

Virum Pulchrum - Epilogue

Kirk's hands were trembling as he held his phone, reading the words on the screen over and over. However, it was not because he couldn't believe what he was reading. The reason his hands were trembling was much simpler. It was that time of day again. Although today, the trembling *was* more intense than usual.

*"Dear Dr. Alston, this is to confirm that after technical evaluation of... **accepted** for publication in the journal..."*

He was sitting on the sofa in the wide living room, waiting. Sure, he was happy about the acceptance letter. But he also dreaded. Well, not really dreaded... more like anxious, because he knew what the letter meant...

He took a few deep breaths, closed his eyes and tried to calm down, remembering his meditation techniques he's been practicing over the past year, since his life has changed dramatically. As if to spite him, his throbbing dick spewed another shot of precum in his pants, taunting him to touch it. Kirk did his best to ignore it, clinging to his phone so much his knuckles turned white.

Oh, who was he kidding?

Nothing worked.

Not really.

Not ever.

Not even after he masturbated 7 times today already.

Not with *her*.

Especially so after the **third** time.

Kirk's pelvic muscles clenched and his dick spewed yet *another* load of precum just thinking about when she got back to their home soon. Futilely, he read the letter again in a vain attempt to calm down.

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Two graceful, delicate, impeccably perfect hands were trembling as they were holding a white smartphone. A tear fell on the screen as Olivia read the message she'd just received:

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"Hey Liv... it's been weird not talking to you for so long. I don't know if you'll even read this but I hope you will.

I'm not even sure where to start, but here goes:

I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry. I know I don't deserve your forgiveness but I still wanted to say that.

I was just a total bitch to you and you didn't do anything to deserve this. I was just so, SO jealous of you. I always felt like you were so much better than me in every possible way. Like I'm way below your level. You've always been so perfect and nice and friendly and just SO beautiful. Like, CRAZY beautiful.

*Trying to compete with THAT was becoming an obsession for me, and it was exhausting. And also just... so disheartening. I never stood a chance against you, no matter how hard I tried, and BELIEVE ME, I tried. And yet you weren't even AWARE that we're in a contest. You just... lived your life. Which is fine, you're not supposed to be in a neverending contest with your friend. But it's much easier said than done when you're always automatically on the **losing** side.*

So I'm trying to say that... it distorted my sense of reality and made me so insecure. It sort of chipped away at my confidence, day after day, being close to you, living with you and seeing you all the time. It got to the point I didn't recognize myself anymore. I blamed you for my shitty life even though it was all on me. I never even considered you might've been going through stuff of your own as well. I was SO self centered because this obsession drove me crazy. My therapist helped me come to this conclusion. Well, she didn't say it like THAT, but you know what I mean.

Olivia, I've known you since forever. You've always been my best friend, and you've always been so wonderful and amazing to me and I can't believe I ruined all that. I think I just needed to get away to get some perspective. To... find myself for myself. I don't know, it sounds stupid. But there's no question I could've handled all that much better.

I think I'm starting to take some control over my life lately. I've been living in this rental place in the suburbs. It's not fancy but it's fine, I guess. I met a guy a few months ago and it's going well. I'm trying not to dump all my shit and insecurities on him but I think he catches my crazy side every now and then. But he's supportive and understanding, so that's good I guess.

Anyway, I think I needed this break for myself. It wasn't your fault. I'm a mess, but I think I'm starting to... not be a mess so much lately.

I love you Liv. So much. I really do. You're the best person I know. And I miss you. But I think it's best if I stayed away. For now, at least.

I'll never stop being sorry for what I've done. I wish I could take it all back. I just want you to know, from the bottom of my heart, that I wish you nothing but happiness and fulfillment and love in your life. You deserve it all.

Love you,

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Olivia shed another tear as she looked at her phone. That wound she'd been working so hard to close over the past year was abruptly opened and returned Olivia right back to that awful moment - when she was on her knees, crying alone in her living room. It hurt *so much*. She'd need more time to process what she was feeling right now, but for the first time in a while year, she felt... something being healed in her heart.

Olivia gathered herself up, wiped the tears from her face and tried putting any thoughts about Violetta aside for now. She had big plans today. She inserted her phone back into the pocket of her 12-XL, custom ordered, black pullover-hoodie.

The way back home from Mrs. Clenshaw was *relatively* normal today. Her camouflage seemed to have worked. Well, as much as camouflage for a girl like **Olivia** can work. With her gigantic hoodie on with the hood covering her head, a black mask over her face and baggy pants masking her legs, she looked like a giant, black... 'blob' walking on the sidewalk. Though people coming her way had to physically get off the road in order to pass her.

It was less a matter of shyness and a lot more of a necessity these days. Olivia wasn't ashamed of her body. Rather the opposite. It's just that, after her third time catching the virus, things started... getting out of hand. Accidents happened almost every time she went outside, men were cumming left and right just by seeing her, relationships broke apart around her like sandcastles at high tides, and phones were directed at her at every chance, getting as much footage of her as possible.

Olivia came to the conclusion that it would be for the best if she covered up, and Kirk regretfully admitted she had a point.

She was now standing at the foot of the stairs, and started carefully taking one measured step at a time. Today, wearing her hoodie, wasn't as bad as some other days. Men were still confused to discover they sprang erections whenever she was in their vicinity, and traffic slowed down around her. But at least no accidents happened today, no crowd of paparazzi following her except for a phone here and there taking a picture of the freakish blob. Olivia didn't love this situation, but found it was the only practical solution.

She reached the door and pulled out the key. She was about to put it in when she again looked at the same piece of chipped wood she's been purposefully ignoring every day for over a year now, still laying on the floor. Deep down, Olivia knew she herself also had some part in what happened. She'd been "playing dumb", as if unaware of her effect on Violetta's life. But she knew. Even if she didn't intentionally do anything, she couldn't ignore it. And she really should take some accountability and apologize for Tom L.B.

A resolve crossed her eyes as she finally picked up the piece of wood and tucked it into an inner fold.

She opened the door and saw her favorite doctor, waiting anxiously on the sofa, with a pained look on his face.

"You poor baby, you look in agony", she purred at Kirk.

Kirk was trembling, still clutching his phone, staring at her like a starving puppy finally seeing its owner after days tied to a tree - desperate, overwhelmed, and ready to fall apart from sheer relief and longing.

Olivia forced her way with great force and a lot of skilled maneuvering into her apartment, which by now became their shared apartment. They'd already discussed moving together to a more spacious place soon. Just standing there she occupied a substantial space of the entrance.

"Wait, is this the answer from the Journal?" Olivia asked excitedly as she looked at Kirk's phone in his hands

Kirk could only nod fearfully.

"Oooooo what-did-they-say-what-did-they-say-what-did-they-say-what-did-they-say?" Olivia's whole mass was jumping up and down and causing earthquake-like tremors throughout the building.

Kirk took a deep breath before answering.

"Wwwwwe... wwwwe... ggggggggggggggot in", he barely managed.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!" Olivia squeaked and lifted her arms in triumph. She casually discarded her face mask aside and ran as fast as could manage, the monstrous content inside her hoodie bouncing and quaking up and down like a wrecking ball. Kirk's eyes opened wide as she **plopped** onto him and **tried** to hug him as best as she could, causing the whole sofa to squeak in despair. Her whole mass was squashing Kirk's body and face, engulfing him with her barely-contained femininity. Kirk took short, quick breaths, desperately trying to calm himself, just as he'd been practicing frantically in meditation for a year. But he already knew it was a losing battle.

"Cccccccouldn't... hhhhhhhhave... ddddddddddone... itttttttt... wwwwwwwwithout... yyyyyyyyyyyou... bbbbbbbaaaabe..." Kirk murmured underneath her tremendous mass.

Olivia squeezed him even tighter. "Awwwww you're so sweet to say that baby. But it's your work. I was just happy to help by being your disciplined test subject. Plus it was just so much

fun teasing you all the time while you tried to get through the tests. Oh I'm SOOOOOOOOOO proud of you baby!"

She slightly released her erotic hold on Kirk's neck, looked him in the eyes and kissed him passionately. Kirk felt pure femininity wrap around his entire being, squashing, kissing and caressing him.

Even though he's been treated to Olivia's *angel-shaming* beauty, *ultra-sexuality* and *hyper-bustiness* every day for the last year, there was really no "getting used" to Olivia. Her mass was pressing directly onto his stiff cock, massaging it. He couldn't take it anymore.

"Gahhhhhhh!" he cried out as he spasmed and came buckets in his underwear. Olivia only intensified her torrid kissing as she felt her doctor-lover convulse against her. She LOVED having that power over him, and she made sure he felt every bit of appreciation, love and lust that she had in her towards him.

Kirk really had no chance with her. After she had healed from her second infection, Olivia's body actually kept experiencing incremental changes, growing more beautiful and voluptuous every day. This was already a lot more than what most infected women experienced. But then, when she got sick the *third* time a few months ago, she received a **major** boost all over her already magnificent body. Olivia'd already been a goddess of beauty when Kirk first met her. Now? JESUS FUCKING CHRIST ALMIGHTY IN THE SKY... she was a hazard to humanity. How... how do you **deal** that level of perfection? Of sexiness? Of beauty? Putting Olivia next to any "regular" swimsuit supermodel would be like taking the Sun and comparing it to a lightbulb.

It was a level of beauty no human being was meant to withstand seeing. Only through his diligent, daily meditation training did Kirk manage to stay *somewhat* sane when he was simply thinking about her. However when she was in the same room as him? All his self-discipline barely helped him handle her. He didn't know what he did to deserve her, but he vowed to be the best partner he could be for her.

And yet for Olivia it was so obvious. She found Kirk to be a rock to her own emotions. He was her place of serenity and escape from the cruel world outside. She was so thankful everyday for meeting him and getting to hug and kiss that wonderful man. She only wished to make him as least happy as he made her.

After Kirk's spasms subsided, Olivia gently pulled back her lips only an inch or two. She looked straight into his eyes with a lustful gaze.

"I'm gonna show you just how proud of you I am."

Kirk gulped. That's what he was afraid of. At least he felt that him cumming just now would help him last a *tiny bit* longer. He hoped.

Olivia got up and Kirk felt the massive weight being lifted off him. He looked down. Yep, he was still as erect as ever.

"I have a little surprise for you, baby." Olivia said as she stood before him. She took a step back, then another step back, and another, and another, and another, until her back touched the far wall. There were about 10 feet now separating them. Well, 6, if you counted from where Olivia's protrusion ended. 'Is she about to perform some act?' Kirk thought.

She pulled back her hood and gave her head a slow, effortless shake. Her hair spilled out like molten gold - thick, impossibly healthy, and alive with movement. It should've been flattened, dull from being trapped all day, but instead it looked like she had just stepped out of some dream-version of a salon, one that didn't exist in the real world.

Each strand shimmered with a deep, natural luster, falling in heavy, luxurious waves down her back and around her shoulders. It wasn't just beautiful - it was overwhelming. Compared to

Olivia's hair, the mane of hair of any eighteen-year-old supermodel looked like a thrift store wig left in the sun too long.

Kirk barely breathed. His cock twitched, already starting to build towards the next orgasm.

Then... he looked at her face - and nearly fainted. Yes, the same face he's been seeing every day for the past year, caused him to be astounded by their beauty, every day anew. In fact, the effect only *grew* each day.

A year ago, Olivia had already been the most beautiful woman Kirk had ever seen—huge, turquoise eyes that stopped time, full lips, a flawless nose, perfect skin, and a sculpted, feminine jawline. She looked like a dream come to life.

But now? That version of her felt like a faded sketch. Her eyes were even larger and more vivid, almost too gorgeous to stare at. Her lips, even fuller yet, looked made for endless kissing. Her skin glowed even more. And her already divine features had sharpened just enough to elevate her into something... unreal. She wasn't "just beautiful" anymore. She was beauty that had transcended to an unfathomable level.

Kirk felt his knees buckle and was happy he was sitting.

"I didn't know what kind of answer the journal would give you today," Olivia said, pulling out a long piece of string hidden inside her hoodie. The string was attached to the top of her zipper. With a practiced flick, she swung it forward like a lasso, keeping hold of the other end. The string arched over the vast swell of her chest and looped back underneath.

She began pulling it slowly, the tension drawing the zipper downward. It looked like a stagehand tugging on a long rope to open the heavy curtains of a grand theater - only instead of velvet drapes, it was her hoodie, parting to reveal the show beneath.

Kirk gulped again.

“But I figured, if it's a ‘Yes’, I'll show you how happy I am for you”, the zipper kept rolling down beyond her arms reach as thick, red fabric emerged from within the growing opening in the hoodie, showing **extreme** signs of strain.

“And if it's a ‘No’, then it'll be something which will hopefully make you feel better.” The zipper was pulled all the way over the massive protrusion from her chest. The oversized-hoodie fell next to Olivia's feet.

Olivia had been wearing a red bra that was so big it could better be described as two connected **tents**!! The fabric was so thick, the straps were more akin to bridge cables. And the size... It was unreal! Each cup had enough fabric to be used as a bed sheet! Each cup projected almost 4 feet forward and about 1.5 feet sideways. Worse yet, it seemed stuffed to the **brim**. And yet the **weirdest** part of all is that... there was no visible cleavage behind it. No breast flesh at all. Instead, it looked like the bra was stuffed with... more material.

“I'm just happy Mrs. Clenshaw was there to help me get dressed. That assistant of hers is nice and all but he... well... it's good *she* was there.”

Olivia's endlessly-long, slender legs were fully exposed, although her thighs were mostly concealed behind her stuffed bra. She twisted a little and sent ALL her mass swinging sideways. Olivia's cute, sexy, black thong clung to her **ultra-uber-super-insanely** perky ass. Her bra projectes so much it was a miracle she didn't tip forward. In the space between - there was nothing. No waist to speak of whatsoever. She'd asked Kirk to measure it a week ago and Kirk had to remeasure 5 times to believe it. The tape end had met the coil at just under 15 inches (and that was after a big dinner)! The fact she didn't snap in half was a medical miracle.

“What do you think of my thong, honey?” She shook her completely visible ass cheeks from side to side. Kirk almost had a heart attack.

“Oh my god...”, Kirk trailed off with his mouth hanging open.

“Ooo... well... if you think *that’s* something, wait till you see the rest...”, she teased and twisted back to face him and the mass in front of her wobbled back

“Mrs. Clenshaw really *has* been a miracle worker with this bra, although it’s been getting tight lately. I feel **so constricted** with *everything* I have to wear”, she said. Kirk gulped, unable to speak. Olivia’s hands went behind her back and started messing with it.

Kirk thanked every god and entity in the sky that’s ever existed as his eyes feasted on what should’ve been an illegal sight. His cock has long since forgotten about its recent orgasm and was well on its way to the next one.

“At least it... ugh... allows me to... ugh... ugh... be *somewhat* decent in public... ugh... ugh... ugh... damn, it *is* tight. Or, well, at least... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... I can **be** in public... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... pass through doors... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... For now, at least... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... **ugh... ugh... UGH... UGHHHH... UFFFFFFFF!!!!**”

What *sprung* onto the living room floor was... insane. Just... insane. No one would believe it if they didn’t see it. Even if they did, they STILL wouldn’t believe it. Heck, Kirk saw this bra every day, getting incrementally more and more taxed and overwhelmed, and *he* could barely believe it.

“Heh... god, I can’t believe that’s the bra I’d asked to be made with additional growth in mind just a year ago. And now it barely fits me, even with everything **else** to help it. Can you believe it?”

Kirk shook his head ‘no’ as he looked at the gigantic, yet-still-inadequate bra hypnotized. It spread across most of the living room, the cups reaching as high as Olivia’s waist! The shoulder straps looked like worn out seat belts, and the body band had no less than **30** industrially-strong hooks on its weirdly narrow frame. Next to the rows of hooks 6 metal weights were sewn into the fabric, each weighing several pounds. They were meant to counterbalance the **huge** weight at the front. The tag barely showed the worn numbers “22/230”. Each cup could **easily** contain a

large bean bag, with room to spare. And yet, as Kirk lifted his head up again, he knew this was only the beginning.

Already Olivia looked considerably bigger than just a minute ago, as the equivalent of about **half an entire Alphabet-worth** of cup-sizes were decompressed and added to her already absurd size. Her... 'frontal mass' now projected about 4 and half feet forward and over 2 feet sideways.

From just under her armpits all the way down to her shins, Olivia's frontal mass was completely wrapped in a 5-inch wide, beige bandage, similar to an elastic bandage meant to wrap around a sore knee or ankle. Her arms were completely concealed behind the side protrusions of that mass. And at its upper section was a silver pin attached. Olivia almost looked like a morbidly-obese mummy.

However, instead of sagging down due to its insane weight, the mass actually **rose upwards** first from Olivia's sternum and reached her **chin** level, before tapering downwards further ahead.

The only other item of clothing she showed was two thin, black spaghetti straps on her shoulders, which quickly disappeared into that mummifying beige bandage. If the sight wasn't so ridiculously erotic Kirk would've laughed. But he knew what was coming and futilely resumed methodically breathing.

Olivia smiled, seeing his attempts to calm down. "Oh you can breathe all you want, Amor Mío. I love the challenge. But you know I always win."

Kirk quickened his breathing but his dick refused to listen to him and spewed another glob of precum.

"Do you want me to take it off?" Olivia teased. Kirk was feeling himself gradually losing control. Maybe he didn't want to control himself? No, he had to last. At least enough to see her surprise.

"I dddddd..." he stammered. Olivia felt herself getting wet hearing that and could not help picturing Kirk saying that to her at the altar someday. As much as she was driving him crazy with lust, he was making her flushed without even realizing it.

"Are you sure?" She tortured him.

"YES! YES PLEASE, YES!!!! SHOW ME THAT SEXY BODY OF YOURS! THOSE MONSTROUSLY HUGE TITS!! OLIVIA YOU'RE MY GODDESS!!! YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, SEXY WOMAN IN EXISTENCE!!!! I WANT TO SEE ALL OF YOU! I NEED YOU!!!! PLEASE, I CAN'T WAIT!!!!!" he cried in utter desperation.

Olivia experienced a mini-orgasm, her eyes fluttering as she heard that. When she opened them she looked at Kirk in a look that pierced his very soul.

"Oh Kirk, you drive me crazy, baby. I'm gonna show you EVERYTHING. Then, I'm gonna **fuck** you until you **pass out**. Then, I'll **swallow** your whole body in my cleavage and never let you leave. I hope you drank enough water today cause I'm not only draining those big, beautiful balls of yours. I'm draining your body..."

Kirk gulped again.

Without breaking her predatory gaze, Olivia plucked the pin from the bandage and tossed it aside. She gripped the loose end where the bandage had been secured.

And then, she began to *unfurl* it.

With a swirling motion over her head, the wide bandage unraveled from its first loop around and over Olivia's head, cascading down in length. Several more inches of her thin shoulder straps were revealed.

Kirk stared at her in disbelief. With just one loop undone, the mass of that 5-inch wide section on her upper breasts was freed from its compression and surged free, expanding *upwards* from her sternum into the open air before settling into its natural shape. Just that small section easily added about 1 or 2 cup sizes' worth of breast-mass.

For most girls, this single loop of a 5"-wide bandage would be enough to cover most, if not the entire area of their breasts. Yet, as Kirk's gaze traveled downward, it was clear this single loop was a mere drop in the bucket for Olivia. There were countless more loops still wound around Olivia's mega-bosom, each one waiting to release even more compressed mass. The thought of just how many **additional** cup sizes were still concealed was making him extremely anxious. Kirk breathed so fast he almost started hyperventilating.

A second loop over her head and the mass increased yet again, still getting **higher**. The already impressive cleavage started lengthening, overflowing the bandage still wrapped underneath it.

Kirk was so **hard** it hurt. He couldn't take it any more and swiftly opened his buckle and lowered his pants and underwear in a single motion. His dick **vibrated** and steadily spewed precum. Using every ounce of self control he barely had, Kirk sat on his hands. He knew a single touch was all it took to make him blow his load immediately.

Olivia kept looking hungrily at Kirk as she swirled the bandage a third loop over her head. The cleavage visible lengthened yet again, **still going higher**, further emphasizing the crazy-level of perkiness and firmness of Olivia's breasts. It seemed that with each consecutive unwrapping, the effect of decompression *intensified*, thus each layer unleashing an **ever increasing amount** of breast mass.

"Fuck... oh my god..." Kirk mumbled. This only egged Olivia on. 'Same thing every time...', she rolled her eyes with a smile.

“Isn’t it crazy to think there’s still **so much** fabric holding these babies down,” she teased in a sultry voice. Kirk could only watch with his mouth agape.

With a piercing gaze and a slow bite of her lip, Olivia unraveled a fourth loop. More breast mass spilled free. The lower the coil, the tighter the compression had been, making every loop unleash more mass than the last. Her breasts *finally* tapered to reveal their upper peaks. They rose so high they leveled with her nose!!!! Reaching over a foot away from her sternum, they looked incredibly full and endlessly perky.

Kirk's mouth ran dry. His cock **throbbed**, aching to be touched. But he kept sitting on his hands. The one thing he wanted more than touching his cock - was to *not* disappoint Olivia.

Olivia unfurled a fifth loop, releasing an additional C-cup’s worth of breast mass into the air. The free part of her boobs finally started tapering *downwards* and forwards. The unveiled bandage revealed the beginning of wide, black, triangles of ornamented fabric which connected with the spaghetti straps.

Kirk's head became dizzy.

“Look at that poor, beautiful cock of yours, begging to be touched. Do you wanna touch it, stud? It's ok, I don't mind,” Olivia teased him.

Kirk bit hard on his lip, trying to control himself.

“Awww you're so brave trying to hold on. Well, let's see what happens when I pick up the pace a little.”

‘Oh god’, Kirk thought timidly and his dick vibrated, shook, quivered, trembled, shuddered and convulsed (*yes, all those verbs*) uncontrollably.

Olivia tugged at the sixth loop, drawing it free with infuriating patience. The bandage loosened, and more compressed flesh pushed outward, expanding as it escaped its confines. The black triangles underneath stretched a little wider, clinging to her, revealing just a bit more.

Kirk's stomach tightened as he stared. Each uncoiling comprised a very small percentage of the overall unfurling process. Most of the bandage was still coiled around Olivia. So many loops left. Too many.

Olivia caught his reaction and smirked. "Oh, honey," she murmured, eyes gleaming. "You're about to **burst** and we have so much *more* to go. But you've always been so strong, trying your best to hold on and not cum. Remember the first time we kissed? You were hanging by a thread, but you put up such a good fight, holding off cumming for so long. I was **so** impressed by you. I hit the jackpot, ending up with my hot, cute doctor."

Olivia **loved** that story. It turned her on, recalling how she seduced Dr. Kirk Alston for the first time. It always got her excited. She had that tone - that wicked, knowing tone that sent a shiver up his spine. That tone that reminded him she had always been trouble. From the moment he met her, sick in her bed, he had told himself he would be a professional doctor checking on a patient. And she had made him lose control in 5 minutes. And then again, when he'd checked in on her later on. He'd only asked her to be a participant in his study, and now look where they were. But Olivia had rattled his resolve from the very beginning.

The seventh loop came undone. More softness surged forward. The bandage slipped lower, exposing another strip of skin. The fabric underneath strained to keep up, shifting ever so slightly.

Kirk exhaled sharply, gripping the folds of the sofa underneath like it might steady him.

Olivia tilted her head, watching him, as if reading his thoughts, her lips curling. "My poor, innocent doctor, just trying to do the right thing. You tried so **hard** to stay professional", she teased, voice dripping with satisfaction. "And then I got my hands on you."

Eighth. Kirk's pulse hammered in his ears. Olivia dragged it out, savoring his struggle.

"You tried so hard to resist me," she mused, uncoiling the ninth loop like she had all the time in the world. "But deep down, you loved every second of it, didn't you?"

Kirk clenched his fists, shoulders rigid. This last uncoiling unleashed a mass that was easily comparable to an **F-cup**. The size scale Kirk had to fathom was uncanny. Before Olivia, having a girlfriend with F-cup sized breasts would have been a dream. Now? It was just one marginal adjustment out of so **many**, which, even combined all together - are just an **addition** to a much more significant mass for Olivia. Olivia giggled, savoring every second of his silent agony.

Tenth. Another 5" strip peeled away. The black fabric curved against her, covering - but barely. The loops still wrapped around her in thick layers.

"You wanted to be a good doctor so bad, which was so *cute*, by the way", she was purring like a cat. "But you just couldn't resist me, could you?"

Eleventh. Kirk's breath hitched. His self-control felt like a rope fraying at the edges. Olivia's eyes danced with amusement.

"And it felt **so** good, didn't it?" Twelfth. Another slow, steady pull. His knees almost gave out.

Thirteenth. The bandage was now wrapped around the widest part of Olivia's breasts, its edges far **far** beyond Olivia's arms' reach. This unfurling unleashed an overwhelming surge, sending nearly **eight** cup sizes' worth of breast flesh expanding outward in an instant. The release was

staggering, a tidal wave of softness reclaiming its space, swelling massively fuller and wider. Kirk swallowed hard.

"Just like this," she murmured, uncoiling the fourteenth loop. "You know you wanna hold on and resist. But you can't, can you?"

Fifteenth. As the coil of bandage moved past its peak and started sloping downwards and *inwards*, closer to Olivia's body. The magnitude of each expansion began to slightly taper back down, although only compared to the staggering releases before. By any "normal people's" standard, each loop still revealed an absurd amount of **additional** freed mass. Olivia grinned, eyes glinting with triumph.

For Kirk, every moment leading up to now had been an agonizing bliss, an overwhelming struggle to stay composed under the sheer power of Olivia's **goddess-crushing-tier** sexuality. But the moment her smirk shifted, when her gaze sharpened from playful to predatory, Kirk realized the terrifying truth.

She had just been toying with him until now.

Every teasing gesture, every sultry glance - it had all been child's play so far. He had given everything he had in him just to hold on, to withstand her, to not cum, to not grab his dick and jerk off like a maniac, and she had barely even been trying. That realization struck him at the same time that Olivia, without hesitation, undid the next loop.

-Swell-

Then the next loop.

-Swell-

Then the next one.

-Swell-

She no longer unraveled the bandage in slow, tantalizing steps - she ripped through them, shedding the fabric like a predator tearing apart its kill. The vastness of her tits surged forth with each uncoiling like rising dough. Kirk's breath was held as he watched the impossible unfold before him again and again. He lost count after 18 loops, and there were still quite a few more after that.

He had seen her naked many times over the past year. He knew her body. And yet, his brain refused to accept what his eyes witnessed with every rapid uncoiling of the fabric.

Olivia stood in the middle of the living room with literal ***hundreds of feet*** of bandage surrounding her, piled on the floor in circles, now completely slacked. The black lingerie was now fully revealed - an absurd creation by the expert hands of Mrs. Clenshaw, of delicate, ornamented, sexy fabric, engineered for titanic proportions.

Just a single *one* of each wide, elegant triangles of fabric covering Olivia's **GIGA TITS** had enough material to fully wrap around the *entire* torso of a flat-chested woman, with the triangle edges meeting behind her back. Yet despite their ridiculous size, they barely covered 15% of each of Olivia's monstrous boobs!

"Oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo".

A deep, shuddering moan escaped Kirk as her breasts, freed completely from their final restraints, surpassed all logical comprehension. He felt himself starting to really lose control. The sheer volume of them was so great that the lower slopes of their immaculate roundness not only touched the floor, but actually *piled* on it. And yet, their upper slopes reached as high as

Olivia's perfect nose! And their forward projection! GOD! Olivia, who'd been standing on the other side of the living room, some 10 feet or so away from him, had her nipples pointing no more than 3 feet in front of Kirk's hungry eyes!

However, as if to mock gravity itself, those blimps were as impossibly full and perky as ever. Not an inch of sag, not a hint of droop.

Olivia was standing in front of Kirk, in all her glory, smiling widely, clad in a sexy black lingerie tailored perfectly to her insane measurements. No Photoshop artist could create an image even 1/1,000th as sexy as this.

Olivia exhaled, as if relishing the sensation of complete freedom at last. She placed her hands on her hips, tilting her head with an insatiable, victorious grin.

"Soooooooo... What do you say? Do you like it, baby? I got it just for you! Do you find it... **sexy** enough?" She asked.

Kirk gritted his teeth. Is she joking? Is she **really** asking that?

"Ahhhhhhhhh... Offffffff cccccccourrrrse I ddddddo. Yyyyyyyyyyoooouuu lllllloooooook inccccccredible", he stuttered.

"Ohhhhhhhh **YES!!!!**" Olivia cried out as a huge power surge passed through her. She felt herself getting wetter still.

Then, as if remembering something, she added “I still can't believe she managed to make something so perfect for my size”, and let her comment float in the air.

Kirk was sweating.

Olivia stayed silent, looking straight at him, daring him to ask her.

Kirk was reduced to a hot mess. He needed to know. And Olivia *knew* he **needed** to know. He was a numbers guy. She knew how much they turned him on. She waited another moment in silence, when finally...

“Hhhhhhhh... hhhhhh.... hhhhhhhhhhhhow... hhhhhow bbbb...?”

“I'm sorry, what was that?” She put a finger behind her ear as if struggling to hear him.

Kirk was gathering every little ounce of strength he barely had and tried again.

“Hhhhhhhhhhooooowwwwww... bbbbbbbiggg... aaaaaaaareeeeeee...
yyyyyyyyyyou...?”

Olivia saw his cock spasm in anticipation for the answer and experienced another mini-orgasm herself, her eyes fluttering. She then looked back at him playfully.

“Oh, **so** big. Kirk, I got so big you wouldn't **believe!** Remember how big I thought I was when I finally filled this 22”/230” bra? Now that size feels so... small. I don't know what to do... These babies of mine just won't stop growing.” She paused again. Ok, enough teasing the poor guy.

“Well... the size I am now, is three hundred and eighteen inches around.”

“***Oh fuuuuuuuck...***” Kirk groaned and his eyes fluttered in uncontrolled arousal.

She composed herself again.

“So, *Doctor Megastud, super hot stuff,*” she said gleefully. “Tell me - do you now regret making me your very happy girlfriend?”

Kirk’s fingers twitched under his butt. His chest rose and fell in heavy, uneven breaths. While Olivia was looking for a ‘Yes’ or ‘No’ answer, Kirk was busy with one thing only - **not** cumming.

And Olivia knew it.

Kirk was unable to speak. He was sweating, shivering, convulsing and flexing every muscle in his body to stop the impending explosion. His throat became very dry.

Because deep down, he knew the answer.

He had fought to stay professional. He had struggled not to break doctor-patient relations. But he had lost the battle. And god help him, he had never been happier to lose.

He gathered all his inner strength and managed to say one coherent sentence:

“Not in a million years, my goddess.”

That’s all it took to completely flood Olivia’s thong. Her eyes fluttered closed as she came *hard*.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh fuuuuuuuuuuuck, Kiiiiirk! FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!” her knees buckled and she leaned onto her breasts for support.

Olivia was in her own world of orgasm. Kirk was making her feel so desired, so feminine. She was shivering and convulsing for a long minute.

When she finally opened her eyes, she saw Kirk's condition. He was hanging by a thread. His eyes were desperate. Pleading with agony. His hips were rocking up and down as his cock jerked in the open air, begging to be touched. Its head was deep purple, spewing glob after glob of precum. He was at her mercy. Olivia's look softened lovingly. She needed to take care of her man. Now.

“Awwwwwe you poor poor baby! You must be in such pain for release. I bet your balls are so full they're gonna explode any second now. You've been such a good boy, waiting so patiently, controlling yourself. But that big, beautiful cock of yours needs someone to take good care of it. Hold still. I'm coming!”

Kirk's eyebrow raised with a mix of surprise and anticipation. Looking at the sea of boobage separating them raised the very obvious question - **‘how’?**

Olivia took half a step back and closed her eyes in concentration. She took a few quick breaths. Kirk sat still like she'd asked.

She then opened her eyes, a look of determination on her face and **launched** forward! She actually jumped **ON TOP** of her breasts. Kirk's eyes opened wide in disbelief. He didn't dare move.

Olivia used the momentum she gained and literally **rolled** on her gigantic breasts in a wide arc across the living room, her arms and legs stretched like *Superman*! This was an acrobatic feat which wouldn't be out of place in a professional circus.

Kirk looked further up and was astounded to find Olivia at the apex of the arc, winking at him from above, her body only a few feet from the *ceiling*, when he suddenly saw her opening her mouth as wide as she could.

'No... no way... no fucking way...' he thought.

As her breasts kept slowly rolling forward, getting closer to Kirk like two wrecking balls, Olivia's body started rolling *downwards* directly at him. A vague memory from Physics class popped to Kirk's mind momentarily, about circular motion. He saw Olivia's fast approaching head, her mouth open wide, a look of concentration on her beautiful face.

He squeezed his eyes shut in fear but didn't dare move an inch.

A soft, pillowy sensation engulfed his shins first, marshmallowing against them.

"Ahhhhhhhhh", he moaned with delight.

Then, two graceful hands latched onto his thighs for support.

Time stood still for a moment, before he felt *it*.

There's a unique feeling when a dick enters a girl's mouth. Like it's finally home.

Now, 'Home' landed on top of Kirk's throbbing, hard as stone dick, engulfing all 11 inches of it completely, right to the base. It felt... **incredible!** Kirk opened his eyes in shock.

The two perkier, fullest **mountains** in the world were blocking his field of vision, smothering his legs, holding a GODDESS of impossible dimensions in a downward angle, a rich mane of golden hair cascading wildly all over her back and shoulders as well as his own abdomen, while her mouth was glued to his pelvis. And somehow, she looked up at him, her mouth full of cock, with her huge, beautiful turquoise eyes in a triumphant smile. Kirk roared.

[illegible]

A **DETONATION** of cum *erupted* from Kirk's cock right into Olivia's gullet. Jet after jet after jet after jet of cum ejaculated with incredible force out of his cock slit.

Chills and thrills unlike Kirk had ever felt before coursed through his entire body. He experienced the strongest orgasm of his life. It was so strong he almost blacked out.

Olivia expertly applied perfect suction on his shaft, humming and lapping with her tongue all the while. She used her hands on his thighs and started bobbing her head up and down, swallowing his entire cock on every downstroke. All this only *further* intensified the strength and length of his already *insanely strong* orgasm. She was literally draining his balls as best as possible.

Reflexively, Kirk gently placed his palms on top of Olivia's head for support. However, Olivia read that action as an encouraging gesture, and happily intensified her humming, sucking and bobbing.

***“FUCK!!!! OLIVIA OH MY GODDDDDDDDD!!!!!!!!!! FUCKING SHIT
FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”***

This caught Kirk by complete surprise as he didn't mean to force her to do anything. But it just felt so good he got lost in the inhuman pleasure it caused him. He simply gave up any resistance he may have had so far, sat back, held her bobbing head gently and just enjoyed the wildest ride of his life.

“Oh fuck... Olivia... oh my god! Fuck, shit! Fuck, that's so good... FUCK! What the fuck! FUCK!!!!!!!!!!” Kirk gritted his teeth with each mega-spasm he experienced.

For over a minute, cum kept ***rocketing*** out with one powerful jet after another. Olivia didn't let up for a second and kept meticulously bobbing and sucking and humming away all the while.

For long minutes after all the cum had been drained, his cock kept spasming intensely. Olivia didn't miss a beat and kept slurping and sucking, albeit more slowly and sensually now, to exhaust every bit of pleasure this mega-orgasm still had. She knew the perfect amount of suction and speed to apply at any point to maximize Kirk's pleasure.

When it was finally all over, she slowly pulled back, then placed one final, loving kiss on the head of Kirk's red cock. With her hand on his hips and her face leveled with Kirk's own, Olivia smiled at him. He looked like he was looking at a ghost. He couldn't believe what had just happened.

“Better now?” She asked.

Kirk could barely speak. He nodded weakly at her, shocked.

“Good. Now, let me ***actually*** start congratulating you, Dr. Stud”, she said and winked.

Kirk's eyes opened wide, before he smiled widely at her and nodded, knowing he's never going to stop trying to make his goddess as happy as she makes him.