pressing through the fastening to grab a small handful. He could already hear the rejection in his mind, breaking his heart in twain, and wasn't sure he could bear it even with his trump card.

"It's just-" she was cut off, her blue eyes widening in startled surprise as he blew a cloud of purple in her face. She breathed it deep, and there was a moment of nothing before she let out the cutest little sneeze that disturbed the few particles that had fallen upon her bust, and the desk.

Ryan was rightfully terrified, frozen in his seat, mind racing between different panicked thoughts. Maybe it didn't work? It was just a dud and the witch had tricked him. Julianne would rise up and storm off, cussing him for what he'd done and never speak to him again. None of that happened though.

The beauty simply looked at him, a strange light in her eyes as she drank in the sight of him. "Wh-where were we?" she asked, as if nothing had happened over the past minute.

It wasn't the worst-case scenario, but his heart sank. He watched as she brushed what was left of the magic substance from her chest, guiltily enjoying the quick peek he got of her cleavage when her finger caught in the neck of her top, then answered her simply. "We were working through problem four."

"Right," she was quick to reply, jumping back into it.

At least she hadn't rejected him. They worked through the end of the lesson, finishing up their homework and closing their books for the night. "Same time next week?" the trim boy asked, finding at least a spark of his joy back with the normalcy.

"Yup," the graceful dream replied, rising to her feet and catching the look he was giving when her bust reached eye level. "Hey Ry?"

Her address snapped him to attention, afraid he was about to get chewed out for staring. "Y-yeah?" he stammered, trying not to look too guilty.

She didn't seem to mind, shyly scratching at her chin with one of her lithe fingers. "About the grad thing," once more his nerves were overtaking him. "I think I'd like that, to go with you, but... maybe after a date first?" she suggested with a hopeful flutter of her eyes.

Ryan sat there stunned, his brain firing all synapses to process what he'd just heard. A date? "Of course!" the grin that spread across his face betrayed all the excitement of the horny teenager he was, no matter how hard he tried to hide in and maintain an air of cool.

The radiant beauty replied with one of her own. "Great, is tomorrow too early?"

It wasn't early enough in the boy's mind. "No, it's fine," he readily answered.

"Cool," she bounced on her toes, slinging her bag up over her shoulder. "I'll come by here before noon and we can head out together for lunch. We can go to my favorite place."

"Sounds good," he honestly didn't care where they were going at that moment. It was with her, Julianne, on a weekend. They could be just going back to the school and it would be a dream come true.

"Awesome, I'll see you then," she finished, ready to leave when she stopped. The golden blonde hopped back to him, dipping down and laying a quick kiss on the corner of his mouth before skipping off with a smile.

The trim boy was left flabbergasted, once more struggling to come to terms with exactly what had just happened. She kissed him! A date tomorrow, and he'd even scored a first kiss. Once he was sure she was out of earshot he let out all the pent-up euphoria that had built in him with a victorious "Yes!"

He turned to the open bag; empty save for scraps. A part of him still couldn't believe it, but it had worked; she was his. Or starting to be at least, magic or not he had to nail this date. How else would he live up to making her the happiest woman he could?

Ryan barely slept that night, too busy daydreaming about how their date was going to go. He didn't even know where they were going, "her favorite place" could be anywhere, but considering what he knew of her family, he was guessing it'd be expensive.

Like with the dust, there was an agony to waiting; he may have gotten a kiss last night, but he didn't get her cell number or anything. No way to see when she was on the way, so the boy was left to just getting ready. He settled on a nice dress shirt and tie, hedging his bets, and scrounged together all he could to be able to pay his own way; hopefully it would do.

"You're looking fine," his mother noted, making her way through the breakfast dishes. "Special occasion?"

It was strange to be able to say it out loud, dancing giddily on the tip of his tongue and filling him with anticipation. "Yeah, I've got a date with Julianne," he answered proudly.

His mother gave a chuckle, brushing a lock of her ginger hair over her ear. “Well, that certainly explains the smile she had when she was headed home last night; and your little outburst,” she teased her son.

"You heard that?" the boy murmured embarrassedly.

The woman nodded, shaking the water from her hands. "Your father was hoping it was you ready to ace a test," she joked. "I'm happy for you both, just remember to be safe."

Safe? Ryan's cheeks flushed deep; he knew he'd forgotten something. Then again, the idea he and the goddess so above him would do anything, especially on a first date, still seemed like a far-off pipe dream. "I-I will mom," he stammered, putting it on his mental checklist to make sure he had condoms before she arrived.

He wasn't left waiting long. A little before quarter to twelve the doorbell rang, causing his heart to skip a beat; his mother only giving a chuckle when her son shot to his feet with an enthusiastic, "I'll get it."

Swinging the door open, the redheaded boy was, as usual, stunned by the goddess given form. Like yesterday she was dressed casually, albeit significantly more sexually in a thin strapped camisole which gave a delicious view of her promising cleavage for him to enjoy. A sight for certain that would

have gotten her sent home from school if she arrived in it, adding the intoxicating sensation that this was just for him.

Julianne gave a soft giggle, the jumping of her chest teasing him with those perfect orbs. "A little overdressed, aren't you?" she noted the sharp contrast in their choice of outfits.

Heat filled his cheeks. "Well, I wasn't sure where you wanted to go," he admitted nervously, scratching at the back of his neck, mostly hidden by the crisp collar of his shirt.

Her smile could have pierced even the coldest heart. "Oh well," the beauty reached out, taking his hand and entwining her slim fingers with his own. "You look handsome."

She complimented him. How was something so simple increasing his nerves tenfold? Maybe it was the warm feeling of her palm against his, as she gently pulled herself closer to hang off of his arm, breasts gently squishing into him. "Ready to go?" the blonde asked simply, resting her head against his shoulder.

Could there be a more ideal heaven for the boy, than to have the object of his deepest desires in such close contact? He couldn't think of one right then, reduced to the excitable mess he had been last night. "Of course," he replied, doing his best not to disturb her hold as they set off from the doorstep.

"Have fun you two!" his mother called behind him like a strike in the back of embarrassment. Julianne didn't seem to mind one bit though, keeping her possessive half-hug as she guided him off towards the local restaurant strip.

Ryan couldn't take his eyes off her, admiring every part of her from the gentle red tone of her lips, to the subtle curve of her neck. The weather was beautiful, the sun gazing down and lapping at her skin, highlighting the pure unmarred gold of his date's hair. It was perfect, just as all of her was, and he couldn't believe even now that it was real life.

The beauty caught his stare, meeting him with another of her pristine smiles. He worried for a moment that she would call him out, as he tore his dark gaze back up from her chest and into her sparkling eyes. Instead, she leaned in to place a quick little kiss on his cheek. "Like what you see?" she asked, leaning more heavily against him and pulling herself closer.

The blood in his body didn't know where to go; up to blush, or down for an erection at one of the hottest things the boy had ever heard. In the struggle however, it left his brain on empty, scrambling for what the correct response was to her being into it. "Who wouldn't? You're the most beautiful woman in the world," he told her, purely on reflex.

His answer scored him another kiss, this one closer to his eager lips. "You're sweet," the blonde cooed softly, tightening her grip on him as her plush breasts squished up further against him, beginning to pour over the low neckline of her top.

A couple minutes of walking, that felt all too short in his stupor, and her heavenly voice broke their serene silence. "Here we are."

It was far from what Ryan had expected. Just a small hole in the wall really, a lime green sign declaring the little place as "Burrito Sam's". If you weren't looking for it, you'd pass it by for any of the other dozens of food options that adorned the town's strip.

"This is your favorite place?" he asked in disbelief.

She gave a small nod in reply. "Yep. The absolute best place to get lunch, you'll love it!" the golden goddess assured as she pulled him inside.

It wasn't much better than the façade, maybe four simple tables for diners and a long counter where dozens of ingredients were on display in covered containers. A man stood there, gingerly wiping down the work surface in his hair net and apron while the place was empty. Once the bell above his door rang his tanned face rose, and a bright smile spread across his old face.

"Ah Ashton," he greeted warmly, the hints of a Spanish accent on his words. "Not every weekend I get to see you, and with a boy no less," he noted the company she was still eagerly holding onto.

"A boyfriend," Julianne corrected, causing Ryan's cheeks to flush. That was one hell of a title to hold, her boyfriend, and it filled him with even more butterflies of joy and nerve. "You're working the weekend Sam? Was nobody available for the shift?" she asked as she pulled her date along to the register.

The old man shook his head. "Nah, I'm not going to take them away from studying with your finals around the corner. Gotta get themselves good grades to end up working somewhere better than my little dive," he explained, already dipping below the counter and pulling out a couple of large tortillas. "Good to see you've found yourself someone special though," his dark eyes met Ryan's and he offered out a hand over the protective glass.

Reaching back the redheaded boy was met with a firm shake. "The name's Sam, if you didn't hear," the owner joked kindly. "Got yourself a name 'boyfriend'?"

"Ryan," he answered quickly, still revelling in his new title.

"Well Ryan," the man returned to his art, giving the counter a tap, "what do you like on your food logs? I'll take it you're having your favorite miss Ashton?"

"Yes," the pure girl replied. "Ground beef, sour cream, your delicious corn and black bean salsa, and of course a nice thick dollop of your nacho cheese on top of the regular stuff," she listed off seamlessly.

The trim boy needed to think about it, faced with option paralysis with so much placed out before him. "Um," he muttered, looking it all over.

Sam needed to hear no more, handing the couple a small pamphlet. "Take a seat, think it over," he offered, "I'll get you two some nachos to start."

Opening it up Ryan browsed his options, as his girlfriend was already pulling him to one of the tables. "I can help out with a few suggestions," she offered as they plopped into their seats.

Once more his gaze was drawn to her, to the bounce of her chest when she landed down, and the way they were resting on the table as she leaned over to him. His teenaged mind didn't have the right words to put to the sight. He could make out the edge of her red bra, just below the soft breast

spilling ever so slightly over her neckline. It was the type of thing you dreamed about, or scoured the net for hours for, and it was right in front of him real as day.

There were other things the boy needed to be focusing on though. "Sure," he managed to snap to, and within a few minutes he had a nice spicy order in he was pretty sure he would enjoy from her descriptions of things.

Sam was on it, and quickly they were greeted with a pair of fat burritos, the size of small babies, in quaint little baskets. Considering the prices on the menu, Ryan hadn't considered half this much; granted he hadn't expected some cheap little burrito place to be a ritzy girl like Julianne's favorite. As she drew up her meal however, her slender fingers wrapped around that delicious package as she took her first bite, you would never doubt it was.

It was strange. So long he'd placed the blonde up on a divine pedestal, and now the boy was seeing a positively human side of her; just like everyone else, enjoying her junk food. Yet, to him, she was still as beautiful and radiant as ever; maybe even more so.

As she pulled the stuffed packet from her mouth a dollop of yellow and white goop dropped along her chin and onto her chest, causing a mild embarrassed flinch and a mouth-full giggle as she scooped it with a finger back to her hungry lips. Her eyes met his, her blue orbs seemingly deeper than he was used to, richer in colour, and she gave a small smile. It was a look that revelled in his staring, enjoyed that she excited him so, and in part, knew what he wanted.

The girl shifted slightly, adjusting her arms to frame her breasts perfectly as she continued to eat. They pushed ever so more slightly over her bra, deepening her cleavage and drawing his looks further within. She had to be straining her top, arching her back, because he swore he heard the groaning of stitches coming from her direction.

For as much fun as they were having though, they had come for lunch. "It's much better warm," she made note of his untouched burrito. "I do want you to enjoy it, so we can come back here together."

Already the idea they would return, maybe even on another date as she wolfed back another huge bite of her food roll. "Of course," he replied, far more confidently than he'd been most of the day.

Taking his first bite, it was clear why this place deserved the prestigious title of the goddess Julianne's favorite. The spices hit him hard, bringing light tears to the corners of his eyes, but the myriad of flavours between the rice, meat, and the rest of the ingredients. It was a beautiful melange that had him quickly going for another bite, even before his mouth stopped stinging from the jalapeño.

"Glad you like it," she teased, as all the well-dressed boy could reply with was a thumbs up.

Over behind the counter Sam gave a small chuckle, only listening to snippets of the young couple's conversation. "Like you'd pick a boy who didn't like my work," he joked, fishing a bottle from the cooler and bringing it to their table for him. "Mexican import, real cane sugar," he explained, popping the top with his bottle opener and letting out the cola's fine carbonated hiss.

"Thank you," Ryan smiled through the burn, taking the offered drink and sipping some back. He could taste the difference the moment it touched his tongue, the natural sweetness not present in domestically made sodas.

Alright, no question he'd be back; even if it was just on his own.

The pair enjoyed the rest of their meal, exchanging looks, and laughs. When the time finally came to pay the redhead went for his wallet only to have his angel refuse to let him pay. He could afford it by all means, for both of them, but Julianne insisted she'd invited him out, it was only fair she would pay. Plus, she was better off than him, it wasn't going to hurt her at all, where he was better off saving for something special.

Without a better argument, the boy surrendered, and soon they were walking out the door together. "This was nice," the beauty sighed happily, resuming her cuddling hug of her boyfriend's arm.

"It was," he agreed, hugging her back. Could he dare for more? Turning to look at her, her blue eyes were staring back at him, waiting with an expectant smile on those perfect lips.

He dared. Carefully he took her chin in his fingertips, marveling at the softness of her skin, and held her in position to come in for a kiss. The divine girl didn't resist. He could hear the shortest, excited gasp escape her, as her eyes closed to savour the moment their lips touched.

It was as you would expect of teenagers. Sloppy, enthusiastic, but not at all lacking for passion. Their tongues darted for each other's mouths, tasting the light remnants of each others' meals as they danced over lips, tongue, and teeth alike. Julianne lifted her arms, draping them over the trim boy's shoulders to hold him in while they made out, and for a moment it was as if time was stopped; replaced solely by the sparks between them. This was a first kiss.

When finally, they deigned to break it they were both grinning, the girl looking up at him lovingly with those deep-blue eyes. "Care to walk me home handsome?" she asked.

As if he would ever refuse her. Arm in arm they walked, once more playing the game of his peeking at her in the afternoon light, only for her to encourage him. Her place was a significant way off compared to his own, the two of them wandering into the richer part of town, where the houses got further and further away from one another as their yards, if such grand expanses could still be called that, grew to accommodate the mansions at their center.

It felt like each one they passed got bigger, setting off dollar values in his head that the boy was already having problems fathoming. He knew she was well off, but this was almost giving him a headache. Finally, they stopped, in front of a place secluded from the world by a large gate, where he assumed they would be parting ways.

He assumed wrong, as the blonde opened up the large barrier and continued to pull him along. "Come on," she prompted with a flashy grin, pulling him up the wide driveway.

This was more than he expected: the sheer distance between his family's small little two-story home and this monument to opulence. Each step closer made him feel more and more nervous, more and more like he didn't belong. Yet Julianne didn't seem to feel that in the slightest, her smile jovial as they got to the door.

Once again, he expected this to be their parting goodbye, only for her to continue to prove him wrong. The divine beauty cracked the door, peeking inside quiet as she could before returning to him with that telltale smirk. "Mom's watching TV, so sush," she warned, and pulled him inside after her.

Ryan's heart was racing so hard he thought it might burst from his chest. His dark eyes darted around the huge entryway, the spiralling staircases going up and down in the center, the window to a huge dining room to their right. Even from here he could make out the sounds of daytime television coming from above, signalling where the girl knew her mother was, but where were they going?

The redheaded boy remained silent as a mouse, too nervous to make a sound really, as his girlfriend proceeded to guide him up those grandiose steps. Out of paranoia, as they crested the top of the staircase his gaze went to the television, to Julianne's mother sitting there.

Even with her looking away it was obvious where the diva got her looks from. Her mother had to be in her forties but definitely holding it well, only the faintest of wrinkles marring her complexion in the corners of her eyes. Like her daughter, brilliant golden hair flowed down her back, kept long and free, and her body was lithe and toned under a slim fitting dress. Even from this distance the woman had had some work done, her lips full and plush, and her breasts just a bit too firm in how they sat upon her chest, but at her age and position, you couldn't really blame her.

She never turned their way, leaving her daughter to secret them away towards the closest room and hastily lock the door behind them. Giving another quick look around, it was clearly Julianne's; her various trophies and achievements sitting on shelves and displayed on the walls. That was all the look he got however.

The blonde was on him, pressing her lips to his for more making out as her hands made a move for his body. Like the first time she kissed him the boy was left stunned, slowly trying to process everything that was going on. They were in her room, she was kissing him, and in the time it was taking him to put two and two together, her hands had found their way into his top, and were tickling his abs as they worked to remove his shirt.

Oh god, it was happening. Already he felt himself growing hard, eager for what was to come as his own hands started their journey to her body, sitting on her hips as hers had made it up to his pecs. Before it got too far, and he lost his will to interrupt things, he had to be responsible. "Condom," was all he managed to squeak out between kisses and her raking her teeth over his lips.

That gave her pause, the ravenous girl breaking from her actions. "You want one?" she asked, looking up at him with those rich, blue eyes.

In truth, he didn't. He wanted the full intimacy of having her, experiencing all of this for the first time in its purest form. If something were to happen though, what would happen to their relationship, to their lives? "I brought some," the boy told her, fishing into his pocket for his wallet, and the contraceptives within.

The beauty mulled it over a minute, then took one from her boyfriend and came back in for a peck. "Okay," she whispered, getting back to business by tugging his tie loose and finishing with his top.

It wasn't anything new to be topless around her, they'd swam together. Having her hands roaming him, enjoying the feel of him as she laid kisses upon him was another matter. She could easily

have continued, working on his jeans, but instead she was waiting, flashing a mischievous look up at him. He'd been looking at her all day after all, now it was his turn.

He was almost scared, his hands gingerly moving up her sides, grazing up through the dip of her waist as she let out a delightful gasp. His thumbs slipped into the flowy hem on her camisole, tracing over the bottom edge of her bra band. How much did he want to take it off? Not yet though; for as excited as he was, he wanted to savour every moment of their first time.

He tightened his fingers on her top, the girl willfully lifting her arms for him as he pulled it up over her head. The bunched fabric caught on her breasts, drawing his eyes down to admire the way it lifted those delicate orbs. The edge of her light-pink nipples were revealed, peeking over the barrier of her bra to say hello as their owner's chemise cleared her body.

Her boobs didn't return to their cups, instead muffining over with a glorious swell as they fell. Never in a million years would Ryan have imagined such a beautiful sight, let alone have it in front of him. The temptation was welling up inside of him to reach up and take hold of the soft, pillowy mounds, but there was still one more barrier. Stepping up he wrapped his arms around her, feeling the warmth of her tits squish up on his bare chest, and began to blindly play with the hooks.

They were tight, the elastic near taught beneath his fingertips, leaving him to struggle to get just the smallest bit of movement out of the loops. One at a time though, he got them, each victory causing her chest to surge a little more against him, building up his arousal and excitement for what was to come. The last finally came free, and the weight of her bust dropped against him as she let the undergarment fall from her form to the floor between them.

Hard against his chest the boy felt her nipples, each little motion either of them made brushing them over him and causing her to let out shuddering moans; singing an invitation he was all too happy to accept. Taking a step back, something that didn't come easily, his dark eyes watched her perfect breasts bounce into place on her chest. They were round, perky, and bigger than he imagined. After having seen them in her school swimsuit over a hundred times, he was sure he knew their size, not that he was upset to be wrong. She was still a growing girl after all.

Slowly he brought his hands up, taking each of the soft orbs in his grip, revelling in the feeling of them overflowing his grasp, squishing between his fingers. If he were to die now, he would have been content to be labeled a happy man. He wasn't about to perish though, and each passing second would just get better.

Moving along her skin he came to those sensitive pink nubs, taking them between his thumb and forefinger to give them a gentle little twist. The beauty gave a sharp gasp, quivering at his touch and growing more restless. Her hands were on him, nails curling against his skin as he built up her desire. They were both anxious, hungry for more, yet he continued to play.

She whimpered, leaning in and laying a kiss on his neck, a plea for more as her fingers went to work on his belt buckle. Unlike his blind stumbling she had him free in seconds, his pants falling to the floor with a heavy thud to let her claw at his boxers. They fell next, only held around his thighs by their elastic, letting his rock-hard manhood out for her to paw at.

Awkwardly they stumbled towards the bed, the blonde falling back into her lavish sheets with a lustful need in her eyes. She wanted it, lifting her legs and pulling her skirt up to let him see the naughty wet stain he'd left her with on front of her panties. The trim boy knew his job, running his hands up her smooth-shaven legs to take hold of the final barrier between them and peel it off of her. Strings of her raw arousal connected her to the garment as it was pulled away, and then her glistening, hairless sex was revealed to him. She still had the condom, and with tactless movements born of needy excitement she tore it open and applied it to his hand and a half rod with a few quick rolls.

They didn't bother taking off her skirt, the redhead just moved into position, hands on either side of her torso, as his swollen head pressed against her entrance. His dick slipped in a couple inches, only for things to get rough and stop his progress. He would pull back, the horny girl letting out a needy whimper that would rise back to a lewd moan when he pressed back forth, and the same thing would happen.

Despite her readiness, things were slow, and in their youthful inexperience, clumsy; not that either of them had reference to compare. After his fourth pump he was close enough for the divine beauty to wrap her arms over his shoulders and start thrusting back. It was out of sync, wild, but when presented with her enthusiasm, and the warm, snug walls of her sex, he couldn't care.

Sweat started coating them as they got into it, their breaths coming in ragged patterns. Ryan could feel her hot gasps escaping, lapping at his exposed neck and driving him on. Then, with a powerful plunge, he felt the lightest little "pop", and his lover let out a short whine.

He snapped to, turning his brown eyes to her with worry. "Are you okay?"

The blonde gave him a nod. "Fine, keep going" she pleaded, kissing his neck and holding him closer.

Once more, he wouldn't deny her. Through the clouded, mid coitus, haze in his head it took him a minute to figure out what happened. He'd popped her "cherry" as it were. He would never have imagined such a perfect girl would have been a virgin, and the idea she was giving her first time to him...

The boy's efforts redoubled, Julianne letting out pleased moans in his ear, tightening her grip on him until the final moments where he blew his hot load in her. She let out a surprised gasp, hugging him to her, his head towards her breasts, as she marveled in the feeling of the condom swelling up inside her. A few incoherent babbles escaped her lips, as she laid kisses across his skin and rode out her high.

He wasn't much better, breathing heavy and hot all over. "That was-" he stammered out as he tried to recover, feeling himself starting to, reluctantly, soften inside her.

"Amazing," the angel finished for him, lifting his chin to shove her tongue in his mouth again. It couldn't last as long as their previous make outs, short of breath as they were, but it was even more powerful in the afterglow of their love making.

They stayed like that as long as they could, laying in each other's arms until the sunlight started to peek through the window to stretch along the floor. It was getting late and the redheaded boy needed to get home; not that he felt like much of a boy anymore. The pair got dressed, the divine

beauty taking a bit of extra time as she struggled to get her hefty tits into their undersized holder, and started to sneak out.

"And what exactly is this, Julianne Ashton?" the girl's mother's voice greeted them when they opened the door to her room.

Ryan's heart immediately sank, how long had the woman been standing there? How much had she heard? And what was going to happen to him, as what had been the force driving him earlier was now a cause of great dread?

"This is my new boyfriend, Ryan," the young girl told her mother, protectively taking him by the arm, "isn't he just perfect?"

That sinking feeling shifted into a nervous hammering. While he was flattered by the statement, loved her hold on him, that felt like something a bit too bold to be saying when staring down an angry mother. Somehow however, it worked.

The heavily modified woman softened a bit, looking at the young couple and shifting from a disapproving glare to a smile on her pumped-up lips. "He is quite charming," she agreed, taking one of her arms from under her enhanced bust to touch her chin and look him over.

The boy was in disbelief, if not a bit concerned about the look his girlfriend's mother was giving him. Julianne seemed to have similar feelings, her deep-blue eyes flashing in surprise at the reaction. "I'm glad you like him," she stated, gathering her footing and giving her boy a little tug, "he's got to get home though."

"Awe, shame," the older woman sighed, shifting on her feet and rotating her hips. "Well, I hope to get to see you again Ryan."

It took him a moment to respond. "Uh, I hope so too Missus Ashton," he told her nervously, as usual off his game, trying to figure out what was going on.

The buxom mother gave a dismissive wave. "Please, you're my daughter's boo, call me Susan," she told him with a smile on her painted lips.

"Um, alright Susan," he responded quickly, not wanting to make any potential missteps.

The recently deflowered girl openly gave her boyfriend a kiss, marching him past the guard turned support and down the stairs. "I'm glad mom sees in you what I do," she whispered softly, hugging him tight as they rounded down for the door.

"Yeah," he replied vacantly.

She turned those beautiful blues his way. "You don't like it?" she asked him, fingers curling into his sleeve.

"No, no," he rested his hand on hers. "It's good she approves. Just, it was weird the way your mom was looking at me there."

The beauty gave him another kiss, getting them to the door. "I'll make sure to work it out with her," she promised her boy with a smile. "Want to spend tomorrow together? At your place this time."

Tomorrow too? "Of course," the scarlet-haired boy answered, rejuvenated and returning her kiss with one of his own.

Again, their embrace lingered, her hands already eagerly moving over him. "Tomorrow," she told herself more than him, her bright sunshine grin tainted with just a tad bit of naughtiness now they had broken the dam.

Ryan could hardly wait.

Over the passing days, it was hard to tell if Ryan was still living in real life, or had been dreaming the lot of it. It was perfect, he and Julianne spending every possible moment with one another, unafraid to hide it. They had gone to school together, hand in hand, to the chagrin of his fellow students. A part of him would always keep a secluded corner of his mind for the look on Ed's face when they walked by, and the divine blonde laid a kiss upon his cheek.

Not everyone was so stunned however. They had more than one altercation pop up, whether a girl trying to shame the blonde for choosing someone so below her, or a jealous senior puffing out his chest to try and push the redhead out. For as confident as the trim boy was in their relationship, it was his girlfriend who would jump to their defense.

"Yes, Ryan," she would say with her sunshine smile, holding him closer like any attempt were trying to steal him, "he's just the best, I wouldn't dream of anyone else," and that would do it. Whoever it was knew better than to confront the goddess, so high above them.

Of course, whenever they could, the pair were slipping away to have sex. The blonde had convinced her parents to let her start on birth control, no fuss, so without the same need to come prepared, they could jump right into things. What were their tutoring sessions quickly devolved into opportunities to hop into bed. They would cast flirting looks at one another in classes, and when they passed each other in the halls, then once they were home, they'd slip up to his room to express their pent-up feelings; when they didn't do it during the lunch hour.

The most exciting part was the beauty's continued growth spurt. It seemed like every time he took her top off, she was bigger, filling his hands just a little fuller, always overflowing bras she told him were brand new. There was even a moment while they were walking home from school where one of the buttons from her top popped clean off.

She didn't even seem to care, just giving him a giggle and a naughty look. "Guess I'm going to need a new uniform," she'd said, flashing her ever-richer eyes; their blue almost an indigo now the more he looked into them.

For all this good however, there was a steep downside. His drinking in his lover up the classroom, as the bell rang to dismiss them for lunch, was interrupted by the harsh slam of a hand on his desk. "Mister Mills," Miss Fletcher's voice demanded his attention.

His dark eyes jumped to her, and the paper underneath her thin fingertips. It was their last test, marked with a score he was frankly embarrassed by. His girlfriend paused, looking back at the commotion only for the teacher to give her a stern leer. "Miss Ashton, if you please," she waved the girl out of the room.

It seemed like the blonde might protest for a moment, but decided against it. "I'll be waiting for you at your locker Ry," she promised before skipping off with a bounce in her step, one that had her generous bust hopping along.

Alone, Miss Fletcher got right to business. "You haven't completed the last three assignments Mister Mills," she explained harshly, pushing her semi-circle glasses up her nose with her free hand, "and it's showing. At this rate, you're looking at a failing grade."

The boy had been so caught up with his relationship he hadn't thought twice about his grades. With it on the table in front of him though, suddenly there was a heavy pressure in his chest. He was in senior year, a fail in any major subject would mean another semester spent getting a GED. People already questioned his being with Julianne, how much worse would that make it?

"I-I'm sorry Miss Fletcher," he stammered nervously.

The older woman shook her head. "It's not me you should be apologizing to Mister Mills," she told him, crossing her arms over her petite chest. "This is *your* future.

"Have your parents sign that test please. Then, if you want to salvage your grade, get me those assignments by the end of the week. I'll see if I can come up with something extra credit for you to make up the rest of the difference and put you at a passing level," she ordered calmly.

She was giving him a chance, and Ryan wasn't about to look that gift horse in the mouth. "Thank you, Miss Fletcher," he said quickly, and was finally let out with the others.

As she had promised, his buxom blonde bombshell was waiting at his locker, books still in her arms and idly playing with a lock of her golden mane that hung in front of her ear. Immediately upon seeing him her eyes lit up with worry. "What's wrong Ry?" she asked at his dour expression.

The boy didn't want her fretting over it, but he couldn't really deny he was going to need her help. "I'm failing the class," he told his girlfriend flatly, opening up his locker to slide everything he wouldn't need away. "I've got the rest of the week to do the assignments I've missed, otherwise..." he trailed off, not really wanting to admit she'd be leaving him behind.

Julianne paused, letting what he said sink in before replying. "Don't worry sweetheart," she smiled confidently to him. "It'll work out."

While it was clearly only supportive, just hearing the sentiment helped settle his woes. "Thanks Jewels," he leaned in to offer her a kiss. "Think we could get a start on the homework tonight?"

The blonde mulled the idea over, tapping her chin thoughtfully. "If we do *that* though, there won't be any time for fun," she mused, her pristine lips twisting into a naughty grin as she bent, just a tad, to show off a little cleavage for him in her school top. "Would you make it up to me now then Mister Mills?"

His plain eyes darted down to the offered sight, a smile on his face as he was already rising to the occasion. "The band room will be free," he subtly accepted her invitation to be dragged off for some mid-day fun.

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It was hard not to devolve into more play when they got home that night, only the sheer determination not to fail keeping him on track. It was three days of work though, so there'd never been any hope to finish it in a single night. They got most of the way through the first, Julianne holding his hand through all of it, and called it a night when it was looking too dark to justify her not being home. A good start for sure, but getting it done by Friday wasn't a promising prospect.

There was also the matter that he hadn't shown his parents his test yet. If they knew he was doing poorly, they could cut him off from seeing his angel so often, not to mention they'd probably try to push a different tutor on him. Certainly not the outcome he wanted, so for now he put that part of things off, pondering just how he was going to break the news as he curled up for bed.

All too quickly it was morning, the trim boy rising to the text tone chime of his phone. It hadn't been the most pleasant of sleeps, with so much on his mind, but waking up to his girlfriend's words was a pleasant experience nonetheless.

"Morning sleepyhead," it read, just above a selfie of the girl overflowing her bra yet again.

A grin spread across Ryan's face at the sight. Pleasant had just been upgraded to fabulous. *"Morning Jewels,"* he replied back, sadly lacking a gift of his own to greet her with.

She was vigilant, the little ellipses that she was typing almost immediately popping onto the screen. *"I'll be over soon,"* it said, and oh how he wished it would be to follow up on her pic. Sadly, it was a school day, which meant he needed to be ready to walk with her when she arrived.

He had time for a quick shower and slipped into his school uniform, ready to meet her at the door as she arrived with that perfect smile upon her lips. "Handsome as always," she teased him, looping her arms around his and pressing her grand bust against him. They were getting huge, beyond that he would have ever dreamed, as each plush breast was enough to bury his entire face in.

"Beautiful as ever," he replied, as he watched her buttons straining. She might need another new uniform soon.

His beauty leaned up for a kiss, squishing more soft tit against him. No more words were exchanged, bodily actions speaking for them as he held her closer, just a little tighter with so much on the line. No, he wouldn't risk losing this, he'd get everything done.

"Don't worry," she whispered to him with a comforting smile, "it'll all work out."

Like she could read his mind. Her soothing words set him at ease, and he offered her a quick kiss back as they basked in each other's presence on the way to school.

With Julianne as his muse, Ryan powered through the day, showing his absolute best each class to ensure they'd have plenty of time to play catch-up tonight. He even tried to keep his attention forward in Miss Fletcher's class; not easy when his girlfriend kept shooting glances his way. With his eyes up though, he couldn't help feeling that something was different. Off from the usual.

Maybe it was just something he'd never taken the time to notice, always making goo-goo eyes at his blonde bombshell, but the teacher had a bit of a figure. She was wearing heels today, the sharp-toed footwear clacking about the class as she moved, pushing out her rear just that bit that he was able to make out the tops of her stockings beneath it. Her normally graying hair appeared to have a bit more body, falling just past her shoulders on woody waves that jumped as she moved about, writing down formulae on the board and turning to address her class through her semi-circle specs.

He caught her hazel eyes turning towards him, lingering in a way that left him nervously conscious that he hadn't complied with her demands yet. Fortunately, the bell sounded out as his saviour, letting everyone rise from their seats and start to file out; or so he had hoped.

"Mister Mills, would you stay after class?" it was phrased as an order more than a request, her voice tinged with something unfamiliar.

Ryan felt his heart dropping into his shoes. A few of his classmates whispered under their breath, behind their hands. The strangest reaction was his girlfriend's however, the divine beauty flashing a small smile just before she disappeared with the rest of the students.

"I'm sorry Miss Fletcher," he was quick to blurt out as those high heels clicked across the room, carrying the woman over to the door, "I haven't gotten my test signed just yet."

"Oh, that? Don't worry about it," she purred, turning the lock on the door, trapping him in.

This wasn't her, not the teacher he'd come to know for the whole of his senior year. She was vibrant, tossing her head around, her wavy locks bouncing over her shoulders and revealing the smoothness of her neck, the line her top was making down to her collar. Her glasses looked thinner, no longer magnifying her eyes, and the wrinkles about her face; which themselves were nowhere to be seen. She looked more than ten years younger, a fresh face new to the job rather than the tenured educator that gave him his ultimatum yesterday.

One of her hands reached up, a pair of manicured nails snapping open the top button of her jacket. Like a dam had broken her chest surged forward, a dark line of cleavage put on display for him. No matter what he may have been thinking about any of the other little changes, that, for sure, was never there before. Her top was visibly straining, trying to contain breasts it had never been intended to manage.

"I came up with your extra credit assignment Mister Mills," her voice was sultry, an accent on the language of her body as she undid a second button.

Again, her chest dashed forward. There was no denying it, her bust was growing right before his eyes; challenging even its newly granted space by spilling out through her neckline, overflowing the edges of the frilly bra she'd chosen to wear. The fabric gave a distressed creak, those soft globes expanding so quickly they burst the third button of their own accord, leaving them out in the open over a blouse that served as little more than a sling at this point.

Despite the changes, his teacher remained calm. No, that wasn't the word, Ryan could see the lust in her eyes as she looked at him over her glasses, the same look Julianne would give him when she wanted him. "Miss Fletcher—"

Any protest was cut off as the curvaceous educator was upon him, pressing her plump lips against his. Over the course of his relationship, the boy had begun to think himself a good kisser. All of that was out the window however, as she demonstrated just how little he really knew. She was delicate, enjoying it with her lips first, her teeth flirting over his own with light grazes as her skilled tongue, only ever so gently, would part his mouth for a taste before retreating back to security. That same type of passion was there his girlfriend had for him, but tempered from its raw form with a veneer of experience the teen could never have hoped to achieve at his age.

It left him stunned, unable to react as the bespectacled beauty had her way with his mouth. Her soft fingertips held his chin, locking him into her enchanting eyes as she broke away with a hungry grin. "How about we earn you a passing grade?" she purred, her free hand deftly undoing his pants with a snap.

He was ashamed to admit he was hard, forcing his own fly down as he popped out at full mast. How could he not be with her overflowing bust pressing against his chest while she physically assailed him? The cheap desk chair beneath him groaned, scraping across the floor a few inches before toppling back. The buxom teacher was now upon him, one of her hands on his junk, running those heavenly fingers from base to sensitive tip in languid strokes, while the other made its way into his shirt.

"My my," she grinned as her touch traced over his swimmer's abs, "worth at least an A on looks alone," she leaned down, that wandering hand slipping into his back pocket to nick his wallet; or rather, the condom within it as she held it up for him to see. "Let's see if skill will make it an A plus Mister Mills."

How had she known he had that, better yet where he kept it? The mystery could only keep within the confines of his head for a moment though, pushed out by the flood of pleasure from her working him over. He mentally checked out, an internalized "Fuck it!" as he surrendered to what was happening, letting out a lewd moan and remorselessly starting to bucking into her palm.

The youthful Miss Fletcher just let out a giggle, tearing into the prophylactic with her teeth and quick applying it to his length. Even rushing herself the woman's skill was beyond what he would have imagined, the act of the rubber rolling down beneath her fingers sending a delighted shudder through his body. Those overstuffed breasts again pressed on his chest, nearly pushing the wind from his lungs, as she resumed making out with him. He returned it this time, stumbling like a child in the dark against her practiced mouth.

Without words she guided him, subtly pushing and teaching him how to properly kiss a woman with her soft lips, her slippery tongue. All the while, she prepared for the real event. Beneath the veil of her grand tits she lifted her skirt, her bare sex practically dripping as she hovered barely above him. "Ready?" she asked him in the gasping breath between their kisses.

He wasn't in any sort of mind to answer the wavy-haired sex bomb, not verbally anyway. His body's response however was a needy thrust as her hand stopped servicing him. His swollen tip was left

grazing against the simmering heat of her lower lips, and the moan she released was like a song. Without further ado she met him, sinking down and swallowing his full length in one fell swoop.

Now it was his turn to cry out in ecstasy; so loudly he legitimately worried they would be heard from the hallway. His teacher's expertise didn't end with her angelic kiss, she knew how to work her whole body to please. Something so simple as a wiggle of her hips, rocking them forward and back, caressed his sleeved cock with her walls and had him squirming beneath her on gasping breath.

Slowly the buxom dream rose up, twisting over his length before dropping back down so hard her plush rear slapped on his thighs. Ryan's only reaction was that of instinct, to propel his hips forward to keep himself buried in her. However, his attempt was met with one of her hands on his waist, her thumb lingering near his navel and holding him down to the floor. Once more she shimmied her hips, wringing his length with her den with a small grin upon her face.

The whole ordeal repeated three times over, his attempts to thrust up into her as she pulled away up his rod allowed to go less than an inch before she thwarted him. That luscious mouth would tut softly, and she would go back to that insane back and forth motion to pleasure him. "Find the rhythm," she told him, planting her lips upon his neck, kissing up his jawline as she started her withdrawal once more.

Getting the brain under his red-capped skull to work during sex, with such an expert at that, was no easy task. Somehow though, the boy managed to make sense of it. His teacher started her rise back up, stroking him with her soaked lips slowly and sensually. It took the whole of his remaining willpower to hold back, to wait for the right moment.

The second the woman started her drop he sprang, rising to meet her with a powerful buck of his hips that slammed him into her. Her face twisted in delight, and a babbling moan of pleasure pushed itself out of her. "Yes," she cooed, curling her fingers into his shirt and kissing him deeply.

She repeated her pattern, and once more he restrained himself till that moment where he could meet her fall and make her howl in pleasure. Every pump became so much more, for both of them. He could feel his climax mounting, his hands finally journeying away from their terrified position at his sides to grope her oversexed body. A handful of that soft, pillowy breast had his dick twitching inside her, throbbing until it was at its peak hardness to continue fucking her with.

At the same time her feminine sex was tightening, her movements more erratic from what he recognized as an orgasm. Behind those sleek glasses her eyes were glazed over, her cheeks hot and red as she grinned lewdly at him, laying every kiss she could upon him. "Come on Mister Mills," she pleaded, going faster and forcing him to keep up. "Earn your marks, cum inside me!"

What a request. His breath stopped, his fit body tightened his trained muscles to a firm hardness, his grip upon her glorious tits strengthened, and he drove himself deep inside her just before he exploded. The head of the condom swelled, confirming to her spasming walls and overflowing to coat him in his own seed.

She held him through the afterglow, still kissing and pushing her half-bare chest out for him to fondle. "Well done Mister Mills," she purred into his ear, "A little rough, definitely worth that A, but we could improve it with a few more private lessons."

He was going to pass; just that fact sent a wave of elation washing over him. Each ongoing second however, more of his sense was starting to return, the reality of what had happened sinking in. Miss Fletcher rose off him, getting to her heeled feet and brushing the folds out of her undersized skirt, leaving him to redress himself. He didn't waste a moment, stripping the full rubber and zipping himself back up as he scurried away in shame.

"I'll see you tomorrow Mister Mills," the top-heavy teacher called out with a wave, not even fitting into her top as she propped herself upon her desk.

That was the furthest thing from his mind right now. After all the effort he'd gone through: the dust; the dates; everything, he'd just cheated on his sweetheart Julianne.

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The blonde goddess was waiting for him, her books laying on their private little lunch table, right beside her perfectly sculpted chest. Idly she was adjusting, tugging on the edges of her uniform with her pretty fingers, making sure her bra was where it needed to be to support the girls, and struggling to decide whether her highest button was worth keeping with how it was sorely stretched across her bosom. Such worries flitted away when she caught sight of her boyfriend, her sunshine smile spreading across her rosy cheeks.

"So, how did it go?" she asked, turning in her seat so quickly her assets nearly pulled her off of it.

The shame of what he'd let happen filled him, his head hanging to hide his eyes behind his red locks. "I..." he started, still trying to muster the courage to say what he had to.

As if oblivious to his demeanor, the radiant beauty pat the seat next to her. Yes, sitting would make it easier. Plopping himself down he tried to face her, dragging himself up from the rack she was blatantly putting on display for him, to tease as they both so enjoyed. He didn't deserve it.

"Miss Fletcher decided on my extra credit," he told her, his hands tightening into fists against his school pants. "I don't know what happened to her, she just-" god it sounded so stupid in his head. Their teacher suddenly transformed into a young-blooded, hyper-buxom, nymphomaniac. Who would truly believe that? "She came onto me, and I couldn't fight it. I..."

Cheated on you. He was about to say when Julianne was on him, her arms wrapped around his shoulders, oversized melons squishing up on his chest, and her lilting giggle in his ear. "I told you it would work out," she chirped, planting a kiss on his cheek. "So, you're getting that pass you deserve?"

Ryan was perplexed, trying to comprehend what just happened. He admitted to adultery and she was just fine with it? As she came away, he caught her eyes, and it was then he finally noticed: all remnants of their once beautiful crystal-blue were gone, replaced instead by a rich violet. And as she gingerly brushed a lock of that woven gold over her ear, he made the connection. She looked almost like the girl from that strange shop, the Menagerie: Alice.

"Y-yeah," he replied, getting the image in his perverted head of his girl as big as the bubbly, overblown assistant. The wheels were starting to turn, trying to put the pieces of the puzzle together. Just as quickly though, they were ground to a halt as his, very real, girlfriend took his arm and pulled him into her bust.

"That's great news sweetheart! You get what you've always deserved, and Miss Fletcher gets her needs scratched by the best boy ever," she chirped, placing another wet kiss on his lips.

Just the feeling of her soft mouth on his had him thinking back to their teacher, of the way her lips moved to tease and please. After that, it was hard to go back, and he cupped his jewel's cheek to keep her more still while he put his recent lessons to use. Julianne's eyes went wide with surprise, a delighted little gasp escaping her as, like he had done, she slowly adapted to this newfound talent.

She was left dazed when he finished, holding her position as she dropped back to reality with a flutter of her eyes. "Wow," she sighed, tightening her grip and leaning more heavily against him. "Where were you hiding that?"

It wasn't often he was the one who got to dazzle her, the feeling leaving a cocky grin on his face. "Miss Fletcher is a good teacher," maybe that was a bit far, but his dream didn't seem to mind.

"What else did she teach you?" she asked with a naughty smile of her own, draping her arms around him.

His face went flush, and above all else he damned his body for still being in recovery after his previous encounter. "Maybe I can show you tonight?"

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Regardless of the method, Ryan's grades were now secured for the year, leaving nothing for the boy to worry about but his lover, graduation, and of course the swim championships right around the corner.

Ever since the redhead had bagged the top girl against all odds, the team's banter had shifted. Eddy was still quite tight lipped after his embarrassment at the start of their relationship. On the other hand, Gavin was singing the boy's praises for somehow pulling it off. "You impressed her," he cheered his second-last slot with a pat on the back. "Maybe you can set a new record today and do it again?"

"Maybe," Ryan chuckled. It was the last joint meet they'd have before the final competition circuit, one last chance to watch his diva cut through the water in that sexy school swimsuit. The best inspiration to go above and beyond.

Coming to the pool, the boy's team were surprised to see the girl's coach there, the stocky woman standing tall in front of the ever-buxom Julianne. Ryan's jewel's swimsuit was hardly fitting, stretched taught over her plush, head-sized breasts, and even then, her fleshy pillows were peeking out of the sides. The padding meant to hide her nipples couldn't even stay where it needed, leading to the girl's thick nubs being perfectly outlined through the undersized garment.

"Ashton," her coach practically growled, "you've been letting yourself go. Your times over the past two practices have been lagging behind your team."

The head of the school, team captain, top of her classes, getting such a stern chewing out? Everyone in attendance was in awe, stopping where they stood to watch. "I'm sorry coach Peters," the goddess replied, looking up at her. What was perfection to say when faced with its flaws?

"What's gotten into you Ashton? You're my team captain, and my star anchor," coach Peters continued on, one arm crossed under her hard chest. "I expect so much more of you."

Her violet eyes cast down, looking into her bust a moment before drifting up to find her boyfriend there, watching in the wings. She couldn't help a small smile at him, even in her predicament. "I'm sorry coach Peters," she repeated, brushing her arm shyly.

The coach gave a sigh, rubbing the bridge of her nose with a pair of thick fingers. "Alright," she took in a deep breath and fished out a stopwatch. "Give me a lap Ashton!" she ordered.

"Yes coach," that she wouldn't hesitate to do, especially in front of her boo. She hopped into position, her gaze resting on her muse and her bust bouncing every which way it could manage in its undersized prison.

She was given a count, and dove in with vigor. Immediately everyone could see the problem. Her arms had pierced the water with her perfect grace, but once the expanse of her heaving breasts hit, they failed to break the surface. It was sloppy, and the slapping sound was enough to make a few of them flinch. She didn't let it bother her, coming up and starting into her strokes.

More than the water the girl was fighting against her body. The natural buoyancy of her tits had them fighting to float up towards her chin, leaving her to put her all into forcing them back down so she could move in the water. Squishy flesh was jumping up at her sides whenever her body pivoted, and the clean line she usually cut through the water was left jagged as a result.

She hit the opposite side and kicked off, practically flailing to get back into form for the lap back. When she finally got her hand to the starting edge her coach was shaking her head in disappointment. "A minute forty-two," she sighed. "I'm sorry Ashton, but I'm going to have to cut you from the team."

Ryan felt his heart sink. That something he loved, and brought them both so much pleasure and joy, was causing her such trouble. A part of him knew he was responsible. This was his doing, the dust's doing, giving him his dream at the cost of one of hers.

Despite being dropped, his angel was still smiling. Her breaths were ragged, taxed from the effort of just that lap with her overdeveloped body, and with a heavy grunt she pulled herself out of the pool. "That's alright," she told the woman, fixing her swimsuit over her breasts where they'd slipped out, before skipping over to her boyfriend. In front of everyone she leaned up to kiss him, nearly popping out of her suit again in the process, and wrapped herself around his arm. "Just means I get to spend more time with you."

A dozen emotions were buzzing within him in a maelstrom. At the heart of it all though, what mattered was that she was happy; and looking into her smiling eyes, that was the one thing he knew for sure she seemed to be. "If that's what you want," he whispered softly.

"Of course it is," she teased him, canoodling into his neck, and reminding him he was the luckiest man in the world.

The redheaded boy rested a hand on her hip, pulling himself in to properly return her kiss. Sadly, it wasn't something they could sit and enjoy. "Sorry to break it up," Gavin offered his apologies, "but just cause your girl's off her team, doesn't stop us having to practice."

"Right," Ryan nodded, giving his lover one last peck before hitting the pool.

Julianne stayed to watch; her majestic gaze fixed on him through the whole practice. Behind that smile though, her boyfriend couldn't help but see a bit of longing. There was always a pride she had in the water, leaving them all in the ripples of her waves. The water would caress her, was part of her that was gone now. By the time the boys had finished up, her golden hair was dry, not the sleek second skin she wore so well.

Still though, she smiled, waiting for her red-capped prince to return to her so they could go home together. Hooking her arm with his own they started their walk, each carrying their swimming gear, with the goddess's loosely hanging off the tips of her fingers. "You're sure you're alright Jewels?" he had to ask, resting his hand on her for comfort.

Those delicate digits curled, gripping the handles of her duffel bag as her voice grew somber behind that smile. "It won't matter in a few weeks anyway. It's not like I wanted to be an Olympian or anything, my future's always been in business, in the Ashton name."

"That doesn't mean you didn't enjoy it," he reasoned, holding her tighter.

She brightened at his words, looking up to him with her enchanting visage. "Thank you for worrying about me Ryan. I'm a growing girl though," she said softly, pressing her bust into him to emphasize as she nuzzled into him, "and I've found things that I love far more."

The sentiment had him blushing. That she loved herself, and him, was enough to set his concerns at ease; even if he could tell she was still a little upset. "Want to get some burritos?" he offered, hoping perhaps to banish away the last of her sadness with her favorite meal.

It worked, the light returning to her sunshine grin. "Always," she chirped, clinging lovingly to him as they shifted paths.

Old man Sam greeted them with a wave, taking their orders and letting them get to their usual seats. All the while though, Ryan's head had been buzzing around from their conversation, to something he hadn't really thought much of. "The most about my future I've thought about is hearing my parents talking about getting me a car for grad," he told his boo with a bit of a smirk.

Resting her heavy bosom on the table the diva smiled at him. "Oh, I've already got a car," she told him matter-of-factly, bridging her fingers under her chin. She'd grown so much, what when they'd started going out was a nice framing to her bountiful chest was now a window the pliant orbs were trying to break through, her uniform buttons aching from the added pressure of her arms' compression.

What was pride that he'd be able to drive them around rather quickly deflated from him like a popped balloon. "Wait, then why have we been walking everywhere?" he asked without even thinking about it.

The golden blonde dismissed any of the statement's potential rudeness with her lilting giggle, reaching a delicate hand over to him. "I get to spend more time with you when we walk," she answered simply, squeezing his fingers, "and fondle you a little more," was tacked on in a teasing whisper.

Those were both good reasons, leaving him blushing softly as his eyes darted up and down her body. "So, um," he stammered to regain his composure a little, "what are your parents getting you for graduation then?" she was the valedictorian after all, he couldn't imagine her parents not being stupidly proud of her.

A coy little smile crossed her lips. "I had something in mind. I was thinking about surprising you when I had the keys," she purred.

"Keys?" the redhead questioned back. "You just said you had a car already."

Her divine laugh tickled his ears. "I asked my parents for an apartment, silly," she teased, rolling forward over her bust to plant a kiss on his lips. "Everything should be finalized for the end of the month, then we'll have our own place," her affectionate assault continued, little nibbles carrying her to his ear to whisper. "No more sneaking around, no more going home, just you and me; together."

God, she knew just how to press his buttons. Once more, she was proving to be a step ahead of him in planning, but honestly, he couldn't be happier. "I wish it could be tonight," he whispered back, melting into another kiss as his mind trailed off to fantasies of having her there twenty-four seven. Waking up to her beautiful body, not just texted pictures of it.

"I'll see what I can do," she purred right back, only pulling away from their little session when their food finally arrived.

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She was a woman of her word. Not two days later the couple were moving in together, the announcement catching not only his parents but Ryan himself by surprise. It wasn't a lot of time to pack, what little it turned out he owned, but with the help of the movers he got it done; and his small collection of boxes and desk seemed absolutely miniscule compared to his girlfriend's own. When he arrived, at what he had assumed was going to be a quaint little one bedroom, he was surprised to find it in the middle of being furnished.

It was in the ritzier part of town, so he expected nice, but not this nice. There was space with a fully stocked kitchen and dining room, divided by a beautiful serving window. Their living room was smooth, polished, hard wood, already decorated with a huge L-shaped couch, an entertainment unit with a massive flat-screen TV, and a glass-top coffee table, currently covered in things Julianne was still in the middle of organizing while the movers were setting more things up. Looking through into their bedroom, it was master-sized, a brand-new queen-sized poster bed set up in its center, along with a dresser, night stands, and yet another television. He wondered if his desk would even fit in there

properly, and even if it did, it would look woefully out of place next to the rest of their immaculate furniture. Then finally there was their bathroom, equipped with a stand in shower large enough for the both of them to share; or a single person to dance a proper ditty if they so chose.

The buxom goddess stood among it all, ordering workers around the place with clear, practiced authority; until her enchanting gaze fell upon him and she broke into a pink cheeked smile. "You can take his things through to the bedroom," she told the men carrying his boxes, giving the pair a few moments alone for her to take his hands and embrace him. "What do you think?"

What was there to think? "Wow," was all that escaped his mouth.

She sealed it back up with a kiss. "And the best part: it'll be just us when the movers are finished," she cooed, her overburdened bust pressing into him to emphasize exactly what her plans were when they finished settling in.

They christened their new place that evening, making hot love on their couch that never made it back to the bedroom. From that moment, it seemed as if life were perfect; as if each moment they spent together before hadn't. They had nothing to worry about but the last couple days of school, and one another's happiness.

Together they attended graduation, each dressed up fine in their best. It was her first time seeing him fully done up with his suit jacket, a sharp Windsor knotted tie decorating his neck that took him a solid half-hour to do. "You look quite fine, it suits you," she commented as she looped herself over his elbow.

No matter how fine he looked, he couldn't hold a candle to her in her dress. It probably cost ten times what his outfit did, custom tailored to suit her extreme proportions. Sleek silver flowed down her body, a beautiful pairing for her golden hair, that left her eyes sparkling like amethysts. Completely open in the back, and only minimally covering her heavy chest, with fabric held up by spaghetti thin strings tied behind her neck, it was extremely risqué, but it was perfect to show off the precious jewel that was Julianne Ashton.

"You always look fine," it was the one truth within his heart. Clothing couldn't dress her up, only show off her beauty in new and unique ways.

His flattery was met with a kiss, her braless behemoths practically pouring from the opening of her gown into him. "And you're always so sweet Mister Mills," she teased him.

There was a full expectation they would be sent home for her apparel, and with how they were canoodling the whole ceremony; not that they would have minded. They both wanted nothing more than to be alone together, so when all was said and done, their diplomas in hand, while everyone else was collecting for the party at Vanessa's they prepared to sneak away in Ryan's new car.

"You're sure you two don't want to join us?" Gavin asked, patting the redhead across the shoulders; and admittedly trying his best not to stare into Julianne's brazenly displayed rack.

The looks weren't called out, but just to be safe the golden goddess hugged tighter to her man. "We've got our own plans," she told the swim team lead, edging her voice with a feigned disappointment.

Even over everything happening, the graduates, the celebration, you could hear the scoffs from some of their former classmates. "Of course, little miss perfect and her star struck boy toy have better places to be."

"She thinks she's so much better because she ended up on top."

"Probably only because of those beach balls she's smuggling in that dress."

"Seriously, I'll bet she got her parents to buy her those overblown balloons."

It wasn't the first time they'd overheard such things since they started dating, but it was certainly the first time it was so flagrantly out in the open. Ryan was ready to step up and defend, only to have his woody-haired captain raise a hand to stop him.

"They're just jealous," he told him. "And this is probably the last time most of them are ever going to have to see you both again; their last chance to throw a few jabs to get a reaction without consequence."

Julianne nodded, holding her boyfriend tight. "He's right Ry," she assured, unbothered by their scathing remarks.

He gave her a smile, resting his hand over her own. "I know."

Gavin turned a look over his shoulder, catching his wavy-haired Vanessa looking for him. "Alright, that's my cue. You two have fun together!" he gave Ryan one last pat before jumping off to his own sweetheart.

"You heard him," the angel on his arm cooed, leading them away to his car.

No sooner were they home that her strappy heels were kicked off, the knot keeping her dress up undone, and the two of them made their way to the bedroom while she pawed his fancy clothes off. Once their love making was at its end however, the haze of lust cleared from his head, it left Ryan able to think on a few things. That was the last time they were going to see most of their classmates ever again. High school was officially over, and that left him needing to decide what he was going to do for the future.

He looked up at the ceiling, as the love of his life curled up to him in the afterglow, resting her heavy tanks on him. "I'm going to need new bras again soon, wanna help me pick them out?" she asked, running a slender finger over his chest.

Of course, he did. That was short term though, he needed something to work forward to, to accomplish. All of the basics of their relationship, the things most hot-blooded boys aspired to with dreams like Julianne, she'd done for them. Their first dates, their sex life, even moving in together, it was all her doing. Not that he didn't love where their life had reached, but he was being carried along purely by her status.

"I think I want to get into business," he told her, gritting his determination. "I want to be able to support us, give us our own legs to stand on rather than just coasting on your parents."

Her sparkling gaze turned up to him, a cute little smile on her flawless features. "Sounds like a wonderful idea," she whispered, planting a kiss on his jaw. "What kind of business?"

Heat overtook his cheeks. "I haven't thought that far," he admitted, one arm wrapped around her and holding her close. "I'm honestly not even sure where to start."

The blonde gave a giggle. "Well, I can certainly help you out there Mister Mills," she teased. "I can ask my dad for some startup and--"

Ryan was quick to shake his head. "No. I want this to be our own thing, from the ground up. No relying on the Ashton name," he told her firmly, not wanting to admit that impressing her father was a small part of his ambitions.

He had definitely impressed her at least, her warm smile widening. "Alright, well then, we'll start at the bank for a loan. We'll still have to rely a little bit on my name, since they'll want collateral, but if we go into something relatively low risk, like an investment company, we should be able to pay it off before long."

It was his turn now, rolling under the pliant flesh of her bust to face her for a kiss. "What would I do without you?"

"Who knows? Because I don't want to be without you," she cooed back, nuzzling him affectionately. "We can be 'Mills Investments'."

The trim man gave a laugh. "Sounds like something to do with factories," he joked. "Shouldn't it be named after both of us? I mean, it's not like I'll be going it alone."

Her divine smile turned into a grin. "It will," she answered flatly. "After all, you want to make it without 'Ashton'. The best way for that would be for me to become Missus Mills."

There was a stunned silence, as the wheels in his head got to turning. Then he turned red as his hair in surprise. "You're suggesting... you want to...?" he mumbled nervously.

"Of course," she answered, looping her lithe arms over his shoulders. "There's no one I want to spend the rest of my life with more," her body hugged tighter to his, tits overflowing in either direction. "I want to be your wife Ryan."

Just hearing those words had his heart beating with joy, swelling up in his chest. "There's nothing I would want more," he replied.

"Well then, are you going to ask me?" she teased with a soft coo, and a coy look in her eye.

She'd already all but proposed to him already, but if she wanted him to. "Julianne Ashton, will you marry me?"

Her face came to his, her nose touching his own as she nuzzled into him. "Always," she answered, pulling him into an impassioned kiss.

There she was, guiding their relationship again, and he couldn't be happier. When their lips finally parted, he couldn't help but chuckle. "Sorry I haven't got a ring."

She just laughed back, her voice like the ringing of bells. "We can pick one out tomorrow," she assured him, pecking and holding him close. "After bra measurements."

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School definitely hadn't prepared Ryan for how hectic planning a wedding, and starting a business simultaneously, was going to be. There was so much to do, it was truly jaw dropping to watch his fiancée juggle it all without breaking a sweat; even if her enormous bust was occasionally knocking things off counters. More than once in her management of their affairs she would swing around and nearly bowl him over with the heavy sacks of soft boob, jutting more than a foot from her chest.

"Sorry honey," the golden beauty apologized, helping him up off the floor and into her heaving bosom. "Maybe I should be wearing my bras around the house?"

Despite the tumble he gave a small chuckle. "Don't sacrifice your comfort for me Jewels. If I'm going to fall on my ass," his hand came up, hefting one of her bare melons up and letting it fall, to bounce back and forth against its partner for a good handful of seconds, "I'm happier it's from these than anything else."

That got her laughing, filling the room with her dulcet voice. "Might be the more comfortable option too," she stretched, pressing her hands into her back and drawing out a couple of pops. "They've gotten pretty heavy. So, unless you're going to carry them without any drops," she teased, giving a little shimmy of her shoulders to get them moving again.

Her husband-to-be let out a wistful sigh. "I think I enjoy the drops too much," he admitted, hypnotized by their sway.

"I know," she hopped up to give him a kiss. "We need to finish getting dressed though, or we'll be late for our bank appointment. So, shall we get me into this?" she reached out for the oversized undergarment laying out on the bed, holding it up before him with a little smirk.

Taking it in his hands he still couldn't believe it. As she turned, he swung the garment around her waist, the cap-sized cups hovering beneath their cargo as he got to work with the hooks. The tag brushed over his thumb, a thirty-six L, and it was already starting to get small as he pulled it up into place over her massive melons. Doughy breast was overflowing the top, and it took even Ryan's strong hands a good thirty seconds to get the clasps together. It was so much easier to just pinch them apart.

With her goliaths contained they moved on to his suit, the divine beauty using it as an excuse to lay her hands upon him. Her fingers roamed him, outlining his abs as she fastened each button on her way up his chest. He'd let her talk him into using her parents' fortunes one last time to get him a new suit. Custom fit, unlike his graduation one, it left him cutting a mean figure, looking every part the distinguished businessman with his ginger hair coiffed and cut.

"Handsome," she purred to him as she finished up with his tie.

She was no less fantastic, though that was no surprise. It was his first time seeing her smooshed into business attire, a pure blouse stretched tightly over her enormous chest, aided by a jacket that only the lowest buttons managed to connect on. The dull gray left a sharp contrast with the white, creating yet another perfect frame that drew his eyes into her magnificence. With all his willpower he could drag

himself away, downward to her pert rear, currently being pushed up by tall, pointed, heels, and wrapped by a tight pencil skirt he assumed would creak if she bent too far forward.

Briefly he thought back to their last school days, of the girls mocking her for her body. If any of them could see her like this, there could be no doubt she was a professional that had earned her accomplishments through expertise. Her otherworldly looks were simply icing upon the cake.

Unable to peel his dark eyes off of her he took her hands, his fingers idly brushing the modest band of gold, adorned with only a small diamond, he had picked out to tell everyone she was his own. "From the greatest beauty in the world, there's no greater compliment," he whispered, coming in to finish the kiss she had grazed him with earlier.

Her leg popped up, the weight of her body leaning into him, nearly toppling them both to the floor once more as he held her close. They shared a laugh, and hand in hand made their way to his car. Here it was, the first big step in starting their business, and Ryan could already feel the butterflies in his stomach the whole drive to the bank.

"Relax," Julianne whispered to him, reaching over and resting her hand on his thigh.

A smile graced his lips. "Sorry," he offered, quickly flashing a look her way. "I'm just excited."

Thank god she was with him; he was almost certain that he would have flubbed it without her. When he'd gone with his parents to open his first account it was at his local branch; the small, public bank where you'd catch a half-dozen people coming in and out for their basic needs. This was a whole different beast, a multi-story office building, towering above them like a monolith.

For as sharp as he felt in his suit, he realized it was barely enough to make him fit in. Collections of businesspeople filtered in and out, making even the done-up pair look like children role playing more so than serious adults starting a business. At least that was how he felt; as a stranger to this new game. His blonde lover, in stark contrast, got out on her heels, at home in the world he realized she had probably grown up in. She looped herself on his arm, as comfortable as if they were in their apartment, or walking the halls of their old high school. Though he held the dominant part of their embrace, she was the one guiding them inside.

A trio of tellers sat at reception, giving directions in curt instructions when they weren't endorsing something or other that arrived on their desk. He was ready to get them in line when his partner piped up over the sounds of the building's day to day.

"Loan appointment for Mills," the divinely endowed beauty announced, ignoring the traffic of those that had arrived before them like she owned the place.

The closest teller gave her a quick look, and without any hassle nodded to the elevator. "Fourth floor, you're meeting with Angela," she told them, seamlessly returning to her work.

Was it that easy? Or was the influence of the Ashton name so great just seeing Julianne was enough to give them preferential treatment? Whatever the case, his fiancée gave a quick "Thank you," and they made their way up to the waiting room.

His heart was hammering the lift ride up, his grip on her just the tiniest bit tighter as he was running through things in his head. Just like preparing for a test, he was ready for what was coming. Or so he thought anyways.

Practically as soon as they stepped off the elevator they were called for. "Mills?" a woman emerged from one of the offices, brunette hair pulled into a tight bun that let her hazel eyes freely scan about the room for the two of them.

His angel was quick to raise her hand, guiding her fiancé along as the woman waved them inside. Ryan's expectations were once again subverted, as the room they were brought into seemed more like a small living room. A couch and a short table were set with a small tray of simple snacks and water. The whole back wall was a great window, blinds filtering the morning light into a warm glow that cast across everything. It had a homey feel, even as the sharp dressed woman took her place at her desk.

"Take a seat," she instructed, ensuring her nameplate was appropriately facing them as she flicked her workstation to life.

The couple plopped down, allowing a small bit of space to grow between him and his wife-to-be so they could both appear professional. For the soft mood of the room the cushions were quite firm, forcing him to sit straight with his hands in his lap while he waited for the meeting to begin proper.

"So," Angela looked over her screen, shifting in her chair to face them directly, "I've got here you're looking for a small business loan?"

Julianne turned a small smile to her partner, opening the floor for him to explain their dream. "Yes," he answered their banker confidently. "We're aiming to open an investment firm."

The brunette gave a nod, adjusting her slightly too short sleeves over her wrists. "Excellent, and did you bring all the required documentation?"

Now it was the blonde deity's turn, fishing a Manila envelope from under her arm. "All here. The financial details, business plan, and our insurance information."

The banker took it, pulling out the plan to look over and setting the rest aside for later. "It says here you're looking for one hundred thousand as start up," she mused, leaning over her desk and interlocking her fingers, "with no capital?" she asked with a challenging disbelief in her voice.

The way her hazel eyes were examining him caused Ryan's confidence to falter slightly. "It's a large ask," he admitted. "Things will be starting out of the rental office we've found, until we pass the first hurdles and are secure enough for our own building."

"So, you haven't gotten the office yet then?" she immediately followed up, falling a bit further back in her seat. "Do you have any clients lined up?"

Still on the back foot, the trim man did his best to hold his momentum. "Not yet, though we're confident in our--"

Angela didn't even let him finish. "No capital, no office, no clients," she let out a difficult sigh. "Alright, what have you got for collateral Mister Mills?"

Suddenly he felt the pressure, the weight of everything they were trying to do here. “Uh...” he stammered out, trying to think of how he could turn things around.

Once more, thank god his angel was here to save him. “For collateral we have a summer home on the west coast, as well as a number of shares in a variety of Ashton companies backed by my father,” she told the woman, sitting high and authoritative.

Those judging eyes turned over to Julianne, the banker taking a moment to adjust her suit. “If you have that kind of backing, why aren’t you using it as capital Miss Ashton?” she asked.

“We aren’t aiming to run the business under the Ashton umbrella. We’ll be an independent, under Mills Investments,” the goddess replied smoothly. “And please, in less than a week I’ll be Missus Mills,” she stated, reaching over to take her husband-to-be’s hand with one of her comforting, sunshine smiles. “I’d prefer to be referred to as such.”

He turned to her, managing one of his own as their fingers entwined. “Okay Missus Mills,” Angela replied back defensively. “Well, that being the case, I can offer you what you’re asking on a two-year repayment. Without anything more significant than your considerable collateral, you’ll be looking at a thirty-five percent interest rate with the first payment due in thirty days.”

“Thirty-five?” that was huge. Far from the worst, but much higher than they’d anticipated, and with only a month to raise their first payment...

Angela nodded. “It’s only that low because of the Ashton assets,” she explained firmly, visibly pulling her gaze away from the blonde’s overstuffed chest and coughing from her unfortunate choice of words. “You’re starting from nothing, asking us to put quite a bit of faith in you Mister and Missus Mills. If you don’t have faith in-”

“That’s perfectly acceptable,” Julianne cut the woman off with a small, confident beam.

Her redheaded lover turned to her in fear and disbelief. “Jewels, I don’t know if-”

She silenced him by placing a hand on his own, her engagement ring shining, and her eyes looking deeply into him. There was no need for words, everything about her trust in him, in them, to do this was in those violet pools.

The banker bobbed once more, sliding a tablet their way. “Well, if you’re alright with the terms, then I’ll just get a couple signatures and you’ll be in business.”

Ryan gave a nod, and together they each jotted down a rough approximation of their names with their fingers. Ryan and Julianne Mills. Even in the wavering touchscreen print it was beautiful to see; and the next time would be even more so.

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“I can’t believe it,” Ryan’s mother was on the verge of joyous tears as she fiddled about with her son’s tuxedo. “My boy.”

Honestly, even he was having a bit of trouble coming to terms with it. He was marrying his dream girl today. Taking a step back, it seemed like they'd moved quickly; fresh out of high school, and only having dated for a few months. And yet, it felt right. They both wanted this, and the excitement was swelling up in his chest just thinking about finally seeing her in that dress, becoming her husband.

The ginger woman continued to fidget, straightening his bowtie and adjusting his lapels. "Mom," he chastised with a chuckle, "I'm not a boy anymore. I own a business."

She smiled proudly at him, moisture dotting the corners of her dark eyes. "I know sweetie. I just didn't expect it would happen so soon," she reached up, cupping his cheek. "I'm so happy for you."

He took her hands in his own, grinning as every bit the man he'd grown to be. "Thanks mom," he whispered, offering her a hug and a kiss on the forehead.

The woman took a moment to wipe the moisture from the corners of her eyes. "Don't want to mess up your big day," she muttered, more to herself than him before looking up once more. "Alright, I should find your father and get ready," with one last peck she was off, leaving Ryan to mingle about with everyone else waiting for things to begin.

Most of the guests he didn't recognize. Extended members of his own family, invited by his parents, that he might have seen once or twice in his life, and then the whole expanse of Julianne's family connections worth inviting to such an event as the Ashton prodigy's marriage. Scanning through the crowd, his jaw nearly dropped at a bust that could have rivaled his fiancée's; doubly so when he realized who it belonged to.

"Missus Ashton?" he spat out, drawing the middle-aged woman's attention.

She swung around, her bust ahead of her and nearly smacking into the chest of the man whose arm she was hanging off. "Please Ryan," she chuckled, closing the distance between them, "I told you, call me Susan."

"Sorry, Susan," he offered with a small blush.

It was less from the name flub than it was where his eyes were drifting to. It had been a while since they'd run into one another, but he knew for sure she wasn't sporting tits like overripe melons before. In her low-cut, sapphire dress it was obvious she wasn't padding, and the way they jiggled naturally with her laugh they weren't implants either. As a matter of fact, he couldn't see any evidence of the previous work he knew she'd had done; like it had never happened.

The inspection was cut short by a crude cough, drawing his attention back up to their faces. Susan had a coy little smile, clearly not the slightest bit bothered that he'd been staring. The man with her however was less so impressed.

Ryan had yet to formally meet his girlfriend's father, the tall, stern built man that had created an empire. His formal wear was crisp and neat, silvering locks slicked back to keep the hardened features of his face fully visible, a well-kept mustache unable to hide the unimpressed line of his thin mouth. He was every bit the image of his stature, an emperor among commoners.

"M-Mister Ashton," the redheaded groom offered out his hand for a handshake; the common greeting between businessmen, and the best way he could think to make a first impression.

The man's hands didn't leave his wife, letting Ryan's outstretched offering grow cold. "Ryan Mills. I've heard quite a bit about you," he mused.

Mister Ashton turned to his wife, blue eyes expressing words unspoken to the love of his life. "May we have a minute dear?" he asked in a voice softer than the harsh gravel that had left his lips just a moment before.

The buxom woman gave a nod, planting a kiss upon her husband's cheek and offering her daughter's boo a wave before heading off.

Despite the people still wandering around them, the trim groom found himself alone with the monument of a man. The rest of the world meant nothing, there was only him, and the ocean-blue eyes of the man who carried the name "Ashton" on his shoulders.

"Well, Ryan," he started, his voice once more that rough grain of the earth, "I don't know how you did it, but both my daughter, and my wife, think you are the perfect young man to be my son-in-law."

The smaller man let a swell of pride enter him at those words. A foolish idea.

Those powerful eyes inspected him, staring their way through him like some enigma to be deciphered. "But I'm not convinced," there it was, sending Ryan crashing back down with a pained wince. "Tell me Ryan, do you have any business experience?"

This was his chance. "No sir, but I—"

Mister Ashton didn't let him finish. "No, I didn't think you did," he muttered. "Do you plan on attending college? Perhaps getting a bachelor's degree in business management, or an MBA?"

"I-I didn't think that I needed—" Ryan started with a stammer, only to be interrupted by the older man's sigh.

The look in those ocean blues was that of dismay, piercing through the redhead deeper than any blade ever could. "Look, Ryan, I'm going to be completely honest with you," his hands moved behind his back, pushing his chest out and making him look all the more imposing. "You seem like a fine young man, well intentioned, but I don't think you're up for the task of running a business; you lack the experience or education to do so.

"And," Ryan tightened up, bracing himself mentally for the blow that was about to come, "I don't think you're right for my daughter. Ever since she met you, she's given up on her future. She was planning to go to college, all but packed before you came into her life. Now she seems," he needed to pause, his look drifting away as he hunted for the right word. "Obsessed, with being with you, and content with supporting your endeavors over her own ambitions."

If that look earlier has broken skin, this was a stab deep to the young man's heart. His mouth felt dry, devoid of anything he could say to try and make things right. All he could think about was using the dust on her, the moment he'd changed everything. Had he ruined her dreams? She never complained about it, but thinking back, she hadn't complained about being kicked from the swim team either; not until he asked. He'd taken that away from her too.

He could feel his face going pale, starting to take in the scope of his actions.

"However," Mister Ashton's voice pulled him back to reality, to the present, "that isn't my decision to make. I may disagree with my wife and daughter regarding this marriage, but I won't interfere with my daughter's choice of husband."

That stern blue gaze was on him, meeting with his own dark brown, uninteresting, eyes. "My daughter thinks the world of you Ryan. If you could prove me wrong, I would be the happiest father in the world," he reached into his jacket, fishing out a small, folded card and handing it to his future son-in-law. "I sincerely hope you will, for her sake."

The great man turned, taking his first step and pausing. "My daughter was on track for great things; don't make her regret it," he finished, before parting to return to his wife.

Suddenly there was a great weight on his shoulders. All Ryan had done up until now, hoping to impress this man, to make his future wife happy, was cast into question. Julianne *seemed* to want this, but was it the right thing for the both of them?

Slowly he opened up his father-in-law's "gift", catching the looping script and fine bordering. A party invitation? It looked like it was going to be a networking event, some weeks from now. Mills Investments was barely off the ground yet, did the man really have so little faith in him?

"Hey, there you are," Gavin's familiar voice popped up behind him, slapping a hand down on his shoulder.

The swim captain cleaned up well, the purple of his tie a fine match to his woody locks. It had been a bit of a last-minute decision to make him the best man, but when given the time to think, Ryan realized he didn't have anyone else he was close enough to for the role; that also supported him and Julianne anyway. Turned out to be a good choice, that history of leadership translated pretty well to an ability to help organize things.

"Looks like everyone's arrived," he went on with a smile, "we're ready to get things started. I assume you don't want to leave your girl waiting on her big day?"

Of course, he didn't. The redhead slipped the invitation into his jacket, for now determined he would prove his soon-to-be wife's father wrong on his own two feet. His heart was pounding so hard with anticipation he thought it might explode, and yet, he turned to his best man with a confident grin.

Making his way into the wedding hall the guests were already in their seats. His family were to his left, all eyes falling on him as he and his procession walked slowly up the aisle. To his right, Julianne's, of note her mother was giving him a bright beam. He carried his confidence all the way to the altar, getting into position and clasping his hands in front of him.

Next in were the bridesmaids, a number of the most popular girl's best friends from their high school days whom their relationship hadn't pushed too far away. There were six in all, done up in beautiful violet dresses that hugged their forms, complimenting them while remaining modest enough they wouldn't take away any attention from the bride they were chosen to protect. One was Vanessa, flashing Gavin a flirtatious smirk before stepping into line with the others.

"Looks like you're not the only one getting lucky tonight," he whispered to the groom, eliciting the smallest chuckle. It wasn't the time.

With everyone else in place it was time for the main event. The low music that had filled the hall for the initial gathering died away, replaced with the sudden swell of the church organ playing that familiar tune practically everyone was taught as a child. It brought with it anticipation, drawing everyone's attention to the doors as the first verse started, the words so ingrained they didn't need to be sung for everyone to know them: "here comes the bride".

Mister Ashton appeared, by his side the most radiant sight Ryan had ever laid eyes on. Everyone in the hall lay in awe of the divine creature walking in, her long, elegant steps pushing through the skirt of her dress only enough to show her shoes, and the slightest bit of her ankles. In her lithe hands she carried a bouquet of scarlet roses, decorated with ribbon that teased around the curve of her hips as she moved. The heavy burden of her bust was held in by lace, crisscrossing with flowery spiral patterns that offered the daintiest little windows to the smooth flesh beneath. The true beauty however was above, where a thin veil lay over her face that her eyes, her smile, shone through. All in attendance were looking at her, the magnificence of her dress, the perfection of her body as she moved, but those eyes, those sparkling pools, were only on him. That look alone put all of his doubts at bay.

The two arrived at the altar, the man Ashton taking his daughter's hand and stealing her attention one last time before he was to give her away. He leaned forward, laying a parental kiss through her veil, upon her forehead. Then, as he promised, turned that hand over to Ryan with the faintest smile to echo his prior words: *"Prove me wrong."*

He would. The groom took his bride's soft fingers into his grasp as she stepped up onto the altar with him. "Dearly beloved..." the minister began, as the music faded away to nothingness.

In that moment everything became distant. The goddess' gaze rested on him, her face bright with unbridled joy that poured into him, and his own smile gave it right back to her. All the world was shut out; it was just them, on the precipice of their union.

Her delicate fingers held him tight, her full lips anxiously quivering behind the safety of her veil. How he wished he could just lift it and accept their call, but no. There was a small time yet, leaving the anticipation between the two lovers to boil over into an inescapable desire. She gave him the same look as she did at their graduation, "Shall we skip the party?"

Ryan grinned back, stifling a chuckle that still had his shoulders jumping lightly. They knew they couldn't, a quick flash of his eyes towards the crowd, here purely for them, reminding her of the obvious reason. She replied with a playful pout behind her barrier, squeezing his hand in understanding.

"Now then," the minister broke their silent conversation, "I was told the bride and groom have prepared their own vows?" they both nodded. "Then let us start with the groom."

The room turned to the redhead, a light tint in his cheeks. He hadn't had the most time to practice what he'd prepared, let alone in front of an audience. And as he thought on it all now, a part of him realized just how inadequate the scribbles he'd fussed over for weeks were for this moment. Looking at his wife-to-be though, her pristine beauty, he found the courage to simply speak from the heart.

"Julianne Ashton. Truly, there aren't words to describe the amazing person you are. Strong, brilliant, gorgeous; they're only small pieces of the whole that makes you. Over our time together I feel like I've gotten to see so much of you, and never in my wildest dreams did I believe that, one day, I would be standing here with a woman even a tenth of all that you are," he paused, feeling his heart hammering. "But here I am, about to embark on the next step of my life with you; our life. I love you, Julianne Ashton, and I vow to love you, through all of our hardships, to do all I can to make you happy, and to be the man that you deserve," he cast a quick glance to the front row, where Mister Ashton watched with his own wife, "until the day that I die."

The divine beauty's perfect laugh met his ears, her violet eyes looking up at him with tears in their corners. "You already are," she assured him.

The minister turned next to the bride. "Then miss, now it is your turn," he opened the floor to her.

She took a moment to clear the tears from her eyes, before they fell and tarnished her fine dress. "Ryan Mills," she ad-libbed a beginning that matched his own before starting her well-practiced words, delivering them with the polished perfection her upbringing had trained her for. "I, Julianne Ashton, do vow to love you always, as you do me. All that I have, I give to you; through triumph and strife, I will stand by your side, and bend the world to reach our joys and dreams together."

Bend the world? Why did that feel so familiar? The trim man wasn't left with time to mull it over however, as his bride's vows went on.

"There is no one in this life who I would sooner be with Ryan Mills. And so, I pledge myself to you, as your faithful wife, and take thee as my lawfully wedded husband, for the rest of my days," her smile lit up the room, and could have melted even the coldest of hearts. Even her father, sitting there in the front row, could not help shed a silent tear into his moustache.

"I accept," Ryan told her softly.

Their minister nodded. "The couple will now exchange the rings."

The groom fished into his pocket, pulling out the fine gold band he'd chosen to match her engagement ring. "With this ring, I thee wed," he recited, taking her hand and slipping it upon her finger next to its partner.

Hers was the more difficult task, fishing the ring from one of the holes that led to her cleavage and having to juggle his hand while still carrying her bouquet. "With this ring, I thee wed," she repeated to him, sliding the thicker piece upon his finger, forever to mark him as her husband.

With a silent gesture the two were pointed to a pedestal, a pen waiting next to their marriage certificate. Beaming to one another they stepped up, each scrawling their signature across the bottom. Ryan Mills, and Julianne Ashton Mills. "You may now kiss the bride," the minister's voice came behind them.

It was finally time to answer the call of his love's lips. He took her veil, lifting it over her head to reveal the full radiance of her visage. No longer dulled by the sheer fabric she was even more breathtakingly beautiful. His arm curled about the small of her back, pulling her close and pressing her

heavily contained bust against his chest. He almost worried he wouldn't reach, but tipping her back to lean over her magnificent, head and a half sized bust, his lips pressed to hers. They closed their eyes, savoring their first kiss as husband wife as the music swelled back once more. The bundle of roses she'd carried with her thus far shot into the air, freeing her arms to wrap around his shoulders, and the hall was filled with happy applause and tears of unabashed glee. Then, hand in hand, they walked out to celebrate their new union.

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It was some hours later that the two finally made their way back home to their little apartment, Ryan putting his swimming days to use as he carried his buxom bride over their threshold. Even for a man of his fitness it wasn't an easy task, each of his new wife's breasts clocked in at over fifteen pounds, and all the intricacies of her dress, sending pure white fabric every which way, made it like carrying an incredibly awkward person and a half. Not helping she was all over him, arms draped over him as she laid hungry kisses across his neck and face, pent up from the party where they'd been forced to behave themselves.

Through the struggle though he pressed on, getting her all the way to their bedroom where he plopped her down onto the sheets. "They didn't bounce," she teased, sticking her chest out to him to show its firmness. "Maybe this dress was a bit snug of a choice?"

"It still looks beautiful on you," he chuckled, still winded and recovering as he kicked off his shoes and collapsed next to her.

The radiant bride leaned over, the brilliant gold of her hair practically disappearing against the blinding white of the garment. "It'll look better off me. I may have grown a bit since I was measured."

No further encouragement was needed to reinvigorate him. Ryan shot upright in time for his wife to turn her back, pulling her perfect locks over her shoulder and out of the way to let him at the zipper. By this point he couldn't count how many times he'd undressed her, struggled to get her out of some poor, undersized article destined for donation; or a fun night of teasing through its destruction. This time the pull came down smooth, leaving him astonished as he dragged it through her shoulders and into the dip of her back.

As the fabric fell away the reason was revealed, as not one, not two, but three collections of bra straps and hooks were working overtime to hold her together. Suddenly he felt like a safecracker, fingers tracing over each one, feeling how taut they were containing her enormous bounty and trying to figure out where to start. "Hopefully this isn't the new norm. Much as I like this dress, I don't think I could handle doing this our whole honeymoon," he joked as he struggled with the first tight clasp.

Julianne was quiet for a moment, her skin growing warmer under his touch. "I was actually thinking we should skip the honeymoon."

The straps in his hands parted, flying away and revealing more of her pale skin to him. "Skip it?" he questioned, not halting in his work. "Your family spent so much on that trip to Hawaii for us though, won't they be disappointed?"

Her purple eyes turned to him, complimented by a rosy tint in her cheeks. "They'll understand," she assured, dancing about the news waiting on the tip of her tongue. "It will be better for Mills Investments for us to be here working, and it's not like there'll be any lack of enjoying one another," she purred, reaching back to run her touch over his thigh.

That made sense, they were still in startup and had a loan repayment just around the corner. Taking the week away wouldn't help with that. "And also," his angel went on, holding his attention as the second of her great binders came open, "I wanted to tell you sooner love, but with the wedding plans there wasn't a lot of time with just the two of us. I... missed my last period," she paused, waiting until the struggling on her last lock stopped and what she was telling him sunk in. "I'm pregnant Ry."

The red-capped man sat stunned, the hooks still in his hands as the wheels in his head turned on overtime trying to process this new news. "You're on birth control," the words clumsily stumbled out of his mouth.

"It's not one hundred percent effective," her beautiful features sank a little, "especially if you make mistakes taking it, which with everything going on right now, I may have. I'm not sure," she turned, her half-contained chest having regained some of its bounce, the overall and "left" bras having been rendered ineffective. "I'm ready to start a family with you Ryan," her palm cupped his cheek, holding him to her enchanting gaze. "You're going to make a wonderful father."

There was still turmoil in his head, but hearing those words, the conviction with which she said them, "A father," he had to repeat it, just to know it was real. He couldn't help the swell of excitement filling him, his lips curling into a grin.

"Yes," she affirmed, laying a kiss upon his jawline.

They were still young, still in the fledgling stages of their business, and kids were a huge burden and responsibility. She wanted it though, and her happiness was what came first. He'd just have to work all the harder to support them.

"Guess we're celebrating more than just the wedding, huh?" he whispered, wrapping his arms around her, sliding her dress further down her body.

Biting her lip, she reached one hand back, effortlessly flicking open the final guardian keeping her enormous tits contained. The trio of bras flopped off as her bust surged outward, slamming its immense weight against his thighs. "Guess so," she teased, snaking her naughty fingers underneath the squishy flesh to get at the button to his pants.

In but a few simple moves she demonstrated the vast difference in their skill. With a simple snap of her dexterous digits she had him undone, working blind underneath the expanse of her chest no less, and her manicured nails were raking across his skin as she peeled the bottoms right off him. There was a small jump that rippled through her bosom, his cock springing up to settle between the enormous orbs; even with his length at full hardness unable to pop even the tip through the top of them.

With a giggle those sparkling amethysts turned up at him. Her hands reappeared, coming up around the sides of her heaving breasts to press them together. A moan escaped her husband's lips as she kneaded herself in front of him, such simple moves translating to the soft flesh massaging his head and shaft.

“Now now, not too early sweetheart,” she cooed, pulling her boobs apart and burying her face between them to lay a kiss upon his tip. “You put all that effort into taking off my garter, be a shame to put that undressing to waste.”

His length twitched, putting a hungry smile on her lips. He knew what she meant, even if he was too much of a squirming mess to verbally express it. Slowly she rose, her extravagant dress slipping over her lithe form now that her abundant blessings weren’t keeping it up, and crawled onto the bed. Immediately his hands were on her legs, hiking her dress up to show off her sculpted rear, hugged tightly by a frilly pair of panties. She may have rolled, but Ryan didn’t give her the chance, leaving her on all fours as he peeled her underthings off as he had the garter before them: with his teeth.

Clearly the blonde was surprised, peeking over her shoulder to see him coming back up and getting into position. He took her hips in his hands, making sure that ornate skirt didn’t fall, then lined himself up. There was barely any resistance, her folds soaked and eagerly simmering from the long wait, and as he sank down to the hilt inside his wife her euphoric cry of pleasure rang.

Not a moment was wasted, the fit man pulling back to slam back into her with fervor. He got just what he wanted, the force moving up through her body to those hanging beauties, bouncing them and echoing the smacking of his thighs against her ass with one of her breasts slapping together. It was positively hypnotic, even from his obscured view behind her, and the moment she caught onto his intentions her blissed expression turned to a grin.

It wasn’t easy for her to hold this pose, her toned arms trembling from holding up the massive, swinging weight of her chest. She kept it as long as she could though, his ever-increasing thrusts making her tits slam into her trim tummy and nearly knocking her in the chin. When her first orgasm crashed over her that was it, her crescendo muffled when she finally flopped forward into the soft pillows of her chest.

Satisfaction flooded him that he could so thoroughly please his partner; neither were done though. She wouldn’t be content to leave him wanting, and with the main show over she resorted to a new tactic. Her hands returned to her mind-blowing melons, taking hold of handfuls of the doughy flesh. Those violet eyes, glazed with ecstasy, flashed back to him one last time to ensure he was watching, then she began to play with herself.

Her slender fingers moved across her flawless skin, out towards her puckered nipples and curled around the sensitive buds to softly roll them. The shudder of delight passing through her and into him was just the beginning. Ryan was transfixed, his pounding her on autopilot as she struggled to pull one of her needy nubs closer. The buxom woman had clearly underestimated her own size, having to release one nip with a whimper to put all her efforts into wrangling just one tit. It was worth the payoff though, as she guided her pretty pink bump to her mouth, wrapped her plump lips around it, and started suckling herself with a moan.

It was the kind of thing he’d only ever imagined was possible in pornography, and even then, his wife was so enormous there was copious boob squishing through the crooks of her elbows and underneath her arms. His pace picked up, that rhythmic slapping of skin on skin sounding louder than the creaking of the bed, than his grunts of effort. Along with the wringing her walls were giving him, it

wasn't long before they crested the peak one final time in unison, Ryan erupting to overfill her chasm with his hot seed.

Together they collapsed, catching their breath for minutes before finally gathering the energy to shift and lay side by side. "Going to need to dry clean this before we put it away," Julianne joked, brushing away one of the folds of her half-worn, and now sex-covered, wedding dress.

"Yeah," her husband agreed, though with the haze of desire temporarily sated he couldn't help his mind being elsewhere. "We're going to be parents," he whispered to himself, still grappling somewhat with the reality of it all.

Her flawless face rose to him with a smile. "You're going to be the best father Ry," she promised, stretching up for a tender kiss that pressed her breasts against him.

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Strange as it seemed, not much changed between being married and not. Without their honeymoon it was back to business getting the last bits of their office set up and putting together their first few portfolios. There was some protest from the blonde, as Ryan did his best to take over as much of the work as possible.

"Jewels, you're pregnant," he had to remind her when he prepared for each day.

It took some effort to get her arm curled under her bust to cradle her tummy. "Ry, I'm fine," she would tell him with a roll of her eyes. It was a statement continuously undermined however by sudden rushes to the bathroom from her developing morning sickness.

Despite it all though her husband still embraced her, kissed her lovingly. "Just rest up, I can handle things," he assured her. More so he was trying to assure himself.

After a week of work, more or less on his own, he was learning the vast difference between "low risk" and "easy". So much of the job was burying himself in business news and putting his intuition to use, while at the same time trying to advertise and attract investors. Days where he got calls from Julianne, his jewel giving advice even when she was stuck at home, tended to go well. When flying solo he felt mediocre at every aspect of running their company.

That just wasn't good enough, not with a baby on the way. He needed to be able to support his family. Not only that, their first loan repayment was coming up, and on his own he hadn't been able to get Mills Investments profitable enough to afford it. Their first month in and already he was about to ask for an extension.

"Sweetheart, relax," Julianne's sweet voice told him over the phone. "It'll all work out."

She had so much confidence in him, he couldn't let her down. "Thanks Jewels, I'll be home soon," he promised as he pulled into the bank's parking lot.

He wished he could have dressed just for this rather than coming off a day in the office. Hell, he wished he didn't have this meeting at all yet. There was no avoiding it though. He stepped through the

doors, for the first time without his partner beside him, and b-lined for the elevator with a low profile. Four floors left to run through what he was going to say and be ready.

With a deep breath he tried to calm his nerves, watching the light blink on and off as he rose closer to the judgment hour. He could do this for his jewel. The ground beneath his feet came to a halt, the doors opening wide and letting him step out. Taking a moment to ensure his work suit was on straight he took a seat, surprised when it wasn't too before Angela was calling his name.

"Mister Mills," her voice was a pleasant chirp that left him unsure. Was she simply having a good day, or was it mocking? Knowing that he'd failed and ready to repossess their collateral.

Swallowing thickly he got to his feet, accepting the invitation without a word. The business-savvy brunette waited, her suit just a tad snug on her chubby frame, something he became acutely aware of as he squeezed past; the woman's tight-kept bust brushing against his arm.

The heat rose in his face. "Sorry," he spat quickly, rushing to his seat. The last thing he needed was her thinking it was intentional on top of everything else.

"It happens," she mused with a small smirk, starting her way over to her desk and sitting herself down. A quick adjustment of her sleeves and she was laying her chin across her bridged fingers, eyeing him expectantly from across her office.

Another long breath, the redheaded man twiddling his thumbs in the hopes it might all just end in a blink. "I'm sorry Angela, but we're a bit short on the repayment," he could hardly look at her after the big game he and his wife had talked up. "It was a rough first month, between startup costs and the wedding taking us out of the office. We've got about two thirds, so if we could--"

"Oh, don't worry Mister Mills," the banker purred, the button of her jacket beginning to strain. "I think we can come up with some alternative form of repayment."

Reaching up she let out her bun, shining chestnut locks cascading over her shoulders as she leaned forward, increasing the stress on her tight top. A wave of déjà vu washed over him, the half-lidded look in her delicately made up eyes all too familiar. "A-Angela," he stammered nervously, backing into the couch.

His trepidation was ignored as she crawled over her desk towards him. There was a distressed creaking from her outfit, her breasts attempting to push out through her navy neckline. "Yes, Mister Mills?" in a fluid movement she snapped the stretched button, the obvious becoming clear as her chest jumped out into the new space offered by her opened suit: she was growing.

Fears from his high school days were bubbling back up to the surface, amplified by all new factors. What could he say? What could he do? He was married with a child on the way, would anyone even believe him this woman was coming onto him, quickly becoming an oversexed object of desire?

Angela got to the edge of her platform, the heavy weight of her bust dragging her to the floor where a pair of buttons popped away to skitter across the floor. Her body continued moving sinfully towards him, fat nipples becoming visible, tenting the too-tight fabric of her blouse as they rubbed over the carpet. Ryan knew he was staring in his struggle, sweating bullets as he tried to figure a way out.

"What's happening?" was all he managed to blurt out. He'd been too naïve to get an answer last time, maybe he could get the woman to see, to acknowledge what was going on.

The brunette's stern lips curled into a smile, all the while plumping up into a plush pair of kissers upon her face. "Compwomithe," she told him as she crawled up onto the table, popping more of her top open to let her expanding assets out into the room.

They were massive, bigger than her head, pushed up lewdly by a bra that only moments ago fit her, now barely more than a rigid strip of fabric under her whorish fun bags. Those fat buds were pointing to him accusingly, bouncing with each little motion she made to close their distance. When her hands finally reached him, touching his knees and sliding up his thighs, she rest her magnificent new body in his lap.

He couldn't help being hard, she looked, hell even sounded, like an oversexed bimbo, and was busily toying with his zipper while wiggling her rear back and forth. "Y-you don't have to!" he struggled to tell her even as his cock was released, her hazel eyes widening with delight. "We can figure out something else."

Her plump, painted lip stuck out. "But I want to Mithter Miwws," she cooed, taking a hold of his rod and stroking it with her soft hand. "It'th a fair wepayment, wouldn't you agwee?"

Thought was slowly failing him as the electric signals from his groin radiated outwards through his body. He'd known coming into this meeting he was going to be at the bank's mercy. What other choice did he have to settle his company's debts?

Reluctantly he surrendered, fingers curling into the cushions as he wondered what he would tell his wife. "Yes," he replied to the buxom woman.

A smile spread across her face. "It'th agweed then," she purred, letting out a glob of drool from her lewd mouth to land upon his meat.

Her languid attentions soon had him glistening, the whole of his body twitching whenever her palm would glide over his sensitive tip. Eventually satisfied she released him, taking her whorish tits in her hands and dropping them over him in a smooth motion. He slid between them easily, ashamed of himself for letting out a gasp of pleasure. Their sheer size had her nearly tight as his jewel, wringing him as she wriggled the whole of her body back and forth.

"I couwd teww jutht fwom looking you wewe thpecial Mithter Miwws," she whispered as she bounced her chest in his lap, using him to tit fuck herself. "I wath wight."

Ryan held his tongue, his cheeks flushing. It was exactly the same as last time with Miss Fletcher. What was it about him that was doing this? Was it some side effect of the dust? The bimbo banker's breasts dropping back down against his thighs with a heavy slap knocked such ponderings from his worried head.

Everything went white, reason departing out the back door. He was in balls deep, afraid to lose everything, but if he was, he was going to try and make it worth it. Compared to his jewel though, the love of his life, he knew it wouldn't be.

Taking Angela's boobs in his hands, his thumbs tickling at her nipples and making her shudder, he started thrusting. Each time he hilted between those fat melons he felt it in his fingertips, her bust rippling with motion that had her giggling with delight and egging him on. After struggling with the company for these long weeks at least this felt like some success; though at a heavy cost.

His time with Julianne had left him with stamina to spare. Both of them lost track of the time they spent in this adulterous act, but eventually, it had to come to a close. Squishing those enormous, soft tits to his abs he climaxed, ropes of his seed so pressurized they shot up out of her compressed cleavage like a geyser to fall across her face, her radiant brown hair, and when the power of his shots lessened, in the valley of her bust to pool between her bare breasts.

There was no high. The man slumped back into his seat, glad for it to be over and his duty done. Meanwhile the brunette gave another little laugh, licking the jizz from her lips and casting her hungry hazel gaze upon him. "Thith wath fun, we shouwd do it again."

God, was she going to try and blackmail him? "We shouldn't," he tried to reason with her.

She replied with a grin, sliding her way up his body, thighs rubbing against his knees as she came face to face straddling over him. "But I want to," she told him, pressing those thick lips to his in a one-sided kiss as she tucked his cock away, and zipped him up without any cleaning.

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At least the first time this had happened it was high school; it was a short, shameful walk to tell his girlfriend what had happened. Now it was like there was a stone in the pit of his stomach, rolling and growing as it collected muck the whole drive home to his wife. He wasn't some horny teenager anymore, there wasn't any excuse for what he'd done, and the stains on his pants were a badge there was no hiding. Not that he ever would. Julianne was a goddess, perfect and pure, he could never bring himself to lie to her.

Pulling his car into the lot the stone felt big enough to burst his ribs. He didn't let it slow him. He got onto the elevator and amassed yet more anxiety up to their apartment. A part of him wondered if he should knock, predicting she might kick him out for his disloyalty, his weakness. Or perhaps it was the hope she may not answer; at least in limbo, she couldn't leave him.

Turning the key, he pushed his way inside. "Jewels?" he called out, able to hear the crack in his own voice.

"Just in the office sweetheart," her angelic voice called back.

Great, another ten steps before he'd face the music. Another ten steps where the boulder filling him could grow. He made them long, wanting it to be over as quickly as possible, and appeared in the doorway before her.

The blonde was sitting at his desk, her laptop resting atop her prodigious chest. In no time those sparkling amethysts turned to him, catching the dark spots on his groin, his untucked shirt, his crooked

jacket; and yet, she was still smiling that same sunshine smile. "How did the meeting go?" she asked, an out of place note of cheer in her voice.

It stung like an arrow to the heart. "Jewels," that stone pushed its way up, trying to block his words. "Jewels, I... she came onto me. And I didn't fight it," hard enough, he wanted to add. It felt like a poor excuse, regardless of his efforts he had failed, and that was all that mattered. "Our first payment is handled, but--"

"Good," the divine beauty chirped, beaming to him. "You've been working so hard, maybe you can take a bit of a break now that the pressure's off?"

"What?" Ryan couldn't help the small outburst, the giant worry in him lost in confusion over his wife's response to his admission. "Jewels, I... I cheated on you. It was the same thing as in high school, with Miss Fletcher. Just, out of nowhere she was suddenly all over me."

"Of course," his radiant angel set her laptop down, wobbling a little as she got to her feet with her oversized bust; accidentally knocking her screen with them in the process. It took a small moment to rediscover her balance, fixing her loose dress over her enormous assets before coming over to lay her arms over her shoulders. "You're the perfect man Ry, it's only natural women find you as irresistible as I do."

His woes were put to rest when her lips pressed against his own. She wasn't angry, not even frustrated about what happened, and it poured into him from her kiss. His eyes closed, their tongues danced, and the pressure that had built within him melted away. Like every other kiss they shared it ended too early for his liking, as she pulled away to look into his dark eyes.

Hands on her hips he was left with only one question. "So, what happens now?" he asked.

She reached up to cup his cheek. "Take a break. You've been working hard, and it paid off. I was just looking over Angela's resume, we should hire her as a financial advisor."

The man's face paled a little. "She wants to work for Mills?" his nerves were building again. "She'd be at the office, with me every day. What if..." he trailed off.

Julianne just gave a giggle, looking away as a knowing smirk spread over her lips. "I told you Ry, irresistible," she teased him, turning back to him with a cute little tilt of her head. "She'll be good help, and if all she wants is to feel you up every now and again, I think that's a fair trade."

She wasn't wrong he, needed the help. If he had another month like this one, Mills Investments would fall on its face, and where would that leave them? Him as a deadbeat husband, and his jewel with only her lost dreams.

They spent the rest of the evening together, ordering in a nice dinner and going to bed after a night of passion. He didn't find sleep though. When his treasure was sound in her dreams he rose up off her warm pillows and made his way to the nightstand. The top drawer, filled with the variety of odds and ends he tossed in with the intent to forget: electronics manuals; restaurant menus; spare pocket change from the end of each day. He fished through it to the bottom, to the fanciful invitation with its border and looping script.

Perhaps it was time to accept some help.

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“This was an excellent idea,” Julianne chittered excitedly, hanging off her husband’s elbow as they walked into her parents’ abode. It had been some time since Ryan’s last visit to the grand mansion, and the echoes of that time of their life were present in the excited thumping of his heart.

Not entirely a bad reaction. The place was filled with dozens of people, mingling as they filtered in and out of the many great rooms of the Ashton estate. This was a place like this’ true purpose: grand displays of wealth and affluence. He wasn’t here sneaking around his girlfriend’s mom this time; they were here for business.

Once again, the redheaded man was left feeling like a fish out of water. Even in his freshly dry-cleaned suit, sharp creases in the shoulders and elbows giving him a powerful silhouette, he was out of his element. On the other hand, his wife was right at home. She wore her elegant qipao like a second skin, the gold embroidered scarlet highlighting every dip and swell of her fantastic curves. Her jewelry matched with a cascading necklace, whose pendants disappeared into the dark chasm of her cleavage, and bangles which jingled about her lithe wrists, keeping just far enough up that her wedding bands were not robbed of attention.

There was no doubt she was the most beautiful woman in the room, and balanced out his blandness to let them fit in with the high society crowd.

“Ryan,” the familiar tone of his mother-in-law called out over the crowds. His eyes turned, catching the over-buxom woman as she made her way over. “And my Julie,” she chirped, taking her daughter in a loving, albeit difficult, hug.

It had been a while since he’d seen the two women together, let alone like this. Susan’s breasts were arguably massive next to the average woman, but over the course of the past year her daughter had overtaken her by leaps and bounds. Julianne’s chest squished around her mother’s, her skin-tight red dress consuming the ornate sequined garment her mother wore. One would have imagined it like looking through time’s lens, but for every bit his wife was the younger of the two, she had overtaken her parent in ways that defied age.

“I think I’m a little grown up for ‘Julie’ mom,” she teased, sharing a quick kiss on the cheek with the glorious woman.

Her mother gave a smile. “You’re never too old for your mother’s love.”

This was probably as good a time as any, Ryan fishing their invitation from his jacket and presenting it to the lady of the house. “Our invitation Susan,” he had to actively remember to address her as she preferred.

A smile graced her features. “Oh please Ryan, you’re family, you’re always welcome here,” she cooed.

Part of him assumed Mister Ashton disagreed, but the redhead wasn't about to say so out loud. "Thank you," he replied, as his wife finished up greeting her mother and returned to her place on his arm.

"Alright," Missus Ashton chirped, bouncing on her toes and sending her bust into the same, filling their ears with the sing song jingles of her sequins, "never any rest for a hostess. You two enjoy yourselves, you know where everything is Julianne."

"Yes mom," the divine blonde replied with a simper before her mother skipped off to socialize; something they would need to get about doing.

If he knew how. Ryan stood there for a moment, frozen in his shoes as he scanned about the dozens of people assembled; sharing stories that, with only the small fragments he was picking up, he knew he couldn't relate to.

Julianne's hands rested on him. "Relax," she whispered, dragging him back down to earth.

She leaned in, those goliath tits squishing up against him, and once more he was thinking they should be disappearing to her old room. "Sorry," he was quick to apologize, legs shifting to hide his arousal.

"Just be yourself," the goddess planted a kiss on his cheek, leading him along into the party.

It was like watching her swim, at one with the environment around them. Her sunny smile cut through the crowds, letting her shine like a beacon that drew in familiar guests as if they were wayward sailors.

"Ah Julianne," a feminine voice rang out over the noise to make a grab for their attention.

Recognition filled his wife's face as she turned. "Doctor Roberts," she greeted the approaching woman, a sandy blonde with rectangular glasses that rested low on a sharp nose.

A glass of champagne sat in her fingers, teal-painted nails that matched the blouse hugging her womanly form tapping excitedly. "And this must be the husband I've been hearing about," she reached out for a handshake. "Pleased to meet you. I'm Diane Roberts, Julianne's family physician."

"Ryan Mills," the man replied, feeling the firmness of her grip. He turned his brown eyes to his lover for subtle confirmation about sharing any of their recent news. The curve of her pristine lips told him yes. "So, family physician. Does that mean you'll be looking after our kids as well then?"

Diane's face lit up excitedly. "Already you two?" she asked, looking between the two of them.

The divine blonde gave a nod. "I was going to give you a call in a couple weeks to schedule an ultrasound."

"So, it's still early," the doctor chuckled, taking a sip of her bubbly drink. "Well, I'm glad to see you're not letting your condition hold you back."

There was a short silence between them, Ryan struggling to remember any detail that may have come up about it over the course of their relationship. Failing to come up with anything, he turned to his wife to ask. "Condition?"

Julianne paused, her face going rosy with embarrassment. "I think you'd describe it best doctor," she opened the floor to the motherly woman.

"I'm not sure it would be appropriate to discuss your medical history out in public like this," she offered, running those teal-coloured nails over the back of her neck. The angel's charms however didn't have her resisting long. "If you're fine with it though.

"Your wife has a rare form of breast hypertrophy. Compared to most with such a condition it was incredibly late onset, and with the natural size of her mother it was difficult to diagnose; it could simply have been genetics after all, and a late puberty," she explained calmly. "I honestly wish I could have noticed it sooner, saved you the heartbreak of having to give up competitive sports."

Memories of that moment came flooding back, paling Ryan's cheeks. He had to wonder a lot though. Had Julianne always had this condition, or was it his use of the dust that gave it to her? Questions he could never really get the answers to. The one person who knew anything about it was gone; a figment that disappeared on the wind.

There were some answers he could gather though, without seeming like he was detached from reality. "So, Susan doesn't have the same thing?"

Diane shook her head. "Nope, she's just naturally gifted," the doctor answered.

So, then he *was* the only one who noticed the woman's changing figure. It was probably safe to assume the same of Miss Fletcher and Angela too. That would at least explain why Julianne hadn't made any sort of fuss about what happened.

"Thank you doctor Roberts," the hyper-busted woman chirped, holding tighter onto her husband. "Shall we schedule the ultrasound for a month from now?"

"I'll pencil it in and give you a call to confirm," she replied, taking another taste of her champagne. "I'll assume you know to take care of yourself if you've gotten this far? Don't overexert yourself, avoid alcohol, stress, the usual."

Ryan couldn't help a chuckle, running his fingers over his wife's ring hand. "No worries doctor, I've been making sure she takes it easy," he assured, even as his goddess gave him a pout.

"Alright, we should get back to the party. We did come here to meet and greet after all, advertise Mills Investments," the beauty on his arm reminded.

The doctor offered a curt nod. "Well, it was a pleasure to meet you Mister Mills," she offered with a smile.

"You too doctor Roberts. I suppose I'll be seeing you in a month then, to meet our baby?" he went to idly rub his lover's belly, only to be blocked on the way by her immense bust and blush with embarrassment.

"I'll see you then," the physician replied with a chuckle, disappearing back into the crowds herself.

Short of his fumble there at the end, that hadn't been so bad. Be himself, it was easy advice, and with Julianne there to right any small faux pas he didn't have to worry. Maybe this was going to be easier than he thought?

They made the rounds, many of the people there recognizing the Ashton heir and greeting them with "There's little miss Ashton, all grown up." They got a number of congratulations on their recent marriage, toasts for luck with their growing business, and a few prospective investors.

"I'm going to find my father," the radiant beauty told her husband, planting a kiss on his cheek before slipping out of his grasp.

Sensible. It was Mister Ashton's party after all, and yet the man hadn't shown his face anywhere. A good thing in Ryan's mind, since he didn't feel ready to face his father-in-law, but his daughter probably had plenty of news she wanted to share with him.

"Alright, I'll be here," the red-capped man offered, watching his partner float away and leave him without his life preserver.

Sink or swim. He tried to make his way around, eventually just migrating his way over to one of the food tables and picking at the high end hors d'oeuvres. Without his wife, he was nobody in this crowd. The night's success had been thanks to Julianne's effortless charms, something more obvious the longer he sat there, snacking and looking out at the party.

What could he do, re-introduce himself to people they'd chatted up? He was out of his element, letting out a sigh and leaning against the table in defeat. "Not your kind of thing either?"

His head perked up, catching a young woman about his age standing next to him. Like most everyone here she was in a party dress, though she'd opted on the simpler side with a uniform piece of royal blue. It honestly worked for her, complimenting her dark hair, currently cut short and styled into a tomboyish pixie cut.

"Yeah," he agreed without even thinking about it. "I'm no good at this kind of thing, not yet anyway."

"You get used to it," she assured him, reaching out her hand. "Gwen Leigh," she introduced herself.

"Ryan Mills," he replied, accepting the greeting.

Her face lit up with a smirk. "Oh, so you're the one that finally broke into Julianne's bubble."

It was nice to be known, but simultaneously, he wished it was for something more his own merit. "Yep, that would be me," he replied with a smile, bringing up his hand to flash his wedding band for her.

"Nice," Gwen replied, toying with her bangs in thought. "So, just here for her then?"

Ryan shook his head. "No, the whole reason for coming was to network for Mills Investments," he admitted, taking a moment to straighten his tie. He wasn't quite in the mood to dredge up his shortcomings.

She gave a short laugh. "I feel that. You do what you gotta do though for your dreams," she reached back for a glass of bubbly, gingerly sipping on it.

"So, how do you know Julianne?" he expected a certain answer, but it at least changed the subject.

Seemed like she was doing the same, skirting around topics. "We've been friends for a long time," she explained. "My parents work for a pharmaceutical company under the Ashton umbrella, so I've known her since I was a little girl. We used to play together at these things, talking about what we wanted to do when we were grown up."

It was Ryan's turn for a chuckle. "I imagine Jewels' answer was following in her dad's footsteps?"

A weak smile crested the girl's lips. "That was the given answer, yeah. Always knew her destiny was in her name. It's nice to see she's loosened her grip on it a little bit," her sharp blues turned to him, almost challenging him in the same way as his father-in-law.

"Sounds like you were pretty close," he mused, though something seemed odd to him. "Why weren't you at our wedding?"

The dark-haired girl's lips pursed, and he could tell he'd made a misstep. "Sorry, I didn't mean to be rude," he quickly corrected.

"No, it's fine," she paused, leaning against the table next to him. "I got a bridesmaid invitation but, I chose not to go. I couldn't quite handle it."

A wave of familiarity washed over him. "Why so?" he asked. "You don't have to tell me if you're not comfortable, obviously."

"Probably not something her husband wants to hear," she pointed out.

"I wouldn't have asked if I didn't," he countered easily. "You seem like you want to get it off your chest."

She couldn't help brightening just a bit. "I... crushed on her pretty hard. There's a joke about epic tits turning girls into lesbians, but I wanted to bark up that tree for years before she had them," her cheeks tinted a pale pink, and he recognized how she felt almost immediately.

He turned towards her, needing to know. "Did you ever try to tell her?"

Gwen sank a bit, reaching her hands back to support herself on the table. "Yeah. She told me it wasn't me, but-" his heart stammered, robbing his face of colour as he relived that moment himself, "she wasn't in a place in her life she was ready to be with someone; too much on her shoulders," a small smile grew over her face. "I missed my chance, but I'm glad she found someone like you Ryan."

Something about that statement deflated him. "Thanks," he offered meekly.

"You don't sound particularly pleased about it," she turned her blues to him. "Not all sunshine and rainbows in paradise?"

How could he phrase it? He'd taken the shortcut to win his wife, potentially robbed this fine girl of that chance she lamented. "No, it's honestly perfect. I just don't always feel like I'm worthy of it. I mean, I can't even keep our investment firm afloat."

The slim woman offered him a smile. "Hey, business is hard. I should know, I've been spending months trying to get my charity up and running."

"A charity?" he asked, unable to help his curiosity.

She gave a nod. "Yep. I've been working on an organization to help pair orphans with families looking at adopting. It's a convoluted process right now, and not everyone can be as lucky as me," she gave a playful wink, excited and grinning as she talked about her passion.

One of his fuzzy red brows rose at that. "I thought you said your parents worked for an Ashton company?" he grilled her.

"Good listener on top of everything," she complimented, bringing a soft warmth to his cheeks. "Just because they didn't conceive me doesn't make them any less my parents. I'd even say they're more so, because they made the decision that they wanted me," her grin was adorable, as she fondly dipped into her memories. "As said, I'm lucky. Julianne's family were a perfect reference to ensure my mom and dad got full custody of me. I want my organization to be able to do the same for the parents who don't have that kind of support behind them."

The man couldn't help a flush of embarrassment. "Sorry, I didn't mean to step on any toes, or imply anything."

She gave a laugh, giving him a little brush of the arm with her fist. "You need to relax more," she told him.

"Scuse me," they were interrupted, a heavyset man pushing his way past Ryan and forcing him to stumble right into the punky girl.

They sat stuck like that for a moment, pressed together with only one of Gwen's hands, that had managed to jump up in time, between them. It was on his chest, and after so many times being in this situation, he couldn't help being fearful. Was she going to suddenly expand like every girl before her, coming onto him without warning from his "irresistible" charm?

Their eyes met, and once the bullish man had finished filling a plate, they were released. Nothing had happened. Ryan pulled back, making sure his jacket was still straight to give himself a second to figure out what to say. "Hard to relax when you get tossed into a pretty girl."

Her soft giggle diffused any awkwardness. "I dunno, I think I could relax in a cute boy's arms," she teased.

Maybe he wasn't out of the woods yet. She seemed to detect his discomfort though, resting her hand on his elbow. "Hey there, now it's my turn to be sorry. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I know you're married."

"That he is," Julianne's voice interrupted them, the goddess quickly sliding into place on her husband's arm and making a display of planting a kiss on his cheek.

His life raft had returned, just as he felt he'd started to effectively tread water. "How was your father?" he asked, taking her hand just to reassure her he wasn't about to leave.

"Same as usual," she sighed with a grin on her face. "And how were things with my sweetheart?"

"Well," he managed, feeling genuinely comfortable for one of the first times this evening. "Why didn't you ever tell me about Gwen Jewels?"

The blonde blushed softly, pursing her lips. "I'm not sure it's something my husband would want to hear," she mused.

Her childhood friend gave a chuckle. "I told him the same thing, it doesn't stop him," she joked, the redhead joining in on it with a hearty chortle.

Subtly his wife's nails dug into his bicep, clutching him tightly like he might fly away. "Jewels, you alright?" he asked, squeezing her hand once more to reassure her.

"Fine," she replied, smiling up at him with her sparkling visage.

Gwen knew her friend well enough, and couldn't help a frown. "Well, I'll leave you two be," she offered, pushing herself up and giving the couple a two-finger wave. She knew there was no room for her here.

"You don't have to," the husband piped up, but it was too late. The slim, punky girl had effortlessly disappeared back into the party.

Not even a proper goodbye, or a chance to give her their business card. Thinking on it, there was probably a lot Mills Investments could do to help out her noble ambition. "So," Julianne pulled him in close, breaking his train of thought as her, snugly wrapped, tits enveloped a good half of his torso, "anyone of interest you might want to bring into our little circle?"

"What?" he had to process the statement for a moment, turning to his wife with worry.

That naughty smirk on her lips let him know exactly what she meant, and his body reacted autonomously from her contact. "N-no," he stammered. Was this about Gwen?

Her arms draped over him. "Kept your charms to yourself?" she teased, laying kisses up his jaw. "Such a perfect opportunity though, we could take someone up to my old room for some fun. I know there's been a few eyes on you tonight," her voice was warm, thick honey in his ear, pushing him towards the edge, "I'm sure you could convince them."

No. The one moment he thought something would happen it hadn't, was karma biting him in the ass? He managed to wrangle himself, reaching up and taking her hands. "Jewels, you're the only person I want. Is... this kind of openness something *you* want?" he lingered, wondering exactly what it was she didn't think he should hear about Gwen. Did she have feelings for her? "Do you want someone else in our lives?"

She leaned in, her bust once more nearly keeping them apart on the way to a kiss. "I just want you to be happy, by my side," she told him, nuzzling herself into his chest.

His hold on her fingers tightened. "I am," he promised, laying a tender kiss of his own on her forehead.

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Things after the party, to say they were going well was an understatement. Individuals and groups from the event flocked in over the following days, leaving Ryan with so much work he had to begrudgingly give into his wife's whims and let her come to the office to help. To be honest, he was happy to have her company again; even if they had to deal with a few knocked water glasses or files from her "blessings".

With Angela as well, guiding a few of their riskier choices when she wasn't being openly handsy with her boss, their following month was a record that would have more than paid their debts. Things were taking off in their tiny offices, Julianne even suggesting they may want to consider a bigger building all their own. She claimed for the prestige, but the way her tits were compressing in her top as she walked through the door, bursting a button on yet another of her suits, her husband suspected another reason.

Their business wasn't the only thing growing. As usual, the buxom blonde's condition had her outsizing her underthings. Thankfully it was less extreme as time went on; a new bra every few days had become every week, and this was the first one she'd needed since the party. Visiting doctor Roberts for their ultrasound though, they got a bundle of good and worrisome news.

"And there they are," the matronly woman proclaimed as she held the ultrasound device to Julianne's exposed belly; a feat that hadn't been easy, requiring the slim mother-to-be to hoist her assets up and out of the way.

The couple looked at the monitor together, seeing the small little bean-shaped bubble and its rhythmic little throbs. "That's the fetal heartbeat. I'd say you're at about week seven or eight just looking at them in there."

The two of them were still in awe. From everything the media and people made it out to be, Ryan had expected a bit more. Still, knowing what that little speck on the screen was, he couldn't help already falling in love.

"You're past the most uncertain time for your pregnancy," the sandy-blond physician interrupted, "but you should still try to keep things light. Especially with these," she gave one of her patient's enormous melons a pat, sending a ripple of motion through it.

Her husband couldn't help himself. "What about them doctor Roberts?"

She gave a small sigh. "Unfortunately, Julianne, with your condition, a bad bump could have them knocking into your abdomen with the force of a punch. It's also unlikely to get easier when your milk starts coming in," the doctor took a moment of pause, wiping off the ultrasound device and offering the pregnant woman a paper towel to clean herself; or rather for her partner to. "I'd recommend swimming for exercise at most. And absolutely no running."

There was a tone of regret in the woman's voice. She knew, with the buxom girl's size, she could barely do more than a light jog, yet still needed to give the warning. A life lost to abundant "gifts", and she wasn't the only one to think so.

As Ryan finished drying off her tummy, he looked into his wife's violet eyes, watching her allow the oversized fun bags to fall back into place. "Well, that's a perfect excuse to use our building's pool," she offered cheerily, brightening the room with her smile.

Back to working alone, with Angela. With such a high-risk Ryan wasn't going to let his wife take the chance of their car hitting a pothole on the way to the office, or for the small doors to jostle her tits the wrong way and put their child at risk.

"Besides," he had finally managed to convince her after a few hours at home, "you can relax, and enjoy the pool while the crowds are away."

It was the best decision. As their funds continued to trickle in, their bottom line slowly rising with each passing week, they started to look into what it would take to move to that bigger office and satisfy their growing needs. Well, part of them anyway.

The blonde's form was changing in two ways now, the unrelenting advance of her bust, and the slowly expanding life inside her; new clothes were a must. It was hard to predict her size, every measurement session coming up a couple more inches around the chest, so they couldn't order in any custom nursing bras just yet. Then, to best protect the baby, minimum triple-strap boulder holders were needed for any shopping trips or errands; massive contraptions Ryan needed to help her into in the mornings she planned to go out. A task that could take him the better part of an hour as, even with her help, her torso-dominating tits would fight every effort to be contained.

Even restrained though they weren't any easier to deal with. Her proportions had stretched beyond the realm of eye catching they were in high school, and reached into obscene territory. Just her very presence had many reacting with disgust that she would dare be out in such a way. It wasn't entirely her fault. All her clothing needed to be custom ordered, and with how frequently she outgrew it even modest tops would soon show acres of her creamy cleavage. Even so, she was still Julianne Ashton Mills, and wasn't about to let their opinions stop her dressing however she wished.

It was a hefty expense, nipping at the heels of their business. Thankfully she didn't let her unruly body stop her from working. She was on the phone from home, giving him suggestions while he listened to their kitchen clattering about in the background as she moved about. More than once, there was the shattering of fine china, and her heavenly voice would let out a frustrated cuss; another little step back from their goal.

Within a few months however, they made it. Ryan signed off on the end of their first office's lease and that afternoon they were moving into their brand-new building. It was a hectic mess without Julianne's expert guidance, her redheaded husband doing his best just to get all their stuff in, not thinking ahead where it would need to go. He and Angela were left in a fortress of boxes once the movers were gone, stumbling through the maze to at least get everything out they would need to do business tomorrow.

It wasn't until late that night the man finally made his way home, arriving at their apartment to find his wife missing. "Jewels?" he couldn't help calling out instinctively.

Scanning around he caught her old swimming bag open on the couch, along with the discarded outfit he'd left her in this morning. "*Just at the pool,*" he realized with a sigh of relief. After such a long day it would be a nice opportunity to unwind together. So, quickly grabbing a towel and changing into his trunks, he made his way down to the basement to join her.

It surprised him to see he was still as fit as he used to be, trim cut swimmer's abs still prominent even after so long out of the water. Then again, thinking on it, the amount of sex he'd been engaged in with his jewel and Angela, and the effort it took to lift his wife's unearthly endowments, were probably more exercise than cutting a swath through the waves ever was. There was a small amount of pride he couldn't help but have at the idea, something quickly dashed when he stepped off the elevator and saw through the window to the pool room.

Julianne was there, floating barely past where her toes were touching the bottom. Her lithe arms waded through the water, doing little more than keep her up, her breasts getting small splashes to wet them as their buoyancy stopped them sinking more than three quarters of their girth. Most striking however was her face. Her beautiful lips were held in a disinterested line, her golden locks floating around her on the surface, the very image of a caged animal. The water had once been her home, a place that complimented her, where he had admired her magnificence day after day and fallen in love. Now it rejected her, leaving her like a beached whale, barely able to survive despite her desire.

A rotten sensation festered in his gut. This is what she was bound to every day, while he was off in the office skirting about, playing with their bimbo banker. Quietly he snuck his way into the room, the overwhelming scent of chlorine like a wall he had to pass through to get to the semi-private pool, and stepped down into the water with his wife.

Just that small lapping of the water against her back informed her of his presence. She turned, and her frown faded away for her sweet smile. "Ryan honey," she cooed, wading through the depths to get over to him. "How did the move go?"

Her hands rested on his arms, and he couldn't help a weak smirk. "Would have probably gone a lot better with you," he admitted, brushing her cheek with his fingers. "It's a bit cluttered, but we can work in it."

She gave a tut, shaking her head and flashing her amethysts up at him. "And what will our clients think walking in on it?"

"That we're just setting up. Again," the man relented, running his hands down her sides as she squeezed in closer to him.

The goddess shook her head, letting out an exaggerated sigh. "Oh, what will I do with you?" she wondered aloud, rhetorically of course, as she reached her arms up around his shoulders to take him in a kiss.

It was hard to be as passionate as her with so much on his mind, and she read it in him just from the stiff movements of his mouth. "What's wrong Ry?"

Pursing his lips, the only thing he could do was be direct. "Are you alright Jewels?" he asked, his dark-brown eyes casting around the empty pool where he'd found her.

"Of course, Ry," just like the last time his desire had stripped her from the water, it felt hollow; putting his wishes above her own. "Why would you think I'm not?"

There were many reasons, but the biggest one was still on the tip of his tongue. "You didn't look happy," he told her, his chest feeling heavier than her own.

She smiled at him, tears in the corners of her eyes. "Oh Ry," she leaned against him, resting her head on his shoulder. "Still always worrying about me."

Her soft lips caressed his skin. "I couldn't be happier. I have you, and soon we'll have our daughter," she let one of her hands slide down to his own, guiding him to her tightly-clad baby bump.

Warmth filled him at her words, her touch, the feeling of their growing child under his fingertips. He knew she was genuine, but that didn't completely dispel his troubles. "I'll always worry Jewels," he whispered, running his free hand through her golden locks, following them down into the water where they shimmered beautifully. "Why don't you come back to the office, at least 'til the baby's born? It's better than you being stuck here alone, and," his cheeks flushed with embarrassment, "I could use your help; before you have the baby to worry about twenty-four seven."

The divine angel gave a giggle, pulling away with the satisfied curl on her lips of a kitten who got into the milk. "Who said I'd be the one taking care of her all the time?" she challenged with that vigor he had first fallen for.

"True," he agreed, resting his hands back on her hips with a smile of his own. "We're both responsible for her, wouldn't be fair for me to leave all the work to you."

A golden eyebrow rose. "Says the one constantly trying to shoulder all the work at our office," she called him out, deepening the blush in his cheeks.

"I can't help it," he looked to her fondly. "I want to give you the perfect life Julianne, the kind you deserve."

His wife reached up, pinching his nose and giving his head a little shake. "Then maybe listen a little more!" she teased, coming up for a kiss that had her water-suspended breasts threatening to knock him over. "Well, if you're going to insist that I take mat leave when our little girl arrives, then I guess we should see about getting you some more help around the business," her face glowed like the morning sun, the bright shine of her smile casting away the shadows of doubt. "After we get it up to snuff."

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Getting her back in the office was the right call. Not only were they properly organized within a day, but seeing the buxom goddess moving about, delivering her authority with such natural grace; it wasn't as obviously majestic as swimming, but all the same she was at home, in her element and beautiful. The new doors let her massive bust get around freely, without the risk of getting caught and

landing back on her belly, though that didn't mean there weren't still accidents. The worst was probably in the middle of one of Ryan's meetings, his glorious wife popping in with some coffee for the two of them, only to misjudge the distance getting over the swell of her bust and send it tumbling down to splash all over his chest.

"Sorry hun," his jewel was quick to apologize, leaning over the table, tits like overinflated balloons that kept her suspended off her toes while she tried to dab up the mess. "Why don't you head home for the day, I can handle this deal."

He didn't want to leave her on her own, but, then again, they still had Angela to help out. "Alright Jewels," he relented. Thankfully the coffee hadn't been too hot, but he couldn't rightfully keep trying to do any investment work when his suit was stained. Besides, if he trusted anyone to get the job done it was her.

She had it closed before he'd even finished his shower, something that probably would have taken him the rest of the day. The Ashton heiress could accomplish alone, in an afternoon no less, what could take him multiple meetings and renegotiations. He really had a long way to go if he was going to give her the life she deserved.

Together they put their all in, the months flying by as she dominated the market, and he did his best to climb to her level. He was definitely improving, though on the other hand his wife's advancing pregnancy was starting to hinder her. Her baby bump had become almost like a third breast, an almost inverse comparison to make, but her assets had outgrown what most pregnant tummies could ever be. She was slowing, taking her time to get in and out of seats, and had starting to leave small dots of moisture on her blouses from the pressure their daughter was putting on her grandiose milk tanks.

Reluctant as they both were, it was time for her to resume working from home. That wasn't to say that they weren't prepared. No, Julianne had been working everything out to set up an internship program for them, and had a prospective lined up for an interview already. As much as the business savvy mother-to-be could easily have done it all on her own, she'd suggested Ryan attend the in-person aspect. "After all, you'll be the one working with her. She should be someone you gel well with."

Sensible as always, plus it would be an opportunity to handle the process so he could do it without her later. The couple waited in the entry for their new hire, the overburdened wife needing a hand to settle herself onto one of their couches with a grunt. How was she going to handle the last few months on her own?

Her seated relief was short lived unfortunately, their door opening to let in a spry young girl. By the redhead's guess, she couldn't be much out of high school. Her blonde hair was pulled back into a neat ponytail, revealing the cuteness of her round face for them both, and she was done up in, what the trim man assumed, was her best blouse and skirt. Dark tights ran up her legs from a pair of business-friendly mollies, giving it all a nostalgic feeling; that look of a child playing the role the first time. Plenty to learn, that hopefully he would be able to teach her.

"Missus Mills?" the girl inquired, her chestnut eyes going wide as the sight of the woman's extreme proportions. She was good at keeping the rest of her face neutral, but it was obvious seeing the divine goddess in the abundant flesh was a surprise to her.

Julianne gave a nod, looking to her husband for help getting to her feet. "A pleasure to meet you Chelsea," she rose with a taxed huff. "My apologies for any wait, the burdens of a mother," she gave her ready bump a pat that became a small rub.

The hopeful intern shook her head. "No need to apologize, I'm excited for the opportunity to learn under the heiress of the Ashton name."

That was a little disheartening for him to hear, though his beauty seemed to pay it no mind. "Would you care to come into our office, and we can get things underway?" the idol posed, resting her delicate hand on his arm for support.

So simple an action drew the girl's eyes to him, and a shy blush took her cheeks. "Ryan Mills," he offered out a hand to shake, trying to keep everything professional.

"Chelsea Green," she replied. Her fingers were warm in his grip, and she lacked the kind of vivacity needed for a good handshake. Easy enough to attribute that to nerves.

"Relax Chelsea," the redheaded man gave her the same advice his wife often did him. "Jewels wouldn't have picked you if she wasn't certain this will work out."

A smile graced the girl's pink lips, and he felt a renewed confidence in her grasp as she gave him a proper shake. "Thank you, Mister Mills," she chirped.

Introductions handled; Julianne led the three into a private office for the interview. With her husband's help she was eased back to a seat once more, giving him a grateful flash of her sunny visage and a kiss on the cheek before he settled down next to her. "Would you like to start us off?" his angel posed, turning the floor to her husband.

A part of him had hoped she'd take the wheel, being the one who'd set everything up thus far, but it did make sense seeing as he'd be the one working with the young prospect. "Alright," he mused, pausing to collect his thoughts over what his first question would be. "So, Miss Green—"

"Chelsea is still fine Mister Mills," the petite blonde piped in, fixing a stray strand that had slipped out of her ponytail over her ear.

Was it inappropriate to use her first name? He supposed it was up to her, and he should respect how she wished to be referred. "Alright Chelsea, but try not to interrupt. That might not go over well with clients," he did his best to forewarn and teach.

A blush took her cheeks. "S-sorry Mister Mills," she replied shyly, shrinking back into her shoulders a bit.

"It's fine, just something to look out for," he told her as his wife shot him a fond grin, resting a hand over her pronounced baby bump. "So anyways, what business experience do you have Chelsea?"

She took a moment to clear her throat, straightening back up in her seat. "Well, I excelled in all my high school business courses, and am well on my way to my MBA. This internship with you would act as my co-op."

The girl was in college already? "Good," Ryan looked to his jewel for confirmation, who gave an affirmative nod.

Sensing his anxiety, she picked up with the next question. "What are you looking to attain here at Mills Investments Chelsea?"

Once more toying with her hair the prospective intern answered. "I'd like to gain proper experience from one of the most prestigious names in the business world," her eyes drifted to the man among them, and with a worryingly familiar look she nibbled on her lip. "And her cutie of a husband."

Warmth flooded his cheeks at the inappropriate statement. "I know," Julianne's sweet words cut him off from any possible retort. "Isn't he just perfect?"

"Jewels," the redhead muttered in his embarrassment.

"What?" she teased with a naughty grin. "It's only natural she sees it in you."

The air of the room shifted around him, a nervous feeling festering deep in the pit of his stomach. He thought they'd discussed this at her parents' party, that she understood him and his wants, and yet he felt his love pushing again with the look she was giving; that they both were.

His dark eyes were drawn to Chelsea's form, the subtle differences in how she was sitting from just a moment ago. Sweat creased his brow as he watched her breasts filling out. She was arching her back, pushing her chest out to put strain on her buttons as she began to outgrow her ill-equipped sports bra. Below the waist she was squirming in her seat, each little rock of her hips riding her modest skirt further and further up her thighs as they swelled in thickness.

Maybe he could still keep things under control? "Um," he racked his brain for another interview question, "where do you see yourself in five years."

"I'm imagining where I'll be in five minutes," she blatantly flirted with him, reaching up to pop one of her fasteners and show off the deepening cleavage pushing up out of her elastic undergarment. "For five years though? I wouldn't mind being a full-time employee Mister Mills, looking after things while you focus on your family."

It was happening, for the first time right in front of someone else; his wife no less. She *had* to see it, but as he turned to his jewel she was just sitting there, a pleasant little smile on her lips as if nothing was wrong. It was unfathomable she wouldn't say something, not when so drastic a transformation was unfolding right in front of her. He was the only one bearing witness to what was going on.

All he could do was try his best to curb it. "Ambitious, but I'm not sure your imaginations would be appropriate--"

"I think that's a wonderful idea," his angel once more interrupted, flashing a mischievous smirk to him. "Between work, and our growing joy getting more and more in the way," she rest her hand upon their baby once more, "I haven't been able to tend to your needs sweetheart."

The colour sank from his face. She really wanted him to... Was it her plan all along? But, no, that was impossible; Chelsea had only started coming onto him moments ago. Was it a cause of the dust, twisting her just as much as it was the expanding girl sitting across from them?

Speaking of, the poor blonde was bursting more than just her buttons. Like with the two women before her to experience this phenomenon, her assets defied her clothes to contain them. Her face kept that round, youthful innocence while her body was ballooning into a proper, mature form a younger Julianne may even have been envious of.

It was hard to tell with how much that small sports bra was working overtime to compress them, but each of the girl's breasts was edging on the size of her face. More notable was her rear. Ryan could hear the stress on her skirt's stitching, rising in volume until it was put to death with a resounding tear along the back seam. The fabric jumped forward, the folds and patterns slacking as what had to be a massive hole opened up behind her.

Like she was semi-aware, the girl got up, turning and showing off her expanding hourglass figure. She lingered on the window that had opened, revealing her plain-white panties, now pulled up tightly into the crack of her plush ass, then as she came around a fresh fastener tore open to let more of her burgeoning bust free to push against the elastic of her bra. It was practically pulled sheer now, leaving not only the hills of her confined nipples obvious, but their cute cinnamon colour as well.

Of all things, the redhead didn't want to be aroused. His wife was right there, plenty capable of accomplishing the feat herself, and it felt almost blasphemous to be tickled by someone else in front of her. More importantly though, it was wrong. Angela was one thing, no matter how much he had disapproved, she'd been their banker, someone with some level of power and autonomy. Chelsea here was trying to get a job with them. He had the position of authority, and the scandal that could arise, even if he were as consenting as her and his partner in this, could ruin the lot of them.

He failed. As the blonde intern crawled across the table, heaving chest doing all it could to grow out of its overstretched prison, he was hard; tenting his dress pants in front of both of them with red in his cheeks. Words were lost to his maelstrom of thoughts, and before he realized it Chelsea was straddling him, breasts in his face as her arms locked him in on either side.

Julianne let out a lilting giggle, watching from the corner as the girl started to work. Her husband could feel the weight of her recently enhanced bottom, her hips wider than his thighs and giving her full coverage as she ground herself on him. Through three layers he could feel the heat of her sex, rubbing against his length to get him ready for what she wanted.

"Condom," he managed to blurt out, into the tits, larger than his head now, hanging in front of his face.

"No need to worry Mister Mills," the girl purred, taking her under-bust elastic and starting to pull it up over her massive melons. "I'm on birth control."

His treasure had been, and now they were on the way to their first child. He refused to take that risk again with someone not his soulmate, and it gave him a spark of courage to fight back. "Not good enough," he declared, planting a hand on her chest. Probably a mistake, as she'd already managed to get one of her heaving tits out and was now palming one of her thumb-sized nipples.

A whimpering moan escaped her, and she pushed her breast into his hand with a pout. "But I want to feel you cumming in me Mister Mills. It's not the same with a rubber."

He found himself withdrawing his grasp, once more letting her press forward to grind on him. There was just no winning. "No condom, we don't do this," he sputtered out with as much command as he could muster.

Chelsea let out a whine, plopping her boobs against his collarbone despite his protests; smothering him in a foot of cleavage in an attempt to sway his opinion. He wasn't about to budge, no matter how much his cock was aching in his trousers.

"There should be one in your wallet Ry," Julianne's sweet honey voice poured over them to remind him.

So much for an out to the situation. A malice grin spread across the intern's lips, and she collapsed onto him, draping her body over his as her hands roamed about to find the little bifold that held what she wanted. She discovered it in his back pocket, pulling him into her boiling crotch as he fought against letting her get it.

With deft fingers she plucked the contraceptive out and let the leather container fall away; she had what she needed, nothing else in it mattered. Then, like a fox who got in the hen house, she turned to him, hands traveling down and fumbling with inexperience to strip him out of his bottoms.

What could he do? From the corner of his eye, he gazed at his partner, watching the way she was eagerly nibbling on her bottom lip while she watched. She clearly wanted this to happen, guiding the girl along with little hints as she fondled him.

When his belt finally came open his cock jumped up to slap Chelsea's abs, splattering his pre onto what was left of her blouse and killing any remaining notion he wasn't enjoying the moment, at least on a primal level. There wasn't reason for him to fight it anymore. As she ripped open the packaging, he let his hands fall onto her hips, riding her skirt up to feel the pristine smoothness of her skin.

Once more the smooth siren song of their goddess voyeur washed over them. "There you go," she cooed, encouraging them while the condom was blindly rolled down his length.

Everything prepared, the blonde atop him rose, her tits smothering his face, surrounding him with doughy boob and blinding him to what she was doing. He knew her knees hadn't moved, her thighs were still firmly blocking him in on either side, yet he soon felt her hot insides lowering down his stiff rod. One arm wrapped his shoulders, pulling him into her curvaceous frame, as she moaned and dropped herself on him, and as she did, he couldn't help pulling those thick thighs down to slap against his own with his first thrust.

The prospect's voice broke, and her nails dug into him with unfiltered sexual desire. She was bouncing on him with abandon, that same kind of sloppy passion he and his jewel had as beginners, laying kisses in his red hair as he remained buried in her cleavage. Each little movement had her new breasts jiggling about, slamming into his cheeks as they fucked. His wife was right: they had been slowing down a little with their daughter on the way, trying to get everything ready, and it left him with vigor to spare.

He could care less for the slut riding him, but his angel wanted to see him rock her; he wouldn't disappoint. The man in Ryan took over, tightening his grip on her hips and pounding away. He snapped

whatever composure the girl had left, and she was reduced to horny, drooling babbles. Each thrust bounced her voluptuous body up inches, her unbound curves carrying the momentum up, only to never land as he slammed back into her once more. Within a minute he felt her reach a climax, her back arching and her eyes rolling back as her walls quivered around him, trying desperately to wring out an orgasm to match her own. He kept up with Julianne Ashton, with perfection, he wasn't about to hit his limit that easily.

Her hands had to release him, clawing for purchase as he ravaged her spasming box. She found the couch, anchoring herself for his vicious pumping, making each one strike her core all the better. It was ecstasy, the blonde's mouth opening into a pleased "O", not to close until he was finished having his way with her.

Their seat creaked beneath them, loud enough the redhead worried Angela, or worse a client, would hear them. If they did, no one interrupted, and soon his fingers sank into the meat of her ass while he rammed himself to the hilt inside her for the finale. He felt her twitch, sound catching in her throat and coming out as little more than gasps of raw euphoria as he filled the condom with shot after shot of hot seed. The rubber stretched, conforming to her inner walls before he finally ran dry, and fell back into the couch with a tired sigh.

Chelsea followed soon after, her body practically melting over his with all her plump assets. "That..." she began, still lacking words after such a rush.

Soft applause finished for her. "Wonderful, I knew she would be a good fit," Julianne cooed, leaning forward over her enormous bust, with a grunt of effort, to slide them the tissue box on the table. "You can start on Monday Chelsea."

A smile spread across the new intern's lips. "Yay," she chirped weakly, refusing to lift off the lucky man beneath her. Eventually, realizing she needed to deliver a more professional response she straightened. "I mean, thank you for the opportunity Missus Mills," the blonde pulled off her new boss' husband, revealing to him how she'd mounted him as the balloon of cum slipped out of her, and those soaked white panties snapped back into place from where she'd bunched them off to the side.

It was nice to see the changes to her form, and libido, seemingly hadn't affected her drive or cognitive function. Still, Ryan couldn't help but worry. Hopefully her desire was focused on him and wouldn't buck off to any clients she worked with, though that brought its own hiccups. What was it going to be like for him having *two* Angelas in the office with him every day?

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Exhausting, that was really the only word for it. He knew, deep down, his jewel was having a rougher time at home, but still he couldn't help that having two randy employees was taking its toll. Chelsea's aptitude for the job was impressive; she was taking meetings, with his guidance, within a few days, and after a month was confident taking them on her own. A bonus, since she liked to celebrate successful deals by throwing herself onto him when he was there.

The new girl was handling things as well as his wife, and with Angela covering the back end of things, honestly, him being there felt like more of a distraction. While he was around more time seemed to be spent undressing him with their eyes, before making attempts to literally undress him, than work; there'd even been one awkward threesome that shut down all activities for a solid ten minutes. At least it was an excuse to allow himself breaks outside the office, if not for his mental relief then for physical. Plus, as he adjusted his pants and let himself calm down after spending hours with his buxom staff, he knew just where he wanted to go to unwind.

The little bell above Burrito Sam's chimed, and the titular man behind the counter greeted his favorite customer with a warm smile. "Oh, not here with the missus today Mister Mills?"

"No, not today," the redheaded man answered, a small hint of disappointment in his voice as he approached the counter. "Baby's due any day now, so she's homebound."

The tanned chef couldn't help a chuckle. "Shame, shall I make one for her to go then? She's probably starving for one of her favorites," he offered, already instinctively pulling out two tortillas and laying them out in his workspace.

Ryan dismissed it with a wave. "Nah, I'll be returning to the office after lunch. By the time I get it to her it wouldn't be good anymore."

The elderly man turned his gaze to the crisp-suited youngster. "My food's just as good after a reheat," he challenged with a smirk. "Besides, you never know; could end up going home early."

Fair enough argument, and it helped take his mind off things at Mills Investments. "Alright Sam, one for Jewels, and one for me. Our favorites," he ordered and plopped down at their usual table. It did feel a bit emptier without his goddess with him, but still, it was a welcome escape from "work".

Sam set into motion preparing the food, sprinkling a first layer of cheese over the still steaming beef and rice. "Tough running your own business, eh?" he struck up the conversation, filling in for the man's missing love.

A heavy sigh flowed out of the trim man, letting out the built-up anxiety all at once. "Something like that," he admitted, resting on his elbows, feeling the way his fitted suit pulled over his shoulders like an intense weight.

"I remember being there, starting up this little hole in the wall," the old cook recounted as he seamlessly continued to assemble everything. "There was so much to do, way more than I'd first thought, but I stuck with it and here I am today. I've heard through the grapevine your little firm's been doing quite well already though; not that I'd expect less from the young Julianne Ashton."

Of course, what had he really done beyond coast on his wife's coattails? "Yeah," he trailed off into his thoughts.

Wrinkled eyes turned the redhead's way. "That's not the tone I'd expect from the man with everything," Sam commented, leaning over his counter. "Trouble in paradise?"

It wouldn't hurt to let some of it off his chest with someone familiar. "I don't know, I guess I feel useless sometimes? Like I'm not pulling my weight, or I'm only around for," the suited man paused,

realizing admitting to the shenanigans going on at the office might not be the wisest choice, “one or two things.”

The wise burrito maker gave a nod. “Does your wife have anything to say on the matter?”

Ryan pursed his lips. “Not that she’s said to me,” he offered, lingering on the idea she might be keeping her true feelings about his performance from him.

“Well then,” the tanned man spoke as he slipped out of his flour-dusted gloves, “I wouldn’t worry too much. Women tend to speak their mind on these kinds of things, and I’ve never known Julianne not to be one to let someone know they were bugging her. She’s a prodigy, born for this, you can’t go comparing yourself to that Ryan,” he finished up, wrapping his works and starting on the foil that’d keep the blonde beauty’s warm. “Just do your best, I’m certain that’s all she’d ever ask of you.”

A smile returned to the man’s lips. “Thanks Sam,” he replied, ready to start his meal when the buzzing of his cell stopped him.

He didn’t recognize the number, but it could be a client he’d yet to slip into his contacts list. “Sorry, I’ve got to take this,” the red-capped businessman took over, answering with a professional “Ryan Mills, Mills Investments, how can I—”

For a moment there was nothing but silence, even the hum of the restaurant’s fridge seemingly a thousand miles away. Ryan’s plain brown eyes shot wide, taking in every syllable on the other end of the line. “R-right, I’ll be right there,” he stammered, hanging up the call and jumping to his feet so fast the chair behind him toppled.

“Everything okay?” the old chef asked, seeing the blanking expression on the young man’s face.

“Yeah,” the word exploded from his mouth like a misfired cannon as he clumsily started fishing out his wallet. “I’ll need to take both of these to go.” His trembling fingers managing to get a grip on his bank card, getting it out to slam on the counter with unfettered gusto.

Sam clearly had a hunch, putting the finishing touches on packing the two meals and dropping them into a paper bag. “Why the big rush?” he goaded with a knowing little smirk on his tired lips.

Processing everything with those ever-turning gears in his head, the sharp-dressed man broke into a grin as he met the older gentleman’s eye. “I’m becoming a father.”

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He’d ran at least one red light on the way to the hospital, not to mention probably sped at least half the way there. Ryan wasn’t about to miss his daughter’s birth for anything though; that same drive he’d channeled a year ago to tear through the pool coming back as he leapt out of the car and dashed through the front doors. “Mills!” he practically shouted to the front desk in his excitement.

The nurse there raised his hands defensively. “No need to yell sir, just give me a moment,” he typed the name into his computer, the short span of clicking boiling the redhead’s anticipation over the edge. “Your name?” the man asked calmly.

“Ryan Mills,” the wait was at least helping him recollect his composure, even if he was bouncing on his heels anxiously.

With a nod the nurse pulled out a guest sticker, filling in the soon-to-be-father’s name. “There you are Mister Mills,” he handed it over for the man to affix to his jacket. “Your wife is waiting for you on the third floor, room D on the left side.”

Third floor, D, left. “Got it,” and once more Ryan was off to the races, hovering between a power walk and a full-on jog to get to his jewel.

The room was open when he arrived, letting him slip in to see his divine blonde sat back and relaxed while doctor Roberts hovered between her legs. Her heavy breasts were unbound, laying across her beneath a thin, blue hospital gown, clearly their largest size in order to handle her enormous assets, and hiding the woman’s baby bump quite thoroughly. If you didn’t know why she were here, you could probably assume it was just a gynecology appointment.

“I’m not too late am I?” he worried, realizing just how taxed his breaths were from running the way here.

The sandy-blondess shook her head, rising up from her inspection. “No, Julianne’s only at a few millimeters, plenty of time yet before the baby’s here,” she reassured him with a smile.

That was a relief. His golden goddess turned to him with a simper and a chuckle. “I knew you’d break records to get here,” she teased him, patting the edge of the hospital bed to invite him in.

“I got lucky, I was out getting lunch,” he lifted up the to-go bag from Sam’s and watched those amethysts sparkle with desire.

Diane was quick to pipe in. “Sorry, but she can’t have anything too substantial during labour. If she needs anesthesia at all it’s a health risk.”

A simple answer, but still one that had the buxom beauty whimpering. “Cruel,” she whined, the warm smell of her favorite meal now there just to taunt her.

Ryan set the take-out aside, far in the corner away from both of them. “Hey, it’s just as good reheated. When this is all over, we’ll celebrate together,” he promised, taking a hold of her slender fingers.

She squeezed back, her face tightening a mere moment later while her grip nearly crushed his hand. “Oh my god, is this it? Is she coming?” the husband spat out at a mile a minute.

“No, just a contraction Mister Mills,” the matronly doctor answered him curtly. “At the current rate, we’re looking at probably another six hours or so,” she peeled off her latex gloves, straightening her rectangular glasses up her sharp nose. “You could probably fetch her and yourself some broth and popsicles if you’d like to have that lunch together.”

He turned to his treasure, silently asking if that’s what she’d like. “It might help you relax a bit sweetheart,” she told him, pulling him down to lay a kiss on the corner of his mouth. “Beef broth please, and an orange popsicle.”

She was more than right. It was something to do, and it'd help ease him off the edge. He returned her kiss, and slipped away to get what she ordered in record time. It wasn't the best meal in the world, obviously, but they were together, and that made it wonderful.

Slowly their anticipation built. Julianne's contractions came quicker, her husband always right there for her even as his knuckles grew sore from her shattering hold on them. Their physician would check in after each one, updating on her dilation along with how much more waiting there would be. Soon it was only a few minutes between, sweat starting to mar the angel's perfect brow, and they got the big announcement.

"Alright, seven centimeters," doctor Roberts declared, adjusting her stool in the over-buxom woman's blind spot. "Time to start pushing into high gear Missus Mills."

The beauty nodded along, more focused on the task at hand than the numbers behind it. "What should I do?" her redheaded partner asked nervously.

"You're good where you are Mister Mills, right here with her," the sandy-blond told him, adjusting his wife's legs to get ready. "Okay Julianne, ready? I want you to breathe, and when the contraction hits, I want you to start pushing."

"Kay," the busty goddess let out quickly, pulling her lover in closer.

This was it; she was almost there; the last leg of the relay. Despite the pain, the insane difficulty of the task at hand, Julianne remained composed. She was red in the face, gritting her teeth and squeezing him tight, but she refused to scream; tough and stubborn as ever.

"She's crowning," Diane informed them, getting her hands in place to receive the new life they were bringing into the world. "Just a bit more."

The angel pushed with all she had, her efforts a groan muffled by her clenched teeth until it broke into her first cry. It was the only one, and when it ended a tiny voice picked up after her. The first wails of their child.

There was a short moment of clean up, a couple of nurses coming in to help the doctor with extra hands, and then it was declared. "Congratulations Mister and Missus Mills," she told them, lifting up a tightly wrapped little bundle, not even as big as a loaf of bread, "you're the parents of a beautiful baby girl."

The new mother was exhausted and it showed, but still she held her trembling arms out to accept her daughter. Their little one sat perfectly atop the woman's bust, like a pair of comfy pillows three times the girl's size, and the golden blonde immediately set to comforting her. "There there," she whispered on weak words as Ryan leaned over to get his first look, "mommy and daddy are here."

He never thought his heart would fill with unbridled joy like it did for his jewel, but, looking down at the scrunched little face of his firstborn, he thought it just might burst. "Yeah," his voice was soft and comforting, "we're right here."

Her little eyes fluttered open, not really able to focus on anything as they wandered around the room. "Did you two have a name picked out?" doctor Roberts asked, ready with the birth certificate.

The redhead had been so busy with work, or rather the people at it, he hadn't really given it much thought. "I'm sure Jewel's has something in mind," he turned the floor to her.

A warm smile crossed her lips. "She's your daughter too Ry," her voice was still weak, her attention stuck on their little one. "I'm sure you know what's just right for her without even trying."

Blush filled his cheeks, and he looked down at their precious gift, listened to her quiet little fusses. Yes, something did come to him. "Serina," he answered, holding a finger over her and watching those violet pools trying to make sense of it.

"Serina Mills," Julianne repeated it, watching her husband and their daughter. "It's perfect."

"Like you," he added, turning to her with a flushed smile.

That got a small laugh from his love, her bust jiggling and jostling their young one and causing her to fuss. Her mother was on the case. "I know, I know," she cooed, "you're hungry. So am I," she joked, reaching back to slip the knot out of her gown.

"I'll leave this here for you," their bespectacled doc slid the form onto the table with their now-lukewarm food rolls before heading out to give them their privacy.

"Thank you, Diane," Ryan called after her before returning to swoon over his Serina, his new treasure to go with his jewel.

The blue fabric slipped off the goddess's bountiful form, revealing her milk-laden breasts; their little one's cries having beckoned creamy white beads to her teat's surface. "Ry," she whispered softly, holding their bundle at arm's length so she could reach her mama's nipple.

He watched, mesmerized by the beautiful sight. "Yeah Jewels?" he asked.

"Can I have my burrito?" she pleaded with a playful pout. "And then could you maybe hold Serina for me? It's a little hard to keep her in place," she pointed out as their young one found the thumb sized tap and started to suckle away.

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Serina's soft crying roused her father, the redhead's eyes painfully creaking open to look at the clock on the nightstand. Three AM, of course. Turning over his shoulder he saw the great bust of his wife, just behind it her face still serene in her slumber. Good, he'd woken up first, she could keep resting. Between the milk pump, and emailing Chelsea and Angela back at the office to keep things running, she deserved the sleep. At least she'd insisted on him taking paternity leave with her, this would have been almost impossible on her own the past few weeks.

Throwing his legs out of bed he got to his feet, stretching as they automatically marched him towards his needy child. "Hey hey," he tutted in a tired tone, scooping up his precious treasure into his arms. "Daddy's here."

Her fussing lessened at the sound of his voice, and he quickly carried her out of the room to ensure Julianne's rest went uninterrupted. Their little curly cued bundle didn't stink, so more than likely

she was just hungry. One hand bouncing her in his arms, he slipped to the kitchen for one of her mother's fridged milk bottles and popped it into the microwave for a couple seconds to warm it up.

He was seamless with it, having gotten plenty of practice at the cost of proper night's sleep. As he looked down on his daughter though, her teary little purple gen eyes looking up at him, he knew he wouldn't trade it for the world.

The microwave beeped, and squirting a tad on his wrist to make sure it wasn't too hot he got to work tending to her needs. "There you go," he cooed, watching her little hands come up as she greedily sucked away.

Before long, it was all gone, a not insignificant amount down the corners of her mouth and dribbled over her chin. With their softest hand towel, he dabbed up her mess, watching and laughing under his breath at her scrunched little faces. "We're almost done," he promised, finishing up by soaking as much as he could from her jumper.

Serina gave a big yawn, a full tummy reminding her just how sleepy she was. It would take a few minutes getting rocked while she rested on her father's chest before she'd allow herself to doze back off though. An opportunity for Ryan to carry her around, and hum her favorite lullaby softly behind his lips.

The feeling of soft flesh pressed into his back, and without any more warning he was met with his wife's kiss on his cheek. "I was trying not to wake you," he chuckled with an ounce of disappointment to his voice.

Julianne didn't respond, instead resting a hand on his shoulder and sliding around him to watch their baby. "She loves her daddy," she swooned, nuzzling into his neck as her monumental milkers wrapped around them both.

He couldn't deny that, not when looking at how her tiny head sat against him more comfortably than any pillow. "Yeah," he whispered, sinking into his partner's embrace and reveling in both their affection.

"We should look into a bigger place with how fast she's growing," she told him, her delicate fingers gliding up his mostly-uncovered thigh to his hip and the waistband of his boxers. "Much as I adore our little love nest, it's definitely not suited for raising a family."

She had a point, as always. "We can barely keep up keeping this place clean," he noted. "How are we going to manage more?"

That naughty hand reached up to tap him on the nose. "Mills Investments is growing well enough; we can afford to get a maid or two."

A maid? The idea brought a nervous flush to his cheeks. What if they ended up like the others he had to spend large amounts of the day with? Not to mention he didn't imagine they would be cheap; house service always seemed like the kind of luxury he would never be able to afford. He'd have to work extra hard to get to a point they could support that kind of a lifestyle.

Still, he couldn't deny the benefits. "A maid could help with Serina," he suggested.

His wife paused, letting out a playful giggle. "There's no substitute for you with that," she teased, giving their daughter a gentle pat as she drifted away to dreamland in his arms.

"Maybe," he agreed, seeing the look on their precious treasure's face. "I've got to be the best for her though, to give you both the life you deserve."

The divine blonde rest her head on his shoulder, leaning some of her weight on him in her exhaustion. "You will be," she told him, laying one last kiss upon his neck before guiding him back to the bedroom.

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Alice sat in the Menagerie, laying upon her copious bosom as she held a glass bauble showing the couple in her hands. Her plush lip pushed out, watching as the redhead laid their baby back in her crib, pressing a soft kiss to her forehead before getting back between the sheets with Julianne.

"Madam, you said you'd take care of things," the blonde whined, casting an accusatory pout at her witchy boss. "He hurt me you said, so he's supposed to get punished, right?"

The fiery-haired woman perked up, her slender fingers rising to silence her plaything for the moment. "I did," she verified, "and he will. Some things take time Alice darling, a slow burn."

The hyper-buxom woman looked back to the orb, still unimpressed at the unfolding sight. "But how? Everything's perfect for him, and he got her," she whimpered pathetically, tears welling in the corners of her eyes.

The Madam's cap slipped back to show off a pair of golden-furred fox ears, fur coating her forearms as they came up, the whole of her body leaning on those titanic melons just to reach and dot the wetness from her cheeks with what had become bestial claws. "Not all is what it seems Ali dear," she whispered as a pair of fluffy tails sprout out behind her, dancing devilishly. "He'll get what's coming soon enough. But, while we wait," she purred, guiding the girl's face to her own to sensually lock their lips, "how about I remind you you don't need him, or any Ryan. All you need is your Madam Materia."

Another kiss, and Alice melted with a soft moan. The world slipped from her hands, rolling down her multiple feet worth of dark cleavage to the floor. "Yes Madam," she cooed, pulling the vixen in tight against her bust to show her love.