

## **Virum Pulchrum - Part 5**

The white unicorn was so beautiful as it was nibbling on the blue mushrooms spread around her bed.

Olivia was mesmerized by its pink horn, when all of a sudden the animal looked straight into her eyes, winked once, then started galloping in circles on the walls while sparkling stars trailed off of its tail.

- *Knock knock knock* -

"Liv? Are you up? I uh... I got you some soup", Violeta's hesitant voice was heard on the other side of the door.

"Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!" Olivia called out happily.

"Liv? Is everything ok?"

"It's galloping on the walls! The mushrooms made it fly!"

Violeta raised her brows. "Mushrooms?! Wait, *who's* flying on *what*?"

"The unicorn, silly!" Olivia called back rhetorically.

Violeta, weary, sighed deeply, concerned about Olivia's worsening state. "Look, I'm coming in, okay?" she announced hesitantly, entering the room.

Holding a shaky bowl of chicken soup, Violeta entered the room. When she saw Olivia, her resentment grew inside of her.

Olivia laid covered to her neck, an oblivious smile on her *beyond*-angelic face. She was so sick. She had no make up on and she hasn't showered in days. 'So how the FUCK can she *still* look so goddamm **BEAUTIFUL**?????'

Everything about Olivia seemed to have been enhanced better, firmer, perfect...*er*. Her nose was perkier, her already full, sensual lips fuller, her hair even more luscious and full, her already-blemish-free skin even more vibrant and healthy, her eyes a little shinier.

*'Y lo juro por dios en el cielo, her gigantic tetas are even bigger than they were just 2 weeks ago!'* Violetta's eyes bogged out as she looked at the ridiculously raised sheets.

Olivia's tits now extended from her thighs all the way up to her nose, and rose so high they made a tent that a child could happily use as a 'fort'. And as if to add insult to injury - they were somehow ever firmer! Despite being larger and heavier, they sagged *even less* than before.

Violeta wanted to scream at Olivia for her illegal-level of beauty. For a short period after Violetta herself had become infected with the virus, she actually felt slightly better about her own appearance. But then Olivia fell ill, probably from the same virus, and now any hope of comparing to her became futile. Olivia's beauty now felt insurmountable, like comparing a bucket of water to an Olympic-sized swimming pool.

Violeta struggled with her feelings toward Olivia. Recalling their middle school days, she remembered when that *bitch* Samantha spread a humiliating rumor about her. "Violetta the Bedwetter" became a school joke. But Olivia always defended her, silencing mockers. They weren't just friends; Olivia was Violetta's anchor. They vowed to always support each other, a cliché yet heartfelt pact from their youth.

Now, all Violetta was feeling was her own crotch getting wetter by the second. Even being sick and covered up to her neck - Olivia oozed sexuality. Every tiny movement she made was **so** sensual and erotic.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm...", Olivia hummed to herself. Violeta almost dropped the bowl hearing that innocent yet *overwhelmingly* sexy hum. With a lot of willpower, Violeta started walking towards Olivia's nightstand. With every step she felt her pussy juices gushing and trailing down her own shapely thighs.

Violeta set the bowl down. Olivia looked lost, eyes wandering. *'Why am I resenting her when she needs me?'* Violeta thought with rising guilt.

She checked Olivia's forehead. *'Shit, she's really hot. And she's delusional! I need to call a doctor!'* she panicked.

As Violeta moved to fetch her cellphone, Olivia's gentle hand caught her wrist, stopping her cold. There was no strength in that catch. Just soft, sensual touch.

"Ohhhhhh..." Violeta moaned involuntarily and started shaking a little.

"Thank you, Vi, for taking care of me. You're a good friend", Olivia said in a rare moment of clarity, before she kept tracking the unicorn.

"Ssssssss... sure, Lllll... Liv", Violeta barely managed to say. Olivia's touch was **so** sensual it took everything Violeta had not to send her other hand to her clit. She started breathing heavily now and felt her own face flush red with arousal.

Violeta expected Olivia to let go, but to her horror, Olivia's fingers traced along her own forearm.

"Hhhhhhhhaaaaaaaa...", Violeta exhaled, shivering. Chills and thrills coursed throughout her body, rocking her to her core. Her face became extremely flustered and red. Violeta never saw herself as a lesbian. However, Olivia's sex appeal was so potent that she just couldn't resist her.

Olivia was still looking around the room at her walls, and only absentmindedly felt Violeta's arm with her fingertips, ever so delicately. Almost accidentally. However, even this barely deliberate touch was enough to make Violeta's knees buckle and her pussy gush.

"Llllliv... what... are... you... doiiiiiiiing...?", Violeta asked with heavy breaths.

"Mmmmm... your skin feels nice...", Olivia purred to herself. Olivia's hand reached Violeta's elbow when all of a sudden it made contact with a soft, round object.

"Ho goaaaaaaaad... Liv... maybe you should stoooooooooooo...", Violeta groaned. She felt powerless to stop her best friend's sexual ministrations, and watched in equal amounts of horror and anticipation as Olivia's finger started tracing their way along the contours of Violeta's boobs. Her pussy was gushing with arousal and Violeta felt herself getting close to the inevitable.

"You're so beautiful, Vi, you know that?", Olivia said absent-mindedly. Violeta was literally shaking all over her body, her eyes were closed shut since the pleasure coursing through her body from that simple touch was so intense.

Olivia's hand finally found the crown jewel - Violeta's erect nipple. She covered it with the palm of her hand and softly pressed inwards.

"Gahhhhhhh...", Violeta involuntarily wailed. An orgasmic tidal wave was fast approaching and there was nothing she could do about it.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm... I **loooooove** the way your body feels", Olivia cooed. Her hand had a mind of its own, and it started to sensually squeeze, caress and tickle Violeta's left boob around

her nipple. Olivia's touch was ever so gentle and soft, like she was barely even trying to do anything.

Violeta was literally trembling all over. She tried to stifle a hum, but was utterly powerless to do so. "HMMMMMMMMMM..."

The back of Olivia's knuckle suddenly found Violeta's erect nipple. As if awakened from a trance, Olivia's index finger and thumb grabbed onto Violeta's nipple and squeezed it, gently but firmly.

"HAAA!!!!!!  
!!!!!!!" Violeta shrieked as an orgasm beyond anything she's ever felt before washed over her body. She convulsed and shook so hard. Olivia just kept on squeezing and playing with Violeta's soft breast, barely even trying, and Violeta just kept on cumming. Her panties were utterly *drenched* at the crotch.

For a few minutes of this intense orgasm Olivia kept idly playing with Violeta's nipple, barely even aware of what she was doing. Then, she put just a *tiny bit* more effort into her boob-play. Violeta's shrieking rose up an octave and she lost consciousness. Her knees buckled and she fell forward.

Luckily for her, a soft **MOUNTAIN** of breasts was waiting to catch her fall. Olivia swiftly hugged her friend *into* her right breast. She smiled to herself and let Violeta drift off to sleep while caressing her hair.

"Enjoying the show?" Olivia asked with a smug smile as she looked at the unicorn hanging upside-down from the ceiling. The beast averted its gaze bashfully and resumed eating mushrooms off the inverted ground.

\* \* \*

No one prepared Violetta for the extreme... 'side effects' of Olivia's condition. Every day she noticed Olivia's body and face blossoming, to her great chagrin. Every morning Olivia's face would look that much better, her neck a little more swan-like, her legs that much more slender, her ass more pert, her tiny waist - even tinier, and of course, her **tits** were relentlessly growing day by day, not satisfied with the initial gigantic dimensions.

Luckily, her muscles also seemed to *miraculously* get stronger, including her lower back muscles. Violetta was astounded to see Olivia manage to carry her own load so effortlessly. Her breasts must've weighed dozens and dozens of pounds by now. *Each!*

Every morning Violetta checked on Olivia, her feelings of anxiety, jealousy, and resentment grew towards her oblivious, sick friend. Even worse yet - Violetta became *incredibly* horny all the time. Violetta became aroused just by being in the same room with Olivia. It was like there was this... 'aroma of sex' spreading from her body and throughout the entire room.

After 3 weeks Violetta felt like she was losing her mind. Her juices now started flowing before she even touched Olivia's room door handle just from thinking about it.

Baths were particularly terrible. Olivia needed help washing herself, due to her increasingly burgeoning bustline and disorientation. It was practically a daily occurrence for Violetta to involuntary orgasm without even touching herself, just due to the contact her open palms made with Olivia's ultra perky nipples. Olivia's screams of pleasure throughout didn't help matters either.

And yet, even THAT wasn't the worst part.

The worst was that every day, Violetta felt increasingly overshadowed by her friend's beauty and superiority than the prior day. It was only getting worse! She didn't know if she could take it. Fuck it, she never signed up for this shit!!! She just wanted a fucking normal friendship with a fucking normal looking friend. She never asked to be a full-time nurse to a fucking **goddess!!!!!!!!**

Yet, Olivia never *actively* tried to make her feel bad. Hell, she probably wasn't even fully aware of her surroundings. And she's always been such a loyal friend, supporting and loving Violetta unconditionally.

FUCK!!!

Violetta took one whole blissful week after 2-full-**fucking**-months of taking care of her sick friend around the clock. One week alone in a hotel, just sitting, reading, exercising yoga peacefully while listening to soothing music, ordering room service and talking to no one, free from giving baths that end in *earth-shattering-yet-humiliating* orgasms, one divine week since she last saw Olivia and had to constantly be reminded of her ever-growing inferiority to her friend in EVERY-FUCKING-ASPECT of her life.

When she got back, she was horrified to discover that Olivia's transformation *continued* during her week of absence, and now evolved into the realm of ethereal beauty. Her once sparkling eyes now shimmered with a brilliance that could rival the brightest stars. Her hair cascaded down her back, elegant and graceful. Her breasts, ever-increasing, had reached ridiculous dimensions that made Violetta question her own sanity. Olivia radiated an overall feminine allure that seemed to defy the laws of nature and border on the divine.

In the following weeks Olivia's transformations have finally tapered off although they did not stop completely. Violetta's and Olivia's lives resumed their track, only not quite as before. The atmosphere started feeling weird around the apartment. Something was shifting and Olivia and Violetta still laughed and hung out, but there was this odd tension. Violetta found it increasingly harder to maintain her cool facade with her increasing jealousy.

At first Olivia was totally clueless. Her stunning looks were just... her. She thought things were chill between them. But as time went on, month after month, she started noticing. They joked around less, talked less, went out together less. Over the course of the next two years - their tight bond was starting to unravel, little by little.

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Surrounded by new, luxurious makeup products, Violetta tried to apply her eyeliner with shaky hands. She spent so much at the store, she didn't even look at the total. After a 6-hour session at the hair salon and hours perfecting her makeup during which Olivia kept annoyingly sleeping, Violetta was ready. She'd splurged, spending almost two months' rent on this night. She wanted to feel sexy, both for herself but especially for *him*.

With a *really-super-for-real-this-time-final-final* touch, Violetta fixed one last line in her right eye, backed up and looked at her reflection in the mirror, trembling with uncertainty and fear.

To an outsider, she looked stunning. Her makeup accentuated her striking, sexy features, and her hair was made in the latest, vibrant style. Yet, looking at her outfit, Violetta felt uncertain. "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder" had never felt more real.

Her skintight, deep blue sea dress, ending a mere 4 inches below her crotch, accentuated every curve of her magnificent body. Her long, slender legs gave her an elegant, overtly-sexy appearance. Her ass was simply spectacular as it pushed out the material into 2 perfectly rounded shapes. Violetta's waist shrunk down another inch and stretched the tape measure to no more than an astonishing, ultra-tight 21 inches!

Evidently, all those last months increasing her yoga regimen to 7 days a week and watching her diet like a hawk had paid off.

And all those incredible features still laid in the *literal* shade of her most glorious best two assets: her right and left boobs. Needlessly further emphasized by 8 inches of cleavage at the front of the dress, Violetta's boobs could not be ignored even by a Shaolin monk. In a consciously crazy move, Violetta specially ordered in advance a strapless, **30Q push-up** bra



that pushed her teardrop shaped watermelons those last missing inches to complete *a whole foot* in front of her, and swelled dangerously close to her clavicles. Despite the tight push-up bra, the undersides of those magnificent boobs still ended just below her navel. A portion of her tiny waist peeped behind them, further accentuating her crazy hourglass figure.

If the average man had a dream girl in his mind - Violetta would surpass that dream girl and make her blush.

Hesitantly, Violetta gave the mirror her best side pose, pursed her lips seductively and imagined how *he* would react to that pose. She examined herself, failing to find a single flaw in the canvas that was her body. For *just* the briefest of moments, Violetta felt a *tiny* bit of pride. She really did her utmost **best** to look this good. This was as good-looking as she would get. Was that enough, though? Is there a chance that she'd actually feel a little bit sexy tonight?

"Vi? Are you ready, girl?", an *ultra*-melodic muffled voice was heard from afar on the other end of the door.

Violetta slumped forward in utter defeat. Nope. Not gonna happen. Who was she kidding? Her whole body was one giant flaw in and of itself... It was crazy what living so long with an ultra-goddess could do to your own self perception. And yet, who could blame her, really...?

"Uhhh... yeah, just a minute, Liv", she said weakly with a touch of resentment in her voice. *'Fine... let's just get this night over with'.*

Gulping audibly, Violetta's shivering hand unlocked the door and reached for the door handle.

- LEVEL 17 UNLOCKED -

"Yesssss!" Olivia said triumphantly as the character on her phone unlocked the door and turned the door handle to enter the next room on the arcade. Careful not to spill her half-full double-chocolate, cookies and peanut butter milkshake, she grabbed her 6th slice of pepperoni pizza from the open carton on the low table as she heard footsteps and shoved in a mouthful. "Oh, hey Vi", she said with a full mouth and swallowed audibly. She then lifted her gaze. "Ready to... WOW!!!! You look like a million bucks, girl!" Olivia said appreciatively.

Standing in the entrance of the living room, Violetta stood in her high heels, her prestigious purse draped over her slender right shoulder, and a look of complete **horror** dominated her face. It was all she could do to stop the tears from welling up. If Violetta was a million bucks, then Olivia was the entire GDP of the world.

Just... sitting there, munching on pizza with sauce smeared on her cheek, Olivia looked like she was crafted by god himself.

Olivia's naturally beautiful features had only continued to evolve since she fell ill, day after day, transcending into a level of beauty so striking it could make Cleopatra herself seethe with jealousy. Even with the barest hint of makeup adorning her face, Olivia somehow made Violetta feel like an ordinary canvas despite her own painstakingly applied cosmetics.

Violetta bit her lip, unable to avoid the nagging pang of envy that danced at the edges of her consciousness. She silently yearned for even a fragment of Olivia's effortless beauty. The ease with which her friend outshone her was just too much to take.

When she'd woken up a mere hour ago, Olivia just nonchalantly shook her head and immediately her hair fell into a magnificent, voluminous style that seemed to defy the mere definition of beauty. Violetta's heart clenched, her own hair that she paid so much for and spent so much time on today suddenly feeling dull.

Olivia's skin! Her fucking skin! Even before her illness, it was flawless - devoid of blemishes or imperfections. But now, it seemed to possess a vitality that made even a newborn's skin seem coarse in comparison.

And those big, perfect eyes had somehow become even larger, already a perfect embodiment of a startled deer, now they were so large they could make anime characters look squinty.

*'I... I never stood a chance, didn't I',* Violetta gloomily realized and felt her heart sink into her underwear.

"Vi? Vio...? ¿Me escuchas, chica?"

Violetta awoke from her jealousy trip and shook her head.

"Huh? Yeah, sorry, ummm.. thanks. You look..."

Violetta couldn't complete her sentence because as Olivia put her half-eaten pizza slice down, took one last sip from her milkshake and got off the couch - her **BREASTS** rebounded like elastic toys so dramatically they almost made a "*boing*" sound.

*'Fuck this world. Ok?? Just... fuck it! Fuck my life...'*, Violetta thought to herself. Olivia's facial beauty had already been enough to devastate her, but given the added effect of Olivia's **super-ultra-perky-ginormous** tits?? Forget it...

Olivia's **MEGA BOOBS** grew so much! They had already been gigantic! But now? Now, to call them gigantic would still be an overwhelming understatement. Stretching her specially-ordered 10XL-white spaghetti-strapped bandage dress beyond capacity, they projected an INSANE 3-whole feet forward!!! Every contour on Olivia's body was further emphasized by the clinging, soft material of her dress. As if she needed any further emphasis...

Violetta knew that blouse all too well. She secretly tried it on a month ago, just to torment herself. On Violetta - no breast skin was visible. Just the outlines of her own respectable-yet-tiny boobs, which looked like 2 bumps covered by a white tent. On Olivia, however, it was stretched

so tight that not only did she fill it to capacity, but it was *further* pushed a whole foot and a half away from her chest, showing bountiful cleavage under her neckline! Violetta couldn't even see Olivia's knees because they were concealed by Olivia's under-boobs. And they projected almost two feet on either side of her ultra-slender frame.

A second look at her friend revealed three facts at once. Each fact was horrifying by itself, but all three were exponentially horrifying together: First, as humongous as they were, Olivia's breasts were ***much*** perkier than Violetta's, creating a perfect valley that rose like dough up almost up her chin! Second, she wasn't wearing a bra! As huge as she was, Olivia's ***massive*** tits were perkier *without* a bra than Violetta's were *with* a specially made *pushup* bra! And lastly, her ***nipples*** were visibly showing through the blouse, standing even perkier than her tits, tantalizing and teasing anyone who dared looking at them.

Just when Violetta thought it couldn't get any worse, Olivia turned her back to pick up her purse from the couch. Violetta's eyes bogged out. Violetta knew that Olivia used to wear a 26" body band before she got sick, an insanely petite underbust measurement. However, apparently that just wasn't slender enough anymore. Her frame shrunk by a couple more inches to a mere 24"! 'Who fucking wears a 24" bodyband???'

Violetta's eyes dreadfully shifted downward and immediately regretted it. 'Her waist!!!!!!' Or its lack thereof... It never stopped blowing her mind that Olivia's previously beyond-miniscule 19" waist was now even smaller. Probably no more than a mere 17 inches! *'How does she not snap like a twig?! And that's without doing anything but eating junk food and sitting in front of the TV all day!'* To call life 'unfair' would be an upgrade from Violetta's current predicament.

Of course, the show will not be complete without a beyond-universe-class perky ass and a pair of killer legs, somehow even longer(???) than before her illness, perhaps a touch more slender and toned while still remaining as feminine as always. Well, more feminine, actually.

Violetta took in her... friend's overall silhouette. How do you quantify that level of beauty? She had already been a 20 out of 10. However, over the past 2 years that number crept up to a 50! That didn't make any sense!!!! And yet it did. She was right there...

"I look...?" Olivia asked as she turned back to face her friend with a look of hopeful uncertainty that made Violetta want to punch her in the face. The burden this friendship imposed on her was beginning to feel quite overwhelming.

"You look..." Violetta took a deep breath and suddenly got a whiff of a smell so wonderful and erotic she shuddered. "Haaaaaa... wait, what's that perfume you're wearing?" She asked.

"Perfume? I didn't put anything on. Why? Do you think I should?" Olivia asked, concerned. Violetta felt her blood boil even hotter. She'd spent nearly 400\$ on her own luxurious perfume and Olivia just *NATURALLY* smelled better than her?? **MUCH** better???

She gathered all her self control and said:

"Never mind. Let's just go, OK?"

\* \* \*

- SSSSSSPLAT SSSSSSPLAT PPPPPPPFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF -

"Come on..."

- SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE SPLAT PFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF -

"SHIT!!! Goddamnit!! 12 bucks for a lousy hot dog and they don't even have enough ketchup??"

A lanky guy tried squeezing the last of the ketchup onto his bun, ending up with a mess on his hand. Surrounded by a noisy, packed crowd, he checked his E-ticket again: 'Area: 241; Row: D; Seat: 13'. 'I knew I should've brought my binoculars,' he thought, looking for the sign to his area.

Outside the stadium, gigantic digital billboards were visible from several miles away, continuously cycling through images of a handsome man either feigning surprise with his hands covering his cheeks, grinning widely with a wink, or puffing out his cheeks as a barbie-like girl planted a kiss on his right cheek. Above him, the elegantly designed banner read "**TOM L.B. - WORLD TOUR**".

All of a sudden the chatter died down and was replaced by gasps and low muttering.

'Aha! Found it!' The guy thought proudly to himself as he looked at the sign 'Aisles: 231-241' above the crowded corridor leading up to a seat so high he'd have to be careful of birds flying into his face.

As he was about to move through the crowd, a commotion caught his attention. He tried to identify the cause while raising his bun to eat, but stopped mid-bite, eyes wide with surprise.

Like a marvelous pearl appearing inside of an opening oyster, a girl emerged from the parting crowd. There were a lot more beautiful girls in recent years, and their level of beauty was significantly higher than anyone was familiar with before. However, to call this girl 'beautiful' would be an insult, even by today's standards. She was simply breathtaking, so much so that the guy's open mouth started drooling on the bun below.

Then, he saw her body and his dick immediately started hardening. He thought his eyes must've been playing tricks on him. What had to be the deepest, longest cleavage displayed an inhuman amount of breast flesh that threatened to pop out of the blue dress's front. Those magnetizing tits seemed impossibly, perfectly tear shaped, full and just... HUGE! They were... **beyond** huge. And they jiggled so much with each step she took.

To his excitement and horror, he realized that she was advancing in his direction. While the entire crowd around her parted, the guy was stuck in place as if he was a deer caught in her

'headlights' (*Yes, yes! Pun intended, OK??*). His hand clenched around his bun a little. As she got closer to him his expression turned more astounded by the second.

Just as he was about to speak, he noticed her annoyed expression. Taken aback, he heard her saying cynically: "Save your enthusiasm, buddy", giving his shoulder a quick double-pat before breezing past him. The guy's cock lurched from the brief contact on his shoulder. Her lovely perfume washed his nostrils in the aftermath. He was about to turn around when **THE SEXIEST VOICE** he'd ever heard stopped him.

"Vi, wait up, girl!"

The crowd parted even further. Even louder gasps were now heard. Shrieks of incredulity. Moans as well. '*Moans?*' he thought, confused.

"Oops... sorry, excuse me. Sorry, I just gotta... oops! OH!!! Hehehe... sssorry, my frie.... Never mind..."

All of a sudden, two white globes appeared from the partition in the crowd. The guy tried to make sense of them when 2 seconds later - a goddess appeared. No... an angel-goddess.

The guy's eyes widened in shock, causing him to squeeze his bun, making the hotdog fly out and splat on the floor. He barely noticed the mess, completely distracted. Coincidentally, his cock also jumped and stood painfully erect in his pants at the exact same time. The guy's eyes REALLY bugged out when he realized she, too, was heading his way as well.

She was simply unreal. How can someone be **SO BEAUTIFUL???** How can tits be **THIS GIGANTIC???** The guy felt his whole body begin to sweat as he watched hypnotized as each globe bounced, shook and bulged obscenely.

"Oh no... where is she...?" The angel-goddess muttered to herself. Suddenly, she saw the guy standing alone, looking right at her. 'Maybe he knows?'

To his complete horror, the goddess stopped next to him and looked up at him. She was tall, but he was still taller. She said something. '*I should listen*', he thought.

"... pretty girl in a blue dress?" She finished her question and looked expectantly at him with a bright, shy smile. She smelled **SO GOOD!!!!!!!** It was like a torrent of pheromones had permeated his body and turned up his already crazy-high lust levels through the stratosphere!

The guy realized he was shuddering but couldn't bring himself to stop. His dick lurched and started leaking precum as he alternated between staring at the VALLEY of cleavage in front of him and looking at the most beautiful creature in the world.

"Huh?" He asked, dazed. The girl smiled knowingly and patiently repeated her question about her missing friend.

A distant memory of a boring looking-girl in a blue outfit surfaced. He was confused why the angel-goddess referred to her friend as pretty. Not wanting to upset her though, he said, "Uhhhhhhh... sssssssshe went ttttttthat way," pointing with his bun-hand. Her eyes brightened and she smiled wider.

"Yay! Thanks a bunch, handsome!" She said enthusiastically. And then... then she hit the final nail in the coffin of his weak resistance. She placed both her delicate hands on the same shoulder he had been patted on a moment ago, stood on her tiptoes and gave him a kiss on the cheek. In order to do that, she had to **MASH** her gigantic globes *into* and *around* not only his entire arm, but his **entire body!!** Ironically, the tall guy now looked a lot like a hotdog sitting within two sides of a bun.

This was all just too much for him. He could die right then and there, happy beyond his wildest dreams just from those few seconds. Feeling those soft globes encircle his body on both sides did it and he shuddered and came in his pants. It was the most wonderful, most powerful orgasm of his life.



He stood there for a long minute, a stupid smile plastered on his face. The angel-goddess was long gone by now, and only memories and a phantom feeling of her soft breasts engulfed him. He might never wash his cheek ever again, and he was fine with this decision.

When he finally came to, he looked around himself. The crowd has mostly dissipated by now. His pants were soiled with cum. Then he looked down and saw a squished hotdog with traces of ketchup laying on the floor.

'Oh *SHIT!*'

\* \* \*

"Pssst... Vi, you okay?" Olivia whispered, shifting in her close-up seat.

"I'm good, Olivia. Can you take your 2-tons-boob off my lap? My legs are going numb," Violetta replied, irritated. They sat in the front row, with Olivia on the far right by an aisle and Violetta next to her.

The tickets weren't cheap by any means, but they were worth it. The only problem was that when they bought them 10 months ago, Olivia's tits had *only* been gigantic, as opposed to their current **ginormous** size. Although a substantial portion of her left boob rested in her lap and on the left armrest, an even **more** substantial portion of it rested heavily in Violetta's lap. Violetta begrudgingly noted that even that mere *portion* of Olivia's left breast was bigger than **both** of her breasts, combined. And, to add insult to injury, in the battle of forces - it squished Violetta's boobs inwards while staying perfectly unindented. Despite how perky Violetta's own breasts were (especially with the added effect of her super push up bra), Olivia's boobs were just much **much** perkier, *without* a bra to hold them in.

"I'm sorry, girl. My titties have gotten so big the right one already bulges **way** past the armrest's edge. If I'd turn any more to the right it'll topple me over completely. But hey, feel free to use my titty as a pillow", she said jokingly.

"Ugh. Fine. Let's just watch the show", Violetta grunted. Violetta didn't want to admit that what *really* bothered her was not the weight of Olivia's boob, but rather the fact that her own seat was already flooded with her juices due to the constant soft pressure Olivia's magnificent left boob put on her thighs. She didn't know how she'd last the whole show without cumming.

Olivia gave her a longer look, her smile fading a little. She could sense something was especially off with her friend today, but she couldn't pinpoint it exactly. She decided to push it aside for now and instead looked ahead at the stage.

**"AND NOW, THE MOMENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! PLEASE WELCOME TO THE STAGE - TOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM L.B.!!!!!!!"** The announcer's voice echoed across the stadium, causing the crowd to erupt in uproarious cheers. Olivia and Violetta were both washed with a sudden enthusiasm as they saw Tom take the stage and joined the crowd in cheering. Their recent fall out was set aside for now.

Tom was a comedy superstar, adored by millions, including Olivia and Violetta. Every show sold out, just like this one. They'd been cracking up at his online specials for years, and now they were finally seeing him live. Both girls really needed this.

However, there was another, underlying reason why they both were so excited for this show. It was the same reason they both bought front row seats. Or why almost every seat in the front row was occupied by L.A.'s *hottest, bustiest* girls wearing skimpy, slutty clothes. And why both Olivia and Violetta (well, Olivia *in particular*), got nasty looks from those girls. And it was the same reason why the already rising tension between the girls was felt even more strongly today.

Tom L.B. took the stage with upbeat energy.

**"Alright, L.A. let me hear y'all make some nooooooooooise!!!!!!!!!"** He called out and was rewarded by the roaring cheers of over 70,000 fans. Violetta and Olivia joined them, screaming at the top of their lungs. For a couple of minutes Tom tried to start his set, however the crowd was so frantic they just kept on cheering. Tom was the comedian equivalent of a world-renowned rockstar.

Finally, he found a somewhat quiet moment and started his set:

"Alright alright, settle down. Thank you all. Wow, thank you so much. What a wonderful crowd. So this morning I..."

A bra was flung onto the stage mid-sentence and the crowd laughed.

"*Tom I looooooove youuuuuuuu!!!!*" A squeak was heard. Tom rolled his eyes.

"Come on... really? THAT again?" Tom played it off cool as he went to pick up the bra.

"Let's see...a **36L cup**?! Jesus Christ! Thanks for the hat... a little big for my head, though", he joked as he put one cup over his head and made a funny face and the whole crowd laughed with him. "Alright well we're gonna *have* to find the girl this belongs to later on...", he said with a mischievous smile.

Olivia couldn't help but smirk as she fondly remembered the last time she wore an L-cup. Back in *7th grade*. And Violetta's current Q-cup would have become too small for her by 8th grade. She kissed her final goodbye to the alphabet by 10th grade. Olivia now lamented she didn't bring her old 26"/90" custom made bra from just before she'd gotten sick, 2 years ago to throw at Tom. She would've loved to see Tom's reaction to it, and more so when he realized how mangled and torn it was, as he'd try to make sense of what kind of **monster** tits a girl would need to destroy such a colossal bra. She could only smile and bite her lower lip thoughtfully as she imagined how far down his torso her new 24"/130" (or 24(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)B) bra would go if she put it over his head. She could probably trap his entire body in the giant ball created by closing both cups together.

Tom plowed through his set, cracking the crowd with joke after joke. The roars of the entire crowd laughing echoed throughout the stadium. Everyone was laughing so hard. Everyone, but Olivia.

Olivia wasn't laughing. She was focusing on Tom like a laser beam, getting hotter and hotter by the second. She was enamored with him. A man able to make 70 thousand people gather just to watch him and make them laugh so hard was a special kind of man. For Olivia, every time he made the crowd laugh, it further strengthened her already high attraction towards Tom. The stronger everyone laughed, the more excited and aroused Olivia became and the harder she wanted to fuck him. She looked predatorially at him, her eyes piercing through Tom like lava through paper as he obviously kept his act with the crowd. Her focus wasn't on the jokes. She was getting off on the crowd's reaction to him.

Violetta was cracking up on what Tom had just said about his French Bulldog resembling a small cow and how it snores like a tractor, when all of a sudden she felt a rocking motion on her lap. She looked to her right and her laughter faded a little. She knew Olivia's signature smile all too well. It's what captured every single man Olivia had ever wanted in her life, without fail. Only now it was 1,000 times more focused, like Olivia had the power of the entire armies of the world behind her look.

To her horror, Violetta realized that the rocking motion she was feeling was due to Olivia's hips that were secretly sashaying from side to side in her seat, underneath the humongous tits covering them. A sweet, intoxicating scent started permeating Violetta's nostrils. 'No way...', Violetta thought to herself, horrified. Olivia was actually getting off during the show. And to make matters even worse, Violetta also started feeling horny herself as a side effect.

Yet, Violetta still had a sliver of hope that Tom might actually notice her. She just wanted to smile at him for a second, to get his acknowledgement and to show him how much she adored him. She knew the chances were slim, given how many beautiful girls sat in the front row, and not to mention the goddess next to (and onto) her. But still, she was in the front row. That was a much better chance than in any other seat in the stadium.

30 minutes into the set Tom noticed a girl to his left, looking at him. Everyone was laughing but her. The crowd was poorly lit, which made what he thought he saw seem implausible. However, this got him curious, so he kept glancing her way every few seconds while maintaining his jokes pacing.

"...which is really all you can ask a flight attendant to... uh... um... ehm. All you fly... uh... ask... when... um... sorry..." his voice got stuck in his throat mid-joke when he realized what he was looking at. This girl was rattling him like never before.

Olivia's heart fluttered when she finally caught the direct gaze of Tom in her crossview. She'd been horny before, but now she's become fire-hot **inflamed**! She looked right at him, intensifying her seductive smile a thousandfold.

In a single moment, Violetta knew that it was game over for her. She knew that look on Tom's face all too well. Once a man was caught in Olivia's net, Violetta herself might as well become the air around her. She crawled back into her metaphorical shell and just let go. 'Fuck it... fuck the world. Fuck my life... just... fuck it,' she thought gloomily as she tried to fold her arms over her chest. Unfortunately, she could only fold them on *Olivia's* chest.

Tom was used to sleeping around with hot women all the time. The unofficial rumor was that he would pick up a girl from the front row after every show he did, go backstage and spend the night with her. He wasn't the type of guy who'd gawk or stammer when speaking to a supermodel. He was one of the few men who could actually have a natural conversation even with such a level of beauty in front of him.

Yet, this girl was different. Not only was she **FAR** more beautiful than the best looking girls he'd ever met. As unbelievable as it was, she was carrying what looked like two XXL-yoga balls in her dress! 'Those things can't be real, can they?' he thought. And yet the more he kept glancing her way, the more he had to surrender to the idea that they were, in fact, the girl's **breasts**!!

Tom felt his dick stiffen quickly with that realization. 'Oh shit! No, not here, fuck!' he panicked as he tried to maintain the natural flow of the show. He used an opportunity while taking a sip of water to casually (hopefully) turn his back to the audience and adjust his throbbing erection in his pants with a swift motion. If anyone noticed it, though, it was Olivia, who smiled triumphantly at him.

"Ahhhhhhhhh...", Violetta yelped quietly as she felt the effects of Olivia's small movements. Every time Olivia's heavy boob rose, fell or shook in her lap, it grinded against Violetta's crotch and brought her one step closer to a climax. Every sigh, breath, or sound that Olivia made, caused Violetta to become extremely aroused. And Violetta was just getting the *side-effects* of Olivia's ministrations. She couldn't *imagine* how Tom must've felt getting the **full** effect of it directly.

Any time Olivia's eyes met Tom's she'd do her best to seduce him and make him hard. She knew she only had a mere second or two per glance, so she made the most of it. Every time they locked eyes, she either licked her lips seductively, winked at him, stroked her hair, crossed her legs the other way, breathed deeply and pushed her giant boobs his way even further, or sent him a seductive kiss in the air. Every time he got a really big laugh she made sure to treat him extra hard to one of her sex signals.

She admired his resilience and hoped he'd succeed in staying composed. But ironically, with each successful attempt of his to remain unfazed, her determination to distract and seduce him only grew stronger.

For the next 35 minutes Tom did everything he could think of to keep his cool. Like a true professional, he plowed through joke after joke while barely missing a beat. Over 70 thousand people who paid a lot of money were watching him live and counted on him to deliver a top-tier show. Not to mention if just one person in the audience took and posted a video of him getting a blackout, fucking up his lines, or getting a boner in the middle of the show, it would be a PR disaster. He really tried his best not to look at the girl in the corner but every time he was drawn to her like a magnet.

The girl was practically *fucking* him with her gaze. That would've been hard in and of itself, but the fact that she was **SOOOOOOOOO HOT** and **SOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO BUSTY** made it almost impossible to concentrate on anything other than her.

[illegible]

Olivia looked to her left and was surprised to see Violetta's eyes flutter closed as she stifled a moan. She smiled and rocked her left boob extra hard to send Violetta over the edge.

"*Gahhhhhhhhh!!!*" Violetta squeaked quietly as she came. Her face reddened. She hid her face behind the boob that sat in lap. Olivia felt herself getting increasingly hornier. She had the luxury of rubbing her hand against her snatch without anyone seeing it thanks to the gigantic load she carried in front of her.

"Ohhhhh fuck yeahhhhh...", Olivia moaned to herself through orgasmic chills and sent both Violetta and herself to a joint orgasm, just as Tom gave her another look. He almost came along with her.

By the end of the show, Olivia's and Violetta's seats were **drenched!** Usually, no one was able to resist Olivia's charm and act normally around her. Yet, Tom managed to *somehow* get through his entire set and stay professional. Almost. He got so much love from the audience. He was so funny! He was so... fucking **hot**. Olivia needed to fuck him, and she needed to fuck him **NOW!!!** He deserved the fuck of his lifetime for that spectacular show he did. She wanted to suck the life out of his balls and ride his cock forever.

\* \* \*

The crowd started dispersing when a hugely built, tall, muscular guy with a "Security" T-shirt called out to Olivia: "Mmmmmmma'am, uhhhh, sssssorry... Tom asked if, um... if you'd like to... uhhh... jjjjjjoin him bbbbackstage." As big and intimidating as the guy was, he looked extremely flustered and failed to hide his erection.

For a few seconds Olivia just tried to register what he told her. Then, butterflies filled her stomach. She giddily jumped from one foot to the other, which sent her boobs jiggling in front of the guy's leering eyes.

"No wayyyyyyyyyyyyy!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!" She squealed.

Olivia then looked at Violetta and saw a much more lukewarm reaction on her face. She turned again to the security guy. "Oh, wait, um... I came with my friend. We both love Tom so much. Can she come t..."

"Sssssssorry, no. He specifically stated he... *\*gulp\**... only wanted **you** there. Nnnnnnno one else can come."

Olivia looked at Violetta hopefully, as if hoping she'll give her the right answer. Violetta gave her a stern '*don't you **dare** ditch me here...*' look.

Olivia was torn. This was definitely a once in a lifetime opportunity. But Violetta's her best friend. And she took care of her so well when she was sick even though she didn't have to. She owed her so much. Then again, if this was the other way around she would've understood. It ***is*** Tom L.B., after all. Violetta of all people should know how much Olivia wanted it. 'Shit... why is this so goddamn hard?'

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"Hello Tom. Thank you for inviting me."



Tom was looking in the mirror next to the couch in the luxurious green room when Olivia came in. Startled, he turned around and his jaw dropped. His cock, which never lost its hardness since the show had ended 20 minutes ago, spurted a glob of precum in response to the goddess standing in front of him.

Olivia stood at the entrance to the room. How she got in was *beyond* his understanding, given that *each* of her boobs was wider than the doorframe by almost a foot! The most alluring scent filled the room that made Tom's mind spin with arousal and his cock to jerk with anticipation.

Olivia sashayed in the most seductive way ever towards him. Her cleavage showed 2 feet of the fullest, roundest, softest, perkiest and most of all - **biggest** boobs in the world. Men always sprang hard-ons around her even when she toned down her sexiness to the minimum, wearing baggy clothes, no make up and acting as non-sexily as possible. But now? Now she was in front of her long-time idol that she adored so much. And she was **FUCKING HORNY!!!!!!!!** You can bet Tom would be getting the full blast of Olivia's sexiness turned to the max!

"Oh... Hhhhhhhhi...", Tom stammered.

"My name is Olivia. I know everyone says this, but I really *am* your **biggest** fan", she stated with as much pun as anyone's ever used while pushing her boobs together in his direction.

"You were magnificent", Olivia said with a sensual step forward and her gigantic bosom jiggled madly for Tom's eyes to feast upon. The sexual scent got ever stronger and made Tom feel lightheaded.

"O... oh... ttttttthanks, heh", he stammered.

"You were **sooooo** funny", she took another step as she looked straight into his eyes like a cheetah that's about to jump on its prey. Tom gulped and felt his cock lurch with more precum. "**Sooooo** charismatic", she was quickly closing the gap between them. "**Sooooo** SEXY!" Tom was shaking from arousal. "I'm sorry if I made it **HARD** for you to do the show. I was just

**sooooooooooooo** excited to see you perform up there like a true master of comedy. This was the best show I've ever seen in my life, Tom. I want to make it up to you and thank you for it", she took another step and her nipples were almost grazing Tom's body.

Tom couldn't speak. He was literally salivating at the incredible girl in front of him. Everything about her was enhanced and magnified to the extreme. Her beauty, her intoxicatingly sexual scent, her sexual allure, her **bust!** To call her beautiful would be an insult. To say she's perfect would tremendously understate how gorgeous she was. To call her hugely busty would be laughable. Tom couldn't help but reminisce on the "huge" L-cup bra that had been thrown on his stage a mere hour ago. He knew that if Olivia tried to put it on just *one* boob it would explode. Not that she even needed a bra. A girl with breast implants would be considered saggy next to her. Yet she was obviously all natural, somehow.

Tom **loved** big boobs. The bigger - the better. The rumor had quickly spread like wildfire. That's why every year the girls in the front row of his show were getting increasingly bustier and more beautiful. Tom didn't choose a girl from the crowd who wasn't at least an F or a G cup and was at least a 9 on the beauty scale. Then, every once in a while there was a girl a level above them, with J or K cup boobs and more beautiful, who surpassed his expectations. There have only been 2 other girls that he ever met, who were another level above that, with L and even N cup boobs and yet even **more** beautiful, that were beyond his wildest dreams. True gems that were a fantasy come true. And then, there was *this* girl... who was at *least* 20 whole levels above that. Probably a lot more, actually.

"Can I thank you, Tom?" She whispered and made his whole body shiver. Tom could barely nod. Olivia smiled.

"Do you find me... *sexy*?" She asked. You'd think this was a rhetorical question, but no. Olivia genuinely wanted to make sure Tom liked her. Tom couldn't believe she even needed to ask that.

"Ah... ahhhh... hahhhhhh. Yyyyyyyy... I... yyyyyyyy..." he really tried but she looked into his eyes so fiercely she made him freeze with lust. Olivia didn't let up. She wanted to hear it from him. She *needed* to hear him say that. She raised her eyebrow questioningly.

"Yyyyyyye...", 'why is this so hard????', Tom thought, panicked. Olivia gave him an encouraging smile, rooting for him.

"Come on... tell me, Tom. Do you think I'm sexy?" She hummed softly at him and pushed her boobs further, causing them to rise like dough into his face. Tom was practically trembling. His cock was on the verge of exploding. Olivia's breasts were so close. If she could *just*... get a little bit closer...

"Yyyyyyyyyyyyyyyessssssssss", he finally managed to say. "Sssssssssssssso... ssssssssssssssexy..."

The tension was palpable in the air. Time stood still for a never ending second before Olivia's smile widened victoriously. Her pussy was gushing.

She took the tiniest step forward and each nipple barely contacted each of Tom's biceps.

He orgasmed instantly.

His whole body jerked, his eyes fluttered back with nothing but white visible. Nothing even touched his cock yet, and yet this was by *far* the **best** orgasm of his life. Endless blasts of cum spewed into his underwear for a long minute.

Olivia shuddered from excitement and smiled happily, ready to start thanking him properly.

\* \* \*

It almost scared Olivia how easy it was for her to make Tom cum. It's always been really easy for her, but this was getting ridiculous.

"Do you want to see my boobs, Tom?"

'Is this a trick question?', he thought. However, Olivia gave him a genuine look.

"Uh huh," he uttered.

She took a step back, then began the long process of pulling on the dress's bustline, slowly revealing the lower slopes of her boobs.

Tom stood still, drooling, disbelieving this whole situation as each new inch was revealed from below. He's seen hundreds of beautiful boobs in his lifetime. But not *these* boobs. When the nipples popped into view he shuddered and came again, just from looking at them.

Olivia finished removing her dress, and realized what happened.

"Did you just cum again from looking at my tits? Ooo that makes me feel **SOOOOOOOOO** **SEXY...** I heard you're a man who likes his girls *busty*. Am I... **BUSTY** enough for you?" Olivia asked as she pressed her straight arms against whatever small portion of her breasts she managed and swayed them from side to side. She still had her panties on but Tom couldn't see them behind the acres of boobs that projected so far forward and to the sides, yet still reached her knees!!

Tom, hypnotized, followed his head after her side-to-side motion. Then he realized this meant his head shook no in response to her question and he quickly changed it to a frantic up-down movement. Olivia giggled.

"Better take those pants off, then, Mister comedian. Probably not gonna need them soon."

Tom eagerly removed his pants and soaked underwear at once and revealed an above-average looking dick. Not only has his cock not lost any of its rigidity, but it was actually **throbbing** with anticipation, with traces of cum still stuck to it while fresh precum slowly poured out of its slit. He quickly removed his t-shirt and threw it somewhere far away, revealing a moderately toned body. Olivia smiled with satisfaction. She took a step forward and her breasts stood a mere inch from Tom's body. His cock was situated right at the crevice between both boobs, just a hair away from touching either one.

Tom tried and failed to take her all in. He was **never** like this. Being accustomed to beautiful girls begging for his attention, he carried himself much more confidently, both outdoors as well as in bed. But now he was like a lost, hungry puppy who was found by a kind new owner who gave him food for the first time in weeks. He looked up at Olivia, unsure what he's allowed to do.

"Go ahead, Tom. They're all yours", she assured him.

His eyes widened in shock. Tom slowly placed both shaky hands on the outer surface of each boob. His eyes fluttered back. This was the most perfect pair of breasts he'd ever felt. So soft yet so full and perky.

Olivia smiled again and took another small step forward. Her boobs finally touched his cock on both sides.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh!!!!" Tom cried as he came into her endless cleavage. Olivia felt the spurts of cum shooting into her under-boobs and her pussy gushed even more in response. She took another step forward while Tom's chills kept coursing through his body. Olivia's boobs softly pushed him back into the sofa behind him. She took yet another step forward and started *piling* her soft, **ultra**-perky breasts onto Tom's lap.

They engulfed so much of his body, covering his knees, thighs, lap, torso, neck, all the way up to his **nose**! His eyes barely peeped above their tops. Olivia's tits were so massive that they also spread out two whole feet to either side of him. Tom's arms were forced open and enabled him to hug each boob as much as he could. Still, even with both arms stretched wide, the tips of his fingers barely made it around their outer curves, still far far away from Olivia's back.

Despite how far they spread outwards, the inner walls of Olivia's mega-boobs also crested inwardly and managed to engulf Tom's cock and fully massage it.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmffffffffff...", Tom groaned as he buried his head as deep as he could into Olivia's cleavage while groping as much breast flesh as he could manage with his large-yet-relatively-tiny hands. He was still cumming into Olivia's cleavage and his orgasm only further intensified by the heavenly titfuck he was receiving. Olivia hummed happily as she lovingly pushed the back of his head even *deeper* into her cleavage.

"Mmmmmmmm, yesssssss. Cum for me, Tom. Cum as much as you like into my boobs", she cooed as her head fell back orgasmically. Tom just kept on cumming, feeling thrills he'd never felt before.

Olivia waited until his spasms slowed to a halt before she moved back a little, though her breasts still rested heavily on Tom's knees. To his astonishment, Tom found out he was still hard! And he was still feeling extremely horny. It was as if he never came at all.

"I... what, how... what's going on... I never..."

"Shhhhhh... don't worry, Tom. I'll take care of you. You'll see," Olivia said, well-used to men disbelieving they were still hard after cumming multiple times with her. "Can you stand up for me, please?"

Tom complied without thinking and stood up, his legs tied in together. Olivia kneeled and pushed forward as much as she could. Her breasts literally *engulfed* his legs on both sides and met behind his ass, mostly resting on the sofa. He was surrounded by an ocean of tits. Even though Tom was standing, Olivia's tits reached from his knees to as high as above his waist! He mindlessly mauled them from above.

His cock was 2 inches away from Olivia's succulent lips. She couldn't help herself and puffed a little bit of air on its tip. The cock lurched a glob of precum in response. "Haaaaaaaaa...", she

heard from above. She puffed again and another glob followed by a similar groan ensued. Alright, enough teasing the poor guy.

She looked at Tom's cock and marveled, "mmmmm what a big, beautiful cock you have, Tom. Do you want me to suck it?" She looked deep into his eyes from below in a seductive, submissive gaze. The girl knew how to boost a man's ego.

With barely an audible voice, Tom whispered, "yyyyyyes, ppppplease."

"Ok."

Olivia swallowed his entire cock whole in one go, balls deep.

"GAHHHHHH!!!!!!" Tom came immediately and grabbed a handful of tit in each hand. Olivia made sure to swallow every drop of cum. "Mmmmmmmm!" She hummed excitedly.

Olivia slowly bobbed up and down on his cock in sensual motions, while she kept humming, sucking and lapping her tongue around it. If you could die and go to heaven, then die again and go to heaven's heaven - that's where Tom was at the moment. He wasn't sure if he started to cum anew, or just never stopped cumming altogether. Either way, he just rode out the blissful wave of **ultra**-pleasure he was feeling.

Olivia had no intention to stop there, though. She reached out her right hand from underneath her boob and started caressing Tom's balls expertly.

"Ohhhhhhhhhh my GODDDDDDDDD!!!!!!" Tom yelped and his orgasmic-state intensified as his head fell backwards. Olivia never missed a beat and kept bobbing. '*Hmmm... nope, that's still not enough*', she pondered.

She added her left hand from below and gently teased the gap between his balls and his anus with 4 fingernails alternately in a back and forth motion.

"Da Fuk???" Tom looked downwards in complete shock. Somehow, his already beyond-pleasurable orgasm has now reached new heights. Olivia looked back at him with his cock in her mouth and winked at him mischievously.

For 20 minutes Olivia did everything she could think of to heighten his pleasure while she kept sucking his cock like a true pro. Tom didn't really end or begin his orgasms. It was just one continuous, blissful orgasmic feeling for him, whether cum came out or not. Olivia became curious as to how long she could make him keep cumming. However, it seemed that as long as Olivia's mouth was on his cock - he'd just keep cumming.

Worried she might do some damage, Olivia finally pulled back and looked at Tom. The guy was a wreck. He was breathing as heavy as someone who just ran 10 marathons back to back. His cock was red and sore. And still, somehow - erect. Olivia somewhat somberly thought that she really *is* doomed to **never** see a flaccid cock in her life. But just as quickly as this thought appeared, it vanished.

She gave Tom a few more moments to catch his breath, although she never let him out of his "boob-prison" entirely.

Gradually, Tom regained his composure.

"Fffffffuck... fuck... FUUUUUUUCK... Jesus Christ, what the fuck was THAT???" He said as Olivia smiled satisfactorily at him. "How can... Jesus... Olivia, WOW. This was the most.. the best... oh my god I need a second." Olivia just kept smiling and nodding her head knowingly at him. "Fuck, ok. Sorry, I just never... sorry. Thanks, uhhh... thank you. Sorry that sounded stupid, I... wait, why are my feet wet?"

Olivia didn't answer. Instead she just shimmied her hips a little left and right. Tom looked at her confused, when a realization slowly dawned on him.



"Wait, did... did you... was... is that... your... your...", Tom tried to make sense of what he was feeling. Olivia nodded affirmatively. "Oh god..." Tom said.

Olivia looked at him pleadingly. "Can you now fuck me, Tom? Please? I've been really patient but I'm just SOOOOOO WET and SOOOOOOOOOOOOOO **HORNY**..." she said.

Tom couldn't believe any of this whole situation was real. No way was life *this* good.

"Ssssssure," he said.

Not a moment later he felt a fresh SPLAT against his feet.

'Ok, this is real.'

Olivia was **insatiable**. Every time Tom thought that they're done for the night - Olivia kept going. She just NEVER.STOPPED.CUMMING. Each of her orgasms felt like an earthquake. And it didn't seem like she was tiring at all. As a matter of fact, each orgasm Olivia experienced only seemed to fuel her enthusiasm even more. She was an unstoppable machine that didn't just merely kept going, but actually sped-up nonstop.

Tom was *drenched* in her juices, but he didn't care at all. This was an experience he'll never forget. Being the stud that he *thought* he was, he'd usually wear the girl he was with down. This time, however, the tables have turned. Olivia *drained* his fluids. Cum *and* water.

By the first morning light Tom was curled up in a fetal position, hugging his knees in defense, shivering. How many times Olivia drained his balls he wasn't sure, but it wouldn't be an overstatement to say it was well over 30 times. Either that or simply one **long**, never ending orgasm that just varied from insanely strong to mind-melting **nuclear bomb**!

Olivia was laying on her side behind him, perched on her right elbow and biting her lower lip with need. Her magnificent breasts served as a cushion for Tom's back. Well, her right one, at least, and it *still* rose another foot above Tom's body. Her left one was perched on top of the right one, looming over Tom dangerously.

Olivia was still horny. **INCREDIBLY** so. She probably came hundreds of times, and yet her body was so virile it never tired even the slightest. It wasn't enough for her. She wanted more. She *always* wanted more.

Tom didn't dare to look at her. He knew that if he did, she'd drag him into another round of the craziest fuck-session of his life, and he wasn't sure his body could survive it.

Curiously, Olivia approached his ear. She whispered seductively into his ear with her sweet, warm breath. "*Toooooooooom*."

Tom's shivering intensified. He just tightened his grip on his knees.

"**Toooooooooom**," Olivia repeated with more lust in her voice. Tom still said nothing. It just turned her on more when he made her work for it.

"*Toooooom, I'm still sooooooooooooo horny*," she said with unbearable need in her voice. Tom felt himself losing control.

***"Pleeeeeeeeease, just one more time, and I'll leave your big beautiful cock alone. I promise,"*** she said, knowing full well that's a lie. Tom just kept holding on for dear life and shook his head from side to side.

She smiled to herself and gave his earlobe a tiny lick.

Tom's whole body convulsed like he was plugged to an electrical socket and he came one last time before he blacked out.

\* \* \*

Olivia returned home the next morning, smiling. Meeting Tom was really fun. A dream come true. She just wished she could find a guy who could keep up with her. Who'd pose some challenge to her and wouldn't just turn into a zombie every time she touches him. But still, it was just a magical night she'll never forget.

Her smile vanished when she found Violetta absent. She tried her phone, but after multiple unanswered calls and texts, she realized Violetta was probably screening her out. Overwhelming guilt consumed her. Their relationship had been strained ever since Olivia had gotten sick, but now this felt like they hit a point of no return.

'*Shit*', Olivia thought to herself as she was standing alone in their apartment.

Violetta pulled out the right key from her keychain. The 2 weeks she spent at her parents' house did little to ease the pain in her heart. She didn't look forward to seeing Olivia again. But she had a job to get back to and she maxed out her vacation days. She resolved to just engage with her as little as possible.

Violetta entered the apartment. "I'm here," she called out coldly into the void. Silence met her. "Olivia?" she called louder, but no reply came.

The living room was deserted. Frustrated, she went to the kitchen and grabbed a soda. Just as she was about to sip, a loud crash echoed from the hallway.

"Liv?" Violetta asked, worried. Did someone break in? She rushed her way into the hallway. Olivia's door was slightly open ajar. Hesitantly, she peeked through the crack. Olivia was laying on the floor, face down.

Panicked, Violetta opened the door fully.

"Olivia? LIV!!!" She yelled. However, Olivia didn't respond. Violetta rushed to check on her.

Olivia was perched on top of her gigantic boobs, seemingly unconscious.

All feelings of anger and pain were swiftly cast aside for now as worry took over. Violetta lifted Olivia's head with her palm.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa..." Olivia made a weird sound. An immediate relief washed over Violetta. She's alive.

However, Violetta now realized just how hot Olivia's forehead was.

*'Oh my god she's burning up!'*

She frantically searched her phone for a Doctor in her area who did house calls, when a name popped up on her phone screen.

*'Doctor... Kirk... Alston,'* she said to herself as she dialed up his clinic.