

Molly on a date

short erotic fiction by armat

If you don't understand something, there will be Ch. 2, it will be clear.

Molly is a patient living in Chicago. She has a hospital bracelet and a pack of bandages. She wakes up in an old rundown hospital with no memory of how she got there. She takes a look around the room and sees a woman looking at her. She is in her late fifties, with graying hair and a warm smile. She introduces herself as Doctor Kessel and asks how she's feeling. Molly says that her breast hurts because it's too big because of her condition. Doctor Kessel explains that she is pregnant and has an infection. She also explains that she can't have the babies yet because it could kill her. Molly: "The combination of breast the size of caterpillar (the vehicle) and 10 babies is very much to digest."

Doctor Kessel chuckles. Doctor Kessel says that she can wait until she feels better, but she is going to need to have the baby soon. And she says:

"You need a man in your life little girl. Someone who can support you, both in financial way and boobie-way."

Molly says thank you and leaves the hospital.

She walks out of the hospital and into the Chicago winter. The cold wind feels good on her face as she walks along. Then a man taps her on the shoulder, nearly knocking her off her feet from scare. He says: "I'm sorry ma'm I wanted to say that you have very big, uh, beautiful boob, uh eyes."

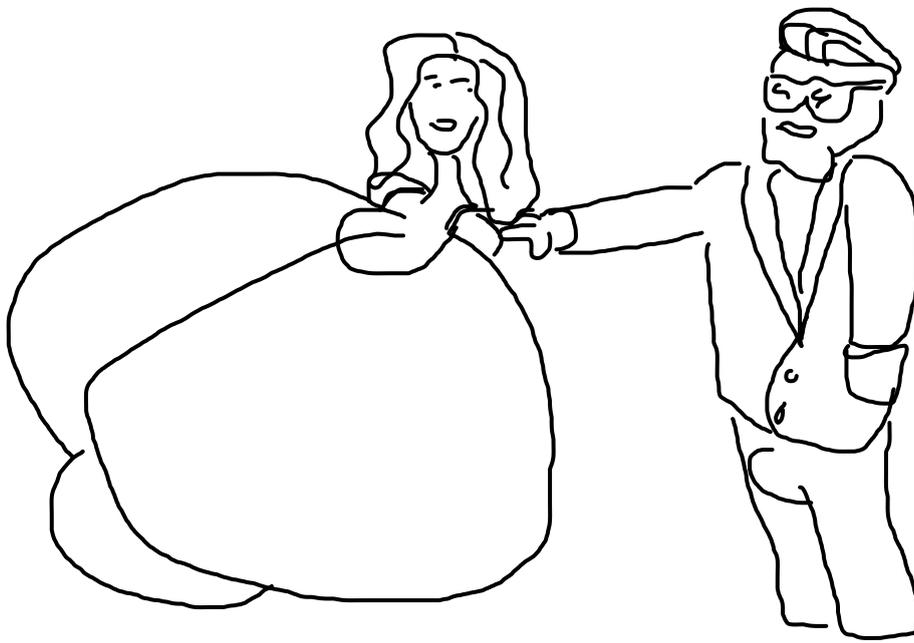
She blushes at the man's forwardness. She feels her face get hot and she turns around so he can't see.

"Thank you," she says.

"They're very nice," he says.

Molly says: "Let's meet tonight and have a date."

She feels like the idea is crazy, because it's her first time. But it was a split-second decision.



As the evening comes closer in time, Molly tidies up her room. Her breasts are a big obstruction in terms of completing that task. They sway left and right, back and forth, and clockwise. It is painful, but also hot.

Finally, the evening arrives. The time for her to meet the man. She looks at her reflection in the mirror.

She look stunning. Like a freshly peeled egg is her skin, her boobs are gigantic, her belly a monstrosity. All her clothes are sown by herrself, at home on her sowing mashone. Her lipstick is of bright pink color and almost blinding to the observer. She is ready for her date with Mr. Mysterious.

The man comes for her at midnight. When he arrives at her place he greets her with a big hug. He is a bit chubby and smells like he just finished a big night of smoking.

But his bulge beneath his belt is speaking another story. He says: "Hello fine Lady, you are quite the bombshell!" The hotness meter rises and rises.

Molly feels him unbutton her clothes while he continues to compliment her body. He takes off her bra (it is cup size 100*Z!!!), and he says "Well they are real, at least one of them is."

Molly asks: "Why only one?"

He answers and cackles : "I was making a joke. Come here, I need to see your boob, uh eyes."

The man takes his pants down and asks Molly to lay on the bed. He lifts her butt up and performs some action. He pulls out his penis and says "This will give you more babies, do you want it?". The benis is longer than a miniature football field.

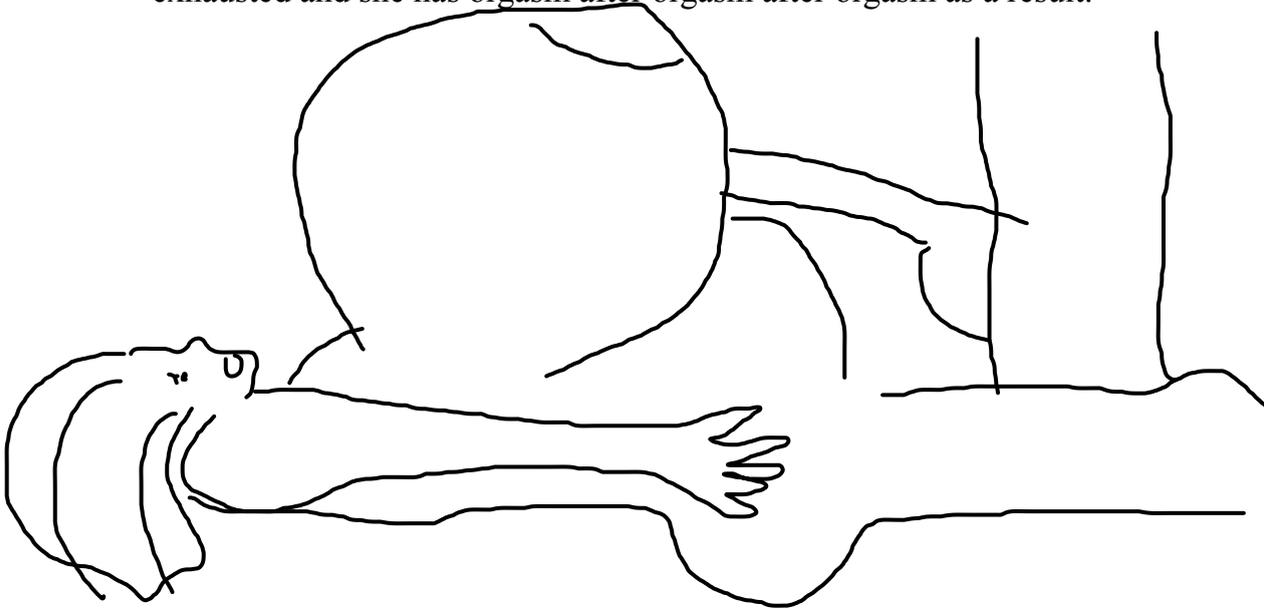
Molly says: “Not another one! My baby-counter will go up even more and my boobs will fill the universe!”

Mr. Mysterious says: “But they will never hide your eyes, my darling.” He adds: “But I will only proceed if you wholeheartedly consent.”

She says: “I do, but only when you do the titfuck first to take the pressure off first and then after that you can pump it in my whole as much you want!”

He giggles sexily and nods his nogger.

One, two, three, four thrusts and he splashes the white substance all over her boobs, walls and even the computer screen behind the chair. It’s messy as it can be. He is exhausted and she has orgasm after orgasm after orgasm as a result.



The building is shaking like a jelly pudding as a result of her boobs crashing into the wooden walls. It’s carnage. But just as Molly just recovered from the hot foreplay, now his balls recharged already and the second part arrives. He is already working on her pussy with his mighty fingers, kneading the funny nerve like at a thumbwrestling competition. She shakes, her boobs as well. The belly is rattling under the load. Mr. Mysterious now whips out his penis and starts pumping like a plumber. One, two, three, and he isn’t long finished. Molly likes it so much. After 30 minutes, the mans stamina is turning to an end and his balls deplete again. In 50 heavy shots. The sticky

substance is all over the place. ~~Hopefully, no neighbor~~ You also orgasm. Luckily, belly is tight against the white liquid, so the unborn are safe. It would be gross otherwise. Molly is exhausted. Mr. Mysterious smooches her on the red, big lips. His lips are softer than velvet, but manly and strong. He is the perfect man. She says: "Thank you my lover. It will mean I will get at least 20 more babies, but it is worth the price. This was so good I wanna sing." He says: "Do it. I want to hear the sound of your beautiful voice." She says: "But in that case, my boobs will grow. This is how it happened." He answers: "This is acceptable. I will buy you everything you need. Molly begins to sing the hymn of Argamon, the goddess of Milk. Her boobs start to balloon, soon, the sky is the limit. But it isn't for long time. They grow and grow. Mr. Mysterious says: "Stop, you are close to the sun. It is dangerous." Molly agrees. It is time for a sleep with her new sex partner for life.

End of Chapter 1

