

Virum Pulchrum - Part 4

Raymond clumsily searched for his suitcase before taking hold of it and started following Olivia. When he looked back up, he thought he'd die.

Olivia stood tall, only a few inches shorter than Raymond, at about 5'10"-5'11". Her legs were so long and slender that put together they'd make the width of a "normally thin" girl. And yet, they weren't unhealthy looking at all, but rather just perfectly toned albeit *extremely* slender. How she carried all that weight with those legs was beyond Ray's comprehension.

Ray saw her supermodel-shaming ass swaying from side to side, taunting Raymond to squeeze it. The word "*perfect*" just seemed woefully inadequate to describe it. It was more than perfect by a factor of several magnitudes. It was just **SO** round, perky, bouncy with the skirt's backside clinging to it and emphasizing its every curve. Complementing it - Olivia's hips were so perfectly round, curvy, and luscious, yet somehow - also incredibly slim. Ray couldn't help himself from ogling them as they swayed sexily from side to side, hypnotizing him.

Above it, Ray got his first real view of Olivia's waist, since up to that point it had been hidden behind her monumental bust. Her suit clung to her every curve due to the *massive* burden it had to carry at the front. Olivia's waist really was ridiculous. Like... *insanely* ridiculous. Her already slim hips somehow tapered *and tapered and tapered* down into near-nothingness! Her waist was so miniscule that it looked like Olivia might snap at any moment like a twig. Above it, Olivia's upper back *barely* widened any, giving her what might just be the smallest chest measurement ever (discounting her breasts, of course). Olivia was so petite, in fact, that she actually made runway models look fat.

But as magnificent as all of these body parts were, nothing grabbed more attention than Olivia's **preposterously** gigantic boobs. Raymond thought back to the women he met so far in his life. The vast majority of them didn't show *anything* from behind. There were very few whose boobs actually peeked from behind *just* a tiny bit, and Ray used to consider them to be hugely busty, wearing something like an L or a M cup. In Olivia's case, however, her boobs didn't just "peek" from behind. They **projected** outrageously by about a foot on either side of her from behind! Ray's whole scale of what is huge changed dramatically after having met Olivia. He couldn't begin to imagine what her bust measurement must've been, or if that number even made any sense at this point.

He closed his eyes momentarily, bit on his upper lip and took a deep breath before he opened his eyes again to try to calm himself down. Yeah... that didn't help at all.

He adjusted his hard on as best he could then quickened his pace until he reached Olivia's side, just behind the swell of her right breast. She continued walking at the same pace, although her grin broadened now that Raymond was close to her. The silence between them bore so much sexual tension it could've been cut with a knife.

"Your room is 405. I hope you'll find our luxury suite to your liking, sir", Olivia said with a wink as she pressed the elevator button.

It took Raymond a second to figure out what she was saying because he was so mesmerized by her beauty and sexiness. But finally it registered with him:

"Thank... wait. Suite?! I thought my order was for a standard, single room", he said, confused.

"Well, technically, yes", Olivia said, her cheeks blushing. "But since the motel is almost vacant right now, we see no harm in upgrading our customers, free of charge. At least the nice ones", she added quietly with a mischievous grin, unconsciously rocking her shoulders from side to side and causing her barely-suit-encased breasts to sway sexily in front of Raymond. She stood about two feet away from him, but with every sway her pillowy breasts almost hit Raymond's chest. Heck, he could feel heat radiating from them with each swing.

The truth was, Olivia was really excited to talk to Raymond. She couldn't recall the last time a guy even managed to look her in the eyes for more than two seconds before he ogled her massive chest like she was a freak show. Raymond was different. He seemed to respect her enough to look her in the eyes throughout their whole conversation. Well, most of it, but he really did try his best. And he was able to keep his gaze connected with hers in a manner she so longed for. A girl as beautiful and as outrageously sexy as Olivia rarely got a chance to feel like she was having a normal conversation with a man. It sent sparks down her spine when Raymond smiled at her. Which is why, ironically, she wanted to stop talking to him that instant and start kissing him and mash her gigantic breasts against his torso.

"We...?", asked Raymond, raising an eyebrow questioningly and grinning knowingly back at her.

“Well, I’m sure Mr. Jenkins wouldn’t mind”, Olivia said with a smile while blushing profusely. She inched closer to him, again mashing her soft breasts against his arm and whispered “well, I guess you caught me. But he doesn’t have to kn...”

-DING-

The elevator doors opened up and Olivia stood up straight again. A worryingly-small cabin was revealed behind the doors. If Ray had to guess he'd say it was no larger than 3×3 feet.

Olivia was holding the side of the elevator open with her left hand, thus blocking the infrared ray.

Raymond just stared at her for a moment, trying to take all of her insane beauty in. 'Did this creature of pure femininity and sexiness just do me a secret favor, knowingly risking her own job just to make me happier? Was there a chance she's actually hitting on me? Wait, did she call me "nice"?'

The sexual tension was *heavy* between the two as their gazes locked. Olivia’s soft lips were closed in a smile that hinted of potentially wonderful things.

“You may step in, mister Ray”, Olivia said with a super sexy, giggly voice when she saw he was not moving.

Raymond awoke from his trance. He looked at Olivia, then at the elevator, then back at her. Olivia's torso was slightly turned toward the hall so that her GIGANTIC breasts were effectively *blocking* the entire entrance. How was he supposed to enter the elevator without getting a lawsuit??

He gulped once, adjusted his tie nervously and walked one step before stopping.

"Is there something wrong, Mr. Gibbs?" Olivia asked innocently, knowing full well what got him stuck in place.

"Uhhhhh... NO! No no no. I'm good, I just, um..." Raymond murmured. 'She *has* to know what she's doing. There's no way she doesn't see it...'

Olivia raised her eyebrow questioningly.

"Well, heh... Here I go", he said bravely. And with that Raymond tried to get inside. He did his best to clutch against the right wall of the elevator's opening so as not to touch Olivia's huge tits in the process.

However, Olivia started turning towards the elevator just as Ray was entering it. Therefore, like two rotating gears, she 'accidentally' caught his left arm with MASSIVE tits. Olivia's boobs forcefully engulfed and essentially *trapped* Ray against the side of the elevator doors, with one soft breast against his back while the other pushed against his torso. In fact, her gigantic pillows were so huge that Ray's-about-to-explode hard cock was pushing directly *into* Olivia's tit.

"Oh...", Olivia said softly in surprise, then bit her lower lip again with a slightly smirk.

Raymond was *literally* caught off guard. He was surrounded and squeezed by what should've been an illegal amount of boob flesh from his chest and upper back, down to his front and back thighs. His erect cock had nowhere to go but *into* Olivia's soft left boob. Ray tried to take a deep breath to calm his nerves but that only made things worse because he was puffing out his torso and back even more against all those heavenly pillows. It was **so** arousing that precum started spewing from the tip of his dick!

Olivia seemed oblivious to the effect she was having on Ray. However, internally she felt herself becoming increasingly aroused.

After what verged on an inappropriate amount of time Olivia finally said: "Hmmm... allow me to help you". She slowly rotated her torso towards the elevator entrance. Raymond's cock was poking even stronger against her pillowy bosom and his eyes rolled back automatically in a shameful bliss.

"Ohhhhh...", he groaned involuntarily.

Then, as if being uncorked from a champagne bottle, Raymond and his suitcase were literally *popped into* the elevator.

Raymond was extremely flustered, and *extremely* aroused. He knew he had to rub one out tonight before he worked on his presentation for tomorrow. However, Raymond didn't have more than 2 seconds to regain his senses, turn around and cling against the left wall, before two MASSIVE uniform-encased breasts followed after him in the elevator! Apparently by 'showing him to his room', Olivia meant actually walking *with him* all the way up.

In an instant Raymond's back was squished against the inner left wall of the elevator, while his front was essentially *smothered* by Olivia's preposterously gigantic, soft bosom. Her gigantic melons were brushing so forcefully against both walls of the entrance that Olivia's face literally disappeared behind them.

The ENTIRE space in front of Ray, wall-to-wall, was filled to the brim by tit-meat. His cock was lined pointing upwards in such a way its underside was softly brushing against BOTH tits through his pants. And the worst part was that Ray's hands were stuck in a manner that his open palms were directly facing each tit, at a point Ray suspected was their center. He could feel *something* protruding just a little through Olivia's suit against each palm. With enough force Ray could've probably moved his hands but he didn't want to draw further attention to those areas and make Olivia think he was creeping on her, so he opted on just... not moving his hands at all.

Ray was seriously having a hard time taking in full breaths. Somewhere behind it all popped Olivia's angel-shaming, gorgeous face, blushing slightly.

"Ugh... sorry, I just always... have to... ngh... squeeze one of them in... so that... *both* will... *ahhhh*... alright, let's pray..." Olivia struggled with something. Ray didn't have the presence of mind to realize what it was, but he did feel even *more* pressure around him.

Olivia was panting while squeezing her left boob *forcefully* into the elevator, in order to allow the doors to close. However, as much as Olivia tried to squeeze herself inwards, a "*small*" portion of her left breast (which in itself was the equivalent of a **pair** of 34H-cups) was still sticking outside the cabin.

'Pray?' Raymond wasn't sure if he heard her right. He was too preoccupied with not cumming on the spot.

-DING-

"Damnit...", muttered Olivia.

Apparently the doors tried to close but were met with that residual wall of breast flesh, which was so full and bouncy - it provided enough resistance that the built-in mitigation mechanism of the elevators' doors kicked in and reopened them.

"Sorry sir, I'm gonna have to... just... sorry, it'll be over soon. Hnnnnnnng..." Olivia said apologetically before she *really* squeezed her left boob inwards and managed to cram all of it inside. Well, most of it. As a result, Raymond felt himself exhaling a lot of air.

The doors once again started moving and luckily managed to close all the way through.

-BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP-

"Oh no, not *again*...", Olivia lamented exasperatedly as the elevator started its journey upwards. Ray could barely fathom what was happening. His entire upper-to-mid body was literally being

tit-sandwiched at the moment. A grain of salt could not have been squeezed anywhere between Olivia, Ray and the elevator walls.

"Wwww... wha... what's wrrrrr... wrong...?" Ray barely managed to ask, partly because he could barely breathe but mostly because he tried his best not to cum.

"I pushed all the buttons. Well, a part of me pushed them..." Olivia explained. "I'm so sorry sir, looks like we're gonna have a **long** ride up", she said with a sad tone. Ray couldn't see her small, mischievous smile behind the mountains covering Olivia's mouth.

Ray's eyes opened with horror as he realized that the already-beyond arousing ride up the elevator with this goddess was going to get a lot longer. He didn't know if he had enough willpower to last this long. Every second inside felt like an hour.

"That's... sssssure. Nnnnnno proooohhh..."

-DING-

The elevator jerked a little when they reached the 1st floor, which, in turn, caused Olivia's mammarys to jerk Ray's dick.

"Ohhhhhhh...", Ray moaned, his eyes fluttering.

The doors opened and some of the pressure on Ray's lungs was relieved, thus allowing him to take a slightly deeper breath. It was short lived, though, because soon enough Ray again felt that same pressure building around him again when Olivia again pressed her left soft-but-heavy boob back into the elevator. The doors closed and they continued their agonizingly slow ascent.

"Here, let me try to..." Olivia said politely as she tried to twist to the right. However, the only effect this maneuver had was to smother her left boob even MORE forcefully against Ray. Ray's eyes rolled up in blissful agony.

"Nope, sorry... let me try turning the other way", she said pensively.

Ray's eyes opened in horror. "Oh no that's alrighhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...", he tried to say before he felt that same blissful pressure on his left side and his eyes again rolled up with pure pleasure. While her breasts were unmoving, those "bumps" against his palms were *definitely* moving *into* them, and now Raymond was sure he knew what they were. He gasped at the realization. Every fiber of his being *screamed* at him to squeeze the shit out of those nipples, but he held his shivering hands on a leash.

"Hmmm... I'm sorry, it's not working", Olivia apologized and shifted back to center. For some reason she didn't sound apologetic at all. Ray was on the cusp. Precum was now leaking from his dick at a steady pace.

-DING-

Olivia's boobs jerked against Ray when they reached the 2nd floor.

The doors opened and an older woman was about to enter the cabin.

"Oh, FINALLY! I was about to..."

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!" Ray groaned in delight.

The woman stopped dead in her tracks. She saw a cabin filled to capacity by a gentleman moaning uncontrollably, his eyes fluttering shut, against two gigantic pillows of flesh, with one of them actually popping out of it by several inches, that were attached to a supermodel-shaming angel who suggested a grin and a shrug.

"I'll... take... the next... one...", the older woman trailed off, shocked beyond belief.

"Thank you so much, sorry", Olivia said cheerfully to the wide-eyed woman as she again scooped her left boob into the cabin before the doors closed and the elevator headed toward the 3rd floor.

At this point Raymond wasn't able to form coherent sentences. 98% of his mind power was aimed towards not cumming, a task which seemed more and more like a losing battle with every passing second. The other 2% were dedicated, for now at least, to breathing.

"I'm so sorry, mister Raymond Gibbs", Olivia said in a voice so sweet and innocent yet **sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo** sexy that it would, in itself, might send some men into an orgasm without even touching them. "This must be **so hard** for you", said Olivia in a not-so-sorry voice, knowing full well what she did with that pun. She emphasized her words by further squeezing herself forward. "You're just about to **come** to your room. Do you think you can **hold on** for *just* a little longer?" She asked with a sultry voice, sending puns flying everywhere intentionally.

"I'm... nnnnnnot.... sssurrrrrrrreeee....", Ray barely answered, the punctuated puns only making everything all the more difficult for him. Olivia's nipples were now fully hard, teasing Ray to squeeze them.

"You know what? I have an idea! Let me try something else!" She said with renewed enthusiasm.

"Oh no please **dohhhhhhhhhhhhhhn't...**"

But it was too late. Olivia decided it would be a good idea to push her gigantic bosom downward with her open palms, pushing each MEGA-tit from above. Unfortunately, however, all it did was to push her mammaries even *more* vigorously against Ray's front. Ray was now one tiny gust of wind away from cumming, his eyes completely rolled back in his head.

"**Come... ON!**" Olivia was urging her tits as she pressed harder downwards in powerful separate jerks. "Just... one... more.. **jerk!**" Each word was accompanied by another forceful push downwards.

Olivia's monumental, compressed bosom finally popped free as it was pushed downwards, now fully engulfing Ray's crotch, surrounding it from his knees to his stomach. His hands were pushed down along with Olivia's breasts and his upper back was forced to lean forward.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH..."

Ray has finally been pushed over the edge and came the hardest he's ever cum in his life, right against the most wonderful, pliable, BIGGEST breast canyon in the world. His eyes fluttered shut and he only saw white as the most transcendent pleasure engulfed his entire being.

Ray's hands now had a mind of their own. As he was in the midst of this mind-boggling orgasm, his hands automatically grabbed and squeezed Olivia's teasing nipples along with as much pliable tit meat as they could. It wasn't intentional. Ray just had no more control over his body at this point and this was the most primal, natural thing he could do at this point.

"Mmmmmmmmm...", Olivia moaned herself as she was being squeezed and fondled like that. She couldn't help herself and jiggled her massive jugs left and right so as to further heighten Ray's orgasm. He spasmed in response and kept shooting cum.

Olivia's face ended up mere inches away from Ray's own. She looked at him as he was cumming and smiled widely at his fluttered eyes. Olivia bit her lip. She couldn't resist anymore. Without warning she planted a small kiss on Raymond's lips.

The softest, sexiest, most succulent lips in the world touched Ray's. Ray opened his eyes in disbelief, his cock lurching with another volley of cum spurting out of it, as Olivia backed up just an inch from his face. Ray tried to make sense of what's happening, but he couldn't really think clearly. All he saw was Olivia's gorgeous face smiling at him, waiting for something.

Without thinking, both Ray and Olivia were drawn back to each other, acting upon their most basic instincts. Their mouths flung wide open and they started kissing passionately, all while Ray's cock, amazingly, kept shooting copious amounts of cum into Olivia's cleavage. Ray had kissed quite a few girls so far. However, none of them could hold a candle to Olivia's **ultra**-passionate kissing skills. In and of itself, such a kiss could make him cum without even

touching himself. So the added effect of such a kiss on such an already-insanely pleasurable orgasm only multiplied its effect.

Ray didn't even notice his environment. All he knew was that all of a sudden the kiss ended, his orgasm apparently ended as well, and the elevator doors opened.

Olivia whispered to his ear: "That's our floor, *sir*. Shall we?" She asked with a satisfied smirk. *Clearly*, they were way past the point of formality.

Ray was stunned. All he had wanted was to just go to his room, and instead he found himself being smothered by an insanely busty goddess, cumming his brains out. He couldn't complain, though.

He nodded dreamily and made Olivia's smirk grow into a full, perfect smile.

"Wonderful. Let's get out of this cramped little elevator and go to your room so that I can help you", Olivia said.

Ray's eyebrow furrowed.

"Help me?" He asked, confused.

Olivia leaned in and whispered into his ear: "with that hard *stick* you're still poking me with..."

Ray realized what she was talking about and became tomato-red with embarrassment. Never in his life did he stay so hard just after having cum. Olivia had a magical effect on him. His cock twitched anxiously against her soft pillows with anticipation. Olivia and Raymond looked at each other for another sex-tensed moment. Ray nodded with a bashful smile and Olivia shook her shoulders playfully, then took Ray's hand as they stepped out of the elevator together.

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Without intending to, Ray found himself indulging in the hottest night of his life. Despite his desire to practice one last time on his presentation at the conference the next day - his laptop never left his suitcase.

He was sitting on his bed completely naked, looking with incredulity at the goddess before him, not daring to blink, lest he missed even one moment of the divine beauty unveiling in front of his eyes. It was like his recent orgasm just a few minutes ago never happened. Ray was as horny as anyone could be and his cock was standing rigidly, ready for what's next to come.

Olivia untangled her bun, and out flowed the most luxurious, full, rich, wavy golden hair that Raymond has ever seen. It reached low on her back.

Ray gasped in wonderment and his cock twitched in response.

Olivia smiled mischievously at him as she unbuttoned her jacket next and casually threw it on the chair next to her.

Ray gasped again.

Her button-up T-shirt was revealed. Now Ray could really see how ridiculous it looked on her. The sleeves were hilariously overly baggy and could easily house at least 10 of Olivia's arms-worth in each. The cuffs were folded many many times over in order for Olivia's hands to pop out the ends. The front, though, was a different story. As big and baggy as the shirt was at the sleeves, around Olivia's bust area it was stretched *incredibly* tight, and looked like it was about to burst!

Olivia started unbuttoning her shirt. Unfortunately, she couldn't reach all the way to the last 7 or 8 furthest buttons. She said something but Ray didn't hear her.

Ray gasped yet again.

She said something again, now giggling.

"Huh?" Ray asked.

Olivia giggled again.

"I asked if you mind giving me a hand?" She said while biting her lower lip.

Ray realized what she was asking of him and shivered. With trembling hands, he reached into the first closed button. For some reason, he tried his best not to sink his fingers into her breasts. It was stupid, given the circumstance they were in, but he just felt this awe towards Olivia's breasts, as if they were sacred objects. Olivia, however, gave no indication that she cared. In fact, she gently rocked her breasts a little from side to side. This made Ray's task a little harder, but it also meant his hands inevitably sank into her left or right breast, alternately.

Ray gasped yet again, but finally started working on her buttons, going from top to bottom. An *endless* canyon of cleavage was slowly unveiled with each button, as well as a black bra.

When all the buttons were undone, Olivia took a step back and allowed Ray a moment to fully enjoy and appreciate her body.

Ray didn't understand what he did to deserve this.

Despite its size, Olivia's black bra was sexy, laced with hearts and ornaments. Its size was beyond anything Raymond could comprehend. Each cup held enough material to make a Large-sized men's t-shirt. And still, as large as that bra was, so much breast flesh was *pouring* out of it from above and to the sides, that another girl with breasts the size of just that **surplus alone** would get nasty, jealous comments from other girls about her excessive size. Ray couldn't begin to imagine what reactions *Olivia* was getting on a daily basis.

"Like what you see?" Olivia asked, and turned to the side to give him a profile view. Ray's eyes bogged out as he saw the *insane* tapering of the cups into such a tiny chest band. The contrast was so mesmerizing his eyes fluttered involuntarily.

"Haaaaaaa...", Ray puffed air and felt himself fast approaching another orgasm. He only managed to nod, which made Olivia giggle.

The bra came off with some difficulty, and Olivia's magnificent breasts were revealed in all their glory.

Ray was hypnotized. They were simply perfect in every sense. Their shape was a flawless teardrop, they were full and sumptuous, extending over 2 feet forward. Her skin was smooth and free of any blemishes or stretch marks. Her nipples were erect, pink and just the right size, with perfectly circled areolas around them, not too big, not too small. Olivia's breasts stood high and proud and did not sag even a little bit. In fact, the bra didn't hold them up at all, since they were perched as high without it as they were with it. The only difference the bra made was to make them seem *smaller* than they actually were, if that's even possible. Now they hung all the way over her hips.

Raymond was shivering. Literally, shivering. His cock was twitching uncontrollably without him having touched it. Precum was once again flowing from its tip freely.

Olivia looked at him like a lioness ready to strike. She took a step forward, then another. Raymond's eyes widened as his view consisted of more and more breasts. With one final step, Olivia's breasts spilled on Raymond's lap. Olivia took another step and just *pushed* Raymond onto his back, smothering his cock whole while her gigantic tits engulfed his lap.

"Ohhhhhhhh my gooooooooooooooooooad..." Raymond groaned and felt himself cumming once again. Olivia felt that and made sure to **really** grind her breasts back and forth into his lap while he was cumming.

"Yeahhhhhhhh, you like having my **huge** titties sit on your cock? Feels good? Mmmmm...", she purred as she kept mashing her boobs on Ray's cock to intensify his cum all the more.

When he finally stopped cumming, Olivia slowly dragged her boobs back. Ray was astounded to find out he was *still hard!!!!*

Olivia quickly got naked the rest of the way, her skirt and panties around her ankles now.

"Wha... how... how is it still... fuck, I don't understand... this never happened... I always... but now...", he babbled.

Olivia just smiled and shushed him by wrapping the fingers of her right hand around his cock. Ray spasmed in anticipation.

"I guess... that means I still need to help you, Mr. Gibbs", she said in a sultry, teasing voice. It just added that much more fun to keep addressing him formally now. Ray's cock jerked again in response and Olivia's smile grew wider. "I'll take that as a 'Yes'", she said and mounted him.

Olivia was laying on top of Raymond, engulfing his entire head with her mammaries while he pounded her from below frantically. She howled and screamed like an animal in heat.

"FUCK! YEAH! FUCK ME MR. GIBBS, FUCK, YOU STUD, YES! FUCH THE SHIT OUT OF ME, HARDER AHHHHHHH FUCK YEAH, HARDER YES! IT FEELS SO GOOD YOU'RE GONNA MAKE ME CUM! YOU LIKE MY TITTIES COVERING YOUR FACE? YOU WANT ME TO SMOTHER YOU LIKE THAT? FUCK YEAH JUST LIKE THAT, FUCK, FUCK I'M CUMIIIIIIIIIIING!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Olivia smothered Ray even harder with her boobs as her orgasm rocked through her body. She had to remind herself not to suffocate Raymond to death with her giant pillows of flesh. When she finally let go, Raymond gasped for air, but he had a stupid smile on his face. He'll be fine.

Olivia and Ray were fucking like rabbits that night. Olivia was a force of nature. She was ***insatiable***. Ray pounded her pussy so hard he thought he'd have a heart attack, and Olivia only wanted him to go harder.

She deep-throated his cock to his balls and made him cum in her mouth, only to unmount him and find his cock still hard. Red, but hard.

Ray fucked her from behind and was again just *astounded* to see and feel her tiny waist, while below acres of breasts sprawled onto either side of her on the mattress.

Ray lost count of how many orgasms he had after his 10th. Every time he thought he wouldn't be able to perform, he would look at any part of Olivia's perfect body and was astounded to find his dick rising to the occasion time and again.

When Olivia was laying on her back, her gigantic titties pointing upwards and barely sagging to the sides at all, Raymond was on his knees, fucking her tight pussy relentlessly while grabbing handfuls of her breasts. He couldn't get enough of them, ever. Olivia's legs were raised while Ray was holding them with the crook of her arms. Her ankles sat comfortably onto his shoulders. Olivia smiled to herself triumphantly.

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Olivia gracefully tucked her left foot into her heeled shoe and smiled mischievously as she gave her favorite guest one last look. In her hands she was holding both ends of her enormous yet-still-woefully-inadequate bra. She took another look at the worn-out tag: '26/75', knowing she was at least 10 cup sizes bigger than that by now. 'It's about damn time I got remeasured for a new one already', she contemplated as she struggled to put it back on.

The first morning light illuminated on Ray as he was sleeping on his back, naked, snoring exhaustedly. His dick, however, was anything but asleep, throbbing straight up at the ceiling, while precum was dribbling out of it at a steady pace.

'Aww... well I can't leave him like that.' Olivia thought as she finished juggling her **MASSIVE** tits into the bra and clasped it behind her slender back. She glanced at her phone for the time. '05:52 a.m.' She bit her lower lip thoughtfully.

She put both hands on the bed and brought her angelic face near Ray's crotch. His cock was literally shivering, frantic for release, the head an angry purple color.

"*Per... fect... need... cum...*" Ray mumbled in his sleep. Olivia blushed and smiled to herself. 'Well, 2 more minutes wouldn't hurt anyone...' she thought as she softly touched the end of her index finger on the underside of Ray's throbbing cock.

"*AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!*" Ray moaned in his sleep. Before Olivia's finger even moved - Ray's dick exploded immediately upon first contact.

"Ohh!" Olivia called out in surprise and quickly and sensually wrapped her delicate right hand around Ray's cock, while simultaneously lunging forward, deep throating all 6-respectable inches of Ray's cock to his balls and sucking every last bit of cum he had to offer. There was barely any cum left in his balls after Olivia had thoroughly drained them, yet he buckled and spasmed like he'd been plugged into an electric socket. The fact that Ray's cock has been engulfed inside Olivia's warm, wet mouth further prolonged and intensified his already-powerful orgasm.

For over 2 minutes Olivia felt him spasm inside her mouth (although at this point barely any cum was coming out). Then finally, the spasms died down and Olivia felt it was ok to pull back.

She looked at her handy (or... mouthy?) work while still leaning on the bed. Ray never woke up, thankfully. The poor fella was exhausted and needed to sleep. However, it seemed that the epic orgasm he had just experienced didn't do a thing to tame his throbbing erection.

Olivia sighed as she looked sympathetically at his still erect dick and realized that she's actually never seen a soft penis in her life for some reason. At first she thought it was normal, until she innocently brought it up once with Violeta, who begrudgingly told her this wasn't the permanent state of penises usually.

"Sorry, sweetie", Olivia whispered into Ray's ear lustfully. "I gotta go back before my boss wakes up."

She kissed him on the cheek and saw Ray's form convulsing once more as another small spurt of cum sprayed from his cock slit. Olivia rolled her eyes and smiled inwardly.

Olivia was just about to leave when she suddenly stopped. She took out the alarm clock from the nightstand and set it to 08:30 a.m., and set it back into place next to Ray's bed. After another thought she also took a note from the drawer and wrote: "*Good luck today, stud!*", then tucked it under the alarm clock, before she finished dressing up, then finally got up and left.

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"*PCHKKKKKKKFFFFFFFFFFFF...*", the blonde woman wiped her nose as she was standing in the middle of the crowded bus. People were staring at her. Mostly men. She was used to drawing attention from others, and even more so lately after the changes she started going through in the last week after she got sick. She was so proud of her recent figure, it gave her a huge boost to her already high-confidence. Her legs were longer, her 34-DD cups no longer fit and she had to be refitted for a 32H bra, her waist was down to 26 inches. She was 31 years old, but now she looked a few years younger, and her face was even more beautiful than before. All in all, it sucked being sick, but she thought the benefits outweigh the cons.

The bus stopped next to a motel with a flickering red-neon sign with the words '*Jenk-Inn*' above it. The doors of the bus opened. The tired looking driver, a man in his late 50s, looked at the incoming passengers in a bored look, before his eyes opened wide in amazement and his jaw hung open. Every man and woman looked at the newest passenger. No one was looking at the blonde anymore. No one. The blonde begrudgingly returned to wiping her nose with a napkin. A moment later she relented and decided to look as well at the source of the commotion. She gasped out loud, her jaw dropped. All of her confidence immediately faded away, and was replaced by strongly feeling deflated and inadequate in every sense.

A girl with boobs so enormous they took up all the *entire* space in the aisle. An OCEAN of bubbly, soft breast flesh undulated and wobbled madly within her stylish summer dress, white

with diagonal black stripes. Her face was so beautiful that the blonde woman might as well have had a paper bag over her head and no one would notice the difference. The... goddess (that's the only word the blonde could come up with in her head) that was slowly but confidently making her way into the bus was holding a small black purse clenched against the **mountains** she called her breasts, and with her other hand held a white plastic bag filled with what looked like a button-shirt, skirt and a suit-jacket.

The motel receptionist goddess cheerfully entered, climbed energetically up the stairs and validated her card in the machine before turning to search for an empty seat. If she noticed the driver's ogling after her, she didn't show it.

The bus was already packed with passengers with no available seats and several people standing while holding the rails above. Conversations died down and heads were turning up as Olivia was making her way inside. She carefully did her best not to bump into any heads of sitting passengers (as much as some of them might've liked that). Jaws hung open, gasps were heard and eyes opened wide around the bus as she casually took one step after the other, her MASSIVE tits jiggling within her dress despite the industrial strength bra she was wearing underneath.

Seeing that there's no way she'd sit, the blonde was horrified to find out that Olivia eventually opted to stand next to her. The blonde was suddenly feeling *extremely* jealous and ugly. Olivia, oblivious to her MASSIVE effect around her, grasped the metal railing above her with her delicate hand.

The bus finally began moving once again. Olivia smiled politely at the blonde. However, the blonde only stared back at her angrily. Then, her nose began itching again.

"HATCHUUU!!!" The blonde sneezed.

As the bus continued driving, loading more people in. The blonde went through tissue after tissue. Unfortunately, Olivia couldn't distance herself from the blonde because more people came up behind her as well and there wasn't enough room to shuffle back.

Olivia looked up at the map for this line and worked on calculating how many more stops she still had to go when all of a sudden...

- COUGH COUGH -

A tiny droplet hit her open mouth before she quickly looked again at the blonde next to her. The blonde realized what she's done and hastily put her palm over her mouth, as if that's going to matter now, then mumbled apologetically "sss... sorry."

"That's uhhh... yeah. Sure, that's fine", Olivia said, slightly annoyed but trying not to make a big deal out of it.

Finally, the bus arrived at her stop, and Olivia quickly squeezed her way out, then started walking to her apartment, ready to sleep away her tiredness.

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The next day she called in sick.

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To be continued...