

What Makes a Man Bear

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Chapter 1

-STRIKE-

“Wooooooo!!! Yeah!! Top that, Kessler!” Steve told Clark with a smug smile after knocking down all 10 pins in one go.

Clark Kessler rolled his eyes at Steve from the peeling, red leathered couch of the bowling center. It was a crowded night, all bowling lanes were occupied, mostly with loud teenagers enjoying their weekend by shouting too loudly and making the floor sticky from spilled sodas and leftover pizza slices that would become mush on the floor.

“You can do it, honey! Show him what those strong hands can do”, Marla, sitting next to Clark with her hand rubbing his thigh dangerously close to his crotch under the table, cheered him loudly over the blaring music while looking softly at him.

Clark blushed a little but smiled nonetheless as he got up from his seat and turned to take his turn as Steve went to sit next to his girlfriend.

“Ooooo, babe”, Marla called back at her boyfriend. Clark stopped and walked back, crouching a bit so he could hear Marla. She placed a warm hand on the back of his neck and gently stroked it while talking close to his ear - “can you please get me a 6-ball after your turn? This 8 is way too heavy for me”.

“Oh, yeah sure”, he said with a smile. He shivered pleasantly at the feel of Marla’s soft caresses. She smiled back at him and smooched a loving kiss on his cheek. “Thanks babe!” she said. She gave his butt cheek an inconspicuous squeeze before she turned around and took another slice of her pizza.

Clark turned back, still blushing a bit and took his 11-ball. He strode carefully to the Approach.

“Did you need Marla to hold your hand before you threw a gutter ball?” Steve yelled at his back. Clark chose to ignore him and focused on a spot just right of the head pin. He took his 4 planned steps and threw the ball.

-STRIKE-

“WOOOOOO!!!! Yeah babe!!” Marla cheered him. Clark turned to look at her smiling face and her arms raised up in the air, one hand still holding her pizza slice. He smiled shyly, then looked at Steve and nodded with a small smile. Steve nodded back respectfully.

Clark walked to the house ball shelves on the other side to get a ball for Marla while Steve's girlfriend got up to take her turn. He rummaged through many 10s and 13s before he finally spotted a 6. He took it and started walking back to their couch.

Steve's girl just guttered her ball and walked sadly to her boyfriend with a pout.

“There you go, babe”, Clark said and handed the ball to Marla. She smiled and reached to grab it. However, once she did, she almost dropped the ball due to its weight.

“Woah! Clark, that's heavy. Are you sure you got me a 6?” She asked with a raised brow, her smile faltering.

“Yyyeah. I mean, I *think* I did”, he said, now not so sure anymore.

Marla spun the ball in her lap until she found the number. There was a line under the tip of the number.

“That's a 9, babe”, she said, slightly annoyed. Clark's brows raised in surprise.

“Oh, I'm sorry, honey. I didn't notice. There were just barely any light balls left, but I should've looked more carefully”, Clark said apologetically. “Let me go get the right one”, he offered.

“No no, it's fine. I'll manage with my 8 for now”, Marla said, though still a bit frustrated, then handed him back the 9-ball.

She got up, then stopped herself, took a moment before she put a smile back on. “Thanks babe, anyway, I appreciate it”, she said and gave Clark a peck on his lips before she headed to take her turn.

Clark smiled lightly to himself, the softness of Marla's lips still warm on his own, as the sound of a strike thundered from the lane next to them.

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The booming thunder outside struck the windows of their bedroom. Clark was startled awake. It took him a moment to snap out of his nightmare and realize he's awake. He reached for his glasses that were perched on his nightstand and let his eyes adjust to the dark room. He grabbed his phone and squinted as he tried to make sense of the time.

02:14 a.m.

He sighed, tired and turned to see if Marla woke up as well. Except, she wasn't there. But it wasn't just Marla's absence. Marla's pillow and purple blanket were also missing, leaving her side barren looking. Cold. Missing.

Then, he remembered. Their fight last night, the shouting, then the silent treatment, it all came back to Clark, and he felt a pit in his stomach. '*She actually decided to sleep separately*'. Never in their 14 years of marriage have they ever slept in separate beds.

Clark took a deep breath and felt his world crumbling. This was... *different* this time.

He was thirsty, but he was afraid to leave the bedroom, because he knew he had to cross the living room to get there, and he knew exactly what's waiting for him there.

With great trepidation, Clark took one quiet step after the other, careful not to wake his wife, and *especially* their children, Benji and Emily. As he reached the end of the hallway, he paused, took a deep breath, and continued to cross the living room.

Sure enough, Marla was there, sleeping on the couch, not fully covered by her heavy blanket. If she would've slept with Clark, he'd make sure to cover her bare feet, because he's already come to know and anticipate her habit of leaving large parts of her body uncovered at night, then freezing by the morning.

Clark took a glass from the cabinet and pressed it against the silicone pad of the water dispenser as he kept quietly looking back at his sleeping wife. He gulped the cool water. Even though the water relieved his dry throat, there was still this heavy lump there. In a few hours the kids will be up and see their mother asleep on the couch. What is he going to say to them?

Clark gently placed the empty glass on the counter even though he wanted to smash it and wake her up. He felt... numb. It was just too much.

He went back to bed, laid down and closed his eyes.

It didn't matter now. Nothing mattered but the kids.

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"Isss yo' turn daddy. Daddyyyyy!"

"Huh? Oh, yeah. Sorry sweetie." Clark said groggily and rolled the dice, then started moving his green pawn along the cardboard. He reached the head of a snake.

"Daddy! You have to go back down to heeeere!" Emily pointed at the tail end of the snake with her little finger.

"Daddy? Where's Mommy?"

“She uhh... decided to sleep in the living room tonight”, he said truthfully with a croaked voice, without revealing the whole story, hoping this would put an end to the investigation.

Clark was at his wits end and felt the tears coming fast. He had no idea how to explain this to his daughter. He felt that lump in his throat rising fast.

"HRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMMMFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF"
he roared an agonized, muffled cry against the towel.

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“Oneeee... twoooo... tweee... foooo...”

Clark looked at him with genuine pride. He's been working hard with Jaden this year on getting him attentive enough to listen to a question and answering it. It didn't look like much to an outsider, but for Clark it was a big win.

The clock above the door showed five minutes left. Clark sighed as he looked around the room: faded gray paint peeling from the walls, the class schedule drawn on a piece of cardboard with the whole right side torn off, so Thursday afternoon and all of Friday were missing. A large, plastic bin on the far corner containing mostly broken or half-working fidget toys and sensory aids.

All the conversations he had with Mr. Sheffield were like talking to a wall. *"You know we don't have the luxury for this, Clark. We're not like those fancy, private schools they got in Chicago. This is Aurora, be grateful you even got chairs."* 'Luxury my ass... you can't scrape 5 bucks for a new cardboard?' but of course, Clark never said this out loud to the school principal. *"I understand Mr. Sheffield. I just think these kids deserve better"*, he'd say back, defeated, knowing it won't matter anyway.

"Hey C.", Meredith Shoehorn called out to Clark from the other end of the classroom, her head peeping from beyond the low, wooden partition.

Clark raised his gaze and gave Meredith a kind smile. She looked... well... worn out. She's been like that for quite a few years now. She was only a little older than Clark, but he hated to admit that she looked older than that. And for a good reason.

"What's up, Mer?" he asked kindly.

"Well... this Friday's gone' be my last day", she said with a sad smile. Clark thought this would've caught him off guard but it actually made perfect sense.

"Oh no, really? I'm sorry to hear that", he said empathically. "What happened?"

Meredith sighed heavily and shrugged her shoulders. "17 years of SPED teaching happened... I gave myself to this profession", she said and her voice cracked a little. "17 years of struggling against this... *indifferent* system, fighting for these kids. They're wonderful, you know how much I love them. But I mean... you know how it is. I just... I can't do this '*shit*' anymore." She silently mouthed the word '*shit*' so her students wouldn't hear her. Her eyes started watering.

Clark was shocked to hear her swear for the first time since he's known her. It was clear to Clark that Meredith had mixed feelings about this decision. This job really took its toll on her mentally. To be honest, Clark couldn't help feeling similarly.

"Anyway, Mr. Sheffield told me he might have a potential replacement, so hopefully you won't get stuck doing everything yourself. '*She seems very eager*' is what he told me", Meredith quoted the principal with an eye roll and a smile of an experienced veteran who found the newbies adorably clueless.

'She?' Thought Clark and couldn't help feeling an inexplicable flutter in his stomach. His thoughts started racing.

“... giving her 6 months tops before she runs off crying”, Meredith finished a sentence Clark didn’t listen to with a snicker.

“Huh?” Clark realized he wasn’t paying attention. Meredith smiled warmly at him like, used to his ‘kite-like’ brain flying somewhere, daydreaming.

“I’ll miss you Clark”, she said fondly and her head disappeared beyond the partition.

Clark’s thoughts inevitably dozed back to last night. Marla and he have been having problems for a few years now, fighting and arguing almost every day over practically anything. And yet, this felt worse. Much worse. Marla had this look in her eyes last night. Like... she's had enough.

He was startled out of his stupor by a humming sound, and turned to attend to Shira.

“Almost there Shira, just one more block to the pyramid. Yes! Way to go, wow that's such a tall pyramid, I'm so proud of you. Give me five!” Clark reached out his hand in front of his student and waited patiently. Shira had a big smile on her face and even through her wide glasses Clark could see the joy in her eyes. She slowly reached her hand and clumsily touched a few fingers against Clark's palm, which for Clark meant the world.

Shira was more challenging, non-verbal and with some major disabilities moving around. Mr. Sheffield had told Clark when the year started that he'd be wasting his time on Shira. Well, Clark had a somewhat tilted yet fully built Pyramid to prove him wrong, right in front of him.

The bell chimed a tune far nicer than the “*TTTTTTTTTTTT*” ring Clark used to have when he was an elementary school student.

“Alright everybody, please form a line near the door before we walk together for lunch”, Clark called out to the 6 students in his class.

Mrs. Meredith Shoenhorn escorted her own 5 students from the other half of the class into the same line.

Clark's students formed a similar line behind him as Meredith and himself stood at the door like mother and father geese. Clark smiled warmly at her, knowing this'll be one of the last times they'll have formed that double line of students together. Meredith smiled back and wiped a tear from her red eye.

Just as they were about to head out, two knocks were heard on the hollow metal door.

“Clark?”

Clark looked back to find Mr. Sheffield. He seemed... *oddly* tense. Even uncomfortable.

“Mr. Sheffield, we were just about to...”

"I know, I know. I need you for a minute. Meredith, can you take Clark's kids to lunch today? Thanks", Mr. Sheffield said, not really waiting for an actual answer. Meredith raised her finger to object but dropped it. "Yeah, sure", she said with a sigh. Clark gave her a confused shrug. "See you later, Mer, thanks."

The two men exited the classroom and started walking down the empty hallway, when Mr. Sheffield turned to Clark and said: "I wanted to introduce you to someone you're soon going to be working closely with".

Clark's heart started beating fast and he didn't understand why.

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Chapter 2

"I heard it's gonna be sunny tomorrow...", Mr. Sheffield tried to make awkward small talk as Clark and he were walking down the hallways to Mr. Sheffield's office.

'Ok now I know something's up with Mr. Sheffield' Clark thought. *'He's even more awkward than usual.'*

"Yeah, that's... nice", Clark said simply and cracked his neck left and right, enjoying the tension relief it brought him.

They reached in front of the principal's office door. Mr. Sheffield was about to open his office door, but his hand stalled for just a moment longer. Was that sweat on his forehead?

Mr. Sheffield glanced at Clark with a look of... excitement. Then his hand lowered the handle and he opened the door for Clark to go in first. Clark walked in suspiciously and then stopped in his tracks, his eyes opening wide. Mr. Sheffield followed suit and shut the door behind them.

"Mr. Clark. Ehm... Kessler. I mean, Mr. Clark Kessler... ehm ehm... Clark!" Fumbled Mr. Sheffield. "I'm sure you've heard by now that Meredith will be leaving us soon. We all thank her for everything she's done for this school all these years, etcetera etcetera... Ehm! Yes, so... to our business. I wanted you to meet the new teacher who'll be replacing her. I mean, not *replacing* her per se... actually yes, replacing... although... well, anyways! Starting next week... miss Catalina..."

"Rivera. You can call me Lina, is ok", the woman in the office said with a calm, distinguished Hispanic accent.

Clark extended his hand slowly to meet Catalina's, or... *Lina's* outstretched hand. As their hands met in a soft, respectful handshake, a jolt of warmth passed through his body.

"Hhhi, nice to meet you Lina. I'm Clark", Clark somehow managed to say with a shocked expression.

All sorts of emotions passed through Clark at once as they were shaking hands for what felt like forever. But above all, the only word he could think of was "**Wow**".

Catalina, or... Lina... she was... stunning.

Clark was a tall guy at 6'4", but he didn't have to look down very much to meet Lina's large, almond-brown eyes, as they were kindly looking deep into his own. She must've been around 5'10", giving her a tall, elegant overall look. She was smiling wide at Clark, showing her full set of perfect, white teeth warmly. Her skin was a shade darker than Clark's own rather pale one, looking soft and smooth. But there was something else that caught his attention.

Lina's hair.

In an attempt to tone it down, her hazel-colored hair was drawn into a single braid along her side. However, even braided tightly, it was obvious how **thick** her hair was. The braid of hair had a circumference of a cargo ship's mooring rope! Clark knew even both his large hands couldn't fully span it. Each section of her braid, by itself, could have given a set of full, *thick* hair for two or three hair models. Yet Lina had **three** of those sections bound together.

The massive braid reached around her shoulder without thinning, swaying heavily over her chest as she tilted her head while she spoke. *'Oh god, her chest!'*

Clark caught himself accidentally leering down and quickly raised his gaze back up to meet her eyes.

"Is wonderful to meet you. Clark, sí?" she beamed at him.

She lit up the room. Her energy was just *off-the-charts* positive. She exuded a sort of quiet, calm confidence with her wide smile and soft eye contact. Her accent and energy actually reminded him a lot of Sofia Vergara, stretching her enunciation slowly and confidently in specific vowels. Clark felt warmth inside, mixed with nervousness. He couldn't remember the last time a girl looked at him like that.

"Sí. I mean... yes", he said back dumbly. Lina giggled and put her hand over her mouth cutely, showing her elegant, well manicured fingernails in the process.

She couldn't have been over 30. Probably closer to 25, actually. Clark was polite enough to not check out her body like Mr. Sheffield appeared to have been doing (not)-inconspicuously, but Clark's accidental glance informed him Lina was wearing a colorful, floral dress that was showing her swan-like, graceful neck, prominent collarbones and a half inch of a tight cleavage that disappeared into her professionally fashionable dress.

Clark didn't dare to look further down but even that was enough for him to understand Lina's dress was... *tightly* packed. **Extremely** so.

They've been standing about an arm's length apart, yet somehow, the front of her dress made her *front* reach a lot closer to Clark's body than that. Her thick braid - instead of falling downwards, rested almost horizontally onto her hidden bosom. And despite the braid's lengthiness, only its very end tapered down beyond the curve of Lina's bust. The dress was as modest and professional as it could be, covering most of her skin and ending a few inches below the knees.

Yet, there was no hiding the fact that Lina's bust required a bra **way** beyond what conventional bra stores could offer. These things under her dress were no D-cups. In fact, they were not even close to F, G or even J-cup territory. He couldn't (and didn't want to) leer long to estimate

precisely, but he knew they were off-the-charts **HUGE**. Despite being very loose around *most* of her body, the front of Lina's dress still seemed to be struggling to contain a **massive** amount of boobage, concealed and contained as it may have been.

Suddenly, Clark's mind abruptly jarred him back to his angry wife back home. That pit in his stomach resumed once again. Lina's beauty, her smile, her bust - it was all irrelevant. He had issues to solve at home. Big issues. Clark tried to shake it off but his throat started choking again.

"How... ehm... how are you settling in so far?" Clark clung to something politely generic so as not to choke.

Lina had that empathetic look, like she saw him through the veil. Like she knew he was going through something painful. It was only a moment, but Clark could swear she could read his mind and knew how sad and drained he was.

"Ay, I'm very well, Clark, thank you", she beamed at him with the kindest smile he's seen and *felt* in a long time. She spoke with wide hand gestures. It wasn't theatrical, but rather, her gestures felt like a natural extension of her long, calm and confident way of speaking. It was captivating to look at her. Clark couldn't help but notice some *heavy* jiggling and bouncing under his peripheral vision while her hands gestured her words. He shook it off as Lina kept talking:

"I'm very excited to start working here with you. Mister Cheffiled tol' me you are very good with your estudents and really care about them, so I'm so happy to learn from you. I... I don't have moch experience, I'm a little escared, jyes", she said with a sweet, preoccupied frown. "But I love the shildren and want to learn everything I can to be a good teacher. I think every child deserves a chance", she said with excitement and passion in her eyes.

Clark was stunned. He couldn't help being drawn to Lina's energy. It's like she was verbalizing everything he was thinking. He remembered himself many years ago, starting his first job as a Special Education (or '*SPED*') teacher. How afraid he's been to accidentally screw up those precious, innocent little children, not quite knowing what he was getting himself into. But he'd also had this sense of mission, like he was going to make a difference in these children's lives, who only needed... a *chance*. Just like Lina said.

Mr. Sheffield looked at the two of them, puzzled. He seemed as out of place in his own office as a moose in a coffee shop.

Clark shook his stunned self. "I know that feeling very well", he said. "But don't worry. I'm sure you'll be great. Having passion for this job and caring about the children is already 80% of the role. I'll be happy to show you the rest if you want", he said with sincerity. That seemed to soothe Lina and she smiled widely back at him.

'There's that feeling again', Clark thought. 'What's going on? Why is she smiling at me like that? Why is she so nice to me? Why is she making me feel so warm and fuzzy and nervous? So... good?'

"Thank you so much. I appreciate it, Clark. I'm glad to know I'll have at least one kind person to talk to here. I don't know anyone in this town yet." She said, then leaned closer to him. *"And the other teachers were not very nice to me like you were"*, she whispered that last part while putting a hand to the side of her mouth so Mr. Sheffield wouldn't hear her. She looked meaningfully into Clark's eyes before leaning back a moment later.

"Heh", Clark squeaked, smiling back nervously. It was a small gesture but so powerful. To be genuinely complimented like that, and then to have Lina getting so close to him and confide in him like she and Clark were already a team... every word she said, every gesture of hers, exuded positivity and made him feel warmth. Softness. Peace. She was just ~~so~~ stunningly beautiful, and that beauty had been 5 inches away from his face. He wasn't used to such gorgeous women being close to him. And he now smelled her delicate but intoxicatingly wonderful, floral perfume.

Clark forced himself to regain his composure. "Oh... uh, are you new in the area?" *'Boy, I really went for the boring small talk, didn't I?'*

"Jyes, I am, I just moved here to Chicago. Is more far than I thought. I came to the US from Colombia about... 4 years ago, then I finish especial education studies two months ago, and then I looked for a job and now I'm here, and that's it", she recounted with the most charming, concentrated look Clark had ever seen. *'Colombia... of course!'* Clark knew he recognized that accent from when his distant cousins came from Colombia for a wedding a few years ago.

"¿Oh, enserio? ¿De qué parte de Colombia tú eres, de Bogotá?" Clark asked her with a heavy American accent.

Lina's eyes opened up in excitement. "Aye! ¿Tú hablas Español??"

Clark reddened in the face at her enthusiasm. "Un poquito. Entiendo más o menos bien, pero yo hablo más menos qué más", he said as he crossed his arms over his chest. That was the only witty line he knew in Spanish and he felt kinda dumb even saying it.

Lina, however, laughed out loud and gently squeezed his forearm in response with her slender, delicate fingers.

Clark's laughter faded a little bit and he took a deep, quiet breath without Lina hearing it. That touch... it was so brief, yet it sent a jolt of warmth through him. He found it so soothing. So... comforting. He suddenly realized he hadn't been touched in... he couldn't even remember how long. Weeks? No... months... too many months to count. So having a woman... a *beautiful* woman, touch him like that... so softly and affectionately... it felt more than just *'nice'*. That touch was a bottle of water given to someone who's been walking in the desert for a long time. It made Clark realize just how *starved* he was for... affection. For warmth. For touch.

After a tiny moment that seemed to have lasted forever, Clark caught himself and his forearm jolted back a little. Something about what he was feeling scared him to his core. He still couldn't name that feeling yet, but he knew one thing - he was both afraid of it and excited by that feeling.

Lina sensed Clark's jolt and quickly pulled her hand back as well. Then she suddenly saw it - a thin golden ring on his finger.

This made Lina pause momentarily. She still smiled, but *just* a little bit less. She took an automatic, almost imperceptible small step back.

Mr. Sheffield chuckled uncomfortably. "Hehehe, what's uh... what's so funny?" He asked, trying not to seem completely out of the conversation. He knew zero Spanish, apparently. It's like his presence was unwelcomed there. In **his own** office!

Lina turned to Mr. Sheffield and said with an amused, courteous smile: "I'm sorry Mr. Sheffield, I was just telling Clark that I came from Colombia a few months ago". The principal looked suspiciously at her, knowing that she'd said more than *that*. But Lina already turned back to Clark. "I'm not from Bogotá. I'm from Medellín, actually. And no, I don't sell drugs, don't worry. I handed over my cartel business to my successor a long time ago", she joked with a dismissive hand wave. She still smiled at Clark, but her smile was a tiny bit more reserved now.

Clark laughed nervously again, still a bit jarred by the short touch they shared. He didn't know how to take in all that concentrated positive energy she exuded. He also couldn't believe Lina dared doing a drug-joke in front of her boss.

"Ok. But I'll keep an eye on you, though", Clark pointed a mock-accusatory index finger at her. He still laughed with her, but just a bit less now. As if his inner voice wouldn't allow him to joke around freely.

"Well, maybe you keep an eye on me teaching the children?" she asked with her big eyes open wide, her hands clutched behind her back as she subconsciously swayed from side to side. Clark **really** tried hard *not* to look down, but there was no way he could miss seeing what appeared to be a **huge, heavy** bosom packed *tightly* under her dress.

"Sounds fair, sure. And maybe *you* can keep an eye on my Spanish?" he retorted.

"Deal!" She said. They tried to look serious at one another, but both couldn't help naturally smile a little.

"Ehm, O... Kaaaay!!! So you two have now officially met", said Mr. Sheffield with a single (slightly-too-strong) clap of his hands. Apparently he couldn't stand another second of feeling like a third wheel in his own office. "Miss Rivera will start next Monday. Clark, I expect you to help her settle in."

“Of course, Mr. Sheffield”, Clark answered him but looked at Lina with a nervous smile. She smiled back at him, blushing.

Clark stepped outside of Elburn’s train station and stood a moment on the sidewalk, the smile still present on his face. It was dark and cloudy outside, the parking lot was mostly empty by now and the only sound was the train getting further away from Clark to its next middle-of-nowhere town.

Today he had fun. He couldn't remember the last time he had this much fun. Laughing with Lina, connecting with her like that. He could still feel the soft-yet-brief touch of her hand on his forearm as a warm, phantom sensation. He was still trying to make sense of everything he was feeling.

Clark looked at the few remaining cars in the parking lot and his smile faltered dramatically. Reality sank in fast. He sighed, passed by the cars then started what would be a 15 minutes walk home.

Clark turned the curb to their neighborhood.

He was tired. He *could have been* waking up in a normal hour, driving to school and arriving within 30 minutes. Instead, however - every morning he woke up at 5:00 AM, *then* walked by foot to the train station for 15 minutes, *then* rode the train for 15 minutes to Geneva, *then* waited for the bus stop for half an hour (because, of course - the bus wasn't aligned with the train times) *then* he rode for *another* 25-30 minutes, sometimes more, because... morning traffic, and finally he got to school around 7:00 AM, exhausted, before the day even begun.

He *would* have taken their single car, but Marla always used it to show houses to potential clients. She “*needed*” it, even though she was home most of the day, while the houses she showed were all within a few bus stops away from their home. But yeah, *Marla* should be the one with the car. That makes “*much* more” sense...

Clark reached his street. He took the last heavy steps on the sidewalk before he turned to go up the driveway to their house. He reached the porch and took a deep breath. The pit in his stomach was stronger than ever.

‘*There’s the door...*’ he thought. ‘*Shit...*’

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Chapter 3

"I'm home."

"Daddy!!" little Emily ran to hug her dad. Clark closed his eyes and savored the rare moment of warmth he *did* get in his home from his 7-year old daughter.

"Em!! I'm so happy to see you! How was school?" He asked while hugging her tightly, working hard to ignore the pit already welling from his stomach up to his throat.

"Fine", she said simply and ran off to her room to keep watching TV. Clark sighed heavily.

He found his 11-year old son, Benji playing on the tablet on the kitchen counter.

"Hey Benji", Clark said, trying to win his son's attention over the screen.

"Oh, hi dad", Benji said back, not averting his eyes from the game in front of him. Clark sighed.

"How was your day?" Clark tried again and put his hand on Benji's shoulder.

"Huh? Yeah, sure", Benji answered a completely different question, too focused on the game to notice.

Clark rolled his eyes. He patted his son's shoulder and kissed him on the top of his head, before he walked into the poorly lit living room. The only light source was the TV, and the traces of light from the kitchen.

"Hey", Clark called out to Marla.

Marla didn't respond. She didn't even look at him. *'Of course not. Why should you be a decent human being and say hi to your husband...?'*

She was sitting on the couch, watching one of her trash TV shows, curled up with the same purple blanket she'd slept in last night. Clark didn't miss noticing her pillow as well, still there. The pain he felt was so great he became physically nauseous. He tried again.

"Are we gonna talk about..." he started.

"Not *now*, Clark. The kids", Marla spat back without removing her eyes from the TV. Clark was really close to throwing up. Not from disgust, but from pain. This was such a burden on his soul. There was no worse feeling in the world for him than pressing a *'Pause'* button on a fight, and playing "*happy father-happy husband*" for his kids' sake. And it's not like sunshine and rainbows were waiting for him after the kids went to sleep. He knew exactly how bad tonight's argument was gonna go.

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It was at least 2 excruciating hours later before Emily and Benji finally fell asleep. Clark gently closed Emily's door behind him and returned back to the living room to find Marla, still there, after having gone through a few more episodes of trash TV.

"Now can we talk?" he asked, and for the first time today - Marla looked at him. He almost wished she didn't.

"You wanna talk - talk", she said indifferently, crossed armed. The TV show still ran in the background. Clark sighed heavily and took a long moment before he spoke.

"Ok, I get that you're upset. I understand. Really. I wish my mom wouldn't have said what she said. She shouldn't meddle with your parenthood..."

"**Our** parenthood, Clark!" Marla corrected him sharply.

"Our parenthood, fine", he relented.

"No, not fine. Not ***fine***, Clark!" She raised her voice.

"Marla, please. I'm losing my thread of thought. Just... let me finish first, please", he said. "Look, I'd be upset too if..."

"You *should* be upset, Clark", she cut him off again. "That's the whole point. You were sitting there, silent, like this was *my* issue. Like you have nothing to do with raising our children."

"I wasn't '*sitting there, silent*'. You saw I talked back to my mom about it."

"Oh, you '*talked back*'", she snarled at him. "Wow, a truck full of golden medals is coming your way to award you '*husband of the year*' for '*talking back*' to your mother", she said viciously. Clark felt his blood boiling. He tried his best to stay calm and not to be sucked into another raging blame-game. This whole conversation was pointless, he knew it before he'd even first opened his mouth.

"Marla! Can we just... talk about this like two adults?" He tried calming both her and himself down.

"I don't know what there's to talk about, Clark. She called me a bad mother and you didn't defend me", Marla said, changing the trash TV show to another trash show.

"Can you ***not***, please?" Clark asked as he pointed at the TV. Marla huffed and finally shut the TV, then looked away from him.

"Marla, I can't talk with you like that. Can you please look at me? It's important", he asked as calmly as he could. Slowly, Marla twisted her head and looked at him, her arms crossed and with a look that told him she'd already decided he was wrong about everything.

“Ok”, Clark said, trying to focus on his thread of thought. “Now. My mom didn’t call you a ‘*bad mother*’. All she said is that you give our kids too much screen time”, he said as quietly and as calmly as he could.

He saw Marla opening her mouth to respond, so he quickly held his hand up and kept his sentence:

“Now, I *know*. I know. It ticks you off, and I understand why. Honestly - I didn’t appreciate her saying that either myself. My mom always talks in a way that antagonizes people and doesn’t really know how to communicate well. However, I did tell my mom that this was **our** business and that we only give them more screen time on the weekends and less during the week.”

Marla could hold herself no more:

“So you started justifying ourselves to her? ***Why is this any of her business?***” Marla snapped and yelled.

“Marla please, the kids *just* fell asleep”, Clark hushed her, annoyed that she didn’t understand it herself. “I wasn’t *trying* to justify ourselves. I just explained to my mom the full picture, because I also wanted to give her a full response and not shut her down cold. She’s my mom after all, she deserves at least that much respect”, he said.

“Oh and I *don’t* deserve respect?” Marla retorted with a slam-dunk expected response. Clark felt the argument spiralling out of control fast.

“It’s not... uhhh... of course you deserve respect, Marla, come on. Work with me here, please. I didn’t try to offend you or to make you feel bad. Can’t you at least try to understand my difficult position here? I’m torn between being a husband to you, a father to our kids and a son to my mom, while trying to make everybody happy.”

“Well, nice job making me happy”, Marla snarked unnecessarily.

‘*God, she can be so mean sometimes*’, Clark thought. Marla kept going:

“Say, what about the trip to Rome I wanted? And Paris? Barcelona? We don’t go anywhere!” She snapped.

“What? What’s *that* got to do with anything we’re talking about?” Clark furrowed his brows. Marla was a very skillful argumentator and knew just how to rattle Clark’s thought process. She’d open branches upon branches to their fight-tree, conjure up old arguments that Clark *thought* they were done talking about, and leave him overall confused, as he’s being bombarded on 17 different fronts simultaneously.

“You said you’re trying to make me happy”, Marla said. “I wanna go to these places to be happy”, she said and crossed her arms again.

Clark took a deep breath. There was a very simple answer to this argument: if Marla hadn't kept buying shit she didn't need online all year long, they'd be able to save enough money to travel. But he knew better than to open another unnecessary fight-branch right now.

"Marla, that's not fair. You know we don't have the money right now. You know how hard I work just so you and the kids can have a decent life", he said as composed as he could.

"Yeah, life's real decent with an annual 47,000\$ salary. How's that raise request going, by the way?" She said. Clark swore there was a vicious smile on her face.

There was a long pause. Clark felt his eyes welling up, but he didn't want to give Marla the satisfaction of seeing him cry.

"What's your end game, Marla? Huh?" he said with a croaked voice, red faced. "You wanna tear down your husband? You wanna feel good at my expense? Because congratulations, you succeeded. Big time. You married a Special Education teacher. That's not exactly a job with an exciting financial prospect. You knew it from the start. I do it for the kids, not for the big bucks", he said, hurt.

"Yeah? Well, you clearly don't try hard enough to be more..."

"YOU HAVEN'T TOUCHED ME IN ALMOST A YEAR!" Clark suddenly snapped back at her. He didn't mean to. It just came out. This finally shut her up. Marla clearly didn't expect *this* to come up.

Clark's eyes watered and his voice cracked. "What... are you surprised? Did sex even cross your mind? Do you think I'm just ok with not having sex with my wife? What motivation do you want me to have to succeed, when my own wife won't touch me? How many '*headaches*' can a woman have? Jesus Christ. What, you're NEVER EVER EVER in the mood for sex? Did you think this was meant to be platonic marriage? Or do you just find *me*, specifically, repulsing? What did I do that was so horrible to deserve this cold shoulder?"

Clark was panting. It was like his mind did the talking for him. Marla's mouth was partially opened. There was a sliver of emotion there. Clark kept going:

"On my birthday I had to **remind** you that you promised me that we'll have sex, only to get an eye roll. Like this was an annoying chore you had to get over with. As if I'm asking for something so unreasonable, to have sex with my wife, one time. Do you have any idea... just how **humiliating** it is to remind my own wife to touch me??" Clark said and shed a tear. Marla's eyes showed... something. Did he actually get to her? Clark started pacing back and forth then stopped as if remembering something else.

"Heck, forget sex. Would it kill you to come and hug me from behind once while I'm doing the dishes? To say something softly and sweetly to me every now and then? To appreciate what I do for this family? And why do I even have to ask for intimacy? You should *want* to be intimate with me. Yeah, not all the time, of course. But, you know, to have sex with your husband every

once in a while. You *used* to touch me back when we were dating. I know you remember *that*. I can understand if you had a bad week, really. Heck, even a bad month where you just don't feel like it. It's all good. You know very well that I'll give you your space. But Jesus Christ, Marla, it's been close to a year. Without sex, with barely any hugs, kisses, warmth, love. Almost a year of cold shoulders. And you know very well that before that one time sex it wasn't much better for the past few years. Seriously, how much rejection do you think a man can bear?"

Marla was quiet, listening as Clark was unloading more anger and shame and *pain* than he knew he even stored within. He knew this was the closest thing to empathy that he was gonna get from her. He realized he was crying now. '*Screw it, let her see me cry...*' Clark sat down on the couch and took a moment to calm down a little. He lowered his tone now:

"You think I'm a broke loser, Marla. You're mad at everything that I'm doing because it's never just the *exact* way you want me to do it, you won't touch me, you're disappointed in me, no matter how hard I try to make things right, you're not happy with me. If I'm such a bad husband, Marla - what are you still doing with me?" He said with raised shoulders and open arms, defeated. Another tear fell down his cheek, but he didn't care at this point.

This actually caught Marla off-guard. She was fine fighting a "friendly" match with her husband, but shit got real, real fast all of a sudden. Clark saw that glimmer of fear in her eyes at the unspoken "D" word. He felt like he might have actually reached her. Swept by his emotions, his mouth kept talking for him automatically.

"And you know what? My mom *was* right. Our kids *do* have too much screen time. And yes, it's on *you*, because *you're* the one at home with them while I'm at work, but it's too tempting for you to let them have their TV so you can rest from the one client you showed a house to for 15 minutes, instead of actually engaging with your kids."

Clark knew it was a mistake before he even finished his sentence, but he just couldn't stop himself. Idiot. He was going to regret it. He should've stopped talking, but the brakes on his hurt-mind were too weak to stop this loaded truck of emotions.

Marla's expression changed immediately to the most venomous he'd even seen her.

"***You're*** sleeping on the couch tonight", she spat at him.

*

The bus station near school was the next stop. Clark pressed the 'Stop' button and grunted heavily as he got up. He looked around. The gorgeous blonde who's been eyeing him the entire ride averted her gaze shyly. She gave him signals in the hopes he'd walk up to her and start a conversation. But Clark's mind couldn't even think about that right now.

Even though she really *was* incredibly beautiful and sexy. And *busty*. Despite everything happening in Clark's life, he still couldn't stop himself from briefly glancing a few times throughout the bus ride at that incredible curve in her shirt. That blonde's breasts were close to the size of her own *head*! Clark automatically compared her size to Marla's B-cups, realizing that this girl's breasts were 4 or 5 times bigger than his own wife's, and still looked perky somehow.

Clark sighed heavily. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered. Almost a week has passed since their big fight and not much has changed since. Clark was still sleeping on the couch and Marla was still giving him the cold shoulder. The suppressed tears he had inside everyday were wrecking his soul. They had fights before, but this one was really doing its emotional damage on him.

He got off the bus, sighed heavily and started walking towards the school entrance.

Having to keep being a father, taking care of their kids, fake smiling to them and trying to shield them from the shit-storm that's going on between mom and dad, having to find the energy to somehow keep going to work and give the kids at school the attention and care they deserved... It was mentally and physically draining. Work was draining, and home was a battlefield. He had no sanctuary.

As Clark entered the hallways, he said a few lifeless "hey"s to some teachers he saw. The number '109' hung near the door to his class. He took a deep breath and mentally tried to put everything he had going aside before he met the children of his class.

"Hhhi", he stammered, surprised to find Lina already in class as he entered.

Lina turned around to greet him.

"Bueeeenas, Clark, good morning!" Lina beamed up at him. She was about to hug him, but she stopped herself and instead clasped her hands together over her chest in excitement. Wearing heels, her long legs were closed together.

Clark was speechless. He remembered she was pretty when he met her at Mr. Sheffield's office. But she was truly... **stunning**.

Standing tall, Lina's face was just **gorgeously** beautiful. Those big, brown eyes, that smooth, olive skin, that mane of hair tied in her ultra-thick braid which still couldn't conceal how incredibly long, thick and voluminous it was. But her smile... she was just *oozing* a positive, feminine, peaceful energy. She lit up the room in an instant.

Lina walked up to Clark and stood... close to him. Like, a lot closer than he was used to. It was less than an arm's length. Was this a Colombian thing, standing so close? Or a '*Lina thing*'? Whatever it was, it felt... nice. Really nice.

Clark couldn't help looking down for just a tiny tiny moment, but it was enough to make his eyes pop. No conservative dress could hide her figure. She tried, but failed. Miserably.

Lina was wearing a different, colorful floral dress with long sleeves. The dress ended below her knees. It was cinched around her slim waist by a thin, stylish brown belt, then it immediately **exploded** above it all the way up to her neckline. Clark's mind returned to the blonde on the bus and suddenly realized that, as big as the blonde girl had been, Lina's size actually made that blonde almost seem *insignificant* in comparison!

Clark gulped. It was obvious Lina was doing everything she could to minimize the effect of her bosom, trying to dress professionally, yet there was no hiding that **giant** bosom. Despite its loose fit on the rest of her body, the dress was *packed* to a bursting point at the front. All the buttons were closed up to her neckline, yet the dress still failed to hide a small portion of her cleavage above the upper hemline.

Clark's eyes inevitably darted lower. Lina's breasts occupied the **entirety** of her torso, projected sideways about 6 inches and forward by about a foot and a half!! In fact, because of how close she was standing, the fronts of her breasts were mere inches away from his own torso. With every twist, gesture or move of her body they threatened to collide with him!

But the craziest part was - Lina's breasts barely jiggled when she turned around. They seemed to be held *tightly* by what must have been a *very* constricting, **very** large bra.

Clark looked back up from his little detour from below Lina's face. Did she notice? He couldn't tell, she kept smiling warmly at him. He shook his head.

"Uhhh... buenas, I mean, hey, good morning, Lina", he said. She giggled in response, loving his Spanish shimmers. "So, first day, huh? How are you doing so far?" he asked.

"I'm good, a little scared but also excited, thank you", Lina said and gestured with her hands calmly. "I love this classroom. Is so beautiful and colorful", she gestured around her and kept beaming with endless energy. Clark smiled understandingly.

"I'm glad. It *does* need some touch ups, I guess", he said while looking at the peeled paint on the walls.

"Ah jyes, I wanted to ask you", Lina said. "What do the kids learn on Thursday and Friday? I was just looking at the schedule and it was torn in those days."

Clark sighed, as she touched a worn out nerve. "Yeah, sorry about that. I've been trying to get Mr. Sheffield to buy a new cardboard but he keeps postponing it. The missing classes on Thursday are Math then Arts. On Friday it's a shorter day, so one hour of English, then they finish with a class of their choice and go home afterwards."

"Class of their choice?" Lina asked, raising her eyebrows. Clark smiled.

"Yyyyeah... something fun to close the week. You know, it can be watching a movie, free playtime, dancing, where we play some music and they just 'let it all out on the floor'. Whatever the kids vote on that week. Democracy", Clark said with a chuckle.

"That's so sweet!!! I love it." Lina smiled widely with her beautiful teeth showing. Then her smile focused cutely on Clark. "So, when they choose dancing - do you dance with them?" Lina asked.

Clark was caught off guard by that question and felt himself blushing profusely. That strange warmth and excited feeling returned to him.

"Uhh... well... not... not really, but I mean, it's more for *them*. Plus, I don't really know how to dance, so...", he stammered. Lina's smile widened. She pierced his eyes with her own big, beautiful ones and moved her torso from side to side excitedly while her straight arms pressed her chest from either side. Clark didn't miss that **enormous mass** of boobage swaying as a single unit from side to side under her dress, nor how her ultra thick braid of hair was bouncing on top of one breast to another.

"Ohhh, that's a shame. But you know, I can teach you!!" She exclaimed excitedly. Clark blushed profusely.

"Do... Do you dance?" He stammered.

"Do you know a Colombian who *doesn't* know how to dance?" She cocked her brow.

"I... I didn't want to assume... that... uh... um..." Clark trailed off at what he saw. Lina started swaying her hips hypnotically in perfect gyrating motion, lifting her arms in the air while also doing a slow 360 turn with her body. He suddenly became **very** aware of her... well... her ass. It was like watching two moons orbiting around a planet that's also rotating around itself.

Clark tried **not** to stare. He really did. But she was just too sexy. Lina's ass cheeks were perfectly round, big and juicy, and her wide hips finished off the best looking Latina ass he's ever seen. Despite how loose her dress was, her big, round, beautiful, sexy ass was still plenty obvious even hidden by it.

Before she finished her 360 turn Clark shook his head, forcing himself to stop staring. This was wrong on every level imaginable. *'Creep! She's your coworker. It's her first day and you're checking out her ass. And you're married!'* He scolded himself.

"Soooo... what do you think? Do you want me to teach you how to dance?" Lina finished her turn and smiled widely at him with her perfect teeth showing.

"Um... maybe... we'll see... sorry I... I just didn't sleep that well last night, still trying to wake up fully, heh", he mumbled, and realized he was still blushing.

"Ohh, I'm sorry to hear that", Lina's smile changed to empathetic concern.

"It's... it's ok, thanks", he said, praying she wouldn't pry more. Lina looked at him a moment longer. Again, Clark felt like she knew what was going on with him at home. But thankfully, she redirected the conversation:

"So Clark, I wanted to ask - how will class go today? Do you have any tips or suggestions?" She asked and looked up at him with expectant eyes of a diligent apprentice. Clark took a second to regain his composure. It was crazy how beautiful Lina was. It was like having a supermodel teach with him in the same class. And she was waiting for *him* to guide *her*. That was a lot to take in.

"Well... um..." he tried to think but kept being distracted by her exotic beauty and piercing gaze. However, Lina waited patiently with a small, hesitant smile. Her hands were held together under the mountainous boobs in her dress, making them bulge dangerously close to Clark's chest.

"So... ehm... how the day goes... yes", Clark started. "So, the kids are gonna come through that door in about... 15 minutes. We have 50 minutes of what's called Station Teaching, have you heard of this term?"

"Ahhh jyes, I remember from my stodies!" Lina's eyes lit up. "It's when each of us teaches half the class, then the children switch places and we teach the other half", Lina capped proudly.

"Yes! Very good!" Clark said, excited to see her knowledge and enthusiasm. "So I'll be teaching Math today. What about you?"

"For me I'm teaching Social Skills. But I'm a little anxious", she added with trepidation, biting her nail.

"Ok, that's great! Don't worry, I'll help you with anything you might need during class. We'll get through this together," said Clark, trying to soothe her anxiety. "So, um... ok - the class will usually look like the following," he said, then walked Lina through today's flow: Clark's opening frame, Lina's introduction, split into two groups, a quiet mid-class signal across the partition to prepare for the swap, and a closing frame.

Lina followed his every word, nodding along his explanations. She was standing with her body fully open to him, and Clark **really** found it difficult to concentrate while her boobs burst forth in her dress, their fronts mere 5 inches away from his abdomen.

Plus, it just felt so good, so peaceful and warm, to have Lina's full, undivided attention. To feel her following his lead without resistance or nagging.

Clark couldn't remember the last time he was able to lead peacefully. With Marla, his every initiative or decision came with... *something*. Whether it be an eye roll, a "*why did you do this and not that?*" interrogation, or just an audible sigh by Marla that turned into an argument hours later.

Clark's mind wandered to a few weeks ago, when Marla and he had spent two hours fighting over how he loaded the dishwasher. Marla demanded he prove to her that his way was more efficient. Clark really couldn't care less which way was better. He just wanted to do it quietly without being nagged. But she pressed on until he finally proved beyond a doubt that his way was truly more efficient. When he did, Marla shut down and didn't speak to him for two days. That was fun.

"Clark?" Lina asked, trying to gently look through his daydream. Clark jolted back to reality.

"Sorry, I guess I drifted off somewhere", he said with embarrassment.

However, Lina smiled kindly at him. "Is ok. I also drift sometimes", she said warmly. Clark breathed in her positivity like he was a free diver given an oxygen mask. He looked at Lina again and saw she was still a bit hesitant.

"Hey, listen", he said. "Honestly, I've seen many SPED teachers in my career, and I got a sense of who might be good at it. You can 100% do this, Lina, I know it. Plus, I'm here for everything you might need", he said reassuringly. Lina smiled weakly but was still a bit uncertain. Clark had an idea -

"Hey, you know what? I have an idea. Let's not do Station Teaching today. I'll assign you with the easier kids for today. The more verbal and cooperative ones. We'll do a full class instead of half and half. This way you'll have a softer landing. You can teach the other half tomorrow", he said. Lina's eyes lit up a little.

Clark's mind reeled as he thought out loud about who to assign for her. "Ok, we have Evan, he looks distracted but he hears everything. Then we have Maya. Just make sure to have eye contact with her before giving her instructions so she listens, Jake and Raquel will both be easy. And... Liam, yeah. If you ask him how he's doing you'll get a monologue, but he'll be cooperative for the most part. And if you see them losing focus just say out loud - "*Focus Time, everyone*". They know to come back to the desk."

Lina listened to every bit of advice he had to give her, trying to make sure she remembers everything. Clark was just mesmerized by her every gesture, her concentration on his words, her enthusiasm.

But above all - it was the peace she gave him. Just peace and positivity. It's so, so goddamn simple. Instead of nagging - she... *wasn't* nagging. Instead of yelling or criticizing him - she just... didn't. How simple was it to provide peace. For the first time since... god... a *good* few **years** - Clark's mind didn't chatter endlessly with worry and exhaustion. It was so quiet in his mind. He's gotten so used to his anxiety over the next impending fight that he almost forgot what serenity felt like.

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“... so we all remember - like in every class, if we have a question, we raise our hand, we use kind words and we ask for help. Ok, everyone?” Clark said while 11 children sat around him and Lina in a half circle. Some children hummed in agreement, others nodded.

Lina's body was facing the class, but she was looking to her side. She was inevitably drawn to Clark's energy. She was almost hypnotized at how skillful he was with the children, getting them to listen to him and assert his quiet control of the class without raising his voice. She felt like a sponge as she gobbled up his words, his body language, taking mental notes for herself on the correct ways to handle a class.

Clark didn't look at her while he was speaking to the class, but he could *certainly* feel her looking up at him. It was all just... **so** nice. He was still trying to grasp the unfamiliar feelings of peace and warmth Lina was stirring up within himself.

“Now, before we start our lesson...”, Clark said, and now looked at Lina. She smiled shyly at him, and he couldn't stop himself from smiling from ear to ear before he turned back to the students. “I want to introduce you to a wonderful teacher - Miss Catalina Rivera. She came all the way from a beautiful, far away country called Colombia, just to teach *you* guys. She is an excellent teacher, and she is very very nice”, he said and looked at her again.

Lina was *blushing* profusely as she looked up into Clark's eyes. He kept his introduction: “I expect you all to listen to her, exactly like you listen to me. Ok? Now, let's give Miss Rivera the warm welcome we give to someone new. 1... 2... 3...”

“**Hello, Miss Rivera**”, chanted the few verbal children in class. The others waved or nodded in their own special way.

Lina was red faced but couldn't stop smiling. Clark moved his chair a bit back and gently gestured to Lina to introduce herself.

Moving back as he did, Clark now had a clear line of sight at her back and side. He cursed himself for checking out her body for *just* a tiny moment. He honestly didn't mean to leer, but really, he was only human.

Those glorious, gigantic breasts of hers were so big they *rested on her lap*! The more he looked at them, the more Clark realized just how **huge** they truly were. They were in a size category of their own. Even online Clark had never seen a girl even close to Lina's size. Her breasts almost reached her knees! They protruded *generously* beyond either side of her shapely thighs.

And her ass... Lina's perfect, Latina-ass was bulging beyond the edges of the chair by several inches on either side, and was so round and enticing, it was almost *obscene*. She put J.Lo to shame! Seeing her from a bit behind gave Clark an opportunity to realize just how slim her waist was. It was very tough to understand at first glance, with how baggy the dress was (in some

parts of her body...), but her skinny waist stood in stark contrast to her tits and ass, and gave her an overall exaggerated, ultra-womanly hourglass figure.

Clark felt his mouth going dry before half a second later - he shook his head, scolded himself mentally and focused back on the class.

Lina was a bit shy but she smiled at the 11 children in front of her and said: "Hello everyone, thank you all for the wonderful welcome. I am so happy to be here, and I can't wait to meet each and every one of you", she gestured and made sure to address the whole half-circle of kids. She momentarily looked at Clark for validation, and he gave her an encouraging nod which put her mind at ease. She continued:

"Today I'll be teaching you Social Skills. I have a very nice class planned for you and I want us all to have fun, ok?" she said with a charming smile.

"*Ok, Miss Rivera*", they chanted slowly back. Lina's heart filled instantly. This was her first class, ever. Hearing the kids already accepting her as their teacher filled her heart. Clark looked at her face and saw her turning her head to the side while wiping away a little tear. He caught her eyes and smiled at her. She smiled back with gratitude in her eyes.

The class went almost completely smoothly without hiccups. Lina was sitting on one end of the class on a chair in front of a C-shaped desk, while 5 children sat around the "C". About 10 feet beyond the low, wooden partition Clark sat in a similar fashion with 6 kids surrounding him.

Lina was tall enough that her head popped a few inches above the partition, so she had a clear sight at Clark throughout the class. Every now and then she'd look at him. She just soaked up his teaching style, mesmerized with how effortless he made it seem. Every now and then he caught her gaze and smiled at her. She blushed like a tomato and smiled back, before returning to class.

Clark made sure to check on her every now and then to see how she's doing. He'd quietly mouthed a "you ok?" from time to time, and got a thumbs up signal with a smile from Lina. She actually seemed - great. The kids listened to her, they mostly sat in their chairs and were attentive and quiet during class.

At some point little Jaden wandered off from Clark's desk and traveled to Lina's side before Clark could catch him. He fought the urge to step in and bring back Jaden himself. He didn't want to step on Lina's toes. It was important to Clark to let Lina know he trusted her. Anxious, Clark watched Jaden barge into Lina's side. Lina, however, handled little Jaden so gracefully, greeting him warmly, then with a kind smile redirected him back to Clark's side.

"*Sorry*", Clark mutely mouthed at her. Lina waved it off with a "*no problem*" quiet signal.

About 30 minutes into the lesson, Lina suddenly got up. Clark noticed and perked up his gaze at her. She quietly walked around the partition over to his side, while her students were busy with their chores around the desk. Clark watched Lina walking up to him and his heart started beating. She had an apologetic look on her face, like she felt bad interrupting him. Clark saw his own students were busy with their exercises, and gestured to Lina that she's welcomed to come to him.

Lina walked around the desk and entered the "C" where Clark was sitting. She leaned on the desk next to where Clark was sitting and got her face **very** close to his own. She cupped her hand both around her mouth and Clark's ear, then spoke quietly:

"I'm so sorry to interrupt, Clark", she whispered hesitantly into his ear. "I just had a question about Maya".

Clark shivered. Her voice was so sweet. So gentle and kind and warm, like it was tickling his brain. He could feel her warm breath caressing his face softly. He smelled her intoxicating, floral perfume that activated sensory organs in his nose. Lina's thick braid fell down between them and swung like a pendulum, touching his arm over and over again. He kept looking at his students but spoke quietly back at her:

"Yyyyyeah... nnnnno, no problem... what uh... what did you... want to ask about her?" he said quietly.

Lina cupped her hand again around her mouth and Clark's ear and got close to whisper: "Maya is very sweet, but she tends to lose focus quite often. How do I get her attention on the assignments?"

Clark took a deep breath. The reason being that he suddenly felt *something* quite soft bumping against his elbow. There was only one option as to what that "*something*" was. And it felt *really* good. Lina didn't seem like she noticed, though.

"Ummm, ehm... she... yeah... Maya, well...", Clark stammered. The bumps were *very* light but they were there, simply due to the proximity and angle of Lina to his body, coupled with the **immense** size of her breasts. He did his best to stay focused.

"Yeah, for Maya you can use one of these visual prompts", he said and pulled out a '*Visual tasks card*' from his drawer. The card showed common classroom commands ('*Look*', '*Listen*', '*Stand Up*', '*Sit Down*', '*Read*', '*Solve*') using simple icons to cue students on what they're expected to do. "This helps students follow instructions without needing to say them out loud. Maya responds better to these. Just point to what you want her to do and she'll follow it".

He handed the card to Lina. She reviewed it and her eyes lit up. "Aye, this is *just* what I needed. Thank you so much, Clark! This will help me a lot!" she said and caressed her soft palm on his shoulder a few times.

"That's... yeah... sure, my pleasure", he fumbled. Lina's hand only stayed on his shoulder for two seconds before she returned to her desk, but that feeling of her soft, warm hand lasted long afterwards.

When the class was about to end, Clark gave her their agreed upon "5 minutes left" quiet signal, and Lina started to wrap things up on her side, while Clark gathered up his own students.

The whole class gathered in the middle for Clark's and Lina's closing frame, then a minute later - the bell rang. Another teacher opened the door, waiting for the students before taking them to their next class.

And just like that, the class ended and Clark and Lina were left alone.

"You made it!" Clark exclaimed with a smile. "I saw you, you were so good! I'm really proud of you, Lina! How do you feel?" He said.

Lina was beaming brighter than the sun. Her eyes were wet with happy tears, getting really emotional after the class. She couldn't believe she actually passed her first lesson, and that it went so well. She was smiling from ear to ear.

"Aye Clark it was *wonderful!!!* Thank you so moch! It was all because of you. And that card really helped me with Maya. She listened and participated so well afterwards. Everyone listened, and we had fun. I would have *never* made it through class without all your guidance and help. I appreciate it so moch! Thank you!" she said while wiping another tear from her eye.

"Oh, I barely did anything", Clark said shyly. "Just some pointers I thought would help you, that's all. But it's obvious you're a natural. I saw how you handled naughty Jaden so well", he said with a smile and Lina giggled back. Clark continued: "You care about them and you do it with a smile and dedication and patience. That's what these kids need. They're lucky to have you as their teacher", he said genuinely and gestured at Lina with open palms.

Lina must've misread his open palms gesture for an invite, because the next thing Clark felt was Lina walking up to him and giving him the warmest hug he's ever felt in his life.

"Thank you so moch, Clark...", she sniffed into his chest, overcome with emotions as her arms wrapped tightly around his waist.

Clark's eyebrows perked up in utter surprise. He wasn't prepared for that. This *never* happened in all of his career. A moment later, he felt his body automatically easing into the hug. His muscles relaxed and his eyes shut naturally.

Clark let out an involuntary, quiet groan. There was no way he'd be able to suppress it. This was the most warmth he's felt in *years* from a woman. He relished the feeling of having Lina's ultra-feminine body hug him. Her head rested just underneath his chin and he could smell the

intoxicating smell of her hair and floral perfume. But above all - those **breasts**... they crushed his entire torso and just smothered it all around. They were *soft*, though less than what he expected. He now felt *thick* fabric underneath her dress.

For a moment - everything went quiet in Clark's head. He literally thought of *nothing*. Only *feeling*. Like his brain shutting down all rational thought. For a moment, there was no school, no Marla, no fight, no sleeping on the couch. Nothing. Just peace. Lina asserted complete serenity over him. She just made everything easier in his life to handle.

Clark didn't know how long the hug went on, but he didn't want it to end. It was like a source of light in a sea of darkness for him. Lina relished feeling Clark's torso and his comforting embrace as well. Without realizing it, Clark's hands naturally rested onto Lina's back as they hugged, and she snuggled closer to him in response, smiling to herself.

As the hug went beyond reasonable hug time, something happened. Clark's serenity evolved into something unknown. A new, uncharted territory of emotions. This was *too* nice. *Too* good. He felt an invisible *shift* in the status quo between him and Lina. Like they crossed some sort of one-way threshold together, and now they can't go back.

Clark panicked. He gently withdrew from the hug. Lina seemed to have also just realized what she's done and withdrew as well. She was blushing like crazy, looking at the floor.

"I'm sorry... I didn't mean to..." she mumbled.

"It's... it's ok, it's fine... I... um... heh... yeah, don't uh... don't worry about uh..." Clark stammered, also looking away. "We should... uh... I should get to my next class", he said hastily.

"Jyes, jyes, no problem, me too", Lina said and kept looking at the floor. '*What am I thinking?*', she thought to herself. '*He's a married man. And a coworker. This is completely inappropriate.*'

"Well, um, see you around, Lina", Clark stammered and finally looked at her. She looked back. They shared a long look that... Clark couldn't fully decipher it. But it was electric.

"See you, Clark. Muchas gracias por hoy", she thanked him with a smile.

"Muchas de-nadas", Clark said back with a smile. Lina giggled.

"Jyou are very funny, Mister Kessler. And in Spanish, that's not easy!" she complimented him.

"Gracias", Clark smiled back before he took his suitcase and headed out the door.

Lina watched his back until he was gone, not realizing she was biting her lower lip.

* * *

Chapter 4

Lina took out the keys from her elegant purse. In her other hand, she was holding a shopping bag from the nearby craft store that she'd stopped by on the way home. She unlocked the door and walked in.

It wasn't anything fancy, just a small, 1-bedroom apartment in Southwest Chicago. But the rent was affordable enough and it was near the train station to Aurora, which was perfect for her.

Lina heard a ping on her phone and placed her stuff on the kitchen counter. It was her mom. Again. Asking when she's coming home already. Lina sighed. Not having the mental capacity to deal with that right now, she postponed her response for the moment.

She filled a jug of water and then went to water her 3 large plants in the living room. She looked at the small framed picture on the counter by the TV and sighed heavily. It was taken last year, with Lina being one of about 30 people in the picture - her distant cousins, uncles and aunts, her mom and dad as well as her little brother. Everyone was standing but Lina's brother, Fabian, who was sitting in a wheelchair next to Lina. She was smiling, her arm around his shoulder.

Lina took out the half-empty bottle of Aguardiente she'd brought with her to the U.S. from the liquor cabinet. She poured herself a small glass and placed it on the low table. She took off her heels and sat on the 2-seater couch, her ample, round ass taking up an **entire** seat, which would normally be enough for 2 rather slim people. But her ass wasn't just large. It was also impressively toned, full and resilient. When she sat, it compressed into the couch with a firm give, lifting her slightly. The tops of her ass cheeks still rose higher than the armrest beside her!

Lina lifted the glass and took a little sip.

"Ahhh..." she sighed and closed her eyes. An inevitable smile spread on her face as she recalled today's events. She actually made it. Her first day of her new life. Thinking about those sweet children actually following her lead, learning from her, getting the help they needed.

She's been close to giving up. After having applied to just about every school in the surrounding area, the Aurora elementary school finally said 'yes'.

Of course, Lina knew she wouldn't have made it without Clark's help.

"Mmmmmmm", she hummed softly as her mind was immediately brought back to their hug. She felt so nice in his arms. So safe. She was still feeling the phantom feeling of his arms around her body and his palms on her back. Lina allowed herself to relish that moment for a few more blissful seconds, thinking of how she just placed her cheek on his manly chest and allowed herself to relax. Clark was so soothing. So comforting. So... fucking **hot!**

"Arrrrrrrrrrrrrg!!!!!!!!!!!" She groaned out loudly in frustration and buried her face in her ample cleavage. Her bosom sat heavily onto her lap while also reaching as high as her clavicles!

After a few moments of frustration, Lina lifted her face and took another sip. She felt herself getting a bit tipsy.

She has been living for the past two months in the US, and barely talked to anybody. She didn't have any friends here, she didn't know anyone local. Then she met Clark last week and her whole world turned.

He was so kind, so nice and empathetic to her anxiety. He made her feel like everything was going to be ok. He didn't have to do this. He didn't have to allocate the easier kids to her, to give her all these tips, to help out with Maya. But he did it with such a smile that made her feel like this wasn't a burden but a pleasure for him to help her.

And the way he handled those kids. Lina didn't know which types of teachers to expect, but she was elated to find such a professional teacher. She had a passion to learn this profession, and she felt so secure to know she had such a wonderful, experienced person to learn from.

And he was so goddamn **cute!!!** How he kept fumbling with his words, how he tried so hard to be respectful and *not* leer at her giant boobs (even though she didn't mind **him** looking at her, as opposed to that creeper of a principal who didn't take his eyes off of them). Clark made her laugh and was able to connect with her so naturally, as if they've known each other for years.

But he was married!!! '*Carajo!*'

Lina never considered herself a homewrecker. She avoided married men like fire. Yet, here she found herself inevitably drawn to this guy.

If she was honest with herself, Lina was handling Maya pretty well on her own. She knew deep down she was just looking for an excuse to be close to Clark, to touch him. And... maybe to give him a few harmless bumps with her boobs.

Lina downed the rest of the Aguardiente and was now feeling the buzz hitting her.

She tried stopping herself. But when he opened his arms at the end... she wasn't sure if this was an invitation or not, but she took it for an invite and hugged him. She was lonely, and Clark was so sweet to her, she was feeling so grateful at that moment. She **may** have overdone the hug a bit, she knew that much, but she just couldn't bring herself to stop the one thing that brought her such a strong sense of comfort and safety.

Lina also saw the sadness in his eyes. It was as clear as day that *something* went on in Clark's life, and taking a huge toll on him. She could see it in his eyes that he was tired, hurt and worn out. A part of her wanted to take the load off his shoulders. To just hug him and never let go. Maybe that's why she found it so hard to let go.

Lina opened her eyes again.

She had to stop going down that path. The poor guy was married. He was probably dealing with enough shit without *her* coming into his life and meddling with his marriage.

-PING-

Looking at her phone, she sighed, ready for a follow-up message from her mom. It wasn't, however. It was an automatic reminder message from her airline.

Lina raised her brows and opened the message. Her return flight is supposed to be in thirty days. She'd booked the ticket as a round trip with a refundable return. A backup, exit plan, in case the U.S. didn't work out. This was the last day she could cancel and get the difference back.

Egged on by the alcohol in her blood, Lina tapped '*Cancel return flight*'. When the '*Are you sure?*' prompt appeared, she confirmed.

And just like that - she was all in.

*

Clark was walking down the hallway on his way to class while carrying his suitcase. He cracked his neck left, then right, before he entered the classroom and immediately stopped in his tracks. He couldn't help but gasp quietly and open his eyes as wide as saucers.

On the far wall of the classroom, facing away from him - stood Lina. She was pushing... *something* against the wall. Today, for a change, Lina was *not* wearing a dress. Instead, she put on an elegant, dark blue women's suit that was *supposed* to look professional. However, Clark has *never* seen pants' suit that stretched ***so much*** from behind.

While Lina's dresses had *just been barely* able to provide her with some modicum of modesty, her suit had no such chance of hiding her ***outrageous*** curves.

Lina's ass just ***exploded*** and stretched out her pants, giving the impression she'd stuffed two basketballs in there. Because she was leaning forwards onto the wall, Lina's large, round and buoyant butt cheeks pushed backwards right at Clark's eyes' direction. Those two globes were completely round without any dents, blemishes or imperfections. Just two perfect basketballs that brought her pants right before the point of ***bursting***. They extended almost a whole *foot* from her hips and merged into her long, shapely legs. They also projected to either side of her by almost the same amount.

Lina seemed unaware of Clark's entry, and kept adjusting whatever it was in front of her. As a result, her ass cheeks were swaying and jiggling from side to side hypnotically. When Lina had performed her little pirouette dance the day before, Clark had already been mesmerized by her somewhat concealed ass. Now, however, those pants left *nothing* to the imagination. Clark couldn't do anything but gawk with his mouth and eyes wide open. This image would forever be

burnt into his retinas. He breathed heavily but quietly, feeling some inevitable stirring in his crotch.

And that's even before taking her **boobs** into account. Even from behind, partially guarded by her open blazer, Lina's giant bosom was *still* visible. It projected **considerably** on either side of her slim torso. More than a hand's span, that's for sure. For that to happen - a girl's boobs couldn't just be "*normally big*". They had to be **gigantic** for that to happen.

In fact, something just clicked in Clark's brain. The reason Lina was leaning her ass back as she was pushing against the wall, was because of how big her boobs were! Clark had just enough visual angle to see that despite leaning a bit backwards, and despite her stretching her arms completely straight - the fronts of Lina's breasts still grazed the wall a little bit from time to time. He realized that she just *couldn't* stand straight and accomplish that task otherwise.

Clark felt so uncomfortable. He's only been looking for a short couple of seconds, but even that felt like too long to be legitimate. He shouldn't stare. He should make Lina aware of his presence as soon as possible. Here she was, on her second day of work at her first job, after having flown all the way from near the equator, only to be leered at by her older, married coworker. '*Creep!*' He scolded himself.

Clark closed his eyes shut, then walked back a few steps outside the class. He cleared his throat very loudly, then re-entered the classroom.

"Good morning!" he said immediately upon entry.

Lina just finished her "wall project" and turned around to face him. Clark almost dropped his suitcase.

"Hooooooooolaaaaaa!! Buenos Días, Clark!" she stretched her words as she smiled the biggest smile in the world. She seemed flushed, like she was hiding a secret. Her **ultra-thick** braid of hazel-colored swung **heavily** a second after her body finished turning around, hitting her body left and right with several dull thuds, like a heavy rope hitting a wall. Just how much hair was she *really* carrying there?

Butterflies filled Clark's stomach. Why did she have to be so positive all the time? So gentle? So warm? So beautiful? So... **GODDAMN SEXY???????**

Then - he looked *just* a bit down and stifled the biggest gasp his body *wanted* to produce.

Lina's dark blue blazer was... open. There was just no way in heaven, hell or any other realm - that this blazer would *ever* close over such a **monumental** bust! Under the blazer Lina wore a white button-up shirt. She tried hiding the enormity of her chest. She really did. But... fuck... **nothing** could hide such a magnitude.

Lina's button-up shirt was fastened all the way to the top. Still, her breasts pressed against the collar, revealing about three to four inches of cleavage. On any other woman, such cleavage would indicate a very respectable bust, easily filling an E or F cup. On Lina, however, this was merely the *beginning* of a *much longer*, concealed cleavage. Clark was certain that, given the chance, it would extend **WAY** beyond that point.

Not only that, but the stress lines on each button were very evident. Especially on the middle ones, which Clark couldn't stop himself from looking at *just* for a millisecond. A wide gap between each two buttons was visible, with a thick, black material underneath her shirt.

Jesus Christ, the more he was looking at them the more he realized just how huge those tits were... when she had been wearing her floral dresses they'd looked... very big. But now, the button up shirt showed their contour better, and they looked... **enormous!** So much, in fact, that they actually put her basketball-sized ass cheeks to shame! Clark thought of beach balls, but he wasn't sure *even that* would be an adequate enough comparison to capture their true size. Their lower slopes ended below her waist, as they leveled with her pant line! They also projected about half a foot on either side of her slim torso, covering most of her arms when resting by her sides.

But despite their **immense** size, they didn't jiggle at all. As if they were held tightly. Clark blinked a few times.

"What uh... what's going on?" Clark asked as he took a few slow steps towards Lina and gestured his look at the far wall that Lina had leaned on.

"Ahhh, is a surprise for you! I wanted to show you", Lina said with wide hand gestures and the widest smile ever. She moved out of the way. Clark's eyes widened and his brows lifted.

"No way!!! Oh my god, Lina, you actually bought new cardboard?" Clark asked, amazed, as he quickly closed the gap to the wall and looked at the new cardboard containing the weekly schedule.

"Sí, I did", she blushed at him as she was now facing his side.

"But... I mean... how did you...?" Clark asked, still looking at the schedule, mesmerized. It was decorated with colorful, little drawings of flowers, emojis, rainbows and other cute stuff.

"Well, you tol' me you've been trying to get a new one for some time, and Mr. Cheffiled was giving you troble, so... I just buy. Is ok, is no problem", she said with a casual shoulder shrug.

Clark suddenly felt so dumb. It's probably like 5\$ for a new cardboard. He's been arguing with Mr. Sheffield over this for weeks, and here Lina was, on her second day and already fixing this on the spot. He admired her proactivity. But more than anything, it was the empathy in her gesture that moved him so much.

Plus, her handwriting was so elegant. Clark was no graphologist, but even he could see Lina's self confidence shining through her writing.

"You... you actually noticed me saying that?" He finally turned to her, still a bit stunned. He now realized just how close they've been standing next to each other. How close her... Jesus Christ... her... **bust**... was to his own chest. **Dangerously** close, in fact. He could almost feel the heat emanating from it. Those boobs were simply unavoidable, with how much space they occupied in front of her.

Lina giggled in response. "Of course I noticed. Why wouldn't I listen to what you're saying? I saw you cared about the classroom and the estudents, so I care too", she said simply with a smile, as if that was obvious. A warm feeling spread inside of Clark, almost like he didn't know how to process all this positivity coming his way.

"I... I don't know what to say. Lina, thank you so much. That's so nice of you. I... I'm really happy that you're here", Clark said genuinely as he looked deeply into her eyes, a mere couple of feet away from hers. Lina felt herself bursting with emotions and her eyes started watering.

"I'm happy to be here, too", she said quietly in a croaked voice and looked back deeply into his eyes.

Lina and Clark shared a moment that felt like they were transported to another dimension where it was just them and no one else. Clark felt like he should move on, look away, *do something*... but he just couldn't bring himself to look away.

Lina smiled wider and blushed profusely. She looked down for a second, then immediately gazed back up into his eyes, hesitantly, biting her lower lip subconsciously.

Clark felt tremors in his belly. He didn't understand what went on with his body. His abdominal muscles clenched involuntarily in a futile attempt to stop the tremors. He was unable to suppress the excitement building within him.

He chuckled uncomfortably and Lina chuckled back. Clark looked back at the schedule, trying to find some stable ground there.

"Umm... ehm... yeah, so... the *new* schedule here says we have a group session now", he said with a smile and pointed at the first class of the day.

"Jyes!" Lina said, a bit too quickly.

"Are... ehm... sorry. Do you think you're ready to switch students today?" Clark asked and looked at her, thankful they had another thread of conversation to latch onto. "They're the more challenging ones. *And* they're 6 now."

"I think so, jyes", Lina said and got more serious. She stayed very close to Clark, though, finding no reason to walk backwards. "I feel better after yesterday. You helped me very moch to be

more confident with the estudents. I was so happy after class. So I think is ok. But, if I need help - do you think I can ask you a little bit?"

Clark chuckled. "Of course, Lina. I'm not going anywhere. Ask as much as you want. No hay ningún problema", he couldn't resist flexing his Spanish a little, despite his heavy American accent. Lina smiled widely at that.

"Ahhh qué bueno. Me encanta tu español! Gracias, Clark", she said and leaned forward to place her palm onto his chest affectionately.

Clark didn't flinch this time. He just gasped quietly. That touch... *god, it felt so nice*. Lina's warm hand gently touching his chest like that provided so much comfort and peace of mind to him. A part of him wanted Lina to stay like that forever. He closed his eyes involuntarily and relished that feeling for a long moment. Then, he opened them and saw Lina looking right into his eyes with the deepest flush he'd ever seen her. Was she breathing hard? How long was her hand on his chest like that?

Suddenly, Lina seemed as if she remembered something and quickly took her hand back. Clark still felt the warmth her hand had left on his chest.

The bell rang its soft melody. Clark and Lina each took a step back.

"We should..." Clark stammered.

"Jyes... ehh... have a nice class", Lina said back, her cheeks flushed red.

"Tttthanks... you too", Clark said with a short smile.

He walked to his desk and placed his suitcase on it. He sat down and took several long breaths. He looked over the partition and saw Lina setting her stuff hastily.

'*What the hell am I doing?*' he thought.

* * *

Chapter 5

Clark was holding his lunch tray while anxiously scanning the staff lounge. He cracked his ankles against the floor one by one. A low chatter filled the room. The large round tables had already been occupied by groups of General Education teachers. He looked further at the back. One of the smaller tables was occupied by a group of 3 more teachers. He searched the next table. 2 more teachers sitting together. *'Damn'*. Then Clark looked behind one large table and saw the last small table - empty. *'Bingo!'*

He tried not to seem rushed as he sped his way to that empty table. The other Gen Ed teachers were busy eating and talking amongst themselves and didn't register him. Most of them usually didn't interact much with the SPED teachers. Sort of an idiotic sense of superiority, like SPED teachers were beneath them. Though some of them were nice. Whatever... Clark had other problems than school politics to worry about.

Suddenly, Annette, the old French teacher, intercepted him from the side and blocked his way. Clark could swear she'd seen him and intentionally tried to get ahead of him. He was now stuck walking behind Annette in the direction of the only empty table available.

Annette always had on about 7 scarfs that looked like rags. She was walking annoyingly idly with her own tray as more teachers entered the lounge with their own trays. Clark was futilely trying to look on either side of her for a way to pass her without being an ass about it. He felt his anxiety rising with each step as Annette and he were strolling by between the tables. *'Doesn't she get what a jungle the staff lounge is?!'* he thought anxiously.

Annette reached the section of the smaller tables and turned to the empty one. *'Damn it!'* Clark thought, defeated.

"Ann! Come sit with us", Clark heard a voice behind them. Annette stopped and twisted her head backwards, then her eyes lit up.

"Aww, Sandra, how did I miss you? At my age it's getting harder to..."

'Yeah yeah yeah, move...' Clark thought to himself impatiently as he maneuvered past Annette and finally sat at his target, relieved. He placed his tray on the table and added his set of keys on its far side, signaling the other seat was saved.

Clark searched around the room, then took out his phone. He texted a message back:

'I found us a table in the far end of the staff lounge', he wrote.

PING

'Yes! I'm coming, Clark!!! 🥳 😊 🌻'

Clark shivered. He knew the text was completely innocent, but... just...

He couldn't stop thinking about Lina. Her smile. God, that never-ending smile that spurred butterflies in his stomach like crazy... that feminine, sexual energy she exuded off of every word she said, every gesture she made. That... fuck, that toned, huge, gorgeous, sexy ass of hers that jiggled and swayed mightily with her every step, especially with those heels that *even further* accentuated it. And Jesus Christ... those **mega tits** of hers. They were just **unreal**. Bigger than anything he's ever seen in his life.

Yesterday he thought this must've been an accident, but today Lina kept bumping her **giant breasts** into him. She came 3 times to his desk to ask a question, and every time there was boob-contact. Seemingly innocent, but somehow still present. Clark initially thought it was because of their huge size that made it hard to maneuver for her, but... he just couldn't tell how intentional that was.

He straightened his shirt, then stopped. Why was he so nervous? This is stupid. He shook his head quickly. '*Ugh! Control yourself, man!*' Clark scolded himself.

*

Suddenly, the low chatter died down. Clark looked back at the entrance and saw Lina. Then he realized *everyone* was looking at her as well.

Lina seemed... completely out of place. Aurora was a small town, and most teachers dressed casually. Next to them, Lina looked like a flamingo in a flock of pigeons. Her elegant, dark blue suit and white button up shirt were several levels above the "strict" dress code in Aurora elementary school, and yet - her clothes were the *least* conspicuous thing about her...

Those boobs looked like she'd stuffed two **overinflated beach balls** in her shirt. They occupied a ***much-much-much-more-than-considerable*** amount of space in front of her.

Everyone was looking at Lina. Yet, despite all the attention - Lina didn't seem embarrassed. She had this quiet confidence. Clark couldn't *not* admire her.

Lina was searching the room when Clark then remembered she was searching for *him*. He raised his hand high, and a moment later Lina spotted him. Her smile widened to show her perfect set of teeth. She started walking confidently in Clark's direction.

The chatter returned, but felt different now. Lower.

"Who's *that*?" Clark heard Annette quietly asking the teachers at her own table, baffled.

"I heard that's the new '*Specials*' teacher", Sandra whispered back with a sneer. "She came in yesterday. Wait till she puts her tray away... god, what surgeon in their right mind would agree to do that?" Sandra whispered with a chuckle.

Clark clenched his fists in anger. Goddamn gossipy Sandra. Always had *something* to say about *anyone*.

Lina tried to maneuver between the tables without smacking this or that teacher with either of her **ginormous** boobs. It was actually impressive. She walked slowly but confidently and had a warm smile on her face as she was looking at Clark from afar.

The butterflies in Clark's stomach travelled lower. He suddenly felt a jolt in his crotch. '*Shit! Fuck, not now!!*' he panicked and adjusted himself a little in his seat. It wasn't just Lina's bust or beauty. It was mainly her infinite positivity, warmth and above all - the **sexual aura** she oozed with her every movement, smile and piercing gaze. As if she let Clark know with her gaze that she had private plans just for him. And that smile was *more* than merely '*polite*'.

Lina passed by Sandra's, Annette's and their friends' table. Suddenly, that whole table got instantly quiet as everyone was gawking at Lina with their mouths opened. Clark saw Sandra and her female friends seethe with jealousy and smiled to himself. There were two male teachers there who shifted in their seats uncomfortably, similar to Clark. They all followed Lina with their gazes. When they finally saw Lina's destination, and especially how open and warm she was to Clark when she reached him - everyone's mouths hung open. Clark admitted it felt kinda nice. He grabbed his keys from the table and put them back in his pocket.

"Thank you so much, Clark! I was afraid I wouldn't have a place to sit", Lina said with the biggest, sweetest smile ever.

"My pleasure, no worries", Clark drifted off, his brain short-circuiting at what he saw next, his eyes opening wider involuntarily.

Lina, having such an **enormous** mass of boobs in front of her, leaned way forward to place her tray on the table. It was so quick, but that simple action caused several things to happen simultaneously, each of which was too hot to resist looking at on its own.

Her gorgeous face got a lot closer to Clark's, maybe less than a foot from his face. She was looking right into his eyes with a shy smile that caused jitters all throughout his body. If Clark didn't know any better, he'd think she was on trajectory to kiss him. And being completely honest with himself - he didn't know if he'd have been able to stop himself if she did.

Lina's shirt creaked ominously as the buttons strained under the growing pressure of the heavy mass beneath them. She leaned far forward, angling her torso so her breasts dipped low enough to clear the tabletop instead of smothering it. Even then, their upper curves brushed the table's edge. The contact caused the single inch of visible cleavage to swell outwards by another three or four inches. Most women would kill for that much cleavage in total, yet for Lina,

it came from the slightest bump against the table, with **far** more still concealed beneath her shirt.

The rest of her boobs were hidden underneath the table. If Clark would've looked - he'd see their pendulous forms swaying another foot under it and reaching around her knees!

However, the part of this maneuver that Clark *didn't* see all that well, yet Sandra's table got front row seats for - was Lina's **ass**. That perfect, huge, round, sexy Latina ass was **mooning**, inches away from Sandra's shocked face. Sandra shriveled in her seat, knowing she'll *never* have an ass even remotely as sexy as this. Suddenly Sandra didn't have anything to say. She just wanted to reach out and smack those ass cheeks as they pushed into her face. The male teachers in Sandra's table gawked and shifted again in their seats. This was a type of ass that has probably never been seen in Aurora.

And just like that, Lina straightened back up. Then... sitting down was also a scene in itself, actually.

Lina took her chair *way* back. So far back, actually, that her chair hit the teacher's chair in the small table behind her.

"Oops, sorry", Lina half twisted her head back with a shy smile. The teacher behind Lina looked back at her, only for his eyes to open in shock upon getting a surprise view of the two biggest, roundest, perkier ass cheeks he's ever seen, 6 inches from his face.

Lina entered in front of her chair, then sat with a '**plomp**' sound. Clark looked at her, paralyzed, while Lina shuffled forward as much as she could. It wasn't much, unfortunately. Despite shoving as much boobage downwards underneath the table, their tops still bumped heavily against the tabletop. And every time she shuffled forward, those couple inches of cleavage jiggled madly, while the boobage *inside* her shirt stayed firmly in place.

At last, Lina settled to her final position. Clark fought like hell to close his shocked mouth and not stare. Lina's boobs were pressed several inches *into* the tabletop. The visible part *above* the table could easily fill a J or K cup in itself, yet the **majority** of her boobage was still hidden underneath it, resting its **heavy** weight onto her luscious thighs and pushing against the table from below it. Her torso was far from the table itself, and she had to lean *onto* her boobs to even reach her plate! '*How can someone be **this** busty?!*' Clark thought, flabbergasted.

"Sorry... I'm still trying to get used to these small chairs...", Lina said, blushing.

"Heh... yeah", Clark said back automatically without thinking. Then he took a second to understand what she was saying. He discreetly looked a bit to the side of Lina's chair and gasped. Clark took a deep breath, futilely trying to calm down. Lina wasn't fat by any means. In fact, she was really quite skinny and fit. However, that **ginormous** ass her hers... **fuck**...

Clark has been sitting comfortably in his own chair, having a couple of spare inches left on either side of his seated rear. Lina, however, was a *different* story. Those **mega** ass cheeks of hers, so shapely and curvaceous, stuck out in the air about half a foot on either side of her own chair, which was of the same model as Clark's. After their **big big big** curve around her hips, Lina's ass cheeks tapered **dramatically** to her extremely slender, long, fit legs, which rested elegantly crossed underneath her chair. Her body was just unreal!

Clark was breathing hard. He had no chance against her. He felt his dick.... awakening. There was just no other way. He thanked god his crotch was concealed under the table. And why was he so nervous???

This wasn't a date. This was... lunch with a coworker. She just... happened to be female... gorgeous... and with the sexiest ass and the biggest boobs on the planet. That's all. And... smiling at him constantly, laughing at his jokes, looking up to him, listening to him, is affectionate with him, touching him and making him feel like there are no problems in his life whenever she's around him. Did he mention she never stops smiling at him? So yeah... just casual lunch with a coworker.

"So... second day. How uh... how're you feeling so far?" Clark asked and forced himself to start eating. He felt everyone's eyes in the staff lounge on them. Nosy teachers...

"Ayyyy, is really good, I think, no? Today I felt it was a little more difficult than it was yesterday, yes. I see now why you decided to start with the "easier" children, but I think it was ok in the end. And thank you for all your help today, again", Lina said.

"Sure, my pleasure", Clark said. "You really seem like you're getting the hang of it, though".

"Thank you, I'm glad. Ahh! I just remembered, I wanted to ask you... where do I find the details of each student? Full name, student ID and all that? For the Individual... something something... it's three letters... I forgot," Lina tried to recall.

"Ohhhh... the Individualized Education Program? Yeah that's IEPs," he said.

"Jyes! IEPs," Lina replied, relieved.

"Yeah, sorry, I forgot to tell you. Meredith left the IEP binders in the locked cabinet in the classroom. I'll show you later. But you don't have to fill them right away," he added, noticing she still looked tense.

"For now," he said, "you're really only responsible for the four kids we'd discussed, not all eleven. I'm still handling the long-term IEP stuff, you know, parent communication, paperwork... So, right now just focus on your group and what works for them."

He paused, watching her ease a little.

"And listen, if something comes up that you need help with, I'm here. We'll handle it together. There's no rush to take full control of everything yet."

"Ok. Ok, thank you, Clark. That helps a lot," she said, finally sounding reassured.

There was a slightly awkward pause before Clark spoke again. "You seem to care a lot about this job", he observed with a kind smile.

Lina took a moment to ponder this before she answered.

"You know, Clark...", she said. Clark felt instant warmth upon hearing her saying his name so softly. "This... this is so especial for me. I'm still learning to be a teacher for these wonderful children, and I just love teaching them. But I'm scared to screw up. Each of them has a unique, sometimes difficult background, and I don't want to do something bad for them, you know?" She said with some hesitance.

Lina finally reached to grab her knife and fork. Clark's eyes bugged out and he fought like hell not to gasp when he saw her lean forward to reach her plate! Her boobs **mashed** against the table and created massive hillocks under her chin due to the pressure from the tabletop. Her arms were stretched awkwardly *over* and *into* her boobs from above. She somehow, quite expertly actually, cut her food from such a far distance, then carefully travelled her right hand back over the abyss of her endless bust, to finally reach her mouth.

Clark felt his crotch tighten further. It was impossible *not* to. Every movement of this girl, every gesture, was done in the sexiest way possible. It's not that Lina overdid it. She just couldn't help looking seductive, no matter what she did. Clark took a deep breath and tried to ignore everything below Lina's neck.

"I know, I get it. I still feel this way myself sometimes. But I mean... just try to remind yourself that if you feel this way - it means that you care. And that's the most important thing. You'll make mistakes, everyone does. But as long as you learn from them and try to do what's right - you'll be ok. Hey - I mean it", Clark said as he looked meaningfully into her eyes. Lina's hesitance eased a bit and she let out a little smile.

"Thank you, Clark. I don't know what I'd do without you", she said and instinctively touched the back of his hand for a second, before quickly pulling it away. '*Mierda! I gotta stop touching him like that...*', Lina panicked. Clark tried to not react to her touch but just... fuck... that warmth coursing through his body. He really felt like he's becoming addicted to it. His body was depleted of warmth and affection, and every time she touched him - it filled him a little bit.

"Ehm... that's... heh...", Clark murmured, realizing he's blushing and looked down at his plate. "Sure, no problem", he said and took a bite of his sausage.

"Hey... byvewayvfff *oopffff!*", he talked with his mouth full and a little piece of food accidentally escaped back from his mouth to his plate. He gulped. "Oh shit! Sorry! Damn it, I'm such a clutz...", he said, smiling embarrassedly. Lina laughed at his clumsiness and put a shy hand

over her mouth. Her cleavage jiggled madly up and down, again and again as she laughed whole-heartedly.

Clark took a deep breath. '*Fuck... fuck, this is so fucking hard... Why are you so fucking HOT?????*' he thought, fighting himself.

Lina took a moment before she finally calmed down enough. Seeing Clark fumble his food like that made her feel instant ease and relief. She's been so anxious about this job, and wanted to prove herself. To herself. To Clark, too, maybe? And Clark just made her feel... ok. Good. Like she didn't have to be perfect, and that this was a safe space.

"I'm sorry, Clark. I didn't laugh *at* you. You were just so fonny with your food spitting out like that", she giggled. Clark couldn't help laughing at himself as well along with her. "So, wait. What did you try to ask me before you tried to hit me with your sosage?" She said and bit her lip teasingly.

"I didn't try to... oh, ok, I get it, yeah you're making fun of me now. Really funny, ha ha", he said with a blushing smile. Lina looked sideways and back at him. "Mmmm, maybe a little", she said mischievously.

"I was **trying** to ask you...", Clark tried to steer things back to topic, but he couldn't help admitting to himself this was the most fun conversation he's had in a *long* time. "... if you don't mind sharing - what made you... you know... come here?" he said, and only then allowed himself to take a bite. Carefully.

Lina actually hesitated before answering. "Well... I knew I wanted to be a... what do you call it? SPED teacher? So I studied Especial Education in Colombia, but the school programs there are not so... organized, I guess? And here in the U.S. is a lot better. So I thought, why not?" she said and took a bite of her own food, again - having to **mash** her boobs into the table to reach her plate, and making her cleavage bulge in return. However, Clark looked at her and sensed that there was more to the story.

"Wait... but like, how did you *know* you wanted this profession? I mean... I don't know if they told you but it's not just parties and yachts and dancing all the time. Though these dance parties on Fridays *are* pretty neat", Clark said with a chuckle. Lina giggled shortly, but then her face got more serious. Clark could see some sadness in her eyes suddenly.

"How do you know exactly what to ask?" she said with a smile that felt a bit sad.

"Hey, I may be a total clutz but I *am* pretty good at my job. I think..." he said with a shy smile. Lina sighed heavily.

"I... I have a little brother. He's 5 years younger than me. And, he... has Cerebral Palsy", she said slowly and her voice cracked. Clark looked at her compassionately and just listened. "He's been in a wheelchair since he was 7 years old", she then stopped and gauged Clark's reaction. Clark pondered that for a moment.

"What's his name?" he asked quietly. Lina got instantly emotional. She didn't expect *that* question. Most people say stuff like "I'm sorry...", or "poor thing...", or "that's awful...", and look at her with pity. Like her brother had already died or something. There was just something really... nice... about Clark simply asking for her brother's name. Like her brother is like any other guy she's talking about.

"Fabian", she said and felt her eyes tearing up a little. She looked down embarrassedly upon Clark seeing her cry like that. Clark took a long, quiet moment before he continued.

"So... what's he like?" he asked curiously. Lina smiled tearfully, reminiscing.

"Well... Fabian is, he's very sweet and fonny", Lina said with a choked voice. "He loves action movies and also listening to heavy metal music. And he has such a dark sense of humor about himself that makes people uncomfortable, because they don't know if they're allowed to laugh... which he always enjoys. I just love him very much", she finished with a sad smile.

"Fabian sounds awesome", Clark said, smiling at her. "Also - great taste in music, by the way", he added. Lina laughed shortly and wiped a little tear from her eye. '*Could Clark be any more perfect than this?*' she thought to herself.

Lina was feeling more relaxed to share now. The stares from other teachers at Clark and Lina dissipated into the background and she felt like it was just the two of them in the staff lounge. She continued:

"So... you know... someone had to take care of Fabian. He had a nurse coming twice a week to help out, but it wasn't enough. So... I took care of him, taking him to doctor's appointments, helping him with eating, washing, teaching him stuff. And also..." she cracked again before she continued. "He doesn't speak very clearly and people didn't really understand him as well as I do. So I always made sure to translate him for other people. But mostly I made sure that people don't talk "over his head", but *to him*, you know?" she said and wiped another tear.

"I know, I know... some people tend to see disabled kids as invisible. That breaks my heart every time", Clark said back and choked up himself.

They shared a short gaze of mutual understanding. Clark felt himself breathing heavily all of a sudden. He was almost afraid by how good he was feeling, talking like that to Lina, to have her look at him like... *That*. Whatever that look of hers was - it was doing *something* for him.

"Ehmm...", he coughed. "So... I guess taking care of Fabian was what pushed you into this profession?" Clark asked. Lina shrugged.

"I think it was inevitable", Lina said with a chuckle. "After seeing someone like him in such need, knowing what struggles he's facing in life, I just... I cannot *not* think about so many other children who need help too. And I think all these years helped me to be pretty good at doing that", she said.

Clark was magnetized to Lina's every word. He kept focusing on his food, because talking to Lina just felt *too good*. '*Stop... just... just stop being so goddamn perfect... shit! FUCK!*' Clark wanted to say to Lina as he felt the turmoil within him.

How the hell did this perfect creature just land in freakin' Aurora elementary school, of all places, in the same class as he? A creature with a supermodel level of beauty, a body made from the most crazy figments of a writer's imagination, boobs so big they make beach balls blush, **and** she actually has an amazing personality?? She *cannot* be this perfect. There's just no way she's real. '*Why? Why am I marri...*' Clark stopped his brain mid-thought and squeezed his eyes shut, fighting his inevitable train of thought.

"Clark? Are you ok?" Lina asked, placing her hand on his own, concerned.

Clark opened his eyes. He felt like he just woke up from a dream. He suddenly became very aware of Lina's hand, again, on his own. It felt **SO GOOD**, just resting like that. He looked at her hand, then back up at Lina's worried face. '*God... she's... oh god she's so so so beautiful...*'

He also couldn't miss the **MASSIVE** bulge of her cleavage, more than before. In order to even reach his hand, Lina had to **really** push forward into the table. As a result, her boobs **piled** several inches over the table itself and reached as high as her chin!!

Clark took a second longer than he knew necessary, just to relish that feeling again for *just* a little longer, before he pulled his hand back gently. Lina pulled her own hand back as well. Clark suddenly realized he's been daydreaming and felt bad. Lina must have thought he wasn't paying attention to her.

"Uh... yeah... yes, sorry, Lina. I tend to drift off sometimes. I didn't mean to disrespect you like that. Sorry, I'll try to be more..."

"Clark", Lina said with a caring smile and looked meaningfully into his eyes. "It's ok."

There was a long pause. Clark tried to register what she just told him. He realized this wasn't even *him* apologizing. This was an automatic instinct of his to apologize for daydreaming. He knew how angry Marla got when she'd speak and he'd drift off. It just happened to him sometimes, he didn't mean to. But Marla had zero tolerance for it. She'd scold him for drifting off, test him to see if he'd *actually* listened to her, stop talking to him for a day or two... the entire 'Marla-treatment' package.

"It... it is?" he asked timidly. He was surprised to find Lina giggling at that.

"Jyes! Of course is ok, Clark. It's just fonny to see your eyes glaze over like that", she said with the kindest smile. No one smiled at him like that in probably 10 years. Maybe ever, if he was being honest with himself. Clark's anxiousness was replaced by... by... the feeling was so foreign he found it hard to even name it. '*Is that what... peace feels like?*'

He took a full breath and felt his body just relax into his chair. His brain kept insisting he should be worried about *something*, to apologize for *something*. But Lina instead smiled warmly at him. 'Is that how abandoned dogs feel when they **finally** meet a kind human, who actually treats them well for the first time?' probably not to *that* degree. But still...

Clark shook his shock with a chuckle.

"O... ok. Uh, anyway... Lina - that sounds beautiful. You're *definitely* in the right profession", Clark said, finally out of his shock.

"Thank you, Clark", Lina said with a little smile.

"But...", Clark thought of something else. "I mean. I understand the U.S. programs might be better, but still - it's a long way away from your family. Wasn't that hard for you?"

Lina sighed again.

"Is a long story", she said with exasperation. "My family... I love them, really, but... in Colombia the family is usually... how do you say in English - up in each other's ass?" she said and covered her own chuckling mouth, not believing she said that. Clark almost spit his roasted potato from his mouth, laughing. He did *not* expect her to say *that*.

"Uhhh, yeah... yep, that's exactly how we say that. Up in each other's asses", he chuckled with her.

"You must think I'm a horrible person", she said with a worried smile.

"What?! No, no no no, really. I get it, *believe me...*", he said as he rolled his eyes and shook his head slowly in empathy, thinking about his overbearing mother.

"It's just...", Lina tried to explain. "I've been taking care of Fabi my whole life. And I love him more than anyone. But..."

"It's too much sometimes", Clark finished for her.

"Jyes!" Lina said passionately with a hand gesture and her eyes opened wider. "Exactly. Is too moch. I just felt... suffocated", Lina said, becoming more and more emotional. "It all fell on me. My parents are working all the time, and I was always good at taking care of Fabi, which was fine. But after some time - my parents just *expected* me to take care of him *all the time*. It stopped being - me *helping out* with my brother, and became a job. A 24/7 job with no pay, that everyone kept expecting me to do, and made me feel guilty if I didn't do it *all the time*", Lina said with exasperation. Clark looked at her with empathy.

"My mother *still* calls me every day to ask when I'm coming back home *already*! Can you believe it?? She still thinks this is all temporary. I knew that if I moved to another city in Colombia they'd *literally* come and pick me up, then make me feel guilty all the way back for leaving them to take

care of Fabi. I *had* to get out of the country. I know it's extreme, and I feel so guilty for leaving them and Fabi alone, but... I felt like I was going *Loca* in there".

Lina finished her rant, realizing just how much she just shared with Clark. It was basically everything she had within her. She just spilled it all out in one conversation. She stared at him, amazed. How did he do that? How did Clark make her share and expose herself so vulnerably? And he just listened to her and didn't judge her. She didn't remember *ever* opening up so fast or so much to... *anyone*.

"Lina", Clark said slowly and calmly, looking deeply into her eyes. "You're definitely not *Loca*. And I get it now. I really do. This is just too much to bear. You're describing here a life where everything sort of blended together -your family, caring for your brother 24/7, guilt from your parents. You deserve a life of your own, too. A chance to explore what *you* want to do, and not be... chained up to your home out of guilt. Coming here doesn't make you a '*horrible person*'. It makes you human. You have ***nothing*** to feel guilty about", he emphasized his words.

Lina looked back at him, unsure.

"Lina - ***nothing***", he emphasized again. "Take it from someone who's been in this profession for 16 years. You *have* to have a separation between caring for others and your personal life. Otherwise you'll go *Loca*", he couldn't help himself at the end, finishing with a smile. Lina blurted a laugh, and nodded back at him, feeling her eyes welling up.

"I guess you're right... thank you, Clark... you have no idea how much better you just made me feel", she choked up as she looked tearfully at him.

Butterflies. Butterflies ***everywhere*** were flying around Clark's stomach, dying to escape. His crotch. Fuck... his dick... Clark realized he was completely hard, *throbbing* against the side of his thigh. What the hell's going on?? Just being so appreciated by Lina for listening to her and giving her advice - turned him on. How many years has he gone without being appreciated for what he did?

"Uhhhh... heh... yeah... ssssure... it's like no big deal...", Clark shrugged it off as non-chalantly as he could. But Lina didn't take her big, beautiful, teary eyes off of him. She found herself unable to *stop* looking at him. With how calm, empathetic, nice and yet shy he was. It's almost like Clark didn't realize what a rare man he was.

But Lina did. She knew how rare Clark was from the day she met him in Mr. Sheffield's office. The men she used to date in Colombia were different. Most of them were quite macho and extravagant. Always trying to impress her with money and nice cars and all that. Clark was different. He had this quiet energy that reached much deeper and more powerfully to Lina's heart than any flashy guy ever could. And Clark being so unaware of just how impressive he was - made him *even more* irresistible in Lina's eyes.

Clark felt Lina's piercing gaze and forced himself to look down at his plate. He'd literally stand up and kiss her on the spot, otherwise.

The bell rang.

'*Oh, thank god...*', Clark thought to himself. The chatter in the room became louder, chairs were heard moving and people started getting up around the room.

"Aye, I have to go. I have a meeting with the SPED coordinator now", Lina said, wiping her last tear.

"Oh, yeah, orientation and stuff. Good luck", Clark said hastily.

"Thanks. Are you... coming?" Lina asked softly. Clark panicked.

"Oh, uh... I um... I gotta finish something here. Just some comments I wanna go through before my next class. You go ahead", Clark said as nonchalantly as he could, blushing. If only Lina knew what a hard-on he was hiding in his pants, and that she was the reason for it.

"Ah... ok. Well, good luck to you too, Clark", Lina said, sounding a bit disappointed.

"Thanks... Lina", Clark said hesitantly.

She took her chair **way** back and got up while carrying her tray with her. In the process she leaned forward before straightening up, exposing her bulging cleavage right at Clark's face. He felt his dick throb again upon seeing it. '***Fucking shit, Jesus fuckin' Christ, these things are GIGANTIC!!!***' Clark thought with paralyzing arousal as his eyes opened in astonishment.

"Ehhh... ok... bye, Clark", Lina said with a shy smile.

"Bye, Lina", Clark replied.

Lina looked at him for a long moment before turning around.

'***FUCKING SHIT!!!!!!!!!! THAT ASS!!!! UNGGGGGG***', Clarked groaned quietly upon seeing Lina's huge, perfectly round, tight, world-class sexy ass cheeks from 2 feet away, almost splitting her pants from behind. His dick throbbed several more times. Clark took a few deep breaths, but couldn't stop himself from staring at her ass as Lina started walking.

Suddenly, Lina stopped and turned around. Clark panicked and looked up as quickly as possible. He wasn't sure if Lina caught him staring or not. '*Shit! Shit shit shit!*' He was blushing profusely now.

If Lina caught him - she didn't show any signs of it. She had something to say. She walked back up to Clark, standing beside him, her ultra-sexy, mega busty, insanely beautiful figure looming a

foot over his head. Her breasts were practically an inch or two away from catching his head in her cleavage.

"Clark...", Lina said hesitantly. She seemed emotional.

"Y... yeah?" Clark looked up, trying not to faint from arousal. God she was so close to him. Fucking shit these things were literally bigger than his head. Heck, it wasn't even close. He could fit his head in *each* boob at least 4 or 5 times! And she smelled so good...

"Thank you for everything that you do for me. I really appreciate it. I was so lost before, and I think I'm not so lost now. I feel now like I have a place here in the U.S., and it's all thanks to you. You're... you're a good man, Clark. A truly good man", Lina said, her voice emotional while she was looking deeply into his eyes. She wanted her every word to land as strongly as possible. He needed to hear that.

Clark's blush grew even redder. He didn't know what to say. He looked up at her, over the **MASSIVE MASSIVE MASSIVE** mountains that were her boobs, 2 inches from his face. Fuck, his dick throbbed so much it spewed a glob of pre-cum involuntarily. He **needed** to cum!

"Oh...heh... ah, wow... I... wow. Tha... thanks, Lina", Clark mumbled.

Lina placed her soft hand on the back of his shoulder. It took everything in her power to not touch *more* than that. To not hug Clark and smother his face right into her cleavage. She imagined this picture - Clark's cute face buried in between her **massive** boobs as she pushes the back of his head further inwards.

But even just her hand alone was enough to make Clark's dick spasm in excitement and spew another glob of pre-cum. It was only for a moment, but her hand was so soft and nice and warm and affectionate. He took a deep breath.

After the maximum amount of reasonable seconds, Lina reluctantly pulled her hand away and looked at Clark one last time, before turning back again and walking away from him.

Clark stayed in his chair, realizing he's been clutching the sides of the table, and watched hypnotized at those perfect, huge ass cheeks, being further elevated and accentuated by her heels, swaying in a perfect 8 figure from side to side.

The staff lounge room was getting emptier by the minute. Clark waited until he was all alone, acting busy until then, before he allowed himself to get up, angling his dick so it didn't create a tent. It's been several minutes since Lina's left, yet his dick never stopped throbbing madly.

Clark was holding his now lighter lunch tray, looking at the empty staff lounge and sighed heavily.

'What... the FUCK... am I gonna do...?'

* * *

Chapter 6

"I just don't want you to lose this opportunity, girl, that's all... the house *did* get a lot of interest today... I'll tell you what, Shirley, you sleep on it, and call me first thing in the morning, alright?... don't worry... yes... I'll make it work for you... ok, talk to you soon, darling."

Marla released the phone from being wedged between her ear and shoulder and hung up the call. She tossed her car keys into the basket by the front door. The afternoon light shone on her through the open house door.

"Ughhhhhhh!!!!!!" Marla's sing-song voice was gone and immediately replaced by an annoyed, heavy grunt.

She closed the door with her heel, her heavy handbag resting on one forearm, while the other hand was holding her half full double pumpkin spice latte from the local Cafe. She carefully hung her bag and lifted her sunglasses to rest them higher on her head.

Walking into the kitchen, Marla placed the XL-latte cup on the counter, knowing she'll probably just pour the rest of it down the drain. She was too full anyway.

The calendar on the fridge door caught her eyes. "How many times have I told him - when the month is over, just flip it over. It even rhymes..." she muttered to herself as she sighed heavily and turned the page upwards from April to May.

Suddenly, an 'X' near the end of May caught her eye. It was something Clark marked, she was sure of that because she didn't touch the calendar. Under the 'X' one word was written with a pen - '*Anniversary*'.

Marla paused. She looked down at the golden ring on her finger and swirled it back and forth nervously. A frightened chill coursed down her spine. The housing market in Elburn and the surrounding area was flooded with realtors and scarce in buyers. If Clark left, she'll have to manage her own budget, for god's sake!

Deep down she knew that when she was buying too much online - Clark would cut back on his own purchases so that they could make ends meet by the end of the month. The thought of *not* getting a package of whatever she bought online at her doorstep every couple of days mortified her.

Plus, just the thought of having to take care of the kids all by herself, even for half the time, sent another chill down her back. Without Clark, there would be no buffer. No one to get the kids

ready on mornings she ran late or just didn't feel like pulling her weight. No one to take care of them in the evenings when she just wanted to relax and watch her TV shows. No one to handle those annoying emotional talks when her kids are upset about some nonsense and need support. She'll have to actually take out her own trash!!

The more she thought about it - the more rattled and scared she got. Marla looked at the sheets on the couch. *'I think he's learned his lesson by now'*, she told herself.

*

Clark reached his dark driveway. He was tired, but had this weird sense of excitement he hadn't felt in a *long* time. Like that excitement was bottled up inside him and had nowhere to go.

He reached for his keys when...

-PING-

Clark stopped walking. His excitement grew as he reached for his phone. It was Lina! The butterflies returned immediately. He opened the message.

Lina: 'The meeting with the SPED Coordinator was very good! I'm starting 1-on-1 sessions with my kids this week. 🌸'

Clark kept standing in the middle of his driveway.

Clark: 'That's great. Good luck! Let me know if you need any help from my side.'

He was about to put his phone back when another PING stopped him. He looked again:

Lina: 'I will, thank you, Clark. And thanks again for today's talk. You have no idea how much better I feel now thanks of you 🙏😊🌹'

Clark's heart pounded, and his dick hardened once again. *'Damn it!'*

Clark: 'No problem. Happy to help 😊'. He pondered whether to insert that smiling emoji before deciding it was fine. Lina seems to feel comfortable using them freely.

Before he put his phone back in his pocket, he paused again. He bit the inner part of his cheek lightly, before silencing the message's sound. It'd just be too much to explain, and Marla's gonna start asking questions, and misinterpret his texting with Lina and get even madder and he just couldn't handle it all right now.

Clark cracked his neck left and right, then unlocked the door and entered the house.

"Hey, I'm home", he called out hesitantly.

"Hi Clark", Marla said from the living room. She... didn't sound mad. She responded. That was new already.

Clark slowly locked the door behind him and entered the house. He took a couple careful steps into the house and looked at the living room.

"What's uh... what's going on...?" He asked, cautiously.

"Huh? What do you mean?" Marla asked. She was sitting on the couch. The TV was on but she was looking at Clark. This wouldn't have seemed odd, if not for the fact that she hadn't said hi to him and hadn't looked him in the eyes for almost a week. She didn't seem happy right now, but also not mad either. Just... neutral. Regular. As if *nothing* had happened.

But above all, it was what was *lacking* on the couch.

"Where... are my bed sheets?" Clark asked suspiciously.

"Oh those? I put them back in our bed. You didn't expect to actually sleep here forever on the couch, did you?" She asked casually, as if that was unreasonable of him to even ask that.

It was weird. So very weird. Clark should've felt relieved. Off the hook at last. Instead, it felt wrong. Unfair. Like he had no say in anything. Like he was supposed to just be grateful that Marla had decided the fight was over. What about what *he'd* said? What about how *he* felt? Had it all just... evaporated?

It had been the worst period of his life. He'd slept on the couch every night for almost a week, endured Marla's silent treatment, broken only by sharp, vicious jabs. She knew exactly where it hurt him. One morning, when he forgot to sign a school form and fixed it an hour later, she muttered that "*a good father would've remembered.*" Another time, because he packed Benji the wrong lunch, she called him careless and unreliable.

He was already barely holding it together, and she knew it. She used the smallest mistakes to humiliate him, to remind him of his failures, while he still got up, made breakfasts, drove carpools, and acted like everything was normal. Now, after all those excruciating days, it felt like something inside him had cracked. And suddenly Marla decided it was enough. As if he wasn't completely traumatized by her treatment.

"O... kay...", he said slowly. '*What the hell is going on...?*'

"Benji's doing homework, Emily's taking a shower right now. Dinner's in the fridge. Just heat it up in the microwave", Marla said. A second later she put on a little smile on her face. It was brief, but it was there. Clark couldn't smile back.

"Um... yeah, ssssure. Thanks...", Clark said. '*Seriously... what in the actual FUCK is going on??*'

He put his suitcase down and went back to the kitchen while Marla unpaused her show. He was pretty hungry.

Clark took out the plate waiting for him. It was a simple omelette with store bought hash browns on the side. Not the most luxurious dinner he's had in his life, but he appreciated the gesture nonetheless.

"Uh... thanks... Marla", he called out from the kitchen. It was too weird to call her "*Honey*" or some other nickname.

"Sure", she said.

Clark put the plate in the microwave when Marla called him again. "Hey, Clark?"

"Yeah?"

"I was thinking..." she said casually. '*Here we go... how much would your "thinking" cost?*', Clark dreaded. Marla continued. "Our anniversary's coming up", she said and left it at that. Clark took a moment to answer.

"Yep", he said briefly.

"Do you... wanna do something?", she asked, looking at the TV, but glancing every now and then at him to gauge his reaction.

'So ***that's*** what this is all about... there's always ***something*** she's planning', Clark thought. He set his plate at the kitchen counter, his back facing her.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhh.... Yeah. Maybe. I don't know. I guess. Haven't really thought about it yet. You know, work and all that...", he said a lot of words that basically said nothing.

"Ok...", Marla called back neutrally. "Well... think about it, ok?" She said.

"Ok", he said.

At least she wasn't mad he didn't think about it yet. The truth was - he actually *did* think about their anniversary a lot. He just didn't know what to do about it. Clark dug into his food and started processing it all.

'So is this her way of making sure we don't get to the anniversary date while fighting? So - what... she just puts an artificial bandage on a problem and thinks this will make it all go away?'

A part of him wanted to be angry at Marla for her cheap manipulation. Another part of him just wanted to take this ceasefire deal with both hands and cling onto it while he still could.

Clark glanced back at Marla and saw her glued to the screen. He felt cheap to agree to go along with this. Damn it, he'd raised some legitimate, real issues with Marla about what he was

feeling. And she hadn't addressed them at all. Was it really just *her* waiting to forgive *him*? What if *he* was still mad at *her* for her continued neglect, lack of affection, empathy, warmth... or sex, god forbid?

But then again, maybe she *did* want to make things right, and this was the first step to do that? Arrrrrrg!!! He was mad at himself for always thinking about her as well. Heck... sometimes he just wanted to be a little selfish. It's so much easier to do what Marla does, and just... be angry until the other side comes to *her* to apologize. But no, he always thought of the sake of their marriage. *He* was always the bigger person, coming to *her*, even when she hurt him like hell. Just so the marriage wouldn't fall apart.

Clark finished his '*nourishing*' dinner quickly.

"Alright, I'm gonna go say hi to the kids then take a shower", he said.

"Ok, honey", Marla called back from the couch. Clark shivered. Any other time he'd love for her to call him that, yet right now - it just felt off.

*

Clark was standing in the bathroom, shirtless, after having conversed with his kids for a bit. He took out his phone so he could remove his pants when suddenly a pending message caught his eye on his phone screen.

Curious, he opened the message and his heart palpitated.

Lina: 'Because you helped me so much, maybe I can now help you chew without spitting your food... 😊😊'

An automatic smile spread on his face. A smile that signaled Clark was ready for war.

Clark: 'Ohhh ok. I see, so that's how you wanna play it... you know I can always call Mr. Sheffield and tell him you wanted to give him private Spanish lessons. I'm sure he'd love that 😎'

Clark was anxiously looking at the 3 dots that signaled she was writing.

Lina: 'No no please! Anything but Mr. Sheffield 😊😊😊'

Clark suddenly recalled how Lina covered her mouth like that when she said something she thought might be too risqué. Like today at the staff lounge when she said 'ass'. It was the cutest thing ever.

Clark kept standing half naked for several more minutes as they texted back and forth. Time passed without him noticing, it was just so much fun.

Lina: 'By the way, I wanted to ask - was my suit too much today?'

Clark paused and took a deep breath. He thought of how her huge, perfect, juicy ass stretched her pants. How her boobs burst forth and made her buttons creak in protest of the **immense** load they had to carry. How her cleavage bulged every time she pushed into the table. How she was standing with her bust reaching mere inches from his head and how he so longed to bury his face as deep into its pliant surface as he could.

Clark: 'I don't think so... why do you ask?'

Lina: 'I just felt everyone staring at me. Maybe I'm overthinking it...'

'That wasn't the suit they were staring at...', Clark thought.

Clark: 'That's just the General Education teachers being nosy. The new teachers always get more stares at first. But there's no certain dress code. You can wear whatever you feel comfortable with, Lina'

Lina: 'Whatever I want? 😏'

Clark gulped. Where was she going with this?

Clark: 'I mean, we do dress more casually on Fridays I guess, don't know if Mr. Sheffield told you that'

*Lina: 'Yes, he did. Somehow he managed to make even **that** sound creepy 😏'*

Clark: 'Oh my god... I'm sorry. Hope he didn't make you feel uncomfortable'

Lina: 'No no, it was harmless. But what does Casual Friday mean, exactly? If it's always informal in school, is it not the same as any other day, then?'

Clark: 'Honestly? It kinda is, lol 😊. We're not exactly a high end law firm'

*Clark: 'But I mean... it's **more** casual than usual. The students don't wear a school uniform, and teachers can come with silly shirts or more casual wear. Some female teachers choose to wear tank tops or casual dresses. Basically, whatever you want. It just has to be appropriate'*

Lina: 'Oh, ok...'

There was a pause.

Lina: 'Do you think my suit today wasn't appropriate?'

Shit. Clark just thought of those buttons on her shirt that were a hair away from popping. That cleavage. That fucking juicy ass overflowing her chair. But above all - those **MASSIVE** tits. He took a deep breath.

He was blushing and smiling stupidly to himself.

His dick was **throbbing** in his pants right now.

He took a deep breath and went to take a cold shower.

Lina was nervously pacing back and forth in her room, her half-dried, full hair swaying enticingly behind her after that **hot**, steamy shower she just took. Today her shower took longer than usual, as **extremely** pleasant thoughts kept rushing back to her from today's lunch with Clark. She kept looking at her phone that was laying on her bed, tantalizing her to pick it up.

She was dressed in her furry, pearly-white pajama suit. The pajama pants bulged **obscenely** around her mega-juicy, huge, perfect ass cheeks, ripples coursing through it with her every step. Her top was bulging even **more obscenely**, with those **gigantic, GIGA** boobs now fully unleashed from her super constricting bra. They stretched that XXXXL top so much the seams creaked ominously with her every slight movement.

After a few minutes, Lina stopped and looked again at her phone, then at the clock - it was past 8 PM by now. Not the most appropriate hour to send a text to your male, married co-worker.

"Mierda, no puedo más!" She said out loud.

She *plunged* into bed straight at her phone and landed with a generous THUD. Her ass continued to jiggle and sway and ripple and jiggle some more upon her landing on her stomach, while her long, slender legs stretched straight behind her. Her boobs rose up so much it was like her upper body was propped on 2 small beanbags in an almost 45 degrees angle.

Lina sunk each of her elbows onto each boob, holding her phone in the middle of her rising cleavage with both hands.

She bit her lower lip, thinking about Clark's charming smiles. *'God, why is he so goddamn CUTE???'*

Lina: *'The meeting with the SPED Coordinator was very good! I'm starting 1-on-1 sessions with my kids this week. 🌸'*

Her finger hovered over the 'Send' icon, before she closed her eyes and finally hit it.

Her heart palpitated and her ass absentmindedly swayed from side to side as she waited. *'Is he gonna be mad I sent him a text at this hour?'*

Suddenly Clark started writing. Her heart palpitations escalated tremendously. *'Oh my god!!!! Ohmygodohmygodohmygod...'*

Clark: *'That's great. Good luck! Let me know if you need any help from my side.'*

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm", she moaned softly and her round, perky ass swayed with excitement. 'He's such a gentleman.'

She knew this was borderline wrong and felt really guilty about it. But a part of her saw how well behaved Clark acted and just wanted to fucking *crack* him open!!! To make him go so crazy with lust for her that he couldn't control himself anymore.

'Ok just one more message.'

Lina: *'I will, thank you, Clark. And thanks again for today's talk. You have no idea how much better I feel now thanks of you 🙏😊🌹'*

She thought very carefully on each emoji she added. These ones felt like they were just *barely* acceptable.

Clark: *'No problem. Happy to help 😊'*

'Ohhhh god!!! Why is he married??? He's so nice. I just wanna squeeze his head whole in between my giant boobies and watch him squirm in my cleavage...'

Lina's seen Clark glancing at her boobs when he thought she wasn't looking and saw how his eyes opened, the lust he had for her. It aroused her every time anew. In the shower today she kept thinking about how Clark's kind eyes opened in shock every time she'd get too close to the table, making her tits bulge obscenely. Not to mention how she kept finding every little opportunity she could to touch him, may it be with her hands, the sides of her hips or her boobs. He never initiated touch himself, so respectful to her and to his own wife. But Lina just couldn't hold herself as well as he did. He made her so weak for him without even trying.

Lina knew deep down she *really* overdid it today. She tried to behave, she really did, but she just couldn't help herself. Clark just seemed so sad all the time. She felt that *something* was going on which brought him down and sucked the energy out of him. Clark seeing Lina's boobs breathed life back into him. She saw it with her own eyes. She just wanted to make him happy. He was so very sweet and kind to her, and he deserved to be treated back the same way.

Lina looked at the last message again, smiled to herself then decided to write:

Lina: *'Because you helped me so much, maybe I can now help you chew without spitting your food... 😊😊'*

She felt jitters in her stomach. She *loved* their teasing little games. And couldn't wait to see his comeback.

But then she waited, and then waited some more and no response came. The longer she waited, the more her smile faded and her anxiety rose.

'Did I scare him off? Shit, was that too blunt of me? Is he offended? Or angry? Oh god...'

5 minutes passed. 10 minutes. 15. 20 minutes and no response. Lina was really afraid now. She kept starting to write something new, then regretted and deleted it.

'Stupid! Stupid stupid! What was I thinking? The guy's married. He's just being nice to a new coworker. He's trying to stay respectful and here I am - insulting him...' Lina shut her eyes tight with despair.

-PING-

Clark: 'Ohhh ok. I see, so that's how you wanna play it... you know I can always call Mr. Sheffield and tell him you wanted to give him private Spanish lessons. I'm sure he'd love that 🤔'

The relief Lina immediately felt was beyond explanation. She chuckled to herself then smiled widely. She felt her juices flowing. She couldn't contain her excitement anymore.

Lina: 'No no please! Anything but Mr. Sheffield 😊😊😊', she wrote, and actually blushed like her emojis. Her ass didn't stop swaying with excitement.

For the next half an hour they just texted and texted and texted constantly. Lina would've gladly kept texting him continuously until they met each other the next morning at work. It felt so natural to talk to Clark. He was just... awesome. The most awesome guy she's ever met. He was kind and funny and smart and sweet and sensitive and so good at his job, yet also so very humble. And yes - he was tall and handsome. He was the whole package.

After 30 minutes of nonstop texting, Lina felt extremely frisky. Like texting so much with Clark has unlocked a new level in their communication. She decided to step it up:

Lina: 'By the way, I wanted to ask - was my suit too much today?'

She hit send.

"Oh my god! I can't believe I sent that!!!!" She said out loud. Butterflies filled her stomach. She was getting hot and bothered fast. Her fingers did the talking for her, because the rational part of her brain was quickly shutting down at this point. She was in the fun zone, and rational thought just wasn't on the menu anymore.

Clark: 'I don't think so... why do you ask?'

Lina: 'I just felt everyone staring at me. Maybe I'm overthinking it...'

'Oh my god, the poor guy... I can't believe I'm doing this to him right now. He's probably squirming to find the right, appropriate answer to not make me feel uncomfortable. Please, please make me feel uncomfortable, Clark.'

Clark: *'That's just the General Education teachers being nosy. The new teachers always get more stares at first. But there's no certain dress code. You can wear whatever you feel comfortable with, Lina'*

*'Of course you'd write something nice and respectful like this, making sure I don't feel self-conscious. Well, Mister perfect, handsome stud that I wanna crush with my giant tits - let's see you handle **this**':*

Lina: *'Whatever I want? 😏'*

Juices were now flowing freely in Lina's nether regions. She couldn't stop herself any longer. If she couldn't have actual sex with Clark in person, at least she's gonna fuck him by herself with her thoughts. *Thinking* about fucking a married man is still allowed, as far as she knew.

She sent her left hand slowly downwards, slipping it into her fuzzy pajama pants. She felt her pussy opening with her long, slender middle finger. It was so wet with arousal. So **HOT** for Clark.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh", she moaned out loud and started slowly rubbing herself in circular motions.

*'I wonder what his cock looks like. How big it is... I think I saw a big bulge but I'm not sure. Nevermind. Big or small, whatever the size of his cock may be - it'll be **more** than welcomed in my needy pussy, no matter what. I don't care. As long as it'll put a satisfied smile on his gorgeous, hunky face and make this perfect man happy - I'm happy.'*

Clark: *'I mean, we do dress more casually on Fridays I guess, don't know if Mr. Sheffield told you that'*

'Oh Clark you're such a good guy. Fuck, I don't want to destroy you but I can't resist you, fuck', she kept rubbing her hard clit while adding her index and ring finger to apply pressure on either side of it as well.

"Aye, Clark, sí. Sí. Te necesito..."

With a trembling right hand she struggled to write:

Lina: *'Yes, he did. Somehow he managed to make even **that** sound creepy 😏'*

Clark: *'Oh my god... I'm sorry. Hope he didn't make you feel uncomfortable'*

Mr. Sheffield *did* make her uncomfortable but she really didn't wanna get into this right now.

Lina: *'No no, it was harmless. But what does Casual Friday mean, exactly? If it's always informal in school, is it not the same as any other day, then?'*

Clark: *'Honestly? It kinda is, lol 😊. We're not exactly a high end law firm'*

'Aye Clark I love it when you use the embarrassed emoji', she thought, and kept rubbing herself, relishing her thoughts of smothering Clark with her boobs again and again as he fucked her with all his might, egged on by the pressure from her soft boobs surrounding him.

*Clark: 'But I mean... it's **more** casual than usual. The students don't wear a school uniform, and teachers can come with silly shirts or more casual wear. Some female teachers choose to wear tank tops or casual dresses. Basically, whatever you want. It just has to be appropriate'*

Lina: 'Oh, ok...'

'Aye Clark you have no idea what an opening you just gave me', Lina thought mischievously.

Lina: 'Do you think my suit today wasn't appropriate?'

Boom. *'Deal with **this**.'* Lina intensified her clit strokes.

"Mmmmmm ohhhhh Clark... Clark, Sí!!" she cried and her whole form squirmed in bed with her excitement rising. Her massive boobs quivered and jiggled again and again along with her movements.

Clark: 'No! You looked great today!'

*"**Oh my god he thinks I looked great!!!!!!!!!!**", Lina cried out loud and felt a gush of fluids flowing from her pussy. She rubbed herself harder.*

Clark: 'I mean - the suit looked very good on your body'

"Aye qué no!!!!!!!!!!!! Fuck me! Fuck me Clark oh my god I fucking need you!!!! Sí mí amor! Sí, sí!!!!!!!!!" She rubbed herself faster and faster, thinking of Clark basically saying how much he liked seeing her body. Knowing how much she turned him on - turned **her** on beyond belief.

Lina rubbed her pussy and pushed her hips as hard as possible against her left hand again and again, sending **massive** ripples to her ass and boobs. She clutched her right arm around her right breast as hard as she could and rubbed her pussy hard and fast. The heat in her quivering pussy kept rising and rising and rising, and she felt a **MASSIVE** orgasmic wave escalating ever higher. Lina was frantically rubbing her clit, thinking about smothering Clark's smiling face in her soft, endless cleavage all the while.

*"Ah ahhhhhhh AHHHHH AHHHHHHHHHH AYEEEEEEE SÍ CLARK **CLARK**
CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"*

Lina's body thrashed and bucked **wildly** in her bed. She hugged her right boob as hard as she could, using it as a physical and mental support for the overwhelming orgasmic waves **crashing** throughout her ultra-feminine, unbearably sexy body again and again.

For several, long minutes she came again and again and again, screaming Clark's name while rubbing her aching pussy with wild abandon.

“Oh my god... *fuck!*” Lina cried out weakly. She realized that at some point - her phone had dropped from her hand, straight into her cleavage. She slowly reached for it and saw a pending message from Clark.

“Aye Clark, if you only knew how completely **yours** I am by now”, she panted quietly.

Clark: 'I think just a T-shirt and shorts probably'

Lina: 'Ok. I'll wear something fun on Friday, then 😊'

*'Oh you have no idea just how **good** this "fun" is gonna be, Clark...'*

Lina initially pressed a single blushing emoji, but it just didn't feel like enough, so she added another one, but it still didn't do justice to how she *truly* felt. So she added another one and another and another, going purely by feel at this point.

Lina put her phone down and plugged it into its charger on her nightstand. She then hugged each of her massive mammaries and buried her face into her endless cleavage, exhausted.

* * *

Chapter 7

"You did really well today, Evan," Clark said to his student, gathering the picture cards from the small, round table.

"Ok", said Evan and looked at the ceiling.

"For our next 1-on-1 session, we'll talk about animal needs. I want you to think of 3 animals and what they do to take care of themselves in nature, ok?"

"Ok", Evan said while he kept looking at the ceiling. Evan was wearing a T-shirt with a large Moose in the woods. Given the warmer weather today, Clark decided to go with a T-shirt with a silly quote on it, a pair of simple shorts and sneakers.

"Come on, let's go. Did you think about what you might want to do in today's free class?" Clark asked as he stood and picked up his suitcase.

"Dance", Evan said immediately, looking at the clock on the wall.

"Heh... again??" Clark asked with a nervous chuckle as they exited the small class.

"Yes", Evan said immediately, leaving no room for doubt.

"Ehm! Ok, heh... let's see what will win today's vote, then", Clark said, praying secretly they'll choose a movie or something... *safer*.

As they wandered the hallways together, Clark recalled the past week and how confusing it was.

He had several opportunities to talk to Lina, whether in group-sessions or lunch that they had a few more times together when the schedule allowed it. And he couldn't help admitting this was the most fun week he's had in... maybe ever. Conversations with Lina were flowing so naturally. They could literally speak about any topic and find a way to make it funny or interesting.

Texting also continued several times throughout the day, as well as the nights. Clark tried to keep it as professional as he could, but it naturally slid into more fun conversations where they'd joke about their day and share funny memes with each other.

Every time Lina texted him something - Clark felt those butterflies in his stomach. Every time she laughed at one of his jokes he'd fill with pride and joy. Every time she touched him - he'd relish the softness of her hands, the closeness of her body to him, the massive volume of those breasts of hers.

Clark and his student turned the corner. At the end of this hallway was their classroom.

Clark never initiated a touch with Lina. He just... *didn't object* to hers. He was careful not to write or say something with a sexual innuendo, and instead just enjoyed the conversations they had. He figured that by taking a more passive approach he was still in the "Green Zone" of fidelity. Maybe the "Yellow zone" sometimes, but definitely not the "Red Zone". Most importantly - they didn't kiss. That was his strongest guide.

He felt like he'd actually cracked the system by walking that thin line. He enjoyed Lina's energy, femininity, softness, warmth and light touch, but still stayed faithful. His emotional tanks had been completely depleted, and Lina just filled them a bit. That's it. It was harmless fun. Win-win.

Clark saw the doorway to the classroom and his heart palpitated stronger. A group of 6th graders wearing shirts with holes, shorts and flip-flops passed by them. *'Boy, they're really pushing Casual-Friday to the limit'*. Clark thought.

His neck was actually feeling better today and Clark noticed he didn't crack it all day. He has been sleeping in his own bed again for several nights now. And Marla was... *oddly* nice.

This week, Marla has been acting like *nothing* had happened. Like they didn't have a near-deal-breaker fight the week earlier. She didn't get mad at him, even when he forgot to take out the trash the other night. She didn't lash out at him for daydreaming while she was telling him a story about her client.

She even kissed him! Clark thought he was hallucinating when 2 days ago he was doing the dishes and suddenly felt a set of hands slide against his torso from the side. He'd turned his head in utter shock, a plate and a cleaning sponge in either hand. Then Marla smiled at him and said "thanks for doing the dishes, babe", followed by her raising on her tip toes and planting a little kiss on his lips. She walked off back to the living room and Clark stayed there, shocked, while the water kept running.

Clark has been in a... fragile place in that regard. He wanted so badly to believe Marla was building her way up to finally sleeping with him again. His right hand has become a very sad replacement for sex for too long.

Evan and Clark reached the classroom. Clark opened the door and froze in place.

"Oh good! You're here! I'm so excited for today's free class!" Lina exclaimed ecstatically from the middle of the classroom.

Clark blinked. *'Ok, forget "Red Zone". This is "**Black Zone**".'*

For a moment, he almost didn't recognize Lina. Standing there, smiling at him wholeheartedly, Clark couldn't think of better words to describe Lina other than '***goddess of beauty***'.

Clark had always linked a woman's hair to her femininity. Today, Lina's usual, absurdly thick braid, which he'd grown used to, was gone, and replaced by an **avalanche** of beautiful hazel hair, cascading down her back and shoulders in endless, soft waves. It looked so healthy, vibrant and strong, like she'd just come out of the most luxurious hair salon.

But more than anything, there was just **so much** of it. A layer of long, beautiful waves of hair fell upon another layer, followed by another, and another, and another and another and another with no end. The volume was unreal, overflowing around her head and upper body, rising high above her crown and spilling **well** past her shoulders. It was like a lion's mane, only larger, feminine and alluring. Lina's hair would make professional hair models seem like they suffered from alopecia in comparison!

In the middle of all that hair was Lina's face. Lina's **devastatingly** beautiful face! Her makeup was done a bit heavier than usual, further highlighting her already smooth skin, high cheekbones, full, succulent lips and warm, large, brown hypnotizing eyes. She was so gorgeous Clark actually gasped out loud. Then he looked further down and felt his dick stiffening up *immediately...*

Lina wore a black tank top that clung *tightly* to *every curve* of her body, revealing a figure Clark hadn't fully understood until this very moment. Her waist was *incredibly* small and toned, skinnier than he'd thought. He always assumed Lina was on the slimmer side, but not by much, due to her wide hips. Yet, he's obviously miscalculated. By a lot! Defying all logic and reason - Lina's tight tanktop revealed a waist so slender, it was probably no more than 22 inches around! It would make runway models with **MUCH** narrower hips green with envy.

However, that waist was completely lost beneath the sheer *immensity* of her **humongous** boobs. The majority of her breasts were held firmly in place underneath her top. Yet, in contrast to the usual *hint* of a cleavage Clark had seen so far, now a *deep* line of about 6 inches of cleavage showed between them.

Clark had the dizzying realization that this cleavage was only a small fraction of what was actually there. Her boobs reached all the way to the top of her jeans, while still projecting over a foot and a half forward! They looked incredibly full. Moreover, it was now obvious just how tightly contained her boobs were, and how, if given the opportunity, they'd reach even **further** than this!!!

Because Lina was slightly turned to the side, Clark saw a "glimpse" of her **thick**, white bra via the gap under her armpit. That "glimpse" through that tanktop window, by itself, contained enough breast mass to cause most girls to consider a breast reduction. And yet it amounted to probably 10% of her total size! Maybe even less!! No matter how he looked at it - Lina's bosom was **ridiculously gigantic!!!**

Lina started walking towards Clark and Evan in slow, deliberate gyrating motions. She was smiling excitedly at Clark, her whole ultra-feminine self was refined into the sexiest creature Clark has ever laid eyes on. He gulped, trying so hard to make sure his knees didn't buckle.

'*Shit!*' Clark thought as he felt his dick tenting his shorts. Fast. This was bad. Really bad. How was he gonna get through class with Lina looking like his most erotic, debilitatingly sexy wet dream?? He tried as quickly and inconspicuously as he could to conceal and adjust his crotch area.

Clark's gaze trailed further down, unable to stop enjoying this visual, sexual feast to the fullest. In **stark** contrast to her *very* slender waist - those jeans Lina was wearing were a *hair* away from **exploding** to tatters. Her figure just didn't make sense, anatomically. And yet it somehow did.

Those jeans hugged her juicy, wide hips and thighs. Her ass was sashaying in a sideways "8-figure" motion towards Clark, round, heavy, and perfectly shaped, daring him to look away for even a second! In fact, Clark now saw that while the jeans stretched *beyond* any reasonable measure around her ass, *and* despite the fact the upper hemline tapered inwards towards her waist, there was **still** a large gap of several inches of air between her jeans' hemline and Lina's super skinny waist.

Further downwards, the fullness tapered quickly into long, slender, sexy legs, made even longer by the 4 inch heels she wore.

If tested against school policy - Clark assumed Lina *might* still somehow be able to pass. Barely, and *only* because this was Friday. She was *technically* decent, mostly covered, though everything was relative in life. The fact that only about 10% of her bust was visible - didn't mean that there wasn't **a lot** of boob flesh still on display, objectively speaking.

But Lina was just too sexy to be contained. Too much. Too hot. Too busty. Too beautiful. Too alluring. Everything about her *oozed* sensuality of the highest degree. The heels lifted her *already* world class ass to project and bulge that much more. Her clothes clung to a body that was never meant to leave the bed. Lina just looked like she was simply *designed* to have sex and never stop. Ever.

Clark was at a loss of words. Until now, he realized, he'd only been seeing a toned-down version of Lina, and even *that* version had already felt uncannily sexy. Yet, today - she's somehow outdone her usual self and transcended to a new realm of true sexuality and femininity. Yet she **still** was technically contained and mostly covered!

Clark couldn't stop looking at various parts of Lina's body. No matter where his eyes wandered - he was dumbfounded by how **outrageously** sexy and beautiful she was. He'd been deprived of sex, intimacy and femininity for so long, that now he felt like a starving man entering an open buffet.

By the time Lina reached Clark - his cock was fully hard and throbbing, hidden sideways in his shorts as best he could. There was still quite a bulge going sideways but hopefully it wasn't noticeable enough.

"Everyone is ready and anxious to start", Lina said quietly but giddily, now standing **very** close to Clark. She leaned a bit downwards. "Evan, why don't you join your friends in the circle and we'll be with you guys in a minute?" she said with a soft smile.

"Ok", said Evan without looking at her and walked inside.

Clark admired her in action. '*God, she's even more breathtaking up close...*', he thought incredulously. Looking behind her, he only now registered the other students sitting patiently and quietly in a half circle. How did he miss them??

Lina rose back up and took a half step forward towards Clark. He gulped. Jesus Christ, she was an inch away from bumping her boobs into his chest. And she kept swaying left and right subconsciously while she was talking to him. And **FUCK...** that cleavage was making itself impossible to ignore. Especially from Clark's higher vantage point...

"I had already prepared them for the vote", she said quietly and smiled mischievously at Clark. She started repeatedly caressing a group of hairs that would've been enough for a full set of hair on someone else, yet for her was a mere fraction of her entire mane.

"Oh...", Clark's brows raised in pleasant surprise. "You... already had the opening session?"

"Jyes. I've been watching you all week and I was a little nervous to do it alone but I also really wanted to try by myself this time. I hope is ok", she said hesitantly and jittered, sending little ripples through her deep cleavage. Clark, however, was elated.

"Yeah, that's... yes, of course! That's wonderful! I'm glad you felt comfortable enough to fly solo. The kids are obviously ready for the class. You did a great job, Lina. I'm so proud of you! I'm so glad I can trust you", he said with an encouraging smile.

Lina blushed through her make-up like a tomato and intensified her hair play, pulling hairs behind her ears and adding even more volume to it with her spread out fingers.

"Thank you, Clark. That means a lot to me", Lina said with a shy smile. It was obvious she was desperate for Clark's approval, and was mortified at the thought of potentially letting him down. So now she couldn't help feeling a deep sense of pride, as well as... something *heating up* within her.

Clark's dick, hopefully hidden, lodged sideways in his shorts, was really throbbing hard in his shorts upon seeing Lina's bashful smile and the way she kept adjusting herself. It's like she kept trying to make herself as presentable for him as possible. While the majority of her chest was packed like a tight, single unit, the (not so little) bit of cleavage popping from her neckline was jiggling madly with her every move.

Lina's gaze lowered and her eyes opened in wonder. "Hey, what's this?" She asked while pointing at the writing on his shirt.

“Oh, that? It's nothing, just some silly dad-joke I like”, Clark said with a shy smile, blushing.

Lina was all the more interested now. She touched her index finger against his shirt where the quote began. Clark shivered pleasantly and his heart jumped. Feeling her finger press into his chest like that was so nice. It felt *extremely* intimate for some reason. Like this was an “allowed” touch, but *just barely*.

Lina slowly read the quote out loud while her finger slid across Clark's chest:

“I... KEEP... ALL... MY... DAD... JOKES... IN... A... DAD-A-BASE...?”

Clark shivered as he felt Lina's finger caressing and her nail scratching softly against his chest. When she finished reading, Lina's finger still stayed secured against the last ‘E’ while she looked up at Clark.

“Dad-a-base? What does it mean?” She had a confused smile.

Clark wanted to be empathetic to the fact this wasn't her first language and word plays are more difficult to understand for non-native speakers. However, all he could focus on right now was the fact that Lina was still touching him and standing so close to him. How good she smelled so up close. How massive was all that hair. How she had to stretch her arm so far just to reach his chest because her boobs were taking up so much space.

His dick was... fuck... his dick was on **fire!** It was so fucking hard. Fuck, he wanted to just reach out and make out with her on the spot.

“Uh... just... um”, he babbled. Lina's confusion grew as her eyebrows scrunched cutely, but her finger never left his chest. “Uh... dad-a-base? It's like the word database, where you have data stored in folders and stuff? But also **dad**-a-base? ‘Cause it's a dad-joke?” Clark wasn't fond of explaining jokes but **really** didn't mind making an exception for Lina, and he couldn't leave Lina hanging like that.

Lina thought about it for a second before her confused look turned into a whole hearted laughter. Only then did her finger leave his chest and her hands clapped once. “Aye I get it now! It's because it's a...” and she couldn't finish her sentence because she was laughing too hard. Her upper boobs jiggled madly again and again along with her laughing, putting Clark in a deep trance looking at them.

Even her laughter was feminine and sexy. Especially her laughter, in fact. A moment later, Lina put her palm onto Clark's chest for support while she kept laughing. This time she got close enough to smother most of his torso with a small portion of her boobs.

Clark was breathing hard. Fuck... he was so so **so** fucking horny right now. Lina not only touched him so closely and bumped her **GIGANTIC** bosom against his chest again and again - she was also laughing at his joke. Hysterically. Not really *his* joke but still. He couldn't help feeling his ego being stroked and a stupid smile spread on his face.

It took Lina about 10 seconds to calm down enough from her long feat. She wiped tears from her eyes from laughing so hard. Finally, she pulled back enough to release Clark of her blissful boob-smother.

“So I guess that means you liked it?” Clark asked rhetorically with a chuckle.

“Jyes, jyes. It was really fonny. I love these... dad jokes”, she said.

“Well, as I said, I have a lot more of them in my dad-a-base to tell you if you want”, Clark couldn't help himself. Lina laughed again.

“Aye sí in your dad-a-base!” She mock-slapped his chest again, very softly and sensually as he cracked her up again. “I would love to hear more of your dad jokes”, she said with the warmest smile Clark's ever gotten in his life. She looked at him... differently. Like she saw him in a new light now. Like she appreciated him on another level now.

Jolts. Endless jolts of arousal passed through Clark's body, straight to his iron-hard dick, which vibrated angrily in his shorts.

“Ehm! Uh... ok, shall we...” Clark asked while scratching the stubble on his neck nervously.

“Jyes, jyes we should start the class, I know” Lina smiled wider, gave Clark a little wink and then turned to walk towards their students. Clark's heart dropped. As small as that wink was - the impact it had on him was huge. His heart was pumping blood into his nether region and he felt his mouth go dry.

Clark could swear Lina was swaying her hips **even more** than usual. He stood, hypnotized, feeling a glob of precum shooting out of his dick. God, she looked even more sensual from behind. He could now see just how slim her waist *really* was. How much her breasts protruded sideways even *beyond* her slender arms! How *truly* huge and perfect her ass was. How he wanted to **grab** those fucking **juicy** ass cheeks and just fuckin' **plow** that...

Clark felt his eyes fluttering momentarily. His cock was desperate for touch, being pumped more blood into its veins and spewing globs of precum every few seconds.

“Mr. Kessler?”

Clark opened his eyes.

“Huh?” he asked with panic in his voice.

Clark saw that Lina had already been sitting in front of their students. Her huge, round ass bulged *ridiculously* beyond either side of her truly-normally proportioned chair. She was looking at him with a knowing smile. She shimmied her hair in the most alluring way possible before looking at him with hunger in her eyes.

“Are you coming?” She said huskily and looked him dead in the eyes. Clark gulped again.

"Yes... yes, of course!" He said and clumsily walked towards the chair next to Lina.

Lina kept looking at him with that same knowing smile as he was walking. Fuck... she was biting the side of her lower lip. Like she needed... something. A shiver ran down Clark's spine.

*

"Ok students. So what do we choose for today?" Asked Clark, his forehead crunched in worry. "Who wants us to watch a movie?" He asked, trying to sound both neutral and enthusiastic simultaneously.

No one raised his hand. Those who were looking at him had a devious smile.

"No one?" He tried again at a higher pitch, but it was useless. Clark looked worriedly at Lina who was sitting next to him. She just smiled quietly and shrugged her shoulders innocently.

"O... ok. Uh... anybody wants classroom soccer? Ha? What do you guys say?" He asked desperately. Again, they all kept staring at him silently. Clark sensed in his peripheral vision a slight shaking from Lina's head, but looking at her again he found that same shrug.

"Ehm... ok so, no soccer. No movie. What else do we..."

"Dancing", Lina completed helpfully with a mischievous smile. Clark felt a drop of sweat forming on his forehead.

"Yes. *Thank you*, Ms. Rivera. I almost forgot", he looked meaningfully into her eyes, his lips clenched in mock-rage. "Who... who wants danc..."

Before he managed to finish his sentence, all hands were raised. Those who couldn't raise their hands signaled their vote in other ways.

Clark gulped and looked back at Lina. She was smiling victoriously from ear to ear.

"Did you..." he mumbled quietly.

"I didn't do anything. I only explained what their options were", Lina said and looked back at the students. *'Did she just wink at them?!'*

Clark was extremely suspicious but he had no way of verifying anything. Defeated, he said: "Ok... looks like **sigh** dancing it is."

"Yayyyyyy!!!!" Lina and the children cheered. Clark massaged his temples nervously.

"Is everyone ready?" Lina asked excitedly. The floor was cleared of furniture, the students were spread out at a safe distance from each other, while Clark and Lina were standing near the far

wall. Lina looked at the children, then looked up at Clark with the most playful smile she had, then hit play on her phone.

Upbeat Salsa music emanated from the speaker and all the students started dancing and frolicking around. Lina smiled widely at Clark as her body automatically started catching the beat and moving accordingly. She was genuinely excited. Seeing their students dancing and having fun like that filled her heart with joy.

Lina looked back at the students and without a second thought - joined them. She looked like a fish in the water, moving between the children with the beat of the music, gyrating her juicy, voluptuous hips in circular motions, twisting and turning around back and forth while moving her arms in perfect sync with the rest of her body. Lina looked like she was dancing with an invisible, skilled partner. Her movements actually made sense.

And those **preposterously gigantic** boobs of hers occupied **so much** space around her. She almost knocked the head off of several children. Yet despite their extraordinary size - Lina still danced with an elegance of a professional Salsa dancer. Coming to think of it, maybe she *was* a professional dancer?

Clark stood while leaning back against the desk, his hands gripping it passively. He nodded his head uncomfortably to the beat of the music and tried to look like he was in control of the situation. Like he just *chose* to relax, and definitely *not* because he didn't know how to dance. He was really nervous. He always hated those parties and only did them for the kids.

It also didn't help Clark that Lina was dancing a few feet away from him. She didn't dance in a sexual way. At least she didn't *intend* to. But that didn't matter. Every movement she made *screamed* of sex. Her body was just too sensual to be contained, no matter what she wore or what she did. Those fuckin' luscious hips, that juicy ass, that tight waist, those long, slender legs, those **fucking MEGA boobs!!!** Each of those body parts separately called out to Clark, and together they were like a whole choir chanting his name teasingly. Daring him to grab them, tantalizing him with Lina's skilled movements.

Suddenly, Clark lifted his gaze and realized Lina had been watching him - watching *her!* She smiled at him knowingly. Shit! His face became very red and he averted his eyes to the other kids, trying to seem like the responsible adult in the room.

"Oye!" Lina called out to him in a very Colombian way. Clark looked back at her like a deer caught in headlights. "Come, Mr. Kessler, join us", she reached out her arm at him, never missing a beat with her sexy legs. She smiled shyly at Clark and gave him a little wink. Clark's heart dropped again.

"Heh, that's... that's ok... you guys have fun", Clark called back weakly. But that only seemed to entice Lina even further. She slowly *gyrated* her way to him, never missing a beat with her circular bodily motions. The closer she got, the bigger Clark's eyes opened. '**Oh god, she's heading my way! She's so perfect, oh my god! Fuck, those boobs!**

To say Clark was nervous would be a *massive* understatement. He's always been the guy who took his family somewhere so *they* can have fun, while he sat around and watched them from afar. In earlier years, when he was being dragged to a club by his buddies - he'd search for a faraway couch so he could read E-mails and watch videos on his phone to pass the time.

"Awwwwww, come on", Lina pouted as she reached him. "Please, Clark. It'll be fun."

Clark had a **really** hard time refusing Lina's request. Her sexual energy could light a small city. He felt like a little leaf trying to stop a hurricane. Plus, her tits were so close to him. His dick was **THROBBING** like crazy in his shorts, spewing more and more precum and leaving Clark weak in the knees.

"Heh... I don't know... I'm really not used to... uh... to... I... um... well..."

The reason Clark couldn't speak coherently was because Lina kept shimmying her chest from side to side right in front of him. Each **boulder** of a boob shimmed into his personal space alternately.

"Used to what...? Lina asked, and suddenly stopped and leaned forward, her face about a foot away from his. "Having fun?" she whispered in a lower, husky voice.

Clark shivered and his eyes fluttered upwards for a moment. He didn't dare to move. And for a good reason.

Now that Lina has leaned forward, her breasts **pressed** against his lower torso, abdomen and *crotch!* Not aggressively, but just enough for him to feel their *considerable* weight. It didn't seem like Lina realized what was happening, because she didn't move and instead just let her titanic boobs stay and smother Clark's body softly.

Clark didn't have an answer to that question. Certainly not *now* in his current predicament. Lina just stayed like that, close to him, waiting for him to speak, while her boobs were lodged against the front of his body.

"I meant... ehm... I mean, uh... well... I just... I guess... I don't really *know* how to dance..." Clark said, red faced. Lina's eyebrows raised and her smile widened.

"Awwww... I understand. Is ok. Don' worry, Clark. I teach you. Is really simple", Lina said, nodding encouragingly at him from less than a foot away. God, her persuasion skills were off the charts.

"I hehe... no no, really, it's ok. Thanks, Lina, I appreciate it but I..." Clark started saying and immediately shut up. A soft hand ever so gently held onto his own left hand and guided it away from the desk. Her own left hand pressed softly against his chest, letting him feel its warmth.

Lina looked **deeply** into his eyes, less than a foot apart from him. She bit her lower lip needingly, and Clark could feel her chest rising and falling heavily against his abdomen, again and again. It

was a look filled with playfulness, need and... *'fuck'*... and lust. Clark was helplessly entranced by Lina's magic stare. He felt so many emotions passing through him, confusing him. Exciting him. She was so close to him. So beautiful. So needy of him. He never wanted to stop looking at her. And he somehow felt *her* - feeling the same way. This was a girl just **bursting** with emotions. Everything about Lina was amplified by a factor of 100. Her smiles, her gestures, her beauty, her body, and her emotions. Her emotions about everything were just... more than other people. She got excited whole-heartedly. She cared completely. She laughed at his jokes without restraint. And she looked at him with a bubbling sea of emotional-magma, just *dying* to burst from the volcano that was her body.

After a long, tense moment - Lina finally backed up enough to release Clark from her boob-prison. She let go of his chest and turned around, still holding his hand. Clark breathed out, realizing he's been holding his breath in, and felt his body following Lina into the dance floor.

This was unreal. The most beautiful, sensual, sexy girl he's ever seen has just invited him, working her charm, to *persuade* him to dance with her! And now he was being led behind her so they could dance together. He had the most amazing view of her backside he's ever seen.

Thankfully, the kids around them seemed completely oblivious to them and just enjoyed their own thing.

Lina made their way between the crowd of students into the center of the dance floor, then stopped and turned around. Clark also stopped. The embarrassment he felt mixed with an unknown level of excitement. He was now standing face to face, no more than 2 feet apart, in front of the most gorgeous girl he's ever seen. Lina looked up at Clark with a determined smile.

"Ok, so - now I'm gonna teach you a 'Closed Hold'", Lina said. "There are many types of holds but I think it will just be easiest to learn". *'Did she just look to the side when she said that?'* Clark sensed something. He shivered from a mixture of excitement and embarrassment, but nodded back. Their gazes locked.

"Um... yeah, heh. Ok, teacher - what do I do?" he asked her nervously. Lina became more serious and assumed a trainer position.

"Ok - take my right hand in your left hand like this", she said, and softly clamped Clark's hand onto her own.

'Mmmmmm...' Clark moaned as quietly as he could upon feeling Lina holding his hand, softly but firmly.

"Good, and now you put your right hand on my waist down here", she said and gestured to the side of her waist.

'Is... *is she serious??*' Clark thought, terrified. Not only was this *extremely* intimate, but it would also mean that... given Lina's special *anatomy*, he'd *have* to... to touch, or... well, to push his own torso against her boobs!!! There was not enough room to reach her waist otherwise.

"Uh... I don't..." he stammered.

"Is ok, don't worry. This is normal. Is how the dance goes", Lina said with a calming smile.

Clark gulped again. He tried to sort of stretch both arms around her bust, while also backing away with his torso, so he could encircle all of her without touching her boobage. Still, it was no go. As tall as Clark was, Lina's bust was so vast he could barely touch the tips of his fingers onto the side of her waist. Due to his position, her face was practically a couple of inches away from his own.

Lina laughed at his adorable attempt to be a gentleman. "Aye, Clark, you're so fonny. You can't dance like this. You have to get a lot closer", she said.

"A lot c...whoa!" Clark said

Lina gently pulled onto his right hand and made it reach not only the side of her waist, but actually *behind* it, almost to the small of her back.

Being in this position left only one option on the table - her breasts ***smothered heavily*** against Clark's entire torso. From lower chest to crotch!!! In return, Lina placed her left hand onto Clark's right shoulder. And then she pulled him into her. She pulled, because otherwise, the natural pressure of her immense bust, already contained in her thick bra, would be too great to allow them to keep that close position naturally. They had to apply constant, *significant* force inwardly to stay that close to each other.

Clark had no other choice but to do the same and pull her waist to his own body as well, though he did so less forcefully. Just touching her slender, super-feminine, tight waist like that felt like touching the forbidden fruit. It was so delicate yet so toned at the same time. Not only that, but his right hand actually *lifted* a bit from the bottom due to the ***insane*** taper of Lina's slim waist towards her giant, luscious, juicy ass.

And on top of that - he was smothered by ***so much boobage!*** It felt both soft but also extremely resistant, like it was very difficult to make a dent in it. And yet Lina made sure there was a ***considerable*** dent all against Clark's torso. How can someone have such exaggerated feminine curves???

As Clark adjusted his position and followed Lina's tactile, wordless instructions, he inevitably looked down. '***Fuck. Fucking hell, Jesus Christ. Jesus fuckin' Christ!!!***' Lina's cleavage ***burst*** upwards right into Clark's shocked eyes, showing at least an F-cup's worth of bare flesh! Clark's and Lina's tight hold onto each other pushed her breasts almost as high as Lina's chin! But the craziest part was - Clark now not only *knew*, but ***felt*** that this amount of bare boobage was but a drop in the bucket compared to her ***total*** size!

Due to her immense size and Clark's height, he actually felt the lower slopes of Lina's chest pushing against his crotch! His cock was lightly smothered further against the side of his hips. Needless to say, Clark's cock was as hard as a rock! He prayed Lina didn't feel the hard tube that was throbbing against her left boob.

He could barely stifle a moan. It felt so **gooooooooood** as that monstrous boob softly massaged his dick like that. And Clark had been so deprived of female contact, that he was afraid he might lose it then and there.

Clark finally looked up, only to find Lina's face, 6 inches from his own, smiling charmingly up at him like an angel from heaven. The fact that despite her heels - she *still* had to slightly crane her neck upwards to meet his eyes only added to the fire he'd already felt burning within him.

Lina was just so gorgeously beautiful that Clark lost his voice altogether. He almost felt like he didn't deserve to be in the same presence as such an angel. Lina's cheeks burned as well now upon their gazes locking. There was palpable tension in those 6 inches of air between their faces, and there was nowhere to escape. Finally, Lina broke the silence with a very soft, shiver-inducing whisper:

"Jyes, very good how you grab my hand and my waist. Clark. This is exactly the pressure I want to feel from you", she purred quietly, the music fading into the background. Clark trembled at her ultra-sexy, husky voice.

"L... like this?", he barely managed to ask quietly.

"Exactly like this. Clark. The way you hold me makes me feel very safe and relaxed", she said softly while looking meaningfully into his eyes. It was like her usual ultra-energetic tone of voice had now changed its settings into a much quieter, huskier, slower but more powerful tone. Very similar to those ASMR voices.

"Uh... heh... that's... that's good, I guess", he said nervously.

"Is very good, Clark", she emphasized with the most meaningful look, then kept speaking in her ASMR voice. "Now, this is the 'Closed Hold'. From here, step forward with your left foot while I go back with my right foot. Then lift up your right heel. Do it slowly at first."

Clark took slow, deep breaths, trying not to faint. He became less and less sure he'll be able to hold off his cum. Lina pulled herself back a step slowly, and Clark felt his body move synchronously forward with her. Without having to think, his right heel naturally lifted in the air. The pressure of her boobs stayed strong between their bodies all the while.

"Excellent. Now take your left foot back, then take your right foot backwards", she kept guiding him with the softest whispers ever. It was like a secret only Clark and her heard.

Clark did as instructed and pulled back first his left foot, then the right foot. Lina instinctively followed his lead and took a step forward with her left foot to match his right foot, making sure to keep pushing her breasts **heavily** into his chest. Her own right heel rose elegantly in the air.

"Like this?" Clark asked hesitantly.

"**Exactly** like this. You're a natural. Mr. Kessler", she whispered shyly.

"Heh... thanks, Ms. Rivera", Clark chuckled and shivered. Something about her calling him by his formal name, when it was just the two of them hearing it - felt **extremely** playful and intimate.

"And now forward again like before", Lina kept instructing.

Clark blushed like a tomato but didn't lose his rhythm. He stepped his right foot then his left foot forward.

Lina quieted down and allowed themselves to be immersed in the rhythm. With each iteration, Clark felt his confidence growing and controlled the dance better and better, allowing himself to gradually increase the pace until it matched the beat of the music. Time just flew by, many minutes on end, without Clark noticing. This was the most basic move there was to Salsa, but Lina didn't care one bit. She would gladly keep going like that for days if it meant they kept holding each other like that.

"Clark, you are so talented!" Lina praised him wholeheartedly. "You lead me so well. This is exactly what the man in Salsa should do, lead the girl gently but confidently. And so quickly, I'm so proud of you!"

Clark almost came. It was almost too much for him to bear. This was one of the most intimate things he's done in his life. Oh how he longed to hear those words for so long, that someone was proud of him. That he's given a free pass to lead as he sees fit and not having to fight over every goddamn decision he makes. He just always wished and assumed it should've been Marla who said that. Yet it was Lina who provided this wonderful feeling.

The peace he felt with Lina... the simplicity of their dance and yet the tremendous intimacy they shared... and her perfect, flawless, beautiful, feminine, angelic facial features, 6 inches away from his face... it was all just overwhelming any sense of potential shame or regret he might have felt.

Clark was currently floating on a cloud, unable and unwilling to think of anything else but this very moment. He wanted it to last forever. The only thing stopping him right now from kissing Lina was the physical barrier of her tits, which had already been squished to their absolute maximum limit and prevented their faces from getting any closer.

"What do you think? Not so terrible, right?" Lina asked sheepishly as they kept going back and forth.

"Heh... I... I guess not. It's... actually kinda fun. Really fun", he said and almost came in his pants. Fuck he was so so so so so fucking goddamn **HORNYYYYYYY!!!!!!!**

"Are you ready for your first Salsa move?" Lina asked with a mischievous smile.

"I... I guess...", he said nervously.

"Good. When we reach the middle again, let go of my hand and walk backwards instead of forwards", she said.

"O... OK", Clark said decisively, determined not to screw up this move.

Upon reaching the middle, their hands separated and each of them took a step back in a half circle, so that their bodies now stood next to each other, facing the same direction. They were only connected by Clark's hand on Lina's waist and her hand on his shoulder.

Then, they came back to the same Closed Hold position as before. Well, more like - came **crashing** back to that position. Clark actually felt the air leave his lungs at the **massive** impact of Lina's breasts into his torso. Fuck, having Lina's boobs bombard into him felt **blissful**. How can she be so fucking **HUGE???**

"Jyeeeeeees!!!! Very good! See, I told you you're a natural, Clark!" Lina smiled endlessly at him, now again so very close to his face.

"Tttthanks...", he blushed profusely. Lina squinted her whole face at seeing how cute he was, blushing but still trying to do his best. She found him to be so adorable. So sweet. So... *sigh*... So **hot!!!**

"Again", she said, and Clark felt more butterflies. He didn't believe he'd get to have Lina's giant boobs crash into him again. He gulped and nodded weakly. Lina smiled confidently back at him, beaming with pride.

Upon completing another back and forth, they separated their hands, before again crashing back together.

"Uffffff!!!!" Clark inevitably exhaled as many many dozens of pounds of boobage came crashing right into his stomach. Lina's face ended up even closer to his own than before.

Clark's cock was as hard as steel. Her left boob found its way to smother it again in its enormity.

Clark felt like he was getting the hang of it, and decided to be more proactive. Upon completing another round, he initiated a hands separation. It was welcomed with a pleasantly surprised look from Lina, who was delighted to find Clark catching his own rhythm naturally. A moment later - another blissful crash came back to smother him.

Clark tried it again and again, and Lina happily followed his lead. She really didn't mind repeating this same exercise. She had so much fun bumping hard into Clark, and she made

sure to utilize their seconds where they were holding each other to push her tits as hard as she could into Clark's body. Each iteration her face ended up closer and closer to his own.

Then they separated and clashed one last time, before they suddenly stopped moving. They just stayed hugged tightly together, their faces 2 inches away from each other. The pressure of Lina's tits onto Clark's body was insane!

Clark smiled shyly back at her. Lina looked at his eyes, then down at his lips, then back at his eyes. Then she blushed even redder than Clark did. Clark looked at her, mesmerized. Lina bit her lower lip and scrunched up her eyebrows. She *needed*... him. Clark used every ounce of inner strength he had *not* to pull her further into him and kiss her. His cock was on fucking **FIRE!!!!** It was buried in tit, spewing precum, jerking and throbbing uncontrollably in his shorts. No way Lina didn't feel its large outline against her breast. Clark didn't think he had it in him to hold off for more than a minute.

Lina's hand caressed his shoulder ever so delicately. As little as that caress was, it sent the strongest chills down his spine. Clark instinctively squeezed his right hand onto her slim waist, his hand fitting perfectly with its feminine inward curve.

They shared a look that spoke more than words could. Like they both knew now what the deal was. Lina bit her lower lip even more desperately and Clark's cock twitched madly against her breast.

*'Fuck. **FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCKING FUCK FUCK FUCKING SHIT FUCK FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!'*** was what crossed Clark's mind right now.

They stayed like that for 10 seconds, with 2 inches separating their lips. 20 seconds passed. They weren't moving. As far as they were concerned- there were no students around them. No music. No school. Just them. Each wanting to pull the other for a kiss but also afraid. 30 seconds. No one dared to break this precious moment. 45 seconds. Clark was seriously about to faint from stimulation and emotional overload. 1 minute of motionless, high-pressure hug. Lina felt her juices flowing freely in her *hot hot hot* panties.

*

The bell rang its tune.

As if startled from a shared dream, both Clark and Lina let go of each other, their faces flushed red. The kids looked at them. They seemed somewhat confused by their teachers. Lina was too embarrassed to speak. Clark tried taking the lead here:

"Ehmm... yes, very good. Very good, class. Did you... ehm... did you guys have fun?" he said, trying his best to sound normal.

"Yes, Mr. Kessler", they chimed together as a choir.

“Good. That’s good. Very good. Ehm... ok, uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... yes. So - uh, have a fun weekend, everyone, and... we’ll see you guys here on Monday”, he said as non-clumsily as he could muster.

He turned sideways to look at Lina, who was blushing like a ripe tomato and smiling with the most embarrassed look at him. He smiled back at her like a child getting caught eating from the forbidden cookie jar.

The kids dispersed slowly as Clark and Lina helped those who needed assistance. When both teachers were alone in class, Clark turned to Lina.

“Uhhhh... heh... this was fun. Thanks for pushing me. To **dance!**” He added, immediately thinking of Lina’s breasts pushing into his torso.

“It was my pleasure, Clark”, Lina smiled sweetly at him, her majestic mane of beautiful hair only further adding to her already insane beauty. It was a kind of a full smile that was 100% dedicated - just for Clark, and made him feel special.

Clark searched for his suitcase, before grabbing it and turned to Lina one last time. “Uhhhh... Lina?”

“Jyes, Clark?” Lina said back quickly.

She stood there, 5 feet away from him, biting her lower lip, looking - open. Like, she was an open door, waiting for him to enter. Her whole body language was opened completely for Clark. Her hands clasped together somewhere deep underneath her copious boobage, pushing her gigantic tits *even further* in his direction. She looked... hopefully into his eyes. It was now or never.

He looked back at Lina, mesmerized. She was waiting. Patiently. She really looked like she'd happily wait as long as he needed to make a decision, pushing her boobs at him all the while.

Clark's eyes wandered briefly to her tits, then back at her. Then back at her tits, because he was sure he'd been imagining the first time. But no - a faint but distinct outline of nothing other than an erect nipple formed at the center of each giant breast. It was unmistakable. Clark's eyes widened in shock. He thought of just how *thick* that bra looked from the side, and how *hard* those nipples have to be in order to still make those dents.

Clark looked back at Lina's face. If telepathy wasn't real, he could swear she thought-said to him: '*Yes, I'm horny for you.*'

So many thoughts passed through Clark's mind. He felt a lot of power right now, coursing directly through his diamond-hard cock. He's *never* been as aroused as he was at that moment. Like he could choose freely to do what he wanted. And that terrified him. Lina... Marla... Emily and Benji. Images of them popped randomly in his head.

Clark took a deep breath, closed his eyes and opened them.

“Goodbye, Lina”, he said somberly.

Lina couldn't hide her disappointment.

“Goodbye, Clark”, she said back weakly.

He turned around and forced his legs to start walking into the hallway before he might change his mind.

Lina watched Clark go in a straight line for the door, before disappearing into the hallway.

“Ay, Dios mío... Clark”, she sighed heavily.

* * *

Chapter 8

Clark *really* wished he had the car right now. It seemed like every person on the planet was returning home on Friday noon from Aurora to Geneva. Traffic was *extra* slow today. The usual 30 minute bus ride was taking longer today, with the bus stopping at every-single bus stop.

Clark knew he still had a long wait in Geneva - then the train ride to Elburn - then the 15 minutes walk home - before he could finally reach the one thing he *longed* to reach right now - his *bathroom*. Or more specifically - the bottom drawer in his bathroom, where, hidden under a pile of towels was his ray of light -

His baby *oil bottle*.

Today was... *beyond* Clark's capacity to handle. Dancing with Lina so closely, having her smother her *enormous*, heavy breasts against him for so long has left a *Hoover-dam* worth of cum in his balls. They felt so *full*. He's *never* been this excited.

Once he'd gotten out that classroom door - he rushed through the school hallways, blew past Mr. Sheffield, who tried to talk to him about cutting back on paper usage, and almost knocked a poor 2nd grader to the floor in his haste. Clark had rushed to the bus station as fast as he could and made it to the early bus.

But that didn't help him, because now he was stuck on the busiest, slowest bus in America, with the biggest, hardest, most *throbbing* hard-on of his life...

It took him another *excruciating* hour before he finally turned the doorknob to his house.

"Daddy!" Emily rushed to hug her dad at the door. Clark awkwardly stood bent forward a little to make sure no inappropriate body parts were involved in the hug.

"H... hi Em... how was school?" Clark asked, hoping for Emily's usual, quick "fine".

"Dad, you wouldn't *believe* what Beth has said!" Emily broke the hug and began spilling the tea. Clark's heart dropped. '*Oh god, please, not a Beth story... not now...*'

"Beth straight up said I'm not even a real Sombr fan just 'cause I didn't know what SMB stands for. Like, I do know, I just blanked, okay? But she was all, 'cap.'"

So then I told her she didn't even know he used to skateboard, and she goes, '*That doesn't count, that was ages ago.*' And I was like, '*for real??*' Then she said..."

"Em... honey... sorry. I'd *love* to hear about this... sad or... *somber*... thing", Clark said.

"Sombr, not somber. He's a guy, dad, not a *thing*. Well, that's his stage name, his actual name is..."

"Yeah yeah, I hear you, baby. That sounds very frustrating what Beth said to you. I'm so sorry, Em, daddy's just had a long ride home and really needs to use the restroom. Could you keep telling me about this later, please?" Clark said as patiently and empathetically as he could muster.

"Sure dad", Emily said as her daddy rushed by her.

Clark was about to walk up the stairs when he suddenly saw Marla coming down in the opposite direction. She was dressed... nicely. Nothing fancy, but she had on a pair of black yoga pants and a spaghetti-strapped white top.

Clark cursed himself upon looking at her bust and immediately judging her. Marla's breasts were currently encased in one of her B-cup push up bras. 2 weeks ago - he'd have found them looking somewhat nice and big-*ish* like this. But his entire sense of scale had been *brutally* distorted by the **monstrous** tits of his new co-worker. As resentful as he had been for Marla - it wasn't fair of him to compare her bust, or **anyone's** - to Lina's breasts. He tried really hard to push those thoughts aside as he saw those little boobies jiggling slightly as Marla went down the stairs.

"Hi honey", Marla said with a smile as she descended those last steps before she met him at the bottom, one step above him. She still had to look upwards to meet his eyes.

"H... hi", Clark said. He still couldn't bring himself to say honey, and he knew calling her Marla would offend her, so he opted on the omission option.

Marla looked at him with an uncharacteristic smile and placed her forearms over his shoulders, clasping her hands behind his head. Her small breasts pushed up under his head to form a small, but noticeable cleavage.

"How was work?" She said, her face a couple inches away from his. She smelled nice as well.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh...", Clark stammered. *'How **was** work... well, I danced Salsa tightly with a Latina goddess with boobs big enough to dwarf **beach balls** and almost kissed her...'*

Marla kept looking at him, waiting patiently.

"It was fine. Nothing unusual", he said. Marla seemed like she was still waiting when Clark realized what for. He sighed and said: "How was *your* day?" Marla's face perked up at the opportunity to spill her day's events:

"Ugh...annoying. I talked to Shirley again. She's still playing hardball with every house I show her. I mean, god, it's like she's expecting to get an LA mansion at the price of a burger. I swear, every time she..." and Marla started rambling on about her client for another five long minutes.

Clark was *really* losing his patience, but he couldn't afford to stop Marla. God knows what the consequences would be. Every additional sentence of hers dulled out the sexy images of Lina

he had in his brain and occupied his mental capacities more and more. His dick slowly lost its rigidity as he had to stand there and listen to Marla's never ending story that went nowhere. It almost annoyed him how she ruined his ultra-hard erection.

"...Long story short - it was a no go today", Marla summarized. *'If that was a long-story-short, then why was the story long-story-long??'* Clark thought.

"Huh... yeah that sucks", Clark said as empathetically as he could. He would've asked follow up questions - if he had the capacity for it. Clark usually had a lot more patience for Marla. A lot more than he *should've* had, considering the fact he was usually the only one listening and not being listened to. But he just couldn't delve deeper into Marla's story. Not today.

"Ok, I'm gonna go make dinner", Marla said.

"Alright", he said back.

Marla looked at him, smiled again, then planted a little kiss on his mouth, before heading to the kitchen. Clark stayed there, touching his lips with his fingers. The kiss felt... foreign.

*

Door locked. Bottom drawer. Baby oil.

Clark frantically set himself up in his bathroom with one purpose in mind. To **cum!!!**

He was seriously annoyed that Marla made his dick lose its hardness with her neverending, boring story, causing him to slowly lose the mental images of Lina from his memory. He knew it was fucked up to think that, but he couldn't deal with that right now.

He poured a healthy spurt of baby oil on his hand and got to work.

"Ahhhhhhhh..." he sighed, as he started rubbing the oil on his dick. It felt nice, but he was still too annoyed and frustrated to bring back the memories clearly. The ultimate paradox of sex hit him - the more he wanted his dick to work, the less cooperative it was.

-PING-

Clark stopped mid-pump and grunted. "Urggg!!! Now what??" He said, annoyed.

He grabbed his phone with his left hand and opened the screen. It was a text message from Lina. His whole attitude changed in a heartbeat and immediately all the frustration was gone, and replaced by excitement.

Lina: *'Hey Clark, I just wanted to say I had a lot of fun today. You were a great student, I'm so proud of you!!! Thank you for cooperating with my dance, I know it wasn't easy for you to loosen up like that but I hope you enjoyed it eventually. I know I did 😊😊😊'*

I wanted to ask you, and be honest - do you think it was too much that my hair was loose like that today? I usually tie it in a braid to look more professional but it's actually a lot of trouble to get all my hair tied like that. It feels very restrictive because my hair is so thick. I just prefer it loose like it was today. What do you think?'

Clark was trying to form an appropriate response in his head when suddenly...

-PING-

It was a picture message this time. *'No fucking way...'* His heart started throbbing. His dick was immediately being pumped more blood and started rising. Clark pressed on the picture and gasped out loud.

Lina took a selfie with her arm stretched out in front of her. Her magnificent, endlessly feminine mane of hair occupied the majority of the picture frame. In fact, despite having her arm stretched far away - Lina couldn't capture the *entirety* of her hair as it still continued *beyond* the edges of the frame. Those beautiful curls and waves of her golden brown hair looked vibrant, healthy and shiny.

Lina had her mouth partially opened, with the fullest, most succulent, sexy lips Clark's ever seen. She wasn't smiling, per se. It was more of a *hint* of a smile. Much more seductive than he's ever seen her face to face. That gap between her full, deep-pink, soft lips **immediately** made Clark think of one thing and one thing only - how his dick would feel as he pushed it between those lips, all the way to the back of her throat and beyond. He felt bad for thinking that but it was unavoidable.

But below her neck... Jesus fucking CHRIST! Lina's hand was far enough from her face to show a bountiful cleavage **bursting** out into the picture. Come to think about it - it seemed as if she showed *more* cleavage now in that picture than she did in class this morning. Was it just the angle of the camera or did she pull her tank top further down for the picture?? Whatever it may be - two giant, round hills of the fullest, most pliant breast flesh filled the bottom third of the picture, with only the very half inch at the bottom showing the first hint of her black tank top.

Just the visible part of those boobs was comparable to two cantaloupes! However, the thing that excited Clark the most was their exit angle out of the frame. The angle was **extremely** irregular, which indicated something *very* clearly - those boobs continued **A LOT** more *beyond* the picture than "normal sized" breasts did. The realization that this big-yet-relatively-small, visible portion of her boobs was but a mere fraction of her entire size excited Clark to no end.

Clark suddenly became very aware that his dick was **THROBBING**. *'When did that happen??'* He looked at the picture again, then at his diamond-hard dick. *'This requires special attention...'*

Making sure Lina's picture was staring right at him - Clark set up his phone on the bathroom counter next to where he sat on the toilet. He then poured some more baby oil onto his other hand and got to work.

His right hand grabbed the bottom part of his dick, his large fingers still an inch short of fully encircling its thick girth. His left hand grabbed the part above it. Yet, despite having two *large* hands one above the other - he could've added a *third* large hand above those two, *before* reaching the thick, angry-purple mushroom head! Marla always complained about his size and called it '*weird*' and '*impractical*'.

Precum was already spewing every few seconds out of it. In slow, circular up-and-down motions - Clark started jerking off his ultra-stiff, thick, large cock.

“Oh my goddddddddddddddddddddddddddd...” Clark moaned out loud. He’s **NEVER** been this turned on in his life. Lina’s beautiful, goddess-like, sexy image was staring right into his eyes in the most sensual, seductive stare he’s ever seen. It was almost as if she was daring him to cum. Clark tried to go as slow as he could but knew it was futile. He felt his impending orgasm catching up to him **very** quickly. The sensations were *extra* orgasmic this time.

He reminisced on how Lina's gigantic boobs felt like when they pressed so hard, for so long - against so much of his body today. How Lina looked at him needingly from so close, how she looked at his lips, then bit her own lips. Clark may have been trying to act like a gentleman next to her, but that didn't mean he wasn't aware of the signals he was getting from her.

Unable to stop himself, Clark intensified his double-fisted handjob he gave himself, pumping his dick like a flashlight and kept staring in wide amazement at Lina. Everything else vanished from his mind. The pleasure she was bringing him without even being in the same room as him was just unfathomable. "Oh fuck!!!!!! Fucking shit... Lina, fuck, your boobs are so fucking huge. Fucking hell... how are you so fucking hot???" he muttered to himself.

He's *never* muttered like that while jerking off, but Lina just brought something foreign out of him. Clark was pumping his cock faster and faster. His whole body trembled as he felt a **MASSIVE** orgasm building fast towards its inevitable release.

“Oh fuck, Lina, you’re so fucking perfect. So fucking huge...”, he kept muttering to himself. On instinct, he got up and stood with his large cock facing his phone, with Lina’s beautiful features less than a foot from his cockhead. Subconsciously, he wished the picture would come to life and Lina would swallow his dick whole.

It felt so wrong of him, yet he couldn't stop himself. It was so naughty and forbidden it made his dick even harder! It was like Lina invited him to come closer to her face and show her the filth that he's been engaged in. An almost crazed look passed over Clark's face as he pumped his dick as hard and fast as he could, feeling the strongest chills course through his body.

“OH GOD, LINA, FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” he jerked and jerked, his hands initially going very fast, then gradually slowing down the pace. The more he slowed down right before his orgasm - the higher he felt its potential rising. Like he was *stretching* out those final moments and elevating the potential strength of his release to new heights. Then, when he couldn't take it anymore - he pumped as fast as he could and his cock ***EXPLODED.***

Clark couldn't keep his eyes open any longer. His head fell backwards and his eye balls fluttered upwards as *immense* pleasure **CRASHED** throughout his body. His pelvic muscles **clenched** like never before with the strongest orgasmic spasms he's ever felt! Lina's gorgeous face was staring seductively at Clark's dick before a large portion of those face disappeared under his first *monumental* salvo of cum.

THUD.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhh godddddddddd..." he muttered as the first spurt of cum hit his phone screen with a loud thud. Despite its incredible volume, it felt as if this was only the beginning. Clark kept pumping frantically, and the salvos just kept blasting one after another.

THUD.

THUD.

THUD.

THUD.

THUD.

THUD. THUD.

THUD. THUD.

THUD. THUD.

THUD. THUD.

THUD. THUD. THUD. THUD. THUD. THUD. THUD. THUD. THUD.

THUD.

After **26-fucking-salvos** of cum, Clark's cock kept spasming and spewing more dribbles for another minute or so. His pelvis kept clenching again and again, weaker and more sparsely now. Clark kept slowly jerking his cock, relishing the maximum potential this orgasm had to offer. His eyes were still closed in ecstasy for long moments. His dick was still semi-hard, somehow, but he finally felt the relief he's been aching for all day. He breathed heavily.

Slowly, Clark's head returned forward and he opened his eyes. "Fuck..." he sighed heavily in utter bliss. It took him a moment to adjust back to seeing the bathroom. Then, he looked back down at his phone.

"Oh my god!" he shrieked out loud before shutting his mouth back, hoping no one heard him.

Any traces of Clark's phone were gone. It was **covered** in a thick layer of his cum, with only the upper left corner peeking out, unharmed by cum. Moreover, the path between his dickhead and his phone also had many streaks of cum covering the distance. *'Did I really cum **that** much?'* he thought incredulously.

Lina had literally drained his balls remotely.

-PING-

"Oh shit!!!" Clark exclaimed.

Hastily, he grabbed a bundle of toilet paper and began cleaning, careful as much as he could to not let cum seep into the electronics. He had to reiterate this process several times, followed by a few moist wipes then more dry wipes again, before his phone was somewhat usable.

Clark pressed on the message and opened it.

Lina: *'Actually, do you think I could wear my hair loose like that for weekdays as well, and not just Fridays? I think it looks cute, no? 😊'*

Clark's dick, which by now had become only semi-hard, amazingly reversed direction and started rising again at the thought of seeing Lina's beautiful, full hair loose every day now. No, it didn't merely look *'cute'*. It was one of the sexiest, jaw-dropping sights he's ever seen.

Clark felt like Lina kept trying to bait him to write something inappropriate to her, and he kept resisting. Was she enjoying that?

Clark: *'As I said, Lina, you can wear whatever you feel comfortable with as long as it's appropriate for school. I'm not the one setting the rules 😊'*

But I mean, I don't think you should go to school every day feeling restricted like that. I think it's fine if you wear your hair loose'

'Ok... that seems like a safe answer...' thought Clark before he sent it.

Clark put his phone down. Despite his dick rising again at Lina's last text, clarity also began settling in. He basically just blew off his daughter mid story. He actually had Marla come and try to initiate intimacy with him and not only did he blow her off, but he became annoyed at her for doing that. He *literally* just came on his co-worker's image. But the worst was - he knew these were the *least* of his misdemeanors.

That dance today was **not** cool. Clark knew it was beyond any reasonable line of fidelity. And he knew he had several close calls with almost kissing Lina. Heck, at the end of the class, he *knew* for a fact that if he went for it - he and Lina would be fucking each other like bunnies. There was no mistaking the look she gave him. It didn't come from arrogance, but from the pure clarity of Lina's signals that could not be interpreted any other way. If he wanted to - he could.

'This is wrong. This is wrong and fucked up on so many levels'. Images of his children, potentially disappointed at him for his behavior surfaced into his mind. Marla, finally listening to him and trying to address his concerns - being shattered after finding out about his misconduct. God forbid if he actually went all the way with Lina, only for Marla or the kids to find out.

If Clark was being honest with himself - Marla kinda did exactly what he asked her to do. She started appreciating him, touching him, kissing him. Sure, it felt a bit awkward, but that's to be expected with such a massive change in their dynamics. She stopped nagging him or yelling at him for messing up stuff. Overall, she was... being a pretty good wife lately, actually. It wasn't her fault she didn't look like a Colombian goddess with boobs bigger than beach balls. It wasn't fair to expect that from her.

The more he thought about it, the more guilty Clark felt. This *'walking a fine line without consequences'* was not working. Clark didn't crack the system. He didn't crack shit. You can't eat from the cake and leave it whole.

He had to stop. And he had to give Marla and himself a chance. A real chance.

He looked down. His dick was throbbing again. ***Fuck!***

*

"Alright, Evan, that was very nice to hear about how Moose submerge their bodies to escape the flies. Also the honey bees and their hive mind that helps them communicate with each other effectively," said Clark, genuinely enjoying listening to Evan on this Monday morning.

"Ok," said Evan and took a spin around the classroom. Clark sat in his chair, tired, while Evan chose to stand, vibrating with energy.

It's been a long, yet not-unpleasant weekend with Marla and the kids. Marla initiated some touch. True, it was right after Clark told her he reserved a night at this fancy hotel she always wanted to go to for their upcoming anniversary. And it wasn't any touch approaching his crotch area. But still, it was... nice. He wasn't sure if this meant she's ready to have sex again, but he ***really*** hoped it did. Between the lack of sex for almost a year, and the constant teasing he was bombarded with by Lina since he met her, Clark felt like he was losing his mind.

Evan finished his spin. Clark loved these 1-on-1 sessions, and he especially loved opening the week with Evan.

"What was the third animal you chose?" Clark asked.

"Badgers," Evan stated.

"Okay, very good. What do you want to tell me about them?"

“Badgers are obsessive about their homes. Or Setts,” recited Evan, his eyes fixed on a point on the wall just above Clark’s left shoulder.

“Interesting. In what way are they obsessive?”

“Badgers regularly drag old grass and leaves out of their Setts and replace it with fresh, dry material,” Evan said rapidly.

Clark raised his eyebrows. “And for what purpose?”

“This prevents mold, maintains thermal regulation, and stops parasites from taking over their sleeping space,” Evan said, not pausing for breath. He took another spin around the room before returning to his spot.

Clark honestly had no idea badgers did that. “That was very well articulated, Evan. Good job, buddy.”

“Ok,” Evan said, accepting the praise as a factual statement.

“Well, that was a great session today, Evan,” Clark said, opening his suitcase. He started organizing his files, his mind already drifting to the next lesson. “I think that wraps up our...”

“Bears,” Evan said.

Clark stopped, his hand hovering over a folder. “I’m sorry?”

“Bears,” repeated Evan.

“Oh. Did you... did you have another animal prepared?”

“Yes.”

Clark sighed and smiled weakly. Who was he to stop his student from learning more? He let go of his suitcase. “Of course. I’m sorry, Evan. Go ahead.”

“In the winter, bears go into a state of hibernation,” Evan began, his voice dropping into a rhythmic, lecture-like cadence. “Before hibernation, they enter a state called hyperphagia. They must consume 20,000 calories a day to survive the winter.”

“That is a lot of food,” Clark noted.

Evan ignored the comment. “However, if the habitat doesn’t provide enough food, the bear cannot find enough calories to stay warm long enough.”

“So what does the bear do, then?” Asked Clark, intrigued.

“The bear’s body begins to eat itself”, said Evan simply.

Clark furrowed his brows. "Eat itself?!"

"Yes," Evan said flatly.

Clark felt a strange, cold shiver on the back of his neck, thinking of that image. "What... what do you mean?" he asked, rattled a bit.

"If the environment does not provide for the bear," Evan explained, looking at his hands, "the bear's body processes its own muscle tissue to keep the heart beating. It feeds on its own strength. It enters the winter weaker. Often, it does not wake up."

Clark stared at Evan. He felt a sudden, heavy weight settle in his chest.

"God," Clark breathed out. "That's... that's a terrible way to die. Trying to survive by destroying yourself."

"It is a biological inefficiency," Evan corrected.

"Right," Clark murmured and started getting up. "Inefficiency. Okay. Well, that's... a *heavy* note to end today's session on, Evan, but..."

"Bears are solitary animals," Evan continued, cutting him off. "However, they cannot survive entirely alone. They suffer from parasites, ticks, matting fur, and itches they cannot reach on their backs."

Clark sat back down in his chair. "Oh. So, what do they do?" he asked, genuinely curious.

"They find a Rub Tree," Evan said. "Or, in some cases, an allogrooming partner. Another bear."

"Another bear?" Clark asked. "I thought you said they were solitary animals."

"They are. But a bear cannot scratch its own back. It cannot remove the winter fur coat alone. It physically requires an external structure to lean against." Evan said.

Clark sat in silence for a moment. He thought of a massive, powerful grizzly bear, capable of killing an elk with one swipe, standing helpless because it just needed something to lean against to get an itch scratched.

"That's actually a little funny, don't you think?" said Clark with a chuckle. "Thinking of such a big, strong bear, with those big muscles, and at the end of a day it is helpless because it needs another bear to scratch an itch on its back..."

Evan did not laugh, however. He did something Clark had never seen him do. He looked Clark in the eyes. It was so serious that Clark's chuckle stifled immediately.

"Even the strongest animals need a little help sometimes", said Evan with utter seriousness.

Clark gulped, rattled.

A second later, Evan broke eye contact and took another spin, while Clark felt a pit in his stomach.

Then that pit turned into butterflies, once it dawned on him what the next class was going to be.

*

“Ehm... sssssso... ehm... ok... uh... let's see...”, Clark stammered and looked intently at a random spot on the far wall. It wasn't an interesting spot. It was simply a spot that was **not** Lina.

He was genuinely scared to look at her.

Lina stood in front of Clark in the big, half-empty classroom, with her big puppy dog eyes. Her legs, encased in skintight dark jeans, were closed together, standing on her 5 inch high heels. The index fingers of her left and right hands were clasped together near her crotch. Such a clasp could *only* result in one thing: pushing her boobs further forward, or in this case - right into Clark's personal space. An **inch** away from his torso.

It would've been hard enough if she'd be wearing one of her loose dresses. But it seemed that Lina's first Casual Friday had opened her appetite for... '*casualness*'. Today, Lina chose to wear a **skintight**, spaghetti strapped, white tanktop.

Lina's top, without a doubt having *many many* 'X's before the L, was almost **bursting** at the seams. Two overinflated beach balls occupied every cubic inch of available space in it, before it tapered **dramatically** and disappeared into her jeans.

What's worse (or better...) was the insane fact that Lina's gigantic breasts were encased in a white bra underneath, which *clearly* worked its best to compress them. Before today, Clark had his suspicions, but there was no hiding it today with Lina's outfit. Lina's boobs were this size - **despite** being compressed. Their shape wasn't all round, but sort of... 'pressed inwards'. There's no telling just how **ginormous** she was naturally, without that bra!

What's *even worse* (or even better...) was the *very* clear outline of Lina's bra, showing a not-insignificant **surplus** of boobage above her bra. It was practically *nothing* compared to Lina's entire monumental size, yet it could easily still fill a D-cup. As unbelievably gigantic as that bra was, it was **still** too small for Lina's boobs!!

This meant that Lina's cleavage today was *prominent*, and bulging upwards. While not as long as it had been last Friday, about 3 or 4 inches of it burst forth for Clark's eyes to feast on. That's, if he'd stopped looking at the far wall with every fiber of his being.

But the **worst** (or best...) thing, which made Clark keep staring at the wall instead of Lina, was the front. It really was true that white left no room for imagination. In the middle of each overinflated beach ball, was a prominent outline of a **very** erect nipple. As unbelievable as it

was - that nipple-erection effect was *muffled* by Lina's compressive bra! It made Clark think of just how **stiff** and **erect** those nipples were *without* it.

The effect on Clark was **excruciatingly** strong. He was shivering, his mouth was dry, and his dick was as hard as it's ever been. He decided he couldn't afford to wear shorts around Lina, and resorted to jeans. His large, super-hard cock was lodged underneath his jeans and poked upwards underneath his sweater. He was a little hot, but he just couldn't afford to wear a shirt and have a big bulge showing.

However, he realized he's been looking at the wall for too long now and forced himself to look at her face and gasped. Lina just smiled widely back at him, waiting patiently, which somehow made it even *harder* to concentrate.

"Sssssso... t... today... um... we, uh... we're gonna... uh... do...", Clark stammered even more upon looking at Lina's gorgeous face. She was an angel, no less. It seems she's decided - she wasn't going to tie her hair in a braid anymore. Her beautiful locks of vibrant hair fell loosely and naturally all around her head, shoulders, chest and back in cascading waves upon waves upon waves. Her make up was also done in a way resembling last Friday, thus further elevating an already drop-dead gorgeous model's face another level higher.

Lina did something very small, but it just had such a tremendous effect on Clark. In order to show him she's paying close attention to his words - she lowered her face a bit downwards, while looking further upwards with her eyes. Her full, dark pink, sensual lips parted slightly.

Clark shivered and his cock lurched angrily in his pants. The immediate, and **only** thought going through Clark's mind was that this would be how she'd look at him from below while sucking his cock.

Clark blew air hard through his puffed cheeks.

"So... ehm, sorry... where was I? Yes, so, um... Lina - you'll teach your usual kids first while I teach the rest, then we'll switch. Is that... ehm... is... uh... is that... ok? With you?" Clark barely managed to say.

"Jyes, Clark, of course", Lina said with a smile and nodded slowly while she kept looking up like this. '*Fuck!*'

"Ehm... o... ok... good. Uh... have a... good luck... teaching, I mean... with the... class... you know...", Clark kept fumbling his words. '*god, she's even hotter than usual*'.

"Thank you, Clark. Good luck to you too", Lina said with the kindest, warmest smile ever. Then, she just stayed there, enjoying looking at him squirm. Her boobs were so close to him he could almost feel their heat.

Clark awkwardly looked anywhere around beyond Lina's face, checking out the paint on the walls, while feeling Lina's seductive stare piercing his face.

"Well... ehm... s... see you around", he said at last and shuffled away from Lina in the most awkward way possible. Lina looked at Clark's back as he walked to his desk and bit her lower lip in aching need, checking out his toned butt with a mischievous smile, before turning back to her own desk.

The rest of the class passed by in a similarly awkward manner for Clark. He felt Lina's gaze from beyond the wooden partition many times throughout the class. She also approached him several times for questions, and each time her boobs either entered his personal space or bumped softly into his arm.

She touched him... so much. May it be a hand on his shoulder, a huge lock of hair falling onto his face softly as she came within inches from his own face, or a round, pliant hip bumping against his side as he was sitting down. Every touch had plausible deniability on the line between being accidental and intentional. And she always had this lovely smile to accompany her every move. A shy look of gratitude for his help which sent butterflies frantically flying through Clark's stomach. Plus... how the hell did she smell so good???

Clark honestly didn't know what to think anymore. All he knew was that he's stayed rock hard and *throbbingly* horny for the entire duration of the class. There was one time where Lina came to ask him a question and leaned **so close** to his face, that if she would've gotten two inches closer than she did - he wouldn't be able to stop himself from twisting his head and kissing her on the spot.

This was hard. So, **so very**... goddamn-hard. Almost as hard as his dick.

Clark did everything he could to avoid contact with Lina, to be short with his answers for her, but also trying to be polite and pleasant at the same time, which was almost impossible. Lina was just... fuck... She was a **sexual force of nature**. She was relentless. Effortlessly relentless. Without even trying she caused his dick to spew precum all throughout class. All she had to do was ask something softly, just a *little* too close to him, or to touch her fingers onto the back of his shoulder ever so gently - and he would silently groan in arousal. This was pure torture. Pure... **heavenly** torture.

The bell rang and Clark sighed in relief.

Somehow, he made it through class without kissing Lina or cumming in his pants. *Barely*.

Clark and Lina were standing side by side near the door after having arranged the students behind them in two rows, ready to go to recess.

Clark was looking intently into the hallway, afraid to make eye contact with Lina while being so close to her. Meanwhile, Lina snuck side glances at him hesitantly every few seconds.

“Hey, um... Clark?” Lina asked timidly, a sweet, worried frown on her face.

“Yes?” Clark said a little too quickly and looked at Lina, slightly panicked.

“Eh... sorry... is... is everything ok?” Lina asked and adjusted a beautiful lock of hair behind her ear.

“Y... yeah... yes! Yes, sure, why? Did something... why do you ask?” Clark stammered. It was so hard to maintain eye contact, when an ***ocean of boobs*** spread out right under him and Lina’s left breast spread ***heavily*** into his personal space, inches from his torso.

Lina studied his panicked eyes with empathy like she could see right through his soul. Clark gulped.

“It’s just... you just seemed a little... different today. Did I do something wrong?” Lina asked and suddenly her voice cracked. Clark could see her eyes watering. Immediately ***all*** of his guards melted away. He felt so bad. Horrible. He hurt Lina by being so cold with her all day. He couldn’t bear to see a woman cry. Especially ***her***.

“What? No... no! Lina, you did nothing wrong”, Clark assured her and placed a hand on her left shoulder.

God it felt so good to touch her like that. So natural. Lina’s eyes automatically half closed upon feeling Clark touching her so softly. Her head inadvertently leaned sideways as if she desperately wanted to touch her cheek to the back of his hand, but she stopped herself.

“Lina, I’m... I’m so sorry I made you feel this way. No, it’s nothing *you* did, Lina”, Clark said reassuringly. Reluctantly, he felt it was time to let go of her shoulder now. “I’m just...”

He stopped, and Lina scrunched her brows attentively. He wasn’t sure if it’d be right to open up about Marla and show Lina their dirty laundry. Which actually started becoming cleaner these days.

“It’s... just been a pretty rough period for me lately. Nothing to do with you. And nothing I can’t handle, but I mean... it’s good. It’ll be good. I mean... it’s good now. Well... yeah, it’s good. I think...”

‘Wow, real smooth... are you sure you said “good” enough times?’ Clark scolded himself.

Lina was flooded with emotions and her eyes watered even more, but a little hesitant smile adorned her face now. It became obvious to Clark how much impact his cold shoulder had on Lina.

“Well, ok”, Lina said, unsure. “Just remember that... if you want to talk - I’ll be happy to listen”, she said and smiled shyly, like she almost overstepped a personal boundary.

Clark was filled with warm feelings, seeing Lina so vulnerable with him. She looked even more beautiful like that than usual.

“Thanks... thank you, Lina. I appreciate it”, he smiled back briefly at her. She smiled weakly back, before they both led their students into the hallway.

Clark felt some relief. Like a disaster was averted. For now.

He thought about his kids. About Marla and their upcoming anniversary. About the hotel just for the two of them. He clung onto that for a glimmer of hope.

Clark knew what he *wanted* to do, and he knew what he *needed* to do.

He just wished these two things were the same.

* * *

Chapter 9

“Oj, Cami, lo siento mucho, mi vida, esta llamada es muy importante. Un segundo, por favor, amorcito”

-BEEP-

“Hello?” Lina switched to English after she took the pending call.

“...”

“Jyes, this is Catalina. But you can call me Li...”

“...”

“Oh... uh. Jyes, jyes, I... want to. I mean, I'll be happy to come over for an interview.”

“...”

“That's great... um, sorry, I'm just in the middle of... never mind. Eh... jyes, thank you for the opportunity. I'll be there.”

“...”

“Thank you, you too. Bye.”

-BEEP-

Lina hung up the call and resumed the Facetime with her friend, Camila. Lina placed her phone on her dresser as she got ready to take a shower later.

“Cami... lo siento, nena”, said Lina as she reverted back to Spanish. “I was just expecting a call from this school”, Lina explained as she placed her phone back on the dresser in her bedroom. Her friend, Camila, a real Colombian beauty, was smiling back at Lina from the phone screen, while the city of Medellin and its beautiful mountains sprawled behind her gorgeous face.

Under normal circumstances - Camila would've been considered a perfect 10. With her flawless, light-brown skin, gorgeous Latina facial features, an hourglass figure topped with a perky, honeydew melons' sized breasts she was a true stunner that made many heads turn, car accidents and boyfriends getting smacked in the back of their heads. She even competed a few years ago in the Miss Colombia contest and was one of the top finalists. Countless suitors tried their luck with Camila. Yet, when she used to go out with Lina - she became practically invisible. Lina was just on another level, and Camila eventually accepted that reality with love, grace, and not an insignificant amount of hidden lust as well.

“¿Ay, qué pasó?” Camila asked, concerned.

“It’s... an interview for a job”, said Lina hesitantly.

“A job interview??” Asked Camila, surprised. “Don’t you already have one?”

Lina sighed heavily. She should’ve been thrilled. It’s a school in southwest Chicago, which means it’s only a few blocks away from her apartment, and it’s probably a higher pay grade. But somehow, the feeling was a lot more bitter than sweet.

*“I do... it’s just... ugh, I don’t even know how to explain it...”, Lina said and started unfurling her long, **thick** braid while looking at herself in the mirror above her phone.*

“Try me, Gordita”, said Camila with a smile. “It’s something to do with your Clark, right?” Camila smiled and raised an eyebrow.

*Lina blushed, then sighed and told her about how Clark’s attitude became colder after their hot Salsa dance on Friday. She explained that she got the message and went back to braiding her hair, wearing her long, loose dresses (as loose as her **outrageous** curves would allow), and stopped touching and gazing lustfully at Clark as much as she could.*

“Ay Lina”, Camila said with a weak smile, “you just had to fall for a married man, didn’t you?”

*“I didn’t mean to!” Lina said with despair. “It just happened...”. Lina sighed as she kept unfurling her braid. “Anyway, things are now pretty awkward between us. I hate being so cold to him, it’s tearing me apart. But, it’s the only way I know to stop myself from **ravishing** him in the middle of the classroom... I just think about it 200 times a day”, Lina said with a mischievous smile as her hair finally loosened to be completely free and wild in all its glory.*

“Are you gonna take this job offer, then?” Cami asked.

“I don’t know”, Lina sighed heavily. “Well, I wasn’t offered anything yet. But I mean... it’s so painful just to be around him, knowing I could never be with him...”, her voice broke a little and her eyes watered. Camila looked at her empathically. There was a long, heavy pause before Camila finally broke it.

“Is he really that cute?” Camila asked with a mischievous smile of her own.

“Ohhh you wouldn’t believe it, Cami!” Lina blurted, as if she’s been waiting for someone to ask her that. “They don’t make men like him in Colombia. Clark is... different. He’s so smart, but he’s humble, and he makes me feel so safe. He encourages me to be confident at my job. And he’s so freakin’ tall, Cami. And handsome. I feel so feminine next to him”, Lina beamed as she reminisced.

“Wow, sounds like a true charmer”, Cami said with a smile, then bit her lower lip mischievously. “How’s the package?”

"Cami!" Lina exclaimed, but couldn't hide her reddening face. "Well, I'm... not sure. But, I mean... I did feel something poking me when we danced Salsa. Something... big. Very big, actually", she giggled and covered her red face with her hands.

"Ayyyyy mentira!!" Cami exclaimed in excitement, her mouth and eyes opening wide in disbelief.

*"Anyway!" Lina tried to stir back the conversation. "Nothing can happen between us. And as long as I'm working with Clark, I intend to dress as modestly as I can. Here, look - I even keep wearing this annoyingly tiny, **smothering** minimizer all the time. You know... to make sure I don't stand out", Lina said and gestured towards her own supposedly-minimized breasts with some pride. Camila laughed out loud.*

*"Lina, cuchi... you don't have the function to **not** stand out. Speaking of which - did you grow again???" Cami asked curiously and tried to look at the bottom of the phone. Lina quickly lifted her phone and got it closer to her face.*

"No!" she said with panic.

"Lina...?" Cami crossed her arms and lifted her eyebrow.

"Maybe?" Lina said and blushed again. "I guess I did grow a little bit."

"Show me, chica!" Camila's eyes widened and a curious smile spread on her face.

Lina scrunched her lips cutely, debating with herself before she finally relented. "Fine... but don't say I didn't warn you!"

*With Lina having set up her phone back on the dresser at a lower angle, Camila was now able to see Lina's **illegally sexy** form all the way down to her hips.*

"Ay no me diga, gordita...", Cami said as she looked at her ultra-sexy friend with a mix of awe and some lust.

*Blushing, Lina undid the first button of her expansive dress, revealing about 2 inches of cleavage. Already, considerable hilltops muffled perkily upwards, presenting a C-cup's worth of boobage. With another button undone, even more cleavage muffled upwards and outwards, now rivaling E or F-cup. A third released button revealed about an H-cup's worth of boobs, and the beginning of a **thick**, white fabric. Lina frowned upon seeing just how much her boobs were spilling over that fabric.*

*Camila gasped out loud. Even that relatively-small surplus of cleavage just about rivaled her own **entire** breasts! Yet for Lina this was a little bump in comparison to her true size.*

"No puedo creer esto... Lina! That's not a little bit!" Camila exclaimed accusatorily.

Lina blushed profusely. "I guess it's a little more than I thought. Damnit... this minimizer fit me perfectly when I'd bought it, like a year ago. No, it was actually 8 months...", Lina said and tightened her lips to the side cutely.

Lina paused for a moment and placed both hands against the sides of just the overflowing portions of her boobs. Despite her palms spread wide, she couldn't even cover half of the exposed skin. With a playful curiosity, she tapped four fingers from each hand lightly across the upper curves, alternating right and left. The touch made them bounce softly beneath her fingertips, before quickly returning to their perfectly rounded shape the moment her fingers lifted up.

Camila stopped talking altogether and suddenly became aware of the bit of drool escaping the side of her own open mouth.

"Ugh... is it that obvious how small it is on me?" Lina asked worriedly and turned sideways, showing Camila her profile. Camila became beet red all of a sudden as she rushed to find a secluded spot in the street.

The contrast was **staggering**. While Lina's waist tapered inwards beautifully to look slim and fit, her breasts surged forward from her torso more than three times the thickness of her own waist! Lina bit her lip, unsure, as she looked at her form in the mirror above the dresser, then proceeded to wrap her arms around the fullest parts of her breasts. Her fingers were barely able to touch at the front, while her tits pushed upwards into her chin!

"Yes, it's that obvious! Nena, can you even reach your own nipples???" Camila asked incredulously. Lina shivered and closed her eyes, imagining Clark's large hands lifting her breasts as he was sucking on her nipples. She moaned softly before opening her eyes. 'Stop it, Lina. It's not relevant anyway', she thought.

"Ugh... barely... and that's **with** the minimizer on! I don't know what to do, Cami. Am I too big?!" Lina asked in desperate panic. Camila didn't know what to say. She could only keep gawking at her too-hot-for-her-own-good friend.

After no response came, Lina looked back at the phone screen. "Cami? Should I..." she asked and pointed at her buttons. Camila nodded her head frantically. "Yes! Of course! Now stop stalling already and show me, Catalina!"

Being best friends for as long as they've been, both girls were used to undressing in front of each other. Lina shook her head in despair and continued unbuttoning her dress. The thick, white fabric of her minimizer was now apparent. Evidently, this was the same white "bra" that Clark had seen beneath Lina's arms when he'd danced with her. If only he knew just how wrong he was.

One by one, Lina continued unbuttoning her dress at the front, while Cami's mouth opened wider and wider accordingly. More and more and **more** and **MORE** of her vast "minimizer" (which looked more like a maximizer) was revealed. It looked as tight as a drum from the

immense pressure it's been under. The further away Lina got, the harder it became for her to unbutton her dress. She barely managed to get her hands far enough to undo the furthest buttons beyond the horizon, having to **really** squeeze her boobs inwards with all her might to even reach them. She finished off the work by taking out her arms from their extremely spacious sleeves and lowering her dress below her hips.

At last, revealed in all its glory - Lina's torso was wrapped around by a white, minimizing chest binder. The binder was a **very** tight compression fabric which pressed Lina's breasts inwards, and was designed to flatten it **significantly**.

However, as tight and compressed as Lina claimed it to be - it still **spread forth** from her chest by about two whole feet, showing an endless shelf of boobs in front of her sternum, while reaching all the way down to her hips level!! Actually, it was a couple of inches below her hips, to be precise. And that's **with** the minimizing binder on. Lina's giant boobs also spread roundly and beautifully almost a foot beyond her very slim and fit torso, blocking the view of most of her arms.

Underneath that constricting, **ready-to-burst** binder, was **another** thick, pink garment, peeping from the sides and below. Pink straps, almost as wide as **seat belts**, ran from underneath the upper hem of the binder and over Lina's feminine shoulders, cutting **deep** into her poor skin despite how wide they were.

While the exposed, overflowing tops of her boobs jiggled hypnotically with Lina's every movement - the rest, **vast** majority of her boobs encased inside her binder moved as a single unit. This just further accentuated just how, against all reason, as **gigantic** as that binded portion was - there was **more** to it than meets the eye.

Lina fearfully glanced back down at her phone again to gauge Cami's reaction. Camila was dumbfounded.

"I mean..." Lina stammered. "It's not that mu..."

"Catalina Jimena-Maria Rivera!" Camila exclaimed her friend's full name. "Tienes unas tetas gigantes!!!!"

Lina's face grew even redder, but she couldn't deny her friend was right. No matter how Lina looked at it - her size was just preposterous. While her surplus of boobs escaping her binder already rivaled Camila's own large boobs, it was but a mere rounding error compared to the rest of Lina's compressed boobs. And she **knew** damn well they were even bigger than that.

Not only that, but apparently Lina's boobs grew the equivalent of Cami's large boobs in less than a year! She was hoping her growth would taper off at some point but it seems like her body had other plans in mind.

"I... I guess you're right, Cami. Oh god... what am I gonna do? Should I get a reduc..."

“NO!!!!!!” Camila couldn't stop herself from yelling. Lina chuckled back at the sudden outburst of her lustful friend.

“Ok ok... don't worry. Honestly, I can't even think about actually reducing them. As much of a pain in the ass as these babies are, I love them more than anything!!” Lina said with a beaming smile and hugged her breasts as much as could manage with her slender arms. She caught maybe 10% of her total boobage, if that.

“But seriously, nena...”, Camila said while still drooling out of the corner of her mouth. “Just how freaking huge are they? I know I'm a 75H cup and I'm having trouble finding bras for myself. I can't imagine how you manage to find anything in your size!”

“Well... I'm not entirely sure, actually”, Lina said and started softly caressing a very thick bundle of hairs over and over again. “I mean... I know I'm a 65 under the bust... that's the easy part. Well, not that easy when you have to lift them to... never mind. Anyway... when I'd bought this binder, the lady there told me it was the strongest, most efficient compressor available on the market. And it's true, it managed to get me down by so much!”

“How much? Specifically?” Camila asked, biting her lower lip with lust.

Lina pondered for a moment. “It was down to... um... wait...”

Cami got close to the screen, anxious to hear the number.

Lina gulped. “Uh... let's see... the lady's tried the 2-meters tape, but it was obviously too short...”

Camila gasped. **“What do you mean OBVIOUSLY??? It wasn't long enough?! And this was when you had the binder on???”**

Lina reddened even more. “Eh... well... yes, of course... the last time I was under 2 meters was when I was 18 years old. I didn't wear a minimizer back then, of course. Heh, funny how small I was back then... only one lap around the alphabet. Well, almost two... never mind. Anyways... where was I?” Lina asked, her mind drifted off to other realms.

“You were just about to tell me you were so freaking **gigantic** that a 2-meters long tape measure wasn't long enough to measure your **mountainous tits!!!**” Camila almost screamed. She seemed almost crazed with anticipation and lust at this point. Lina blushed again and continued.

“Right, yes... so, um... so the lady then brought the 5-meters one, and said it was... uh... was it? Only 216 centimeters?” Lina put a finger to her full, sensual lips.

Cami's eyes bulged wide in shock.

*"Ahhhhh no! Now I remember!" Exclaimed Lina and smiled, remembering. "I got the numbers all mixed up, I get confused all the time... It was **261cm**! Not 216... I'm so bad with numbers... anyway, that was what she measured me with the binder on. And the bra underneath the binder, of course. Unfortunately, I didn't have time back then to measure myself without it. It was too much of a hassle to take everything off. But it was 8 months ago, you know, so... I guess that number's gone up quite a bit since then. I guess I should really find a good seamstress around here, huh?" Lina said as she kept the shapes of her boobs in the mirror, trying to encompass them in various ways.*

There was no response, however. Lina finally looked back down at her phone and frowned in confusion. Camila wasn't smiling. Lina's friend had her eyes closed, like she was concentrating hard on something, and she seemed to be taking deep breaths through her open mouth to try to calm herself down.

"Cami?" Lina asked and took the phone in her hand, concerned.

Camila opened her eyes and seemed extremely flushed. She started to frantically look around the street like she was making sure no one saw her.

"Lina, chica, I... I gotta go, ok? I... I'll talk to you soon, sorry. It's been so great to talk to you. You're... god, Lina you look more gorgeous than ever", Camila said and bit her lower lip.

"Th... thanks, Cami, you look beautiful too. I miss you so much", Lina said and smiled weakly at her friend, her voice breaking a little.

"I miss you too, Lina. Talk to you soon, ok? Bye mi amor", Camila said hastily with what little strength she could muster before she hung up the call.

Lina stood with her finger on her sensual, full, deep-pink lips, looking at the 'End Call' screen, confused and a little flushed.

"Ugh... Jesus Christ...", Clark grunted as he loaded Marla's heavy suitcase into their trunk. 'Why does she need so many things for just one night?' he thought to himself.

The sky was bright on that beautiful Saturday morning. The kids had their meal preps in the fridge. Clark instructed Benji on what to do in case of emergency. All was set up.

Suddenly, Clark felt a set of hands slide from behind him and over his waist.

"Ready to go, honey?" Marla said huskily. Her hands travelled lower, reaching his crotch area, and lightly caressed the outline of his cock for two seconds, before coming back up to his waist.

Clark shivered and felt his large cock beginning to stiffen up.

"S... sure... uh... hh... honey", he said, then turned around and planted a little kiss on Marla's lips.

They shut the doors, set up their GPS to the hotel and drove off.

Marla looked at Clark excitedly, and placed her hand on his right thigh while he was driving. Clark raised his eyebrows in response but said nothing. That didn't happen for... many years. It certainly wasn't an unpleasant surprise. He felt his dick stiffening even further, given the proximity of Marla's hand to it. He longed for her to move her hand further up to his crotch, but didn't want to push his luck, so he stayed quiet.

Clark took a left turn at the first intersection.

"Why did you take road 38?" Marla asked in a voice much sharper than it had been a minute ago and automatically took her hand off his thigh. Clark took a deep breath.

"It's quicker this way", he said, hoping that would end the discussion.

"But if you'd have taken 47 then 64 - you could've reached the highway faster", Marla insisted, all softness she previously had - gone. Clark felt his blood starting to boil.

"I thought of that, but then we'd go through Sycamore and there's a lot of traffic there at this hour", he retorted as calmly as he could, losing patience by the second.

"We're gonna get there so late because of that turn you just took, Clark", Marla huffed and crossed her arms.

"We're not gonna... Marla, just... trust me, ok?" Clark said.

"Fine. You're the driver, what do I know?" said Marla and looked out her window, huffing quietly.

The drive was a few hours away from their home, and Marla was pretty quiet during that time. This actually gave Clark some time to ponder over the past few weeks. So much has happened.

After acting less warmly towards Lina for the past two weeks ago - Clark felt like shit. He wasn't rude to her, but he kept his distance to a degree. Lina seemed to have gotten the message and took a step back. Actually, it was like 10 steps back. Clark should've been content, but a part of him wished that Lina ignored his secluded behavior and kept trying to get close. He missed their long conversations, missed their text exchanges which stopped almost completely ever since after their Salsa dance on that fateful Friday. He missed her touching him so softly and sensually. Fuck... he just missed her.

But he could only blame himself. Lina did exactly what he signaled to her to do, even if he didn't spell it out - to leave him alone. It provided him with the state of mind to focus on his relationship with Marla. But Marla was... fuck, he didn't know what to think about his wife.

For the past two weeks - Marla sort of "behaved nicely". Most of the time, at least. The first few days were better, then her behavior started squeaking with her outbursts every now and then, where she lashed out at him for this stupid... whatever thing that he did. He couldn't even remember. And now she's silent-treating him on the way to celebrate their anniversary. What a great way for that to start. But... it's to be expected, no? No one can stay nice all the time. And Marla did touch him more than before, which he asked her to do. She almost grabbed his butt after he'd gotten her a bouquet of red roses and a box of chocolate a few days ago.

But above all, ever since Clark booked the hotel - Marla kept telling him how much she couldn't wait to get there, often accompanying that statement with a kiss or a warm touch.

"Babe", Marla suddenly broke the long silence and brought Clark out of his stupor.

"Huh?" Clark said.

"You know they have this amazing spa there", she said, as if nothing had happened before that. She started rubbing his thigh again encouragingly.

"Huh...", Clark said.

"I ordered a couple's massage for us," she said with a sly smile.

Immediately, Clark's first thought was - 'how much a couple's massage must've cost in such an overpriced hotel.' But he couldn't afford to screw it up. "Uhhhh... wow... yeah, sure. If that's what you want... sounds great, uh... honey", he said, still struggling with that word.

"Oh, I can't wait to get to the warm pool. And the Jacuzzi. Did you know they had a dry sauna AND a wet sauna?" Marla said and kept rubbing his thigh. Clark never stopped being amazed at the expertise at which Marla shifted her moods on demand. It kinda made him feel petty and guilty for taking a lot longer to get over his bad mood. Maybe he was exaggerating?

"Oooo and in the morning we have to get up early because they have this amazing buffet! We could spend all morning just trying different things, because they have just so much you can't eat it all in one sitting, so we can just spend a few hours..."

She kept going about the never-ending morning buffet. Clark was getting worried. Doing some simple math in his head, between their long drive, their limited time at the hotel with a checkout at 11 A.M. tomorrow, and all the activities that Marla wanted to do, one couldn't avoid the most obvious question - 'when is she planning to fit in "sex" in that busy schedule of hers?' He wouldn't have been this anxious about sex if it weren't for the fact that the last time they did it happened was almost a whole year ago!

"No wayyyy...", he said dryly, trying and failing to sound enthusiastic.

"Oh and the bar is..."

"You know what? Why don't we decide once we get there?" Clark asked, trying to calm himself down and give Marla the benefit of the doubt.

It was around 4 p.m. by the time Marla and Clark opened the door to their room. It was a lovely room, indeed. 'It should be, at that price...'

"Ooooo, I love it!" Marla exclaimed giddily. Then she stopped and turned around to face Clark. She put her hands over his shoulders. "Thank you, babe. This is perfect", she said, and rose on her toes to kiss him. Clark kissed her back and encircled his large hands over the small of her back. He groaned and felt his dick stiffening again at the feel of Marla's body pressing against his. Clark instinctively pulled their joint bodies towards the bed. However, Marla broke the kiss and placed her palm over his chest.

"Not now, babe. The massage is due in less than 30 minutes", she said and took a step back.

"Oh... right", Clark said, deflated. But Marla seemed so excited, he didn't want to bring her down.

The massage was actually very relaxing. In hindsight, Clark was glad they had it. The girl massaging him was very attentive to his body. She loosened some deep, much needed knots from all over his body. Clark hadn't realized just how tight he's been.

After the massage was over, Clark got up from the table. "Wow, that was..."

"Let's go to the pool!" Marla cut him off excitedly.

"Oh... uh... I thought... yeah... ssssure", Clark felt himself surrendering to Marla's excitement and just tagged along, being too disoriented by the recent massage.

Clark was searching for Marla while standing inside the pool near the edge. He really just wanted to get to their room already, but tried to focus on the fact that he was at a warm, shaded pool with his wife on their anniversary. Well, she was here just a moment ago. Where is...

"Look what I got us, babe!" Marla said as she waddled through the water from the pool-bar with two cocktails and silly umbrellas. She was wearing her one-piece red swimsuit and large sunglasses, despite being indoors.

"Oh, I didn't know there's a bar at the pool", he said, taking the cocktail. He took a sip and grimaced. It was so sweet.

"I tried to tell you. How do you like it?" Marla asked enthusiastically.

"Ummm... it's ok. A little sweet but..."

"It's so relaxing in here", Marla cut him off and leaned against the pool edge next to Clark.

"Yeah, it is", Clark said. He decided to stop being so uptight and try to just enjoy their time together.

However, Marla really took her time. By the time they got out, almost two hours had passed and Marla had drunk four more cocktails. She was beyond tipsy. Clark grew more worried with each drink.

"I'm huuuuuuuungry, babe. Let's eaaaaaaat something", Marla slurred.

"Yyyyyeah, you should probably eat and drink some water", Clark said.

They got dressed and went to the hotel's restaurant. Clark made sure Marla drank some water right away.

"Alright, anything else for you guys?", asked the waiter.

"No, thank you, we're..." said Clark.

"I want a Mojito", interjected Marla. Clark felt his temper rising.

"Honey...", he emphasized as nicely as he could through gritted teeth. "Don't you think you've had enough to drink already?"

"Relax, Clark. Don't be such a downer. It's vacation", Marla chuckled condescendingly, making Clark feel even more petty for trying to be responsible. Clark shook his head and gave up.

Minute by minute, Clark saw his hopes for sex being crushed. He knew Marla all too well. She'd get drunk, then she'd fall asleep in a heartbeat.

It was almost 9 p.m. by the time Clark and Marla finally made their way to the elevator, with Clark having to support Marla's drunk form. At this point, he wasn't sure if he was more furious, disappointed or just exhausted by Marla's attitude. He pressed the button to call the elevator. Marla yawned loudly enough to make Clark look around, embarrassed.

-DING-

They got in the elevator and Clark pressed on the 4th floor button.

"Wow... that was so gooooooooooooood!!!" Marla slurred way too loudly, looking at herself in the mirror. Good thing they were alone in the elevator.

"Yeah", said Clark dryly, feeling depleted of emotions at this point.

"Boy, I'm stuffed!" Marla kept going.

"Yeah", Clark repeated himself.

Marla turned to finally look up at her husband. She lazily put her arms around his waist. Clark raised his eyebrows.

"Babe...", she said with a wide smile and got really close to him. "Today was so much fun!"

Clark felt the butterflies return. Maybe not all is lost after all. Marla got her face inches away from his own, looked him dead in the eyes and said:

"I can't wait to finally get to our room..."

Clark's heart palpitated.

*"And go to **sleep**!" she slurred as she raised her fists in the air, stretching.*

Clark's heart sank.

-DING-

The doors opened. Marla walked out of the elevator.

"You coming, babe?" she said, looking back at him.

Clark held the door but looked at the far wall of the elevator. Under the rail, a slightly peeled orange-and-black sticker of a roaring bear caught his attention - the Chicago Bears logo. He just stared at it while holding the door for a long moment. Rage flooded his body. He slowly looked back at Marla with a look so foreign it made her drunk self focused enough on him.

"Clark?" Marla said. Clark just held the door, looking at his wife. Marla took a half step back. She's never seen him so angry.

*"You can't wait to get to our room - 'and go to **sleep**'?!" he said quietly.*

"Yes, Clark. Now come on already, I'm tired..." whined Marla.

"Wait wait wait. Let me get this straight...", said Clark. "We haven't had sex in almost a year, we come to a hotel for our anniversary, and all you can think of is SLEEP???" he raised his voice.

"Ugh... again with the sex? Sheesh, can't you delay a little gratification, Clark? What are you, twelve? We'll do it some other time then..." Marla waved it off.

*"When? Specifically, Marla - WHEN???" Today's over, you're drunk and half asleep. Tomorrow you planned to spend all morning in your precious buffet... **WHEN DID YOU PLAN TO FUCK WITH YOUR HUSBAND???**" Clark shouted at this point.*

"Clark, come on... not here", Marla shushed him.

"YES HERE!" he boomed again and startled Marla. This was not the Clark she knew.

He glared at her. "Ok, quick recap", Clark kept going in a quiet but menacing voice, holding the door all the while, "we have a huge fight, then you just "decide" to end it... you get all sweet for some time, make me think like you're finally ready to let your "monster of a husband" have sex with you", Clark spat. Marla was stunned silent. Clark kept going:

*"We arrange everything with the kids, you tease me this morning by feeling up my cock before we leave - yes, I was aware of that - getting my hopes up. Then we get to the hotel, but instead of **FUCKING**, after a whole **FUCKING YEAR**, you spend the whole time getting drunk. And you know... you know just how tired you get when you drink, Marla. We're alone, at a hotel, on our anniversary, with no kids - and now you can't wait to go to sleep?? Do you even want to have sex with me... **ever?** Huh, Marla?" Clark growled, hurt and angry more than ever.*

*He expected this to touch Marla, for her to at least say 'yes, but not now', to show any emotion. **Something**. Instead, however, she went on the offense, of course:*

"Ugh... what's the big deal about sex, anyway? Why do you always have to be so melodramatic, Clark? Can't we just enjoy our vacation without you ruining it with your... needs? God, you're so childish... what a fucking cry-baby", she said and crossed her arms.

Normally, Clark would've defended himself. Tried to mitigate things with her. Maybe offer for them to go to sleep and continue this in the morning, after a good night's sleep. This time, though, he chuckled. A chuckle that only scared Marla even further.

"Ruining it with my needs...", he repeated her words quietly to himself. "Do you even hear yourself talk sometimes? God, I'm such an idiot... all these years... you convinced me that I was the problem", he said and shook his head.

Marla was confused by Clark's calm energy. She expected a fight. That's what she was best at.

Clark took a step forward and filled the doorway of the elevator. Marla flinched and took another step back. She's never seen him so... sure of himself.

Clark looked at Marla calmly with the coldest smile she's ever seen. She trembled. With a calm, quiet voice Clark said:

"I've been with you for so long that I started to believe that's just how relationships look like. One-sided, where the wife is always right and bears no accountability, and the man is always wrong, has to apologize for something, provide and get nothing back in return, and still feel guilty all the time.

Marla opened her mouth and closed it immediately.

"But it doesn't have to be this way, Marla. You're not giving me the support that I need as a man, Marla. You're not giving me peace. You only take from me, while giving me nothing in return but anger, apathy, silent treatments, gaslighting, crazy mood-swings, judgement, and constant criticism. You're a barren ground, Marla. You're not a good wife. You're actually a horrible wife, Marla, and I'm going to wither away if I stay with you any longer. I deserve better", Clark said in a calm and collected tone.

"C... Clark", Marla croaked.

"I'm done begging you to want me, Marla. You're a big girl, do what you want. I'm filing for divorce. As of this moment - you and I are only married on paper, and I'll make sure to expedite this process to get this divorce finalized as soon as possible. From now on - you're no longer my wife, and I'm no longer your husband. We're not bound to each other in any way. You're free to find your next poor victim to leech onto, may god have mercy on his poor soul", Clark said with a calm coldness akin to a lawyer's.

"You... you can't..."

"I just did, Marla. You go ahead and enjoy your precious sleep in our room. Your room now, actually. I'm not staying here another second", he said and looked at the button panel in the elevator.

"Wait! C... Clark, wait!" Marla called back frantically at him. Clark stopped and looked back at her. He didn't see a point in staying but felt it was right to at least give her one last opportunity to say what she wanted to say.

"Are... are you taking the car?" Marla asked.

*Clark tucked his chin back to meet his neck and scrunched his face in shock and disgust. Marla just learned that her marriage was over and life as she knew it so far was forever changed - and **that's** her immediate response? 'Are you taking the car?!'*

Clark looked at Marla like she fell from the sky. "Yes, Marla. I am", Clark said and reached his hand for the Lobby button.

"But..." Marla chimed in quickly and Clark stopped again. "How... I... you can't just leave me here! How am I supposed to get back home??" She asked in a frantic attempt to stop him.

Clark smiled back at her. "You know... I heard there's a train station about 2 hours from here that leads back to Elburn. Of course, you'll probably have to take a bus there. Maybe two, then you'll have to switch and wait between buses. Oh, and then there's the train ride, which shouldn't take more than 3-4 hours, tops. Anyways, don't worry, I'm sure the good ol' public transportation will get you home safely. Eventually...", he said with a cold smile.

Marla opened her mouth to protest back but couldn't think of the right response, like her voice was stuck in her throat.

"Good night, Marla. Have a great life", Clark said calmly, then pressed on the Lobby button.

*"Clark!" Marla yelled at him. "You can't do this to me! **Clark!!!**" she screamed.*

The last thing Marla saw before the doors closed was Clark's calm, peaceful smile.

It was the next morning when Clark stood in front of the doorway nervously. He was holding two cups of fresh coffee in a double cup and a paper bag filled with savory and sweet pastries that he'd bought on this Sunday morning from a local bakery. Given the haste in which he left the hotel last night and the long night-drive he had to get to some crappy motel in Southwest Chicago, he was still wearing the same clothes he had on last night. He looked at his phone again to make sure the address that he got was the right one.

He was more nervous than he's ever been. He was tired. But he's also never felt more sure of what he was doing than in this very moment.

Taking 3 deep breaths, feeling his heart pumping blood like a machine, Clark knocked on the door.

Long moments passed before finally, the door was unlocked and opened wide. Clark gasped and almost dropped the coffee cups.

Lina nervously smiled at him.

Clark has never seen her like that.

*Lina's gorgeous mane of vibrant hair flowed exquisitely around her face in the most beautiful waves. A light make up accentuated just enough to elevate her otherworldly beauty. Looking down, tight, blue yoga pants clung to her long, shapely legs and **outrageously** huge, bubbly, perky, round ass cheeks like second skin. Lina wore only 3 inch high heels. It was Sunday morning, after all. Yet, they still emphasized that world-class ass that much more. Yet none of that mattered once Clark looked at the two **atomic bombs** called her boobs. Encased in a*

stretchy white tanktop - they basically filled its entire front and sides and occupied the width of the doorway. No curve was left implied. It was the body of a Latina-goddess, raised to the power of a 100, in all its glory.

Clark forgot what he wanted to say and just stared at her, dumbfounded, with his mouth open. In all honesty, without a hint of sarcasm - the thing that elated Clark's heart, wasn't Lina's boobs, ass, beautiful face or thick hair. It was her warm, peaceful, magnetic, charming, beautiful, loving smile.

Lina giggled and blushed. "Hi Clark. Do you wanna come in?"

* * *

Chapter 10

Clark stood at the doorway and couldn't find the right words to speak. Lina was just... *too* beautiful to look at, and her wide, bashful smile just captivated him. He was *so freakin' nervous!*

"Clark?" Lina repeated herself with a cute giggle.

"Yeah! Sorry... um, thanks... Lina", Clark said, blushing, and finally stepped through the door, holding the double coffee-cup holder and bag of pastries in his hands. He shivered as he passed by Lina and felt her eyes scanning him closely like x-ray beams.

Lina locked the door behind him and turned around, to find Clark standing in the middle of the living room, looking like a lost puppy. She giggled again.

"You can put these on the table over there, Clark, is ok", Lina said with a chuckle and met his eyes. Immediately, she blushed herself as well.

"Oh. Heh, yes, of course", Clark said clumsily. He hurried to set the cups and bag of pastries on the low table in the living room, then sat down on the far edge of the couch. He didn't want to assume anything, so he left as much room for Lina as she felt comfortable with. He felt like a fish out of the water.

-PING-

Clark jumped in his seat at the sound of a text message. It was Marla again. She's been texting and calling him all morning. He only checked out the preview of Marla's message: "**YOU'RE MAKING A HUGE MISTAKE, YOU FUCKING LOSER!!! YOU'LL NEVER FIND ANYONE AS...**" Clark rolled his eyes and slid the message sideways. He then lowered the settings bar, and did something which he's *never* done in his marriage - he muted all sounds. Clark looked back up at Lina and his lips parted in awe.

Lina followed suit after Clark into the living room, walking leisurely towards the couch. Clark tried. He really tried so hard **not** to stare, but **JESUS FUCKING CHRIST...** every single cell of Lina's body just **SCREAMED** of sex. Her motions were round and sensual, her hips swayed **SO FUCKING MUCH** to either side, the sides of her round, perfect ass visible from the **FRONT**, jiggling through her skintight, blue yoga pants.

And her divine breasts... just... just... **fuck!!!** Clark has been exposed to Lina for about a month by now, and *still* he could never stop being flabbergasted by their sheer magnitude. There was big, then there was *huge*. And then - there was **gigantic**. And none of those terms was Lina. For she was on a scale even **BEYOND** that. With her **stretched-to its-limit, ready-to-explode** white tanktop - no bodily contour went missing.

"Soooo...", Lina said in her excited, word-stretching voice. "What do we have heeeeeere?"

Clark cleared his throat and looked adamantly at the table. "Ehm... just... some stuff I got on the way. There are several kinds of puff pastries and croissants. They're still hot out of the oven. I wasn't sure what you liked so I got some of each kind. Oh and I brought 2 cappuccinos, I marked this one as yours. It's with skim milk and half a teaspoon of brown sugar. I hope I got it right..." Clark said nervously. He quickly opened the large paper bag to reveal its contents for easy access.

"You remembered!" Lina said excitedly. "Thank you, Clark, that's so nice of you."

"Uh... yeah, heh. Of course. I mean, I see how you drink your coffee every day, so... uh... um... I... uh... heh... hi", Clark trailed off.

The reason was that Lina simply sat down on the couch. However, she didn't sit on the far edge away from Clark. She also didn't sit next to him. Instead - she sat in both places at once! While the *seemingly* large space that was left next to Clark would've sufficed for two people, it was instead occupied almost *entirely* by Lina's ass alone!

Clark felt her weight sinking *deeply* into the couch and felt his body sinking as well towards Lina's right thigh, like a little planet caught in the gravity field of a supermassive black hole.

Lina's luscious right thigh was a mere couple of inches away from his left one. Her boobs not only sat *heavily* onto her thighs now, but actually covered her knees as well, reaching up to Lina's chin, and protruding sideways so much that Lina's right boob hovered a couple of inches away from Clark's left thigh. He took a long, quiet breath, trying to calm his nerves.

"Ohhh it's from Barney's bakery. I love this place!" Lina exclaimed excitedly.

"I'm glad you love it", Clark said with a nervous smile. Lina looked at him thoughtfully.

"Thanks, Clark. I appreciate it", Lina said with a kind smile and touched his shoulder briefly, before quickly taking her hand back, like she remembered she shouldn't.

Lina then reached *over* her boobs, leaned *way* forward, crushed her boobs down as much as possible then carefully took out a delicious-looking, hot empanada. Her right boob momentarily brushed against Clark's left thigh as a result before she leaned back again. Clark held his breath and didn't dare to move until the contact was disconnected.

Taking a little bite, Lina closed her eyes softly. "Mmmmmmm! That's *almost* as good as what we have in Colombia", she said, relishing its texture and deep taste.

Clark smiled. He only took a nervous sip from his own coffee, but otherwise didn't touch the pastries. Lina took several more small bites from her hot empanada before she noticed how quiet Clark is.

"Clark... Is everything ok?" she asked and put her half-eaten empanada down on the table, turning a little towards Clark and giving him her undivided attention. Her right boob lightly grazed

Clark's left knee occasionally, depending on Lina's posture. Clark was having a very hard time meeting Lina's eyes. He was looking intently at the floor, ashamed.

"Yes. No, actually", he said and started rotating his coffee cup on the table pointlessly.

"What happened?" Lina asked, worried.

"Nothing. I mean... nothing like *that*. Just...", Clark said and sighed. "I don't even know how to say it."

Lina felt her heart beating. She wasn't sure where Clark was going with this, but she's never seen him so serious, and she got really anxious all of a sudden.

"Lina I... I wanted to explain myself", Clark started.

"Explain yourself? For what?" Lina asked. Clark looked up at her and almost cried due to how beautiful she was. She was looking with her big, huge, magnetic eyes deep into his own with concern and empathy, and she was just... god, she was the most beautiful girl he's ever seen. And she seemed so vulnerable. It was almost too much to take in. But he tried his best.

"These past few weeks...", Clark started, and Lina's face showed she immediately knew what he was talking about. Clark took a deep breath and continued:

"I'm sure you've felt something off about my behavior. I just had to come here and tell you that it had nothing to do with you, Lina. You were nothing but kind and sweet and just so wonderful to be around. I was cold to you, and I honestly feel like shit for doing that to you. You didn't deserve *any* of this and I just had to tell you in person how sorry and ashamed I am for my behavior."

Lina was quiet and seemed like she was processing what Clark was saying. Clark kept twisting his cup on the table aimlessly.

"Clark... what's going on?" Lina said.

"It doesn't matter. Really, there's no excuse for how I acted, Lina", Clark said with a nervous, cracked voice. "I saw how hurt you were, and it killed me inside. I didn't *want* to act this way, I just felt like I had no other choice."

Lina took Clark's left hand in both of hers near her right shoulder. She looked him dead in the eyes.

"Clark, if you want us to talk, you have to be honest with me. What happened? You can tell me", she said assertively but compassionately. Clark's face reddened. His heart pounded like crazy. This was it. This was the moment. He had to talk. He took another deep breath and continued:

"I never really spoke about this before, but... I've been having some problems with my marriage. Some **big** problems. My wife and I... well... *Marla* and I... ugh... the truth is... just a few days

before you came to the school - Marla and I had the biggest fight we've ever had. I'll spare you the details but... our marriage hasn't been great for several years now, to say the least. And the past month was the *worst* of my life. I don't know if you could tell how exhausted I was every day, but - that was the reason."

Lina kept looking compassionately at Clark, holding his hand and listening to him intently. Actually, he felt a little comforting squeeze of her hands onto his. She was just there for him, hearing him out. It felt so good. So peaceful, like her compassionate, active listening was softly caressing his distressed soul.

"Then... *you* came along, Lina. Right into my darkest hour, and...", Clark stopped and blushed even further. "And you just lit everything up. Life just felt... so great. The energy you brought with you, Lina... it's just... god... I've *never* met anyone as charming and kind as you", he said.

This made Lina blush. She felt her own stomach churning with excitement. She couldn't believe her ears.

"I started looking forward to meeting you everyday. My life was just one big ugly mess, and the only time I felt I had some peace, quiet and joy was when I was teaching with you. You made it impossible to feel sad or to dwell on my breaking marriage. I just couldn't get enough of being next to you, any chance I got", Clark said.

Lina squeezed his hand more firmly now and started breathing more heavily. God her hands were so soft and warm and pleasant to the touch. His dick suddenly stirred in his pants to his horror.

"I felt a lot of shame, trying to get close to you, but I just couldn't stop myself. And I fooled myself to think I had it all under control. But then..."

"Came the Salsa dance", Lina completed his thoughts, and blushed even more.

"Yes... the Salsa dance", Clark confirmed with a heavy heart, and Lina shifted in her seat. "Lina, I... I felt something there. And...", he felt his heart rate skyrocket through the roof. "And I think... *you* did, too."

Lina immediately blushed like a tomato. She looked down for a moment but didn't let go of Clark's hand.

Clark has *never* been this excited. He felt *significant* movement in his crotch now as his dick escaped his underwear and started making its way along his right thigh. '*Shit shit shit!*' Clark did his best to sit in a way to camouflage it, but it was getting *harder* by the second.

"I think I got scared then", Clark stammered, having trouble forming full sentences with his hardening dick. "I realized that I was..."

“What... Clark?” Lina almost whispered, squeezing his hand desperately. Clark felt his stomach about to burst from the inside. ‘*Why can’t I stop shivering??*’

“That...”, he sighed. “I was developing... feelings for you. Strong feelings”, he said and allowed a pause.

Lina’s mouth opened in a big “O” shape. She couldn’t believe what she was hearing. Without realizing it, she inched closer to Clark until their thighs touched. Her right boob now touched Clark’s thigh permanently, gently resting lightly on it. She kept squeezing his hand like a stress ball.

Clark felt the tension rising to critical levels. His dick was no longer in control, reaching halfway through his right thigh by now.

“Clark...” Lina whispered, breathing hard, her face suddenly closer to his.

“It was at this point, however...”, Clark continued. Lina’s heart dropped. Never in her life has she hated a word more strongly than the word ‘*however*’. “...that I realized I was not in control. I never was. I didn’t trust myself around you. You were just *too much* to resist, Lina. That’s why I was cold to you. I was married and didn’t want to cross a line I couldn’t come back from”, Clark said, shaking like a leaf at this point.

Lina was stunned. And yet, something he said caught her attention. She let go of Clark’s hand and scooted a bit away from Clark. His heart dropped.

“Was married?” Lina asked with a raised eyebrow. Clark looked up at the ceiling and sighed before he looked back down at Lina.

“Yes. Marla and I split up. I told her I’m filing for divorce, and that I no longer consider us married anymore”, Clark said. Lina frowned.

“Clark... I don’t know what to say”, she said. So many thoughts raced through Lina’s mind. “I’m... I’m sorry.”

“I’m not”, Clark said in a steady voice. Lina lifted her eyebrows in surprise.

“Did I...”, Lina said hesitantly.

“No”, Clark cut her off before she could even finish. “You had nothing to do with us splitting up, Lina. Frankly, I should’ve done it *years* ago. I’ve been fighting like hell to keep this marriage afloat, but it was always a one-sided effort. If there’s one thing I know without a shadow of a doubt - is that this was the right call.”

Lina was quiet, trying to process it all. Her emotions were stirring in her body. Clark pondered his words before speaking again.

“Actually”, he said. “You *did* have one thing to do with this. You showed me there’s another way. You showed me that it doesn’t have to be so tough. I guess I was in so deep that I had a tough time seeing things clearly. But I do now. So... um... thank you, Lina. For everything.”

Lina shed a tear.

“Clark... I have a job interview in another school next week”, she said in a croaked voice, giving Clark a moment to process. Clark’s heart dropped.

“Oh. Uh... congra... I mean... good... good luck...”, Clark said somberly as he turned to look at his coffee cup on the table.

“Clark”, Lina said, taking Clark’s hand in hers again.

“What?” Clark said, felt his throat choke.

“Clark, look at me”, Lina said softly. Clark couldn’t bear to look at her. What did he think was gonna happen?

“Should I go to this job interview or not?” she asked, inches away from his face.

The coffee cup suddenly looked blurry, and Clark realized his eyes were watering. He knew exactly what she was asking him. His thoughts were screaming at him with all sorts of opposing opinions.

“You should do what’s best for you, Lina. I’m not in any position to tell you what to do. I only want for you to be happy and fulfilled”, he said at the coffee cup. “Look, I just came to explain myself. I said what I said. I think I should get going, Lina”, he said and wiped a tear quickly.

“Clark, please look at me”, Lina said in a pained voice. Clark couldn’t hide from her any longer and looked up at her with teary eyes. He was so embarrassed to be crying like that. Then, to his amazement, he saw Lina was crying as well.

“Should I go to the interview?” Lina repeated her question with her most meaningful look. Clark was shivering. Lina was shivering. They stared into each other’s eyes for a long moment, their faces less than a foot apart. Lina looked deep into his eyes, then down at his lips for the briefest moment, then back up into his eyes. And just like that - Clark’s mind went silent.

She looked so vulnerable with her big, beautiful, watery eyes. Clark’s heart pumped like never before.

He reached forward and kissed her.

*

It was only a tender, little kiss before Clark moved back and looked at Lina, waiting for her reaction. Slowly, Lina placed a hand on her open lips, then looked back at Clark. Her eyes opened wide in shock.

“Clark...”, she said softly. Gradually, her shock turned to need.

She reached both her hands towards his neck under his cheekbones and pulled him in for a second, more urgent kiss. Then a third kiss. And a fourth and a fifth, over and over again.

Clark’s body exploded into the most blissful feeling. He moaned, melting into the softness of Lina’s full, sensual lips. Whatever expectation he’d built up in his head of how sweet and soft her lips were gonna feel like - this kiss surpassed it a hundred times over. It was like kissing an angel. Pure, 100% femininity and softness consumed his soul and made all the built-up tension, worry, sadness and anger that bore down on Clark’s soul for years - evaporate into nothingness. The only thing that mattered right now was the fact that Lina was kissing him. Passionately!

“Mmmmmmmmmmm... mmmmm.... Mmmmmmm... ay Clark... MMMMMM...

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!” she kept moaning in between kisses with sizzling passion, her heat rising like a piping hot pressure cooker on a stove.

Lina couldn’t get enough of Clark. After being held back by metaphorical shackles for the past month, working so closely with the man she was quickly falling in love with and being unable to do anything about it - she had him. She finally had him. And there’s no force on earth, the galaxy, the universe, in heaven or in hell that would stop her now from kissing this wonderful, sexy man.

She felt Clark’s left hand grazing her thigh. Without a moment’s hesitation - Lina grabbed his hand and placed it on the side of her waist encouragingly. Clark’s eyes opened in pleasant shock. He got the message loud and clear, and pulled Lina’s slender waist towards him. Lina moaned loudly into his mouth through endless kisses, and with a little sideways hop - scooped her body closer to him, right into Clark’s personal space.

Their bodies were now tightly bound side by side together. Lina’s shapely right thigh was mashed against Clark’s left one. Her fingers moved further forward into the back of his neck and up in between his hairs. She gently sifted through groups of hair and scratched the back of his scalp with her sharp, sexy fingernails, making Clark shiver in utter bliss from the wild sensations going through his body.

And Lina’s right boob just **SMOTHERED** Clark’s *entire* torso, fitting itself into it like a glove. Her heavy flesh just **sat** on Clark’s thighs. Actually, Lina’s right boob basically covered his *entire* lap, encroached onto his knees, while simultaneously **mashed** into his stomach and chest! It was so heavy, it felt like a ball made of lead. Clark had no idea how she carried so much weight, then remembering this was only **half** of what she carried every day.

Nothing, no force in nature - could stop Clark’s dick from becoming *diamond-hard* right now. His cock was **throbbing** painfully hard along his right thigh. Lina felt the long, thick and hot tube

pushing against her right boob. Her eyes opened wide in utter shock, and it took her *long* moments to even register what she was feeling, because there's no way this thing was what she thought it was. Yes, she remembered something big poking her during the Salsa dance, but she didn't remember it to be *this* big!!!

Clark was a little scared she'd become freaked out or grossed out by him getting hard so fast, and tried to adjust his dick as best as he could to be aimed lower, below her boob. But he was stunned when Lina did the exact *opposite* and ***leaned further into*** him. Now there was nowhere to escape. Lina was angled such that she was half-facing him. His cock was ***heavily*** buried under the most ***massive*** mass, made of her right boob. It had some softness, but only *just barely*. It had that same odd tightness he'd felt when they danced together.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm oh godmmmmmpphhhhhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmmmmmmmm", Clark tried to moan, only to be "attacked" a second later by another passionate kiss from Lina.

Lina knew *exactly* what she was doing, and she enjoyed every second of it. ***Nothing*** would stop her now from doing what she craved to do for so long - to be as close to Clark as physically possible. She lodged her boob as hard and deep as she could into Clark's lap, sinking not only its natural ***massive*** weight onto him, but also pushing *down* into his body as well. She made sure that giant tube of hard flesh she was feeling was ***smothered*** as much as possible. And to top it all off - Lina started gyrating back and forth against Clark's torso, which further stimulated his throbbing dick..

This was too good to be true. Clark's right hand gently slid and held Lina's swan-like neck, aiming her face towards his own. His elbow gently rested on a *tiny tiny* portion of her upper, left breast. His left hand very gently held onto the most sculpted, slender waist he's ever felt. It almost felt *illegal* to be grabbing such a perfect waist. Like he shouldn't be allowed to touch such feminine perfection. Yet, Lina gave him every sign she could to confirm she not only agreed to it, but *wanted* it.

And so, like a child entering a candy store - Clark's appetite grew and he grabbed her waist with enthusiasm. Over and over again his left hand groped that *marvelous*, feminine taper, where the side of her chest curved inwards towards a petite waist, then tapered ***absurdly*** outwards towards the bounds of her right upper ass cheek. It was like the most perfect handle for his hand to latch onto. And every time he squeezed that curve, Lina moaned louder and more passionately, getting hotter and wetter, gyrating into Clark along with each of his squeezes.

"Mmmmmm.... Ay sí, Clark... mmmmmm... jyes... mmmmmmm I love it when you feel my body like that... mmmmmm.... it's so *hot* for you... jyes, baby, that feels so good... mmmmmmmmm.", she softly purred into his mouth, gyrating back and forth against him, kissing him ardently again and again.

Clark swore he could die that moment a happy man. He could've stopped it all there and had a blissful, stupid smile for the entire next year. But Lina had no plans to stop anytime soon.

The two made out lustfully, with neither one being able to, nor wanting to stop themselves. Clark's cock was smothered continuously, being stroked again and again by Lina's gigantic mass of boobage, spewing precum copiously all the while.

Finally, after at least 15 minutes of nonstop kissing and moaning, Lina pulled back just a tiny bit, taking a little breather. Clark and Lina both gasped, feeling the hot air flowing between their mouths, inches apart from each other.

"Clark... -GASP- you have no idea -GASP- how long -GASP- I wanted to do this", Lina said hotly, her forehead connected to Clark's. Clark looked into the most beautiful eyes he's ever seen from zero-distance, feeling the lust emanating from them. His whole body was shaking and he held Lina's sexy waist tighter.

"Yes I do, Lina", he said through his own gasps. "I wanted you so bad from the second I stepped into Mr. Sheffield's office and saw the most beautiful woman I've ever laid eyes on." He looked truthfully into her eyes, feeling himself going weak. Lina felt her whole body filling with millions of emotional butterflies. Her gorgeous eyes opened wide and she resumed **attacking** Clark's entire face with everything she had within her.

* * *

Chapter 11

It felt like the previous make out session was a mere child's play compared to what happened now. Lina openly French-kissed Clark, swirling her tongue skillfully against his own and sending the strongest chills throughout his body. Clark could only do his best to match the ferocious energy of his Latin lover, kissing her back longingly and groping her slender waist and back. **Fuck**, she was super toned. She had these tiny, slender but strong, feminine muscles covering her torso. It felt a bit off, like he wasn't gripping her *actual* back, but a thick fabric instead underneath.

Lina didn't stop there. After a minute she left Clark's mouth and wandered towards his neck, planting hot kisses and even little licks (!) onto every inch of his neck. It was like she discovered new erogenous spots for Clark that he wasn't aware of.

“Oh my *goddddddddddddddd!!!!!!*” He groaned out loud in arousal and his eyes fluttered upwards. Lina hummed victoriously through her kisses and licks, relishing the fact that Clark was **clearly** enjoying her ministrations and that she was making him hotter. Clark’s hard dick was throbbing like crazy and kept spewing precum all the while.

He let go of Lina's neck and circled his right arm over the underside of her right boob. He actually tried reaching her waist from the other side. However, that **massive**, over-inflated beachball was like a wall of flesh blocking the way. Therefore, despite how long Clark's arms were, his fingers still *just barely* grazed the other side of Lina's slender waist. And this wasn't even the widest part of its circumference!

“Ay sí, mi amor! Hug me like that. Squeeze my body into you. I **love** feeling your strong muscles handling me”, Lina purred with an aching need as she rose from his neck higher, whispering softly right into his ear with her hot breath.

Clark shivered at the sound of her divine voice so close and instinctually hugged her inwards. Initially, Lina's right boob was pulled as a semi-tough boulder against his entire torso. Then, with an inaudible '*fwoomp!*' - his right arm squeezed its way under Lina's boob, moving inwards more and more and *more and more* before **finally** reaching the front of her tight, slim waist.

Lina's waist felt so small and Clark found a special sense of arousal squeezing it with his arms. Not painfully, of course, but tightly enough to apply a pleasant, light-bearhug pressure all around Lina's tiny, sexy waist. His entire right arm was now buried under Lina's right tit. '*Jesus Christ it's so fucking **heavy!!!***' he thought, astounded. He knew it was heavy, but it was **HEAVIER** than he expected.

**"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"**, Lina moaned passionately upon feeling Clark hugging her like that, and the tip of her tongue automatically stuck right into his left ear hole! She was beyond all reason at this point, and licked away into and around that sensitive hole with her tongue's skillful tip.

Clark almost came right then and there. Whatever chills he *thought* had been strong up to that point - were **nothing** compared to the **tsunami-like** shivers this tongue maneuver did to him. Never in his life has *any* girl done something like that to him. He hasn't even considered the ear as an option. Yet somehow - that felt almost as good as driving his cock up a tight, wet pussy. Almost better, in some regards. His cock spewed the biggest glob of precum thus far, in an amount that would rival a full man's entire load.

The shivers Clark felt made him inadvertently squeeze Lina over and over again, which got Lina hot and wet, and made her intensify her passionate licking and kissing of his ear, cheek and basically the entire side of his face. Clark groped more and more of Lina's **dangerously** sexy midriff. Occasionally, his left hand rose to caress and graze her slender, sexy back up and down with his fingers, which sent shivers throughout Lina's HOT body and made her moan even louder. He desperately french kissed her whenever her mouth returned back to meet his lips, which made Lina even *hotter* and *wetter* in turn, and so on in a positive-feedback, ever-hotter loop.

For another 10-15 minutes they went at it. Clark had no idea how he made it this far without cumming, but he knew he was as close as humanly possible to his breaking point.

In parallel to Lina's rising passion - she felt herself also getting more and more frustrated. Clark was such a gentleman, and so far he didn't go beyond hugging her, kissing her and caressing her back. She realized she had to take matters into her own hands.

Without missing a beat while kissing Clark's lips, Lina sent each of her hands over and under her breasts, respectively. She gently encircled her long, slender fingers around each of Clark's wrists. His eyes opened in panic, afraid that he might've groped her unpleasantly and thus stopped altogether. However, Lina gently guided both of his hands upwards!

What started as a lightly concave curve on either side of that sexy waist, suddenly convexed **ridiculously** outwards. Clark's large hands rested firmly against Lina's right boob now. His left hand from outside, and the right one from below. And as if to make sure there was no doubt about what she wanted - Lina latched her own fingers around Clark's in each hand, and pushed his hands *deeper* into her right boob.

Clark wasn't a religious person. But... '*who knows... maybe there is a god?*' he thought. Only something as divine as this could feel so good. Initially, he groped Lina's boob very gently. But when he felt Lina's approving moans, he groped again, more urgently. Lina moaned louder, and Clark realized it was an open buffet - and fucking **mauled** that gigantic mega boob with his hands. At least as much as he could manage, given how inflexible it was...

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmm sí, baby! Feel up my tits... they need your large, strong hands so much! Grope and feel them as much as you can, mi amor!" Lina moaned. Only when she was sure Clark got the message - did she resume holding back his face and kissing him with an ever increasing passion.

Clark squeezed and groped that boob from every angle and in every way he could. He had pretty large hands, yet he was amazed to find he could put at least 10 **pairs** of his hands around that *single* boob and still probably not cover it in its entirety! He also realized just how *difficult* it was to squeeze her boob and make a dent in it. This thing was **tough!**

Lina kept moaning like a cat in heat all the while. Her hands started travelling all over Clark's upper body, either grazing his back with her fingernails, feeling up his strong arms and shoulders and sending shivers through Clark's body, or reaching up to the back of his head and grazing it with her fingernails. Clark shuddered and shivered with the insane, wild sensations Lina made him feel.

However, Clark suddenly realized he'd neglected her left boob entirely. He moved his right hand to fondle and squeeze and grope that boob as well. Lina's moans rose an octave and signaled to him she *more than* approved of this move.

That left breast was basically hovering in the air all the while. Instinctively, Clark wanted to alleviate Lina's burden and help her lift it. He brought the open palm of his right hand to the underside of her left breast and lifted.

Or, at least, he *tried* to.

While his hand sank a couple of inches upwards into her left boob, its upper slope didn't rise an inch!! Clark had applied the equivalent pressure necessary to lift a heavy bowling-ball, and yet, apparently, that *still* wasn't enough to lift that boob. Clark knew it was going to be heavy, but he swore this boob weighed **more** than it should have. Like there was more mass than meets the eye. Not only that, but his widespread right hand had **so much** surface area of underboob that was left untouched. '**FUCK...** *just how huge are her tits???*'

He needed backup. Clark brought his other hand from the other side and placed it underneath Lina's left boob as well. Together - **both** of his hands spread out as much as possible and covered *some* additional (though far from all) surface area of Lina's left underboob. Clark prepared himself. Lina stopped kissing him for a moment and leaned back a little. She was watching him and a wide smile spread on her face. She was amused by this.

"Go on, big boy. It's heavy, but I **know** you can lift it, baby. You're so stroooooooooong", she teased him. Clark looked anxiously at Lina, then back at the task at hand(s). He prepared himself, then lifted with all his might.

"Hnnnnnnnnngggggggg... Jjjjjjesus... Fffffffucking... Cccccchrist... gggggggod... **ffffffffffffffuck!!!**" Clark spat through the **monumental** effort he put into lifting this Atlas stone.

Slowly, Lina's left boob rose up. Clark felt an ever increasing amount of weight *added* to his total load with each additional inch up of rising tit, as he took more and more weight off of Lina's shoulders. *Finally*, Lina's left breast rose up high enough to be held entirely by Clark in the air.

Clark's face was red with effort. He took shallow, strong breaths and tried to maintain his hold. He was stunned! His hands were shaking with effort. He wasn't a bodybuilder, but was pretty strong. He knew *that* much. Yet - a *single* tit of this Latina-goddess brought his muscles close to their limits. How the *hell* did she carry **two** of those all day, every day??? This single tit must've weighed... what - 40 lbs? No, no way. That felt **way** too light for what he was holding. 60 maybe? Actually, 70 felt more right. At least! It just didn't make any sense!!!

He struggled to maintain his grip on Lina's left tit and looked up at her in disbelief. Lina smiled back widely.

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm... that's such a load off my back. Thank you, baby. See? I knew you were strong enough to lift my "*little*" titty", Lina smiled mischievously at Clark and winked at him, then planted a little, loving kiss on his shocked lips while he was panting, his face red with effort.

Clark's hands were trembling. He didn't know how much longer he could hold that boob, yet a primal part of his brain forced him to keep holding it for as long as possible. Thankfully, Lina put him out of his misery by getting up off the couch, and gradually alleviating him of her breast's heavy load. She stood a bit sideways from him while looking down at him, biting her lower lip playfully. Clark rubbed his aching traps after having this **immense** load being taken off of his hands.

His eyes finally focused back on Lina, starting from her toned calves, up to her luscious thighs, over her **accident-causing** ass that bulged obscenely behind her, then over to her impossibly slender waist, those **fucking MOUNTAINS** of her boobs, all the way up to her *beyond*-angelic face, all framed by vast, vibrant, wild hazel hair, cascading in beautiful waves around her upper body. Every inch of this goddess screamed **SEX SEX SEX**. She was a literal sex goddess.

"Wow!" Clark blurted without even thinking. "Lina... h... how... how are you this... **perfect?**" he said, his eyes almost watering with awe. Lina blushed back at him and felt herself getting so hot and wet down there. She looked back at Clark with fevered arousal.

"Thank you, baby. You make me feel these butterflies. You're very handsome yourself. And **really** cute. You're so cute, Clark. And hot! You're so goddamn hot. I hope you know that", she said with fire in her eyes. Clark gulped in response and felt his dick spew another glob of precum.

"Lina?" Clark said, trembling as he looked up at her.

Lina didn't respond immediately. Instead, she took a high step over his seated leg, then another step with her other leg, to finally stand *in between* Clark's two spread out legs. She then turned back to face him. "Jyes, baby?" she finally said, standing on her heels with her legs closed and her boobs now hovering 2 inches away from Clark's face. He looked up at her face beyond the endless canyon of her twin mountains. *Each* of her boobs **dwarfed** his own face many times over. He couldn't help being immediately thrown back to that day at the staff lounge.

"I... I don't understand... h... how are you so... so...", he couldn't bring himself to finish the sentence.

"So what?" Lina asked, teasing him and swayed her torso left and right, causing the visible cleavage to jiggle gently from side to side. Her boobs were so close they almost smacked him in his cheeks.

"So... uh... *-gulp-*... um... b... big?" Clark finally managed. Lina smiled wide at him and took a little step forward until her legs met the couch. Her boobs met his face, gently grazing his nose and cheeks.

"Why are you asking? Are they... **too big** for you, Clark?" she asked huskily. Clark shook his head '*no*' quickly, before realizing he inadvertently smacked her cleavage with his nose, and stopped. "Nnnnn... no... not at all. They're the perfect size, Lina", Clark stammered. Lina hummed pensively.

"Hmmm... so - you're not grossed out by their size?" she pressed on and *literally* pressed her boobs further into his face. There was no way for Clark to avoid direct contact with Lina's bust now. Not that he wanted to anyway.

"Gro... Lina, I **LOVE** them! Are you crazy? Your boobs are perfect. All this time, it took everything in me to **not** stare at them nonstop. I tried being respectful to you, but... god! It was so hard. I can't believe how massive they are. They're... the most **magnificent** tits I've ever **seen**. If you'd let me - I'd never do anything but feel them up all day long", Clark said, looking up at her beautiful face beyond the horizon while his chin was lodged into a *tiny-tiny-tiny-tiny-tiny-tiny-tiny-tiny* portion of her bosom.

Lina looked down at him intently for a long moment, making Clark anxious. Did he say too much? Did he offend her?

He trembled on the couch, looking up at Lina, her breasts relentlessly pushing the lower part of his face. Then, after what felt like forever - a mischievous smile suddenly spread on her face.

"Ok, then. Take a deep breath", she said simply.

"Take a *what???*" Clark squeaked, before he felt Lina's soft hands grabbing the back of his head and shoving his face **into** the front of her tanktop.

"**Mmmmmphhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhmmmmmmmmffffff!!!!!!**" Clark's stunned voice was muffled against Lina's **monumental** bosom. His face sank up to his ears into her clothed cleavage. He couldn't understand what was happening. It was completely surreal. For a whole month he's been dreaming of being in this exact position, and now it actually happened. Clark instinctively sent each of his arms **widely** around each of Lina's tits and squeezed the shit out of them inwards, again and again, smothering his face further.

Lina closed her eyes and hummed gleefully, an indulging smile finally spread wide on her face. For so long her body *ached* to just smother that wonderful, honest, good, humble, **sexy** man in her giant bosom. To surround him with herself and squeeze. “Mmmmmm síííííííííí, sí, mi amorcito...enjoy them, devour them, squeeze them as much as you want. More, baby. **More...**”, she purred softly and shoved Clark’s face a bit more firmly inside with one hand, while her other hand was rubbing the back of his head softly in circular motions. Lina was almost delirious with arousal, reaching a semi-hypnotic state.

This was beyond Clark’s wildest dreams. Actually, this was *exactly* his dream. Well, almost...

The problem was - as much as he was enjoying himself, his nose actually hurt a little bit. Lina’s breasts had *just* a tiny bit of softness to them, but were overall quite *hard*, weirdly enough. Lina was feeling the same frustration, knowing she could’ve shoved him in **a lot** deeper, if only... After a minute of this she released his head and Clark came up for air.

“Are you ok?” she asked with some concern, seeing Clark’s red face.

“Yeah... I’m good, why?” he asked, rubbing his aching nose.

“I just don’t want to hurt you, baby. My current *situation* is a bit constricted. I know my boobs can feel pretty hard...”, she said.

“Oh...”, Clark said back, not knowing what else to say. “Well, I mean... I *did* feel quite a bit of resistance in there but don’t worry, I’m fine.”

Lina squeezed her lips shut sideways, looking as cute as ever, before she said: “But I can make it much softer! Let me make it up to you. Just give me a moment. Well, a few moments. This might take a while, actually. But it’ll be worth it! I hope... Anyway, just... um... don’t freak out, ok?” she said, worried.

“Make it up to me? For wh...” Clark trailed off.

*

Lina stepped out of the ‘V’ between Clark’s legs and walked behind the coffee table, then looked back at Clark, blushing profusely. Clark was looking at her, hypnotized, when a second later - his jaw dropped. He just stopped breathing altogether as he witnessed the **hottest** sight of his life. His dick lurched again and again and again, eager to escape the prison of his pants already, but Clark’s eyes were fixated on the sight in front of him.

Lina’s hands had travelled down to the lower hems of her white tanktop, and pulled up. However, the curves of those boobs could *not* be understated. This wasn’t going to be a quick and easy *pull-and-toss* motion. No... this was a **battle**. Lina tugged each side of her *beyond*-stretched-out tanktop with all her might, grunting with effort as she tried to get all the material over the widest part of her boobs. She got some traction but not much. It was *that* tight.

Trying again, she added a little jump to the tug, making her **MASS** at the front bounce as a single unit. But it was still a no go.

She put the lower hems back down and decided to try to pull her tanktop from the other end instead. Her arms lifted the straps of her tanktop higher and higher, the stretchy material covering her face and going beyond, while the lower parts struggled to rise above those **XL-Beachballs**. When Lina's arms were stretched all the way up - her boobs lifted by several inches, which was just enough to allow Clark to *finally* see a tiny hint of her super slim and fit waist from the front. God, how he wanted to just fucking grab that tight waist with his large hands. He was pretty sure he'd be able to encircle it with both hands.

The lower slopes of Lina's tanktop rose higher until finally her white bra started to be revealed from below. Clark felt like a teenager about to have sex for the first time. With her face covered, Lina's fingers pulled more and more of the material upwards in small increments, while more and more of her ('...bra? Wait... what's **that**?!') was revealed. Clark furrowed his eyebrows in confusion.

With a final tug - Lina managed to eventually pull the rest of her tanktop and threw it back towards the couch, covering Clark's face with it.

She giggled cutely. "Oops... sorry, Clark."

Clark was too stunned to speak, being surrounded by white. Lina's tanktop had such an alluring, feminine smell, he could've sniffed it for a week. Slowly, he took off the tanktop from his head and spread it out. Then spread it some more. And then even *more*. God... Clark was a tall guy, with a rather wide shoulder-frame. Yet, this tanktop could fit *two* of him inside, with quite more room to spare! And to think it was *still* being stretched to the absolute limit on Lina??? Looking at the tag, his eyes widened in shock to find the label '**TXL**'. Then he looked back up at Lina and dropped the tanktop to the floor as an afterthought.

Lina was biting her lower lip anxiously, waiting to see his reaction. Clark's mouth ran dry as he tried to comprehend what he was looking at. It looked as if Lina was wearing a white, double-plated **body-armor**! This was certainly *not* just a normal bra. Clark wouldn't be surprised if someone told him this body-armor could stop bullets! The sturdy white cloth seemed to be about an **inch** thick, clinging all around Lina's torso like a second skin.

Two enormous plates of this thick '*armor-like*' fabric were connected at the front by a long, vertical line, made of military-grade stitching. Lina looked like '*Xena: Warrior Princess*', only she was wearing white, and was several *orders of magnitude* larger than Xena. And more beautiful, of course. **Each** plate could theoretically be used to hold food for an entire, hungry football team, with a diameter of almost two feet. Its thick straps covered Lina from shoulder to the base of her neck, and still looked like they were under a pressure so great they'd *snap* at any moment. Lina's... whatever-garment-this-was - was holding on for dear life! Despite how unbelievably gigantic each plate was, Lina's boobs pushed this grotesquely massive garment forward to the bursting point!

Clark's hungry eyes stared dead-center into the front of Lina's body-armor. She had about 6 inches of cleavage. Actually, it was more than "*just cleavage*". Because "*just cleavage*" would simply imply that the upper-mid section of a girl's resting breasts was exposed instead of covered.

With Lina, however, her breasts didn't *rest* exposed. They *surged* upward under the **monumental** pressure of some structural limit, making the fabric of her body-armor look like a dam trembling at its breaking point. The deep, shadowed crease between them was the result of some sort of *exhaust*. A narrow outlet, like the hiss of a pressure cooker, allowed a mere *fraction* of her flesh to escape, while keeping the **massive** lion's share of her boobs contained within. That was an H-cup's worth of boobage, and yet - this soft, heavy expanse he was staring at was only the tiny bit of flesh that managed to escape! The sheer physical reality of it astounded Clark. He breathed in once and forgot to exhale. His cock was straining so hard in his pants it hurt!

Under her armpits - more flesh escaped, contained by another pink fabric, showing about an E-cup's worth of boob escaping from each side. Clark stared at the mass of flesh under Lina's right armpit. He really didn't want to think about Marla at the moment, but he just couldn't help the automatic comparison. If he took Marla's bra and encircled its cups around that *single* mass of flesh - it would still overflow the cups a little! And yet, this little side mass of Lina's right boob was a sub-sub-sub-sub portion of the overall size he was looking at.

And yet, there was more! At the bottom, that white garment was leveled with Lina's upper hips, yet it didn't touch them, for it was instead pushed forward by half a foot away from her upper thighs! A hint of that same pink fabric protruded from below the lower hems of Lina's white body-armor.

Clark was *beyond* stunned. There was just no way around this. As big... as *huge*... as **monumental**... as **GIGANTIC** as that white garment was - it was **woefully** inadequate to properly contain Lina's even **BIGGER** bosom. What... the actual... **FUCK???**

"Lina... wh... what... how... huh???" Clark barely managed. Lina's blush intensified, but she maintained a soft, shy eye contact with her astounded man on her couch.

"Clark... this is my binder", Lina explained with anxiousness in her voice.

"Binder??" Clark said incredulously.

"It's... meant to... help me *manage* my size. Well, manage is not a good word. *Reduce* it would be a better word, actually", she said.

"REDUCE IT???" Clark exclaimed. No way was this real. It was a dream. It had to be. Yet, his ever throbbing dick spewing more precum reminded him otherwise. Lina nodded softly and blushed even more, somehow.

“As you might see - my boobs are under a *little bit* of pressure right now. That’s why they were so tough against your face”, she said cautiously.

“A... *little bit*... of pressure?” Clark repeated slowly with a barely audible voice.

“Clark, are you *sure* you’re ok with my size? I’ll understand if it scares you or too much for you” she said nervously and her voice cracked a little. Clearly, this was a sensitive spot for her. Clark took a moment before he answered:

“Lina...”, he said slowly, treading carefully. “I’m more than *just ok* with your size. I can’t believe you’re real, and if this is a dream - please don’t wake me up. I can’t even begin to explain to you just how attracted I am to you. You’re so hot. I can’t get enough of your huge, sexy breasts. I can barely hold myself back right now from getting up from the couch and ravish your hot body. Lina, seriously - I’m the happiest man alive.”

Lina blushed like a ripe tomato at this point and looked down. Her eyes watered a little. She felt so exposed, and Clark’s answer made her feel so safe, ultra-feminine, ultra hot, ultra-desired. She felt herself getting hot and wet by the second. Slowly, Lina looked back up at him... differently now. Like she was a Jaguar about to jump its prey.

“Ooooooooook... let me just take this binder off, then”, she said in a shy, higher-pitched voice, then mumbled quietly to herself: “prepare to get a *lot* happier.” Clark couldn’t hear her, and maybe it was for the best, she told herself.

Lina’s hands moved over her shoulders and behind her back, her elbows pointing at the ceiling. She never took her eyes off of Clark’s lustful ones. Clark gulped as he felt his throat going dry. His dick twitched again and again, not resting for a second, angry for being shackled down. It looked like Lina was fidgeting with something extremely tight for a little while. She struggled really hard to press something, before...

-TRRRRRK-

-voooooom-

A mechanical sound of releasing material was heard, followed by Lina’s uppermost part of her bosom *exploding* forth in an *avalanche* of flesh, extending *further* by about 2 additional inches. It seemed as though this tug allowed some hidden flesh to be released and rise up to the surface, adding to the total mass of visible boobage.

Clark’s jaw dropped. Just her cleavage alone, which had been the equivalent of an H-cup - instantly increased to about an L-cup with that simple tug! Just like that - the equivalent of about

4 cup sizes were added to her bust. Her cleavage now stretched 8 inches instead of the previous 6.

Yet, it still bulged quite a bit above the hem of the binder, clearly still under quite a lot of pressure.

"Ugh... sorry, just a second, I didn't finish the release...", Lina said as she kept fidgeting behind her upper back, applying a lot of strength on whatever it was there.

"Didn't finish the...?" Clark trailed off in a barely audible voice.

-TRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRK-

-VOOOOOOOOOOOM-

"Gahhhhh... finally", Lina sighed. Clark almost creamed his pants.

What he *thought* had been a large increase in size - was but a mere prequel to the *storm wave* exploding by an **even greater amount** than before. Lina's cleavage pushed forward by *another* 4 inches. A total of 12 inches of cleavage protruded from Lina's sternum, finally looking somewhat relaxed after having been relieved of the pressure previously containing it. The pink-material-encased breast-flesh now visible around the edges of the binder's upper hem. As a result of that release - more breast-flesh also escaped from under her armpits now, as if it had just been waiting for the opportunity to breathe some fresh air.

"Oh my god...", Clark muttered as he stared, hypnotized at all that flesh.

"Clark, are you ok?" Lina checked in on him. Clark looked up at her smiling face with big puppy eyes. He nodded slowly.

"Alright... well just... hold tight... that was just the first ratchet belt clasp", she said as an afterthought.

"The first *what?*!" Clark shrieked.

But Lina already proceeded, bringing her hands down this time, going from below and back up behind her back. Her bust pushed even more in Clark's direction this way, as if trying to poke his eyes. He looked at her in a mix of horror and sizzling arousal.

Lina reached high to her upper-mid back. Again, she struggled hard to push her hands against this... clasp? Ratchet? Whatever it was - it seemed to require all her strength to be released.

"Just... gotta... arrrrrrrrg..." Lina struggled hard.

-TRRK-

-VOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM-

A louder and longer sound was heard. It wasn't a uniform expansion, but rather, it seemed that each release caused a regional expansion of a certain section, with some residual expansion of the neighbouring sections. Each of these regional expansions represented an addition of more and more cup sizes to her total size.

The entire upper-middle section of her bosom spread out by about half a foot forward and several inches sideways. The flesh under her armpits escaped another 4 inches further out. Her cleavage also grew by another inch or two, but that felt more like a residual effect of the main growth happening in the middle.

“Yes! Managed to release this clasp in one go!” Lina smiled with a little triumph. Clark struggled to comprehend what was going on. “Whew... it’s getting harder each month...”, she blurted quietly and hoped Clark didn’t hear her.

“Lina... wow. How... I had no idea you were this big... I now understand why your...”

“Clark, baby, hey... so sorry to interrupt you, amorcito mio. You’re - adorable. And... so cute. But, um... I’m not done yet. So, maybe save your questions to the end of the class, sí?” she said with a wink and a cheeky smile. Clark’s eyes, somehow, grew even wider. But he shut up immediately.

Lina's hands moved lower *still* to a point around her mid-lower back. Again she struggled quite a bit to push really hard.

“Hngg... errrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrg... just a sec, lemme just... carajo! Ok... hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnng...” she struggled.

[illegible]

-V00M-

The loudest and longest sound yet was heard, followed by a yet-even-**greater** release of flesh!!! About 8 inches of the mid-lower portion of Lina's boobs expanded forward, and about 4 inches expanded sideways. They also expanded lower by about 3 more inches, covering her down to mid-thigh level!

Clark's eyes popped out and his dick throbbed violently. He couldn't believe this was real. Lina's size had already been beyond his wildest, craziest dreams before she started. Yet somehow... she was a breast-expansion fantasy video come to life!!!

Lina's hands stayed behind her back all the while. She bit her lower lip, dreading Clark's reaction. She looked him in the eyes for a long moment. He was hypnotized. But in a good way, it seemed.

Clark looked at her.

She looked back at him.

Clark didn't understand why her hands were still behind her back.

Then... she lowered them a few inches down to the small of her back.

"Um... don't worry... that's the smallest one", Lina said, as if that would serve as any consolation.

Clark's mouth opened wide.

"Hnnng."

-TRRRRRRK-

-vroom-

Her breasts expanded lower by about 2 inches.

"Wait...almost... hnnng... "

-TRRRRRRK-

-vroom-

Another 2 inches were added to the lowest projection of her boobs.

"That's the part I can squeeze in the least..." Lina said with a sigh. Clark wanted to say something but reminded himself to shut up.

"It's... a lot. I know...", she said and scrunched her eyebrows worriedly.

He stared at her in disbelief.

"Um... so... as you can see... this binder was squeezing me in quite a bit, I guess...", Lina said with a shy smile.

"Yyyyeah... you could say that...", Clark somehow found his voice, still shocked.

Lina looked at him and bit her lip anxiously. She was... gauging his reaction. Trying to understand if he was serious about what he said. But Clark had nothing but awe, admiration and pure lust in his eyes.

"Am I too big for you... Clark?" she asked with real concern in her voice. Clark realized needed to participate in this conversation now. He looked like he was trying to find the right words.

"Too **big??** Uh... um... ffffffffffffffffffffff... I mean... uhhhhh... wow... yeah, no, nooooooooooo... NO! Definitely **not** too big. Yeah, no, I'm... good. I'm cool! I'm ok, yeah, nooooo worries here!

Clark was floored. His dick was spewing more precum, clinging like a titanium rod to his right thigh. The sight was unreal. It had been unreal when she was fully contained. Yet... it was somehow **vastly** more unreal now...

Compared to her initial size, before she started releasing her binder, Lina now almost **doubled** in size! What had been 2 feet of forward projection, which in and of itself is unheard of, was now closer to 4! While her arms had only been *mostly* covered before, there was no trace to them behind those **mammoths of flesh**. What had been two XL-beachballs, now in hindsight felt to Clark like they might as well have been 2 golf balls, since *these* current balls in front of him could substitute as the largest available **yoga balls!!!!!!**

Here was Clark, cluelessly thinking for a whole month that he's been teaching with the bustiest woman alive, and yet now... well... she was *still* the bustiest woman alive but just... just...

He didn't have time to finish his thought. Lina unzipped the back zipper of the binder (without any effort this time), and let her binder fall to the floor.

A beautiful, pink, sexy, **GI-FUCKING-NORMOUS** bra was revealed underneath. It equaled the size Lina had been just before unzipping the zipper, which means an **XXL-YOGA BALL** could *easily* fit in each cup with a little room to spare. The material was almost as thick as the binder's. The straps were half an inch thick and about 2 inches wide, yet they *still* dug into her traps due to the insane weight of her boobs.

Despite how thick the pink material was - two heart-stoppingly hot indents, created by Lina's super-erect nipples, made a little hill in the middle of each **tera-cup**.

And yet somehow - against all reason, against all odds, despite its inhumanly gigantic size - that bra was *still* stuffed to the abso-**fucking**-lute **MAXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX!!!!!!!!!!!!**

Actually, it was more than *merely* stuffed. It was completely inadequate, as breast flesh was **pouring** above, from the sides and below its parachute-life cups. Lina required an *immediate* upgrade to the size of her bra, given how worn out and overwhelmed it was.

FUCK!!

Lina looked at Clark worriedly. Did she finally break his mind?

"Clark? Are you ok?" she asked timidly, biting her lip with trepidation.

Clark looked up at her like she was an alien. The hottest alien to have ever existed. His cock twitched and throbbed and spewed precum like there's no tomorrow.

"I... I don't know. Yes... no... maybe... I think so", he said somehow, flabbergasted.

"Ok. Ok good. Don't worry, now that we're done with the binder I just have to take off this **compression** bra and we're good to go, ok baby?"

* * *

Chapter 12

“Com... comp... *compression* bra?!” Clark babbled from the couch as he stared at the enormity of Lina’s form in front of him. “You mean... this is *sssstill* not your... *fffffffull* size?”

“Well, *of course* not, silly”, Lina giggled and put a hand to her mouth sweetly. “I need the right... cómo se dice... ‘*equipment*’ to contain these *boobies*.”

“Oh”, Clark said dumbly. ‘*What can you say to that?!*’

These were not “boobies”. B-cups are boobies. Heck... even J-cups are boobies compared to what Clark was seeing right now. Lina - had **MONSTROSITIES!**

As if to further accentuate her point - Lina squeezed inwards whatever little surface of her tits she could manage on either side of them, having to widen her hands-spread **considerably** in order to accomplish that feat. As a result - her boobs had a lot more elasticity now than when she'd had her binder on, though they still seemed quite contained and constricted.

Clark’s stare wandered all *around her*. That is to say - even being a few feet away from Lina, he still needed his eyes to literally *wander* through several spots around Lina’s bosom in order to capture the entirety of it. Sort of like a camera taking a picture of a valley by moving from side to side and stitching the pictures into a single panorama shot.

It just baffled him. Despite wearing a bra with 3-foot wide cups, each big enough to hold a curled up elementary-school child inside, this bra was *still* bursting at the seams and overflowing **considerably** from every pore and exit available! Clark just couldn’t reconcile these two opposing facts together.

“Actually”, Lina said, putting a pensive index finger to her full, sensual lips. “I think it’s best if we do this in my room”, she said with a determined look on her face.

“D... do what?” Clark asked. Lina smirked and gestured towards her bra.

“Take this thing off”, she giggled, gesturing at her massive tits jiggling inside (and outside) of her inadequate bra. Clark’s gaze became hypnotized, as if he was looking *through* Lina rather than *at* her.

“Ay Clark, you’re the cutest thing when you drift off like this. Now, are you gonna leave me standing here all by myself or are you coming?” she said as she looked vulnerably at him, biting the side of her lower lip.

Clark felt a jolt of warmth as she said that. Not only did she not get mad at him for drifting off, but she liked it?! This was all new territory for him, and he was still re-learning what true acceptance and peace felt like.

He quickly got up halfway before he folded back down on the couch in abrupt pain.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!” Clark cried out as he held both hands over his crotch.

“Are you ok???” Lina asked with panic.

“Ahhh... yeah... it’ll be alright in a sec, just... fuck... I forgot I was, um...”, Clark struggled to explain his situation. Lina worriedly inspected Clark from afar, when she suddenly noticed something... *odd*. ‘Noooooooooooooooooo... no way!!!!’ she thought incredulously, her eyes opened wide in absolute shock.

While Clark had been somewhat successful in hiding his erection so far, his recent position change shifted the angle of his super-erect dick. And while his large hands were successful in hiding his crotch area - the *massive, long, thick* bulge in his right pants’ leg continued **way** past Clark’s hands.

Lina already knew he’d been erect. It was hard to miss when her boob had pressed down against his cock when they made out a few minutes ago. But only now could she truly appreciate just how *massive* that erection was. Getting up with this... **monster** pointing downwards must’ve hurt so much!

“Ay Clark, I’m so sorry... poor baby... you must be in so much pain...”, Lina said empathically.

“It’s nothing, really, I’ll be fine”, Clark wailed in pain while plastering on a brave face. It was getting better though. Just the empathy he felt from Lina was enough to soothe the pain somewhat. Clark blushed as he gathered that Lina put 2 and 2 together by now.

Clark would’ve angled his dick differently if he could, but by this point there was no way he’d be able to do that without taking off his pants.

Carefully - Clark managed to get up while his back stayed crouched forward. It was very awkward but it was the only way he could stand up. There was just no other way. As long as Lina was next to him - his erection would **not** go down.

“Ok, I’m ready”, he said with an embarrassed smile. Lina couldn’t help but giggle at the sight of his crouched self, yet she simultaneously furrowed her eyebrows in concern through her giggle.

“Don’t worry, I’ll take care of ‘*this*’ as soon as possible”, she said as she gestured with her index finger in the general direction of his crotch. Clark’s blush intensified but his dick jolted and spewed another glob of precum upon hearing her. Only the subtle pain from his crotch reminded Clark that this was, in fact, a reality and not a dream.

“Heh... ummm.. after you, Miss Rivera”, he said teasingly. Lina stuck her tongue out before she turned her back to him. Clark knew she only meant to tease back with her tongue, but he’d be *damned* if that little gesture didn’t send an electric jolt of arousal through his cock.

Then he looked at her backside and had to crouch a couple of inches further down due to an even stronger jolt in his dick. Lina was simply an absolute goddess. How did he get so lucky? What the fuck?! Who can look *this* hot?? **How???**

Her long, slender, sensual legs were further elevated by her 3-inch heels, rising all the way up to these **massive**, round, perfectly smooth, *ultra*-perky ass cheeks, all clad in those blue yoga pants. It was just unreal. Those juicy ass cheeks called out to him to fuckin' **smack** them all over their expansive, round surface with his large hands. And Clark would need **a lot** of smacks in different places to cover their entire surface.

Yet, against any logic or reason - that narrow, slender waist tapered up *dramatically* from them. It was just unreal. Its width was less than a third of the diameter from one ass cheek to the other! Her back was *barely* any wider than her slim waist, having hinted muscle tone all over while staying extremely feminine.

However, most of her back was actually concealed by... '*Jesus Christ, it looks like an industrial contraption!*' Clark thought. While "normal" backstraps were about an inch or two thick, *this* pink backstrap took up the majority of Lina's back, stretching over a foot from top to bottom!

Even from behind, all these bodily details alone would've been enough to make any straight man groan with lust. And yet, astonishingly, they merely served as the background for the *real* spectacle unfolding on either side of Lina's slender arms.

Even before today, the sight of Lina from behind, fully dressed and compressed with her binder had already pushed **way** beyond any common sense, with her rounded breasts seeing protruding 3-4 inches past her graceful arms on either side. And yet, that was *nothing* compared to what Clark saw **now**.

Having been freed of the binder that restrained them, Clark now saw Lina's massive tits from behind extending a full **foot** beyond each arm. The sheer volume visible on just *one side* alone would've probably equaled 3 **pairs** of E-cups on 3 other girls, in terms of pure breast mass. As far as her hips protruded on either side of her slim torso - Lina's breasts protruded even *more*.

"Ohhhhh my godddddddddddddd...", Clark moaned quietly and felt his dick lurch against his right thigh.

Lina momentarily twisted her head back to make sure Clark followed her. She smiled widely at him with her perfect set of teeth. She gave him an electrifying wink, then looked forward again and started walking towards the hallway.

Clark forced himself to start walking, despite being bent awkwardly forward. He almost looked like Quasimodo, walking clunkily behind the graceful Lina due to his massive, granite-hard dick preventing him from straightening up fully. In stark contrast - Lina walked with the most confident sway of her hips, taking one step after another, her heels clicking along.

Clark's eyes opened wide and he groaned quietly upon seeing those ass cheeks swirling hypnotically in a "sideways-8" motion. He groaned even louder upon looking at the sides of her breasts jiggling from behind with her every step.

The well-lit hallway was rather spacious, thankfully, allowing Lina to pass through without issues. The problem started at the entrance to Lina's room, however, and Clark, lingering a few feet behind her, immediately saw the problem.

"Ay no... I should have waited with taking off the binder until *after* I entered my room", Lina said with frustration as she put a thumb and an index finger to her chin.

"What? Why would it matter when..." Clark drifted off as his eyes opened in astonishment. He never even considered such a "problem" in his life as something that can happen, and yet the problem was evident now. There's no way in hell that Lina could enter her room in her current condition. She was ***much*** wider than the 3-foot opening.

Lina initially tried the most obvious solution of shoving just one of her boobs through the door, with all her might, yet even *that* was a very tight squeeze for her. She eventually retracted and looked back at Clark pleadingly.

"What...?" he asked, confused. Lina flashed him her biggest smile.

"Any chance you can help me, big boy?" she asked with a teasing smile.

"Uhhh... yeah, of course, um... do you need me to... like, push your back, or... um...", he trailed off, not sure where she was going with this. Lina pouted cutely and shook her head no.

"I don't think it's going to work this way. I need you to get inside before me and... *squeeze me in*", she said, blushing. Clark took a moment to realize what she was asking.

"Oh... you... you want me to, um... so, I get inside... and you're just... like, from the outside... and then we, just... are... are you su...", he stammered. Lina was nodding with an encouraging smile all the while. Clark melted, seeing her this vulnerable. "Um... yeah! Sure, uh... of... of c... no problem..." he said, trying to sound confident. Lina smiled and straightened her arms down against either side of her monstrous boobs, causing her foot-long cleavage to pop and lengthen even further towards his face. Clark's eyes bulged, but he shook it off and tried to focus on the task at hand.

Clark shuffled awkwardly toward Lina's room, hunched slightly as he tried not to bump into her. It was a useless effort. Lina didn't seem to care about personal space *at all*. She simply stood there, her chest taking up most of the hallway and spilling into the doorway. As Clark squeezed past her, Lina slowly turned to face him, never giving him an inch. She just smiled innocently at him all the while. Clark's entire left arm and side were pressed forcefully between her breasts, while his right side scraped along the wall and doorframe. *Now* they were soft. Well, soft-er.

Clark now stood on the inside and turned back to look at Lina.

“Ok, I’m in”, he said proudly.

“My hero! So now I’m going to push one boob at a time, and you’ll just squeeze each one from the sides so they fit through the door frame”, Lina said simply.

“Right... right, yeah, sure. Of course... just, caaaausually squeezing boobs here. Ok, just tell me when you’re... OH!” Clark exclaimed as suddenly the entire width of the doorframe was blocked by a pink blob. A considerable amount of Lina’s left tit managed to protrude into her room, but a significant part of it was still lodged in the hallway. Clark hesitated for a moment, trying to wrap his mind around the idea of not only touching but squeezing Lina’s breasts in. But it seemed they were past that point by now, and Lina had already started.

Not wanting to waste another moment, Clark finally reached his hands to either side of the doorframe.

“O... ok, I’m now going to sssss... squeeze you in...”, he said, trembling, not believing the words that came out of his own mouth.

“Wonderful!” Lina chirped energetically from the other side as if they were moving a couch into her room.

Clark finally placed his palms on either side of Lina’s breast.

“Hhhhhhhhoouuuuuuu”, he groaned quietly. This was heaven. The softness of that boob, the vastness of it. It was all just absurd yet exhilarating at the same time. But he couldn’t stall any longer. Clark assessed the situation, then pushed into each side of her left breast, making a deep indent on either side of it. Simultaneously - Lina pushed from the hallway, and together they managed to help the giant breast progress another foot through the opening.

“It’s working, do it again”, Lina called from the other side. It’s good she spoke so loudly, because Clark was groaning heavily at the feel of sinking into Lina’s soft mega-boob.

“O... ok”, Clark said and tried not to cum on the spot. He placed his hands again and now found Lina’s breast touching his chest lightly. He repeated the process again and they made progress by gaining another foot inside.

“Almost there, I think just one last time”, she called, her face now closer to him.

Clark tried reaching the doorframe, but now found he had to push his chest *forcefully* against the front of Lina’s boob in order to reach that far. He hesitated, before realizing he’s way too deep to back down now. Clark pushed forward. His torso was being filled and smothered in the most heavenly feeling as he squeezed his way hard to reach the doorframe. Clark pushed one last time with his arms stretched over the full expanse of Lina’s left boob.

“Hngggggggggggg...” he exerted effort from that tough angle, before the left boob finally entered with an inaudible ‘pop’.

Lina was now standing in the middle, facing the doorframe, with one boob in her room and one in the hallway. She looked at Clark and chuckled.

“Well, don’t leave me like this, I’ll be stuck here forever”, she said, giggling. Clark chuckled weakly, but he was *beyond* shocked at the crazy sight in front of him. However, he had to finish the job.

“Ok, how about...”, he gauged the door. There were about 2 feet from the floor to the lower slope of Lina’s right boob. “Ok, I got it! I’ll crawl to the hallway and we’ll switch roles - I’ll push and you’ll pull”, he said, glad to finally have some sense of control over the situation. Lina nodded with a grateful smile, happy to follow his lead.

Clark crouched as best as he could and crawled underneath her right boob, somehow. His angry, throbbing dick made things extra difficult for him but he eventually managed to reach the other side.

“Ok! I’m in. I mean, I’m out”, he corrected himself, feeling stupid.

“I’m ready when you are!” Lina called back at him. Clark could hear her smile without even seeing it.

Looking at her bra-clad right breast, Clark basically had a clean view to just ogle as much as he wanted at it. It seemed like Lina didn’t mind that at all, but he shook that thought off for now and focused.

“Ok, I’m pushing,” Clark said in as steady a voice as he could muster and pushed her boob.

“Jyes, I know, I can feel you”, Lina said with a chuckle. Clark mentally smacked his forehead. ‘*Of course she can! Idiot...*’

Clark initially tried being respectful and pushed gently. However, he quickly realized there’s no room for gentleness right now. He had to get rough. He took a moment, before pushing Lina’s right boob much more forcefully. Slowly, Lina’s boob squeezed its way in as Lina did what Clark had done a moment ago and pulled her breast from within. In small increments, they made progress, until finally...

-POP-

The right boob entered through the doorway.

And Clark fell right after it, instinctively spreading his arms wide to absorb the shock of the fall.

-BOING-

Lina was now laying with her back on the floor. However, Clark’s body didn’t find the floor like her. Instead, he laid bouncing on top of Lina’s right boob, like in an inflatable-house, with his spread out arms wrapped widely around it. Amazingly enough, despite his wide arms’ spread -

neither hand met Lina's body! All 6'4" of Clark's handspan couldn't fully hug just *one* of Lina's tits, with either hand still several inches short of reaching Lina's sternum. His chin bounced several times onto the boob's buoyant surface. It really was akin to hugging the biggest yoga ball available. The only difference was that Clark felt Lina's nipple poking the middle of his chest.

A moment later - Clark realized what had happened and scurried to stand up quickly. Well, *sort of* stand, as much as his erect dick would allow him to.

"Oh! My god... Lina I'm so sorry, are you ok??" he asked with panic, trying to shake off the magnificent feeling that would be permanently burnt into his brain - of hugging the most gigantic breast in the world. Clark didn't hear anything for a long moment, and yet when he looked at Lina's face - he sighed in relief.

Lina was laughing so hard she couldn't breathe. Her boobs jiggled hysterically inside her massive bra all the while, sending ripples and waves throughout their expanse. The view was as hypnotizing as it was dick hardening. They had that natural sag towards the floor, but not by much. Her boobs still rose about 3 feet in the air above her torso. Clark watched her hard nipples almost poking holes through the thick fabric. In fact, it seemed they were now poking even harder! He chuckled nervously along with Lina's wholehearted laughter, feeling his dick going from granite to titanium in the process.

It took Lina a minute before she calmed down enough to speak.

"Ay dios mío... Clark, that was so fonny!" She said through her tears of laughter.

"Heh, yeah, hilarious..." Clark said nervously. '*Funny*' wouldn't be the word he'd use. More like '*orgasmic*'.

He lent Lina his hand and pulled, using a lot more force than he thought he'd need. These tits weighed a *ton*. Lina slowly rose to her knees. She was about to stand up fully when she caught sight of his crotch. Her eyes opened wide, seeing that massive bulge so up close (well, as close as 3.5 feet worth of boobage separating them would allow).

Clark meant to keep pulling her up, but was surprised when Lina suddenly released his hand absentmindedly. His cheeks reddened when he realized she was staring right at his crotch. He futilely put his hands on it, but then realized it was pointless and just let it be.

Slowly, Lina lifted her shocked face way up to look at Clark's awkwardly bent, pained form. Her look changed from shock to empathy.

"This doesn't look very comfortable", Lina said slowly and pointed at his crotch, her voice suddenly lowering to a seductive whisper. Clark's cock twitched again and again in rapid succession.

“Um... uh... it's...”, Clark didn't know what to say, but his face already told Lina everything she needed to know.

“Is ok, I'll help you, baby”, she said in a quiet tone that sent a shiver down his spine.

Clark felt a jolt of excitement pass through him. He suddenly felt very aware of his hands and didn't know where to place them.

He looked behind Lina's back and saw the giant globes of her perfectly round, enormous, blue yoga-pants covered ass cheeks, bulging on either side of her slender waist. He then looked further down and saw a **sea of flesh** separating Lina from himself. It sprawled so vastly that the distance seemed insurmountable. Her boobs sat **heavily** onto the floor even when her back was fully upright.

Lina took a right “knee-step” forward, pushing her right breast with it. “Arrrrg”, she grunted from the effort of having to move so much mass. Her tit smashed it into Clark's left shin.

With another grunt, she took a left “knee-step” and her left breast did the same to Clark's right shin. Clark groaned in pleasure and his cock twitched like a cat caught in a sack.

Lina tried taking another right “knee-step”, but at this point her right breast bunched up against Clark's leg and crept up to his knee. She didn't make much progress.

“Uffff...” she huffed in frustration and tried pushing forward a few more times. Clark groaned in utter bliss at the feel of those soft globes crashing into his legs again and again.

Lina was quick to realize that's as far as she could go forward. She stopped and scrunched her eyebrows cutely in concentration as she was looking at the sea of boobs in front of her. She looked up apologetically at Clark.

“Ay Clark, I'm sorry. I can't reach you like that. My boobies are too big,” she said, frustrated.

Clark didn't know how to respond. Nothing felt like an adequate response to this surreal situation. *‘What in the actual heck is she sorry for?? For pushing her soft, gigantic tits into my legs? For being the most beautiful, sexy woman on the planet and somehow choosing to be with me right now?’* he thought incredulously. Luckily, Lina suddenly seemed alleviated to have found a solution.

“Well, I guess I'll just have to take off my bra, first.”

Clark's eyes widened. “Your... your b... so... you're just gonna... huh... o... ok...”

Lina contemplated her situation for a moment, before shuffling back a couple of “knee-steps” again. Her boobs separated an inch away from Clark's shins now. She put a finger to her sensual lips, before deciding to take back another couple of “knee-steps”, dragging back her

boobs with her by another several inches and creating about half a foot of space between her boobs and Clark's legs.

She sent her hands behind and up her back, and looked up at Clark's eyes innocently and cheerfully. '*Just how much hair can a girl have???*' The thought suddenly struck him, seeing endless waves of beautiful hair rolling all around her gorgeous face. That innocent look on Lina's face... that sea of cleavage sprawling under his feasting eyes. The sight was just *too erotic*. Clark's cock was like a trapped wild animal at this point, jerking and thrashing and twitching down his pant's leg, protesting his imprisonment.

Without averting her eyes from Clark's, Lina undid the first hook. Clark felt his brain resetting again and again, as if refusing to believe he was **this** lucky.

Lina went a bit further down and undid the second hook. Then, she kept going with hook after hook after hook, looking up at Clark with that same innocent, giddy yet also fierce look all the while...

Clark gulped.

...after hook...

...after *another* hook...

Clark's eyes widened more and more as he realized the hooks behind Lina's back just kept coming.

"It's actually easier this way", she said in a sweet, confident voice, undoing yet *another* hook.

"Oh", Clark said the only thing he could manage.

"Jyes, it's a trick that I found, you see, because - my breasts don't feel heavy for me like that when they rest on the floor", she explained with that same wholehearted look, undoing another two hooks in the process.

"Oh", Clark repeated himself, clinging to simplicity in order to stay conscious.

Lina went through a few more hooks before she struggled with one near the small of her back.

"But this last one is still... always... ugh... the most difficult... ugh... one... ugh...
AHHHHHHHH! Jyes! Got it!" She called out in triumph.

-BWOOMP-

Clark suddenly felt something soft touching his shins gently. He looked back at Lina with confusion. She hadn't moved one bit. '*So what did I f...*' He looked further down and gasped loudly. The 6 inch gap between Lina's bra and his legs - was now gone! The inner curves of her cups now gently grazed his lower legs. Clark looked back at Lina, as if to confirm he was seeing

things right. He was. Which could only lead to one conclusion - her breasts expanded even further!

Clark was stunned. *Beyond* stunned. Nothing made sense anymore. Up was down. West was East. And what had previously been huge - was now rendered insignificant in comparison.

Lina saw Clark's reaction and blushed. The excitement she felt right now was beyond exhilarating. Seeing the *monumental* effect she has over her mentor, her crush, the man of her dreams, the man she fell in love with over the past month was causing her juices to *really* start flowing. The anticipation for him to finally see her naked was *agonizingly* hot to her.

"Um, can you help me, please? I'm sorry but I just can't reach the other side," she said with an innocent, blushing smile. Time slowed down for Clark. His brain didn't work very well, but he did understand this one task that he had. Slowly, he nodded his head and leaned further down.

With a shaking hand, Clark grabbed the very front of Lina's bra, holding onto the thick, pink-covered metal in the middle between the two gigantic cups. He slowly lifted it, causing the rest of it to slide along the smooth, pliant surface of Lina's breasts.

The more he pulled, the heavier the massive contraption became. How much material was needed to create this thing?? How much metal was used for the wires? Actually, with how thick they were, they felt more like bent metal bars.

Clark grabbed onto each cup from below and gradually stretched out his arms up as he struggled to hold the entire bra afloat. Eventually, he managed to hold it up in the air. Lina looked at Clark and couldn't stifle a cute giggle. He looked like a giant butterfly with its huge wings spread on either side of his long body.

"Jesus Christ", Clark mumbled to himself as he tried to wrap his mind around the enormity of Lina's bra. This thing actually weighed something substantial! Like... several pounds worth of material!

Lina kept giggling to herself, enjoying seeing her love struggle like that with her underwear. Clark heard her soft giggle and blushed. He wasn't sure if this embarrassed him or excited him. Maybe both. He couldn't see Lina since she was completely obscured behind the mega cups of her bra, but he just tried to finish the task at hand as quickly as possible.

It was so awkward, holding this giant pink bra like that. Clark reached his arms together forward to fold the cups onto each other. However, while the thick metal under...*bars* were joined together - the cups were facing opposite directions, essentially creating one humongous ball between them. Clark shifted to hold the metal of both cups from below with one hand, and stretched out his other hand as far as it would go to place it on the surface of one of the cups, on what he *thought* was its apex. He then pushed quite a bit of force before...

-DMBBBBBBB-

The ricochet of this maneuver was so violent that Clark's body *pivoted* 180 degrees on its axis! Now facing away from Lina, Clark held onto the folded bra. Clark was stunned. *Now* - looking at the folded cups, he realized that his hand had been quite far away from the center of the cup. More astoundingly, he realized just how little surface his large-yet-actually-relatively-tiny hand *really* covered. If with Lina's binder he needed 10 *pairs* of hands to cover one cup, then with *this* bra he needed about **20 pairs** of hands to cover a single cup!

Looking to the left, a thick piece of fabric dangled from the edge of the cup. Clark's heart fluttered. His dick twitched and thrashed in his pants.

"Go ahead, baby", he suddenly heard Lina's soft, soothing voice purring at him from behind him. "It's ok. You can look at the tag. I see how much you want to know."

Clark felt Lina's eyes piercing his back with lust and anticipation. He thought of turning back around to face her, but there was something kinky and fun about having his back to her. His trembling hand held onto the dangling, **heavy** chest strap and folded it into the massive cup with a little '*thump*'.

Rows upon rows of industrial-grade metal hooks appeared along the heavy strap. He now understood what made it so heavy. He counted the rows of hooks frantically '1, 2, 3... 5... 8... 12... 18!!!!!!' 18 fucking hooks, each of them clearly made to hold quite a bit of weight by itself.

"Hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhoooooooooo", Clark groaned quietly, but loud enough that Lina still heard him. She shifted a bit from side to side, feeling her pussy getting wetter by the second. This was so much fun to see him squirm and get excited like that.

Clark then saw the '*main course*' of this meal to his horny brain in the form of a thin, white tag. He reached out to it. Lina smiled mischievously behind his back and said:

"Oh, by the way...", she said in her most innocent voice. Clark froze. "I'm sorry for the tag. It's a little hard to read, it's just so worn out. I really need to get a new bra already. This one is too small for me now. So... just remember to add like... maybe... wait let me think... how much is that in inches... like - 10 inches? I'm not sure... no, 12 inches, I think. At least...", she finished and bit her lip wickedly.

Lina felt so naughty. All this time, she had to play nice and polite, and now she could finally let her true, horny self shine through. She could tease him like *really* wanted to. Clark's back stiffened, which sent another jolt of excitement through Lina's sexy body. She was getting so fucking hot, seeing that her words had so much *more* of an effect on Clark. Fuck, she couldn't wait to slam her hips on his cock over and over again.

"O... ok...", Clark stammered. Lina only smiled wider and squirmed on her knees from side to side.

Clark turned the tag and tried to read it. It *was* worn out indeed. But he could make out 2 numbers:

'65/44s'

"What does it say?" Lina asked rhetorically, enjoying every second of this.

"Uhhhhh... um... well... I mean...", he called nervously away from Lina. "It just says - '**65**', '**44**', and '**s**'. I mean... I know 65 is like, um... twenty... six? Jesus Christ, that's so tiny," he said quietly. "Yeah, so - that's 26 inches around the band. But... what's '**44**' and '**s**'...?" he asked, feeling very weird talking to the wall instead of Lina.

Lina scrunched her eyebrows, before her face lit up with the realization.

"Ohhhhhhhh, jyes, I now remember. Sorry, is confusing, is because, you see, I tol' you the tag is worn, right? So, it's not '**s**'. it's '**5**'", Lina explained, proud of herself for having figured it out.

"Oh ok. Got it, I just thou... wait", Clark stopped, as the gravity of Lina's explanation suddenly dawned on him. "Wait... so... wait - you mean that... no... wait, hold on", he struggled. Lina was shaking her head slowly with a wide smile, as if watching a child solve a simple math problem for the first time. "So that's... no... four... **four hundred and forty five centimeters???**" Clark exclaimed and his brain raced to convert this to inches. "But that's..."

"About 175 inches", Lina said calmly. "But again, I tol' you. It should be more than that by now. So I guess I'm like... about 190 inches, probably?"

Clark dropped the bra on the floor in front of him. His mind exploded. His dick spewed the largest glob of precum thus far. He just stared at the wall, struggling to wrap his mind around that piece of information.

For a long moment they were both quiet. Clark staring wide eyed at the wall and Lina watching him. The puddle on the floor just beneath her crotch was getting wider and wider.

Suddenly, in the lower periphery of his vision - Clark saw movement. He looked down. The bra was slowly moving on its own away from him. His eyebrows scrunched in confusion. Then - he felt two soft, **GIGANTIC** balls of flesh grazing the outer sides of his lower legs. A second later, he saw Lina's breasts, slowly but surely creeping forward and trapping him between them.

His eyes opened wide and his dick twitched in anticipation.

* * *

Chapter 13

Clark didn't dare to move, feeling like a fragile twig wedged in the mud of a riverbed, entirely at the mercy of the massive current rushing around him.

In small increments, Lina's magnificent globes advanced past either side of Clark's body, pushing and smothering her bra like a tsunami overflowing everything in its path. Lina was so aroused at this point. She kept advancing on her knees, smiling mischievously all the while as she kept looking at Clark's trembling butt.

"Um... Lina?" Clark asked as those mountains reached more than 3 feet in front of him.

"Wwwwwhat are you AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" he shrieked and turned back to face Lina.

The cause of that shriek was Lina's hands squeezing Clark's ass cheeks from behind.

"Sorry, your butt is just so cute! I had to cop a feel of it", Lina said, yet didn't sound apologetic at all.

When the moment of shock passed, Clark calmed down enough to realize his predicament. He was standing over Lina, who was on her knees, looking at him, not with fire, but **LAVA** in her eyes, while her **mountains** surrounded him up to his knees and almost 4 feet behind him.

"H... hey there... you", he smiled nervously.

"Hey there... *you*", Lina said back giddily, looking way up into his eyes with endless passion and devotion. Also, Clark suddenly realized where Lina's beautiful face was located. And he also realized how overly dressed he was. It didn't feel right to leave Lina naked all by herself. In a swift motion, Clark took off his shirt and threw it on the ground.

Lina's eyes widened in appreciation and lust. Clark wasn't aggressively buff or anything, but for a guy nearing his forties, a father of two - his physique was surprisingly fit with definitive muscle tone. Her gaze traced the defined ridges of his chest and the faint, sculpted lines of four-pack abs that showed through just a hint of softness at his waist.

"Woaaaaaow, Clark, why did you hide these strong, sexy muscles from me all this time?" Lina said appreciatively, without the slightest bit of sarcasm. Clark blushed like a tomato, not used to being complemented and appreciated so genuinely.

"Heh... oh um... I uh... thanks" he said bashfully. Lina bit her lower lip. *'God he's so cute when he blushes like that...'*, she thought.

Clark opened his mouth to speak but no words came out. A moment later he gasped when he saw Lina's delicate hands slowly reach out to the hem of his pants. He didn't know what to do with his own hands, and eventually opted to just put them on top of his head.

Lina looked forward again. Slowly but determinedly, she undid Clark's button, letting the ends open slightly. Then she undid the zipper all the way down. She looked up at Clark adoringly. "Is ok, I'll take care of you now, baby. Don' worry."

Lina looked again at his pants, then held the hems from each side and pulled down a couple of inches. It was Lina's turn to gasp. Clark's tight, navy-blue spandex showed the outline of a **wide** base of a tube, being held against his right thigh. Like... **WIDE!** Lina momentarily placed her slender forearm next to Clark's hidden tube and realized they had about the same girth!

Lina stopped for a moment, considering her situation. It was the first time she doubted her ability to even handle this man. But looking up again at Clark's excited, disbelieving face immediately erased all doubt from her mind. She was gonna fucking drain this wonderful man's balls if it's the last thing she did.

Looking back down, Lina pulled Clark's pants another several inches, reaching close to his mid-thigh.

With another tug, Lina went beyond the lower hems of Clark's spandex. At this point, she was prepared for his dick to "*boing*" its way up. However, Clark required... more. Somehow, his cock was **still** trapped in his pants! The portion protruding below his underwear looked even thicker and more intimidating than the base!

With an almost angry tug, Lina pulled even *more* inches, hoping this would suffice to release the beast. She reached Clark's lower thighs. Yet even *that* wasn't enough! Just the visible portion below his spandex would be a very respectable appendage for most men. But somehow - there was **still** more! Lina looked up in disbelief.

"Oh my god, Clark! Is this a prank??" she asked incredulously. But Clark was too overcome with arousal to properly respond. "Huh...?"

Lina looked down again, trying to process the thick, heavy length of him that had slipped entirely free of his underwear. She dragged her eyes back up to the spandex and her breath caught in her lungs. The bulge still trapped inside the material was massive. It was larger than the full, contained packages most men had, dick included. But Clark's own dick already escaped below the spandex... which means...

The outline of what seemed like two large oranges was very prominent. They were larger than anything she's ever seen. Lina bit her lips as she felt herself getting hotter by the second. Just how much cum do these **giant** balls contain within them...?

Without thinking, she sent forth a hesitant hand and grazed her fingers along the surface of Clark's spandex, feeling them up softly.

"Ohhhhhhhh my godddddddd..." Lina suddenly heard Clark groan from above her. She looked up at him and saw his eyes shut and his mouth open with pleasure. Her curiosity peaking, Lina lightly caressed his balls through his spandex again, watching Clark's reaction.

"Mmmmmmmmm", he moaned in desperate arousal with his eyes still shut. Lina felt her excitement level rising even further, and kept caressing Clark's balls more intently, passing her delicate fingers and grazing her sharp fingernails over their surface.

"Jesus fuck... Lina...", Clark moaned in desperation. He *needed* to cum. He hasn't felt the touch of a woman for so long. Not only that, but he's not been touched like **that** for much, *much* longer. Not like it was a chore to get over with, but rather softly, sensually, with curiosity and intent. And on top of all that - to have a goddess on earth, with the biggest tits on the planet be the one to do it - it was almost too much for him to handle together.

At this point, Lina felt her panties dripping as if she covered a running faucet with them. She was so excited to have that massive effect on Clark. She just wanted him to enjoy this as much as possible.

Without stopping her gentle teasing of his giant balls with one hand, Lina used her other hand to hold the hem of his pants. She looked up at Clark and tugged them further down to his knees.

-BAM-

"BMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!" She squealed in surprise. The reason was that her mouth was **being** shut by a hard, smooth, hot rod. Clark's dick, finally having been released from its prison - *slapped* Lina's mouth shut from below. Her head actually recoiled upwards a little from both the impact and the surprise, and she lifted her hands up automatically.

"Lina! Are you ok?!" Clark asked with panic in his voice and looked back down at her.

"Hahaha jyes, don' worry, I'm f...", Lina stopped mid-sentence when she looked back in front of her. She gasped out loud and her eyes opened in utter shock.

Protruding from Clark's groin, all the way over and *above* her face - was a **monster** of a cock! Words failed Lina. She's seen a few studs in her sexual past, but *none* of them came close to what Clark was packing between his legs. A turgid rod extended so far away from his crotch it felt like a practical joke. And not only was it so long, but it was *thick! Extremely thick!!*

She looked up at Clark again in total disbelief.

"Clark... what the **fuck???**" Lina cried out, hoping to get some clarifications. It felt very unorthodox to hear Lina swear like that, but it actually added to Clark's excitement. Clark blushed and averted his gaze shyly.

"Yyyyeah, I forgot to tell you about this. Got caught up in the moment", he said with a little embarrassed smile.

"You **forgot???**" Lina almost shouted. "How can you forget... to..." Lina slowly looked back at Clark's cock. "Ay dios mío," her voice quieted down. She looked at the angry purple mushroom head. It was about the size of a large plum. And it was leaking precum!

Behind Clark's monster cock Lina saw his two massive balls, now also being freed from their spandex prison, looking like two large oranges stuffed in his scrotum. Clark's sack was bulging tightly, indicating just how much cum he was storing in those massive balls.

Lina *had* to know just how heavy they were. She sent her hand *far* forward underneath his dick to reach his balls, then cupped her hand under Clark's left nut and gently lifted it.

"Mmmmmmm", Clark moaned and his eyes closed in pleasure. Her touch was so soft. Lina gasped when she realized not only was this ball as heavy as an actual orange, but that it also *overflowed* her hand. She added her second hand and lifted the other ball as well. The weight of them both amazed and excited her.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh", Clark moaned louder. Lina's touch was so gentle, so exploratory, so feminine. He'd *never* be able to achieve this erotic effect with his own large, masculine hands. That gentleness sent jolts of pleasure through his cock and made it jump again and again in front of Lina's curious eyes.

"Clark, they're so heavy. They must be so full," she said with empathy as she looked up at him, never stopping to gently lift and maul them.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...", Clark tried to speak through the ever building pleasure. Lina's heart melted when she saw his pained expression, realizing just how desperate for release her man was.

She let go of his left ball and encircled as much of her right hand as she could manage around the thick base of his cock. She got just a little over half of its girth with her hand. It was so hard, and so *hot* to the touch.

"OHHHHH my ggggggggod...", Clark shivered. Clark felt it as if in slow motion, finger by finger, touching more and more of his super hard cock and further increasing his arousal through the roof.

"Poor baby, you must be dying to cum", Lina said as she looked up with concern. "I don't know if I can take this whole thing but I'll do my best. It's... Jesus Christ, Clark, your cock is HUGE! Just how big is this thing??"

"Oh, uh... it'ssssss ummmmm, thhhhhhhhhirteen iiiiiinches," he babbled absentmindedly. Lina scrunched her eyebrows, still struggling with the conversion between imperial and metric.

"Thirteen... wait so... how much is that in centimeters?" She asked, still holding the base of his cock and one ball with her delicate hands.

"Like... um, 33 ccccentimeters, maybe?" Clark stuttered, barely considering the absurdity of the numbers he just mentioned. He just wished her hands would start moving. The pleasure and suspense that Lina's hands were creating were breaking his mind.

“THIRTY THR...” Lina shrieked and almost came on the spot. However, she reminded herself to get a hold of herself. Her man needed her.

“Clark, baby”, she tried steadying her voice as she looked up at him, flushed.

“Yyyyyyyeah...?” Clark said and looked down at Lina’s big, beautiful, eyes.

“Just relax, ok?” she purred softly. Clark barely nodded.

*

Lina kept softly mauling Clark’s ball sack, alternating between his left and right balls every few seconds. Her other hand curiously went up the **long** length to the massive, angry tip of his cock in a slow, sensual, circular motion.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhh my god!!!!!!” Clark cried out in pleasure. By the time Lina’s hand reached his tip - another glob of precum emanated from it in response to her heavenly touch.

Lina looked in total admiration and awe at that massive tube of hot, rigid flesh, yet every now and then she checked up to see Clark’s reaction. His eyes were closed in bliss and anticipation. He was putty in her hands. He looked more vulnerable than ever. Lina’s heart kept melting over and over again, seeing Clark’s desperate need. She had a responsibility and she was damn sure going to deliver.

Still holding Clark’s massive cock from the tip, Lina marvelled at its thickness and length. She gauged the situation, before her look became the most determined it’s ever been. Then, she launched towards the cock’s soft belly - its underside, sliding her tongue from the bottom all the way to the top in one long motion.

“Gahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!” Clark exclaimed loudly and his knees nearly buckled.

Upon reaching the top Lina immediately continued to engulf his cock head inside her awaiting mouth in one swift Cobra-like motion.

“Ohhhhh my god, Lina, fuuuuuuuuuuck”, Clark cried weakly.

‘Jesus Christ that cock head is monstrous!’ Lina thought. It filled her whole mouth by itself. Lina felt Clark’s precum filling her mouth and touching her taste buds. Her eyes opened in awe of the whole experience and she started moaning into his cock, sending little vibrations that stimulated it further.

Apparently, that was one stimulation too much for Clark and his knees literally failed him. With a loud pop - his cock head escaped Lina’s hungry mouth, her grasp onto his balls detached and Clark fell backwards.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!” He exclaimed, before he landed backwards - softly.

Right onto Lina's giant, soft breasts.

They served as the perfect cushions for him, like two beanbags smooched together, providing the most wonderful support for his entire body. He felt like he was floating on the world's most pleasurable waterbed. But these were Lina's tits.

Frantically, Clark scrambled to get up, but only managed to further sink his hands into Lina's pliant flesh.

"Oh my god, Lina, I'm so sorry, let me just..."

"Clark," Lina said quietly and placed a soft hand on his knee. Clark became aware of her blushing smile. "It's ok. Stay there," she said.

Clark froze in place, his hands behind his back - pushing into each of her boobs. "A... are you sure? This... doesn't hurt you?" He asked worriedly.

"Not at all. I actually like feeling the pressure of your body. Though it might feel better if you can straighten your legs and slide them under my boobs," Lina suggested helpfully.

"Oh... to... ssss... slide, my legs... under your b... yyyyeah... um yeah sure", Clark murmured, not believing the words coming out of his mouth.

Carefully, Clark straightened his right leg and slid it under the little crevice available between Lina's left boob and the floor. The portion of Lina's left boob closer to her chest immediately expanded, filling the space inwards to collide with the right side of his dick and rested on Clark's right lap. Clark repeated the process with his left leg and received a similar result.

"Ohhhhhhhh my godddddddd...", he groaned with pleasure upon feeling Lina's other boob collided with its twin, right against his hard dick. Softness engulfed his dick on all sides.

Clark stared at his crotch in disbelief. His cock was now **completely** engulfed by Lina's massive boobs. Actually, it would be more accurate to say that just *this portion* of her boobs was enough to accomplish what no other **full** set of breasts had ever achieved during Clark's sexual history - make his dick disappear completely.

The feeling was indescribably erotic and arousing. It was like his hard cock was surrounded by a million tiny hands that gently pressed into it from all sides.

"Comfy?" Lina asked with a smirk.

"Uh... yes, um... very much, actually," Clark stammered with a blush. This just didn't feel real.

"Great. Now, just relax, mi amorcito, I got you", she said and her blush intensified.

Clark almost came on the spot. She **cannot** be any more perfect than this.

"O... ok... um... sure... yeah, ok, if that's... yeah... um... thanks", he said awkwardly. '*Who says "thanks" for getting to lie on a girl's tits? Idiot...*' Clark thought to himself. Yet he allowed himself to further ease and relax more into Lina's pliant beanbags.

Clark felt his entire back and the sides of his torso being *further* engulfed into Lina's giant, soft cushions. The back of his head came to rest on them next. Having nowhere else to place his arms - he hesitantly let them rest on the bulging expanse of each breast, as if he was resting them on an armchair.

In this position Clark was looking further up at the ceiling and didn't see Lina anymore. However, he sure did **feel** her. To lie down and be surrounded like that by the softest, most pliant tit-flesh all around his body, to feel the soft pressure of her boobs sitting on his legs, to have her boobs smother his dick completely like that... god, he would've laid there forever if she'd let him.

Lina took a moment, just to admire the surreal scene before her eyes. To think that only last month Clark was giving her tips on how to have an effective class. She recalled how infatuated she's become with his charm, his smile, his charisma, right from the start. How captivated she was by the way he made everything seem so effortless and easy. How humble he was, despite having so much to brag about. How she clung to his every word, adoring his professionalism, his patience, his kindness. But most of all - how cute and sexy he was in her eyes.

And now here she was, on her knees, with that same hunk of a coworker - having Clark laying **on** her pliant, naked tits, while his sexy, toned dad-body is on full display for her feasting eyes. His massive dick standing rock-hard, pointing toward the ceiling. Lina found it to be so hot. She licked her lips hungrily as she was staring right at that monument of a dick.

"I'm sorry, Clark, I have to ask something," Lina said suddenly, as if she had an important announcement.

"Oh," Clark perked up his eyebrows, listening carefully. "O... ok."

"Do you understand just how **hot** you are??" She asked, looking intently into his eyes.

Clark was completely caught off guard and felt himself blushing redder than a tomato. "Wwwwwwwhat... me??? I don't... what?!" He asked incredulously. '*She's saying I'm hot?? Has she ever looked in the mirror??*'

Clark might've been surprised, but that sure sent a VERY powerful jolt through his already rock-hard dick that was still trapped between Lina's boobs.

"You're just...", Lina tried to explain, blushing herself a little. "You're so nice, and so sweet, and every time I see you smile I just melt. I can look at your smile all day long. Jyes, like this!" Lina pointed at Clark's ever more blushing face when he smiled bashfully. "Ay, Clark... you're just so sexy, you're making me feel so hot. I can't help myself. All I want to do is to smother you with my giant boobs and swallow your dick..."

Clark's eyes fluttered upwards momentarily and he felt a glob of precum shoot out of his dick. It was the hottest thing he's ever heard in his life. Lina just kept making him more and more aroused.

When Clark's eyes opened back up, he saw Lina already pushing away one boob from the inside, then her other hand pushing her other boob, prying them open like a prowling tigress. Clark's cock became free again and twitched in anticipation while the vast valley of Lina's soft breasts loomed above and around it. Lina inched forward, and sent one hand to hold the base of his cock.

"Ohhhhh", Clark moaned desperately.

Lina then sent her left hand off her boob deep into the now-closing valley of her boobs, to reach further below, and mauled as much of Clark's balls as her delicate hand could manage. However, both balls bulged beyond her outstretched, inadequate hand.

Clark's dick again became mostly engulfed by boobs, with the exception of Lina's hands adding more stimulation to his cock and balls. Plunged deep into that tight crevice, she looked like she's sliding their hands deep between two overstuffed, plush cushions of a sofa to retrieve something hidden at the very bottom.

"Oh god... ohhhhhh fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck...", Clark called out weakly, feeling his cum boiling in Lina's hands.

Having been denied a proper blowjob, Lina was adamant on making things right again. She leaned forward, looking over the vast crevice of her cleavage, as if estimating her attack like a falcon - before her head **plunged** downward between them.

Clark's eyes opened wide as he saw most of Lina's head being swallowed deep inside her own cleavage. Her vast, beautiful mane of hair now covered the surrounding surface of her boobs around her cleavage. Then Clark felt something - Lina licked his cock from its base, and went slowly up towards its tip.

"**JESUS!!!**" Clark exclaimed as his eyes closed involuntarily from the pleasure.

Lina kept going up, astounded and aroused alike by the long distance she had to travel with her tongue, before engulfing his dick head again in her eager mouth.

"**FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!!!** Jesus Christ, Lina... fuck, I'm so close...", he barely managed to speak, so overcome with pleasure.

Lina hummed excitedly at him, sending those same, exquisite tremors through his cock. Her massive mane of gorgeous hair now covered her face completely and landed lavishly all over Clark's lap.

Her left hand kept mauling his balls while her right one went up and down the remaining length of his thick dick. She compensated for the fact that she couldn't encircle it fully by jerking his cock in circular, gyrating motions while pumping it slowly and sensually.

It was beyond the wildest, horniest dreams that Clark could ever even imagine. This was a blowjob, ***nested*** within a titfuck, with simultaneous handjob and balls play - all at once! The stimulation that Clark felt in his body rose and strengthened in a speed he didn't even know was possible. It was like Lina inhaled the impending orgasm out of him with a powerful machine.

“OHHHHHHHHHHH Lina, fuck... that’s... Jesus fucking Christ... Lina that’s so good... oh my god... Lina wait... wait... fuck... Lina... FUCK... that’s too much! I can’t hold on for m...”

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM", Lina cut him off with an overly excited hum, clearly signaling him to stop worrying and just enjoy himself. She went further down with her hot mouth, her head sinking deeper into her cleavage, and swallowed about 6 inches of thick, hard cock before her throat met its tip.

Clark felt his body sinking even **further** into Lina's heavenly boobs due to her leaning further onto him. His cum was bubbling in his overtaxed balls as she kept playing with them sensually and grazing the underside of his scrotum with her fingernails, sending super strong tremors from his crotch throughout his body.

Frustrated by this speedbump halting her progress, Lina went up a little to take a deep breath, then pushed further down. Clark felt the pressure of the back of her mouth for a moment, before suddenly Lina's mouth slid several inches *further* down.

-GLUCK-

She now had about 10 inches of **thick** cock completely filling every available space in her mouth and throat.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH," Clark cried out as his eyes opened in utter shock. He tilted his head forward and found the top of Lina's head rising and falling within her cleavage above his lap. Muted glucking sounds emanated from under that mane of hair as Lina gulped and swallowed as much of his dick into her throat as she could manage.

*'Fucking shit, he's thick!' Lina thought as her reality became dark and quiet within her cleavage. Her right hand kept pumping the lower part of Clark's cock that was untouched by her mouth all the while, and her left hand kept mauling and grazing his balls sensually. She was so adamant on making this experience as pleasurable as possible for him. She's never been so determined. So sure of her cause. She was going to **redefine** for Clark what orgasm meant!*

“Lllllllina...”, Clark called out weakly. “I’m ggggggggonna ccccccccccum... I ccccccan’t...”

Lina just kept pumping and swallowing and mauling and humming more and more eagerly.

“Gluck gluck gluck gluck...”

Clark was on his last threads of stamina, and thought Lina might not have heard him, being buried deep in her cleavage and with her hair further muffling sounds. He gathered as much hair as he could with his hand and lifted it over her head.

Lina's forehead was alternately exposed as it went up and down inside her own cleavage.

“Gluck gluck gluck gluck gluck gluck...”

While her face was pointing downwards towards his crotch, her eyes were partially visible every time her head rose. As if she's been waiting for him to unveil the hair from her face - Lina's eyes have been looking **up** all the while, right into Clark's own disbelieving eyes.

It was a look of excitement. *Hunger. Eroticism.* Every time Lina's head came up - her large, gorgeous eyes kept looking at him like this. It was the most devoted look he's ever seen. As if she was *begging* him to give her everything he had.

“Mmmmmmmmmmm”, Lina hummed in need and devotion, creating tickling vibrations that warped his cock. And she just kept on swallowing all the while, rising and falling into her cleavage and onto his massive, **diamond-hard** dick.

Clark held Lina's hair with one hand, while subconsciously squeezing some little part of her boob with the other hand, over and over again, like a stress ball. The surreal feeling of being sunk deep into Lina's massive beanbags, squeezing her boob, and having Lina perform all those simultaneous ministrations all the while was **indescribably** arousing.

A few weeks ago, when he'd first jerked off to a picture of Lina on his phone, Clark had experienced the most intense climax of his life. Yet, as the pressure built right now, he knew the approaching orgasm was going to completely **obliterate** that memory. The fantasy had been nothing. It hit him like a ton of bricks. Until this exact moment, he hadn't known what *true* pleasure even was.

“Gluck gluck gluck...”

Lina rose and stopped for just a second, making Clark freeze in place. Then she winked at him with a mischievous smile full of cock, and resumed bobbing her head up and down again.

That did it for him. Clark couldn't take it anymore.

“Gluck gluck gluck *gluck gluck gluck* **GLUCK GLUCK GLUCK...**”

“Lina...” was all he could whisper, before his balls clenched up like a vice and his dick **erupted** like a geyser.

The most violent, powerful jet of cum passed like lightning through his cum channel and **gushed** against the back of Lina's throat in a long, high-pressure stream.

As if her body was doing what's necessary to protect her - Lina immediately started swallowing big gulps down her delicate throat. She kept on swallowing again and again because one gulp just wasn't enough to down the first load by itself.

Yet, she dutifully kept bobbing up and down on as much dick as she could, intensifying her balls-play, encouraging them to keep shooting all the cum stored within them. Her other hand kept jerking Clark's spasming dick on whatever her mouth couldn't manage.

"Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuck..." Clark cried out weakly with his eyes squeezed shut, unable to process the insane pleasure coursing throughout his body.

Immediately after the first salvo of cum - another one, just as ultra-powerful shot up his cock and down Lina's ever gulping throat.

Clark was delirious as the pleasure just kept on mounting stronger and stronger with every passing second. It actually scared him. For years and years he's been used to well-below average sex and mediocre orgasms. *This* time, however, it hit him like a freight train. He's **never** had a girl swallow his cum. Certainly not Marla, that's for sure. The spasms he was feeling right now were like no other. Clark couldn't see anything because his eyelids were shut and his eyeballs rolled up involuntarily. He couldn't make a sound at this point.

Again and again, he shot one fireball of cum after another, making Lina's beautiful, slender throat bulge and work extra hard just to keep up with the endless flow of cum. Clark was paralyzed, unable to do anything but sit there on her mega cushions, squeeze her boob and take the pleasure as it kept mounting.

Lina couldn't believe the volume and intensity of Clark's cumshots. A single shot of his felt like the equivalent of an entire man's load. Yet they just kept on coming, with no end in sight. She didn't know what to do but to keep bobbing her head, jerking his cock and mauling his balls, as sensually as she could.

She sensed just how deprived of *real* pleasure that man had been until now. How backed up he was. Poor guy. She couldn't let him down, not on *her* watch! Every ministrations of her mouth, hands or body were aimed towards maximizing Clark's pleasure. Lina was so overcome with emotions, seeing her love with closed, blissful eyes, enjoying what she's been doing so much. The power she felt she had over him was intoxicating.

5 massive shots were fired and swallowed down her throat. 10. 15! 20!! 30 shots!!! And Clark just kept shooting. This was *not* normal... Lina actually felt her stomach getting quite full at this point. She didn't know if she'd be able to keep up for much longer.

For over a minute Clark has been shooting large, powerful shots of cum that were gulped dutifully, again and again by the overwhelmed Lina. Then luckily, *finally* - his cumshots began to taper to more *manageable* volumes. He still came another 10 smaller shots roughly, before, *at last*, after almost **50** shots, his spurts tapered to a halt.

Lina sensed Clark gradually coming down from his powerful orgasm, and slowed down her pace and intensity along with him. She still played with his balls, albeit much more gently now, holding the base of his cock with her other hand, and pulling her head up just enough to keep his glans and another 2 inches of his dick in her mouth, bobbing much slower now, going just a little up and down.

She could still feel Clark's spasms passing through the hand holding the base of his cock, but they were getting weaker and more sparse as the seconds ticked by.

Lina kept looking up at Clark all the while. His eyes were still closed. He looked so concentrated. So... vulnerable. She'd be there for him until his orgasm will have reached its tender conclusion.

*

It took another couple of minutes for the spasms to die down, before Clark finally, slowly opened his eyes.

It was the most erotic vision he's ever seen. Lina, an angel from heaven, looking up at him lovingly with her big, beautiful eyes, her vast mane of gorgeous hair cascading all over her head and onto the top of her boobs. Underneath them - one hand gently holding his balls while the other holding the base of his now semi-erect dick. Her mouth filled with his thick cock head.

She looked like she was happily waiting for his permission to get off his cock, yet completely willing to stay there for as long as he wanted her to.

It was **so** erotic, in fact, that despite the intense orgasm he'd just endured, Clark felt his cock, amazingly - twitching!

"Lina...", he croaked in awe. "I... I don't... wow...", he said.

Lina smiled with his cock head still in her mouth, humming into it giddily. Finally, she took it out with a loud pop.

"Was it good?" She asked with an innocent smile, still holding his cock and balls.

"Was it g...", Clark repeated back and cut himself short in disbelief. "Lina, I almost had a heart attack from cumming so hard!"

Lina's innocent smile made room for a look of desperation.

"Ay Clark, I'm so happy!!" She said excitedly. Lina subconsciously started to slowly jerk his cock again in slow, sensual motions. Keeping her hands on his cock and balls, she rose upward and forward on her knees towards his face, touching her forehead to his own. Clark felt his whole body sinking even further into Lina's breasts, now completely trapped by her body on all sides.

“Clark, baby...”, she whispered, as if it was a secret, panting her hot breath into him, her mouth inches away from his own.

“W... what, Lina?” He whispered back, panting himself.

“Ppppppplease... I... nnnnnneed you,” she panted in desperate arousal. Lina's hands let go of his cock and balls, and Clark felt her shifting below. A moment later, Lina's hand again grabbed his re-hardening, semi-erect dick and manipulated it. His eyes opened wide when suddenly felt something **very** wet engulfing the very tip of his cock head.

Lina looked meaningfully into Clark's eyes, as if to confirm that he was indeed feeling *exactly* what he thought he was feeling. Her yoga pants and panties have been rolled down around her knees.

It was Lina's turn now to suddenly open her eyes wide in wonderment, upon feeling Clark's cock hardening all the way in her hand.

-SMACK-

“EEEEEEEEEEEEK!”

-SMACK-

“EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!”

Clark had smacked Lina's huge, bubbly, juicy, ass cheeks, grabbing a large handful of each of them in either hand.

Lina looked back at him in utter shock. She didn't know where Clark unleashed that dominance from, but she **LOVED** it!

Like water effortlessly taking the shape of a new vessel, Lina yielded without a sliver of resistance. Her initial shock dissolved instantly, flowing seamlessly into pure eagerness as she perfectly synced herself to his every move. Her eyes assumed a hue of submission and desperate arousal as she wordlessly begged him to enter her dripping snatch.

The tip of Clark's cock head was still grazing just an inch into Lina's wet snatch and he felt Lina's liquids slowly cascading down its length. He looked deeply into her eyes with renewed vigor.

“I got you, mí amor,” he said with a confident smile and winked.

Lina's eyes immediately fluttered upwards and Clark's cock was **drenched** in her juices.

* * *

Chapter 14

Clark has been comfortably laying on Lina's cushioning tits while his dick head was grazing the crevice between the outer lips of Lina's dripping pussy, teasing the inner folds as it gently explored the opening without entering yet. However, to Lina's disappointment, instead of entering - Clark maneuvered his dick so that the thick cum channel on its underside was now grazing Lina's folds like a sausage between two buns.

Clark's focus was still elsewhere: on Lina's globular ass. Her two fucking MASSIVE, juicy, sexy, round, perfect ass cheeks.

Cupping one cheek in each hand - Clark squeezed and couldn't let go. His hands sank deeply into the fleshy orbs he's been fantasizing about for a whole month. And now they were *literally* in the palms of his hands. Beyond his large, outspread fingers, each cheek extended far *beyond* them, quivering at a whole second's delay after Clark jiggled them up and down, testing their heft, feeling their weight.

"Oh my godddddddd... Lina... FUCK!!! **FUCK!!!!** You've got the sexiest ass in the world. I can't get enough of it!" Clark groaned as he squeezed and jiggled her ass relentlessly.

"Mmmmmmmmmmm... keep squeezing it, baby. Squeeze it as much as you want. It feels really good when you do that," Lina whimpered, her forehead touching Clark's own.

She was so hot, so ready for him to enter. Her pussy was gushing slick fluids onto the underside of Clark's dick, drenching it as Clark kept idly sawing back and forth along her inner lips. Never in her life has Lina been this aroused. This ready to be fucked. She felt like she was at Clark's mercy. The anticipation was driving her crazy with lust.

Her hands were now interlocked behind his neck as both she and Clark were laying on her boobs. Clark's back sank deep into her pliant bosom while Lina hovered over him.

She looked at him hungrily. Hopefully. Clark stared back at her with a newfound dominance he didn't know he possessed. Lina did the only thing she could think of - she french kissed him passionately, as if trying to convey her need for his cock through the kiss.

Clark kissed her back and kept squeezing Lina's ass cheeks over and over again, relishing how squishy they were. He couldn't get enough of her supple flesh. He was like a little kid who's been deprived of sweets his entire life and was now at an all you can eat candy store.

He felt how hot Lina was getting as she was moaning like a cat in heat through the kisses, and couldn't help teasing her that much *more*. She felt like putty in his hands, and that power was intoxicating.

"Lina mmmmmmmmm you're so fucking hot, mmmmm... fuck, you're so sexy mmmmmmmmm oh my god... fuck... I love feeling up your hot body mmmmm... you're driving me mad with lust for

you mmmmmmm...” he whispered in between kisses, as he kept squeezing various parts of her endlessly-squishy ass cheeks.

“Ay... Clark... mmmmmmmm please... pleeeeeeease mmmmmmm... I'm so ready for you...” Lina whimpered with need, kissing him with ever rising heat, her whole body on fire. She was now frantically grazing her pussy against the underside of Clark's dick, desperately trying to squeeze as much pleasure from the very little he was giving her.

However, Clark was acting as if he didn't hear her. He had no idea what came over him. He hadn't had sex close to a year, and **now** he decides to take his time?? Yet... it was just so much fun, teasing Lina like that. With every passing second that he denied her - she became hotter and hotter, hornier and hornier, and he was feeling more and more in control. He just couldn't help himself.

Clark's hands travelled further upwards, feeling Lina's tight, sexy waist as it tapered *dramatically* inwards from her wide hips. She was so slim, in fact, that his fingers were close to meeting around her.

“Lina... how on earth are you **this** sexy??? Your body should be *illegal*, it's so hot... Fuck!!!” He exclaimed, almost accusatorily. Lina could only whimper in response. Clark's words, his tone, his marvel, his touch... it all made her feel so desirable. So fucking **HORNY!** She kept kissing Clark and grinding her dripping pussy back and forth along his thick dick. “Clark... bbbbbbaby... I nnnnnneed you... I wwwwwwwwwant to ffffffeel your ccccccock inside me... nnnnnnowwww... pppppppleeeeease...”

Lina kissed him again and again, her hands frantically pulling his face for a passionate kiss. Clark alternated between feeling up Lina's slender waist and squeezing one ass cheek or another. It felt like with every passing second - Lina's body was further closing in on him as her heat kept rising and rising. Her kisses were ever more ardent, her pussy grinding was more frantic and her moans became ever more desperate. The effect on Clark was monumental. Despite having cum only a few minutes ago, it felt as if he hadn't cum in *weeks*, as his cock was harder than ever before.

After several minutes of blissful torment, Clark suddenly grabbed both ass cheeks and held the squeeze. Lina gasped and held her breath. Time halted to a standstill. Then, Lina felt her body being lifted from her ass. Her pussy slid higher and higher along the long length of Clark's thick dick, yet this time it kept rising until her pussy lips were once again aligned with Clark's *thick* dick head.

Lina's beautiful, desperate eyes scrunched together as she bit her lower lip needingly. Clark looked back at her with a determined yet warm look that induced a sense of security with Lina. As if everything was going to be ok.

Then, he slowly pulled her down and her pussy started descending on Clark's massive cock. It was a slow process that required quite a lot of force. Lina's pussy was **so** tight, and Clark's dick was **so** thick. His cock was spearing its way in, stretching Lina's pussy walls considerably. Yet

Clark kept lowering Lina's body, inch after inch, until her pussy bottomed out on his dick. Lina's voice rose in pitch and intensity with every additional inch, until she finally screamed toward the ceiling.

“Aaaaaaaaaayyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy**yyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY**
CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARK!!!!!!!!” Her pussy had been so slick with her juices
 that despite its thickness - Clark's cock slid smoothly all the way in.

She felt so full by Clark's thick cock. It wasn't merely touching, but actually *pushing* considerably against every sensitive spot along her vagina. Just having it fill her pussy so much, sent orgasmic jolts throughout her body, over and over again.

“Fuck!” Clark grunted. He just stayed in place for a long moment. Lina's searing hot pussy was squeezing his dick so tightly. The pleasure was beyond anything Clark had ever felt. The muscles in Lina's pussy canal were massaging his dick over and over again, milking it continuously.

Lina was overcome with emotions. She felt herself melting into Clark's body. She resumed kissing him fervently as her whole body enveloped itself around him, clinging to him for physical and emotional support. Clark felt both of their bodies sinking even further into the breast-cushions behind his back. He kissed Lina back with just as much lust and intensity as she did, while he kept squeezing and mauling her juicy ass cheeks with each hand. The feeling was indescribably erotic. It was like he was surrounded by femininity with nowhere to escape. Not that he wanted to, anyway.

After about a minute of them staying in this position, making out hotly and feeling up each other's bodies, Clark pushed Lina's ass up once again. Lina synced herself with how he navigated her body and rose along with his pushing. She allowed herself to be completely led by her lover.

“Mmmmmmphhhhh baby mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm,” she moaned into the hot kiss as she felt her pussy sliding along Clark’s thick cock, her sensitive spots caressed on their way out. She looked deeply into his eyes, which were an inch away from hers, timid, as if she was unsure what he’s going to do next. Clark gave her that same determined yet warm look, holding her body up for a moment, before he pulled her back down, a bit harder and faster this time.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm mmmmmmmmmmm
mmmmmmmm...” Lina cried out in orgasmic bliss, then resumed kissing Clark even more
urgently. She found solace and comfort in kissing him, as if a thunderstorm was raging outside
and Clark’s mouth provided her with a warm, secure place to hide in.

Clark felt Lina's body closing in around him, melting against his every contour. She didn't just hold him; she flowed against him. Like water poured into a new vessel, she instantly yielded, taking on his shape and adjusting to his every subtle shift without a sliver of resistance. She clung to him like a second skin, kissing him deeply, wrapping her arms around his head as she pushed every soft inch of herself into his space. They had barely even started, but the sheer,

lustful ease with which she surrendered the lead to him made it *insanely* hotter than any sex he'd ever had. She wasn't just participating. She was *pouring* her entire being into the act, committed completely and without hesitation.

Clark pushed Lina up and slammed her body down. Lina cried out loud into his mouth, yet she didn't stop kissing him, clinging onto Clark for dear life. They gained momentum, thrusting and slamming their hips faster and faster against each other. As Lina's cries rose louder and more urgent with every stroke. Already she felt an exceedingly strong orgasm approaching fast, as all of her sensitive spots were stroked simultaneously over and over again.

“Ay Clark mmmm... you’re so thick mmmmmm... your hard cock feels so goodmmmmmmmmph... Ay... sí... sííííííííí mi amor... oh my god you’re gonna make me cum already!!!!” she whimpered in between hot kisses.

The raw intensity left Clark astounded. Lina rode his cock with a starving desperation, eagerly taking his relentless thrusts into her lush, scalding-hot body. Her round, elegant movements were so skillful, they suddenly seemed very similar to their hot Salsa dance a few weeks ago. In hindsight - Lina hadn't simply *danced* with Clark back then. She'd been riding his cock in her imagination.

Beneath Clark, the staggering plushness of Lina's massive breasts provided a perfect counter-force. Every heavy plunge was met with their springy resistance, catching his weight and seamlessly rebounding him upward. It created a fast, intense rhythm, their momentum naturally amplified by the supple bounce beneath him.

Her pussy was **scorching** hot. For Clark it was like fucking a tight flashlight made of lava. Clark felt Lina's juices sliding along his spear of a cock and pooling on his hips. Lina was *that* aroused. He had just cum a few minutes ago and already he began feeling the first signs of another, even stronger orgasm cooking up again.

Lina was in her own world of passion. Her mouth was open wide and her tongue danced expertly around Clark's own stunned tongue. She devoured his face as she kept pumping her hot body against her lover's pelvis. The parts of her tits closest to her chest were smothering Clark's torso on all sides as she further pushed herself down onto him. She frantically rode Clark's thick cock as she felt the heat in her pussy rising towards a **MASSIVE** crescendo. Her pitch rose ever higher along with her ever-increasing arousal.

“Baby mmmmmmmmm... I’m gonna cum... mmmmmmmmmmm... ayyyyyyyyy síííííííí... síííííííí
mi amor... fuck me! Fuck me, Clark! Fuck me, baby! Sí... just like that mmmmmmmmm... I’m
cumming! Clark! MMMMMMMMM I’M CUMMING!!!! I’M CUMMIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING!!!!!!!!!!!!
AHHHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”

Lina's scream rose so high in pitch that Clark couldn't hear it anymore. A dog on the street might've perked up its ears. All Clark saw was Lina's gorgeous facial features contorting in pure pleasure, her eyes closed and her mouth opened in a silent scream. Clark frantically kept

thrusting his cock into Lina's pussy as hard as he could, bottoming out on every stroke. His persistent thrusts elevated her orgasm to higher levels of indescribable pleasure. Her face expressing so much pleasure as hers did - she was the most beautiful creature he's ever seen, so vulnerable, so perfect, so... fuckin' **HOT**.

Clark watched in utter amazement at the gradual transformation that Lina's eyebrows were going through. It was like she was having a private moment of pure bliss. He brought her to heights of indulgence she didn't know existed, and every additional thrust sent her climax ever higher. She felt the strongest orgasmic convulsions passing through her sexy body, then, just when she thought it was about to end - those convulsions got stronger still.

Her head collapsed onto Clark's shoulder and she hugged him for dear life, seeking stable ground. Clark hugged her back, yet he kept thrusting ever more aggressively, which only extended her already crazy-strong orgasm to unfathomable levels.

**"EE
EEE"** she screamed in the highest possible pitch.

Clark felt her entire goddess-like body vibrating all over him. He hadn't known sex could be this thrilling. Yet his instincts were completely in charge and he only kept thrusting his hips again and again into that perfect, scorching hot pussy. He was grabbing and squeezing Lina's ass cheeks for both support and his own indulgent pleasure. Lina used her toned, ultra-sexy ass muscles to drive her pelvis against Clark's thick cock in perfect tandem with his thrusts.

For several feverish minutes they were fucking like wild animals. Then suddenly, Clark heard the softest whisper:

“Please...”

His eyebrows rose in pleasant surprise and his dick lurched in even more arousal. It was like a whisper of an angel, right into his ear.

“Please, baby...”, Lina kept purring softly while her hips kept working relentlessly to plow herself again and again on his cock. Her voice was barely audible, yet it only made things that much *hotter*. Like she was whispering a secret that only Clark could hear. “Fuck me... fuck me, baby. Please... don’t stop, mi amor. Te amo, amorcito... te amo, papi... don’t stop, baby... fuck me *harder!* Please...”

Clark's eyes opened wide. Whatever effort he had put in so far - he doubled it now. It was as if Lina's whispered pleas reinvigorated him. He complied without question and gave Lina everything he had.

Rapid thumping sounds filled Lina's bedroom as Clark fucked and fucked and *fucked and fucked* like a man possessed. Lina's hips matched his ever increasing pace and strength and plowed back into him. Her beautiful eyes had already been closed, but her eyeballs now rose ever higher as the barrage of orgasms only further intensified. Lina felt as if her pussy had melted from the heat within it. She couldn't process the monumental pleasure that kept blasting her body over and over again.

The effect of Clark's additional efforts *certainly* paid off. Lina endured an orgasm unlike any she's ever felt. Her pussy was gushing around Clark's hard cock as the spasms relentlessly coursed through her ultra-hot body. She was unable to speak and just kept hugging Clark as tight as she could while riding his cock desperately. Clark felt her pussy clamping ultra-strongly over and over again on his, as if trying to cut off his dick in half. He felt his own cum churning and boiling in his balls, getting ready for another *giant* orgasm.

Finally, after several long minutes, she felt her massive orgasm ebbing away. It didn't die down completely, but just enough to be able to speak. Clark's thrusts slowed down gradually and became more elongated and tender.

She released the tight hold she had on Clark just a tad, and quietly purred into his ear in the softest, most vulnerable voice she had:

"Baby! You made me cum so hard..." she whispered and sent a chill through Clark's body. As she was whispering, she was gently nibbling on his ear lobe and kissing his neck in between her words. "That was *mmm...* the strongest orgasm *mmm...* I've ever felt in my life *mmm... mmm...* You're making me so hot, Clark, *mmm...* I'm addicted to you *mmm...* I can't get enough of feeling your strong body *mmm...* your huge cock *mmm...* baby... you make me feel so good *mmm...* so secure... *mmm...* so feminine..."

Clark's dick was on fire. Hearing her whispering those magic words into his ear and having her kiss and nibble his face was completely euphoric. Reflexively, he switched gears again and his thrusts again increased in intensity. Lina moaned into his ear like a heated cat as she felt another *MASSIVE* orgasm building on the tail of the last one. "Jyes, baby... *mmm...* fuck me... *mmm...* just like that," she kept purring desperately into his ear.

She was so hot that her tongue just sprang from her mouth and started licking Clark's ear in between words. "Sí, papi... sí *mmmmmmmm...* fuck me... fuck me, Clark *mmmm...* you're so good... harder... *mmmmmmmm...* fuck me as hard as you can baby... *mmmmmmmm...* just like that... sí... ay mi amor... your cock feels so good in my tight pussy..." she ground her hips harder and faster into Clark's pelvis, making his entire body sink even deeper into the pliant, comforting pillows of her gigantic breasts.

Clark was working on autopilot at this point. Never had he *ever* met anyone as hot and as arousing as Lina. She was *made* for sex. She was made *of* sex. She was *oozing* sex out of every pore in her body, and it was intoxicating. It was all a surreal experience. Being buried in tit all around and fucking the hottest goddess on the planet as she kept begging for more and

more and more while clinging to his body and licking his ear desperately... **FUCK!!!!** It was almost more than he could bear.

But Clark dutifully fucked and fucked and fucked, bringing Lina ever higher towards another **MASSIVE** climax. He felt her body again closing in on his own, engulfing him in her femininity all around as her tongue explored his ear and sent the craziest, most powerful jolts of pleasure throughout his body. He grunted and fucked and grunted and fucked, not knowing where to put his hands. Every surface he touched was more sexy than he could've dreamed of.

"FUCK Lina you're so fucking hot!!!! Fucking shit... fuck... how are you this **hot????????** Your fuckin' ass is so fucking perfect... fuck, that waist, oh my god!!!!!! What the fuck??? Jesus Christ what are you??? I can't stop feeling your hot body... fuck, you're a goddess!!!! Oh my god!!!! **FUCK!!!!!!!!**" he grunted in complete amazement and disbelief.

Clark thrust again and again like a man possessed. His hands roamed all over Lina's goddess-like body, either squeezing the hell out of her ass, feeling up her slender, shapely thighs, or sliding up to her skinny waist and relishing its tightness. Lina was beyond any rational thought at this point. She let go of his ear and resumed devouring his mouth.

"*Mphhhhhhhhhh mmmmmmmmmmm mmmph mmmmmmmmmmmmmphhhhh* sí baby *mmmmmmmmmm* feel my body... it's all yours... feel me baby... *mmmmm*... I love it when you touch me like that... *mmmmmmmmph mmmmm mph*... I need you *mmmmmm*... mi amor... fuck me... fuck me baby *mmmmmmmmmmmm*... harder... please... please baby fuck me as hard as you want... *mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm*..."

Lina's next orgasm was fast approaching as her hips met Clark's pelvis over and over again. They've been fucking so roughly that suddenly - Clark felt his body starting to *sink*. The tight cleavage **behind** his back was starting to part, gradually widening with every thrust. But there's no way in hell they're stopping now. Lina and Clark kept their synced rhythm. Clark descended inch after inch accordingly, and Lina sank right along with him. No amount of money in the world would separate her body from Clark's right now. They were going down together, that's for sure.

Clark saw the walls of flesh rising beyond Lina's shoulders higher and higher as they descended lower and lower, with Lina's breasts being displaced sideways. Darkness engulfed them as they kept on fucking **inside** Lina's cleavage. Clark resumed grabbing only her ass and fuckin' drilled his cock into Lina's pussy as hard as he could.

Lina's moans became manic and she just completely locked her open mouth to Clark's own, hugging the back of his head all the while. Her tongue was searching so deep it almost reached his throat. Her own orgasm was right around the corner.

Clark felt her getting close and gave it everything he had. He fucked her like his life depended on it. Lina moaned loudly into his mouth and her eyes closed again in desperation. Clark kept descending, when suddenly - he felt his back touching the floor. The sudden change caused him to halt for just a tiny moment, before he kept assaulting Lina's pussy from below while she rode him fervently.

They were surrounded by mountains of breast flesh, yet they just kept fucking like rabbits. They were both so hot for each other, feeding off of each other's energy in a positive feedback loop. Lina's moans rose higher and higher while Clark's grunts got rougher and more animalistic.

Then Lina felt it coming like a tidal wave. Searing heat passed through her body and her pussy ***exploded!***

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmbahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!” The pleasure was so insanely strong that Lina inadvertently broke the kiss and cried out loud. Her vaginal muscles clamped on Clark’s hard cock like a pair of pliers over and over again.

As her orgasm bombarded her entire body and soul, Lina felt an **immense** pressure suddenly building in her pussy and couldn't hold on anymore. She lifted her hips high, making her pussy suddenly leave and rise above Clark's cock.

Immediately, a spray of her juices squirted out of her pussy in high pressure, right onto Clark's abdomen, lasting long seconds.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” She screamed in a pitch so high that the vibrations could've broken the window to her room.

Clark was shocked. He was hosed down by massive amounts of squirt. He couldn't believe he brought this goddess to such heights of pleasure. He couldn't deny the massive ego stroke it gave him. But he put that aside because he knew what he had to do right now.

As Lina's orgasm was wrecking her thrashing, squirting body, and the pleasure coursing through her reached unfathomable levels, she suddenly felt a hand on her clit. Her eyes opened wide as she realized what Clark was about to do. She was almost scared. She looked straight at him, anxious of what he's about to do.

Then he did it.

His middle finger stroked the clit of her still-squirting pussy in rapid right-left motions. Immediately, Lina's eyeballs rose to look up at her skull as the already-supreme pleasure just elevated by a magnitude level. She couldn't make a sound or do anything except let her body be **bombarded** by more pleasure than she's ever felt in her life.

Clark's skillful ministrations caused the previous ebbing squirt to reignite. Another high-pressure squirt exploded out of Lina's vibrating pussy, splattering through Clark's fingers as he kept stroking, elongating and strengthening Lina's orgasm to its fullest potential. Her body was thrashing like it was possessed by a demon.

Lina's fingernails dug into Clark's upper back and left deep red marks on it. For over 30 seconds the most intense orgasm of her life sent electric jolts throughout her entire body. She couldn't comprehend the pleasure she was feeling, and all she could do was ride it out as her arms clung around Clark's upper back for dear life.

Clark felt her fingernails piercing his skin, but he couldn't care less. He was actually thrilled to feel them, as they served as indication of just how hard Lina was cumming. For long seconds he kept up his hand strokes. When he felt Lina's orgasm slowly die out, he slowed and eased his strokes to much more gentle caresses, chaperoning Lina in her orgasm until the very end, before he finally took his hand off of her clit.

Through the dark walls of breast-flesh, Clark smiled as he saw the faint outline of Lina's face while she was still panting. Her eyes were shut as the remnants of her orgasm slowly calmed down. Her fingernails finally eased their clutch on his aching back and she slowly opened her eyes. The euphoria she was feeling now was indescribable.

Lina stared at Clark in total shock, awe, and adoration. He just smiled back at her mischievously, enjoying the fruits of his labor.

"Clark... baby... you are... just... **incredible**. I've never had such a strong orgasm... in all my life," Lina panted in disbelief, her pussy still spasming in weak aftershocks.

Clark didn't answer. Instead, his smile shifted to a more dominant look right into Lina's disbelieving eyes. His hands rose up to hold her slim waist on both sides. She groaned as an erotic shiver coursed through her body, feeling Clark's hands sliding over her sensitive skin. Then, she felt herself being gently pulled down and her eyes opened wide in greater disbelief.

"EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!!!" She shrieked.

Clark's thick dickhead made its way again into the opening of Lina's pussy, spreading its delicate lips unrecognizably taut. Her mouth opened in shock. She didn't expect... well, she wasn't sure what to expect. But it was obviously a welcomed surprise.

"Fuck, Lina, I can't get enough of you. You're so goddamn sexy. I can't stop feeling up your body. You're the hottest woman on the planet," Clark muttered and grunted in frantic arousal as he kept pulling her body down determinedly.

Lina's eyes fluttered upwards again as *another* orgasm was already building anew. "Ay baby, don't stop. Take my body, feel me up as much as you want, it's all yours," she moaned in total devotion. Then she went straight back to kissing Clark desperately, as if his mouth was her only lifeline in a sea of darkness.

Clark kept pulling her until he hit bottom. Lina moaned with wild abandon into his mouth and explored his mouth with her tongue. She already felt cum again very soon. She started bouncing herself, gaining speed as she pumped her tight pussy faster and faster onto Clark's piping hot cock.

This was... *beyond* heavenly. Being surrounded by Lina's soft, **gigantic** bosom on both sides, while she was bouncing her ultra-perfect ass on his pelvis, impaling herself on his hard cock, all while making out with him hotly. Clark could've died then and there as the happiest man alive.

As their pace got more and more frantic and desperate, the orgasm hit Lina like a ton of bricks. She moaned deep into Clark's mouth as she was again forced to de-mount his cock and spray another massive squirt on his pelvis. Clark repeated his previous trick and managed to elevate her orgasm to even higher heights.

"AYYYYYYYYYY CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" She screamed with her eyes shut tight, then immediately resumed devouring his mouth in endless french-kisses.

Lina's legs were trembling at this point. She couldn't believe what a virile, amazing, considerate and dominant lover Clark turned out to be. She wasn't in any position to even process it at the moment. All she could do was squeak in utter bliss as Clark lowered her sexy ass a third time on his huge cock.

Time flew by. Five minutes. Ten. Twenty. Thirty... Lina had no idea how many times she came, but it was **A LOT**. Each time was stronger than the last, the pleasure building incrementally. Clark kept thrusting and pumping into her and each time he squeezed out every last bit of pleasure that he could from each orgasm. Lina was on the point of losing her mind from pleasure. After *well* over two dozen orgasms - an especially intense, **LONG** one hit Lina, and she had to stop for a moment. She collapsed on Clark and panted heavily. Her whole body was shaking uncontrollably. This was fucking insane.

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Clark sensed she needed a break and settled on just squeezing her massive ass cheeks, enjoying their pliant heft.

"Baby...", Lina panted. "What the **FUCK???**"

Clark burst out laughing, then kept squeezing her pliant ass ever so lovingly. He looked back at her and shrugged with a satisfied smile.

"I'm just having so much fun," he chuckled. Lina stared at him in disbelief.

"Clark... I almost **died** from pleasure. Do you realize how many times you made me cum??" Lina yelped. Clark just shrugged again with a little smirk. Then he shifted a bit and winced in sudden pain.

"Are you ok, baby? What happened?" Lina asked worriedly as she saw his pained expression.

"*Ahh...* yeah... it's nothing, just... *heh...* my tailbone is killing me, actually," Clark said with a brave smile.

A realization dawned on Lina that Clark had been lying on the floor for over half an hour, bumping into it again and again while doing his best to bring her maximum pleasure.

"You poor baby... and I haven't even shown you my bed," Lina said empathically and placed a soft palm on his cheek.

"Heh... it's a small price to pay. Plus, I started off by laying on the world's comfiest bed, so I can't really complain," Clark chuckled.

Nevertheless, Lina leaned back and allowed Clark to slowly get up while she sat on the floor. Clark slowly stretched his aching body in all sorts of angles before he felt ready enough to lend Lina his hand. She looked at him with an adoring, thankful smile and took his hand.

Clark pulled. Then he pulled harder. Then *really* hard. Only when he gave it his all did he manage to help Lina to her feet, and it took a *massive* toll on his body. Jesus Christ... she was *heavy*. Though probably half of that weight came from her tits alone...

"Thank you, my sexy stud. I know I can be quite heavy with these..." Lina said with a bashful smile as she squeezed inwards a tiny portion of her breasts with her hands.

"Oh... heh... no that's... you're not... um... uh... you're... uh..." Clark stuttered. He was too stunned to speak.

So far he hadn't gotten a chance to *really* look at Lina in all her glorious self. Now, for the first time in his life, he was *actually* seeing Lina, standing a few feet away from him, completely naked. Well, *almost*. Her heels were still on, somehow.

Clark literally gasped out loud and his dick spasmed up and down involuntarily, which made Lina *really* blush.

Supermodels were beautiful. Some women were curvy. Others were busty. Lina was all of the above, and then some. And then a lot more. And then yet much more. Then multiplied a thousand times over. And then some more still.

Clark just had to stop and appreciate her properly. His gaze wandered over her body. Actually, it was mostly at her boobs. Clark's mind refused to register what his eyes were trying to signal. Forget beach balls. Forget even yoga balls... These were... beanbags. Of the kind that a large adult could comfortably sit on. Lina was standing probably 6 feet away from him, yet he could easily reach their fronts without moving, which were probably two feet away.

And despite the fact they weren't contained in a bra anymore - Lina's breasts barely sagged. Rather, they had a natural tear-drop shape to them, while retaining inexplicable fullness that made them puff out proudly. They were actually *perky*. Every time Lina pressed them or jiggled them in front of his disbelieving eyes - they showed incredible tensibility, akin to that of an 18-year old girl's C-cup breasts.

And to cap it all off - Lina had the most exquisite nipples, a beautiful dark pink hue, a little bigger than most nipples yet looking quite small in proportion to her giant breasts. They were so very

hard, as if begging Clark to squeeze and suck them. Round, coffee-saucer sized areolae surrounded them, looking perfectly proportional to their size. They were just perfect.

“Wowwww...” Clark blurted without thinking.

Lina's blush intensified, her nipples hardened even more and her pussy squirted a little more, slickening her thighs further.

“Ay, come on Clark, now you're just teasing me,” she said bashfully and buried her face in her hands.

“I'm really not, Lina... oh my god... do you realize how *insanely* sexy you are??? Fuck!!!” Clark exclaimed in utter disbelief.

Lina's pussy was gushing upon hearing him. Clark made her feel so hot, so feminine.

“Well... thank you,” she said as she bit her lower lip shyly. “You're extremely sexy yourself.”

Lina smiled bashfully before she turned around and made her way to her bed.

Those *gigantic* globes of hers swayed at a whole second's delay after her body, projecting so far in front of her. They kept jiggling from side to side after she finished turning, showing considerably from behind. Lina's breasts were so huge, in fact, that they had more mass showing from behind than the mass concealed. They projected a whole foot beyond her arms on either side and reached as low as her knees!

Her ass was fully naked and needlessly *further* accentuated thanks to her heels. Clark watched her, entranced, as her giant, perfect, globular, perky ass cheeks swayed from side to side with each step she took.

“**FUCK!!!!**” Clark almost yelled. His cock was on fucking *fire*. He had to devour her body. Lina giggled at his raw enthusiasm and turned her head back to look at him with a teasing smile, before she resumed walking towards her bed.

“I have to rest my boobies on the bed,” Lina said in an exaggeratedly-innocent voice without looking back. “They're just so heavy...”

Clark could only watch with delirious, glazed eyes as she managed the sheer weight of herself. With a soft grunt of effort, Lina hoisted one massive breast up, just enough to ease it onto the mattress, before shifting to do the same with the other. He watched in awe as she continued to inch forward, lifting and settling the heavy, fleshy orbs in alternating, rhythmic shifts to get them fully supported. When she finally relaxed, the staggering, sprawling volume of her chest seemed to swallow the mattress, taking up almost half of the bed entirely on their own.

Due to the staggering weight of her **humongous** tits now being anchored to the bed, Lina was effectively stuck in place. She was anchored to the foot of her bed, delightfully helpless and entirely at his mercy.

She looked back at Clark with a sexy pout. “Ahhh... that’s so much better. My giant boobies were so heavy to carry around. But... oh no... now I can’t escape. What am I gonna do...?”

Lina knew exactly what she was doing, and he **loved** it. Feigning sweet innocence, Lina put a finger to her pouting lips, and then, just to push Clark’s buttons even more - she wiggled her ass in a slow, teasing shimmy from side to side.

“Ohhhhhh...” he groaned lustfully. That tiny, deliberate wiggle was the final straw. Seeing her so beautifully vulnerable, practically offering herself up as a trap he couldn’t wait to fall into, drove Clark absolutely feral with lust.

Working on pure animalistic instinct at this point, Clark walked up to his supermodel-shaming goddess from behind. Lina kept shimmying her ass until she felt Clark’s strong hands gently hold each side of her waist. She gasped, and then froze in place when she felt the thick tip of his cock pressing hard against the soft crevice between the spheres of her ass. It was tickling the outer lips of Lina’s pussy.

Clark held this position without moving further forward. Despite her numerous orgasms, Lina was even **HOTTER** for more sex. She felt helpless, desperate to know what his next move would be. She leaned her ass backward, trying to re-impale herself on Clark’s massive tool, but Clark held her in place with his strong hands.

He took off one hand from her waist and pulled the **vast** mane of her hair to one side. Then, Lina felt a little kiss on the side of her now exposed neck.

-SPLAT-

Her pussy gushed and released a healthy amount of fluids to drip on her thighs and Clark’s cock. As tiny as the kiss was - its effect was correspondingly earth-shaking for Lina’s sensitive body, sending jolts and ripples of ecstasy through her pussy.

Clark kissed her again and achieved a similar result.

“Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm ay Clark... BABY!!! **MMMMMMM...**” Lina moaned as her arousal mounted to crazy levels. She desperately rubbed her thighs together and tried again and again to re-mount on Clark’s cock. But frustratingly - he wouldn’t let her, moving back along with her so that his dick was always lodged between her cheeks, but never further than that.

Clark kissed various parts of the most beautiful neck he’s ever seen, each kiss causing Lina to moan and her pussy to gush more and more. The arousal she was feeling at this point was debilitating.

Then, the kisses moved from Lina's neck down to her upper back.

"Hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhoooooooooooooooooooo..." she groaned with her eyes closed. She was shivering uncontrollably.

Further down the kisses went, to her slender midback, then her even more slender lower back. Clark had gradually worked his way to a crouching position.

Lina moaned even louder, unable to speak coherently.

She felt one of Clark's spread out hands pressing gently but firmly against her upper back. She complied immediately and leaned forward to rest on her boulderous-breasts. Her arms spread out powerlessly around her boobs, clinging at them for both physical, as well as emotional support.

Lina didn't see anything. She only felt Clark's hands holding her hips on either side. For long seconds, nothing else happened, and her anxiety and arousal rose exponentially with every passing second. Then...

Clark planted a little kiss on her left ass cheek.

-GUSHHHHHH-

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh..." she cried out.

Her pussy squirted. Clark's mouth had kissed one of the most sensitive spots in her body right now.

A moment later, another kiss was planted on her right ass cheek.

-GUSHHHHHHHHHHHH-

"Ayyyyyyyyy dios mío..." Lina moaned loudly.

Her thighs were drenched. Being left at his mercy was as terrifying as it was arousing to her.

Clark's hands migrated to grab her ass cheeks and squeeze them over and over again. He couldn't get enough of them.

"Ooooooooooooo... mi amor... please... PLEASE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" she begged him, not sure what for.

"Fuck... you have the most gorgeous ass in the world, Lina. FUCK!!!!" Clark growled quietly yet animalistically. This only made Lina shiver that much harder.

Kiss after kiss, Clark progressed further and further inwards, seeing the outer lips of Lina's pussy, while opening Lina's ass cheeks to give him access. Lina kept moaning helplessly, her pussy gushing endlessly.

Then, he planted a little kiss on the crevice between her lips.

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!” Lina moaned loudly.

He licked it from the bottom to the top.

“OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!” she wailed even louder.

Clark worked his way inward, kissing and lapping at her as Lina’s cries grew higher and more desperate. Her juices flowed freely, soaking his face as he buried himself between the plushness of her thighs. It was an intoxicating experience. He could still taste the faint, soapy-sweet freshness of her morning shower, now thoroughly drenched and overpowered by the heavy, hot taste of her climax.

The more he licked, the more excited Clark became. He was licking the pussy of a goddess, and she didn’t stop gushing fluids and crying orgasmically. He alternated between licking her inner lips, twirling his tongue expertly against her clit or just sucking everything sensually. Then, just to add that much *more* intensity to her orgasms - he added his index finger to expertly prod and press and pull back against her g-spot, while he kept licking and kissing and sucking her.

Lina was **QUIVERING** all over. She held onto her mountainous breasts for dear life, crying out, moaning and just plain screaming as she felt one powerful orgasm coursing through her sexy body, sending jolts of pleasure all over, squirting, before slowly relaxing slightly, only for yet **another** orgasm to mount and hit her even *more* forcefully and start the process all over again.

Clark was feasting on her pussy at this point. He was enjoying this so much, becoming so immersed in the process, that he didn’t even notice how much time went by, where Lina was helplessly wailing and cumming her brains out.

After more than 20 minutes, Lina’s legs were shaking so much that they just gave out and collapsed during an especially strong orgasm. Clark felt her beautiful legs folding on either side of his body. He stopped for a little moment, then simply grabbed each leg and just **piled** them both onto his back, like a lumberjack holding two logs on his shoulders. Then, he kept eating out and fingering her ever-orgasming pussy. His head was now essentially trapped between Lina’s shapely thighs, wonderful darkness again enveloping him, and he just kept giving her maximum pleasure.

“EE
**CLAAA
AARK!!**”

Lina’s screams rose an octave, almost breaking the glass of her window. She couldn’t comprehend what was happening. This was completely lunatic. She had no idea how many orgasms Clark pulled out of her pussy by then, but it was **A LOT**.

For about 10 minutes or so Clark just kept doing his thing, and Lina was helplessly bombarded with one orgasm after another. Her thighs were squeezing Clark's head over and over again, which was **SO** much fun for him. The pressure wasn't painful. It was just fucking **hot**, and served as a tangible reminder of just how strong were the orgasms he brought to Lina.

*

After what might've been the strongest orgasm of her life - Lina screamed one last time. She panted hard, and weakly tried to whisper into her cleavage with the little bit of power she still had in her body, hoping Clark would hear her from behind:

"P... please... st... st... stop... stop... C... Clark... stooooo... stop... stop... n... nnnnno... no... no more... p... please..."

Clark pulled his head back. He didn't quite hear every word, but ultimately he just felt her. Lina's body had surrendered, and he mercifully stopped. But he smiled widely, seeing her still-quivering, still-squirting pussy, inches from his face, while holding Lina's sexy thighs on either side of his head. He couldn't help himself, and planted a little kiss on the inner side of either thigh, causing Lina to moan twice weakly in response.

He gently lowered her legs to the floor. They were shaking aggressively, as if they were two twigs trying to hold a massive brick. Clark immediately stood up and held Lina's sexy, tight waist from below, supporting the weight of her lower half.

"Oh fuck, Lina... you're just the hottest girl I've ever seen," he marvelled out loud while holding onto her skinny waist. Lina whimpered helplessly into her breasts. For long moments, they just stood there as Lina was slowly catching her breath again.

Despite all the numerous, mighty orgasms she's just experienced, despite her exhaustion - her body, somehow, wanted **more**. Being held like that by Clark, as she was too weak to move, with his large, strong hands encircling most of her feminine waist, easily supporting her weight... it was just so thrilling.

But most of all - it was the uncertainty of what's going to happen next that turned her on the most. She was at his mercy right now, completely exposed and vulnerable in front of her sexy, strong lover. And she **LOVED** it.

For a few more moments, Clark just marvelled at her body, appreciating just how hot she was. The taper of her back towards her slender waist, the way her legs rose even further thanks to her heels and accentuated her already world-class ass, the way her hair was sprawling majestically all around her beautiful head, and especially just how fucking **ENORMOUS** those boobs were.

His cock spasmed, as if reminding him it's still present too. It was time.

Slowly, Clark pushed his hips forward until his hard, thick cock head opened Lina's tight pussy lips and entered just half an inch.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh..." she moaned erotically.

Clark kept pushing carefully. Despite how tight she was - his cock now slid inside quite easily, thanks to how gushing with slick fluids it was. He entered all the way to the bottom, filling her pussy canal to the brim while pressing **hard** against its walls, thanks to how thick his dick was.

"**OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH CLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARK!**" Lina yelled and immediately buried her face in her bosom. She clutched at her tits hard with her hands as a **massive** orgasm wrecked her body yet again! Clark's previous oral work on her pussy had made Lina **so** sensitive that a single thrust of his cock already made her cum.

Clark waited there for a long moment, holding Lina's waist to support her fatigued body and relishing the intense spasms he was feeling all around his cock. Looking at Lina while she was cumming was the most beautiful sight he's ever seen. Such a delicate flower, such a goddess of sex - whimpering and shivering right in front of him, holding onto the most perfect breasts for support. He was just thankful he'd had that long break while he ate her out, where his cock could rest long enough to regain its much needed stamina. Otherwise he would've cum on the spot.

Lina was a different story, though. She was cumming so hard right now. Clark was filling her so much. He was so deep. So *thick*. Then, while her orgasm was still ongoing, she felt him sliding back until only his thick dick head was inside. She felt so empty suddenly. She whimpered desperately at him:

"No no no no no no put it in, put it in, put it **EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN,**" she screamed into her cleavage when Clark shoved his cock back all the way in, faster now. Her already ongoing orgasm intensified and made her squirt hard, her juices spraying around Clark's thick cock.

Clark pulled back and thrust all the way in, making Lina squeal again as her orgasm didn't leave her. She's **NEVER** cum like this. Clark's skillful tongue and finger play had really done a number on her pussy, and now, having his cock inside - it was like she was *unable* to stop cumming.

Clark intensified his thrusts until he gradually reached a fast, steady pace. He bottomed out every time as he pulled Lina's sexy waist back while thrusting his hips forward. The sounds in Lina's room consisted of fast-paced thudding, Clark's grunts, squirts hitting the floor and above all - Lina's muffled screams, wails and cries of pleasure as her face was buried in tit.

Lina was powerless to do anything but take it, and then keep taking it and taking it and taking it. She wasn't sure where one orgasm ended and a new one appeared. All she knew was that she's never cum so much and so hard in her life. She tried to help out as much as she could, further pushing her ass back to meet Clark's already-intense thrusts, but she barely had any power left. Clark appreciated her attempt nonetheless and found it that much more arousing.

*

For about 10 minutes Clark just hammered away. He was sweating quite a lot at this point, but seeing how Lina just kept cumming and cumming - he'd go on for another 10 *years* if he had to.

Then, something magical happened. After one particularly hard thrust - Clark pushed **further** in than he did thus far. It was just half an inch more, but it was there. Lina felt it too. Her eyes opened wide in shock. Clark stopped moving, and instead only applied the slightest pressure forward to keep his cock lodged in place. Time stood by, as... *something* was happening.

"Baby... wwwwwwhat are you doing...?" Lina asked anxiously. She felt a foreign sensation that she's never felt before. As if her own anatomy was very slowly... *adjusting*. Right where Clark's cock was pressing into.

"I... I'm not sure... I feel like... I can enter... more..." Clark said hesitantly.

Lina lifted her face and twisted her head back to look at Clark, searching for certainty. She tried to look further down but the angle was too difficult. Instead, while looking back up at her lover's face, Lina sent her hand back, tracing her ass cheek until she touched the opening to her pussy.

She felt Clark's thick tool with her fingers. Then slowly, her fingers traced further back along his dick. Then, where she expected to find his pubic bone - her fingers instead traced even *further* back. It wasn't until she travelled a whole 5 inches before she found Clark's crotch.

"You have **MORE???**" she shouted in disbelief. Clark gave her an innocent shrug with an embarrassed smile.

"I mean... you've seen it," he said with a chuckle.

"Well... I *did*, but... I just..." Lina said and stopped. She didn't know what to say. She's been so engrossed with their hot, steamy sex that Clark's true size just... slipped her mind, honestly.

The consistent pressure from Clark's cock was making slow, incremental gains. Now Lina was sure she was feeling a gradual dilation. Her look into Clark's eyes... morphed. It became the most vulnerable, submissive look ever. As if Lina was fully committing herself to him, despite her anxiety.

Clark **felt** her thoughts. He nodded back gently, as if assuring her everything was going to be ok. At that moment, Lina was completely washed with a sense of warmth and security.

"Do it," she said quietly, looking meaningfully into his eyes, before she twisted her head back and shoved her face into her bosom, preparing herself.

Clark got a good grip on Lina's slender waist, before he pushed harder.

For seconds on end, they seemed almost motionless. But inside - Lina was feeling the pressure doing its thing. Her wails gradually grew stronger and higher as millimeter by millimeter, her *cervix* opened up.

“AhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!”

-FLOOMP-

In one swift motion, Clark's cock invaded through her cervix and all the way into the far wall of Lina's womb, topping off those last 5 inches.

Cautious not to cause any damage, Clark just stayed there motionless. For the first time in his life - his entire, giant cock has **fully** entered a girl's pussy.

In response, Lina's face immediately looked up, as if she became possessed by a demon. Her eyes became completely white as her eyeballs rolled up dramatically to the back of her skull. Her mouth was hanging open, yet no sound came out. Clark was worried if she was ok. Thankfully, however, there was one clear indication which confirmed to him what's going on.

Lina's pussy was clamping down like a hydraulic press onto his cock, and repeatedly squeezing the shit out of it, over and over and over again. Its walls were massaging every last inch around it so well. The feeling was indescribable, as electric shocks of pleasure coursed through his cock and up his entire nervous system. It was a cock-massage performed by the sexiest pussy in the world.

Yet, as pleasurable as it's been for Clark, Lina's pleasure was even stronger than Clark's. Much stronger. It was so intense that it made her temporarily *catatonic*. Every previous orgasm she's had thus far had paled in comparison to the **monumental, mega-cum** she was experiencing right now. Her entire insides were filled to the brim. Clark was pushing against virgin nerve endings that had never been touched before. Areas deep within, which were never **meant** to be touched - were being pushed against.

Lina was a little scared, actually. The sensations were so foreign she was afraid of them. But they just havocked her body with so much pleasure that she couldn't do anything but cum and cum and cum and **cum and CUM...**

Meanwhile, she was firmly squeezing her own massive breasts for an anchoring point. Down below, Lina's perky ass cheeks were **vibrating** against Clark's pelvis. Juices squirted every few seconds, spraying through the tiny crack between Clark's thick cock and Lina's stretched-out pussy opening, and spraying all over Clark's abdomen and legs. It was one of the most surreal, yet hottest sensations he's ever experienced. Clark indulged that feeling while having his cock *really* go as far as it could inside Lina's tight, convulsing pussy.

For a long minute, Lina's orgasm kept going like that, leaving her unable to do anything but take the barrage of pleasure. Then, Lina took a big breath in. It seems she couldn't have even

breathed during her orgasm due to its insane intensity. Her eyeballs finally dropped back down and allowed her to see in front of her again.

Clark felt Lina's body having *somewhat* adjusted to his cock being in her **womb**, and started to pull back and thrust again in slow motions. Another orgasm built again and Lina's eyeballs again rose up.

Clark gradually gained momentum. He initially performed short strokes while his dick head was still lodged securely in her womb all the while. Then, he felt Lina's cervix loosen up *just* a tiny bit more, which allowed him to lengthen his motions to full strokes, pulling his dick back almost all the way out of Lina's pussy, then pushing back in and through her cervix again so that his thick cock head was pressing into the back wall of her womb.

Clark gained more and more speed and his thrusts became stronger and more aggressive. He felt like a man possessed now. Lina was just too hot to think properly. She was quiet this entire time, save for the sounds of her taking a big breath every few seconds, and the rhythmic sounds of her juicy ass smacking against Clark's abdomen fast and steadily.

Clark couldn't believe the pleasure he was able to bring to his goddess, and it only egged him on to increase his efforts and elevate her never-ending orgasms to become even stronger.

Inside Lina's body, the concept of time was gone. Every time Clark's thick cock punched through that deep threshold of her cervix, it sent a **seismic shockwave** of pleasure radiating outward from her very core, zipping down the backs of her thighs and shooting straight up her spine to the base of her skull. These weren't those regular pulses of a normal climax. These orgasms were hijacking her body and mind. Lina's nerve endings felt like they were submerged in liquid electricity, firing so rapidly and continuously that the pleasure left her spasming uncontrollably.

With every brutal thrust, her internal walls clamped down involuntarily, her body operating purely on a primal desperation to milk the sensation for everything it was worth. It felt as though her very center was being cracked open and flooded with a glowing, molten warmth. She couldn't feel anything but pure pleasure. Her entire universe had shrunk to Clark's cock bottoming out inside of her again and again.

Clark's body has been the only thing holding Lina anchored to the earth, while the rest of her body shattered into a million weightless pieces, over and over again, leaving her drowning in a state of absolute, blissful surrender.

Clark fucked and fucked and fucked, sweat dripping down his face torso and back. But he didn't care. He just had to keep fucking Lina, because it was the only correct thing to do right now. It was the only thing that mattered. To give this angel as much pleasure as he could.

He bravely held on for several more minutes, making Lina crest one orgasmic-mountain after another, before he felt his own orgasm finally making its arrival known. The strongest, most epic, orgasmic sensations spasmed from under Clark's balls.

Lina was in her own world. The dichotomy of feeling of Clark holding her spasming body so tightly, yet kissing her so tenderly - made her feel so safe. So secure. So loved. As he was cumming directly into her womb Lina became so overcome with raw emotions that her own never-ending orgasm intensified *that much more*, and she just started weeping involuntarily. Her pussy was spasming all the while, squirting again and again against Clark's pelvis. At one point, Clark had been cumming so much that the squirt became a mixture of her own juices and Clark's cum.

She squeezed Clark's hands into her own breasts, as if begging him to mash them himself. Clark happily obliged, mauling the little surface he managed greedily. This only further intensified the orgasmic experience they both had.

For over a minute Clark just came and came, and when his cum ran out - he kept spasming for many *more* minutes inside his Latina lover. Lina rode her own orgasm along with him, whispering quietly. Clark leaned in close and heard her say, barely audibly: "*te amo mi amor... te amo... te amo... te amo...*"

Clark squeezed Lina's body further into her breasts and whispered back "I love you too, mi amor".

His orgasm finally started to ease. He wanted to stay like this forever.

As he was feeling the final spasms in his groin - a single, lucid realization started spreading through Clark's mind. He realized he was feeling something he hadn't felt in a very long time.

He was happy.

* * *

Epilogue

Clark quietly stepped out of Mr. Sheffield's office, shut the door gently behind him and let out a heavy exhale. The hallways were silent since everyone was in class right now.

He turned right and slowly walked down the hallway, about 20 feet, until he reached a longer hallway, perpendicular to it. He took a moment, still standing outside the principal's office and just stared at the empty floor in front of him, trying to process just how much his life had changed so far.

“So...? How did it go?” Clark suddenly heard a voice coming from the side. He awoke from his daydream and remembered where he was. He turned his head toward the love of his life and looked at her for long, heavy seconds.

"I got the raise," he finally said quietly and a shy smile slowly spread on his face.

[illegible]

Clark has been in a relationship with Lina for about 6 months by now, yet he still couldn't get used to just how ***bombastically-sexy*** she was. His eyes opened wide as he saw her gigantic breasts bouncing ***HEAVILY*** in her risqué, skin-tight, mid-thigh, navy blue dress. It had a long, ***long***, plunging neckline which showed about a foot of cleavage that was popping out so much it could've poked someone's eye if she wasn't careful.

Lina charged at him as fast as her 5-inch heels would allow her, with nothing but love, pride and adoration behind it. Clark knew just enough physics to know he was going to end up on the floor in a second, and he gladly accepted his fate, opening his arms wide like Jesus Christ.

-CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK CLICK-

-B0000000000000000M-

-CRASHHHHHHHHHH-

Lina giggled hysterically as she smothered Clark, both of them on the floor of the empty school hallway. Clark's body was smothered under Lina's voluptuous, ultra-sensual body, his arms at his sides pinned under the *immense* weight of Lina's boobs.

“Shhhhhhhhh...” Clark shushed her but couldn't help smiling himself, as he was looking left and right, hoping no one came out to check on the noise. They had big plans for today, and both Clark and Lina had made extensive efforts to make sure they could take the day off together today.

“Oops... sorry, baby. I’m just so happy for you,” Lina whispered, her beautiful face hovering above his. Her giggles gradually softened and transitioned into the most loving, adoring, lustful smile ever.

“Thanks, baby. I couldn’t have done it without your support. You’ve given me the push that I needed,” Clark whispered back with a thankful smile.

And it was true. Lina stood by his side through every struggle and moments of despair that arose from time to time. She constantly encouraged him, lifted his spirit, reminded him of his worth and how much he had to offer. Mostly, she just showered him with unconditional love, the kind of which he’d *never* received in his entire life. Clark was used to only receiving love and support in direct proportion to how much value he’s been currently bringing to the table as the man of the house. It’s become so embedded after years of grind that he stopped expecting it when things didn’t go as planned.

So now, having Lina just... *love* him like that, support him, lust after him, regardless of his current success-rate of value-supply, was a foreign yet extremely pleasant and peaceful feeling to be introduced to. If Clark had a great day at work - there’d be a celebratory, enthusiastic sex session due that evening. If he had a bad day - it was very common for Lina to simply drop to her knees, look up at him adoringly and then pull out his dick for a cheer-up blowjob.

But it wasn’t just sex. Lina was just *there* for him, showing him affection through a lot of physical touch, hugs, kisses or just holding a warm loving gaze with him and making him forget about life struggles. Telling him how much she appreciated everything that he’s been doing for her. Or cheering him up with a cold beer and a shoulder massage with her tits smothered him all around. She was just... the most wonderful girlfriend he could’ve ever asked for. Plus, there was the part where she was also hotter than lava, so... there was *that*. In turn - Clark has *never* been so goddamn driven in his life to make sure he could provide and give Lina everything he knew she deserved.

“I’m so proud of you, mi amor. You deserve this raise so much! I’m telling you - if Mr. Cheffiled wouldn’t have given you that raise - I’d have walked right into his office and threatened to crush him with my boobies until he had to agree,” Lina said, trying to sound tough.

Clark snorted a laugh. “I don’t think he’d treat this as the threat that you *think* it is. I know I wouldn’t mind getting this terrible ‘*punishment*’ of yours,” Clark added with a wink.

Lina bit her lower lip, as if accepting his challenge, before she pressed inwards with each hand into the side of her chest

“Are you mocking my punishment methods, mister? How about now??” Lina asked while she kept crushing him and bouncing on him repeatedly like a seal on the shore. Her gigantic boobs

crashed again and again into Clark's torso and left him barely able to breathe. They were fucking **HEAVY**.

"Ok **hhhhhhhhhhhh ok hhhhhhhhh I'm sorry hhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh** I'm sorry," he barely managed to say, half laughing and half gasping for breath. Lina crashed one last time and made him let out all the air in his lungs with an audible "oof".

Her tits smothered Clark's entire torso. Their upper slopes, being the only visible parts, ballooned cartoonishly against both of their chins up to their ears. Lina inched her face as close to Clark's own, a menacing, mischievous smile on her face. Her endlessly thick, lush, beautiful, long, silky mane of hair encapsulated both of their heads and provided them shelter from the rest of the world.

"Yeah, you *better* be sorry," she said as sternly as she could, which was as intimidating as a cute rabbit chewing on a piece of lettuce. Then her mischievous smile again reverted back to that endlessly loving, lustful look. Clark felt his dick stirring significantly in his pants, up under his shirt and poking into Lina's flat, sexy belly.

"Ay, Clark. What did you do to me? I can't keep my hands away from you. You're too cute and sexy," Lina purred. Before Clark could say anything, she gave him a quick peck on the lips. She hesitated for a moment, then kissed him a lot more passionately, open mouthed, tongue and all, devouring his whole mouth. She lifted her face, looked at her stunned boyfriend, then gave him one last kiss, some extra boob smothering from side to side, before she finally got up.

Clark looked up at his now standing-upright goddess, towering above him like a sizzling hot amazon. Lina bit her lower lip with anticipation.

"I can't wait to show you just how proud I am of you," she purred at him. Clark gulped.

-TRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR-

The bell rang. Clark scurried to stand up fast, then quickly adjusted his throbbing dick so it was less obvious through his clothes.

"Come on, amorcito. We have to meet the realtor in 30 minutes," Lina said as she sensually approached Clark and expertly rotated her body sideways. She surprised him by reaching with her delicate hand to the nape of his neck, then kissing him passionately with her tongue, exploring his mouth sensually.

Clark's eyes opened with surprise, then closed blissfully as he was bombarded by Lina's feminine energy. Lina knew she only had a few seconds before the doors in the hallways were going to open, so she made the most of this brief but passionate kiss. She opened and closed

her mouth again and again, making every French-kiss count, moaning hungrily into Clark's mouth and letting him know just how much she was infatuated with him. Her other hand felt the many inches of thick, hard cock through his shirt above his belt, jerking it sensually up and down and grazing her fingers along its underside. It all took no longer than 5 seconds, but it was enough to get Clark's hard cock to spew a glob of precum in his pants.

Lina took a step back and stood a foot away from Clark, and not a moment too soon, for a second later - throngs of students and teachers emerged from the variety of classrooms across the long hallway. Clark blushed profusely, and Lina bit her lip with a mischievous smile as she looked sideways at him, flustered and giddy.

Clark walked silently after Lina as they made their way through the crowd, trying not to look suspicious. His dick was angled through his waistband directly under his shirt, with the fat head reaching above his navel. He thanked God for his black shirt which helped to conceal its outline. He swore that Lina was sensually gyrating her hips even *more* than usual, trying (and succeeding) to tease him. Clark's cock screamed for freedom and spewed another glob of precum into his shirt upon Clark gazing mesmerized at the enticing, giant round globes that were Lina's ass cheeks, clad in skin-tight blue dress. From this angle they basically occupied the entirety of the dress's back, despite the dress reaching her mid-thighs.

Lina and Clark reached the exit and walked towards the parking lot. Only when they were out of sight at the back street did Lina warmly encircle her feminine hand around Clark's left bicep. She inserted her fingers underneath his short sleeve and casually grabbed and scratched his upper arm over and over again, not able to stop herself. Clark was just so yummy to her, and she was in a permanent state of being overwhelmed by just how in love she was with him. Her right boob pressed as closely as possible against Clark's entire arm. It could only smother it a little bit, though, since Lina's boobs were under **IMMENSE** pressure right now.

In the past 6 months it seemed that Lina's breast-growth had thankfully, *finally* - tapered off, to what now looked like a complete halt. However, she did add several inches to her bustline during that time. Thankfully, she found a local seamstress in Chicago that specialized in unusual proportions.

True, the lady there claimed that Lina had **far** surpassed any other client she'd had in her 25 years of business, but she still managed to find a special, industrial-grade *contraption* which was somehow accommodating enough, minimized and constricted Lina's bust **significantly**.

Now, thanks to Lina's new... "bustial-device", she was '*only*' walking around with a still-gigantic-though-somewhat-manageable 110 inch bust, compressed to the absolute possible

limit. However, she was anxious to get home everyday and set her tits free to expand to their ***much*** bigger proportions.

Lina and Clark walked, hand-around-arm, toward his car, parked at the far end of the street. Occupying her whole torso and ***then some***, Lina's boobs pushed 2.5 feet in front of her, reaching her upper thighs and spreading more than a foot on either side of Lina's goddess-level-hot body.

These proportions were uncannily insane, and yet Clark was *well* aware that this was actually Lina in her utmost contained state possible. It only got better from here. When Lina would reach home, Clark knew he would be treated to see her glorious, naked bust of 203 inches around! Or - 516 centimeters, as Lina liked to say it. She always preferred using the metric system because it sounded bigger.

Holding each other close quietly, Clark still couldn't believe it wasn't a dream. Yet the constant, warm pressure of Lina's boob against his side was a blissful reminder that it was, indeed, his unbelievably blissful reality. He tilted his head, touching Lina's head affectionately as his mind drifted back to the day that everything had changed, six months ago.

After Clark and Lina had spent hours having the wildest, most passionate sex of their lives, Clark finally had to say goodbye. He made it back to his house around the late afternoon, and *still* managed to arrive about an hour before Marla did.

Marla's day had been, well... *not* as great as Clark's.

She'd spent more than eight hours trying to navigate public transportation for the first time in years. She missed her connecting bus, waited an hour in the heat for the next one, endured a *long* train ride, and finally had to walk from the train station to their house - all while dragging her heavy suitcase behind her, which, by the way - one of its wheels broke when she dragged it out of the first bus.

When she finally shoved the front door open, sweaty and panting, her hair completely frazzled and her face flushed with rage - she wasn't exactly thrilled by what she saw. Clark has been sitting on the couch in their living room, looking fresher than ever, sipping a cold beer and scrolling on his phone, without a single care in the world.

"Hi, Marla. Had a good trip?" Clark asked casually with a tiny smirk, unable to help himself.

Marla stared like she wanted to crush his neck with her bare hands. Her jaw trembled before she let out a piercing, wordless scream of absolute **fury**, storming upstairs and violently slamming the bathroom door.

While that day had been fun, the following six months hadn't been so easy. That slammed door was just the start of Marla's initial freakout, full of threats to take everything. There was a lot of screaming, blaming, name-calling, begging, and crying. All on Marla's part.

Yet Clark refused to fight. He stonewalled her desperate attempts to fish for a reaction, choosing to stay calm and minimize their interactions.

A few days later, he came back with an offer. Instead of hiring an aggressive lawyer, Clark used a mediator and proposed a generous deal: they would sell the house. Marla would get 60% of the money, he would take 40%, and he only insisted on keeping the car.

The kids were his main priority, and the custody arrangement worked out perfectly. Marla *did* love her kids, but she made it clear she didn't want them *all the time*. She happily agreed to take them just every other weekend for 3.5 days, while Clark got the other 10.5 days.

Because Clark had the kids 75% of the time, Marla actually should have owed *him* child support. Clark used this to get a clean break. He waived his right to child support as long as Marla waived her right to alimony, separating their finances forever.

Marla considered her options heavily. She wanted Clark's money, but she **really** wanted her freedom. After some research, she realized the cards weren't in her favor. Dragging it through court would take years, drain her money, and she'd ultimately end up with far less. She figured it was a pretty sweet deal, considering Clark had put down the substantial downpayment when they bought the house, and she was now getting the lion's share.

She signed the papers feeling like she'd won, completely blind to the fact that Clark got everything he truly cared about: the kids.

To keep the peace and get the kids settled immediately, Clark packed up a week later and rented a temporary place in Geneva near their schools. He left Marla alone in the big Elburn house until it sold. It was the best decision he could have made. Marla had her peace and quiet to watch trash TV shows all day, and Clark got away from her. On Marla's weekends, Clark simply dropped the kids off at their original home then picked them up afterwards.

He also made a point not to involve the kids in the drama, never bad-mouthing their mom and letting them know this was just how they decided to move forward. Emily and Benji were surprisingly... pretty ok with this move. Almost as if they wondered how come it didn't happen sooner.

Clark knew that, as crazy as he was about Lina, he had one clear rule in his mind: his kids *had* to approve of her, or he couldn't be with her. He **really** prayed they would. Thankfully, his prayers were answered big time. In that neutral, quiet rental in Geneva, Lina slowly became part of their

daily routine. She came over for dinners, helped with homework, played with them, and completely fell in love with them.

Honestly, with how sweet Lina was, Clark shouldn't have been amazed by how quickly the kids loved her back. She proved she was exactly the partner he never realized he needed.

After about three months, Clark and Marla found a buyer and sold the original house at a pretty sweet price. A couple of days later, they met in court and finalized their divorce. Clark was surprised by how cooperative Marla was; it seems that the last few months helped her come to terms with her fate.

Later that same week, Marla used her 60% of the money to rent a place in Chicago, trying her luck in the big city. She asked Clark to keep the kids at his place until she settled in, pausing their scheduled arrangement for a few months. Clark happily agreed.

And now, six months in - Clark and Lina were walking, madly in love with each other, as the happiest couple on earth towards Clark's car. One odd thing that Clark noticed is that it's been months since he'd cracked his knuckles. As if the stress had just... evaporated for some reason.

He opened the door for his stress-evaporating reason.

"Ay gracias mi amor, you're such a gentleman, baby," Lina said with an adoring, grateful smile and squeezed his bicep one last time, before carefully entering the passenger side. It took a *lot* of maneuvering and squeezing, but she eventually managed to enter enough for Clark to gently close the door after her. It really was as tiny a gesture as it got for him, yet for Lina it was everything. It was yet another indication of a man who viewed her as his queen, and treated her as such. Who loved and adored her wholeheartedly, and made everything he could to make her feel special, while also making it seem effortless.

And that only made Lina want to pry open Clark's pants and suck his dick *even more*.

Clark walked back around the car while Lina eyed him like a prey. She bit her lower lip lustfully while he obliviously smiled back at her beyond the windshield, unaware of her predatory, sexual thoughts.

He opened the driver's door and entered, shutting the door behind him.

"Alright! Shall we... um... uh... sha... shall we... uhhhhh... wwwwhat?" he asked bashfully upon seeing Lina just looking at him deep into his eyes with a mysterious smile on her face.

"Nothing," Lina said innocently, yet her smile widened and she leaned towards him, showing him even *more* of her deep cleavage. God, she just loved how even after 6 months together she

could still make Clark become flustered like that. Clark gulped and tried not to break the gaze. He failed and looked downwards at the endless expanse of flesh popping at his disbelieving eyes. Lina smiled victoriously and then planted a loving kiss on his cheek before leaning back.

"What were you saying before you were staring at my giant boobies?" she asked and fluttered her eyes.

"Um...", Clark forgot what he wanted to say, though his dick sure did know what it wanted. He coughed once. "Ehm... sssssssso... ssssshall we go then?" he finally asked.

"Jyes!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" Lina squealed giddily up and down and her enormous tits bounced against the dashboard with heavy thumps. "I'm so excited!"

Clark had purposefully left the process of selecting their future home in Lina's hands, and only helped when he was needed from afar. He hadn't seen the place himself, and he honestly didn't really care, so long as Lina was happy with it. He just saw how excited she was to scan through the selection of potential houses and so he happily passed the leadership of this issue to her. Clark was truly willing to live in a cave if it meant he got to share it with Lina.

"Oi, baby, I really hope you'll like it. And... is ok if you don't like it eventually, we'll keep looking until we're both happy with it. But I think it might be a good place for us, because it has 3 bedrooms so is good for Emiliciiiiita and Benjaminciitiito, and also, it has a cute little baaaaaalcony that we can drink our cafeciiiiito in the moooooorning, and even an attic for some stuff, though I think I can't reach it but maybe for you and the kiiiids, and..."

"Lina, mi amor", Clark gently stopped her nervous flow of speech with a warm smile and a loving hand on her cheek. She stopped and looked at him with her big, beautiful eyes. God, she was just the cutest thing ever when she got so excited. "I'm sure it's gonna be great. I can't wait to move in with you already. That's all I care about."

Lina sighed in relief. She closed her eyes softly and snuggled her cheek further into Clark's loving palm. He was just... everything she's ever dreamed of in a man - and so much more. Every time she thought she couldn't love him any harder, he did something like *that* and made the impossible - possible.

She opened her eyes a moment later and shook her head slowly. "How did I win with such a perfect man as you, Clark?" She said with endless love and adoration. Clark's heart fluttered and his dick jumped in response.

"I'm asking myself the same question about you," he said honestly with a bashful smile.

Lina's heart exploded. She kissed him passionately, then kissed him again then yet again. Clark could not get used to how wholeheartedly Lina expressed her emotions, and he never wanted to get used to it. Lina had everything that Clark had ever dreamed of in a girl. Besides being goddess-level gorgeous and having a bust so large he could play hide and seek inside its

cleavage - she was just a whirlwind of emotions. She filled his heart. She painted his life with bright colors and brought light into them.

The divorce process hasn't been easy on Clark. But having Lina by his side throughout made it all so much easier. Nothing could bring him down when he came home to distilled femininity, sensuality, emotion and unconditional love and support.

They'd been kissing for several minutes before Lina finally put a soft hand on Clark's chest.

"We'll continue this later, mi oso," she purred and squeezed his bicep affectionately with her other hand. "We don't wanna be late."

Clark nodded with a shy smile. He loved it so much when Lina called him '*my bear*'. She always loved to snuggle up to the crook of his shoulder then have him roll over her and wrap her in a tight bearhug, and it sort of became her signature nickname for him. She was just... *ahhhh!!!* He couldn't believe how much he loved this woman.

*

Clark took a turn into the quiet neighborhood in Geneva. He'd actually missed the turn initially and had to turn around again in the next roundabout. When he had missed it - he was instinctively prepared to apologize for not noticing it, and explain that all the streets looked the same. Sort of like muscle memory. Yet, he was weirdly surprised when Lina just... stayed silent, smiling warmly at him and kept gently grazing the back of his neck with her manicured fingernails without stopping. He shivered at feeling those nails creating extremely pleasurable sensations that passed through his body over and over again with her every caress.

God... instead of launching into an argument, Lina just... *didn't*. Clark couldn't wrap his mind around just how *easy* it was to be with her. How much fun and peaceful it was. To the point that he couldn't fathom the fact that he'd spent more than 14 years of his life just fighting endlessly about the dumbest shit ever. There's actually an option to... just... *not* fight.

As trivial as it sounds - it was the *least* trivial thing in the world for him. And for the past 6 months - Lina provided countless examples of the same peaceful, feminine, trusting energy as this one. She knew that letting him lead her, trusting and supporting him was her strength, not her weakness. And every time anew - Clark shook his head in disbelief over just how easy it was to coexist with a partner, if they just choose peace instead of control.

"It should be... there! You can park here," said Lina as she was scanning the houses in the street. Clark found a spot, and Lina admired him as he was parallel parking like a pro. As he twisted his neck, looking through the back windshield while rolling the steering wheel - Lina

couldn't help herself and gave his yummy bicep a teasing bite. Clark chuckled but finished parking nevertheless.

"Sorry..." she said with flushed cheeks. "Seeing you park like that just gets me so hot."

Clark's dick jumped in his pants. He turned to Lina, pointed his index finger at her and said with all seriousness, "hey! **Never** be sorry for it!" She bit her lip. "Ok, papi," she said softly and patted his still-hard dick through his pants a few times. Clark gasped out loud in pleasure but figured he'll have to postpone his plans for later unfortunately.

They got out of the car and reached the beginning of the walkway to the house.

Clark looked up and took it all in. It was a charming, one-story home with crisp white siding and a dark shingled roof. It was surrounded by green grass and tall trees which provided shade and a sense of calmness around the house.

Beside him, Lina gripped his waist affectionately. She bit her lower lip, glancing nervously between the house and his face to read his reaction.

"So?" she asked softly. "What do you think?"

A warm smile spread across Clark's face. "Wow... Lina, it's just... beautiful."

His eyes moved over the details she had clearly fallen in love with: the wide row of sunroom windows that would flood the inside with natural light, the sturdy white deck on the left, the little flower garden on the side of the house. He could already picture the kids running up those steps while he handled a smoky brisket on the grill.

It wasn't too big, but it was cozy and inviting, and was just the perfect house for the four of them to start over.

He pulled Lina close, planting a kiss on her temple. "You did amazing, baby" he murmured. "It already feels like home."

Lina closed her eyes peacefully for a moment and squeezed Clark's waist further into her.

"I'm so happy, baby," Lina said and opened her eyes. "I just hope you'll like the inside as well."

She spotted movement from the side "Oh, here she comes! Heeeeeeeeeeeeeey!" Lina exclaimed excitedly and waved, then started bobbing up and down on her toes giddily, causing her **MASSIVE** boobs to bounce hysterically in her skintight, blue sexy dress. It would've been a sexy gesture for a cute girl with C-cups. With Lina - it was a **heart-attack inducing** feat.

However, Clark didn't look at Lina's bouncing, shaking tits. Instead, he looked in the same direction where Lina called out, and his eyes opened wide in sheer disbelief and confusion.

Walking towards them was no other than Clark's now ex-wife, Marla, looking just as shocked as Clark was. But whereas Clark has been a very happy man lately, Marla was horrified. And she just looked... not so well, to put it mildly.

Clark hadn't seen Marla since their divorce was finalized, 3 months ago. He was used to seeing her in her realtor suit and low heels whenever she met clients, looking sharp and tidy. Now, she chose a pair of baggy jeans, an old t-shirt and a pair of her old sneakers that Clark had thought she'd gotten rid of years ago. Her hair was unkempt and frazzled, she wore no make up whatsoever. And... well... it seems that she's gained quite a bit of weight.

Clark couldn't help feeling sorry for her. He felt bad for pitying her, but he couldn't help it. It appears that the divorce was quite rough on Marla.

"Hoooooola, Marla, how are yooooou?" Lina dragged her words with genuine warmth and oblivious excitement.

Clark looked at Marla, then at Lina, then back at Marla. The contrast was uncanny. It was almost unfair how **monumentally** superior Lina was to Marla in every possible way.

Marla's retinas burned as they were forced to watch those youthful, perky, round, beautiful, **GIGANTO-FUCKING-NORMOUS** tits bouncing and boinging within Lina's sexy, blue dress. It was obvious that it took everything in Marla's power to not burst into tears of jealousy. She's reached near them.

"Hi Lina," said Marla dryly and forced a painful smile for a second before dropping it to her resting bitch-face. "Clark," she added, trying to sound composed, even though it was obvious she was horrified to find out that the partner of the goddess she's reluctantly been working with for the past couple of months, was no other than her freshly ex-husband.

"M... Marla... *you're* the... **our** realtor??" Clark corrected himself, failing not to sound rattled.

"Apparently...", said Marla gloomily.

Lina switched between looking at Clark and Marla.

"You two... *know* each other?" She asked cautiously.

"You could say so, yes..." Marla answered Lina, but kept looking at Clark. Her eyes bore into his own, and an impossible mixture of emotions passed through her. Clark felt Marla's disbelief, her disdain, her judgementalness. Her... sadness. God, she was sad, he thought to himself.

"Well," said Clark and scratched the back of his head. "Marla is... *was*... um..."

"I'm his ex-wife," finished Marla for him, and kept looking at him with that same defeated look.

Lina's eyes opened wide as she slowly connected the dots. She quickly switched between being incredulous, being horrified and finally apologetic.

"Wait, you're *that* Marla??" Lina said. "But... your..."

"I changed back to my last name before the marriage," Marla said nervously. Lina opened her mouth to say something then closed it, not sure what's the right thing to say.

Clark could tell Marla really wanted to say more things, but it seems like she also needed the commission on this sale and couldn't afford to squander it. It took everything in Marla's power to keep her mouth shut.

"H... how... how have you b...", Clark started but his voice caught in his throat. It was pretty clear how Marla's been, and the answer wasn't pretty.

Marla held her gaze for a second longer, as if she was saying '*shit. I've been like shit, Clark. Happy?*'

Clark tried to convey wordlessly that he took no pleasure in seeing her miserable, but wasn't sure the silent message was received.

Lina sensed the tension between them and didn't know how to dissolve it.

"Shall we see the property?" Asked Marla impatiently.

"Jyes! I can't wait for Clark to see... ah... eh... jyes, that's a good... eh... jyes, let's go," Lina finally said nervously. She could feel Marla's stare burning at her with raging jealousy.

It wouldn't matter what Lina would've said, really. Whatever she'd say, she'd automatically be shining with vibrancy, femininity, giddiness and youthfulness. Everything Marla wasn't. And her cleavage was stuck a mere couple of feet away from Marla's popping, almost-crying eyes.

Clark looked at Marla, who stared back at him, while Lina looked back and forth at the two of them with a nervous smile. It seems that everyone was pretty eager to get this session over with as quickly as possible, each for their own reasons.

"Yes, um... thank you, Marla. I'd love to go see it," said Clark as politely as possible.

"I'm sure you would," spat Marla back sarcastically, a tone that only Clark, after 14 years of marriage to her - learned to pick up easily. Clark shifted nervously. In all honesty, it's not like he had anything to apologize for, but he still couldn't help feeling extreme uneasiness with this whole situation. Having his goddess of a girlfriend by his side, who can make supermodels weep with envy, next to his overtly neglected ex-wife as she's forced to show them their new, potentially ever-loving home that they might be moving into after Clark had left the home he used to share with her for so many years... that couldn't have been easy for *anyone* to deal with.

Before Clark could respond, Marla already started walking in front of them, leading them up the walkway and gaining enough distance ahead to make them feel like she didn't want to be there.

Clark gave Lina a worried look, and she raised her shoulders with an apologetic look, her teeth closed together.

“Sorry”, she mouthed wordlessly. Clark sighed, gave her a reassuring smile and whispered: “it’s ok, it’ll be over soon anyway.”

Clark loved everything about the house. It felt so homely and calm. He also noticed that every door was quite a bit wider than standard doors. He quietly asked Lina about it during their tour and she explained that the previous owner was a... *larger* person, who required special accommodations for their figure. ‘*How convenient*’ he chuckled inwardly. Marla was very short tempered right now, only saying one-word sentences like “kitchen”, “bathroom”, or “attic”, while gesturing with her hand. Clark suspected Marla would break down crying if she used more words, and let her have it as she preferred.

When the excruciatingly long tour was finally over, they were all back in the living room.

“So?” Marla asked, sitting in the armchair on the side of the low living-room table, while Clark and Lina sat beside each other on the couch. Lina automatically went to grasp Clark’s arm, but then stopped herself and placed her hands back to her sides, realizing it’ll only make matters worse right now.

“Um... yeah. I... I love it. That’s... you did a really good job finding this place, Marla. Thanks,” Clark said as politely as he could.

“Yeah, well that’s what I do,” Marla said and forced a smile with squinted eyes before dropping it quickly. “So, is that a ‘yes’, then?” she asked.

Clark looked at Lina’s hopeful face. God, he’d do anything for this girl. It was the easiest decision he would’ve made in his life. He looked back at Marla with a decisive look:

“We’ll take it,” he said.

“**YEE!!!!**” Lina couldn’t control her excitement anymore and hugged Clark from the side, smothering his arm with her gigantic boob. Clark blushed as he caught Marla’s eyes bulging as they were looking at the mountain of flesh engulfing his side. Lina released her hug a moment later but still traced her fingernails over Clark’s back lovingly.

“I’m sorry, Marla, I’m just so excited,” Lina said sweetly. Marla forced another painful smile.

"Of course you're excited," she said, then she pulled out a giant stack of papers and dropped them on the table with a thud. "Now, sign at the end of every paper here, then we can do a mobile notary signature on your phone, and then - you get the keys."

Clark was surprised. "What... just like that? Can we even do that so quickly?" he asked. Marla rolled her eyes, annoyed. She sighed heavily and said:

"Yes, Clark, of course you can do that. Don't you remember when I explained this to you already, when I had this client that...", Marla stopped dead in her tracks, her voice suddenly cracking upon realizing she'd stepped too far back into the painful past, when Clark and her were still together.

Marla shook her head. "Nevermind, he's *your* problem now," she said to Lina, who didn't know if she should laugh or go hide behind the couch. "Anyway, Lina handled all the preliminary work with me and the bank some time ago. We got you guys the best terms with the loan, the best price for the house... trust me, Clark, you and I may have our... *history* between us, but you know I'm good at my job," Marla said. Clark saw a sliver of honesty in Marla's eyes. His gaze softened to one of gratitude.

"I know, Marla," he said honestly.

"Plus, now that I know that it's you," Marla added. "I'm actually quite relieved to know that the kids will be staying here and not in some dump. It'll be a good house for them."

Clark's eyes watered a bit. It was all just so overwhelming and packed with emotions.

"Thanks, Marla. I appreciate it," he said with a cracked voice.

Marla nodded slightly, then rolled her eyes as if saying '*alright, enough with the emotional crap.*' Clark took it as the kindest gesture Marla was capable of.

30 minutes later, Clark closed the door after Marla had left their new, ever-loving home and locked it with their new key.

*

It was a bit later that day, where Clark was sitting on the armchair in their new living room, looking for a moving company in the area. His laptop rested on the low table, which was actually also the *only* table currently present in the barely-furnished house. It'll take a few days to arrange all the moving, but he really didn't care. He was so happy. He thought of how he's going to break it to his kids, and hoped they'll like the place.

"Claaaark," he suddenly heard Lina's soft voice dragging sexily from behind him. His eyes, ears and dick all perked up at the same time.

"Y... yeah?" he called out, twisting his head back a little.

“Are you busy right now?” she purred quietly from behind him.

“Oh... um, well, kinda,” said Clark and turned on the spinning armchair to face Lina. “I’m just looking for a moving company to... to... uh... mmmmove... um... heavy... things... to... uh... a place...”

“To move heavy things to a place? Ooo, that sounds important. Well, don't let me disturb you then,” Lina said with an innocent smile.

Clark’s jaw dropped. His eyes were laser-focused on the middle of the living room, where Lina stood with a slight angle to him, her legs clad together at attention. She had on one

of the highest pair of heels that he’s ever seen, maybe 7 inches high, showing skin *all* the way up to her **3-inches-short**, super-mini skirt. Lina’s ass was practically exposed. Lina was wearing tiny, sexy, black-laced underwear that covered about 2% of her ass. Her midriff was exposed, showing her sexy, skinny waist from the side.

But the thing that made Clark truly gasp was, of course, Lina’s magnificent bosom. Lina’s fully decompressed, completely-naked bosom.

Despite its immense size, Lina’s bosom was as full as a woman’s breasts who’s just given birth to triplets! Somehow, in spite of their beautifully natural, teardrop shape, **four and a half feet** of forward projection *still* filled most of the space between Clark and Lina. And her beautiful, pink, perfect nipples were as erect as ever, clearly showing just how aroused Lina was right now.

Clark’s dick awoke and rose to full mast *very* quickly.

“Wwwwwhat did we uh... um...” he murmured, having completely forgotten what he was saying a second ago.

Lina turned to face him and took a slow step forward. Her boobs jiggled mightily, wobbling and rippling hypnotically as a result of that step.

“You were just saying how you’re looking for a moving company to move heavy things,” she said with a wicked smirk, and took another slow step forward. Lina’s pendulous boobs bounced again as they thudded against her thighs. Her body was almost completely hidden all the way down to a couple of inches *below* her knees now. However, the narrow crevice at the bottom between her twin globes showed just enough for Clark to see the sexy, black triangle of her laced underwear covering Lina’s **illegally-sexy** pussy lips.

Clark gulped as Lina got closer and closer to him.

“Am I interrupting you right now?” she asked innocently.

Clark barely managed to shake his head ‘no’.

“Good, because I **really** want to celebrate our new home with you,” Lina purred at him and took another step. “Plus, I promised you I’m gonna show you just how *proud* I am of you for getting that raise you so deserved.” Lina’s tits reached Clark’s body 4.5 feet before she did, grazing his sides.

“I... I’d like that” he said and followed Lina’s hungry, impossibly-gorgeous face further and further upwards above his head.

Lina kept moving forward, amazingly requiring 3 more steps just to *almost* reach Clark’s body. Her boobs mashed heavily against his sides and dropped beyond either side of the armchair dramatically. However, despite pushing forward, she just couldn’t complete that last step to reach his body. Clark’s vision became tunnelled with Lina’s giant tits trapping him from the sides. She wore the most adorable, hottest frustrated look on her face as her lips were scrunched sideways pensively.

“Ung... ay Clark, baby, I can’t reach you. My titties are too big and heavy. Can you help me and lift them for me, please? I’m sorry they’re so heavy...” she asked with the sexiest pout Clark has ever seen. He almost came in his pants.

“Uh... yes, yes! I... um... let me just **oh...**” he stammered and suddenly felt Lina pushing forward again. Knowing their sheer, astounding weight very well by now, Clark clenched every core muscle in his body before he heaved his arms up.

“Hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnngggggggggg!!!!” he struggled.

-THUD-

His vision was gone. Everything was pitch black. Every sound was dulled to almost complete silence. Every breath Clark took was labored, as only a tiny crack was still barely open in front of his face, leading straight to Lina’s chest.

Lina’s pendulous, heavy, pliant, soft, **monstrously-gigantic** tits were held onto Clark’s strong-yet-trembling shoulders, pressing like two heavy pillows on either side of his poor face. Clark couldn’t see it, but as heavy as they were to hold, the majority of their weight actually rested on top of the armchair behind his head. Lina could only smile inwardly as she imagined how he’d collapse completely if he needed to hold them aloft all by himself. She felt herself getting wet as she very quickly decided this is *exactly* what she’s going to do later today. God, she might cum just by making Clark fall from being unable to hold her boobs.

Clark felt a heavy weight settle and sink next to his right thigh, then an equal weight settling the same next to his left thigh. Lina had placed her folded knees on either side of him, before she settled her giant, endlessly fleshy, round ass cheeks onto Clark’s thighs. Her lace-clad pussy was pressed firmly against his pelvis.

Clark felt Lina's heavenly weight settling on his lap and groaned in pleasure. There's no universe where he'd ever get used to Lina's insane sexuality, oozing from every pore of her body.

Thanks to Lina getting even closer to him, the crack between her tits widened a little more and allowed Clark to see and hear her. And also to breathe, which was a completely negligible ability for him right now.

Lina's face was a few inches above Clark's own, her boobs creating a microcosm of flesh around them. She stared at him with pure, unadulterated love.

"Baby, I can't believe we bought a house together. Are you happy?" She asked, her beautiful face still somewhat unsure yet hopeful.

Clark took quick short breaths. He was mostly focused on two things right now: holding those mega-heavy orbs of joy aloft, and not cumming on the spot.

"I'm... fffffff... the happiest... ffffff man alive... baby ffffffff...", he huffed as he struggled to speak.

"Jyes???" Lina asked, getting more and more emotional by the second. Clark just nodded quickly with a brave smile, saving as much breath as he could.

"You know," Lina said, her voice cracking and her eyes teary up. "I've been living in the U.S. for over half a year now, and..." she sniffed. "This is the first time since I arrived here that... *sniff* I feel like I'm home."

Clark managed to smile warmly up at her, despite feeling his arms and shoulders burning with effort. *'Fuck, these things are so fucking heavy! How can she carry them all day?!'* he thought.

"**We're...** fffffff home, Lina... ffff," Clark huffed with effort. Lina shed a tear and felt herself turning into a puddle.

"Ay Clark, mi amor!!!! You have no idea how much I love you... how much I want to make you happy. *sniff* You're... just... my perfect man. I'm so excited to share my life with you, baby," she cried out.

"I... ffffffff love you... ffffffff too, Lina...
ffffff

mmmmmmmmmmppppppphhhhhhhh!!!!

"

Lina couldn't wait another second longer. She *launched* herself toward Clark and kissed him more passionately than ever before. Her barrel of emotions *completely* overflowed its capacity, and she clung to her overwhelmed lover tightly, eager to share every ounce of them with him. Her arms, coming from outside, naturally pressed her massive boobs *even further* into their faces and pushed Clark's trembling shoulders even more heavily downwards.

Clark's world was again reduced to Lina's angelic face and her boobs all around him. She was so excited, so emotional, so passionate in her kissing, that it felt like she was trying to suck his very soul into her own body. Clark's cock twitched violently against Lina's hot crotch, spewing precum like an open faucet as she was grinding herself further into it.

With his shoulder muscles trembling and screaming for relief, and Lina's boobs surrounding his head, Clark kissed Lina back with just as much passion as she kissed him.

The past few years haven't been easy, often bringing Clark to very dark places. And yet right now, the only question running repeatedly in his mind was '*how? How did I get so lucky?*'

Clark might never get a real answer to this question, and maybe it was time to finally accept the situation as it was and just enjoy it.

However, one thing he knew for sure. As heavy as Lina's boobs felt right now, this was a weight he'd always be happy to bear on his shoulders.

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