

Rabid Libido

Contains breast and pussy expansion

Hunter stared into Nichole's eyes from across the table. She'd worn her lowest-cut dress for their date: a crimson slip daringly revealing for the winter season. The curve of her breasts lifted it away from her otherwise slender frame in a way that could only be mesmerizing. Cleavage split the middle in a rounded chasm of vanilla.

"Staring at something...?" she cooed, leaning forward until her chest mashed over their table. Flesh billowed like an intimate pillow. Hunter shifted in his seat at the thought of sinking his hands into the melon-sized treasures. To call Nichole well-endowed would be an understatement; she'd been blessed by the angels of puberty.

He smiled. "Just the girl I love."

A sly grin flashed back. Her face was already starting to flush pink as if drunk. The other people enjoying their Christmas Eve dinner might have thought she was several glasses of wine deep, but Hunter knew better.

It was their third month as an official couple. Romance danced between them, but something had always gnawed at Hunter: whenever he brought up the conversation of sex, Nichole steered the conversation in a different direction. He'd been blessed with the opportunity to explore her breasts a handful of times, but it always ended the same with Nichole becoming withdrawn and quiet. At first he thought it could be something scarring from childhood but she assured him there was nothing of the sort. He'd started to believe she simply had a non-existent libido.

Nichole sipped from her glass of wine.

"So..." She licked her lips. "What did you slip into my drink? Can I know now? Or...*do I need to finish every last drop first?*"

She was coming on strong. Hunter worried he might have used too much. The bottled aphrodisiac hadn't specified how much to use. In the end, he'd decided to use the entire vial. Nichole knew he gave her something and trusted it wasn't anything sinister.

"*Hmm?*" Her leg extended under the table and rubbed up his thigh. "*Maybe a hint?*"

Hunter tensed when she grazed his hardened shaft. "No hints! If it works, I think it will be pretty obvious!"

"Oh will it now? Well I'm certainly not feeling anything just... J-Just..." Nichole swooned, sitting back in her chair.

"You alright?"

"Yea... I'm just..." She started fanning herself. Rapid breaths lifted her oversized breasts and pushed them into her dress. Skin bulged around the plunging neckline. "*I'm starting to... Uh... Warm up...*"

Her foot tapped nervously. The desires were bubbling up again. The same desires she'd fought to control day in and day out of this new relationship. Nichole swallowed, hoping to bury the unbridled lust deep in her core until she could quench it later when she was alone.

"H...Hunter..." she whispered. Looking down at herself, Nichole tried taking slow breaths but it only accentuated the fullness of her breasts. Sweat glistened on her cleavage. Beneath the dress, she could feel heat building between her legs.

It was flaring up again. The nymphomania. The unrelenting need to fuck. She knew it would come out eventually but she wasn't ready to show that side of herself to Hunter. Not yet. She didn't want to scare him off. Men had said they could handle her before, only to be proven wrong.

Nichole clenched her thighs and tried to stem her breathing.

"Hunter, I think... I-I'm sorry, but I think I might...mmgh...need to go home."

Her boyfriend stared with interest. She could feel his eyes wandering over her like a microscope. She wanted him to stare. Wanted him to do anything he wanted. Nichole shivered upon seeing pinky-sized nubs tenting her dress. If her nipples were hardening, it was already too late. They wouldn't go down until she was gasping and collapsed on her bed in a puddle of sweat.

"What's the matter?" Hunter grinned. "Feeling a little...flushed?"

"Mmnggh... Y-Yea... I..." Heat rose. Fluid was leaking through the bottom of her dress. Nichole squirmed as her hunger for sex rose. Soon she wouldn't be able to keep herself from moaning. Leaning forward, she buried her hands between her thighs and pressed them into her aching pussy. Her breasts nearly squeezed out of her dress from the pressure she thrust upon them, gasping over the table with a reddening face of lust. *"Hunter, I-I really need to go..."*

He didn't need to be convinced. Feeling triumphant, Hunter left money on the table and assisted her in donning her coat. Hearing her moan when zipping the layer over her chest was enough to confirm Hunter's efforts.

Nichole's apartment wasn't far. They had agreed it was a romantic idea to walk between her place and the restaurant in the gently falling snow. Now, however, Nichole could hardly hold herself up. She leaned on Hunter's shoulder with wobbly legs.

"Sorry... I'm sorry..." Her breath steamed with labored effort. *"I'm just... So hot..."*

"Don't be sorry!" Hunter squeezed her shoulders and helped her forward. "Still a great date."

"I-- MNGH!?"

A loud stifled gasp filled the air. Nichole almost went to her knees as a hand flung to her chest.

"Are you ok??"

"I... Haahh... F-Fuck..." Lust dripped down her inner thighs in nectar waterfalls. She was losing control, faster than ever before. Pulsating contractions rushed through her pussy,

begging for anything to enter her walls. Her hand clenched against her chest and felt her racing heart. *"I'm fine... M-My chest just feels...fucking TIGHT."*

Hunter's eyes shot lower at the claim. The coat hid all view of her luscious mounds. *"Tight...?"*

"It's...nothing... I just need a night to myself..." She rose to her feet. A trembling leg stepped forward. *"A-AHMN!!!"*

"What??"

Nichole held a hand over her mouth. She couldn't bring her legs together. There was something in the way. Something soft and plump. Swollen far larger than it should have been, stretching her panties to the point of discomfort.

"Nngh fuuck!! What's-- What's going...on?!"

Her labia throbbed against her thighs. Too big to walk. It squeezed like a mango between her legs profusely leaking its juices.

Hunter stared. Snow was settling on his shoulders but Nichole's were strikingly clear of flakes. He thought he could see steam rising from her body as she gasped for air. *"Come on, let's--"*

"Deck the halls with bells of holly!"

"Huh?!"

Carolers met them on the sidewalk between houses. They blocked the way with cheerful song.

"N-Nngh!! Hunter...!" Nichole whined. Her arm clenched over her chest. The mounds felt as though it were breathing against her jacket.

"E-Excuse me! Could we--"

"Falalalala, lalalala! Don we now our gay apparel!"

Nichole trembled. Strength left her legs. Fully hanging on Hunter's arms, she struggled for air. Her arousal was trickled strong enough to reach her ankles. *"Hunter... H-Hunter... I--"*

"Falala, falala, FALALA!"

"Hurry...!! Oohhhhh hurry!!!" Nichole clenched her eyes. Tensing lace rubbing over her engorging lips had pushed her to the brink of orgasm. *"H-Hunter-- I'm-- I-I think I'm gonna--"*

She clawed into his arm with desperation. Speaking was no longer an option, not if she wanted to keep her mind occupied from the roiling lust within.

"SORRY!! SORRY!! WE NEED TO GET THROUGH!!!" Hunter finally said, almost carrying Nichole through the carolers and around a corner to her apartment building.

THUD!!!!

The door slammed against the wall when Hunter opened the door for Nichole. She all but collapsed in the entryway into a shivering heap.

"Hunter-- H-Hunter-- I--" She writhed, rolling onto her back and arching her spine. She clawed at the front of her coat, trying to get at the intense tightness spreading across her breasts. *"I CAN'T--"*

“Tell me what’s wrong! What can I--”

“Ahh!! Aaaahhhh!! AAAHHHHHHH, GOD!!!!!!!”

Hunter knew an orgasm when he heard it. Standing over the squirming girl, he watched as Nichole fell into an engulfing release. Her legs bent and spread to the point of hiking her dress. A bulging mound of flesh heaved against a pair of panties pulled into a bundle of fabric sinking into swollen folds. Any rational thought abandoned Hunter at the sight of her massive sex.

“Nichole... You’re...”

Shhrrriip!!!!

“MMNGH!! MMMMMMMM!!!! FUUUUUCK!!!”

Nichole screamed at the strongest orgasm to ever invade her body. Her hands pulled on her coat until the zipper split. Steam poured out from her chest squeezing into the gap.

He wasn’t sure where to look: the skin bulging through the zipper’s gap, or the puffing mound of pink rising from her hips.

“MY...CHEST~!!!!”

SHHRRRIIPP!!

Her coat split. Flesh burst forth with so much energy Hunter stumbled back against the door.

“Haahhh...!! Haaahhhh, oohhh God!” Nichole moaned, the release waning.

Her limbs fell limp as she struggled for air. Heavy breaths filled her lungs. Hunter stared at the woman in wonder. Her breasts, already large, had ballooned dramatically. Flesh poured out of her dress as if two wobbling airbags had deployed. She’d more than doubled her size. Cleavage pushed against her chin. Skin rubbed over her biceps. Dress ready to burst, the shoulder straps pulled deep into her cushioning to deform the bloated mounds.

Stiffness tented Hunter’s pants. He could smell Nichole’s orgasm in the air, heating the air around them.

Whimpers came from the exhausted woman. *“H-H-Hunter...”* she whimpered from the floor, not yet opening her eyes from the rapture of release. *“I think...there’s something I need to tell you...”*



“I’m sorry... I’m... Nnngh...!” Nichole writhed when a lingering wave of pleasure teased her transforming body. Sensitivity cried out across her swollen breasts and pussy. *“I-I really blew our date...”*

“Are you kidding?! That was the most fun I’ve had on a date in a long time!” Hunter ogled her up and down as Nichole remained splayed out in her entryway. *“What happened to you??”*

Embarrassment grew powerful enough to overwhelm her lust. Nichole blushed and struggled to rise and sit against a wall.

“*O-Oh wow*,” she squeaked upon seeing just how large her breasts had become. Flesh poured from around her skimpy dress as her torso struggled to find enough room for the basketball-sized mounds. Plump pillowy flesh refused to let her legs close. Pulling her dress down only served to push the soft mound into the fabric. “*I’m...HUGE.*” A hand tried to conceal her engorged dripping lips. “*Is it as big as it loo--*”

“Yea. Oh yea. Definitely.” Hunter nodded rapidly, unable to take his eyes off her massive pussy. Between it and her chest, he didn’t know where to look.

Her hands traced themselves over her chest and explored the swollen curves. Confusion and curiosity sparkled in her eyes as she stared into a chasm of cleavage far larger than even she was used to seeing.

“So... Is this a normal thing that happens to you? Or...”

“What?? No!! No! Of course not!! This--” She motioned to her body and held her breasts’ sides. “*This is not how girls work!* Or at least they’re not supposed to... At first I thought it was just this condition I have flaring up, but it’s *never* done this to me.”

“Condition?”

Nichole nodded and looked at the ground sheepishly. “I... Uh... I have this thing where my libido gets out of control. Like raging, hormone-filled sex-crazed maniac. I’ve been hiding it because I didn’t want to scare you off. A lot of guys think they can handle it, but they never can. So I’ve started staying away from sex in relationships until they’re more mature and I have a lower risk of ruining things. Technically you could call me a nymphomaniac...”

“Oh. Oh... Whoops.”

“Whoops? What’s ‘whoops’?”

Hunter scratched his head. “That stuff I put in your drink? That was an aphrodisiac... Meant to make you horny... I assumed you had a low sex drive! So I thought it might help you come out of your shell!”

“*What??*” Her eyes fell to the massive swelling assaulting her chest and crotch. “Well, I think *that* would explain it! You pumped sex hormones into someone with an already insane libido! I guess my body just did what it could...”

“Sorry. I’m *really really* sorry. I had no idea! If I had, I NEVER would have done it! Plus you said it was alright to do a little roleplay with it, and I--”

Nichole shook her head. “Don’t be sorry!” Her hand extended for help. Getting to her feet and finding a new balance when so top-heavy, she fell against Hunter and pushed her breasts into him. Hot flesh mashed over his torso. Cleavage drew his eyes into a hypnotic line. “In fact...” Nichole rubbed her pelvis against his. The heat from her orgasm was still fresh. “*Do you have any more...?*”

Hunter stammered and tried not to get ahead of himself. “A-Any more what?”

“You know... Any more of that special little something that--” She hefted her mammaries, *“--did all of this.”*

“You still feel like--”

“Mhmmmm~” Nichole scratched the back of his neck and placed his arm on her upper thigh, moving it up her dress. *“Once my engine gets going, it doesn’t stop until I’m out of fuel. And I have a big tank.”*

His palm fell upon an engorged pussy. Sopping-wet folds filled his palm and his breath caught in his throat.

Nichole slipped a strap off her shoulder. *“Think you can handle me?”*

“I-- I can sure try!” He dug into his pocket and retrieved a handful of vials. Each featured a pink label with a woman posing in ecstasy. *“These are all I have left.”*

“Perfect.”

Nichole took three of the seven and removed their caps. They were poured into her mouth before Hunter could say anything more.

“That... That was three times as much as you’ve already had...” he said slowly, eyes falling to her monstrous breasts.

“Mmmm, then we better hurry to the bedroom before the fun starts then, huh?”

She grabbed him by the waistband of his pants and pulled him into her room. His clothes were off in record time and he was shoved onto the bed naked as Nichole climbed on top. He grabbed at her dress but she stopped him.

“Let’s leave it on. I want to blow out of it.”

A cock throbbed against her and Nichole drooled. Moving her panties to the side, she lowered herself onto his pole until he’d reached her deepest point.

“Nnnngh, fuuuck you’re thick...” she groaned, leaning on his chest and gyrating her hips.

Strrrrrtch!

“Ahh~”

Hunter didn’t need to ask; he could see the hormones taking effect. Flesh was filling out into her already packed dress. Cleavage rose and plumped up to her collarbones as the shoulder straps were swallowed by her skin.

“Haaaah, they’re...already growing again...” Nichole growled. Her eyes seemed to shine crimson as she bore down on her prey. Weight began rising and falling on Hunter’s hips as she rode his manhood. *“Can you...feel my pussy?? It’s... God, it’s getting even bigger!!”*

Feeling it swell around his cock was nearly as good as watching her lips plump and thicken around his shaft. Every plunge seemed to inflate her folds. They squished under her pelvis on each thrust, cushioning her with a billowing mass of pink.

Strrrrrtch!!!

Crrreeaaaaaak!!

“Ahhhhhh!! Fuck me!! FUCK ME HARDER!!” Nichole demanded.

She reared back and started bouncing. Stitches popped down her dress with every heave as she surpassed the size of beach balls. Fabric could hardly cover her areolas as they blossomed large and full. Hunter held onto her thighs for dear life as her body moved like a work of art.

CREEEAAAANK!!!

“AAAHHH!!! Ohh God!! Oooohhh GOD!! I’m-- I’m gonna--”

SHHRRRIIPPPP!!!

Her dress split down the middle. Flesh toppled free in an avalanche of white and pink that extended to her hips. Teardrops of fat slapped against Hunter’s stomach and he gazed at the glorious mounds presented before him.

“Nnnghhhh fuuuck that felt good...” Nichole panted and explored her curves as the dress fell off her. Sweat ran down her chest from an orgasm though fire still burned in her eyes. *“Good job on not blowing your load.”*

Hunter gulped. *“Well I--NNGH!!”*

She clenched her muscles and massaged his cock. A pussy the size of a grapefruit gushed over him. *“You’re good to keep going then.”*

Nichole rose from her mount and spun around. Leaning forward, she spread herself for Hunter as she lowered back onto her ride in reverse cowgirl. He grabbed her ass and was surprised he could see her pussy even from behind as she sat down. Each breast extended from her sides like giant party balloons as she gathered them in her arms.

The grinding began again. Nichole arched her back and moved like a snake atop him. Massaging her breasts, Hunter could see them growing fuller and heavier. Nichole’s arms were forced open and she hunched forward.

“J-Just...like that...” she groaned, grinding herself front to back. *“I feel like...I’m sitting on a pillow with this swollen thing between my legs!!”*

Strrrrrtch

Strrrrrrrrrtch

Hunter wished he could take a picture. Even from behind, Nichole’s profile was majestic. Slowly her breasts inched larger as if filled by an unseen hose.

“Bigger... B-Bigger!! I want my tits...to be MASSIVE!!”

Her voice rose to a scream. Trembling raced through her legs and they clenched around Hunter’s hips.

“My nipples~ My nipples are~” Her breaths left in squeaks. *“So fucking-- Sensitive! I can’t--”*

He watched as her back started to buck. Nichole’s walls tightened around him as pleasure rose to a climax. Slowly she bent forward until her breasts and head were between his shins. Her ass spread open and he watched as she came. A pussy swollen beyond recognition quivered and tensed around his shaft, leaking clear nectar in pulsing waves. His manhood tensed with a hardness that left him purple and aching.

Hunter wasn't sure how much more abuse he could take.

"Mnnghhh... How are you doing back there...?" Nichole moaned. Her torso pushed into her chest as if it were a pillow engulfing his legs. *"Are you--EEP!!!"*

His hands grabbed her cheeks and began exploring. Thumbs traced lines between them, running over the lower curve of her pussy. "Just taking in the sights."

"I... I think I might have one more in me... Growing like this... It's taking a lot more out of me than usual."

Hunter almost sighed with relief. He could put up a front all he wanted but at the end of the day he felt ready to explode inside of her.

Nichole stirred. Rising up, she secured his pole inside of her before slowly falling back and lying across his chest. Two overgrown breasts toppled to her sides, each one large enough to overflow her lap on its own. Nichole took his hands in hers before placing them on the sides of her breasts. His hands sank up to his wrists before stopping.

Strrrrrrtch!!!

"Nnnngh!! Help me...m-massage these monsters...would you?"

Hunter obliged, kneading and squeezing the massive expanse of tit wobbling on top of him. Nichole's hair left its scent in his nose and he could feel her heated breath falling over him.

The grinding started again. Her body moved up and down over Hunter, sliding his cock tenderly in and out of her reclined form. At such an angle, his manhood threatened to spring free as it pushed against the roof of her hole.

"R-Right there!! Right...there!!!" she begged. A hand shot down and began rubbing her clit and stroking his shaft as it came in and out. *"I-- Aahh! Hunter!! F-Fuck!!!"*

STRRRRTCH!!!!

Her bust engorged madly in his grasp. Skin rushed outward to the point his hands could not contain her and she overflowed onto the bed. Cleavage pushed into her face and his. Mounds heaved and jiggled with their movements. Seeking a better hold, Hunter's hands crept to her teacup-sized nipples and squeezed.

"AAUUGH!!!!"

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

"I'm-- FUCK I'm big!! A-Are they too big?? How... H-How much is too big?!" Nichole lost herself in the scene. Whimpering delights flew from her lips and she moved faster.

"C...C-Can I get too big?!"

STRRRRRRTCH!!!!

"MNNNGHHHH!!!! M-Make... Make me...burst...Hunter..."

"What??"

"Make my tits...blow so big...t-that they--" Her hand slapped onto her chest and squeezed. *"--POP."*

He stiffened within her. His balls threatened to blow.

“Ohhh, did I say something you wanted to hear?” Nichole teased. “You’re not gonna blow before I do, are you? You better not.” A hand tickled over Hunter’s balls and squeezed. “You don’t get to come until I’m done with you.”

Hunter strained. Everything inside of him begged for release. Fantasies he’d dreamt of for so long were happening on top of him.

She began moving harder, rocking her breasts’ massive weight and rubbing his cock as it slid in and out. *“Come on... Pop me. I dare you.”*

STRRRRRRTCH!!

“Nngh!” Hunter struggled.

“Make these tits... And this big, fat pussy... HUGE.”

STRRRRRRTCH!!!

“H-Haahhh... Don’t you want...to see how big these knockers can get? They’re getting tighter... Can you feel it?”

His hands groped and squeezed. Skin was taut beneath his fingers.

STRRRRRRTCH!!

“Just be careful you don’t make me so big... And so, so, sooo tight and swollen... That my poor giant tits just... EXPLO--”

Hunter could take no more. He bit down on her shoulder as he hardened past the point of no return.

STRRRRRRRRTCH!!!!!!

“Ahh!! AAHHH!!! AAHHHHHHH OHHHH GOD!!!!!”

Nichole fell into a frenzy of quivering tremors when she reached her highest climax. Flesh poured forth and their arms were pinned beneath her incredible bulk of a chest. Hunter reveled in the sensation of dumping his load into a pussy the size of a loaf of bread as it tightened and pulled around him.

Once finished, and drenched in sweat, the two collapsed exhausted on Nichole’s bed. He slipped from her insides, spent.

“Good job...” she moaned before falling asleep in his arms.

Epilogue

Christmas morning woke Nichole with the brightness of fresh snow outside her window. While her breasts were still large enough to cover her hips, Hunter was nowhere to be found.

“H...Hunter...?” she called.

A clanging came from her kitchen. Hefting herself from her bed with chest in her arms, and her legs forced bow-legged, she managed to squeeze herself through her door. The hallway rubbed against the sides of her breasts as she made it to her kitchen.

“Hey! Good morning!” Hunter said with a smile. He looked her over, taking in the breasts capable of filling her kitchen table.

“Good morning...!” Nichole looked around and smelled the air. Sweetness met her nose. “What’s all this??”

A cookie sheet lay cooling on the oven. With a sly smile, Hunter set the remaining vials on the counter. All were empty. “I thought it might be fun to bake the rest of the aphrodisiac into some ‘special’ cookies so we could have some fun later.”

Her face brightened. “Are you serious??” She released her breasts and allowed them to tumble against her thighs before hugging her love. They kissed and his hands found softness in her breasts.

“Merry Christmas, Nichole.”

Grinning, she took a cookie and bit off a chunk before swallowing with a wink. “You mean Merry Christmas to *us*.”