

Some Small Satisfaction

FlashBigger

Aaron was frustrated. And horny. And frustrated. And, maybe, even a bit more frustrated than that.

He loved his wife, Chelsea, but after six years of marriage, it was starting to get impossible to ignore his frustration. His heavy gaze fell to the source of his troubles, bobbing in front of him in time with his pulse.

While, in most other ways, an average man of 5'10", and 195lbs, Aaron was decidedly unique in one particular way. His 15" erection towered before him, thick, purple, and throbbing. He'd already cum in his hand, sitting here in the bathroom. Once was rarely enough to get the monster to sleep for awhile.

And, of course, Chelsea was little help. "Little" was entirely the problem there, too. At 5' even, and weighing in at a grand 110 lbs, Chelsea could take only slightly more than a third of his length. Maybe 6" worth, on a good day. When they had gotten together, she was exactly the kind of woman he was looking for. Achingly sexy, slight and petite, and with boundless sexual energy.

In hindsight, he'd ached with desire for her - but those desires had never been met. He had dreamed of taking such a small thing like her and burying his whole massive cock within her. He'd seen her writhing in ecstasy on the bed as he slid each and every inch of himself in and out of her.

Which, of course, was plainly impossible. Forget how much she'd loved to try (at first), there simply wasn't 15" of IN for him to GO in.

The excitement of having a man with such a monumental dong had been enough for Chelsea. And, for years, Aaron had thought that what they had was enough for him. After all, Chelsea was usually willing to go a few rounds with him, and they had sex an average of 12 to 16 times a week. He came copiously and frequently. But, the heart (as with certain associated parts) wants what it wants.

Over these last few years, in particular, his idea of beauty had changed. NOW, beauty was BIG. He'd found himself, more and more, jacking it to pictures and videos of taller women. Stout women with flaring hips, barrel chests, and huge, jiggly breasts. He longed for someone like that. For the chance to - finally! - truly Enter a woman. To fully, and completely, be sheathed inside of a gorgeous, HUGE pillar of femininity.

And, at the same time he'd been going through those changes, Chelsea had gone through her own. She knew, of course, his Aaron's dissatisfaction. Somehow, over time, it had gotten easier and easier to see him - AND his massive cock - as a chore. Sex was good - hell, every once in awhile, it was still GREAT! - but she had her career, her friends, and her hobbies as well. She'd begun to lose interest in sex altogether, between not being able to be what Aaron wanted, and his high sexual demands.

The truth was that those other things, career, friends, and hobbies, had never stopped being important to her. She turned to them not because they were being neglected, but because they were areas of her life where Chelsea felt she had real agency. She could work harder, be more supportive to her friends, and get better at her hobbies... even if she couldn't satisfy Aaron.

Both husband and wife loved one another, and neither had even remotely begun to consider separating. But neither could see any reasonable way to fix things. Sometimes, usually by blind luck, the universe can be accomodating.

The pieces of their salvation fell into place in a flurry: Caught in a risky double-deal that Aaron had advised her against, Chelsea was put on review by her advertising firm. She left the office at 10 AM, that Monday, expecting to be fired. And expecting to find a new career altogether: You could pretty much guarantee that your time as an advertising agent for ANY company was over if you got caught working for the enemy. Who would hire you after that?

Not willing to talk with Aaron, just yet, Chelsea elected, instead, to call her friend Jasmine. Maybe, she reasoned, she could figure something out with Jazz, over coffee. Then, when Aaron was home from work that evening, she'd have a plan. Something to fall back on, now that this had happened. Something, maybe, to soften the blow.

But just as her career bailed out on her so, too, did Jasmine, and Kenny, and Hannah, and Jerome. And, with each lame excuse from each of them, something dawned on Chelsea. Not one of them had ever been as supportive to her as she had to them. Jazz, at one point... but not for almost ten years now.

And so, standing on front of what was about to become her former office building, cell phone in hand, Chelsea had turned, without looking, without really thinking, and stepped into the street, intent on spending the afternoon finding a new job.

The cab hit her at only 25 miles an hour. It was as her head hit the windshield - not even cracking it - that a very small piece of her brow bone was chipped loose and pressed against her pituitary.

Two hours later, when they performed an X-ray to rule out any damage, they saw nothing out of the ordinary.

At first, Aaron thought it was depression. He and Chelsea had fought, argued, cried, and eventually made up about her job. She'd explained her bumps and bruises and neither of them really gave the accident much of a thought.

But, in the week that followed, Chelsea was different. At first, it was just that she was restless. Sitting around an empty house all day would do that to anyone. But then she started to eat. And eat.

It wasn't a huge change, just noticeable. When he brought it up with her, she shrugged. "Maybe it's just that I have the time... I haven't really noticed anything, to be honest."

Then, when he came home from work a week after the accident, she'd ambushed him, as he came through the door. He suddenly found his very horny wife pressing him back against their front door, madly kissing him and working at his clothes.

She had him into their room and undressed in record time. As she straddled him and prepared to lower herself onto her, Aaron looked up at her in wonder. Clearly she'd put on a little bit of weight, but so far it was all to the right places. Her normally flat chest was flushed and swollen, even if her breasts were still small domes. And her butt was rounder and fuller, as were her thighs. She looked magnificent.

And, as he looked at her, he suddenly felt something amazing. Chelsea slid down... and down... and down, taking just over half of his length into her. He'd never been eight inches into a woman before.

He throbbed and inadvertently thrust, incredibly pushing a little farther in. Chelsea had gasped, her eyes lighting up. "Oh, Jesus," she moaned. "I can't believe how much of you.... I... Honey, you feel so good. It feels so fucking good...!"

Eyes closed, breathing deep, she'd slid on and off of him, taking him all the way to her limit each time.

Each thrust was slow, almost aching so. On the ninth stroke, as she lowered herself, Aaron had arched his back to thrust upward, meeting her. At the same time, he began to fire

furious, forceful gobs of spunk against her cervix. She shrieked, clamped down, and climaxed herself at the sensation.

Propped up on his elbows, he stared at his wife, almost like he didn't know her. Chelsea, for her part, looked like she didn't know herself.

When she saw the look of contented awe on her husband's face, she burst into both laughter and tears. They talked for a long time and, at last, many wounds were cleaned, and tended to. They could finally start to heal.

If that had been all, it would have been enough. But things continued to change. It was another week before Aaron noticed that she seemed taller, as well as fuller of figure. He measured her and was amazed to find that she was, indeed, an inch taller.

A quick trip to the doctor, a PET scan, and a lot of doctors scratching their heads at the test results later, and the culprit had been found. A small chip of bone, agitating her pituitary gland and causing an increase in HGH, among other things.

They scheduled a surgery for as soon as possible. After all, at the rate things were going, she would probably be another inch taller by the time they were ready... maybe two.

Two days before the surgery, Chelsea appeared in the doorway of their computer room. Aaron wrapped up what he was doing and turned to her. She was hidden half behind the door, wearing only one of his button up shirts. It looked amazing on her and he felt his dick begin to harden. He stood.

"I don't want to do it."

Aaron blinked. "Oh. I thought, with the shirt-"

"What, sex? OH! Yeah, I want to do THAT!"

He sighed with relief. Then thought it over. "Wait, you mean the surgery?"

She nodded slowly, seductively. "Not yet."

He shook his head slowly, not understanding. "But... I mean, Chelse, this is your brain we're talking about. I mean, look at you! You're 5'3" and a half! And-"

He stopped as she pulled the shirt tight against her. "I'm 5'3" and a half, 115 lbs, and a 32B. Almost a C! I look more like a woman now than I ever have... and last night, I managed to get a full 10" of you into me!"

Aaron was taken aback. "So, what, you want to just keep growing? For how long? This is your HEALTH, Chelsea!"

Despite his protestations, Chelsea could tell that he wanted it too. It was in the way he'd said "keep growing", among other things.

"I want to keep growing... until I can take all of you. Until I'm big enough to bury your cock inside of me and wrap my tits around the sides of your head while I do it."

She knew he'd keep arguing, but his monster dick was already announcing itself beyond his abilities to hide it. "Chelsea, I-"

Chelsea stepped up to him and pressed her soft thigh against his, trapping his cock between them. "I know you want it too, Aaron. And, I promise, if anything else happens, if we have ANY reason to think that I'm in danger, I won't put off the surgery."

He swelled to full size as she reached into his pants and hungrily grabbed him. But his eyes remained firm. "It's not worth the risk."

For the first time in her little presentation, Chelsea felt uncertain. She couldn't sway him, that was plain. Was he right...?

Stepping away from him a bit, Chelsea bit her lip. "Aaron... I-"

"I love you so much, Chelse. I love that you would even consider this. More than you can know. But, even so, it's just not worth the risk."

Looking at the ground, suddenly buried in a mix of shame and self doubt, Chelsea turned and left, mumbling behind her that she wanted some time alone to think.

Aaron sat down heavily. He felt odd. On the one hand, he'd just denied the woman he loved from trying to live out his personal fantasy. And, on the other, he felt just fine about that.

Really, about all he solidly felt was worry for his wife.

When he got home from work the next day, she was gone. Her note was simple: She wanted this. Not just for her, not just for him, but for both of them. And she'd be back when she thought she was big enough.

The six weeks she was gone were the longest, most strife filled weeks of Aaron's life. And he blamed himself and his own sick fantasies for every second of it.

It was, again, on a Monday, eight weeks after the whole mess started, that Chelsea walked back in.

He was asleep in bed. It was still just before dawn. An odd noise awoke him someone was moving in the hall.

He stiffened and tried to glide out of bed silently, going for a baseball bat in his closet. Whoever it was, they weren't soft footed, that was for sure. Tiptoe after tiptoe, he moved towards the closet. Then, hearing two heavy footfalls, he leapt for the bat - the invader was coming straight down the hall towards him!

He swung it back, just behind the door, ready to crack it into the robber's face the second the door swung inward and-

The bat fell to the floor. The whole universe might have fallen away. The vision before him was so... unbelievable that his mind couldn't process it, for awhile.

Ducking under the seven foot tall doorway, his giant of a wife stepped back into his life, nude but for a long coat and her purse. Her clothing was littering the hall behind her. She was smiling softly, knowingly, as she stepped past him, laughing a little to herself when her hair knocked their light fixture slightly, setting it to swaying.

It wasn't the only thing. With her every step, her boobs and ass jiggled and swayed in their own separate, and beautiful ways. Her ass was a vision of two basketballs atop thick, soft, plush looking thighs. If her waist had grown, he'd be surprised. Logically, it must have, at her size, but it seemed even smaller against the rest of her.

Her boobs. Each of them hung to her naval, and yet they were so full and round as to appear almost fake. He'd never seen tits, real or enhanced, that large and perfect before.

She sat on the edge of the bed and crossed her long, sexually charged legs. "Hello, Aaron."

Aaron could only shake his head, mouth hanging open, unable to deal.

"That's right. I'm a giant. It didn't take me long to figure out that the more I ate, and the more I came, the more I grew.

"I went south and found a hostel to stay in. Cheap, only ten dollars a day. Then I just did whatever I could to get ready for this. I wasn't sure if I was quite ready... it might still be a day or two."

"A... day...?" dribble ran down Aaron's chin from the corner of his mouth. His erection was at full strength, even if he didn't realize it.

"...or two. Before I'm ready."

Again, that puzzled, bleary, confused response. "...Ready?"

Chelsea smiled wickedly and reached into her purse. "I've been... training, I guess you'd say. Practicing. For the last couple of days, with this."

She removed a massive rubber dildo. He could only stare. His eyes cleared, though. This was starting to make sense to him. But, really, only as a fantasy. She laughed at that. He didn't even know how much of a fantasy.

"But, see, it's only a foot long, and not NEARLY as thick... as... you."

She beckoned him with a finger. "But, then it occurred to me: I'm already BIG enough in one area." Leaning forward, she let her immense breasts sway down, gathering them between her arms and lifting them up and back to create the most mind boggling cleavage a man ever saw.

A cold, clear voice began to call Aaron back to reality from deep in his own head. *This is it. This is your last chance to ever live this, Aaron. And you're not doing the right thing, by her, if you reject her now.*

He nodded and let his boxers fall fully to the floor. A fire ignited behind his eyes. Steely, he crossed to her and pushed her back onto the bed. She gasped with delight, having expected more of a fight before they got to this part.

It was amazing. Chelsea had spent the last six weeks turning herself into a sexual goddess. She had planned, meticulously, to take charge of things, when she got back. Now, here she was. And, with Aaron suddenly being dominant, all she wanted was to lay back and be his.

Soon, she promised herself, I'll be in charge next time... but only sometimes. This is good, too.

Chelsea gathered up her tits and prepared them for Aaron, but he didn't climb on the bed. Instead, with that same hard, covetous desire, he slowly spread her legs and rubbed the head of his cock against her pillowy vulva.

Immediately, Chelsea groaned and Aaron was amazed to see her fluids running from her, running in thick streams for a few moments. Had she just cum...?

A look at her face confirmed that, yes, even that light touch had been enough for her, she was so turned on. He marveled at her for a moment. It was her pussy that caught his attention most. Still familiar, but now... so... big. And fuller - it seemed puffed up with blood and heat. Moreso than he'd ever seen from Chelsea, certainly. But that was the theme of the morning: More than he'd ever seen from Chelsea.

Unable to stop himself, Aaron pressed the head of his cock into her, delighting at the ease with which he began. He took almost a minute to slowly, but insistently, push forward. Twice, at about eight inches and at about twelve inches, Chelsea quietly orgasmed once again. Each

time, it nearly sent Aaron over the edge, himself, as she furiously gripped him and he could feel her juices gushing along his cock like sweet, hot jolts of pure pleasure.

After the second one, he looked at her questioningly. Three inches left. He, of course, could have died happy, right there. Almost all of his ridiculous manhood was buried in the most attractive creature he'd ever seen.

Chelsea bit her lip and pinched her own nipples lightly as she nodded to him.

Aaron pulled back a few inches and then slid forward up to thirteen inches. It was tight. Very tight. Chelsea had gasped and gone wide eyed. She nodded again.

Aaron pulled back a bit farther, maybe seven inches of him out of her, and rammed back in. To both of their delights, they felt her cavity reluctantly stretch and open to allow him in deeper. Almost all of him.

Chelsea sighed audibly, thinking the deed was done. "Oh, Aaron, I can't believe I did it! I can't believe I got all... of..." she trailed off, seeing his gaze.

He shook his head. "One more. All the way this time."

Her eyes grew wide and, for the first time since she began to grow, Chelsea felt real fear. But, despite that, she nodded.

Aaron pulled, aching, almost all the way out of her, eliciting a series of extremely wonderful micro-orgasms from his giant wife as he went.

Finally, he heard from within, as he grabbed her hips and pulled forward with all his might.

For a split second, right at the end, it seemed that it wouldn't happen. But the resistance lasted for only the barest of moments before he was in and - unbelievably - he felt his balls swing forward to slap her in the ass.

Both of them stayed like that for a long moment, just feeling their pelvises touching. Feeling every bit of him being in her.

And then Aaron fell on top of her, face first into her monumental tits, and he began thrusting furiously, aching for the relief he'd been denied his whole life.

Chelsea was lost to pleasure. If the preamble had been *that* good, this was just off the charts. Having not just his face and hands, but *most of his body* pressing into her mammoth mams while she was truly good and filled by the largest cock she'd ever seen? That was beyond. Simply beyond.

For ten minutes of agony and bliss, her husband fucked her as no woman on Earth was likely ever fucked before. And, as he came close to his finish, Chelsea felt something new happening.

It was like a whiteness was drifting over everything. Sight, sound, feeling, all of them were getting gathered up in that white sense of bliss... And then she could feel him cumming, positively hosing her insides out with the sheer volume of his ejaculate. And, just when she thought she couldn't take anymore- blackness.

Having never been aware of losing consciousness, it was confusing to find herself somehow coming back to it.

A beep, a regular, rhythmic beep, woke her. She felt herself again, felt blankets brushing against her. Felt her feet hanging over empty air.

As she tried to stretch, Chelsea discovered she was too weak. Failing that, she decided to just open her eyes. But that, too, proved almost too much to accomplish. She could hear Aaron, though. He was mumbling to someone else. A woman's voice. But Chelsea couldn't make it out.

Finally, the hospital room around her swam into view in a melange of shapes and colors. She blinked a few times. Hospital room?

Aaron saw her move and smiled at her. "Hey, Chelse. Hold still, you're doing fine."

"wazrong?" she asked, aware that her mouth sounded like it was full of jello.

Aaron smiled. "Nothing, you're ok now. What's the last thing you remember?"

As more swam into focus, Chelsea became aware of a few things. First, she was taller. Having spent six weeks growing, she'd gotten used to gauging it. Second, her tits were even bigger. Maybe as much as four inches bigger around. A big difference. Lastly, she was in a hospital.

"We were... y'know... when I got home. You were... you had just... cum."

Aaron nodded slowly and Chelsea realized, with a shock, that talking about this in front of the lady doctor wasn't embarrassing to him. They'd already talked about it, Aaron and the doc. It had been awhile since they brought her here.

Over the next two hours, Aaron explained what had happened. At her size, and with the extreme stress she'd been placing on her body, her own state of near constant orgasm had led to an aneurysm. A blood vessel had exploded in her brain and she'd nearly died.

During the surgery to save her life, Aaron had asked the doctors to remove the bone fragment from her pituitary. It had been almost another two weeks since then.

"But, if they removed the fragment, why am I bigger?"

Aaron shrugged. "Well, we don't know for sure, but the best guess is that you were saturated with hormones. It's taken awhile for them to reach normal levels and you grew for about the first five days you were in here. But you've stopped. Probably for good."

Chelsea smiled a weak smile. "That's good. I wouldn't want to get TOO big for you."

Aaron smiled back. "You're about 7'5" tall, and when we weighed you... I'm sorry, do you want to know?" She nodded gravely. "384 lbs. If we can find someone to make one for you, you'd wear the equivalent of a 38P bra. That's not a real bra size, not really, but it gives you an idea."

It took her another few weeks to recover, and a lot longer than that to get used to life at her new scale. Particularly now that her energy levels were back to normal, now that she wasn't constantly pumped full of hormones.

Of course, both of them realized, very quickly on, how much of an asset her new stature and dimensions could be. It didn't take long for Goddess Lexa to become the premier giantess of the webcam world.

And having a regular sized husband with such a massively irregular sized cock made her size seem even more amazing when Aaron would fuck her on camera.

They became living legends to their particular niche group. Fans spent hours commenting to each other on how unbelievable Lexa was, how immense her boobs were (particularly since they continued to slowly grow over the years that followed), and, in particular, how *real* they both seemed. How genuine Aaron seemed when he would thrust himself so fully, so completely, into that mountain of a woman.

How could they know, watching him with his back on the bed, a vast ocean of woman atop him threatening to break the bed? How could they have any idea of the sweet, cherished release of feeling his every inch inside of her?

Their loss, he would chide himself, whenever he thought about it. Then he would use his whole arms to grab as much of his wife's titanic tits as he could, wrestling one flaring nipple into his mouth.

The End.