

Virum Pulchrum - Part 7

Olivia walked past the piece of chipped wood outside their apartment and barely squeezed her way in, one humongous breast at a time. She was about to close the door behind her when she looked at the living room she shared with Violetta and froze in place. Deep down, *deep* deep down, Olivia had a bad feeling this day would inevitably come. She just repressed that thought because she didn't want to believe it.

The way back home was truly horrible. Nasty looks from every girl who saw her, foul comments muttered about her or even said to her face, erections everywhere, men cumming spontaneously to the sight and touch of her, phones taking pictures and videos of her, men getting slapped by their wives or girlfriends. One girl even called her a "*Boobzilla freak*" straight to her face.

'Maybe I AM a freak...' Olivia thought gloomily as she stared at the impossibly perky MOUNTAINS in front of her.

She just wanted to lie down on her bed, close her eyes and disappear. No, that's not true. She'd planned to masturbate for hours, screaming into her pillow as she squeezed and mauled her impossibly firm, gigantic, ultra-sensitive spheres while shoving her special vibrator as far up her aching cunt as she could while its side protrusion vibrated against her uber-sensitive clit. She'd be wrecked with orgasm after orgasm, thinking of how easy it was to make all those men cum, how Liam, the poor bra-store clerk, saw her naked and collapsed to the floor, how that hot Doctor Alston squeezed her nipple through her nightie, how his big, raging, throbbing cock felt through his pants. But mostly, how unsatisfied she's gonna feel in the end, despite having cum dozens of times. Fuck, is she doomed to never be fully satisfied? Is there no man who can handle her Atom-bomb level of sexiness?

But she couldn't do any of that.

She was staring in horror at two large, overstuffed suitcases standing next to several plastic bags in the middle of the room. A cheque was placed on the coffee table, already filled out with a handwriting she knew all too well.

Violetta came out of the hallway, holding another plastic bag full of clothing. She looked... not so good. She was still beautiful in Olivia's eyes, but it was obvious she'd been crying herself dry.

"Vi...", Olivia called out weakly. Violetta didn't meet her gaze.

"No puedo más, Olivia. I'm sorry, I just...", she said quietly, avoiding eye contact and hurriedly walked to her pile of suitcases and bags.

"Vi. Viola!" Olivia cried out desperately as tears were welling up in her eyes. But Violetta kept scrambling around, gathering her things as best she could with her two hands. "Why are you doing this, Vi? *Por favor!*"

Violetta still didn't look up, and kept speaking quietly, emotion drained from her voice. "You have my share of the rent until the end of our lease. There's some left-over stir fry I made. I... didn't put coriander, I know you hate it..."

Olivia felt the tears coming. "Vi just... just stop for a second, *please!* What did I do to you to make you do this? After all this time I think I deserve at least an honest answer. Violetta ***Mírame!***" she raised her voice uncharacteristically.

This actually made Violetta stop. Her hands holding the suitcases were shaking madly, her lips were trembling.

Slowly, she lifted her gaze until it finally met Olivia's. When she did, Olivia saw Violetta's bare soul. Pain. Anger. Resentment. Sadness. Shame. Everything was transparent through her eyes.

It was almost a minute before anyone said anything. And it was the longest minute in both of their lives. It seemed like everything was said without a word.

“Vi, please just talk t...”

“Do you have any idea what it's like being your friend?” Violetta cut her off. A new tear formed in her eye, her lower lip was trembling madly.

“I...”

“Seeing you. Every. Fucking. Day. Just... being you?”

“What do you m...”

“Olivia, there's *no* other girl more beautiful than you in the world. No one.”

“Oh come on, Vi, I'm sure...”

“**NO! ONE!** Nadie! No hay ninguna persona!!!!” This wasn't a compliment. It was an accusation.

Olivia felt some anger rising from within. “Well I didn't ask for any of this! I didn't do anything to look the way I am!” She retorted back with some resolve.

“Oh but that's just it, isn't it?” Violetta smiled the coldest smile Olivia's ever seen. It was worse than her angry face. “You *never* do anything to get what you want. You ***just*** get it. You ***just*** have it. You can ***just*** eat whatever you want and your waist looks smaller than a wasp's. Not that anyone can see it behind those blimps of yours that never stop growing. Which, by the way, are

so freakishly perky they reach your chin level without a bra, and that's despite the fact that they're bigger than fucking **yoga balls!!**"

Olivia started weeping. She felt like a knife cut through her chest. Violetta was crying too but she kept on raging uncontrollably -

"And this face. This *fucking* gorgeous, annoyingly perfect face of yours. Who... who looks like that??? Do you know what I have to do to look 1/1,000th as good as you look, naturally?? All the makeup, all the facial treatments and what not. And you just... look like... *THAT!!*"

Olivia was speechless.

"Not to mention, the *attention* everyone gives you. Sure, you never mean to. But somehow everyone just gives you free stuff, and does whatever you ask them to. Men leaving **years** of marriage just because you smiled at them for a second when they let you cut in line. All the boyfriends I had to keep hiding from you because they **always** left me once they saw a glimpse of you."

"Now wait a minute, that's not fair! I never did any..."

"Oh I'll tell you what's not fair!" Violetta didn't stop at any red light. It's like she was holding a gigantic dam, and once it was breached, *nothing* could stop the flow. "**TOM-FUCKING-L.B.!**"

Olivia turned silent and looked at the floor. Well, at her cleavage...

"**Yeaaaaaaahhhhh!!!!** What, you thought I forgot about how you ditched me just so you could fuck my long time crush??"

"But, I tried to..."

“Oh don't you **fuckin'** dare! I was there. You had a choice and you made it. You took the selfish road. *'Violetta will understand. She'll get over it'*. Well guess what? I **don't** understand, and I **didn't** get over it! I bet you fucked him all night long, emptying his balls over and over again... I bet he was barely alive after a fuck session with you.”

“Violetta stop”, Olivia sobbed. She fell on her knees and buried her face in her palms, crying a river like never before. It hurt that much more just because... Violetta was actually right on the money. This is *exactly* what happened.

“And the virus!” Violetta rode her wave of fury. “You already *were* the hottest girl alive, even after everyone else got sick. But you just **had** to catch that virus as well so you could become even **hotter**. So you became ‘Nuclear-bomb’ hot! Which most women wouldn't even dream of looking like this. But did you settle for a one-time sickness? No, you just *had* to become hotter than the fucking **SUN!** so you became sick **AGAIN!!!**”

“It wasn't my fault!” Cried out Olivia.

“Ohhhhhh nooooo... it's *never* your fault. Poor Olivia just ‘got it’ by accident. **Twice**. You know, I read the statistics. Less than 1% get sick more than once. But here's the real kicker. Are you ready? The ones that do get sick more than once - will keep getting sick AGAIN-AND AGAIN - AND AGAIN - FOREVER!

Yeah, you heard me. Most of us get what we get and say ‘thank you’. But not miss ‘I-won-the-genetic-lottery’ Olivia! Ohhh no! Not only are you this insanely hot *now*, you are **never** going to stop getting hotter and hotter! Like there's anything someone can do to make you even hotter. And yet, somehow, you always find a way, damnit! So it's only gonna get worse from here on. And who knows?? You'll get sick a third time, and a fourth time, and a fifth time, and a **thousandth** time!!!!!!”

Olivia was just shocked. She didn't know how to even begin responding to that. “Luckily” she didn't have to.

“...Everything that's wrong with my life is only because I'm anchored to **you**, Olivia! And to think I took care of you while you were sick. I *bathed* you! Do you have any idea how humiliating it is to soap the body of a *goddess*, knowing you'll never be even remotely as hot as she is, all while cumming?! And not just from touching your hot body. No! You wanna know why I was cumming?? It was because you **hummed** when I soaped your body. You hummed, and I came!!! Because your voice was too sexy to bear!!! And the funny part is, I'm not even gay. Or maybe I am, who knows at this point??”

Tears were freely streaming down Olivia's goddess-like face.

Violetta didn't let up. “And that's how you repay me. Taking Tom L.B. to yourself and ditching me! I just... really... tell me. What am I getting out of this relationship?? Nothing!! Just being that *‘uglier friend’* that you can outshine.”

Olivia was a total mess. Violetta ruthlessly blew metaphorical blow after blow after blow at the girl she used to call her ‘friend’. It's like Violetta turned into a whole different person.

Olivia cried through choked throat. “You know I've always appreciated what you've done for me.”

“Yeah, that's great. You ‘appreciated’ it. Thanks a lot”, Violetta mocked coldly. “Well... appreciate this, Liv. I'm not sticking around to watch you transcend into this... *freakish-uber-ultra-super-duper-mega-busty-beautiful* **GODDESS**. I'm out. You and I, Olivia? We're **done**. Have a nice, perfect life!”

Violetta took one last look at Olivia and shed one last tear, before she grabbed all of her belongings, walked around her like one would walk around a puddle on the road and went out the door.

The door shut with a deafening ‘BOOM’.

Olivia let out a gut wrenching wail and burst out crying.

She was now all alone.

* * *

“Ohhhh fuck... shit... fuck... yeahhhhhh. So soft... so big... shit, fuck, fucking shit godddddd, Jesus Christ. Fuck...”

Kirk’s left hand was moving in a blur over his overly sensitive dick, while his right hand was squeezing the shit out of a stress ball he once got at a Virulogy convention. Now it was used as a sad-replacement for the faint memory of Olivia’s boob. It wasn’t even close to being as soft and comforting as that heavenly mass he’d squeezed today, but he had to make do with what he had.

“Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuckkkkkkkkk...” he cried out in exhausted pleasure, his eyes fluttering backwards as he came yet again into his toilet bowl. Barely 2 small spurts came out at this point, while many semi-dried streaks of cum had already been covering the toilet bowl, bathroom wall and floor.

Kirk’s eyes were red and dry. He was so tired. How long has he been masturbating? He checked his watch and his eyes opened in disbelief. 03:49 a.m.. He looked down at his sore, red dick and sighed exasperatedly. It refused to go down and allow Kirk to go to sleep. The memories of Olivia getting off on his hand refused to leave Kirk’s mind. He’d already masturbated when he got into his car, then again when he got home, then again after dinner, and just continued again and again until now. Was this his 9th cum of the day? No, the 10th, definitely. Yet his dick obviously wanted more.

He’s only seen Olivia for 5 minutes and yet her effect on him lasted *hours* afterwards.

In the brief clarity after his release, Kirk was overwhelmed by the painful realization of how long he had been without intimacy, a true partner.

Kirk looked sadly at the half-empty bottle of baby-oil for a long moment, before grabbing it and squeezing more oil onto his sore dick.

* * *

“Dear Dr. Alston... while the evidence posed in your paper regarding the underlying causes of susceptibility to repeated infections by the PK Virus (i.e., ‘Virum Pulchrum’) are compelling.... we are not persuaded they represent sufficient advancement of... we hope you understand the reasoning behind this decline to publish... wish you best of luck...”

‘Damn’, thought Kirk as he read through his phone. He looked up from his table. Many couples were seated at the high-end restaurant, but his date still didn’t show up. He looked at the time on his phone. She’s 37 minutes late. ‘Should I just cancel?’ he thought, but then decided against it. He’ll give it a few more minutes.

Kirk sighed exasperatedly and scrolled aimlessly through the news on his phone. He really didn’t look forward to this date. It was arranged by a friend of a friend. Of a friend... Should he go? He only had 2 episodes to finish the show he’s watching...

“Hi doctor!” Chirped a voice that startled him.

He looked to his left to find a girl smiling a smile with too many teeth exposed. She was quite attractive, he had to admit. Although he hated when people who weren’t his patients called him ‘Doctor’. He was more than just “Doctor Alston”. He was Kirk.

“Hi. Brianna, right?” he tried.

“Smoothies”

“Uhh... what?”

“That’s my hashtag. *@Briannasmoothies*. I make the best ones. You should follow me.”

Kirk used every ounce of strength he had *not* to roll his eyes.

From there the evening spiraled from bad to worse.

Brianna was constantly on her phone, getting excited by some comments or starting a futile online fight with a troll.

The only time she was surprisingly engaged was when the waiter asked for their order. Kirk ordered a 10” pizza and a pint of beer for himself. He was astounded to find Brianna's order to be much longer. And expensive. Langoustine Ravioli. Lobster Caesar Salad. Filet Mignon. Oh and a side of fries, topped with cheese and bacon. Not to forget *two* cocktails (*‘cause like, what if I don’t like one of them?’*). Oh, and a diet Coke. (*‘I’m on a diet’*. Of course you are...).

The only thought on Kirk’s mind was - ‘who’s paying for all that?’

Still, he gave it a try. He asked her questions and even tried to share a funny story about a mishap he once had with a patient. He knew it should've been funny because every time he told this story to anyone, he got a really good laugh. However, *@Briannasmoothies* was too busy replying to comments throughout his story and missed the punch.

But the most annoying part was - she barely even touched her food. She just wanted to sample a bite or two from each dish. She just wanted to upload pictures of her fancy dishes to her profile to brag about them.

By the end of the night, Kirk thought of doing something he'd never considered before: leaving her with the bill. She didn't even bring a purse. Of course she didn't. In the end, he sighed and paid for everything.

"We should totally do this again sometime!", chirped Brianna.

Kirk actually felt his own gag reflex twitch, hearing that. He actually heard his brain saying '*Na uh...*'

"Yeahhhh... nooooo... look, Brianna, I don't think it's gonna work. But I'll check your post later - maybe then I'll find what was actually worth your attention." Brianna gave him a hollow, surprised look. Kirk rolled his eyes. "Have a good night, Brianna. Good luck with your smoothies." He said politely but assertively and started walking away from her towards his car.

Kirk went out on some bad dates in the past. But this one *really* took the cake. He was exhausted. He was done.

* * *

- Knock knock knock-

No response came.

- Knock knock knock-

Nothing.

- **Knock knock knock-**

The door was pushed open.

Kirk hesitated. It didn't feel right to just let himself in. He called out through the small opening.

“Olivia? Olivia, this is Dr. Alston. Are... are you here?”

No response still. He looked again at the text he got from Violetta, asking him to come in for a house-visit.

“Olivia?” he called out uncharacteristically loudly. “I came to check in on you, see how you're doing. I'm, I'm coming in, ok?” He waited another 5 seconds before he decided to come in.

As he opened the door, the mess of the apartment revealed itself to him. Discarded pizza cartons, chinese food boxes and various cans of soft drinks were all scattered across the floor, coffee table and sofa.

However, the odd thing striking Kirk was how... good the apartment smelled. Despite all the mess and obvious neglect of the place, it was the best, most alluring scent Kirk had ever smelt. He couldn't pinpoint what it was, though.

And yet, the *weirdest* thing about all of it is that Kirk suddenly became extremely aware that his cock woke up and became as hard as stone! Waves of arousal and anticipation washed over him, before he even saw Olivia. He was both excited and afraid of what he's going to encounter, and more so - how he is going to react to her presence? Could he overcome his insane attraction to her and stay professional? He wasn't sure.

Kirk fixed his throbbing erection over his waistband and buried the memories of jerking off to Olivia's image over and over again. ‘Stop it!!’ he admonished himself. ‘She’s your patient and she needs your help!’

"Olivia?" Kirk called out into the void. A frightened shriek was heard

"AHHHH!!! Who is that??" Olivia said from a room in the hallway, scared.

"It's... ehm. Sorry, it's me, Doctor Kirk Alston. I'm really sorry, I didn't mean to scare you off", Kirk said into the hallway as soothingly as possible. "Your friend, Violetta, called me yesterday, asking me to check in on you."

There was long silence.

"Oh...", Olivia said more calmly, albeit with a sad tone. "Thank you, I guess. For... coming over. I'm... fine", she said. She didn't sound fine to Kirk.

"O... ok. I thought you knew", he said and paused. "Do you... mind if I come in? I hope I'm not interrupting."

After another pause Olivia said "Uhhhh... yyyyeah... sure, I guess. Let me just... there! I... it's a little messy here but..."

Kirk took a big leap over an empty pizza cardbox and walked to the room where Olivia's voice emanated from.

"Oh don't worry about it, that's perfectly... *perfect*..." his voice trailed off as he stepped into Olivia's room.

Kirk gasped out loud as his mouth gaped wide open. His dick throbbed excitedly under his waistband, demanding attention. He reacted like that *despite* the fact that Olivia was covered up to her neck.

With her back against the headboard, Olivia was sitting on the bed, looking at Kirk. In front of her, two **mountains** were splayed out across most of the bed's surface, covered by a large blanket. Above them, Olivia's head peeped out as she was looking at Kirk.

She looked sad.

She looked tired.

She looked neglected.

She looked... more **stunning** than ever.

Kirk couldn't believe it. Olivia hasn't been taking care of herself lately. Yet, somehow, she looked like she just came out of the most luxurious salon. Her thick, lustrous golden hair fell so graciously on her shoulders. Her full lips didn't have a single crack in them, pursed in a permanent "O" that made Kirk's cock spasm from imagining them sucking it. Her skin was just... impeccably healthy looking. A perfectly smooth, light olive tan. And her eyes... her deep turquoise, hypnotizing eyes. They were so big they looked like they took up a quarter of her whole face!

Olivia looked right at Kirk with those magnificent eyes. They expressed so much emotion and vulnerability that Kirk was almost tearing up in empathy.

Olivia wiped a tear from her eye, which made Kirk realize Olivia had been crying. A primal urge awakened within Kirk to help her. To "make it all better".

“Sorry, Doctor Alston. I just didn't know...”

“Don't be, please. I'm here to help.”

Olivia sniffed cutely. She seemed slightly more at ease with Kirk's presence. She nodded quietly and stared at the wall in front of her.

“Are you in any pain?” Asked Kirk.

Olivia shook her head.

“Fever?”

Another shake.

“Any... discomfort? Can you... walk around freely?” He asked carefully.

“Yeah. Weird but my back seems to have really grown strong muscles to support all this weight.”

Kirk hesitated, not sure how to help her. Or if she even *needed* any help. Physically, Olivia looked extremely vital.

Usually Kirk would perform a physical check on his patients. But he saw no real reason to invade her privacy.

“Well... ok, good, I'm happy to see you're ok. I won't bother you any further. I'll be going then. If there's anything else I can help you with...”

“Is true that I'm gonna get sick again and again until the day I die?” Olivia blindsided him. Kirk paused before answering.

“Well... there *are* some preliminary evidence that show potential for...”

“Just say it as it is”, Olivia asked directly.

“Ok. Yes. There's a chance this is how your life are going to look now. Getting sick by the virus every few months or so. But as I said - there's not enough data to support this yet. That's the honest truth, Olivia.”

Olivia examined him. The honesty in his eyes set her at ease.

“Ok. Thank you for telling me, doctor.”

“Yeah, sure. I'm sorry I don't have better news yet.

There was a long pause. Kirk was looking at the walls and the ceiling for answers on how to move this conversation along, when...

“Doctor... I... Can you... hug me? Please?”

This *really* caught Kirk off guard. Every fiber of his being longed to touch Olivia. One quick glance to the side further embedded just how massive those twin mountains under the blanket were. Kirk was quite tall, but their peaks rose several inches higher than the top of his head.

But this was a dangerous game to play. Memories of their last encounter immediately resurfaced.

Olivia saw his hesitation and another tear formed in her beautiful eye.

"It's Ok, Doctor, you don't have to. I understand. I didn't mean to..."

"NO!" Kirk said a little more urgently than he meant, which actually made Olivia smile and blush a little. "I mean... you don't have to apologize for asking...", he trailed off. 'Doctors do get hugs from patients for saving their lives all the time. Though none of their patients looks like... *her*... but then again, why should she be treated differently just because of her looks? She *is* a patient after all.'

"I just...", Olivia said, her face turning red. "Violetta..." she couldn't finish the sentence and burst out crying. Kirk could barely resist her. Not when she's crying.

As he approached her, Olivia raised her arms in anticipation. She was so beautiful. So vulnerable. Kirk breathed heavily, trying to steady his shaking.

However, instead of hugging her back, Olivia was surprised when Kirk tenderly grabbed her right palm with both hands. He felt electricity passing through her delicate hand and almost came upon contact, but he did his best to ignore his screaming, angry cock.

"What happened with Violetta?" He asked kindly as he sat on the nearby stool.

Olivia was not ready for this. He didn't reject her. But he also didn't really give in to her whims. She wasn't sure how to feel about this. No, she did, actually. This was... refreshing. Interesting. *Exciting*.

After a respectful moment, Kirk tried withdrawing his hands, but suddenly felt Olivia's other hand joining on top of the others, refusing to break the double handshake. It was gentle yet assertive, as if Olivia was desperately latching onto this rare human connection. Kirk relented and looked at her empathically while they held hands.

Simply holding her hands like this was... magical. Suddenly Kirk didn't want to ever let her go. He was shaking all over despite his best attempts to stay stable. It felt like he was touching something so wonderful it was forbidden. But then he saw Olivia's large, vulnerable eyes looking into his soul and melted into her gaze.

"So... what happened?" He asked.

Kirk could barely hear a word she said. All he remembered was how empathetic he felt as her story unfolded for long minutes. He couldn't believe this *goddess* opened up to him and actually relied on him for emotional support.

"...and then, she just left", Olivia finished.

Kirk was shocked. "I'm so sorry. That sounds awful", he said. And then, a dam burst and tears started flowing from Olivia's eyes like a waterfall. Kirk squeezed a little tighter as she cried and cried. He didn't say anything, and just let her let it all out. It felt like Olivia's bottled up so much and was desperate for someone she felt safe enough to share this with.

When there were no more tears left Olivia slowly looked up at him with utter gratitude. Then, she laughed shortly, as if stunned and slightly embarrassed by her own behavior.

"Sorry. Um... thank you. Really. For... you know... listening." she said and finally let go of Kirk's hands.

Kirk was overwhelmed. Every fiber of his being told him to kiss her.

“That’s... heh. Yeah, sure. It sounded like you had a lot to... unpack. Sure, you unpacked more than a truck driver...”, he added with a teasing smile, to which Olivia suddenly burst out with a laugh-cry. “But, umm... yeah, happy to... listen. I don’t feel like I helped though...” Kirk said as he scratched the back of his neck.

“Oh, believe me. You helped me SO much.” She said with her big, beautiful eyes sparkling at him, now with a relieved smile.

This still felt utterly surreal to Kirk. There’s a clear aura of illusion that beautiful girls have no problems or difficulties. Yet, this moment reminded Kirk that even the most beautiful girls out there are also just... human.

There was a long pause where Kirk and Olivia just looked at each other, both smiling embarrassedly but affectionately.

“Huh... this is nice,” said Olivia.

“What is...?” Asked Kirk. Olivia’s shy smile widened.

“Just... talking to you”, she said and blushed deeply. Kirk’s brow lifted quizzically with an amused smile.

“It’s... uff never mind. I don’t wanna come off arrogant or whatever.”

“No no... come on, tell me”, Kirk said curiously. Olivia hesitated before continuing.

"It's just that... it's been so long since I had a *normal* conversation with anyone. Especially with a guy. Without him... well, turning into a...", She paused, hoping he'll fill in the blank, but Kirk wanted to hear the rest.

"Well... into... a lust-driven zombie, ok?"

Kirk wanted to be shocked but this actually made perfect sense to him. Of course. Any man coming near her would turn into a puddle and be awkward when talking to her. He was barely hanging on himself.

"But you made me laugh, you just listened, you respected me. This was the first time I've been completely genuine and real with another man, and you made this feel so safe and effortless, because you just listened and didn't judge me, or ogled me, despite... you know", and she gestured at the 2 mountains under her blanket in front of her. "So umm... thank you... Kirk", she said his first name with a daring but grateful smile, and once again grabbed his hand with both of hers.

Kirk felt a shock wave of excitement passing through his body at the sound of his name instead of Doctor Alston. Memories of his '*Patient-Doctor Relationship Ethics*' course he took as a med-student started resurfacing, with concepts like 'Professional Boundaries' and 'Empathy and Compassion in Care' coming to mind. If there's ever been a patient testing these concepts to their limit, it was Olivia.

"Hey, are *you*... ok?" Olivia asked.

"Me?!" Kirk's hand jolted from Olivia's grasp, his eyebrows both raised in surprise. This really caught him off guard. "Heh, uhh... well... w... why do you... I... why..." he fumbled.

"I didn't hear a 'yes'", Olivia said with a caring smile, not missing any detail. Now it was Kirk's turn to blush.

"Oh well, you know... it's just, life, I guess. Shit happens, heh", he brushed it off, amazed at himself for saying 'shit' in front of a patient.

"What '*shit*' happened", Olivia didn't let up, and for the first time since Kirk got there, she now straightened up.

The blanket covering her body was pulled down by a few inches. Kirk's eyes opened wide. **Anyone's** eyes would do the same, no matter how professional they were.

Olivia's shoulders were the first to be exposed. They were so slender and delicate like a porcelain-doll. Her collarbones were beautifully showing underneath her long, swan-shaming graceful neck. Below them, tapered the world's smallest chest. Apparently she wore a black spaghetti-strapped nightie. However, once those spaghetti straps left her clavicles, they rose *upwards* instead of resting on her upper chest.

Cleavage. Bottomless cleavage. It was mind boggling how such a petite chest can 'sprout' and support such absurdly wide protrusions. The blanket dropped by a mere several inches, but already the base of Olivia's breasts spread sideways by a full handspan on either side of her chest. But Olivia's **massive** tits also spread *upwards*, before disappearing under the blanket. Yet, her black spaghetti straps didn't cut into them, but were suspended *above* them, which could only mean they kept rising *much* higher still underneath the blanket.

The sheer size of Olivia's exposed cleavage was staggering—easily enough to fill an M-cup, maybe more. And yet, as Kirk's gaze drifted lower, he realized this was just a fraction of her full size. The tip of the iceberg. Or rather, the tips of two. Shaking off the thought, he met her big, expectant, knowing eyes.

"Uh.. nothing. It's just... my paper. It got rejected. Again."

"Oh. I'm sorry, that sucks," Olivia said with an empathetic pout. It was oddly refreshing to focus on someone else's problems instead of her own. She craved the chance to support a man, to be his shoulder to lean on—and Kirk felt like the perfect one. Honest, humble, genuine. He spoke to her like a person, not just a walking fantasy. He actually looked into her eyes, not just at her chest. Well... most of the time.

“Thanks”, said Kirk. It felt weird, being comforted by a patient and not the other way around.
“Well, I think I’ll be g...”

“What was it about?”

“Huh? Oh, uh, well... you know, just... about the PK virus. I mean, the ‘Virum Pulchrum’ virus. Although, technically you don’t need to say Virum Pulchrum *virus* because ‘Virum’ *is* ‘Virus’ in Latin, so that’s redundant. Shit, I’m babbling. And I’m boring you. And I said ‘shit’ again to a patient... sorry.

Olivia was biting her full, lower lip gently and her anime-large eyes smiled at him. He was so CUTE! She shifted in her bed some more and several *additional* inches of cleavage exploded in offer for Kirk’s eyes to feast.

“I’m not bored at all. I asked you. I wanna know”, she said with a genuine smile. Cute dimples formed as her cheeks rose.

Kirk started sweating as his peripheral vision caught sight of over a foot of pure breast flesh. Yet, to Olivia’s complete surprise and dismay, he didn’t even glance at them, his gaze steady on her beautiful eyes. It’s as if he... respected her as a person? This was new. And refreshing.

“Uhhhh... ehm! Ok, hehe, thanks. That’s... anyway... the study’s purely collecting data from patients over time to learn more about recurring cases. There are no drugs or invasive procedures involved.”

“And what’s the hypothesis that you’re trying to prove?” She asked.

Kirk was taken aback. She *is* smart. He felt really bad at being surprise by it. “Well, I have strong basis to believe that a woman infected more than once will continue experiencing virus infections all her life, and each time will keep experiencing the effects of the virus in her body.”

Olivia paused. 'It's true, then. Violetta wasn't lying. Am I really doomed to live like this?'

"So, why was it rejected? What did these annoying reviewers want?" Olivia asked curiously, immediately siding with Dr. Alston.

Kirk furrowed his brow, as if looking at her in a new light for the first time. "They uh... said, I needed at least one more patient to strengthen my claims. I guess they're right. But it's just so hard finding recurring cases of PK infection. You'd be surprised how few women have that... I tried everywhere but not enough women showed up. I don't know what to do, honestly."

Olivia inched closer to him. Even **more** cleavage showed, when *finally*, after a full **foot and a half** of exploding cleavage, her nightie *began* to show before disappearing beneath the sheet. M-cup worth of cleavage turned to... Z-cup?! Already, just the exposed amount of flesh was larger than basketballs, a size which would put any girl in a "holy-shit-how-can-she-even-stand?!" category. Yet, even this absurd mass of exposed tit meat was still *far less* than the mountainous masses still concealed underneath the sheets.

"Hmm... that *does* sound difficult. Now where *could* you find another girl with a recurring case of Virum Pulchrum infection, who's willing to participate in your study?" she said with false-cluelessness and then her eyes pierced his own.

Kirk took a moment, then another and another. He was too stunned to think clearly. Olivia patiently waited for the lightbulb in his head to be lit.

"What... *you*?! Are... are you saying you'll be willing to... participate in my study??"

Olivia took a moment longer before responding, just to tease him. She couldn't help it, he was SO DAMN CUTE!!!!

Finally, she put him out of his misery, and nodded slowly with a widening smile.

“YES!!!!!!!!!!”, Kirk practically jumped in the air as he shouted. “Thank you! Thankyouthankyouthankyouthankyouthankyou!!!!”

Olivia giggled back at him and her giant double-watermelons-worth of visible cleavage jiggled madly. So overcome with emotions was Kirk that he hugged her. Olivia HAPPILY hugged him back warmly, immediately wrapping her graceful arms around his neck and pulling him in.

Kirk groaned involuntarily as Olivia’s endless softness swallowed his torso. With nowhere else to go, his arms rested atop her right breast. He wrapped around her slender upper back, his hands meeting behind her, then reaching further—past her sides, beyond them, and still more. She was so petite it almost felt like he was hugging himself.

This was the best feeling in the world. For a moment, nothing else mattered in the world. Treating patients, publishing his article, paying bills... only Olivia's magnificent boob crushing his body.

Olivia smiled and hugged him for all she was worth. She was milking this moment to the fullest. The last couple of weeks have been utter misery for her. Hugging Kirk made her feel on cloud 9. Dr. Kirk Alston was a beacon of light in her sea of darkness.

It seemed time stood still as they kept hugging. Neither wanted the moment to pass. As the embrace passed the 15 seconds mark, Olivia’s wide smile softened and turned into... something deeper. Kirk's giddy enthusiasm morphed into... raw excitement. He started shivering. Olivia started breathing heavily. There was magic in the air between them. A sort of mutual understanding that something special has just developed between them.

Olivia did the first move. Her hand caressed Kirk's back for *just* a few inches. But that was enough to send sparks throughout Kirk's body and make him groan from the comforting feeling. This felt like the subtlest invite. He took it, and squeezed himself *just* a tiny bit more into Olivia's body. She purred in response, which made Kirk's dick spasm.

The feeling was unlike anything Kirk or Olivia have ever felt before. It wasn't just pure attraction. There was something... more. A true connection.

They pulled back just enough to look at each other. Their faces were inches apart. Olivia looked at him vulnerably. Kirk has NEVER seen a more beautiful girl in his life. He was consumed with Olivia with every fiber of his being. Olivia stared at him, then glanced at his lips, then back into his eyes and her pupils dilated widely. Expectantly.

"Olivia... we really shouldn't..." he said weakly.

"I know", she nodded softly.

And just like that, their lips locked in a torrid kiss.

* * *

Olivia put her hand on Kirk's cheek and kissed him again and again. It felt like each kiss was never enough, and she always wanted another one. Her lips were so soft, so perfect, enveloping his almost as if they were erotically massaging his own.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm", she moaned into the kiss and caused Kirk to gasp through his nose in response.

Kirk was overcome with arousal. He couldn't believe this was happening. His body reacted on autopilot, doing the most natural thing it wanted to do, which was to kiss her back. For a brief moment, he had one last thought of professionalism, doctor-patient relations, before it vanished into the background.

His right side sank into the most pliable breast in existence which acted as a better buoyant than a waterbed. Kirk's cock was throbbing and leaking precum now. He just couldn't stop shivering from excitement.

Olivia traced her nails over the back of Kirk's head, sending a shiver down his spine. He pulled her in deeper, and she moaned, kissing him even harder. They were caught in a cycle of ever-building desire.

After several more minutes, Olivia pulled back, her gaze burning into him. Kirk froze, wide-eyed. He could hardly process it—the most breathtaking goddess he'd ever seen was looking at him like a lioness about to pounce. His cock had never been this hard, throbbing, leaking. Reading the intensity in her body language, he knew he had to pull back. He stood and stepped to the foot of the bed.

Olivia's delicate hands grabbed the hemline of her blanket. Already, a whole foot and a half of cleavage was *exploding* outwards, dominating her petite form. Just this “small” portion of her bust reached ‘beach-balls’ territory.

“No way...”, Kirk weakly whispered to himself. And yet, there was so much more left unseen.

Slowly, Olivia pulled back the covers, unveiling inch after inch of her ever-rising **mountains**.

They say men experience *the gasp* when they see their fiancée walking down the aisle—a breathless moment of disbelief, realizing how lucky they are to have such beauty and devotion directed solely at them.

Kirk had that gasp now.

No makeup, weeks of neglect, a simple nightie—none of it mattered. Olivia was mesmerizing. And as more of her was revealed, he kept gasping. She held his gaze, daring him to resist

looking at the sheer expanse of her unfurling curves. His peripheral vision filled with more and more breast flesh until, inevitably, his eyes dropped. He was only human.

Olivia smirked, triumphant, arousal pooling as she watched the effect she had on her *adorable* doctor. She continued, torturously slow.

The blanket lifted higher. Flesh spilled forth—first a foot and a half, then another half-foot of nightie, still with no end in sight. It was *all* tit. Sitting up, her breasts had already risen to the level of her nose.

“No... no...”, Kirk said quietly to himself.

Another few inches and they were taller than her head! Kirk just kept gasping. “Oh god. No... no... no...” he kept saying in disbelief.

Inch after inch, with a teasing smile on her face Olivia kept pulling the covers more and more. After 1.5 feet of cleavage and another whole foot of upward rise, the twin mountains finally reached their peaks at a total of 2.5 feet of forward projection! Just *this* amount of tit meat was beyond anything Kirk had ever seen or heard of, already reaching yoga balls territory! And yet, there was *even more*!

“Fuck. No. No. No. No...”

As Olivia kept pulling the covers, yoga balls became XL-yoga balls.

“Oh god. No. No no no no no.”

Then - standard bean bag chairs.

“Fuck. FUCK! Fuck, fucking shit, no fuck. FUCK, no fucking way...”

Before finally... at long last, Olivia's XL bean-bag sized, 4+ feet **BEHEMOTHS** were revealed in all their glory.

“**Yes**-fucking-way”, said Olivia with a triumphant smile.

Olivia's nipples were poking erectly through her poor nightie, taunting Kirk to grab and suckle them.

They were... well... perfect. Absolutely perfect. Resting on the mattress like overfilled water balloons, they stood high and proud, far *far* **FAR FAR** more perky than an 18-year old supermodel's A-cups.

And fuck... they were BIG! So much that they occupied almost the *entirety* of Olivia's bed!

Olivia's nightie had to have *at least* 7 X's before the L in its size, and *still* it barely contained half of her girth. Just the amount of breast flesh escaping above it, from the sides and below it could be distributed between 10 flat-chested women and give each of them J-cups!

“H... how... how... what... hhhhhhow...” Kirk stammered. He could barely speak. If she'd been flat chested he would still be excited beyond belief. If she had a perky set of H-cups he would be astounded with the beautiful, perfect creature sitting across from him. But THIS??? This was ridiculous. “I... I can't... Olivia. I don't... You're too... too... too...” he stuck.

“Too what...?” she asked innocently.

“Too beautiful. I don’t deserve all this...” he blurted. He didn’t know why he said this. It was just a gut feeling that came out. Olivia looked at him, pondering his words, a feminine finger on perfect chin.

“Hmm... you’re right”, she said. Kirk felt his insides turn. Why did he say this?! ‘*Stupid, stupid stupid stupid stup...*’

“You deserve *more* than this”, Olivia interrupted his thoughts, and her hands took hold of the hem of her nightie.

Before her words sank in, the nightie began moving, and Kirk suddenly realized Olivia was pulling it. Her eyes never left his for a second as her cartoonishly BIG eyes gave him a look so vulnerable it would melt a stone. Inch after inch the hemline of her nightie lifted at the front like curtains at the beginning of a show. And this would be a *show to remember*.

The smooth skin at the forefront of Olivia’s breasts was slowly revealed. Kirk held his breath as the lower portion of her pink, perfectly round and proportioned areolae were unveiled. Then, both nipples popped into view at the same time, making an inaudible ‘*boing*’ sound in Kirk’s mind.

Olivia stopped momentarily to gauge Kirk’s reaction. He had the usual shocked face any previous guy had upon seeing her nipples. But something was different, which positively surprised her: he didn’t cum. ‘That’s a first...’, she thought.

Something awakened within her. A primal competitive urge. Kirk’s resistance to her charm caused an automatic desire to make him suc(cum)b to her (***sorry, I couldn’t help myself***).

“What do you think...?” she asked hesitantly. For a moment, Olivia was actually a bit insecure of herself.

“Ahhh...” he replied.

“Do you want to see more?” she teased.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh...”, Kirk couldn’t speak. With every last drop of energy he had - he nodded weakly. Olivia smiled. “Ok”, she said simply.

She kept pulling her nightie revealing more of her breasts. And then some more. And more and more and then some more and finally even more!

At last, her full bosom was exposed in all its glory. Kirk was a mess, trembling like crazy.

Yet he didn’t cum. ‘How annoying!’

Olivia swiftly pulled the nightie over her head and threw it playfully at Kirk. It unfurled in the air, and Kirk found himself holding a TENT! He held it in front of himself and realized he could fit himself at least 3 times inside with room to spare. Yet Olivia made it look like a training bra!

Kirk looked back at Olivia and the nightie fell from his hands like an afterthought.

“Olivia... you’re... you’re so... so beautiful. So big... so...”

“Shhhh... your turn”, she said. Kirk took a few seconds to register what she said. “Oh! Uh, heh... yes, my turn I guess”, he said. Within 3 seconds he was fully naked.

“Woouooooooooowwww, careful or that BIG, beautiful cock of yours might poke my eye”, she said playfully, appreciating what was at least 10-11 inches of throbbing cock by her estimate. Kirk felt his cheeks blush instantly and looked down. “Now, come here baby”, Olivia gently called Kirk as her delicate fingers curved one-by-one seductively. Kirk shivered as he imagined the tips of her fingernails scraping his neck like that.

He took a hesitant step towards the side of the bed, but stopped when Olivia shook her head slowly. Kirk's left brow raised in question, and Olivia gestured to the foot of the bed. His other brow also raised as realization of what she wanted started sinking in. 'She CAN'T be serious.' But she was.

Kirk was trembling. His cock was spewing precum. Olivia felt like a fortress to him. 'Is she *aware* of her dimensions?? How exactly does she want me to climb up there?!' Olivia gave him a 'what's-your-next-move?' look.

With some resolve, Kirk carefully placed his foot in between Olivia's breasts. He looked for a place to hold onto, yet nothing could be used as an anchoring point. Nothing, but two ***gigantic tits***.

"Problem?" Olivia smiled innocently at him.

"Uhhh..." Kirk didn't know what to do. Should he just...? He looked at Olivia for guidance.

"What's the problem, doctor stud?" She asked teasingly. Kirk snorted and rolled his eyes at that cheesy line, but couldn't help finding it incredibly fun.

"Alright. Ok, ok. Yeah, ok. Well, alright then. OK!" he amped himself up with more confidence than he actually had. Olivia kept waiting patiently when suddenly...

"EEEEEEEEK! Oooooo!" She yelped in surprise then cooed happily as Kirk sank his left hand *into* her right boob above the nipple, putting his weight into it. "Yes doctor! Come to me! Don't leave a poor girl waiting."

Kirk was on the verge of cumming. Olivia's right boob was the most pliant, supple, bouncy, pert, perky, soft, smooth, wonderful, perfect thing he'd ever felt. It felt like the entire US Army

assaulting the delicate sensation receptors in his palm, a lone guard post. He stood up on the bed between her breasts. Shit! Their tops rose to his crotch level!

Just like Moses crossing the Red sea (well, almost like him), Kirk took one step into Olivia's cavernous cleavage, stabilizing himself with her left boob, which felt just as amazing as her right one.

"Oooooo, yes! Come to me", purred Olivia.

Then *another* step. "Mmmmmmm...", Olivia hummed with pleasure. And yet, Kirk was only halfway into her cleavage. Around him it was nothing but tit.

And yet, he didn't CUM!

'This we *have* to fix!', thought Olivia. She launched her arms forward. Kirk wasn't sure what to do, when all of a sudden Olivia made that decision for him. She didn't open her arms for a hug. Instead, her left hand tenderly enclosed over his throbbing cock, while her right hand palmed his balls.

Kirk's eyes opened wide and he gasped out loud, not moving a muscle. Olivia's touch was explorative and careful, like she treated his genitals as the most precious artwork. He really *was* on a hair trigger. NOTHING had felt better than Olivia's hands holding his cock and balls right now.

Then, both of Olivia's hands ever so gently guided him downward. Kirk had no choice but to fall, face forward.

It all happened so fast. Olivia's boobs closed in on him, essentially burying his ENTIRE BODY, from his shoulders to his *feet*. Kirk didn't know what was happening. All he knew was that he wanted to stay there FOREVER.

His face was only a few inches from Olivia's smiling face. God she was SOOOOOOOOOO beautiful. He didn't just have to get accustomed to her beauty. It was that he didn't know women could get THAT beautiful. It was like looking at a new species, previously unknown to mankind. And she smelled SOOOOOOOO good!

"Hey there, you", she said softly, their faces almost touching while still clutching his package.

"Hhhhhhey", he said back.

"Comfy?" she asked, her hands still cradling his cock and balls but not moving.

"Uhhh... yyyyes", Kirk barely managed, his eyes fluttering as he used every ounce of self control he had not to cum.

"You feel *tense*. Are you *sure* you're comfortable here? All trapped in my cleavage?" she looked meaningfully and leaned forward, her eyes now only 2 inches from his.

"Ahhhh... yyyyeah, sssssssssssure. I'm... I'm good, thanks", he said uncomfortably.

"That BIG cock of yours feels so HARD. And those balls feel SO heavy. Maybe I can help you?", their faces were now practically touching each other's.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhh... nnnnnno... ttttthat's... ffffffffine... I'mmmmm... ffffffffineeeeeee", Kirk moaned but held his ground. Olivia was frankly impressed. Any other guy she's been with would've exploded long ago just from seeing her naked. But Kirk seemed to actually have some resilience to her magic. He was actually challenging her ability to make him cum! It turned her on so much and made her triple her efforts.

“That’s a shame. I’d **love** to help you”, she emphasized, and *ever so slightly* stroked with her hand on his cock as slowly as she could.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck.....” trembled Kirk. He felt his orgasm building towards a **monumental** crescendo. If his usual orgasms were a small hill, this was the Mount Everest of orgasms, and he was getting close to the top! But somehow, he held on.

“Mmmmmmmm, tough guy, aren’t you? Well, what if I do *this*?” her other hand *just*-barely grazed his ball sack with her nails, whilst her first hand kept stroking his cock slowly.

“**FUCKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKKK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**” Kirk’s cock was leaking precum onto Olivia’s hands. But amazingly, and annoyingly, *he still didn’t cum*! Kirk was sweating, his whole body literally shaking as he was putting in everything he had to hold back.

Ok, enough playing games. Time for the **BIG** guns.

It all happened so fast, Kirk didn’t have time to register it all.

All at once, everything happened:

Olivia crashed into a deep, passionate kiss, her sensual tongue intertwining with his, moaning erotically into his mouth.

The soft pressure surrounding him suddenly amplified as her legs pressed her pliant, massive breasts inward, enveloping him completely. Every nerve in his body ignited under the overwhelming sensation of her flesh against him.

Her hand cradling his balls worked them in a perfect balance of gentle and firm, drawing out waves of pleasure without a hint of pain - only pure bliss.

And then, her other hand stopped teasing and finally gave him what he craved. Using his own precum as slick lubrication, she stroked him with slow, deliberate movements - up, down, a sensual swirl - her grip as smooth as if coated in baby oil.

Each of these things would've been sufficient in making him cum on its own. Yet, the combined effect of being kissed passionately by the hottest woman alive, having his entire body completely smothered by the biggest, most perfect boobs in the world, whilst getting his balls stimulated and his cock stroked with such skill it'd make world-class porn stars look like inexperienced virgins in comparison, all caused Kirk to have the most mind-bendingly powerful orgasm of his life! Forget cresting Mt. Everest. His orgasm shot through the stratosphere!!

"GAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Kirk cried out as he felt cum shooting through his cock, out his slit and onto Olivia's super-slim, fit stomach. This was the most powerful jet of cum he'd ever shot, and he felt it bulging against his cum channel from within.

Olivia didn't miss a beat and kept applying all her combined ministrations on him over and over again, essentially draining his balls with 100% efficiency.

Kirk's mind couldn't comprehend the pleasure it was experiencing. It was just too much. NOTHING compared to this. The pulses he felt on the underside of his cock were so strong they almost hurt him.

The first shot took several seconds to finish shooting, and was immediately followed by another, even more powerful jet of cum *rocketing* out his cock slit. Kirk's eyes rolled up and his mouth hung open against Olivia's kiss. Even if he tried his best he wouldn't be able to look forward. He was bombarded with pleasure unlike anything he'd ever thought even possible. And Olivia kept stroking, smothering, kissing and caressing him all the while.

A third, fourth, fifth and sixth jets shot out. Instead of the diminishing returns he was used to, the intensity of his orgasm only intensified with each clench of his cock. It started out as a nuclear bomb, and kept going towards Sun level.

Olivia egged him on in between kisses. "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.... Yeah baby... mmmmmmmm... cum for me... mmmmmmmm... shoot all that pent up cum in those big balls of yours. Mmmmmmmmm... Give it all to me, baby... mmmmmmmmmmmmm... you have so much... mmmmmmmmmmmmm... let it alllllll out for me... mmm!!!!"

Kirk's cum jets were well into the double digits territory with still no end in sight. He was on a whirlwind he couldn't nor wanted to control. He just let everything go and allowed the insane pleasure to sweep him. Olivia kept kissing him and handling him expertly all the while, prolonging his pleasure as much as possible.

It seemed like eternity had passed before the final spasms in his cock ebbed and stopped. Kirk's eyes were still closed shut, his eyeballs ever so slowly returning to their original location underneath. When he finally opened his eyes, Olivia's ultra-angelic face looked right at him, smiling. Kirk was gasping and panting.

“Olivia... hhhhhhhh... that.... hhhhhh... was... hhhhhh... wow... hhhh... Jesus... hhh... Christ...”

Olivia smiled at him, proud of herself. She was still stroking his cock ever so slowly while idly manipulating his balls like a pair of Baoding (Chinese) Balls.

“How did you...” Kirk asked.

“...Make you cum so fast?” She finished his thoughts with a satisfied smile. “I have my ways”, she said cryptically.

“Olivia... I never... FUCK!” Kirk cursed out uncharacteristically, still overthrown by how incredible and strong that orgasm felt. Olivia never stopped playing with his cock and balls all the while.

“Shhhh... just put that big, beautiful cock of yours inside me, ok? Don't worry, I'm on the pill.” Olivia asked as her eyebrows furrowed pleadingly.

“What?! But I just... I can't...” Kirk started but suddenly realized... he *could*. He never expected his cock to stay hard after cumming so hard, but amazingly, it felt even harder than before!

“Oh it sure *feels* like you can”, she encouraged him.

Kirk was at a loss of words. Olivia had a strong case. He *was* painfully erect, after all. He *was* staring at the most beautiful girl in existence, his entire body *was* buried **completely** in between her magnificent tits, his cock and balls *were* being played with by her delicate hands, and she *was* pleading him to **fuck** her. For once, his mind quieted completely. Finally!

Determined, Kirk smiled and nodded.

- Splash -

Kirk's thighs suddenly became wet. It took him a moment to realize what caused this when his eyes opened wide. Olivia *squirted* simply because he nodded! She was *that* horny!!

Kirk's cock throbbed angrily, leaking precum in response. He pulled back, and Olivia reluctantly let go, instead wrapping her arms around his neck. He slid one arm beneath her neck, the other under her inhumanly-tiny-tiny-tiny-tiny waist, fingers easily meeting on the other side. As he adjusted, his cock dragged along her smooth, toned stomach, gliding over her tight abdomen - until its tip finally rested at her smooth entrance, anxious to explore her depths.

Time stood still for a long moment as Kirk and Olivia stared at each other, knowing this moment had been inevitable. Olivia gave him the tiniest nod, which was all Kirk needed. Gently, he pushed.

She was so wet he slipped right in. But it was also the tightest pussy he'd ever felt, by far!

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ohmygod!!!!!!!!” Kirk groaned.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!!” Olivia moaned at the same time.

Nothing prepared Kirk for how **amazing** Olivia's super-tight pussy would feel. Every millimeter of his shaft was squeezed and caressed by a million tiny hands throughout its journey. Kirk only entered once, yet it took every ounce of self control for him *not* to cum on the spot. He stayed there for a moment, bottomed out.

Olivia was shuddering. Was she... *cumming*? **Already?!**

It appeared so. Her eyes were shut, her mouth open, and she was quietly riding the strong wave of orgasm as her pussy was convulsing over and over. Kirk's large, thick, granite-hard cock was pushing against every nerve ending throughout her tight canal, while its head was pushing against that sweet, deep spot at the back of her pussy that she craved so much to be touched.

Kirk was beside himself. This beautiful creature, a real **GODDESS** on earth, was in the throes of an intense orgasm, and they barely even started. He couldn't help feeling his ego being stroked. However, that wasn't the only thing being stroked.

Olivia didn't move her body, yet her pussy was milking his cock feverently, pumping it over and over with each convulsion of her intense orgasm. Kirk squeezed his pelvic muscles as hard as he could, fighting the imminent cum with every ounce of strength he had. He barely started and already he needed to cum for the *second* time in a few minutes!

But he held on for the entire **5-full minutes** of Olivia's strong orgasm, not moving a muscle, letting her ride out these waves.

Finally, Olivia opened her eyes and looked at him with adoration.

“Wow! Oh my god, Kirk that was... ***incredible!!!***” she was actually astounded, like she couldn't believe it. Her voice was appreciative and lustful. “I've never had ANYONE last this long and let me ride out an entire orgasm!”

Kirk blushed.

“Heh... whaaaaaat?” He tried to sound playfully casual. “This? This was nothmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...”

Kirk was cut off by Olivia's velvety-soft lips kissing him with a passion that would make Aphrodite blush.

Olivia was made of ... a *different* cloth. There were cute women in the world. Hot ones. Even very sexy ones. But Olivia *was* **sex incarnated**. She *was* **Passion**. She *was* **Beauty**. She *was* **Hotness**. She *was*... **everything**, and yet much much, MUCH more than that.

Kirk's whole body was charged with electricity and he felt himself losing control fast. He was one whisper away from cumming.

Almost against his will he felt Olivia's energy causing him to pull back until only the sensitive tip of his angry cock was inside her hungry pussy. The trip backwards was no less exciting then the trip inside, as Olivia's pussy sensually caressed every millimeter of his granite-hard cock on its way out.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!!!!!" Kirk almost shouted. Olivia smiled at him, urging him to bring his cock back home. Kirk clenched his pelvis with all his might, fighting for his life not to cum. Olivia was impressed. But it was a losing battle. Ironically, the more Kirk held on, the more she wanted him to cum.

On the way in, Olivia intensified everything. Her passionate kiss rose to **lava-level** hot with her tongue expertly teasing Kirk's tongue. Her arms hugged his neck even tighter, as one hand caressed the back of his head with her sharp nails, inducing the strongest shivers of excitement for Kirk that ran throughout his body. Her legs pressed inwards onto those two soft, inhumanly ginormous breasts as strongly as possible, increasing this heavenly pressure that smothered his entire body. But her pussy - it just *inhaled* Kirk's entire cock in half a second.

“Mmmmmmmhmmmmmmmmmm YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!! F
MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!” Olivia moaned into his mouth and then broke off the kiss as another strong orgasm washed over her.

Kirk clenched his pelvic muscles for all he was worth, and clenched and clenched and clenched, feeling sweat dripping down his forehead as he pumped again and again into the tightest pussy in the world. Olivia was thrilled and astonished to see him somehow holding on. She kept riding a tsunami after tsunami of never ending orgasms, reaching heights she never managed before.

But enough playing games.

Kirk bottomed out and felt a *shift*. What he'd thought was Olivia giving him her everything she had was merely a *child's game compared* to what he felt now. Her pussy **crushed** the life out of his cock. He felt the all too familiar point of no return washing fast over him and finally - he gave up.

The floodgates opened. It was the strongest orgasm of his life, by an *insane* margin. This includes the most recent cum he'd just had when Olivia gave him what he *thought* was the best handjob he ever had, only to find out it had only been a little teasing game for her.

**"Mmm
mm..."** he cried out into Olivia's mouth as she kept up with all of her ministrations on him,
sucking away at his tongue while he kept cumming.

He cock fired one shot of cum after another, again and again and *again and again and **again and again and AGAIN AND AGAIN...*** with no end in sight. Kirk honestly felt like his life was

literally being sucked out of him through the tip of his cock. This was a pleasure no human being was ever meant to experience. His entire being was consumed and reduced to this moment. NOTHING else mattered in the world, besides this ultra-heavenly orgasm.

Kirk wasn't aware but as his cock kept pumping into Olivia's divine pussy again and again, he made Olivia cum along with him. She expertly rode out her own orgasms while maintaining maximum pressure on Kirk to make sure he milked out every ounce of pleasure he had while cumming.

Time flew by and lost all meaning as their mutual orgasm continued for long, long minutes.

Finally, after who knows how long, Kirk's and Olivia's orgasmic spasms subsided enough for them to release the kiss for a moment. They panted. Both Kirk and Olivia felt something happening then and there as they looked with incredulity at each other. Kirk had never known sex could be this thrilling. This **epic**. NOTHING he'd experienced in all his years had ever come close to feeling this good.

And Olivia never had anyone making her ride out her orgasms or bringing her to such heights as well as Kirk did. Most guys just turned into cumming puddles who could barely do anything but drool and cum, but Kirk was able to release the full potential of Olivia's orgasms and **actually** satisfy her. He was selfless, making sure she too enjoyed during sex.

Kirk looked at her, stunned. She looked at him with a wide smile.

"Mmmmm... I'm gonna start calling you Dr. Stud-Lover."

Anyone else saying this line to him would've made Kirk roll his eyes. But Olivia made him blush.

"You're so cute like that", she said.

“Heh... thanks”, he said bashfully.

“Now, fuck me again, **Dr. Stud-Lover.**”

Kirk was flabbergasted.

“I... uh... Olivia, I... I don't know if **haaaaa!!!**” Kirk was cut off as he felt Olivia's pussy squeezing his painfully erect cock. ‘Wait, **erect?!**’

“Hhhhhhhow... what...”

“You don't know if... *what?*” Olivia gave him a sheepish smile that melted him. He smiled back at her and pushed himself back inside her.

* * *