

Virum Pulchrum

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Part 1

“Sure... thank you Theresa. Thank you... Yes. No. No, don't worry, I'll be fine... well, I'm a big boy, I think I can handle it... yes. Ok, great. Just send me the address and tell her I'll be there as soon as possible. Yes, today. Stop worrying! Gosh... well, that's very sweet of you. Thanks. You too. Bye for now... Bye bye!”

‘God she’s worse than my mother...’ Dr. Kirk Alston was contemplating as he was on his way to yet another “extreme case” patient. ‘Still though, I’m so lucky to have had her by my side through all these years’, he thought thankfully.

Through his cage bars – Napoleon, his hamster, saw Dr. Kirk Alston hanging up the phone and walking out the door, as it continued running like hell on his wheel, without any specific purpose. He was chewing his food like a pig. Or rather, like a hamster, actually...

‘These “Extremers” are getting more and more frequent these days’, Kirk thought, worriedly.

He got inside his car and sighed heavily, partly out of exhaustion, and partly because of the heavy rain of thoughts about this whole situation. He put one of the old heavy rock CDs he carried in his glove compartment (who still uses CDs?!) and drove between the streets of Lakewood, looking for the said house of this patient. Outside, a very beautiful and sexy red-headed girl was walking her dog in the park. However, Kirk continued to drive away, unfazed, barely even noticing her.

‘It used to be different just a few years ago. Before it had all started. How did all this happen?!’

The government was trying to get things under control but so far its attempts at stopping or even slowing down the virus spread have failed miserably.

Another sexy brunette was jogging, wearing a very tight blue sweater and black yoga shorts, both accentuating her big breasts which were bouncing heavily with each step she took. Kirk was waiting in a red light when she came running his way. This time he had actually glanced at

her for a second before his eyes drifted back to the road, his mind continuing to daydream lazily.

Kirk remembered the reports, 8 years ago, about this woman who was traveling the rainforests of Brazil. Apparently she decided to go by herself, feeling confident (some might say overly confident) that she'd be able to handle the difficult path on her own, and ended up getting lost too deep in the forest, reaching an area unreached before by mankind.

She was found a few days later by villagers on the threshold of their village, lying on the ground face-down, exhausted and dehydrated, with many mosquito bites all over her body. One of the villagers called for help and a medical helicopter took her to the nearest local hospital, where they tried to find out what was wrong with her.

The medical staff reported later that they couldn't find the source of the problem and that this woman wasn't responding to their treatments. Eventually her state sort of 'miraculously' improved over the course of the next couple of days, until the doctors had no choice but to release her from the hospital, not knowing what had caused all of this, and furthermore – how the woman's condition improved all by itself.

Experts these days explain that she was infected with a new virus previously unknown to mankind. This virus had probably been able to sustain itself on the mosquitos in that unique, unreached habitat deep in the rainforests, but now it had a new host – humans.

'Where the heck is her house? It's like she's trying not to be found...' Dr. Alston thought silently, not able to even swear properly in his head.

He recalled the special training he'd received, along with several other doctors finely selected by the government, two years after the said incident. A training which contained a lot of information about nothing really. Nothing concrete at least.

They explained how the virus was able to infect everyone, men and women alike, but it apparently stayed dormant and non-harmful inside men. However, women infected by it developed all kinds of symptoms which could vary from one to the other, both in their types as well as their intensity.

Most women developed a mild flu which passed after a few days. This also made it very difficult to detect because it looked just like a regular flu, only the woman infected was still infectious to other people.

However, a small number of women were a lot more susceptible to the virus's effects, and they developed a much stronger initial reaction to it, including high-fever, dizziness, shivers, migraines, and in some extreme cases, even hallucinations, though only momentarily. Only this small subgroup of women which reacted strongly to the virus then experienced a series of morphological changes in their body. This was the part that doctors and researchers still found to be the most difficult to understand.

Apparently, in these rare cases – the virus can act on the DNA level of the host (in this case – humans), by repairing DNA damage, changing the metabolism of specific cells, regenerating damaged skin tissues, increasing hormone secretion, and the list goes on and on. One of the end results of all these inner changes is that this subgroup of girls then experiences a striking transformation, becoming, well, more beautiful. So powerful is this virus, in fact, that it got the name – “Virus Pulchrum” (‘The Beauty Virus’ in Latin). In most cases the virus is usually active for a short period of time, between 3-5 days, sometimes up to a week or so, and then it returns back to a dormant state, for some reason.

Unfortunately, in spite of all these facts taught at the training on this peculiar virus – no real line of treatment was offered. The only thing doctors could do was to monitor the patients’ condition closely and to treat the symptoms until they withered.

After finishing the training – Dr. Kirk met with hundreds of patients. Most of them were quite happy with their condition, in fact, while others were shy and embarrassed about it. For research and documentation purposes he would ask his patients if they minded showing him pictures of them before they were infected and tried to gather as much information as possible from each case. Afterwards, at his clinic he tried to understand the connection between the transformation exhibited by the patients and the severity of their situation.

He was astounded to find how girls could change so much over the course of a short amount of time such as a few days. He had some patients that looked like runway models when he met them that were very average-looking in their “before” pictures. Even the previously most unattractive girls had toned bodies and pretty faces after their transformation.

He also discovered that usually girls that were prettier in the first place tended to stay sick longer and then change more, while girls that were less attractive to begin with were sick for a shorter period of time and also experienced the least amount of change in their appearance, although the transformation was still quite significant.

In a few cases he met girls that were extremely beautiful. These girls were very pretty before being infected, and those girls were being referred to as “extreme cases”, or “Extremers”. They usually got the worst symptoms, had the highest fever and recovered the slowest of them all, sometimes for up to two weeks, but eventually they also experienced the biggest change.

That’s where Dr. Alston was headed to now. Another “Extremer”.

A few minutes later he reached her building. He parked the car in one of the many spaces available. His heart was pounding a little, he realized. Even though he met with hundreds of infected patients already, out of which dozens were “Extremers”, he still got a little excited every time an “Extremer” case showed up on his doorstep. To be fair, it was hard not to get excited near these girls. Most people were not used to being around this level of beauty. If anything, Dr. Alston was more accustomed to them than most people were thanks to the encounters he had

with so many of them.

He pressed the intercom on apartment #17, as his secretary had instructed him in a text message. After a couple of tensed seconds, a female voice was heard on the other side.

“Hello?” the woman asked. Her voice was high pitched but soft and very pleasant to the ear.

“Yes, hi, this is Dr. Kirk Alston. You called me for...”

“Oh yes, hey! Please, come on up. It’s on the 5th floor!”

A buzzer was heard and Kirk was now able to open the door to the building. He entered the old elevator and pressed the “5” button, looking up at the ceiling of the elevator, as though trying to speed up its machinery with his mind.

Now his heart really started pounding. ‘Theresa sounded quite serious this time...’

1st floor.

‘...but she always sounds way too serious... it’s just that her way of talking...’

2nd floor.

‘...although she had this urgency in her voice. Like it’s a really bad case.’

3rd floor.

‘But, I mean... how bad can it be?! Huh?’ Dr. Alston half smiled to himself. Then he quickly stopped smiling.

4th floor.

‘She really should start giving me more credit. Heck, the things I’ve seen... you would think that by now...’

DING!

The screen on the elevator indicated that Kirk had arrived at his destined floor and the door slowly opened.

Kirk zoomed out of his train of thought. He walked outside and quickly found apartment #17. He gathered himself professionally and then knocked assertively on the door three times.

After a short while the sound of a lock was heard and the door was opened. A girl was on the

other side of the door, smiling.

Ok, not just “a” girl. She was, by far, THE most beautiful and sexy girl that Kirk had ever seen in his life. In person or not.

Kirk had an inner “hotness-scale” in his mind. There were the above average looking, usual pretty girls that were attractive enough to get his attention. They were 7 or 8. Then there were very attractive ones, those you might see in a club dancing and drawing a crowd of guys around them. Those were the 9’s. Then there were super-hot girls. Those rare ones that you might see on Instagram like Lindsey Pelas, Wendy Fiore or Abigail Ratchford (Yes that’s right, I’m Name-Dropping...). Those are the super sexy girls that have everything, a gorgeous face combined with an amazingly built body. a perfect 10.

Then there was this girl at the door, who somehow managed to surpass even those on the uppermost part of the “hotness-scale” of Kirk by one or two levels of magnitude. On a scale of 1-10, she was at least a 12.

Her face was beyond drop-dead gorgeous and was also quite tall, about 5’7’. She had those big blue eyes that could penetrate your soul, a super smooth skin with a tiny hint of tan that showed zero wrinkles or flaws whatsoever. Her nose was pert and just the right size for her face. Her lips were full, luscious and pouty. Her cheek bones were high and further accentuated her womanly features. Her hair was golden brown and reached her mid-back level. Her neck was slender and accentuated her womanly features. She was simply enchanting to look at.

Then Dr. Alston’s eyes wandered south and as a result - his cock started wandering north. She wore the tightest dress he has ever seen on a girl. It was sexy, gray colored, with a low V-shaped neckline, which showed her breasts VERY well.

They were simply amazing, perched high and proud on her chest, perfectly round and perky. And they were very very big! Each melon was about the size of her head! They projected almost a foot in front of her and several inches to each side from her torso, seemingly unaffected by gravity whatsoever, even though at their impressive size they should have sagged on most women’s chests.

Her waist was ever so slim and toned and couldn’t have been more than 22 inches. It was just begging to be grabbed. Kirk continued to lower his gaze further down automatically.

Her hips flared from her waist and stood in stark contrast to it. They were wide and very toned. The girl stood at the door in slight profile, offering an incredible view of the finest piece of ass the world has ever seen, curving beautifully outwards into two perfectly round balls of perfection, inviting Kirk to take a bite from them. Her super-tight dress made sure it would be impossible to miss her super-hot features.

The dress ended at that point, as if playing a relay race with her legs to take it from there. Her impossibly sexy legs were long and trim and continued on and on, with the slightest bumps of

her shapely calves, ending finally in two silvery high heeled shoes.

Dr. Alston has considered himself as someone who was much more accustomed to being around beautiful girls, thus, was also able to act more naturally around them, after having seen and treating so many “Extremers” before. However, this incredibly hot and beautiful girl was on another league from the other “Extremers”. She was so much more beautiful than even the most beautiful “Extremer” he’s ever seen. Kirk found it extremely difficult to keep his cool demeanor around her. His heart pumped blood furiously to certain parts of his body as Kirk started sweating a little, his breath becoming heavier. He could’ve sworn that even his knees buckled for a split second.

“Hello Dr. Alston”, she said softly with a hint of Hispanic accent. Only now did Kirk notice that he had been staring at her for quite some time now. He looked back up and saw her smiling a dazzling smile that sent powerfully erotic sensations down to his groin area. But aside from being turned on by her, Kirk found himself questioning and even scolding himself a little, because of how he was not able to maintain better self-control around his patient and to stay more professional.

“Ehmm, yes, hello!” he tried to compose himself, straightening his posture and smiling politely. “miss...”

“Trinidad!” she answered enthusiastically. “Violeta Trinidad.”

‘God, her voice! And the way she rolls that rrrrr... makes you think how she can also roll something... Wow! Get it together man!! You’re better than that! And she needs your help!’

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Ms. Trinidad” he finally said with as much professionalism he could muster in his voice, and extended his hand for a handshake. Nevertheless, his voice had a slight tremble while he was speaking.

“Aww, the pleasure is all mine” she said, smoldering the doctor with a searing sexy look in her eyes. “And please, call me Violeta”, she continued and reciprocated his offered hand for a handshake.

Dr. Kirk Alston never knew that a simple handshake could be this exciting. Her touch was softer than silk, and he felt shivers running from his hand down his spine as her delicate fingers gently encircled his own hand, giving the most minimal resistance needed for it to be considered a proper handshake. Her touch was only further delivering the amount of femininity she was exuding. He felt that he had to act quickly.

“Umm, shall we sit and talk a little, Ms. Tri... I mean, Violeta?” he offered, quickly breaking the handshake before it could lead to things he did not wish to happen to him.

“Sure. Why don’t we sit on the couch in the living room?” she offered. ‘Was there some

disappointment in her eyes when I let go of her hand?’ Kirk pondered.

“Can I offer you something to drink? Coffee? Soda?” she asked.

“Ehmm... just water would be fine, thank you”. He suddenly realized his mouth was very dry.

“Coming right up”, she said cheerfully, turning around and heading to the kitchen. The living room and the kitchen were in the same open space and so Dr. Alston could see everything. And he saw a LOT!

During the short period of time it took Violeta to casually walk to get a glass of water until the moment she handed it to Kirk, he managed to spring a full blown hard-on in his pants. It was so arousing it was almost unbearable to watch.

Each step she took in her high heels accentuated her world-class ass, each cheek almost looking like a separate entity from the other, teasing Kirk when it went up, then making room for the other cheek to tease him as it settled down (though still at a high position). Her legs! God, her legs were out of this world, seeming to not want to ever end, ever so slender yet very toned, enchanting with every step she took. And her breasts! They were big enough to be seen from BEHIND, shaking and poking here and there from Violeta’s left or right side alternately, as if winking at the doctor each time.

She opened the cabinet and reached her hand for a glass from the upper shelf, her would-class sweet bum jumped and perked more than before, making the impossible – possible. ‘How can such a simple act be so arousing?!’ Kirk was perplexed by her sheer sexiness.

She took out a bottle of fresh water from the fridge, opened it with her delicate yet apparently strong enough hands, and poured it. It seemed as though she was putting on a show for him. While she was pouring water, her ass stuck out as she was leaning slightly forward, giving the doctor a side view of her spectacular body, stirring strong sensations of lust in him.

Kirk wasn’t sure if she did that on purpose or whether her ass was simply built in a way that made it stick out teasingly. This way or the other – he was very turned on and found himself trying very hard to contain himself, keeping as much of a professional appearance as possible. However, it almost looked like Violeta picked up on his efforts to try to stay professional and she took great pleasure making this very HARD for him with all her teasing.

Violeta walked back with the glass in one hand while the other hand swung gently but ever so sensuously from front to back. Her hips rotated like crazy, each step causing perfectly circular motion which ended with a sharp twist of her hips. Her full luscious boobs swayed from side to side and jiggled up and down, causing her massive cleavage to dance hypnotically in front of Kirk and tease him to intense arousal.

Violeta’s gaze was piercing. She looked straight into Kirk’s eyes, smoldering him, giving him the

sense that in her mind – she was already getting fucked by him. For a second he tried to flinch and look away because it was almost too strong of a gaze to maintain eye contact with, but he couldn't. He kept staring directly into her eyes, his lust building with the increase of sexual tension between them.

There was silence for a couple of seconds. All of a sudden Kirk realized that a cup of water was presented to him, waiting to be taken.

"Ehmm, oh.. umm, thank you. That's very... uhh... ehmm" and he just grabbed the cup of water and downed it in one go, nervously, without even completing his sentence.

Violeta smiled her perfect sexy smile at him knowingly. She was very aware of the strong effect she was having on Dr. Alston and she seemed very satisfied with it. Like she was savouring the moment, trying to prolong it for her own pleasure. She said nothing and instead just shook her shoulders ever so slightly, causing her bust to sway from side to side while absent-mindedly playing with her beautiful hair.

"So, miss Tri... umm, sorry, Violeta. Why don't you tell me a little about yourself and what you need my help for."

Violeta shifted position, apparently stopping her little "tease" game, for now at least, as she straightened up a little, cleared her throat and started spilling her story to the doctor:

"Well Doctor Alston, I was infected with a virus about three years ago. I believe it was called... ah, 'pulcha' something?"

"Virum Pulchrum" he corrected her. "Yes, please go on".

"Right, that. Anyway, I don't know exactly who I got the virus from but I was very ill and couldn't get out of bed for a long time."

"For how long were you ill exactly, can you recall perhaps?" Kirk asked, returning to his professional demeanor.

"Uff... so long, maybe like 3, 4 weeks long? Closer to 4 weeks I believe", she replied.

"That's a very long time indeed..." he said. 'Wow, 4 weeks? That's never happened before. It does fit however with the way she looks. I mean, just look at her. But still...'

"I know", Violeta said, pouting slightly. 'Gosh, even the way she pouts is so sexy! Get it together man, you're a doctor. A professional doctor!' Kirk fought with himself. "So what happened then?" Kirk continued. He found himself paying very close attention to every detail of her story.

"Eventually I got better. It was a matter of a short couple of days. Then, I started, um... changing." She moved a strand of hair behind her ear nervously. "It didn't happen all at once. It

continued over the course of several weeks after I healed, but I... well, my appearance, it changed. For the better, that is.” She was trying to find the right words for it.

“In which way?” Kirk pressed on. He had a general sense as to the nature of this change but he needed Violeta to describe it in her own words. For proper documentation purposes, of course.

At this point Violeta started blushing. She was embarrassed to talk about it, even though she was talking to a professional doctor whom she knew was dealing with cases like hers on a daily basis. This blush was not lost on Kirk’s part, and if anything – it only contributed to needlessly further emphasize her beauty and overall feminine charm.

“For lack of better words – I, uhh... I became, prettier.” She finally said, “a LOT prettier. God, it’s hard to even say it without sounding like I’m bragging or something, but, I’m just describing what happened.”

“That’s perfectly fine, Violeta. I assure you that you are not the first girl to go through these changes. You have nothing to be embarrassed about. Besides, I’m a doctor and I’ve seen many patients with your condition, so I can guarantee you that there’s nothing you can say that would surprise me at this point.”

“I’m not so sure about that...” Violeta whispered to herself quietly.

“I’m sorry?” Kirk didn’t quite catch what she said.

“Oh nothing, nothing!” She hurriedly replied. “So anyway, after that, things got more difficult.”

“How so?” he inquired.

“I should have mentioned it – before this whole thing happened I used to be a supermodel in Victoria’s Secret.” She started reminiscing. ‘A supermodel! Of course, that makes sense. It’s weird though. I don’t recognize her.’

“Oh, I almost forgot, here! I have an old photo from before the infection. I remember your nice secretary reminded me to prepare this ahead for the appointment”. She said.

Violeta then did something amazing that destroyed the little self-control Dr. Alston had managed to regain during their short conversation so far. She withdrew a photo from the space between her left boob and her dress. It took her some time to find it though, since there was a lot of surface area for it to be hidden in. Her breasts were swaying a lot in the process. Kirk couldn’t believe this was happening. His mouth opened for a second before he quickly closed it. If Kirk thought it was hard to avert his eyes from her tits before, it was positively impossible now. His cock was throbbing with desire for her.

‘Oh god, I don’t know how much more I can take! How can this be? I’m usually really good at

maintaining my cool around patients. I'm Dr. Kirk Alston. But she's just so, so... WOW!'

Finally, after what seemed like hours – Violeta found her old picture. She handed it to Dr. Alston.

"There we go. Uff, I can be so disorganized sometimes..." she said with an apologetic smile that sent another shiver down Kirk's spine.

Kirk took the photo from her delicate hands and looked it over. The girl in the picture was, by anyone's standards – one of the hottest women on earth. She wore a tight red bikini that left very little to the imagination. The photo seemed to be taken during a fashion show. Violeta's body was perfectly sculpted, her face was beautiful and radiated with a bright smile. Her breasts, while not nearly as big as they were now, still looked amazing, sitting high on her chest. Probably around a D-cup or so. Still, quite unusually big for a model to be sporting this size. Her every curve was standing proud, her ass was would-class perky. Basically, she was every man's wettest dream.

Yet, Kirk didn't see it this way. After witnessing in his very own eyes the way Violeta looked now, after having been infected with the virus, the girl in the picture was merely average-looking in comparison. Perhaps a bit more pretty than average, but that's it. Violeta has changed so much that if the current Violeta were to sit in a pub with her old self and Kirk would've been there – he probably wouldn't have even noticed the old Violeta was there. It was just incredible how much the human body could change. How much Violeta had changed.

"So... what do you think?" Violeta asked, hesitantly biting the side of her lower lip anxiously.

"Hmm, well..." he stammered a bit. "You've definitely changed. For the better that is! Not that you were not pretty before! Of course! It's just that now... but also before you were very..." Kirk was having a hard time finding the right words. "Ehm, my professional opinion is that you have definitely been substantially changed by the virus." He finally summarized.

Violeta looked back at him, smirking. 'Jeez, can she read my mind or something?!' Kirk knew that she had caught his uneasiness of this whole situation.

"So wait, you said something before about things getting more difficult" he tried getting back to his routine examination.

"Correct."

"And that you USED to be a Victoria's Secret model?" he edged on, narrowing his eyes in question.

"Supermodel. And yes, I don't work there anymore." Violeta answered.

"Why is that? What happened after you were infected?"

Violeta shifted in her seat with slight uneasiness. Clearly this wasn't one of her fond memories.

"So, after about a month of not going to work while I was sick, I finally returned", she started elaborating. "I had a photo-shoot scheduled for that day. But when I went in to start modeling – no one recognized me. They thought I was a new model trying to apply for the job." Violeta suddenly had quite a sad look on her beautiful face. "It took me a while to convince them that I was in fact the same person. And when they finally understood I had been telling the truth – they said that there was a problem and told me to go home." She frowned. "I was shocked and didn't understand what was going on. That same evening, I got a call from my boss who said that I was fired."

"Fired?! But, why??" Kirk couldn't believe they would fire someone as hot as Violeta.

"He said something about me not fitting their line of clothes anymore. That my breasts have become too large for their clothes sizes and also something about breaking the contract because of a 'significant change in appearance'", she rolled her eyes. "But I know now that it's not the truth. Later on, I heard a girl I knew there saying to her friend that the real reason I was fired was because I was 'outshining the other models' and that the management was afraid that their sales would be dramatically affected by it", Violeta concluded, pouting sadly.

Kirk was dumbfounded. He just couldn't fathom the logical process of such a decision. Such a unique and gorgeous model was supposed to be helping sales, wasn't she? Nevertheless, he could very well see how Violeta might out-shine the other models. Her sheer beauty was on a whole different level from the other girls. Even Victoria's Secret supermodels, as beautiful as they were, didn't come close to Violeta's level of beauty and sexiness. Her ass was perkier than that of the other models.

Her face was prettier. Her waist was sexier. Her legs were more toned. And her tits were out of this world bigger and better. He decided to just leave the subject for the time being.

"This must have been quite hard to deal with", Kirk said finally, having decided to take the empathetic approach.

"It was", said Violeta sadly, wiping a tear from her eyes, an act which only added yet another dimension to her endless beauty and feminine gentleness that has captivated Kirk so much. He felt bad that at such a vulnerable state as she was, he was so turned on by it! She was just so irresistibly attractive... whatever she was doing. Whether she was smiling, walking, talking, or even just sitting with her hands folded neatly on her thigh while looking at him – it was simply unbelievably arousing. Hell, just being in her proximity was enough to cause his cock to throb.

Kirk was not a clinical psychologist. However, he found out with time that medical treatment has to go hand in hand with some sort of conversation with the patient as well. Nevertheless, he saw that the conversation was taking a turn to unexpected regions and so he decided to shift it back to its intended course. It was time to start with the routine examination. Perhaps this might also

help him relax a little by doing what he knew best.

“I’m sorry about how things went for you, Violeta. Listen, why don’t we do some testing and see how we’re doing, ok?” he asked her in the plural form, as some doctors like to do when they want the patient to feel like their doctor is invested in their treatment as much as them.

“Ok, doctor”. Violeta said quietly, nodding her head lightly and obediently while looking straight at Kirk with her big blue eyes. ‘OMG stop being so cute and sexy already!!! I can’t work like that!’ Kirk’s cock was so painfully erect right now. This was going to be challenging. His hard on was quite concealed until now, thanks to his coat, but now he had to get up in order to examine Violeta.

‘Oh GOD! How am I going to examine her body without cumming right on the spot?!’ he dreaded.

* * *

Part 2

“Umm, ok. Please, stand-up and go to that wall over there.” Kirk ordered politely.

“Sure!” She said happily, her mood perking up all of a sudden. She straightened up in her seat, her magnificent bosom heaving and jiggling then she got up from the couch, her boobs shaking and quivering madly, threatening to burst out of her dress. She turned around and walked to the wall.

Kirk took that opportunity to get up and quickly adjust his hard on in his pants so that it wouldn't stick out so obviously. ‘Ok let's get this thing over with as quickly as possible. This is getting rough now’.

Violeta stood near the wall, smiling, with her legs closed, waiting for further instructions. There was just something so incredibly sexy to Kirk about a girl who's so willing to do what he says. It wasn't like a “control” thing. It's just that vibe of compliance with a smile, a girl that wants to be led and being told what to do by a man who knows what he wants. Even if all he wants is to examine her. Medically, that is, of course...

“Alright, I'd like to first take your height. If you would be so kind as to take off your shoes and stand with your back against the wall while I measure you.” He asked her.

“Sure. You can measure me anytime you like, doctor” Violeta replied ‘innocently’ with a devious smile. She casually took off her heels one by one. Kirk, who had a height advantage on her, got even a better view on her simply breathtaking deep cleavage now that she was shoe-less.

She then backed up against the wall until she touched it while Kirk positioned himself in front of her. The problem was, it wasn't her back that first touched the wall, but rather her ass. She noticed the problem, frustrated, and tried to back up even more so her back would touch the wall, but because her ass was so tight and fit – it almost had no give and so she was bound to lean back with her upper back a little in a slightly weird way so that she would be able to touch the wall.

As a result, her big bosom stuck out even further than it already had, poking Kirk in the eyes.

“Just uhh, if you could stand up straight and not lean back so much while your back is against the wall”, Kirk said while he looked at her posture.

“This is as straight as I can get, Doctor Alston. I'm sorry, my ass is just too tight I guess. Would you prefer it if I stood up straight like this?” she leaned forward again, her ass being left the only body part touching the wall. Her breasts continued to stand up high and proud no matter what her posture was, leaving about a foot of space between Kirk and them.

Kirk lost a little blood from his face. He had a clue as to where that blood was flowing to right now.

"That's... that's fine. Don't worry about it. Your posture is perf... FINE! It's fine." He fumbled with his words. Violeta's look was a combination of 98% innocence and 2% sexual predator.

"Ok doctor, I'm ready", she said.

'The way she says "Thoctorr" with that Spanish accent...'

"Would you like to measure me now?" she asked, snapping Kirk out of his day dream.

"NO! Eh, yes! Yes, of course."

Kirk took out his tape measure and crouched to set it near her foot. In the process he got an overall look at Violeta's perfect body from top to bottom. He was so close to her he could smell her sexy scent. It was so intoxicating.

He pressed the twisted end of the tape measure under her bare perfect foot.

"Eee!" Violeta squealed in surprise. Kirk panicked for a second, but then he looked up and saw that she was smiling at him, urging him to continue.

He rose back up, looking at the numbers on the tape but also leering at her incredible body. He might be a professional doctor but he was still a man after all. Being so close to that level of femininity was irresistibly arousing for him. 'These calves, those legs, that perfect ass, her tight and toned stomach, that... oooo!'

He suddenly bumped his head against something very soft and very wonderful. He jumped back and the tape swished his hand as it returned to its original folded state and landed on the floor with a smack sound. A second later Kirk realized what his head had bumped into and he turned beet red.

"I'm so sorry!! I didn't mean to, I just wanted to measure you. Your body! I mean your height! And they were in the way. Well, one of them was in the way. It's because they stick out further than most... I'm so sorry this was very unprofessional of me. Please accept my deepest apolo..."

"It's ok Doctor", Violeta said, smiling widely. Kirk was so embarrassed that he didn't even notice Violeta was enjoying every second of this examination so much. "If I was uncomfortable by anything you did, you would've already known about it by now. And besides, you're right. My breasts do stick out further than most girls. It's not your fault you bumped into them. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did, though", she said, biting her lower lip teasingly.

Kirk's face turned even more red than they already were. He looked away and Violeta giggled at that.

"Would you like to continue measuring me?" she suggested, seeing there was no good way for him to reply to what she just said.

"Umm, yes, sure. Let's continue. Let me just..." he mumbled.

"Oh no please, allow me", and with that she leaned WAY down to grab the tape from the floor, giving Kirk a magnificent view of her expansive cleavage. Her massive breasts swayed from side to side, almost reaching her knees. She also didn't bend her knees at all, thus sticking her beautiful ass even further. She was simply irresistibly sexy to look at. To be around. Kirk was about to burst soon.

"There you go doctor, you can measure me now", she offered him with a smoldering look. Kirk almost came in his pants at that last remark. This whole scene was getting way out of his control. He sighed intentionally, trying to blow away his horniness. Yep, that didn't help one bit.

"Ok, let's continue, shall we?" he said.

He tried again measuring her height, this time taking extra care not to bump into (un)wanted body parts. For her part, Violeta just stood quietly and allowed him to proceed with the examination, only smiling at him and giving him a subtle sexy look here and there.

"Ok, so that's 5'7" and a quarter", he said, trying to stick to his routine check-up. "In terms of weight I'd say you look in shape. Do you exercise?"

"Yes doctor. I train 4 days a week and also do Yoga every day. Though I can't jog so much."

"Yes yes, that's understandable. I mean, that's good, exercise is good for your body". He remarked.

'Yoga... Of course she's doing Yoga! She can't just be NORMALLY super-hot. She has to do Yoga so she's that much hotter, as if simply seeing her is not hot enough on its own.'

Kirk tried his best to carry on with the exam but he was having a very HARD time doing so. He checked her throat which looked perfectly healthy.

When he took her blood pressure, he lightly but accidentally grazed his hand against her right boob when he put the pressure cuff on her arm. He froze for a second, but Violeta just smiled at him, acting as if nothing had happened. He breathed a sigh of relief and closed the cuff cautiously.

"You might feel some pressure for a few moments" he warned and started pumping air inside

with his manual pump.

“Ooo... oohhh... umm...” Violeta let out a small moan with each pump. ‘God, does everything she does have to sound so sexual?!’ Kirk felt like he was inflating his own dick with blood instead of the cuff with air with each pump.

“110 over 70, that’s perfectly fine”, Kirk said. This was getting kind of weird. ‘Isn’t she supposed to feel sick or something?’

He performed some more tests but each one confirmed the same diagnosis. Violeta was perfectly fine.

Something didn’t add up. The doctor inside of Kirk was suddenly awakened back to reality. Kirk might have been very aroused and more than a little distracted by the sheer beauty and sexiness of Violeta but he got the sense that something was not quite right in this whole story. That maybe she wasn’t telling him the truth. Or not the whole truth in the very least.

“Ehm, forgive me, Violeta, for my boldness, but... I have to ask you”, he started.

“Yes?” she straightened up a little, pushing out her chest in the process. Kirk was not sure whether this was intentional or not, but he was caught off guard for a moment there, almost forgetting what he was about to say. A few seconds later he’d regained enough focus to continue however.

“Well, I don’t know exactly how to say this, but when Theresa, my secretary... when she called me about your case – she gave me the sense that things were, well... urgent”. Violeta listened intently to his every word and tried to keep a straight face. However, Kirk could’ve sworn that he caught a small flinch in her face for a split second. She didn’t say anything though, so he continued.

“The thing is, and I don’t want this to come off as something bad, but, according to my medical examination – you’re perfectly healthy. In fact, you might be the healthiest person I have ever examined.” He said hesitantly, trying not to make it sound like he was implying something. “Is there something I’m missing here, maybe?”

Violeta shifted in her seat uncomfortably. She had an anxious expression on her face, and... was there also sadness mixed in it?

She shifted her gaze away from Kirk for a moment, considering her next words carefully. Kirk panicked for a second that he might have offended her in a way, but then she returned her gaze back to him, looking slightly more determined this time.

“Do you have any hobbies, Dr. Alston?” she suddenly shot out of the blue. Kirk was caught off guard with this one. He blinked a few times.

"What?" he asked, confused.

"Hobbies. Something you like to do with your free time." She explained the obvious. Kirk was not sure where she was going with this.

"Well, I, uhh, I do love playing chess." He admitted.

"Are you good at chess, Doctor?" she edged on.

Kirk blushed slightly.

"I, I guess I am. I'm very good actually. But I still don't..."

"Would you say you are the best?" she cut him off, looking straight at him, narrowing her eyes questioningly.

"Of course not. I mean, I did win a few local and state championships. I even reached the national a few times, but..."

"But there was someone better, wasn't there?"

Kirk tried not to take offense at her question. He was sure she had a point for this whole weird interrogation.

"Well, yeah. I didn't win the national. But I did come..."

"Second place?" she asked, finishing for him.

"Err... yes. How did you...?" he asked, puzzled.

"And how did that make you feel, doctor?" she continued, though now an empathetic look was added to her rich repertoire of facial expressions.

"I guess I was disappointed a little. A lot, actually." He said.

"Uha... Anything else?"

"I guess I was also angry", he played along for the moment. "And frustrated. I put in hours upon hours of training, trying my best to improve, to better my tactics. I thought it was a sure win for me. Then this one guy, at the final round, he just knocked me to the floor. He won. And he made it seem so easy. Like, like..."

"Like he wasn't even trying. Right?" she finished for him, getting more and more flustered. "Like

no matter how hard you try, he had you in his pocket this whole time?” she was getting redder in the face, her eyes started watering. Her voice started quivering and getting more emotional with every word she said. “And that no matter what you do, you will never stand a chance against him? Because your very best, your utmost best effort, doesn’t even tickle him? Is that it?!” she almost yelled that last part.

She panted heavily, her chest heaving up and down. Tears started rolling from the corner of her eyes.

Kirk was awestruck. ‘Obviously, she’s talking from personal experience. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have reacted this way. But what is it?’ Kirk thought to himself. ‘I still don’t understand what she was trying to tell me here.’

Violeta just sat there for a few moments, sobbing quietly, staring at the floor. She just looked so very vulnerable, so breathtakingly beautiful. The way she looked now, Kirk just wanted to take her into his arms and hold her tightly. Instead, he settled on holding her hand with his own, trying to comfort her. She squeezed back gently.

But then, she surprised him completely by inching towards him, closing the gap between the two of them, then launching at him and hugging him tightly. This act apparently opened the flood-gates and tears started rolling out of her eyes while she cried and cried.

Kirk was so dumbfounded he didn’t know what to do. This never happened to him. He still didn’t get an answer to his question, but he sensed that right now was not the best time to bring it up.

However, something else was definitely up. Kirk’s system of primal instincts didn’t care if he got his answer or not. All it cared was that Violeta’s massive, soft and wonderful breasts were mashing heavily against his own chest. He could feel her grind up against him, smell her intoxicating sexy perfume. Her hair gently rested on his face. Her angelic cry stirred feelings of empathy, but also a want, no, a need to maintain the amount of physical contact he had with her while she cried and cried into his shoulder.

The hug lasted quite long. Longer than what would be considered a “regular hug”. Kirk very gently patted her on her back a few times, trying to console her, but also give her a subtle sign that she can let go now. For as much as he was enjoying this hug, it was starting to reach the “unprofessional” territory now, and he sensed this was a slippery slope towards “very and utterly unprofessional land”.

Unfortunately, Violeta took his patting as a sign to let it all out. She increased the pressure of the hug, mashing her pliable tits even further against his chest. Oh, how horny Kirk was right now.

His cock stood proud like a steel pipe. He tried his best to keep his position – while his upper torso was inevitably locked against Violeta’s hug, his lower region was slightly turned sideways, while his rock hard cock was trapped between the waistband of his pants and his stomach,

underneath his shirt.

Finally, after what seemed like forever, and at the same time, not more than a millisecond, Violeta let go from the hug, slowly. She stayed seated close to Kirk, however, her thigh almost touching his own. She sniffed quietly and wiped her tears from her eyes. Her face was flushed. After a few moments she started talking again.

"I'm sorry, Dr. Alston. I didn't mean to burst out like this. I just couldn't help myself." She said quietly, slowly elevating her gaze back up to meet his.

"That's, uh, quite alright. D... Don't worry about it." Kirk said, his own voice trembling. He tried his best not to let on how much this hug affected his libido.

"I think I need to explain myself, Doctor." She said.

"That's ok, Violeta, you don't have to..."

"No, no, I mean, I should tell you the truth. The whole truth, that is." She started. Kirk listened intently, keeping a compassionate face all the while. Violeta sighed, her breasts rising and falling heavily. Then she began:

"I have a friend. A very close friend." Violeta started. "She was my best friend since I've known myself. We grew up together, went to the same class from elementary school all the way to the end of high-school." Violeta looked like she calmed down a little now. She was still sniffing here and there but at least she managed to continue her story.

"Anyway, we did everything together – hanging out, studying, traveling... we even started dating boys at the same time."

"But there was one problem." Violeta now had a very sad look on her face. "She always got all the boys."

'Huh?' Kirk was confused. "What do you mean?"

"She was always the prettier one of us." She pouted sadly.

'Ok now it's getting really weird', Kirk thought.

"She, ugh... she always got all the attention from guys and I was left out. And she didn't even mean for that to happen. I know that. It just, sort of, 'happened' to her. But that's the thing, it always happened to HER. Never to ME."

Kirk could hear the frustration in her voice, although he really, absolutely, had no idea what the hell she was talking about. Clearly, this was a girl with some sort of a body image disorder.

Otherwise, there's no way in hell she would feel inferior next to her friend. Or any other girl, for that matter. However, Violeta continued her story:

"Don't get me wrong. I did get to draw the attention of a few guys here and there. But that only lasted until she came along. And the second she joined us – they totally forgot about me and only focused on her. And every time it happened, I felt more and more unwanted, ugly, ashamed and also angry."

She surprised Kirk by squeezing tighter on his hand, apparently needing support to continue. Kirk was caught off guard when he felt that gentle but firm, just so wonderful touch of hers. He thought of letting go of her hand because it was only making things worse for him, but he decided against it, seeing she needed him right now.

"At first, I thought I was angry at her", she carried on. "But she really did all she could not to draw their attention. She really tried her best to be a good friend and not to give these boys any sign she was interested in them. But that didn't matter. She could join us for an hour or so, just to grab some coffee and then be on her way, and the guy I was with would just make an excuse and leave, never to be heard from again. She never went out with the guys I was with, out of respect for our friendship, which I really appreciated, but still, that didn't stop me from being so extremely frustrated."

'Ok. Now I'm certain she's delusional. Come on, that... that just can't be right, can it? Or perhaps Violeta was a late bloomer or something and thus lagging behind her friend? That could maybe explain it. But still, even before she was infected with the virus, she was so very beautiful. It just doesn't add up.' Moreover, Kirk still had no clue what the hell this weird yet intriguing story about her friend had anything to do with his visit there.

"Eventually, I accepted the fact that she will always be the prettier one, and I just tried to really focus on her as a person, since she really always was such a wonderful friend to me and I loved hanging out with her."

"Then, I got sick with the virus. This part that I told you was all true. I did experience all these changes in my appearance. I was getting more and more pretty, and I finally felt a little more beautiful. Of course, I still didn't reach her level of beauty, it was just so out of reach that I didn't even dare to think about winning or even leveling up to her in this category, but at least I regained some of my dignity."

"But, but you said that you've transformed so much. That you were even fired from Victoria's Secret as one of their supermodels because you outshone all the rest. So... how come...?"

Violeta smiled a very sad smile. It was that kind of dark smile someone has when he knows he's so much out of luck in life that he starts laughing instead of crying about it.

"Oh but you haven't seen her, have you? Otherwise, you wouldn't have said that, Dr. Alston."

She said gloomily. "Yes, I did transform a lot, but even after all that, it still didn't even 'tickle' her level of beauty and sexiness. But like I said, I was grateful for what I could get, even if it was measly a level of beauty that could outshine Victoria's Secret supermodels."

Kirk looked hard into her eyes and saw that she was not crazy talking. She was not delusional in her speech. She was really genuine. When that realization dawned on him, he started getting really intrigued. 'Was there really someone more beautiful than Violeta? Could it be true?' His heart started pounding and his cock stirred again in his loins.

"So..." his voice really shaking now. "What happened afterwards?" he asked anxiously. Violeta sighed.

"A couple of years ago, she got ill." Violeta stopped for a moment. She seemed to be having a hard time resuming her story. A moment later she continued. "At first we thought it was just a flu, but it didn't go away. Since she was like a sister to me, I took her to the doctor myself, but he didn't know what it was and just gave her some medication to help with her symptoms..."

'Oh ohh... this sounds familiar now', Kirk thought inwardly.

"She had a high fever, she was shivering even when it was warm outside... I never saw her like this. A few days into her illness she started saying weird things. Like she was seeing a group of singing mushrooms. And something about a unicorn galloping in circles around her room. I don't know, I think she was hallucinating things because of the high fever she had." She narrowed her eyebrows.

Kirk got a sense of the direction this story was headed to.

"Hmm... how long was she ill?" he asked.

"Oh, so long. Two months? It just seemed like it would never go away." She answered.

'Two months?? How is that possible?! The virus is not supposed to be active for so long. But if that's true, it had such huge implications on her friend's appear...'

"We went to see more doctors, but none of them had any idea what was wrong with her. We didn't know what to do. I was really worried for her. But all of a sudden, after these two months, she just seemed to..."

"Miraculously recover?" Now it was Kirk's turn to complete her sentence.

"Yes. How did you know?" Violeta asked, surprised.

"Tell me, Violeta, did you notice any changes happening to her, after she recovered? Maybe her appearance?"

Violeta almost started crying again. Tears again welled up in her beautiful eyes. Kirk regretted he said anything.

“Yes. Oh god, yes. She transformed from super beautiful into this... GODDESS of beauty. I know this sounds awful and selfish, but I thought I was going to explode with envy! I got ill before she did, and for almost a whole year I thought to myself, ‘hey, this isn’t so bad. I might not be as pretty as she is but at least I’m not that ugly anymore’. But after that, it was just so out of reach it was ridiculous. It was like trying to run a sprint while competing against a race car, then this car turns into a stealth fighter with its engines turned on all the way. I never stood a chance.”

Kirk felt for her. He really did. He still had no idea how this was even possible but he saw how much this saddened her. How crushingly painful this all was for her. He squeezed her hand again in empathy, suddenly realizing they never let go of their hands this whole time.

“Look doctor, I won’t stall you any longer. I have to confess something.” She took a deep breath.

“I am not the case you are here for.” She said, waiting for his response.

Kirk tried to process that piece of information. “What do you mean, you are not the case?”

Violeta reddened in the face, embarrassed.

“I mean, I’m not the one who needs your help. It’s my friend. I called for her.”

Kirk wanted to get upset, but frankly, he was so turned on at the moment that he couldn’t really feel anything that resembles anger. He was confused, though his earlier suspicions were starting to fall into place now.

“I don’t understand. If you don’t need my help, then why did you pretend to be the one who was sick?”

Violeta looked like she wanted the ground to swallow her right then and there.

“I, I guess, uhh... god this is really embarrassing... I’m sorry doctor, I really am. I just, well, I guess I wanted to know what it felt like to be the center of attention for once. I wanted to give you the impression I was the one who was sick because, I knew that would mean you will see how much I’ve changed, and maybe, well, I’ll get the feeling, for once in my life, that this change is meaningful in some way. That I don’t have to be compared to a goddess of beauty. That I am beautiful, and desired, and sexy, all on my own... that I’m not someone’s second choice. Even if this is not true. Even if only for a short period of time. That’s also why I put on the sexiest dress I had on. And when I saw you, you seemed so cute I had to try to seduce you. I really tried my best to win you over, I don’t know if you could tell. Just to see if I still had it in me. I guess this was all for nothing. I’m sorry.”

Kirk didn’t know what to say. She was trying to seduce him and she just confessed about it.

And somehow, she felt that her very best effort was still not enough. He was really torn between feeling empathy and sorrow for her, wanting so badly to kiss her, and trying his best to comprehend what the hell she was talking about. He was horny as hell from all the events that had unfolded today. Never in his life has he been so aroused by a girl. 'How in the world can she not feel beautiful? Come on! This has to be a joke! There's no way she...'

"Here doctor. I have a picture of her for you", she cut his train of thought and pulled a second picture from beneath her other breast, causing a great deal of shaking and quivering in the process. 'Is this like a universal pocket for all girls?! Or just for the hot ones?'

"Her name is Olivia Fuentes. Just look at it, please."

Kirk grabbed the picture and all the blood was drained from his face.

In the picture was a girl standing in a room, stretching her arms up, in a simple T-shirt and pants, without any make up, who appeared to have woken up a few minutes before the picture was taken.

However, miraculously, even in this sleepy state that she was, she was UNBELIEVABLY gorgeous. She was just SO VERY MUCH MORE beautiful than Violeta was. This had to be her worst look of the day, yet she managed to look WAY more sexy and beautiful than Violeta, who did her best to look as sexy and as beautiful as she possibly could. If Violeta was a 12 on the "hotness-scale", Olivia was a 20!

Olivia's face was beyond perfect. An angel from heaven would feel embarrassed standing next to her. Her smile beamed with grace and beauty. Her eyes were big, green and blue at the same time, and filled with a mixture of endless amount of joy, sexiness, beauty and energy. Her nose was pert and perfect. Her skin was perfectly smooth and its complexion was just hypnotizing to look at, making it look like she was photo-shopped by the best artist in the world. Her neck was more graceful than that of a swan, her hair was golden and full, flowing to her lower-back. She was just so beautiful to look at it almost hurt Kirk's eyes. In fact, he had to blink a few times just to see if this was for real.

And her body. 'Oh god, her BODY!'

Her legs were so long, slender and toned at the same time, never seeming to end, until they curved up to this way beyond world-class ass that stuck out at an impossible angle out of her body like two perfect peaches waiting to be eaten.

Because of her stretching pose, her t-shirt rose above her pants, revealing a hint of a perfectly flat stomach that seemed to be narrowing to what must have been the smallest waistline this world has ever seen. Even smaller than Violeta's tiny midsection, probably less than 20 inches.

Unfortunately, that was all that was visible from her stomach, since her simply enormous

breasts blocked almost the entire view of her midsection. Kirk was sure that had her arms been down – no part of her tummy would've been visible.

They were round, firm and full and stood up high on her chest. They were bigger than Violeta's, as if to add insult to injury. If Violeta had melons, Olivia had watermelons. Big ones, that is. And while Violeta stuck out less than a foot, Olivia's breasts stuck out almost 2 feet in front of her, and extended even more than Violeta's to either side of her otherwise very slim body. And yet, despite her size, they seemed so perky. Certainly perkier than Violeta's impressive yet smaller boobs.

There was just no way of getting around this. Olivia just looked better than Violeta in every possible way. Much much better. She was that much prettier, sexier. Next to her, Violeta looked like your typical girl next door. Nice, "ok-plus" looking, but nothing more. The poor girl. Kirk really felt for her, it must have been hard to be around so much sexiness and beauty and not to fall into deep depression.

"Doctor Alston?"

Kirk suddenly realized he was day dreaming. He wasn't sure how long he was looking at the picture but he got the feeling it was quite long.

He looked back at Violeta. Suddenly, she seemed less attractive to him, in a way. It wasn't intentional on his part, it just sort of, happened. He felt really bad with himself for feeling this way.

"Yes, yes, I'm sorry. You were saying?" he finally recovered.

"I wasn't saying anything doctor." She said simply.

"Right, right" He was still trying to process everything.

"So... what do you think?" she asked anxiously.

"About what?"

"About the picture, of course! Was I not right?"

Kirk treaded very carefully here. It was not his place to say that.

"Well, I don't know exac..."

"Do you know how many hours I spent at the gym??", she interjected before he finished his answer. "Working on my ass, my legs, my chest, arms, you name it... all these hours. I'm also trying so hard not to eat junk food, to be healthy. I really am trying my best. And she just

naturally looks like that. Hell, I wish she would look like me. She looks WAY better than I do", she sounded so frustrated.

"Now wait here one minute, Violeta. That's not fair to you. You said she was also infected with the virus and that she has undergone a remarkable transformation herself. Don't be so hard on yourself".

Violeta burst out in tears again. 'Oh god, what did I say now?' he thought dreadfully.

"THAT'S... HER... BE... FORE... PIC... TURE!" she wept hysterically, barely able to complete full words.

Kirk gulped.

"I'm sorry? Her 'Before' picture?"

She cried some more. "You know... the picture... your... patients... give you... before... they were... infected?" she sniffed between words.

"Her befo... her..." Kirk said slowly, trying to wrap his mind around that little piece of information.

'If this is her "Before" picture, how much prettier and sexier was she AFTER that? How much has she transformed? How much more can anyone transform? What's the next level after unbelievably-superbly-drop-dead-gorgeous-beyond-belief?! And Violeta... she never stood a chance against... how can... what... how... WOW!'

Kirk stayed quiet for more than a minute. For the first time in his life, he really had no idea what he was getting into, and how he was going to cope with this whole situation. It was bad as it is when he thought Violeta was his patient. How in the world was he going to deal with... that?!"

He reminded himself that he was still in a conversation with Violeta, eventually resuming their talk:

"Uhm. Ok. So, you said before that your friend, Olivia, needs my help."

"Yeah, she does. She's sick again." She answered.

"Again? Wait, but..." something was still not right here. "You said that she was already sick with the virus two years ago, wasn't she?" he queried.

"That's correct."

"And that she's recovered already, no?"

“Yes.”

“And now you’re saying that she’s sick again??” he asked, incredulously.

“Yes. But that’s normal, isn’t it? I mean, after you catch the virus – you might get sick again later on in the future, can’t you?” she asked innocently.

“Well, technically yes. But that’s extremely rare.” He said, pondering. A couple more moments during which both of them were quiet passed.

“Anyway, I guess you should go see her now.” Violeta said with a sad face.

“Oh, yes, yes, of course! Ahh, where is she?” he asked.

“Right here in the back room.”

“Wait, you two are living together?”

“Yes, she’s my best friend. Plus, she doesn’t like to go outside much ever since she got sick for the first time. She’s very shy and she needs my help.”

Kirk didn’t know what to say.

“She’s sleeping at the moment. I’ll go wake her up and tell her you’re coming.”

Kirk just stared into space, not blinking, while Violeta got up from her seat and went to the back room. He didn’t even bother looking at her lovely ass as it swayed from side to side while she walked away. Oh, yes. Violeta was right. He certainly was about to come.

* * *

Part 3

Kirk heard Violeta's heels clicking away as she was striding to her friend's room. He was still trying to wrap his mind around those last pieces of information about Olivia. And it was really *HARD* to think about it with his cock so painfully erect.

He had one immediate objective at the moment: to tame his raging hard-on somehow. Kirk took a quick glance at Violeta's direction to make sure she didn't see him. Yeah, that wasn't a good idea. Her world-class ass was hypnotizing, captivating Kirk's attention and only worsening his throbbing erection by swaying and jiggling perfectly from side to side. Nervously, using an almost inhuman amount of effort, Kirk averted his gaze away from Violeta's spectacular ass, adjusted his raging hard-on and resumed staring into space, while trying unsuccessfully to think about Math problems.

Time stood still as Kirk was nervously waiting to hear the knock on Olivia's room door. However, he heard nothing. Kirk glimpsed again at Violeta's direction and was surprised to find her standing in front of Olivia's door, her hand closed into a fist hanging in the air, ready to knock. Something seemed to have stopped her.

Violeta took a couple of deep breaths before finally knocking gently on her friend's room door three times. She waited a few moments, but no response was heard. Eventually, she took one long swig of air, closed her eyes strongly and then opened the door and entered with her eyes closed shut.

For two long minutes nothing happened, when all of a sudden - a sharp cry was heard from inside the room. Kirk immediately sprang to his feet in alarm. He awkwardly ran with a disguised hard-on while tip-toeing to Olivia's room door when a shriek stopped him in his tracks.

"Ayyyyyyyyyy! NO, OLIVIA POR FAVOR... UMFFF", he heard Violeta's voice before it was muffled abruptly.

Before he got a chance to ask if everything was okay, he heard another voice. An unfamiliar one. Then moans. Then groans of extreme pleasure. Then flat-out screams.

Kirk's feet froze in their place. He couldn't move. If Kirk had had any hope of bringing his erection down before, it was all lost now. Those voices coming from Olivia's room were the hottest he's ever heard in his life. Both girls seemed to be having what appeared to be one POWERFUL, almost *continuous* orgasm which lasted for almost 10 minutes!

Finally, the voices died down and Kirk suddenly heard footsteps. Quickly and clumsily he bolted back to his seat on the couch and tried to casually conceal his raging boner.

Not two seconds later, the door opened and out came Violeta. She quickly closed the door behind her and leaned her back against it, her arms stretched down with her palms against the door, as if to stabilize herself. She was panting heavily, her hair was a mess and her face

flushed crimson red. Her dress, which used to sit perfectly on every curve, now hiked up a little higher than before. Her left dress strap fell to the side, revealing a lot of sideboob.

For a couple of moments Violeta seemed completely oblivious to Dr. Alston's presence, muttering almost inaudibly under her breath: "Putá madre, María purísima, ya no puedo hacer esto más... no puedo funcionar con ella...? Es tan cachonda... que voy hacer, padre en el cielo..."

Then, she finally turned her gaze to Kirk. She somehow became redder than before.

"Sor... sorry about that... 'pant', she's uhh... 'gulp'... ready to see you now, doctor." She gasped. Violeta's large breasts were heaving up and down along with her breathing.

Kirk looked at her and tried not to let on how freaked out he had been at that moment. He gulped audibly, cleared his throat a couple times before he finally found the strength to get off the couch. His erection was thankfully concealed well enough to not be seen by Violeta. He hoped. He vouched to maintain his professionalism, even though this seemed more and more like a lost cause.

As he reached Violeta, she seemed reluctant to let go of the door behind her, lest she lose her balance.

"I uhh... may I... eh", Kirk asked politely.

Violeta suddenly awoke from her daze and wore a look of embarrassment once she realized Dr. Alston had been standing in front of her.

"Oh uhh... yes. Yes, of course. Sorry about that. There you go", she said apologetically with an embarrassed look on her pretty face. "

She moved aside though she was still standing very close. With her big breasts heaving up and down it was nearly impossible for Dr. Alston not to rub his arm against them as his hand reached forward to open the door.

"Wait!!!" Violeta yelped as Kirk's hand touched the door handle.

Kirk looked at her with a questioning look on his face. Violeta reddened even further in her face and looked like she was trying to find the right words to say.

"N... nothing, doctor. S... sorry."

Kirk kept looking at her for another long moment and raised his eyebrow, as if giving her another chance to utter what she wanted to say.

"Just... be careful ok?" she finally blurted.

Kirk gave her a warm smile and nodded reassuringly. But internally, his mind was churning. 'Why does everyone keep saying that to me?!"

And with that, he turned the door knob and entered the room.

* * *

Two years ago

RING RINGRING RINGRING RINGRING RINGRING RING RING R...

"*WHO IS THIS?? CALLING ME AT THIS HOUR?!*" a grumpy voice of an old, heavy smoker answered the phone.

"Ehm... Mist... Mr. Jenkins? There's uh... a customer who wants to check into the motel, sir. You t... told me to call you no matter the hour if someone comes in... so... I called", a lightly-accented Hispanic, ***agonizingly sensual*** voice talked back softly and hesitantly into the headset.

- Loud cough -

"*Ehm ehm oh... it's you*", his voice softened immediately. "*Yes yes, good thing you called me! Always call me, no matter the hour... I'm always available to help. So, check-in you say, eh...? TELL HIM TO COME BACK IN THE MORNING!*" Mr. Jenkins answered in a grumpy voice back at the frightened receptionist. He was about to hang up before the girl on the other end quickly said:

"S... sir? The thing is... he already booked a room in advance. And uh, he also called earlier today to ask if he'd be able to check in at this hour and was told that there would be no problem. He said he talked to the manager, which... would be... you, sir...", the girl trailed off sheepishly with what little courage she could muster.

A loud growl/sigh was heard on the other end of the line, then finally Mr. Jenkins spoke: "*Ufff... blghkhhhh... fine! TELL HIM I'LL BE DOWN THERE IN 5 MINUTES.*"

"Yes sir. Oh and sir?"

"*WHAT???*"

"He wants to know how much a standard, single room would cost for one night?"

"*HUH?! Oh, right... yeah. Let me think... eh... is he... you know...?*"

"Is he... what, sir?" She asked, confused.

"*You know...? Do I have to spell it out for you? Ughhhh... is he... more... 'tanned' than usual?*" He mumbled quietly, as if signaling he also wanted a quiet answer.

"SIR?!" the girl asked incredulously, clearly appalled by this bluntly racist question.

"*OH NEVER MIND!!!*" Mr. Jenkins resumed his loud obnoxious voice once he realized there was no cooperation on that matter from the receptionist. "*I'LL BE RIGHT THERE. AND DON'T LET*

HIM TOUCH THE COFFEE STAND! THAT'S ONLY FOR GUESTS WHO ALREADY PAID!!!"
He snarled before powerfully slamming the telephone handset.

* * *

"...yes, Mr. Jenkins, thank you. See you in a minute, goodbye", the girl mimicked a much nicer ending to the cringy conversation she just had while a busy signal sound was heard on the other end of the phone. Internally, she was still flinching at her boss's horrible, unprofessional behavior. 'How low-level of a person do you have to be to talk like that...?' she thought to herself, appalled. Yet outwardly, she kept a professional facade in front of her guest. She then turned to him and said:

"The manager will be here shortly and help with the check in process, Mr. Gibbs. I apologize for the wait, I'm still fairly new here and don't know how to log guests into the computer yet", she said apologetically, her cheeks flushing in slight embarrassment. She wasn't *THAT* new to "**Jenk-Inn**", actually (which she thought was a terrible, cheesy name for a motel, by the way, but who was she to say otherwise?). She's been working there for the past 5 months already and knew perfectly well how to check guests in.

However, it seemed that her manager did not trust her (or any of his employees, for that matter) with practically anything. She was just not *allowed* to check in guests. Mr. Jenkins liked to set room prices by himself every single time a guest arrived (which apparently depended on his current mood and the guest's ethnic background). Was it ethical? No. Efficient? Also no. However, was it at least a good way to manage your business? Well... no.

The receptionist was sitting behind a high desk, her face popping above the computer screen. Wallpapers with green dotted ornaments were plastered wall-to-wall. Flickering neon-red light from the lit sign outside was seeping through the door, with numerous stickers for coupons and handymen covering its glass. A couple feet behind the desk was a hive for keys on the wall, made of dark, old, peeling-off veneering wood. A small table with a cheap, plastic kettle and some coffee and sugar packets were set messily on it. A stand made from the same material was situated next to the wall on the left, filled with dated magazines, such as "*Modern Dental Health in America; 1979 edition*", "*Must-See sights of Peru*", and "*10 ways to keep your man interested*" with a picture of a smiling old lady and 3 cats sitting on her lap.

Mr. Gibbs, standing about 6'1" tall, a handsome man in his late thirties, with salt-and-pepper full hair, was standing on the other side of the counter, a small black suitcase by his side. Yet, his most profound characteristic at the moment was not his height, hair or suit. Rather, it was the absolute **shocked** expression he was wearing on his face.

"Mr. Gibbs?" the girl inquired patiently, waiting for a response from the guest. But there was none, for Mr. Gibbs was too busy trying his very best (and still failing) not to ogle her.

The girl barely wore any makeup. Her hair was tied in a simple bun. She was sitting behind a rather large desk. However, Mr. Gibbs did see that she wore a dark blue shirt that was buttoned

all the way to her neck, and gray suit-jacket above it. All in all, she dressed how any standard receptionist would.

Yet, despite that, her beauty far surpassed anything Mr. Gibbs has ever seen in his life, and that included actresses, singers, supermodels or any other beautiful girl out there, and that included recent times, where new beautiful faces started popping everywhere around the world.

Mr. Gibbs suddenly reminisced on the latest 'Miss Universe'. Contestants seemed to have *transcended* into a whole new level of beauty this year, most probably due to this new "Pulchrum" Virus. He remembered how even the first competitors to be winnowed out of the competition were so gorgeous that their beauty made him shiver in his couch. Any of them would've *easily* won the competition if they looked like that before the outbreak. And the winner? She was so gorgeous she actually made him drool watching her. And yet, somehow... somehow... this receptionist, working in this shitty motel in the middle of this shitty town, made the latest 'Miss Universe' winner become nothing more than an afterthought.

Even though the receptionist's hair was in a simple bun, it already looked better than the hair of women who just left the salon. It was a deep golden color, and by its tail it was obvious it was *extremely* full and luscious, complimenting her face perfectly. The receptionist's nose was pert, perfectly sized and placed symmetrically on her face and added another level of cuteness and beauty to her face. Her lips, even though there was no lipstick applied on them, were full, pouty, erotic in a red-pink color so vivid it actually looked like she *did* apply lipstick to them. Her skin tone was absolutely mesmerizing, a shade of natural tan, free of any blemishes or imperfections, completely smooth, vibrant and healthy looking. And her eyes... placed perfectly symmetrically on her face, were so large it was almost weird but it was just a hair less than that level. Those deep, turquoise-colored eyes were the pinnacle of her face, enchanting to look at, piercing straight into the soul of anyone who dared looking right at them. It was like she had two mini-versions of the deep ocean for eyes.

Everything about this receptionist *screamed* **PERFECTION**, multiplied by a factor of 20! Mr. Gibbs was having a hard time realizing what he was actually seeing. The girl was so ridiculously mesmerizing that for a moment Mr. Gibbs felt like he might have been hallucinating. 'She must've gotten the virus *HARD* at some point!', he thought.

The only weird thing (well, aside from her beyond-world class beauty), was how *way* too bulky her gray suit jacket was on her otherwise slender looking frame, draping cartoonishly over her shoulders. It looked like it was made for an extremely-morbidly obese person.

The goddess-like girl looked at Mr. Gibbs expectantly with her big turquoise eyes, her perfect skin complexion almost shining back at him.

"Mr. Gibbs?" She repeated herself, not unpleasantly, although a bit more firmly. She couldn't blame him, she was used to men (and some women) looking at her like that all the time.

Mr. Gibbs blinked a few times and was suddenly aware that he was still in the midst of a conversation.

“Ehm... right, sorry”, he finally snapped out of it. “Yes, thank you. Um, miss...”

“Fuentes. Olivia Fuentes”, she said smiling, her entire attitude still professionally happy and courteous. For *just* a tiny moment Mr. Gibbs could've sworn Olivia had shifted in her seat and made a face with her eyebrows and lips simultaneously, like she was trying to suppress something, before it was gone.

Olivia took her chair back and something ludicrous started to unveil itself. It was **so** ludicrous that, at first, Mr. Gibbs didn't realize what it had been. Then she pulled back some more. Mr. Gibbs expected Olivia to stop by this point but she kept going backwards still. Then some MORE. Finally, she reached the wall behind her, arched her shoulders back and pointed her index finger at her nametag to Mr. Gibbs proudly. However, in order to be able to even *reach* her nametag, she had to straighten her right arm *and* her right hand completely, and *still* be a few inches too short. Oh well, it'll have to do. Olivia just hoped she got her message across.

Oh boy, she did.

Mr. Gibbs couldn't hide an involuntary audible gasp as she did so, and simultaneously felt his groin area becoming tighter by the second.

The desk has apparently been hiding what had to have been the largest pair of breasts that have *ever* existed. Even this comparison was woefully inadequate, since the second largest pair in the world was probably a few dozen inches smaller than Olivia's own pair.

Her dark blue motel uniform shirt had at least 6 'X's before the 'L', yet the sheer load it was holding within looked like it was *beyond* full capacity. The shirt protruded *obscenely* almost TWO ENTIRE FEET in front of Olivia's chest. Moreover, the gray jacket, which a moment ago seemed more fitting to hide 3 'Mr. Gibbs'es, was stretched so tight that only its lowest button was done. The lapels were spread out like strips of bacon on a turkey. The jacket's lowest portion was completely hidden under Olivia's bosom, which actually hung so far out that not only did it sit heavily in her lap, but it also actually stuck out several additional inches beyond her *knees*!

Mr. Gibbs refused to believe what he was seeing. Yet, it was right there, in front of him. Even if Olivia was completely flat-chested and had the most unattractive body in the world, Mr. Gibbs would still lust over her madly thanks to her ULTRA beautiful face. However, as he began to find out, Olivia's body more than matched her face.

Mr. Gibbs was speechless. His mouth was hanging open, even drooling a little from its corner. Never had he EVER seen a pair of breasts even remotely close to that size. Heck, even the biggest porn stars online were less than half her size, and their tits were fake as hell. Olivia, amazingly, seemed to have a completely natural, albeit VERY perky, pair of breasts. Mr. Gibbs couldn't begin to guess her cup size, if there even was one. And it wasn't just their size. They

were also so **full** looking, so heavy. Olivia looked like she stuffed 2 medium-sized yoga balls underneath her uniform, each one multiple times the size of her head!

Mr. Gibbs suddenly realized he'd managed to spring a raging erection in the last few glorious seconds and quickly tried his best to conceal it. Olivia's eyes caught his noticeable and impressive bulge with her peripheral vision, but she decided to ignore it for now, seeing how uncomfortable Mr. Gibbs was. Plus, to be honest, she was REALLY used to it by now, quite understandably. However, Mr. Gibbs was *really* cute, actually, and Olivia found herself blushing a little due to how excited she was making him.

"And what's YOUR first name, Mr. Gibbs?" Olivia asked, her voice turned from professionally happy with just a touch of sexy into her sweetest, most sex dripping voice.

In reality Olivia was using the tiniest bit of sexiness to her voice that she managed. However, as insignificant as this added sexiness was compared to Olivia's full potential, it was still enough to turn Mr. Gibbs into a babbling mess.

"Umm ummm umm ummm I umm I uhrrrrrr" he rambled.

Olivia somehow managed to look even deeper into Mr. Gibbs' eyes, which only seemed to further increase Mr. Gibbs' inability to speak. She was enjoying this quite a bit. Usually she actually tried to tone down the effect her immense sexuality had over other men (and a lot of women as well), but at the moment it just felt right, with the hour being so late and not having much else to do. But most of all, he was so darn cute!

"Rrrrraymond. Raymond Gibbs, ma'am. Uhh, Ms. Olivia. I mean Fuentes!" Mr. Gibbs finally found his words. Sort of. "Or... Ray. Whichever you prefer", he quickly added.

'Oh yes, you're *definitely* putting my ankles on those broad shoulders of yours tonight', Olivia thought predatorially. She beamed at him with a smile before she continued.

"It's so nice to have you here with us Ray. Will you be staying here just one night?" she asked with a hopeful face.

"I I... EHHM! YES!!! I mean, yes... just one night, unfortunately." He added, trying so hard to keep his eyes focused on Olivia's own. He didn't know if it was harder to keep eye contact due to the immense bosom sitting just a few inches below her eyes, or whether it was her piercing gaze which threatened to penetrate his soul. Seriously, her eyes were so beautiful to look at it was almost painful to keep a direct eye contact with so much beauty.

But he managed to keep looking directly at her, and this only further enticed Olivia. Not many men were able to do that. Ray seemed different. He looked like a shy but honest guy who meant well. His direct gaze sent sparks down Olivia's nether region and caused her to rub her legs against each other. In the process, making each of her giant boobs heave up and down alternately. This was not lost on Raymond's part, whose eyes opened even wider at seeing that sexy display.

"Ooo, that's a shame", Olivia said with the sexiest pout in the world, which caused Raymond's cock to jerk once in his pants. "Are you here on business or... *pleasure?*" She asked, putting more emphasis on that last word for some reason.

Raymond was caught off-guard by the subtext of her words. "Uhh... umm. It's... I... bus... business. Definitely business! No... not pleasure."

"Ooo... sounds interesting. What business is that, if you don't mind me asking?" She looked with the utmost interest directly at him. Raymond shivered, not quite believing still he was speaking to such a stunningly gorgeous woman. He knew she was meant to be courteous as part of her job description as a front desk receptionist. However, she really *did* seem interested in what he had to say.

"Oh... it's... nothing special, really. Just... it's a little conference here in town. Well, I wouldn't call it a 'conference' per se. More like a gathering? Or... no, it's really a meeting. Meetings, actually, I think... sorry... um... anyway... it's about, uh... Medical Devices... NPI, New Product Introduction?" He babbled. *'Shit. Is she still interested? I'm boring her, aren't I? Am I boring her? Quick, get to the point...'*

"Here!" Raymond finally blurted. He hurriedly opened his suitcase and pulled out a brochure. He placed it on the counter facing Olivia and pointed at the headline. ***'Advancing Technologies in Neuro Imaging - The Next Generation'***.

Olivia stood up and took a closer look at the brochure. In the process, her voluminous boobs *took over* the desk, mashing obscenely against the computer screen and everything else around. Raymond's eyes widened immediately in shock.

"Wooooow! This looks so cool!" She said as she flipped through the brochure with her delicate hands. "And complicated! You must be *really* smart!" She complimented him with a smile.

Raymond lost his words. To get a compliment from such a fantastically beautiful woman, inches from your face, was a *real* ego boost.

"Oh... I... uh..." he stammered, blushing. Olivia's smile grew even wider. He was *soooo* cute, fumbling with his words like that. "Well, uh... thanks, I guess. I'm just giving a small presentation on the upcoming release of the next generation of our imaging device. There's gonna be like, 16? No... 17 people? I don't know... just, uh... hoping to win some VCs over. Heh...", he joked nervously, rubbing his neck for some unexplained reason.

"Good luck, then, although you probably won't need it. You definitely won *me* over. I'm sure they'll *love* you!", she said with a wink which caused Raymond's cock to lurch in his pants. "What time are you supposed to be there?" She asked.

"Oh, um... at uh... 10 a.m.", he said.

"Oh so you'll still have time to enjoy breakfast, hopefully. Anyway, if you do change your mind about extending your stay here *I'll* be more than happy to have you here", she said with a

teasing smile. She knew she crossed a professional line there but she really didn't care at this point.

Raymond was leaking pre-cum by now. He has seen some truly beautiful, sexy women in his lifetime. He talked to them. Heck, he even slept with several exceptionally hot girls on occasion. But NEVER has he ever seen a girl even remotely close to being as sexy, beautiful or busty as Olivia was. And not only did she have that irresistible appeal, but she was also hitting on him, HARD.

"Ooooo.... Ok", he answered shakily.

As if saved (or not?) by the bell, the elevator dinged and a second later Mr. Jenkins arrived at the reception desk, his footsteps as well as his breath sounding heavy. Upon his arrival Olivia immediately took a few steps back and away from the desk and stood up straight. For a microsecond Raymond thought he caught her flinching before Olivia quickly assumed her professional demeanor.

Mr. Jenkins looked anything but professional. His frumpy black hair was all messy, his beard looked like it had been shaved 5 days ago and he wore a simple worn out T-shirt with several holes that had a drawing of Homer Simpson eating a doughnut on it. Ironically, it looked like Mr. Jenkins had left some actual doughnut crumbs on his shirt.

"So, you wanna rent a room, eh?" Mr. Jenkins muttered at Raymond in a croaky, breathy, hushed voice, not looking him in the eye. He actually sounded like he was in the middle of a drug deal.

"Yeah, I was hoping..." Raymond started answering before he was cut off.

"The rate's 165\$ a night", Mr. Jenkins's voice suddenly became way stronger as he cut him off, though he still never once dared looking at Raymond. "No smoking, no music, no pets, mini-bar's got prices on each item so you can't say you didn't know! Breakfast is between 7-9 a.m., no takin' food out the dining room. We got cameras and we can see you sneakin' stuff into your little bags so don't even try us. Also, you break it – you buy it. Cash only", he spewed his speech, which sounded like it was being gradually constructed based on previous incidents. Olivia rolled her eyes covertly. 'As lovely as always...'

"Livliv' here'll show ya the room, eh, Livliv?" He snorted chauvinistically, trying to sound like he has the upper hand at a game no one seemed to be playing but himself. Yet, he never dared looking directly at Olivia. She gave him the side eye with a sigh, knowing her lowlife of a boss wasn't even worth a response.

Raymond was still too distracted by the sexual tension he felt from the motel's **outrageously** sexy and **impossibly** busty receptionist.

"Oh", Raymond finally said simply, trying to maintain his composure. "That's fine, uhh... Miss Fuentes was actually very help..."

"Good!" barked Mr. Jenkins back, allowing himself the slightest look up at Raymond's eyes before cowering back down. He extended his open palm. Raymond realized what he'd been waiting for. He rushed to pull several bills from his wallet and gave them to Mr. Jenkins. The manager took the money and started mumbling as he was counting the bills. He gave Raymond a quick "don't you dare try to set me up" look before he resumed counting a second time. Finally, he seemed somewhat satisfied.

Mr. Jenkins pressed a few buttons on the register while covering it with his other hand before it opened. He placed the bills and closed the register with a shove. Mr. Jenkins then grumbled a few instructions to Olivia on where to press in order to perform a check in. Olivia quietly listened as if she didn't already know exactly what to do.

Mr. Jenkins then turned to leave. Suddenly, as if he realized something he stopped and turned his head only halfway back without actually looking at Raymond. "Oh, errr... welcome to '*Jenk-Inn*'", he added as an afterthought in what sounded like an active effort to be somewhat hospitable.

"Ttthank you...", Raymond answered politely despite his shock at the manager's crudeness.

"Great!" Olivia said, completely ignoring her creeper boss, smiled widely and winked at Raymond. Raymond's pupils dilated and he started sweating a little. And to his amazement, Olivia was suddenly twirling her luscious hair while biting her lower lip seductively, her eyes sparkling back at him.

Mr. Jenkins looked at them with a confused look, both not having moved for a long moment, just staring at each other. Eventually he gave up, threw his hands in the air and turned around to go back to his room, mumbling incoherently under his breath.

Olivia quickly pressed a few keys on the keyboard and clicked her mouse a few times. As she did so, Raymond was once again treated to the magnificent sight of her gigantic breasts, pushing *obscenely* against her uniform. He honestly had no idea how her suit stayed intact given the enormous burden it had to bear. 'Like, this is not normal. Not even close. This is a *crazy* size to have for your bust. Just to set the record straight', Raymond thought to himself. The lower outline of Olivia's simply *massive* boobs leveled just above her hips!

Raymond could also see that she wore a **very** heavy-duty bra underneath her garment. However, as big as the bra was, it wasn't nearly big enough to contain Olivia's burgeoning breasts. Through her buttoned up multiple-extra large shirt (which now seemed *really* small on her), he could see copious amounts of breast flesh swelling over the upper edge of her bra. Each giant udder swelled several inches beyond Olivia's slender arms, thus allowing Raymond to only see her gorgeous face, swan-shaming neck, delicate shoulders and a hint of her upper arms before obscuring her ENTIRE midsection.

At last, Olivia was done. She swiftly took out the "*Be Right Back*" sign which also contained a cell-phone number, then placed it on the desk and walked away from it. She approached Raymond, each step made her voluptuous tits bounce rhythmically. Ray's eyes popped out when he saw Olivia was dressed in a dark pencil skirt which clung to every contour of her endlessly shapely legs, ending slightly above her knees. She wore high heels, which needlessly

only *further* accentuated how incredibly hot and sexy Olivia's legs were. Raymond was seriously in trouble of having an accident in his pants.

Olivia softly placed her delicate hand onto Ray's shoulder, neared within 2 inches from his ear, thus also mashing a significant portion of her soft bosom directly into his arm and asked: "Shall we go to your room, Mr. Raymond Gibbs?" Ray almost came in his pants. He didn't want the feeling of those pillows engulfing his arm to ever end.

"Ssssure. A... after you, uhh... miss", he barely managed, before Olivia elegantly began walking towards the elevator.

* * *

Part 4

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-DING-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Olivia raised her eyebrow questioningly.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ohhhhh...", he groaned involuntarily.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-DING-

"Damnit...", muttered Olivia.

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

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

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

-BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP-

"Oh no, not *again...*", Olivia lamented exasperatedly as the elevator started its journey upwards. Ray could barely fathom what was happening. His entire upper-to-mid body was literally being *tit-sandwiched* at the moment. A grain of salt could not have been squeezed anywhere between Olivia, Ray and the elevator walls.

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

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

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

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

-DING-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

-DING-

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

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

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

"**Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!**" Ray groaned in delight.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA..."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ray's eyebrow furrowed.

"Help me?" He asked, confused.

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

Ray gasped in wonderment and his cock twitched in response.

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

Ray gasped again.

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

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

Ray gasped yet again.

She said something again, now giggling.

"Huh?" Ray asked.

Olivia giggled again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

A girl with boobs so enormous they took up all the *entire* space in the aisle. An OCEAN of bubbly, soft breast flesh undulated and wobbled madly within her stylish summer dress, white with diagonal black stripes. Her face was so beautiful that the blonde woman might as well have had a paper bag over her head and no one would notice the difference. The... goddess (that's the only word the blonde could come up with in her head) that was slowly but confidently making her way into the bus was holding a small black purse clenched against the **mountains** she called her breasts, and with her other hand held a white plastic bag filled with what looked like a button-shirt, skirt and a suit-jacket.

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

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

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

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

"HATCHUUU!!!" The blonde sneezed.

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

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

- COUGH COUGH -

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

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

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

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The next day she called in sick.

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Part 5

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

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

- *Knock knock knock* -

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

"Weeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!!!!!" Olivia called out happily.

"Liv? Is everything ok?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm... I **loooooove** the way your body feels", Olivia cooed. Her hand had a mind of its own, and it started to sensually squeeze, caress and tickle Violeta's left boob around her nipple. Olivia's touch was ever so gentle and soft, like she was barely even trying to do anything.

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

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

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

For a few minutes of this intense orgasm Olivia kept idly playing with Violeta's nipple, barely even aware of what she was doing. Then, she put just a *tiny bit* more effort into her boob-play.

Violetta's shrieking rose up an octave and she lost consciousness. Her knees buckled and she fell forward.

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

fucking normal looking friend. She never asked to be a full-time nurse to a fucking **goddess!!!!!!!**

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

FUCK!!!

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

And all those incredible features still laid in the *literal* shade of her most glorious best two assets: her right and left boobs. Needlessly further emphasized by 8 inches of cleavage at the front of the dress, Violetta's boobs could not be ignored even by a Shaolin monk. In a consciously crazy move, Violetta specially ordered in advance a strapless, **30Q push-up** bra that pushed her teardrop shaped watermelons those last missing inches to complete *a whole foot* in front of her, and swelled dangerously close to her clavicles. Despite the tight push-up bra, the undersides of those magnificent boobs still ended just below her navel. A portion of her tiny waist peeped behind them, further accentuating her crazy hourglass figure.

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

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

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

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

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

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

- LEVEL 17 UNLOCKED -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Vi? Vio...? ¿Me escuchas, chica?"

Violetta awoke from her jealousy trip and shook her head.

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

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

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

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

Violetta knew that blouse all too well. She secretly tried it on a month ago, just to torment herself. On Violetta - no breast skin was visible. Just the outlines of her own respectable-yet-tiny boobs, which looked like 2 bumps covered by a white tent. On Olivia, however, it was stretched so tight that not only did she fill it to capacity, but it was *further* pushed a whole foot and a half away from her chest, showing bountiful cleavage under her neckline! Violetta couldn't even see Olivia's knees because they were concealed by Olivia's under-boobs. And they projected almost two feet on either side of her ultra-slender frame.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She gathered all her self control and said:

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

* * *

- SSSSSSPLAT SSSSSSPLAT PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP -

"Come on..."

- SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE SPLAT PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To his excitement and horror, he realized that she was advancing in his direction. While the entire crowd around her parted, the guy was stuck in place as if he was a deer caught in her 'headlights' (*Yes, yes! Pun intended, OK??*). His hand clenched around his bun a little. As she got closer to him his expression turned more astounded by the second.

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

"Vi, wait up, girl!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

'Oh *SHIT!*'

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

30 minutes into the set Tom noticed a girl to his left, looking at him. Everyone was laughing but her. The crowd was poorly lit, which made what he thought he saw seem implausible. However,

this got him curious, so he kept glancing her way every few seconds while maintaining his jokes pacing.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Any time Olivia's eyes met Tom's she'd do her best to seduce him and make him hard. She knew she only had a mere second or two per glance, so she made the most of it. Every time they locked eyes, she either licked her lips seductively, winked at him, stroked her hair, crossed her legs the other way, breathed deeply and pushed her giant boobs his way even further, or

sent him a seductive kiss in the air. Every time he got a really big laugh she made sure to treat him extra hard to one of her sex signals.

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

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

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

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm..."

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

"No wayyyyyyyyyy!!!! EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!!!" She squealed.

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

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

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

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

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"Hello Tom. Thank you for inviting me."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"You were **sooooo** funny", she took another step as she looked straight into his eyes like a cheetah that's about to jump on its prey. Tom gulped and felt his cock lurch with more precum. "**Sooooo** charismatic", she was quickly closing the gap between them. "**Sooooo SEXY!**" Tom was shaking from arousal. "I'm sorry if I made it **HARD** for you to do the show. I was just **sooooooooooooo** excited to see you perform up there like a true master of comedy. This was the best show I've ever seen in my life, Tom. I want to make it up to you and thank you for it", she took another step and her nipples were almost grazing Tom's body.

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

Tom **loved** big boobs. The bigger - the better. The rumor had quickly spread like wildfire. That's why every year the girls in the front row of his show were getting increasingly bustier and more

beautiful. Tom didn't choose a girl from the crowd who wasn't at least an F or a G cup and was at least a 9 on the beauty scale. Then, every once in a while there was a girl a level above them, with J or K cup boobs and more beautiful, who surpassed his expectations. There have only been 2 other girls that he ever met, who were another level above that, with L and even N cup boobs and yet even **more** beautiful, that were beyond his wildest dreams. True gems that were a fantasy come true. And then, there was *this* girl... who was at *least* 20 whole levels above that. Probably a lot more, actually.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He orgasmed instantly.

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

"Uh huh," he uttered.

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

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

Olivia finished removing her dress, and realized what happened.

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

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

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

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

Tom tried and failed to take her all in. He was **never** like this. Being accustomed to beautiful girls begging for his attention, he carried himself much more confidently, both outdoors as well

as in bed. But now he was like a lost, hungry puppy who was found by a kind new owner who gave him food for the first time in weeks. He looked up at Olivia, unsure what he's allowed to do.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His cock was 2 inches away from Olivia's succulent lips. She couldn't help herself and puffed a little bit of air on its tip. The cock lurched a glob of precum in response. "Haaaaaaa...", she heard from above. She puffed again and another glob followed by a similar groan ensued. Alright, enough teasing the poor guy.

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

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

"Ok."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Gradually, Tom regained his composure.

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

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

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

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

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

"Ssssssure," he said.

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

'Ok, this is real.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Panicked, Violetta opened the door fully.

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

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

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

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

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

'Oh my god she's burning up!'

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

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

* * *

Part 6

Upon closing the door, Dr. Kirk Alston was greeted by darkness and an overwhelming aroma that sent his senses into overdrive. He fumbled for the light switch.

"Don't... **mmmm**... Please."

Kirk gasped at the sound of a melodic voice, grateful for the darkness hiding his unprofessional erection. As his vision adapted, he saw only a girl's hair on the bed, her body obscured under a strangely elevated blanket, like a hill.

"Sorry, Dr. Alston. I just... **mmmm**... I prefer not to... **ahh**... right now," she said in that same muffled, ultra-arousing, albeit hesitant voice.

"That's... ok. Olivia, isn't it?"

"**Mmmmm** yes."

"Ok. Olivia. We can just talk for now. So, this is..."

"Yes... talk", Olivia said in a peculiar delay, which jarred Kirk a little. The blanket-hill shifted slightly.

"Right," Dr. Alston said, looking at Olivia's odd outline. "So, Olivia. How can I help you?"

"*Yucnptyrcokinmpsy...*" Olivia muttered under the sheets.

"I'm sorry, what was that?" Kirk approached near the bed.

"*Mmmmm... Idntknwwhtswrngwthme *Mmmmm*.*"

Kirk took another step forward. "I'm sorry Ms. Fuentes but I really do need you to at least take the blanket off your face so I can hear you better. Please." He added politely.

After a moment of quietness, the covers were finally slowly pulled back and Olivia's face was slowly revealed. Kirk couldn't hold his loud gasp.

Even the sliver of light barely illuminating the room was enough for Kirk to see the most beautiful face he's ever seen. Suddenly, everything that Violetta had been talking about clicked. She wasn't crazy talking at all. If anything, she might have *understated* how **ultra** beautiful Olivia was. There really was no comparison. Violetta, seen in full daylight, completely healthy and wearing the most impeccable makeup on, was nothing more than an *afterthought* next to Olivia's barely lit, unkempt, sick face.

Kirk's cock was on the verge of erupting. His knees buckled. With all his experience in his career as a doctor, frequently dealing with 'Extremers', and even seeing Violetta - **NOTHING** has prepared him for *this*.

"I said", an angelic voice emanated from Olivia's mouth. "I don't know... *mmmmmmmm*... what's wrong with me, Doctor. *Ohhhhhhhh*..."

Kirk stood next to her, dumbfounded, but trying with every ounce of his being to keep his composure.

"Let me check, please." He gently placed a hand on her forehead. She was burning up.

The most graceful hand in the world emerged from beneath the covers. The index finger motioned Dr. Alston to approach closer. On autopilot Kirk drew his ear near Olivia's mouth. He felt her hot, intoxicating breath and his spine shivered. She smelled like the most prestigious perfume made with the most concentrated dose of pheromones concocted in it.

Olivia cupped her hand over Kirk's ear as if to whisper a secret. She inhaled slowly, creating a light vacuum that made Kirk shiver intensely. He was leaking so much precum in anticipation. Then she said something barely audible. Yet, Kirk would NEVER forget her next words:

"I like your touch, doctor."

Before Kirk could grasp the situation, Olivia gently placed her slender thumb onto the palm of his hand, and draped her remaining fingers across the back of his hand. Effortlessly, she guided his hand beneath the covers. It's like he no longer had control of his own body. Mesmerized, Kirk felt his palm glide over her soft pajamas, feeling the squishy surface underneath it. Olivia kept drawing his hand until it came to rest on an erect protrusion.

A powerful, invisible force, made Kirk's fingers spread as far as they could and grab the soft flesh beneath them.

"Ohhhhhhhh yyyyyyyyyessssssssss!!!!!!! Ay dios mio that feels so good, doctor!" Olivia screamed as she arched her back, thus further pushing her immense, uber-perky tit into Kirk's open palm.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...", Kirk's eyes fluttered upwards in pure bliss and his eyelids closed shut. He couldn't hold on any longer against the sexual barrage and his cock erupted. It was, by far, the strongest orgasm of his entire life. There was only so much a man could take. He felt his cock spew cum over and over again inside his pants.

All the while, Kirk was operating as if he were in a trance-like state. His hand had a mind of its own and repeatedly grabbed handful after handful of the most absurdly-perfect boob since the dawn of time. This only egged Olivia on.

**“Fuck! YES!!! YESSSS!!!!!! KEEP SQUEEZING MY GIGANTIC TITTY!!!! MMMMMMMMMM
FUCK I'M CUMMING, DOCTOR, I'M CUMMIIIIIIIIIING!!!!!!!”**

Olivia arched her back and pushed her gigantic breasts further into Dr. Alston's hand. The sheets became instantly soaked near her crotch as Olivia squirted enough pussy-juice to fill a bucket!

Kirk was rattled to his core. It all happened so fast he didn't have time to process what was happening. He kept shooting cum from reserves he didn't know he had. His hand was powerless to *not* squeeze Olivia's beyond-beyond-perfect nipple and as much titflesh as it could latch onto.

At last, after several long minutes, Olivia's mega-orgasm died down. For now.

Kirk opened his eyes slowly. He looked around the room, re-orienting himself when he finally landed on Olivia's smiling face. She looked like a lioness who just ate a small bird as a small appetizer and was now ready to charge at an adult buffalo for the main course.

Kirk finally realized what happened. As if jolted by an electric socket, he quickly pulled his hand back. *‘What have I done? I broke the moral code between a doctor and a patient... What kind of a doctor am I? Why is my dick still hard???’*

“Don't be scared, Dr. Alston. That felt really nice”, Olivia purred softly and placed her delicate hand on Kirk's forearm. Kirk jolted backwards and escaped her sexual touch.

“NO!” He exclaimed, a little louder than he meant to. “I mean... no. I'm sorry, Ms. Fuentes. Uhhh... Olivia... This is wrong. You're my patient. We can't... I can't... sorry. I...”

“Are you *sure* you can't, Doctor...?” She asked seductively as her hand landed on his pants and trailed its way towards the tent in them.

Kirk was *trembling* with arousal. His dick resumed spitting precum at a steady pace. He just came less than a minute ago and already he was on the verge of another cum. *‘What's going on???’*

“I... I'm... uhhh”, he mumbled.

Olivia's fingers were “walking” along his pants, now a mere couple of inches away from his crotch. Kirk felt his weak defenses crumbling fast.

“Oh god... please... Olivia... don't...” Kirk pleaded. Olivia's smile just widened triumphantly as her ultra-sexy hand closed around Kirk's dick through his pants.

“Gahhhhh...!!!!!!” Kirk cried out in pleasure, now a hair away from cumming. However, something about Olivia touching his dick also awakened him from his blissful stupor.

He opened his eyes, and in a rare moment of clarity he pushed Olivia's hand away from his crotch and took several steps back.

"No! STOP IT!!!!" Kirk yelled loudly. A little *too* loudly. He felt his blood pumping through his vessels.

For a long moment no one said anything. Then, Kirk heard what he feared most.

Crying.

'*Oh, shit...*'

"I'm sorry, Olivia. I shouldn't have..."

"No, doctor, please...", Olivia said with shame. "*I* should be sorry. I crossed the line. You just came here to help me and I came at you like that. Please forgive me", Olivia said apologetically. Kirk didn't know what to say. Luckily, Olivia kept talking.

"It's just that... I can't help myself anymore. I get soooooo horny all the time. I masturbate so many times a day now. I get Violetta to do... things for me. My vibrator always runs out of batteries. But it's just *never* enough for me."

Kirk used every ounce of self control he had to *not* open his zipper and start jerking his stiff cock. But suddenly, he realized something. This sounded like a symptom.

"I see... tell me, Ms. Fue... Olivia", he corrected. "Has it always been like this? Or did you feel any difference since you got sick?"

He couldn't see it but Olivia blushed now.

"Well... I guess I always had a very high sex drive. *Mmm...* Even before it all started. After I got sick the first time, though, *hmmmm...* it became incredibly more intense. I was constantly horny, sleeping around with so many guys and still it wasn't enough for me. *Mmmmmmmmmmmmm.*"

"Mhmm...", Kirk said, his cock throbbing. "And now, with the second time around? You still feel the same way?" He asked.

"Oh, no... not at all..." Olivia said. Kirk frowned in confusion.

"Now it's much, **MUCH** worse."

Kirk's eyes opened in shock.

"I just came again while telling you all this and you didn't even notice. I can't stop touching myself, doctor. *Mmmmmmm.* Whatever I felt after the first time is **nothing** compared to what I'm feeling now. *Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.* It's unbearable. I need to be fucked *all the time!* My pussy needs to be filled so badly. *Ahhhhhhh... Fuckkkkkkk...! Mmmm...* and once I start

cumming, I can't stop it. *Mmmmmm... I cum again ahhhhhhh*, and again ***ahhhhhhhhhh***... and againnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn**NN**
FUUUUUUUUUUUUCKING HELL THAT'S SO GOOD
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM FUCK PLEASE, PLEASE DOCTOR JUST PUT THAT BIG COCK OF YOURS IN MY HUNGRY PUSSY!!! IT FELT SOOO FUCKING BIG AND HARD THROUGH YOUR PANTS! PLEASE JUST FUCK ME, I CAN'T STAND IT..."

Olivia moved wildly, using one hand to masturbate, while the other reached out for Dr. Alston, missing him in the darkness.

Kirk kept his distance, knowing if she caught him, he'd succumb instantly. Deciding to leave, he quickly wrote a prescription to help Olivia's fever until her condition improved and left it on a nearby table.

“OLIVIA!” Kirk almost shouted to be able to overcome Olivia's loud moaning. “THIS FOR YOU. I'LL BE IN TOUCH TO CHECK IN ON YOU. CALL THIS NUMBER IF YOU NEED ANYTHING. GET WELL SOON!”

“NO! NO DOCTOR PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME I NEED YOU!!!! I'M SO GODDAMN HORNY!!!!!! I CAN'T TAKE IT!!!!!! JUST SQUEEZE MY TITS... JUST ONCE, PLEASE, I NEED TO FEEL YOUR TOUCH, DOCTOR. PLEASE HELP ME! JUST...”

Kirk closed the door firmly, leaning against it, his heavy breaths echoing in the silence. His cock was so hard it was throbbing.

He escaped. Shock, panic, guilt, fear, despair, self-anger. They were all cast aside to make room for the strongest feeling he felt.

Arousal.

Kirk needed release. Now.

Hesitantly, he began to look around at his surroundings. Bathroom. Corridor. Living room. Violetta.

Shit.

Violetta gave him a knowing, concerned look. Suddenly she looked plain. Almost ugly in comparison to Olivia.

"NOW do you believe me, Doctor?" She asked with a knowing look.

Kirk nodded.

"I... prescription... table... gotta go..." he mumbled before scurrying out the door.

Kirk barely made it to his car before he grabbed the zipper of his pants. He barely got to open his fly. He grabbed his cock and squeezed it lightly. That's all it took for him to cum on the spot.

"Gahhh fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk..."

That night Kirk's erection wouldn't go down. He jerked off again and again to the image of Olivia's face, the memory of grabbing and squeezing the world's softest, most gigantic breasts refusing to leave his mind. Every time he thought he was done - another memory popped into his mind and his cock would throb, ready for another release. Eventually, he fell asleep after several hours of consecutive orgasms, his hand wrapped around his still painfully erect, spasming cock.

At the same time, Olivia laid panting in *her* bed, breathing heavily after yet another powerful orgasm. Unfortunately, every orgasm she had only made her *hornier* than she had been before it. Dr. Alston said 'no' to her. *Someone* turned her down. *Her!* He made Olivia feel something she's *never* felt before in her life. For the first time in her life, Olivia faced rejection, and she didn't know how to handle all the thoughts and emotions her body was going through.

Dr. Alston said 'no' to her, and that was the **sexiest** word he could've said to her.

* * *

“Ok... Here I go. First time outside”, Olivia called hesitantly at Violetta who was sitting at the kitchen counter. “Are you sure you don't want to join me?” Olivia asked hopefully.

Violetta was at her wit's end. She may have been one of the top 10 most beautiful girls in the world, but at the moment she looked exhausted! Taking care of Olivia for the past month has depleted her of any remaining energy she had.

Violetta dared to look at Olivia for two seconds before she looked back down at her bowl of cereal. ‘HELL-to-the-NO’, she thought to herself.

Violetta had to look further up than she was used to. Apparently Olivia became an inch or two taller, and now stood around 6' even. But that was barely a prelude to all the other changes she experienced.

Olivia has transformed the very essence of beauty, making previous standards obsolete. She radiated a new level of perfection, dwarfing her past self and dimming everything around her. The room seemed smaller, colors faded, and even the richest scents paled against the air around her, charged with her natural essence and pheromones.

Her incredibly large eyes got even larger and more captivating to look at, her ultra pert nose got even more refined, her pouty, seductive lips became got so full and sensual she'd make the lips of plastic bimbos look thin in comparison, her perfectly smooth, soft skin now almost glowing, her lustrous, thick hair got even longer, thicker and more luxurious, effortlessly surpassing Violetta's meticulous grooming. Olivia's mere presence redefined perfection over and over and over again.

Yet, despite all that, she still had an annoyingly insecure look on her, mega-uber-ultra-super divine, made-up face.

Yes, Olivia wore makeup. However, the reason for that was not to enhance her natural beauty, but rather to *tone it down*! Apparently, the ultra-goddess grew to be so beautiful that anything she added to her beyond-perfect face only degraded its beauty. One look at herself in the mirror made Olivia hypnotized by her own reflection. She was afraid of the effect she'll have on other people, so she put on makeup to diminish this hypnotizing effect. Even still, Olivia transcended to such a level of beauty that even *with* the makeup on - she'd make Cleopatra cry with jealousy.

Violetta tried and failed to grasp how beautiful her roommate was. ‘How do you quantify such a level of perfection? Isn't perfect just a single term? How can you start off as perfect, then become perfect-er, then even *more perfect-er*??? It didn't make any sense!!!!!’

Yet, one look at Olivia made it all make sense. Easily.

“You're just picking up your order...” Violetta said flatly. She knew any hint of emotion she'd put into her words would open the floodgates and make herself cry.

Olivia bit her lower lip hesitantly and clinked both her index fingers against each other. "Well... yeah. I guess. Just... might've been nice if you... never mind, that's ok. I'll be fine."

"You'll be fine...!", repeated Violetta like a drunk man at a bar raising his beer and yelling '*Next round's on me, everybody!*'

That stung Olivia for some reason she couldn't explain. She turned around, revealing most of her backside to Violetta whilst keeping her head turned back at her.

"Do you think this outfit is too much?" Olivia asked.

Violetta sighed heavily before looking back at Olivia. She wished she hadn't. '*Every part of your body is too much...*' she thought with despair.

Olivia's clothes may have been regular, consisting of a simple, oversized shirt and denim-high jeans. However, that was the only thing regular about her.

Olivia's legs, incredibly long to begin with, seemed to have grown even longer, taking the idea of endless to a whole new level. They had always been unbelievably slender, but they lost a couple additional inches, now being almost as skinny as Violetta's arms. They embodied the word "graceful".

Violetta couldn't stop staring. Olivia's figure was unreal, making what was once considered perfect seem ordinary. Her ass was mesmerizing, an impossible blend of curves that taunted you to squeeze it.

With great fear, Violetta looked further up.

Fuck ***fuck fuck!***

Olivia's waist could *not* have been greater than 15 inches around. It was so slender it made Korean supermodels look like whales in comparison. Violetta could easily circle it with her hands. With Olivia's body slightly twisted, her waist nearly vanished completely!

Her back was *barely* wider than her waist and seemed to have shrunken even further than before.

All these incredible features alone would rate Olivia as 100 out of 10, yet they were just a *prelude* to her most remarkable traits.

Olivia turned back to face Violetta again.

To call Olivia's breasts 'big' wouldn't do them justice. Nor huge, enormous, gigantic, or any other superlative. Olivia's tits were in a category of their own.

Starting from just below her sternum, they jutted from her teeny-tiny ribcage and immediately projected to all sides. They actually projected *upwards*, their tops were level with Olivia's nose! They were so perky they made an 18-year old's A-cups look saggy.

Olivia's figure was astonishing, with her features extending almost 2 feet beyond her arms on each side.

Without a hint of sag, they now projected forward over 3 feet! However, they would've projected much more if it wasn't for the bra underneath her gigantic-yet-stretched out shirt. Olivia clearly wore an insanely large yet completely inadequate bra. It looked like she had 2 huge breasts over 2 hug-er breasts.

Finally, their lower slopes descended *absurdly* low, now reaching *below* Olivia's knees!

Violetta couldn't fathom what her eyes were looking at.

"So...?"

Violetta awoke from her stupor. "Huh?"

"What do you think, Vi?" Olivia asked, looking self-conscious.

Violetta sighed in despair, repeating "What do I think" coldly, tapping her fingertips together, her gaze fixed on the outline of Olivia's nipples in front of her.

"It's... I don't know. What do you want me to say, Liv? It's an outfit", she said flatly.

Olivia frowned at her cold response.

"Thanks. Thanks a lot, that's super helpful", she retorted sarcastically. Olivia's had enough of that bad attitude. She may have been a nice person, but if there was one thing she absolutely hated is being treated unfairly for something she didn't do.

Olivia opened the front door, squeezed one boob after the other, before popping on the other side.

- CRACK -

A small piece of the wooden door frame was chipped away due to the excessive force Olivia's boob-tugging applied on it.

Olivia and Violetta both looked with amazement at the chipped wood, then back at each other. For just a brief moment they shared a sad look, before Olivia closed the door behind her.

* * *

The subway car buzzed with tired commuters, some sitting, others standing.

A woman in her 40s hurriedly applied makeup; a freshly in-love couple openly made out, the girl hot and busty, the guy plain-looking; a frustrated man in his 30s dominated the doorway, loudly yelling over the phone at someone before he angrily hung up and kept venting to someone else; in a corner, a small boy was sitting, enjoying a PB&J sandwich, his legs swinging back and forth beside his dad, who urgently worked on a laptop.

Throughout the car, many held a Venti or a Grande coffee cup, engrossed in their phones, seeking distraction from the world.

As the subway reached its stop, the doors opened, letting some passengers off and more on. Just as the warning for the closing doors sounded -

"Wait! Just a second, please..."

A sweet, **uber**-sexy scent permeated the car.

Through one of the double-doors... *something* started entering. Some **things**, actually. Two round, large and increasingly growing, covered things.

Everyone sipping coffee stopped mid-sip.

No one said anything.

The arousing, sexy scent grew stronger with each passing second

The previously angry man stopped yelling mid-sentence. He's been standing directly in front of those orbs, his mouth hung open.

Men started springing erections all throughout the car without realizing why.

People standing started backing away and cramping together in a half circle as those... **things** kept advancing forward. The no-longer angry man found himself backing away until his back hit the wall behind him.

No one was looking at their phone.

"Daddy, what's *that*???", asked the boy with the sandwich innocently while pointing at those advancing orbs. His dad had his mouth hanging open wide as he felt his own crotch tightening.

The orbs kept taking up more and more space, now 3 whole feet into the car and *still* no face or body was attached to them.

The people who had taken a step or two backwards huddled even more tightly together. Some actually bumped their backs against the wall of the car. Now, a literal wall of flesh blocked passage from one side of the car to the other..

The woman with the pocket mirror was now holding a contour pencil. She didn't seem aware of what was going on around her.

The doors attempted to close but were obstructed by the squishy, bouncy orbs, failing to shut and reopening in defeat.

The couple stopped kissing. The guy drooled over what he saw as his dick throbbed painfully. It's as if he completely forgot about his girlfriend's existence. "Babe? *BABE!!!*" She shoved him angrily.

However, her (soon to be ex-) boyfriend just kept staring, making sure that even if his body was pushed back, his eyes would still have a clear visual of those humongous orbs. He didn't care.

He'd rather bear the dire consequences if it meant he'd get a couple more precious seconds to keep leering.

Finally, the orbs entered fully, over 3 feet, into the car, when the body attached to them was unveiled.

The girlfriend finally looked behind her back to see what all the fuss was about. Her jaw dropped with shock and horror at what, or rather, *who*, came through those doors.

Gasps were heard all throughout the car.

Everyone was staring at the ultra-uber-goddess standing in the middle of the car.

The doors finally closed behind her and the train began moving. It was now *cramped*. The passengers tried not to touch those *mountains*, but there was nowhere else to go.

The pheromones quickly built up within the car. Every man in the car had a raging erection.

"Sssssorry...", the goddess said in an angelic voice as she waved weakly at the half circle of people in front of her with a cute smile.

That was all it took to cause the men closest to her to spasm uncontrollably and form wet patches at the front of their tented-out pants.

Phones were pulled all around the car as just about every person who was *not* busy cumming their brains out took a not-so-incospicuous picture or video of the ultra-busty goddess who seemed so out of place there.

The girlfriend attempted to regain her boyfriend's attention, opening more buttons and pushing her cleavage closer, but he hardly noticed her.

The makeup-wearing woman, curious about the commotion, looked up only for her contour pencil to snap in shock. Staring in disbelief, she glared at the uber-goddess. If looks could kill...

Embarrassed, Olivia felt unusually self-conscious, unaccustomed to the intense attention her transformation drew after a month indoors. She realized her appearance now overshadowed everything else, to the extent that even an alien saying "Greetings, Earthlings!" in the middle of the car would go unnoticed.

Deciding against sitting due to the crowded car, she stood, gripping a handle and counting the remaining stations with a sigh, "Ok, I only have... 14 more stops to go... shit!"

As the subway was going fast, Olivia felt every bump and turn. Her boobs responded by jiggling and wobbling madly. She tried to stand as still as possible, but they had so much momentum that they acted like separate entities from her body. They'd wobble left and right, back and forth, smashing into this or that (un)lucky passenger. Every now and then she'd feel a hand, a knee, or a suspicious bulge touch one gigantic breast or the other. And every time it was immediately followed by an "AHHHHHH", or an "OHHHHHH GOOOODDDDD". She blushed and stifled a moan as she felt herself grow increasingly horny. Her nipples were poking stiffly against the fabric of her top, each being stuck directly against the belly of two spasming men.

'Not now... control yourself... just get through this ride...' she told herself.

"Daddy, look, this girl's got big boobies!" the boy with dangling legs shouted, pointing at Olivia. His dad quickly lowered the boy's hand, his face turning red as he scolded, "Shhh! We don't point at people, Charlie. That's rude," but not before many in the car heard. His other hand covered his own tented crotch.

Olivia's face reddened even more with embarrassment.

The ride dragged on, with more passengers boarding than leaving. Olivia felt some stayed just to watch her. Finally, at a major station three stops before hers, enough people reluctantly left, giving her room to breathe.

"Come on, babe. Babe? It's our stop! Babe!!!!" The hot girlfriend called her... supposed-boyfriend. The guy was hypnotized. Angrily, she grabbed his crotch and *finally* got him to look at her for more than 2 seconds. His condition was no different than any other men in the car. His pants were *soaked* from copious amounts of cum, and *still* he throbbed and came again directly against her hand through his pants. "Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!" He cried out. She gasped with shock.

"You *fucking* douch bag!!!" She started crying, dismounted his lap and slapped his cheek forcefully. The guy just let her hit him. The only thing on his mind was that his now ex-girlfriend's hand blocked some of his view for a moment. She really left a red mark there, but he didn't register it. The girl gave him one final desperate look and exhaled defeatedly. Not even *slapping him* got his attention.

She stormed off, weeping, not before stopping momentarily to look at Olivia's ultra-angelic face. This actually caught her off guard and the words stuck in her mouth. Up close, Olivia looked even more stunning. She never stood a chance. Not in a million years. She was less than nothing compared to this uber-goddess.

Through her sniffs and tears she mumbled: "I... I hope you're happy. He's yours now... you... you..." she wanted to say Bitch. Freak of nature. Something. But nothing came out.

"I'm... really sorry... I didn't mean to..." Olivia said empathically. This just made the girl cry even more and she finally stormed off the car.

The woman with the makeup went to exit the doors right after her. She gave Olivia a side glance and muttered something which sounded like "*bloated up barbie doll bitch*" before the doors closed behind her.

Olivia looked around at the aftermath. Every man still left in the car was either post orgasm or mid one. Some couldn't help themselves and actually put their hands into their pants. Every woman glared at her. People almost openly now took pictures of her. And she was just standing in the middle of a subway car. She didn't do anything, yet she caused all this chaos.

'Am I... too much for this world?' she thought gloomily and shed a tear from her beautiful eye.

* * *

"A large order today, Mrs. Clenshaw?"

"Nope. Just one today," the statuesque lady answered with a cryptic smile. "Be a dear, Tony and put it in the back room, will you please?"

Tony, a rugged yet kind middle-aged man, gave Mrs. Clenshaw a puzzled look before she signed for the delivery. He then prepared to lift the large box, arms wide to grasp it. Surprisingly, the 4'x4'x4' box felt lighter than anticipated, seemingly filled with more air than contents. Tony carefully moved it to the back room, setting it in a corner.

He never got tired of looking at that room. It was mostly empty. There were 2 roomy stalls near one wall, closed by a ceiling-to-floor black curtain. What really caught his eye, though, was on the other wall. Various bras were hanging from hooks along the entire wall. Each had a different color, shape or functionality. However, all of them had one thing in common. They were all *huge*. Tony scanned left and right. The coast was clear. He sneaked his way across the room.

Hanging on the leftmost hook was a sexy looking navy-blue bra. It seemed like the smallest one, yet still it looked like it could hold a pair of honeydew melons. Tony checked out the tag. '38-H'. He felt his dick stiffening, imagining the pair of breasts needed to fill such a large bra.

He slowly walked along the wall of bras, admiring the size of the cups and checking each tag. '32-J', '36-M', '34-N'. He adjusted his now semi-erect dick discreetly. A particularly large bra on the far right side of the wall caught his attention. Its cups were large enough to hold a pair of watermelons. He counted 8 rows of strong hooks in the wide back band. With shaky hands he checked out the tag. '48-R'.

His eyes fluttered as he groaned. His dick finally achieved full hardness. To think that some girl out there actually needed such a large size was so arousing. 'Sure, she's probably heavy all over, given her extremely wide bodyband', he thought to himself. 'But, come on. Where are you ever gonna find such a large cup size on a slender girl...? You can't enjoy both worlds.'

"Thank you, Tony, you're such a dear. Drive safe!" Called Debbie Clenshaw at him as he started driving away.

Tony took a right turn into the highway, when a figure with impossible dimensions appeared in his right view mirror. He looked closer and his eyes opened wide.

"No... Fucking... wa..."

- BIIIIIIIIIIIP -

"*Learn how to drive, grandpa!*" A passing car honked at him, its driver yelling out as a hand emerged from the window and flipped him off. Tony barely managed to stabilize his truck. Every fiber of his being told him to turn around and go back into the store, but he just entered a very long highway section, with the next intersection dozens of miles away. He sighed defeatedly and promised himself to whack off at night to the half-second memory of the girl he briefly saw through his mirror.

* * *

Liam, noticing the large box, hesitated. "Mrs. Clenshaw? Do you want me to...?"

Debbie interrupted, "Actually, this box is for a customer. Please open it, check for defects, and prepare to show it to her. She'll be here soon."

Liam paled. "Customer? But I thought I only did...inventory."

Debbie reassured him, "I know, but I'm sure you'll do just fine with this one. You've been here so long, I trust you more than myself. I have to leave now for a personal... thing," she said cryptically, hurrying out.

Liam tried really hard to not let his anxiety get the best of him. Overwhelmed but determined, he told himself, "Ok, let's see what this box is all about."

Using a Stanley knife he efficiently cut through the masking tape and opened the large box. Through the pink packing peanuts a long, 4 inch wide and about 1 inch thick piece of red fabric was peeking out. Liam frowned confusedly. He slowly pulled it. The red fabric extended for over two feet before it was stitched to another red fabric, 3 inches thick and much sturdier, which widened from that stitching line. Liam noticed that the lower half of this wider fabric had a layer of a 2-inch thick metal... cable, going through it. The upper half had ornaments that looked awfully similar to those of a... of a...

'No way...' Liam's eyes widened. He pulled faster and more of that thick fabric was revealed.

"Excuse me...?" a melodic girl's voice called out from the front room. Liam panicked and stuffed the fabric back inside the box. He actually wasn't sure why, he did exactly what Mrs. Clenshaw told him to do. Yet it felt wrong nonetheless.

Lanky Liam took a deep breath, before heading to the front room.

Oh.

My.

GOOOOODDDDDDDDDDDDDDD!!!!!!!

"H... hi... um... I talked to Debbie... Mrs. Clenshaw? My name's Olivia. Olivia Fuentes...? She said my order should've arrived today."

Liam still didn't speak. His first encounter with a customer since he started working here 3 years ago and *this* is what he gets??

Liam has seen all sorts of tall, graceful, beautiful, slender, busty, sexy girls walking around in the last few years since the Virum Pulchrum spread, especially in the LA area. However, the girl... no, angel, standing in front of him now was many *many many* orders of magnitude beyond them.

Olivia was standing timidly in front of him, smiling kindly. Liam looked left and right. This had to be a prank. His dick was hardening fast and he tried to hide it. Olivia acted as if she didn't notice. He was cute and she didn't want to make him feel bad.

"Rrrrrright... order. Yes. Yes, the order!" Liam regained a little brain power. "I... I'll be right back. Sssssorry."

"That's ok, no need to be sorry", Olivia smiled back. Liam melted and felt precum spewing from his now fully-erect dick. He rushed to the back room and Olivia giggled a little. It was nice to have a pleasant interaction after the disaster she had at the subway.

Liam stood in front of the box again, his heart pounding and his dick threatening to tear a hole in his pants. He took a deep breath and dug his trembling hand into the packing peanuts again. Out came the long, wide, red fabric, followed by that widening sturdy fabric. Liam felt like he was pulling on a stiff, concave blanket. More and more and *more* and *more* fabric was pulled out.

His mind refused to believe what he's seeing, but everything clicked. What he'd suspected to be that red fabric could only be, amazingly, Olivia's... bra.

Suddenly, another piece of red strap was connected to the side of the giant... cup? It was *very* wide, about a foot in width, and had countless rows of super-reinforced hooks. '*This is the **body band?????***'

Finally, the gigantic cup was free. However, it was still connected to the other cup. It was just surreal.

Liam examined the first cup. He held it with both hands while his arms were spread completely wide! There was enough fabric in that single cup to make a Men's XL raincoat!

Liam proceeded to examine the hooks on the body band. Each one looked much thicker and sturdier than the standard hooks he knew. '*1, 2, 3,... 8!... 15!!... **23 hooks!!!!!!***' Liam was on the

verge of cumming. *'How heavy can someone's breasts be in order to need 23 industrial strength hooks to support them?'*

Liam shook it off and went on to pull the next cup connected to it. It was just as preposterously large. The shoulder band was equally as thick and the body band had 23 matching eye-fastenings. No defects were apparent. The entire contraption was a marvel of engineering and weighed several pounds by itself!

Liam couldn't pass this opportunity. He put one cup over his head. It ended up covering not only his head, but his shoulders as well, past his chest until the lower slopes reached his waist!!!
Fucking hell...

He then took the tent-like cup off and placed the bra fully opened with the cups facing the floor. 'Jesus fucking Christ...' Just the cups themselves spread out, end to end, almost half the room's entire width. Liam realized that if he laid next to the bra side by side - the bra would stretch longer than his entire body length!

Like twin mountains, the cups rose so high their peaks reached Liam's crotch!!! He contemplated spreading his arms, falling forwards and just sinking into their vastness. However, Liam hurriedly folded the gigantic contraption, pushing one cup inwards to mold into its twin cup, then neatly placed the super thick straps into the cup.

Liam recalled once dating a girl who wore a 36-F cup bra. He used to think she was so big. Looking at this mega-bra now, he thought how you could make an entire 36-F cup bra just from one of its body band straps.

Liam struggled to handle the enormous bra, his dick spewing precum all the while. He noticed something peculiar about the body band straps. Despite their extensive length to accommodate multiple hooks, they were unexpectedly narrow, appearing longer vertically than horizontally. This made him question if the bra had an unusually small underbust measurement or if it was an optical illusion.

He was about to head to the front room when a small white piece of fabric caught his eye. Something was written on it. His heart palpated. He *had* to know. He just had to.

He heard some shuffling from the front room. 'Shit!' he said to himself and clumsily headed back with the mega-bra in both hands.

"Hhhhhhhere you ggggggggo..... mmmmmmmmmmmmiss.... Fffffuentes..." he stuttered.

Olivia smiled at him and blushed a little. She knew all too well how ridiculous that size is. But she also took great pleasure in watching the cute employee's reaction to her presence. This was a refreshing encounter compared to the horrifying Subway ride she's had.

“Thank you... Liam”, she looked closer to read his nametag with a wide smile.

She had this... longing look in her eyes. Like she desperately needed something from him. Hard.

“Ssssssure. My pppleasurrrreeeee...”, Liam stuttered. Hearing her say his name sent the sexiest shivers down his spine.

“Do you mind if I test it?” Olivia asked timidly.

Liam almost had a heart attack, realizing this ultra-goddess was going to take her clothes off and try on that mega bra. He moaned quietly.

“Ohhhhhh.... Yyyyes, yes of course. Ppppplease, ffffffollow me...” he said. Olivia smiled back and almost made him cum.

* * *

“Ummm... Liam?” Olivia called from behind the curtain.

“Yes?” Liam said enthusiastically.

“I'm having some trouble uh... getting this bra on.”

Liam's body was on high alert hearing this. “Oh... um, I'm sorry to hear that...”

There was a long pause.

“Could you, um...”, Olivia said. ‘No way. No way is she going *there*’, thought Liam.

‘Could you... help me, put it on, please?’ Olivia asked.

She went there.

Liam's eyes fluttered and his throbbing dick spewed a large glob of precum.

‘Liam...?’ Olivia repeated hesitantly. He awoke from his reverie.

“Uhhhhh... yyyyeah. Yes. Yes, I'll do my best to help. If... if you're sure it's ok...” he trembled.

“Yes, please. I'd really appreciate your help. Getting this thing on is not an easy task as you can imagine...”

Liam, though not religious, silently expressed gratitude to any higher power for the moment.

"Ok... I'm coming in now. Hhhhere I go," he announced, pausing to give her a chance to object. When no response came, he took it as a green light to proceed.

Liam slowly opened the black curtain. Immediately, an aroma of sex mixed with the purest form of the most wonderful, most feminine scent in the world washed over his nostrils.

What unveiled in front of his disbelieving eyes would forever be etched in his mind. Olivia's angelic, exceedingly-sexy, ridiculously petite, behemothly busty form was facing away from him. Her top was gone. At the front her breasts were covered by her new, red bra. However, in the back, only about a half of the super-reinforced hooks were closed successfully. The rest were still unclosed.

There was also a very large, beige-colored bra folded and sitting against the wall. This must've been what she came here in. It looked much much larger than even the largest bras their shop held, although not quite as large as the new, red bra. It also looked **extremely** worn out, torn in places, with deformed wiring and mangled hooks. To let such an insanely large bra get to such a condition would only mean Olivia's breasts were **MUCH MUCH MUCH** too large for even *that* size.

Liam looked back up at Olivia's back form. He was shivering uncontrollably. Never in his *life* had he been so turned on as he had been right now. Olivia's body was just too sexy to believe. To say she was busty was like saying Mount Everest was a small bump on the road. To say her back was petite was the mother of all understatements. To say her ass was perky did as much justice to it as calling it flat. To say her waist was small would be like calling her fat. Liam' own arm looked slightly thicker than it was! But it wasn't an anorexic look at all. Her bone structure just made her look *insanely* slim.

All in all, Olivia was a *tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny tiny* toothpick, with an *uber-perky* ass and **super-duper-uber-perky, GIGANTONORMOUS** weather balloons attached to it.

The 6' by 6' wide stall was extremely spacious. However, Olivia's tits filled most of it! Encased in that bra, they were *still* sticking behind and beyond her barely-existent waist by a full arm's length. Plus, they just looked soooo perky. Soooooooooo full!
Sooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo HUMONGOUS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"I'm so sorry to bother you, Liam. I seem to have a hard time closing all the hooks. There are just so many of them, hehe", Olivia giggled and Liam spewed more precum in reaction. "Do you mind helping me close the rest of them?"

Liam took several deep breaths but *nothing* could calm him down. Being *this* close to this ultra-goddess, smelling her delicious, intoxicating scent, feeling the pure sex in her words made Liam desperately horny. "Nnnnnno need to appppologize. Hhhhhhappy to hhhhhelp..."

He'd already touched that bra before. However, now that it was worn on Olivia's divine body, it felt like a forbidden fruit.

With extremely shaky hands, Liam grabbed the first unclasped hook and its corresponding eye-fastening.

“Haaaaa...”, he breathed raggedly from overstimulation and his eyes fluttered shut. Just touching the fabric on her skin was too much for him.

Liam struggled to bring both ends of the bra together, a sign of the considerable weight the cups were supporting. With determined effort, he finally managed to secure the hook into its eye.

“Mmmmm”, Olivia hummed pleasantly. Liam’s cock was throbbing uncontrollably. He didn’t know how he even managed to hold on for *this* long.

Liam found the next hook and eye easier to close, likely because the previous hooks had already distributed some of the load. He continued, and with each fastening, Olivia hummed contentedly, turning the task into a blissful torture for Liam. Just as he was about to secure the last one, the piece of white fabric caught his eye again.

Liam could stand it no longer.

He read it.

He then read it again.

And again.

And again.

And again.

22”/190” ; 22(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)L cup.

What. The actual. **FUCK???????**

That’s not a bra size. That’s, that’s... just numbers and letters. That’s gotta be a joke.’ Nothing made sense in this tag.

Yet, the evidence was right in front of him. This ridiculous bra had an unheard of underbust measurement of 22 inches, and an overbust measurement of 190 inches.

Trembling, Liam closed the last hook.

"All... ddddddddddddone..." he barely said through his haze of horniness, then took a few steps back.

"Thanks a lot, Liam!"

Olivia turned surprisingly fast and almost hit Liam with her gigantic left boob.

Olivia, now in her red bra, stood before Liam with a shy smile. "Perfect" was the word that came to his mind, though he felt it barely scratched the surface of her beauty.

Her tits, beyond colossal, not only filled the bra to capacity, they actually *overflowed* it so much that their upper slopes leveled with Olivia's nose! That bra, a full 190 *fucking* inches around, which previously looked like an exhibit bra for a parade, now looked woefully inadequate for Olivia's monstrous tits. Just the tit-flesh pouring from above and the sides of the bra would be enough to easily fill that 48-R cup bra on the wall.

"So, how do I look?" Olivia asked with an inexplicably insecure smile.

Liam could take it no longer. He jizzed in his pants like he'd never jizzed in his life. His eyes fluttered shut and he grabbed his crotch in a laughable attempt to hide what's happening. His knees buckled and he slowly collapsed to the floor, spasming uncontrollably while spewing cum again and again without ever touching himself.

The strongest chills ever coursed through his body. Liam forgot where he was or what he was doing. All that mattered now was prolonging that blissful orgasm as much as possible. His whole body spasmed and jerked in what was, without a doubt, the strongest orgasm of his *life*!

Olivia realized what was happening and casually pressed her boobs inwardly from the sides. This caused hillocks of breast flesh to rise so high Liam could no longer see her beautiful face. His orgasm, which had been close to its end, renewed with vigor at that spectacle. Liam's eyeballs rose so high there was only white visible. His cock spewed whatever cum Liam still had left. However, the strong chills and thrills of his orgasm kept going for 2 more minutes.

When Liam came to, Olivia was perched above him. Her wall of flesh was looming above him like an Alien mothership hovering over a city.

"Hey there. Are you alright?" Olivia's angelic face peeped behind her huge mega-jugs.

"Huh?" Liam tried to refocus. It took him a couple moments to realize what happened. "Oh, god I'm... I'm so sorry. Please, Miss Fuentes, I didn't mean to... I'm not used to dealing with customers. I'm usually just doing inventory, I..."

"Hey, don't worry about it. Really. I know I can be... a *lot* to take in..." she smiled abashedly. "Plus, I really didn't mind you... reacting like that..." her cheeks reddened.

Liam didn't know what to say.

"However, I do need your help."

Liam's erect cock throbbed excitedly. 'What? Erect?! Even after...'

"Oh", he said stupidly. Olivia took a few steps back.

"As you can probably tell, while this bra is quite large, it's *still way* too small for me, unfortunately."

'Small... unfortunately... unfortunate...', Liam's mind drifted off.

"You see, I gave Mrs. Clenshaw my measurements from about a month ago. The problem is, I seem to have grown a *bit* since."

'Grown... bit... month...' Liam thought flabbergasted.

"Do you mind helping me re-measure them? I guess I need to order a larger model..."

Liam looked at Olivia and almost came again. This bra... this gigantic, preposterous, **humongous** bra that could be used as a tent for two large children was too **small** for her????

Yet, Liam could not deny the amount of excess flesh pouring out of it.

"J... just a second, ok?" Liam said. He quickly got up and rushed as fast as he could to the front room. Olivia was left standing there, curious.

Liam opened the drawer under the counter and frantically searched for it. 'Scissors, pen, papers... tape measure. Bingo!'

He grabbed the tape and rushed to the back room, almost toppling over.

He stood there panting, tape in hand and a tent in his crotch. Olivia giggled. Liam realized what she was looking at and covered his bulge.

"I think we're past that point now, don't you think?" Olivia smirked at him. Liam blushed profusely and reluctantly removed his hand from the front of his pants.

"Look, I'm gonna take off my bra now. I honestly don't mind if that makes you... react. I just need to get my measurements right. How does that sound?"

Liam was stunned for a moment, but then nodded his head eagerly, which made Olivia chuckle cutely.

She walked back into the measuring booth and faced the wall.

"Can you open the hooks for me, please? The load is so heavy I can't unclasp them myself."

Liam couldn't think of a single thing he's done to make him deserve this. His dick leading the way, he approached Olivia's back. "Ok, I'm gonna start taking them off now, Ms. Fuentes."

"Great. And please call me Olivia. After all you did see me in a bra and came in your pants," she giggled. Liam blushed profusely but his cock twitched again as if it didn't spew its load a few minutes prior.

Liam freed the first hook with some effort, the second was harder, but he managed. As he continued, each hook became more challenging with the increasing tension. By the last one, Liam was sweating from the effort until...

- PLUCK -

The bra was opened.

Liam took a few steps back. Olivia peeled off the straps and cups away from her body. Her entire upper body was completely nude. Just the breast flesh visible from behind beyond each arm had more volume than a beach ball!

Olivia started turning around.

Liam was breathing heavily. His cock twitched and throbbed in anticipation. It was a surreal moment. The heavy orbs kept turning his way, when finally, those glorious nipples became visible.

"Gahhhhhhhhhh...", Liam came again immediately.

"Sorry, my body tends to have that effect on men...", Olivia said. She just stood there, half naked in front of Liam, letting him gradually get used to her nakedness. Liam, however, kept cumming for a long time. Every time he looked at those perfect nipples on those super-ultra-perky, ginormous tits, his eyes would flutter up and his orgasm would reintensify. When it would taper off enough for him to reopen his eyes, he'd see those magnificent orbs and restart his orgasm all over again.

Liam was now really able to fully appreciate just how perfect and ginormous Olivia's bust was.

Unrestrained, her boobs now seemed even larger in all directions. They projected about 4 feet forward, extended around 2 feet on either side of Olivia's torso, and reached as low as her upper shins!!! But they were far from saggy. These breasts, despite weighing a weight Liam was afraid to even guess, did not only not sag downwards, but they actually perked upwards to her chin level. They oozed youthfulness and eroticism all at once.

For over 5 minutes this orgasm cycle continued, with Olivia trying her best to just stand still and not over stimulate Liam.

Olivia was stunned. It's always been easy for her to make men cum, but this was ridiculous. Liam was the first guy to see her naked boobs since her recent illness, and apparently that effect she's always had on men rose to other levels. In plural. She was just standing there, doing nothing, and he couldn't stop cumming without even touching himself... Can she even have sex with a guy now without putting him in a coma?!

Finally, after having cum multiple times and feeling his dick go raw from over stimulation, Liam was able to *sort of* look at Olivia's ultra-angelic form without cumming automatically.

"Again... *gasp*... so sorry... *gasp*... about that..." he panted.

Olivia reassured him with a smile, "No need to be sorry, Liam. I'm flattered. But can you handle measuring me now?"

Taking a deep breath, Liam hesitated, "I... maybe. Yeah. I have the tape here..." He unrolled their largest measuring tape, which now seemed inadequate. "Ok, so... now, I... I need to... well, I'm going to have to..."

"It's ok Liam, you have my full permission to touch whatever you need in order to take my correct measurements. Don't worry", Olivia said and thrust her chest further at him. Liam thought he was gonna faint.

"O... ok then", he said, trembling. Slowly, he approached Olivia's form, but then stopped, not sure how to proceed.

"Maybe start with the underbust?" Olivia suggested thoughtfully.

"Right, right. Ummm..."

"Here, let me help", Olivia said

She spread her breasts apart as best she could. They were so perky that it took a ton of effort to separate them, but after shoving two armfuls inside her cleavage, she finally managed to create *just* a crack between them.

Liam blinked. 'Is she serious??'

He felt his next orgasm *fast* approaching. Liam's cock was twitching, trembling and spewing more precum in anticipation of entering the world's largest, perkier, most perfect set of boobs. He took a slow step, then another, when he crossed the line of her nipples. Olivia smiled encouragingly.

Hesitantly, Liam took another step, when he suddenly felt the sides of his torso (in)advertently touching Olivia's soft breasts. Immediately, his body shook as a new orgasm began. The world's

most pliant, gigantic tits massaged the sides of his body softly. Olivia bit her lower lip in arousal and felt her own perfect pussy gushing, but kept quiet as Liam rode out his orgasm.

Finally, it tapered just enough for him to continue. Each consecutive step brought more and more contact and pressure from those glorious orbs and Liam's orgasm renewed in vigor. However, he marched on, albeit shakily, through the sea of breasts all the while. He was astounded to find out he needed 3 whole steps inside her cleavage before he reached Olivia's sternum.

They stood face to face, mere inches from one another. Liam was a tall guy, but he now realized he was eye level with Olivia. God she smelled so good! And she was
Soo
ooo
ooo
ooo beautiful up close he almost cried. Olivia smiled shyly and Liam melted while he came again.

“Gahhhhhh”

“Hey, don't you forget why you're here”, she taunted him with a smirk.

“Ahhhhh... right, right. Yes, haaaaa... sorry...” Liam said as he kept spewing cum.

He placed the tape below her sternum.

“C... can you... lift them a little?” He asked fearfully.

"I'll do my best, but try to make it quick. They're quite heavy...hnnnnng", Olivia said with a grunt as her arms hefted both breasts from the inside up as much as she could.

Liam quickly positioned the tape under Olivia's chest, securing it with his left hand while wrapping it around with his right. He was surprised to find his right arm easily completing a full circle around Olivia's torso, meeting back at his left hand. The feeling of those soft orbs pressing on his arm from above against her sexy torso was a feeling he'd never forget.

Liam took the other end of the tape, ensuring it was well aligned and tight, before reading the measurement.

17 inches. 'What?!' he thought aghast. He rechecked the fit of the measuring tape. Yep, it was sitting just below the bottom of her breasts, pulling gently against her skin. There was no measuring error. She was just *that* slim.

“Do you have it?” Olivia asked hushedly in his ear, suppressing an exertion grunt. Liam felt her hot, sexy breath and spurted more cum as he shivered uncontrollably. A moment later he realized what she said.

“Oh, right yeah yeah I got it, sorry”, Liam said as he hurriedly freed his right arm and pulled back the tape into his hand. Olivia lowered her breasts with an exhale.

“Phew. I did get stronger lately but they’re still quite a challenge to lift.”

Liam quickly walked a few steps back, afraid to spend a single unnecessary moment in Olivia's cleavage.

“Sssssso... you have a 17 inch ribcage measurement, which would give you a... 22 inch underbust”, Liam summarized as professionally as he could while his dick still tented the soaked front of his pants. This measurement was ludicrous. But he verified it again and again.

“Ooo ok. So *that* hasn't changed. At least not since... never mind. Great! So now for the *big* one I guess, hehe,” she said giggling. Liam's cock twitched when she said 'big'. At least he stopped cumming. For now.

“Hahaha...”, Liam laughed nervously. He looked at Olivia's monumental breasts and put his fingers in his hair desperately. Her nipples hypnotized him. He was just the inventory-guy. Now he's supposed to measure the world's biggest, most perfect tits???

“Liam, look at me,” said Olivia carefully. “I'm not gonna force you to do anything. If you say no, I'll respect it. But we got this far, might as well finish it, no? There's no way around this. If you're going to measure my breasts, you're gonna *have* to touch them. Let's just get through this together. What do you say?”

Liam paused for just a moment before a resolve came over his face, which made Olivia shiver with excitement. He grabbed the tape and marched on. Olivia pushed her breasts forward as much as she could to allow him full access to them.

Liam placed it on the side of Olivia's left breast, about a foot in front of her breastbone. Most women wouldn't even reach *that* far. His hand sank inwards a little and several fingertips gently touched its pliant surface.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh...” he cried as he came once more. This was... far beyond anything he'd ever felt. This was pure heaven. “Cccccc can you... ppppplease...”

“Sure, I'll hold it,” Olivia said and pressed the tape in place.

Through spasming cock and chills of pleasure, Liam took the extra long tape and started walking behind Olivia's back. He very quickly passed her incomprehensibly slim back and reached her right breast. Liam was again astounded to find out he had to walk *several* steps along Olivia's right breast just to reach its front curvature.

The end of the measuring tape arrived way too fast. It landed a couple inches before her right nipple! Liam held it in place and shivered as he tried hard to stay conscious. His finger pressed

as lightly and respectfully as he could to catch the tape in place, but a little breast flesh still grazed his finger and his cock spasmed from the direct contact.

"Hhhhhhhaaaaaa.... It's gaahhhhhh, too short... it's... *only*... 96 inches loooooong..."

"Oh, yeah that's not gonna cut it", said Olivia. "I wasn't this tiny since before I... oh, sorry, I'm babbling. I'll keep my finger in place so we know where we started. But you're on your own from here. I can't reach that far, hehe", Olivia giggled her angelic giggle once more.

Liam fought through the cum like a true warrior. He marked the place and moved on to the next section. 'fuck me... a 96 inch tape is too short...' he thought.

The tape went over Olivia's erect, right nipple, then over her erect, left nipple as well.

"Mmmmmmmmm" Olivia moaned and made his cock jizz some more cum in response. Olivia was so sexy, she could probably cough and make Liam cum in response.

Liam *finally* rolled around the left breast. He kept extending the tape over Olivia's breast, looking at Olivia's delicate finger, getting closer and closer to his target, when all of a sudden - the tape ended. Again.

Liam looked in horror at the end of the 96" tape, then at Olivia's finger, and realized there was *still* quite a distance left! He looked up. Olivia shrugged her shoulders at him in a "what can I do?" motion. This girl just had 2 back-to-back 96 inch measurements around her tits, 192 inches total, and they *still* weren't done measuring her!!!

Liam, both as excited as he was fearful, marked the second spot yet again, and continued measuring from there. He took another full step forward before, at long last, he reached Olivia's finger. He looked at the reading.

24 inches. Plus 192, that's...

216 inches total! 18 feet!! Eigh**TEEN** feet of almost nothing but breasts!!! Liam's never heard of *anyone* being even 8 feet around, let alone 18!!!!!!

"So? How did I do, doc?" Olivia asked playfully.

"Y... your bbbb... b... bust... measurement is... it's... t... two... tttwoooo... .. ttttwo huuuuuun... hundred and... and... ssssixteen inches."

"216? Wow, that's a lot, even for *me*!" Olivia exclaimed happily.

Liam took a second. She ordered a 22/190 bra, a month ago. Which in itself is a story from crazytown. And now, she measured 216 inches. That's 26 inches of growth. She grew an entire round of the alphabet in a single **month**!

“And you said I was 22 underbust, right?” Olivia asked. “So that would put my cup size at... help me out here...”

With the last ounce of mental energy, Liam did the math. He was lucky to be so good with numbers.

“22(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)L cuuuuuuupppppp”, Liam said before he could hold himself no longer. His cock erupted in his pants one last time before he fell unconscious on the floor.

Olivia bit her lip, having mixed feelings that became extremely familiar by now. Excitement, with a tinge of disappointment that the fun had ended so soon.

* * *

Liam woke up sometime later. He was laying on something soft. Olivia was gone by then. His dick was, amazingly, still painfully erect, just from the memories of Olivia.

He slowly lifted the blanket off his body. ‘wait, blanket?!’

Liam looked more closely at the beige-colored cloth covering him. He looked underneath him and realized it was connected to another ‘blanket’. He got up. It was a bra. A very huge bra. Not as huge as the red one Olivia tried on but huge nonetheless. Then he remembered - this was the bra Olivia arrived in! He had been laying on the floor, encompassed in that bra like a pearl in a sea shell. Up closed it looked even more worn and full of tears and deformities than he caught on.

His inner boob-hound would not give him peace. In a second he was filled with arousal, his dick throbbing as he reached for the worn out straps, searching for the tag frantically.

‘24”/150”; 24(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)V cup’

Liam's cock twitched again. Then, he spotted a note laying in one of the cups that he had missed before. There was elegant handwriting on it. He picked it up and read:

‘Hey Liam, sorry for causing you all this trouble. You seemed so peaceful sleeping, I didn't wanna wake you up.

*As a thank you and apologies for all your trouble, I leave this old bra I got here with for you. It's **WAYYYYYYYYYYYY** too small for me anyway, now. You... seemed to enjoy larger sizes, so I thought you'd appreciate it 😊*

I took the red bra for now, which is a much better fit. However, I'm afraid even if I ordered a 216" bra I might grow out of it by the time it's ready... Can you please order a new bra for me with Mrs. Clenshaw? Given the rate of growth I had over the last month, I think it's best to aim for a larger model. I'm pretty sure I'm still growing but I think I'm now slowing down so it's not that fast. Can we do a 22"/230" bra? Or like, a 22(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)(Z)Z cup? I think it's a safe bet.

Oh, and make it red again, please. I think it looks kinda cute and sexy on me, don't you think? Thanks a lot, handsome. Olivia 😊

Liam erupted once more, creaming his already soaked pants, lost consciousness again and fell back into the bra for a long sleep.

* * *

Part 7

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

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

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

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

But she couldn't do any of that.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Vi, please just talk t...”

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

“I...”

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

“What do you m...”

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

“Oh come on, Vi, I'm sure...”

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

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

“Oh but that's just it, isn't it?” Violetta smiled the coldest smile Olivia's ever seen. It was worse than her angry face. “You *never* do anything to get what you want. You **just** get it. You **just** have it. You can **just** eat whatever you want and your waist looks smaller than a wasp's. Not that anyone can see it behind those blimps of yours that never stop growing. Which, by the way, are so freakishly perky they reach your chin level without a bra, and that's despite the fact that they're bigger than fucking **yoga balls!!**”

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

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

Olivia was speechless.

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

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

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

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

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

"But, I tried to..."

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

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

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

"It wasn't my fault!" Cried out Olivia.

"Ohhhhhh nooooo... it's *never* your fault. Poor Olivia just 'got it' by accident. *Twice*. You know, I read the statistics. Less than 1% get sick more than once. But here's the real kicker. Are you

ready? The ones that do get sick more than once - will keep getting sick AGAIN-AND AGAIN - AND AGAIN - FOREVER!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The door shut with a deafening 'BOOM'.

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

She was now all alone.

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

"Hi doctor!" Chirped a voice that startled him.

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

"Hi. Brianna, right?" he tried.

"Smoothies"

"Uhh... what?"

"That's my hashtag. *@Briannasmoothies*. I make the best ones. You should follow me."

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

From there the evening spiraled from bad to worse.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

- Knock knock knock-

No response came.

- Knock knock knock-

Nothing.

- **Knock knock knock-**

The door was pushed open.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There was long silence.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She looked sad.

She looked tired.

She looked neglected.

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

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

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

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

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

“Don't be, please. I'm here to help.”

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

“Are you in any pain?” Asked Kirk.

Olivia shook her head.

“Fever?”

Another shake.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Well... there *is* some preliminary evidence that shows potential for...”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Huh... this is nice," said Olivia.

"What is...?" Asked Kirk. Olivia's shy smile widened.

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

"It's... uffr never mind. I don't wanna come off arrogant or whatever."

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Hey, are *you*... ok?” Olivia asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thanks", said Kirk. It felt weird, being comforted by a patient and not the other way around.

"Well, I think I'll be g..."

"What was it about?"

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

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

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

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

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

"And what's the hypothesis that you're trying to prove?" She asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I know", she nodded softly.

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kirk had that gasp now.

No makeup, weeks of neglect, a simple nightie—none of it mattered. Olivia was mesmerizing. And as more of her was revealed, he kept gasping. She held his gaze, daring him to resist looking at the sheer expanse of her unfurling curves. His peripheral vision filled with more and more breast flesh until, inevitably, his eyes dropped. He was only human.

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

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

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

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

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

“Fuck. No. No. No. No...”

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

“Oh god. No. No no no no no.”

Then - standard bean bag chairs.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Too what...?” she asked innocently.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ahhh..." he replied.

"Do you want to see more?" she teased.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh...", Kirk couldn't speak. With every last drop of energy he had - he nodded weakly. Olivia smiled. "Ok", she said simply.

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

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

Yet he didn't cum. 'How annoying!'

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

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

"Olivia... you're... you're so... so beautiful. So big... so..."

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

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

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

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

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

“Problem?” Olivia smiled innocently at him.

“Uhhh...” Kirk didn’t know what to do. Should he just...? He looked at Olivia for guidance.

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

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

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

Kirk was on the verge of cumming. Olivia’s right boob was the most pliant, supple, bouncy, pert, perky, soft, smooth, wonderful, perfect thing he’d ever felt. It felt like the entire US Army assaulting the delicate sensation receptors in his palm, a lone guard post. He stood up on the bed between her breasts. Shit! Their tops rose to his crotch level!

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

“Oooooo, yes! Come to me”, purred Olivia.

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

And yet, he didn't CUM!

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Hhhhhhhey", he said back.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All at once, everything happened:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Olivia... hhhhhhhh... that.... hhhhhh... was... hhhhhh... wow... hhhhh... Jesus... hhhh... Christ..."

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

"How did you..." Kirk asked.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Determined, Kirk smiled and nodded.

- Splash -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kirk blushed.

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

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

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

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

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

"Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!!!!!!!" Kirk almost shouted. Olivia smiled at him, urging him to bring his cock back home. Kirk clenched his pelvis with all his might, fighting

for his life not to cum. Olivia was impressed. But it was a losing battle. Ironically, the more Kirk held on, the more she wanted him to cum.

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

“Mmmmmmmhmmmmmmmm YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!!! FUCK****
MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!” Olivia moaned into his mouth and then broke off the kiss as another strong orgasm washed over her.

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

But enough playing games.

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

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

[illegible]

He cock fired one shot of cum after another, again and again and *again and again and **again and again and AGAIN AND AGAIN...*** with no end in sight. Kirk honestly felt like his life was *literally* being sucked out of him through the tip of his cock. This was a pleasure no human being was ever meant to experience. His entire being was consumed and reduced to this moment. NOTHING else mattered in the world, besides this ultra-heavenly orgasm.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Heh... thanks", he said bashfully.

"Now, fuck me again, **Dr. Stud-Lover**."

Kirk was flabbergasted.

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

"Hhhhhhhhow... what..."

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

* * *

Epilogue

Kirk's hands were trembling as he held his phone, reading the words on the screen over and over. However, it was not because he couldn't believe what he was reading. The reason his hands were trembling was much simpler. It was that time of day again. Although today, the trembling was more intense than usual.

*"Dear Dr. Alston, this is to confirm that after technical evaluation of... **accepted** for publication in the journal..."*

He was sitting on the sofa in the wide living room, waiting. Sure, he was happy about the acceptance letter. But he also dreaded. Well, not really dreaded... more like anxious, because he knew what the letter meant...

He took a few deep breaths, closed his eyes and tried to calm down, remembering his meditation techniques he's been practicing over the past year, since his life has changed dramatically. As if to spite him, his throbbing dick spewed another shot of precum in his pants, taunting him to touch it. Kirk did his best to ignore it, clinging to his phone so much his knuckles turned white.

Oh, who was he kidding?

Nothing worked.

Not really.

Not ever.

Not even after he masturbated 7 times today already.

Not with *her*.

Especially so after the **third** time.

Kirk's pelvic muscles clenched and his dick spewed yet *another* load of precum just thinking about when she got back to their home soon. Futilely, he read the letter again in a vain attempt to calm down.

* * *

Two graceful, delicate, impeccably perfect hands were trembling as they were holding a white smartphone. A tear fell on the screen as Olivia read the message she'd just received:

#####

"Hey Liv... it's been weird not talking to you for so long. I don't know if you'll even read this but I hope you will.

I'm not even sure where to start, but here goes:

I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry. I know I don't deserve your forgiveness but I still wanted to say that.

I was just a total bitch to you and you didn't do anything to deserve this. I was just so, SO jealous of you. I always felt like you were so much better than me in every possible way. Like I'm way below your level. You've always been so perfect and nice and friendly and just SO beautiful. Like, CRAZY beautiful.

*Trying to compete with THAT was becoming an obsession for me, and it was exhausting. And also just... so disheartening. I never stood a chance against you, no matter how hard I tried, and BELIEVE ME, I tried. And yet you weren't even AWARE that we're in a contest. You just... lived your life. Which is fine, you're not supposed to be in a neverending contest with your friend. But it's much easier said than done when you're always automatically on the **losing** side.*

So I'm trying to say that... it distorted my sense of reality and made me so insecure. It sort of chipped away at my confidence, day after day, being close to you, living with you and seeing you all the time. It got to the point I didn't recognize myself anymore. I blamed you for my shitty life even though it was all on me. I never even considered you might've been going through stuff of your own as well. I was SO self centered because this obsession drove me crazy. My therapist helped me come to this conclusion. Well, she didn't say it like THAT, but you know what I mean.

Olivia, I've known you since forever. You've always been my best friend, and you've always been so wonderful and amazing to me and I can't believe I ruined all that. I think I just needed to get away to get some perspective. To... find myself for myself. I don't know, it sounds stupid. But there's no question I could've handled all that much better.

I think I'm starting to take some control over my life lately. I've been living in this rental place in the suburbs. It's not fancy but it's fine, I guess. I met a guy a few months ago and it's going well. I'm trying not to dump all my shit and insecurities on him but I think he catches my crazy side every now and then. But he's supportive and understanding, so that's good I guess.

Anyway, I think I needed this break for myself. It wasn't your fault. I'm a mess, but I think I'm starting to... not be a mess so much lately.

I love you Liv. So much. I really do. You're the best person I know. And I miss you. But I think it's best if I stayed away. For now, at least.

I'll never stop being sorry for what I've done. I wish I could take it all back. I just want you to know, from the bottom of my heart, that I wish you nothing but happiness and fulfillment and love in your life. You deserve it all.

Love you,
Vi

#####

Olivia shed another tear as she looked at her phone. That wound she'd been working so hard to close over the past year was abruptly opened and returned Olivia right back to that awful moment - when she was on her knees, crying alone in her living room. It hurt *so much*. She'd need more time to process what she was feeling right now, but for the first time in a whole year, she felt... something being healed in her heart.

Olivia gathered herself up, wiped the tears from her face and tried putting any thoughts about Violetta aside for now. She had big plans today. She inserted her phone back into the pocket of her 12-XL, custom ordered, black pullover-hoodie.

The way back home from Mrs. Clenshaw was *relatively* normal today. Her camouflage seemed to have worked. Well, as much as camouflage for a girl like **Olivia** can work. With her gigantic hoodie on with the hood covering her head, a black mask over her face and baggy pants masking her legs, she looked like a giant, black... 'blob' walking on the sidewalk. Though people coming her way had to physically get off the road in order to pass her.

It was less a matter of shyness and a lot more of a necessity these days. Olivia wasn't ashamed of her body. Rather the opposite. It's just that, after her third time catching the virus, things started... getting out of hand. Accidents happened almost every time she went outside, men were cumming left and right just by seeing her, relationships broke apart around her like sandcastles at high tides, and phones were directed at her at every chance, getting as much footage of her as possible.

Olivia came to the conclusion that it would be for the best if she covered up, and Kirk regretfully admitted she had a point.

She was now standing at the foot of the stairs, and started carefully taking one measured step at a time. Today, wearing her hoodie, wasn't as bad as some other days. Men were still confused to discover they sprang erections whenever she was in their vicinity, and traffic slowed down around her. But at least no accidents happened today, no crowd of paparazzi following her except for a phone here and there taking a picture of the freakish blob. Olivia didn't love this situation, but found it was the only practical solution.

She reached the door and pulled out the key. She was about to put it in when she again looked at the same piece of chipped wood she's been purposefully ignoring every day for over a year now, still laying on the floor. Deep down, Olivia knew she herself also had some part in what happened. She'd been "playing dumb", as if unaware of her effect on Violetta's life. But she knew. Even if she didn't intentionally do anything, she couldn't ignore it. And she really should take some accountability and apologize for Tom L.B.

A resolve crossed her eyes as she finally picked up the piece of wood and tucked it into an inner fold.

She opened the door and saw her favorite doctor, waiting anxiously on the sofa, with a pained look on his face.

"You poor baby, you look in agony", she purred at Kirk.

Kirk was trembling, still clutching his phone, staring at her like a starving puppy finally seeing its owner after days tied to a tree - desperate, overwhelmed, and ready to fall apart from sheer relief and longing.

Olivia forced her way with great force and a lot of skilled maneuvering into her apartment, which by now became their shared apartment. They'd already discussed moving together to a more spacious place soon. Just standing there she occupied a substantial space of the entrance.

"Wait, is this the answer from the Journal?" Olivia asked excitedly as she looked at Kirk's phone in his hands

Kirk could only nod fearfully.

"Oooooo what-did-they-say-what-did-they-say-what-did-they-say-what-did-they-say?" Olivia's whole mass was jumping up and down and causing earthquake-like tremors throughout the building.

Kirk took a deep breath before answering.

"Wwwwwe... wwwwe... gggggggggggggggot in", he barely managed.

“EE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” Olivia squeaked and lifted her arms in triumph. She casually discarded her face mask aside and ran as fast as could manage, the monstrous content inside her hoodie bouncing and quaking up and down like a wrecking ball. Kirk's eyes opened wide as she **popped** onto him and *tried* to hug him as best as she could, causing the whole sofa to squeak in despair. Her whole mass was squashing Kirk's body and face, engulfing him with her barely-contained femininity. Kirk took short, quick breaths, desperately trying to calm himself, just as he'd been practicing frantically in meditation for a year. But he already knew it was a losing battle.

“Cccccccouldn't... hhhhhhhhave... ddddddddone... itttttt... wwwwwwwwithout... yyyyyyyyyyou... bbbbbbbaabe...” Kirk murmured underneath her tremendous mass.

Olivia squeezed him even tighter. “Awwwww you're so sweet to say that baby. But it's your work. I was just happy to help by being your disciplined test subject. Plus it was just so much fun teasing you all the time while you tried to get through the tests. Oh I'm SOOOOOOOOOO proud of you baby!”

She slightly released her erotic hold on Kirk's neck, looked him in the eyes and kissed him passionately. Kirk felt pure femininity wrap around his entire being, squashing, kissing and caressing him.

Even though he's been treated to Olivia's *angel-shaming* beauty, *ultra-sexuality* and *hyper-bustiness* every day for the last year, there was really no “getting used” to Olivia. Her mass was pressing directly onto his stiff cock, massaging it. He couldn't take it anymore.

“Gahhhhhh!” he cried out as he spasmed and came buckets in his underwear. Olivia only intensified her torrid kissing as she felt her doctor-lover convulse against her. She LOVED having that power over him, and she made sure he felt every bit of appreciation, love and lust that she had in her towards him.

Kirk really had no chance with her. After she had healed from her second infection, Olivia's body actually kept experiencing incremental changes, growing more beautiful and voluptuous every day. This was already a lot more than what most infected women experienced. But then, when she got sick the *third* time a few months ago, she received a **major** boost all over her already magnificent body. Olivia'd already been a goddess of beauty when Kirk first met her. Now? JESUS FUCKING CHRIST ALMIGHTY IN THE SKY... she was a hazard to humanity. How... how do you **deal** that level of perfection? Of sexiness? Of beauty? Putting Olivia next to any “regular” swimsuit supermodel would be like taking the Sun and comparing it to a lightbulb.

It was a level of beauty no human being was meant to withstand seeing. Only through his diligent, daily meditation training did Kirk manage to stay *somewhat* sane when he was simply thinking about her. However when she was in the same room as him? All his self-discipline

barely helped him handle her. He didn't know what he did to deserve her, but he vowed to be the best partner he could be for her.

And yet for Olivia it was so obvious. She found Kirk to be a rock to her own emotions. He was her place of serenity and escape from the cruel world outside. She was so thankful everyday for meeting him and getting to hug and kiss that wonderful man. She only wished to make him as least happy as he made her.

After Kirk's spasms subsided, Olivia gently pulled back her lips only an inch or two. She looked straight into his eyes with a lustful gaze.

"I'm gonna show you just how proud of you I am."

Kirk gulped. That's what he was afraid of. At least he felt that him cumming just now would help him last a *tiny bit* longer. He hoped.

Olivia got up and Kirk felt the massive weight being lifted off him. He looked down. Yep, he was still as erect as ever.

"I have a little surprise for you, baby." Olivia said as she stood before him. She took a step back, then another step back, and another, and another, and another, until her back touched the far wall. There were about 10 feet now separating them. Well, 6, if you counted from where Olivia's protrusion ended. 'Is she about to perform some act?' Kirk thought.

She pulled back her hood and gave her head a slow, effortless shake. Her hair spilled out like molten gold - thick, impossibly healthy, and alive with movement. It should've been flattened, dull from being trapped all day, but instead it looked like she had just stepped out of some dream-version of a salon, one that didn't exist in the real world.

Each strand shimmered with a deep, natural luster, falling in heavy, luxurious waves down her back and around her shoulders. It wasn't just beautiful - it was overwhelming. Compared to Olivia's hair, the mane of hair of any eighteen-year-old supermodel looked like a thrift store wig left in the sun too long.

Kirk barely breathed. His cock twitched, already starting to build towards the next orgasm.

Then... he looked at her face - and nearly fainted. Yes, the same face he's been seeing every day for the past year, caused him to be astounded by their beauty, every day anew. In fact, the effect only *grew* each day.

A year ago, Olivia had already been the most beautiful woman Kirk had ever seen - huge, turquoise eyes that stopped time, full lips, a flawless nose, perfect skin, and a sculpted, feminine jawline. She looked like a dream come to life.

But now? That version of her felt like a faded sketch. Her eyes were even larger and more vivid, almost too gorgeous to stare at. Her lips, even fuller yet, looked made for endless kissing. Her skin glowed even more. And her already divine features had sharpened just enough to elevate her into something... unreal. She wasn't "just beautiful" anymore. She was beauty that had transcended to an unfathomable level.

Kirk felt his knees buckle and was happy he was sitting.

"I didn't know what kind of answer the journal would give you today," Olivia said, pulling out a long piece of string hidden inside her hoodie. The string was attached to the top of her zipper. With a practiced flick, she swung it forward like a lasso, keeping hold of the other end. The string arched over the vast swell of her chest and looped back underneath.

She began pulling it slowly, the tension drawing the zipper downward. It looked like a stagehand tugging on a long rope to open the heavy curtains of a grand theater - only instead of velvet drapes, it was her hoodie, parting to reveal the show beneath.

Kirk gulped again.

"But I figured, if it's a 'Yes', I'll show you how happy I am for you", the zipper kept rolling down beyond her arms reach as thick, red fabric emerged from within the growing opening in the hoodie, showing **extreme** signs of strain.

"And if it's a 'No', then it'll be something which will hopefully make you feel better." The zipper was pulled all the way over the massive protrusion from her chest. The oversized-hoodie fell next to Olivia's feet.

Olivia had been wearing a red bra that was so big it could better be described as two connected **tents**!! The fabric was so thick, the straps were more akin to bridge cables. And the size... It was unreal! Each cup had enough fabric to be used as a bed sheet! Each cup projected almost 4 feet forward and about 1.5 feet sideways. Worse yet, it seemed stuffed to the **brim**. And yet the **weirdest** part of all is that... there was no visible cleavage behind it. No breast flesh at all. Instead, it looked like the bra was stuffed with... more material.

"I'm just happy Mrs. Clenshaw was there to help me get dressed. That assistant of hers is nice and all but he... well... it's good *she* was there."

Olivia's endlessly-long, slender legs were fully exposed, although her thighs were mostly concealed behind her stuffed bra. She twisted a little and sent ALL her mass swinging sideways. Olivia's cute, sexy, black thong clung to her **ultra-uber-super-insanely** perky ass.

Her bra projects so much it was a miracle she didn't tip forward. In the space between - there was nothing. No waist to speak of whatsoever. She'd asked Kirk to measure it a week ago and Kirk had to re-measure 5 times to believe it. The tape end had met the coil at just under 15 inches (and that was after a big dinner)! The fact she didn't snap in half was a medical miracle.

"What do you think of my thong, honey?" She shook her completely visible ass cheeks from side to side. Kirk almost had a heart attack.

"Oh my god...", Kirk trailed off with his mouth hanging open.

"Ooo... well... if you think *that's* something, wait till you see the rest...", she teased and twisted back to face him and the mass in front of her wobbled back

"Mrs. Clenshaw really *has* been a miracle worker with this bra, although it's been getting tight lately. I feel **so constricted** with *everything* I have to wear", she said. Kirk gulped, unable to speak. Olivia's hands went behind her back and started messing with it.

Kirk thanked every god and entity in the sky that's ever existed as his eyes feasted on what should've been an illegal sight. His cock has long since forgotten about its recent orgasm and was well on its way to the next one.

"At least it... ugh... allows me to... ugh... ugh... be *somewhat* decent in public... ugh... ugh... ugh... damn, it **is** tight. Or, well, at least... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... I can **be** in public... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... pass through doors... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... For now, at least... ugh... ugh... ugh... ugh... **ugh... ugh... UGH... UGHHHH... UFFFFFFFF!!!!**"

What *sprung* onto the living room floor was... insane. Just... insane. No one would believe it if they didn't see it. Even if they did, they **STILL** wouldn't believe it. Heck, Kirk saw this bra every day, getting incrementally more and more taxed and overwhelmed, and *he* could barely believe it.

"Heh... god, I can't believe that's the bra I'd asked to be made with additional growth in mind just a year ago. And now it barely fits me, even with everything **else** to help it. Can you believe it?"

Kirk shook his head 'no' as he looked at the gigantic, yet-still-inadequate bra hypnotized. It spread across most of the living room, the cups reaching as high as Olivia's waist! The shoulder straps looked like worn out seat belts, and the body band had no less than **30** industrially-strong hooks on its weirdly narrow frame. Next to the rows of hooks 6 metal weights were sewn into the fabric, each weighing several pounds. They were meant to counterbalance the **huge** weight at the front. The tag barely showed the worn numbers "22/230". Each cup could **easily** contain a large bean bag, with room to spare. And yet, as Kirk lifted his head up again, he knew this was only the beginning.

Already Olivia looked considerably bigger than just a minute ago, as the equivalent of about **half an entire Alphabet-worth** of cup-sizes were decompressed and added to her already absurd size. Her... 'frontal mass' now projected about 4 and half feet forward and over 2 feet sideways.

From just under her armpits all the way down to her shins, Olivia's frontal mass was completely wrapped in a 5-inch wide, beige bandage, similar to an elastic bandage meant to wrap around a sore knee or ankle. Her arms were completely concealed behind the side protrusions of that mass. And at its upper section was a silver pin attached. Olivia almost looked like a morbidly-obese mummy.

However, instead of sagging down due to its insane weight, the mass actually **rose upwards** first from Olivia's sternum and reached her **chin** level, before tapering downwards further ahead.

The only other item of clothing she showed was two thin, black spaghetti straps on her shoulders, which quickly disappeared into that mummifying beige bandage. If the sight wasn't so ridiculously erotic Kirk would've laughed. But he knew what was coming and futilely resumed methodically breathing.

Olivia smiled, seeing his attempts to calm down. "Oh you can breathe all you want, Amor Mío. I love the challenge. But you know I always win."

Kirk quickened his breathing but his dick refused to listen to him and spewed another glob of precum.

"Do you want me to take it off?" Olivia teased. Kirk was feeling himself gradually losing control. Maybe he didn't want to control himself? No, he had to last. At least enough to see her surprise.

"I dddddd..." he stammered. Olivia felt herself getting wet hearing that and could not help picturing Kirk saying that to her at the altar someday. As much as she was driving him crazy with lust, he was making her flushed without even realizing it.

"Are you sure?" She tortured him.

"YES! YES PLEASE, YES!!!! SHOW ME THAT SEXY BODY OF YOURS! THOSE MONSTROUSLY HUGE TITS!! OLIVIA YOU'RE MY GODDESS!!! YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, SEXY WOMAN IN EXISTENCE!!!! I WANT TO SEE ALL OF YOU! I NEED YOU!!!! PLEASE, I CAN'T WAIT!!!!!" he cried in utter desperation.

Olivia experienced a mini-orgasm, her eyes fluttering as she heard that. When she opened them she looked at Kirk in a look that pierced his very soul.

"Oh Kirk, you drive me crazy, baby. I'm gonna show you EVERYTHING. Then, I'm gonna **fuck** you until you **pass out**. Then, I'll **swallow** your whole body in my cleavage and never let you leave. I hope you drank enough water today cause I'm not only draining those big, beautiful balls of yours. I'm draining your body..."

Kirk gulped again.

Without breaking her predatory gaze, Olivia plucked the pin from the bandage and tossed it aside. She gripped the loose end where the bandage had been secured.

And then, she began to *unfurl* it.

With a swirling motion over her head, the wide bandage unraveled from its first loop around and over Olivia's head, cascading down in length. Several more inches of her thin shoulder straps were revealed.

Kirk stared at her in disbelief. With just one loop undone, the mass of that 5-inch wide section on her upper breasts was freed from its compression and surged free, expanding *upwards* from her sternum into the open air before settling into its natural shape. Just that small section easily added about 1 or 2 cup sizes' worth of breast-mass.

For most girls, this single loop of a 5"-wide bandage would be enough to cover most, if not the entire area of their breasts. Yet, as Kirk's gaze traveled downward, it was clear this single loop was a mere drop in the bucket for Olivia. There were countless more loops still wound around Olivia's mega-bosom, each one waiting to release even more compressed mass. The thought of just how many **additional** cup sizes were still concealed was making him extremely anxious. Kirk breathed so fast he almost started hyperventilating.

A second loop over her head and the mass increased yet again, still getting **higher**. The already impressive cleavage started lengthening, overflowing the bandage still wrapped underneath it.

Kirk was so **hard** it hurt. He couldn't take it any more and swiftly opened his buckle and lowered his pants and underwear in a single motion. His dick **vibrated** and steadily spewed precum. Using every ounce of self control he barely had, Kirk sat on his hands. He knew a single touch was all it took to make him blow his load immediately.

Olivia kept looking hungrily at Kirk as she swirled the bandage a third loop over her head. The cleavage visible lengthened yet again, **still going higher**, further emphasizing the crazy-level of perkiness and firmness of Olivia's breasts. It seemed that with each consecutive unwrapping, the effect of decompression *intensified*, thus each layer unleashing an **ever increasing amount** of breast mass.

"Fuck... oh my god..." Kirk mumbled. This only egged Olivia on. 'Same thing every time...', she rolled her eyes with a smile.

"Isn't it crazy to think there's still **so much** fabric holding these babies down," she teased in a sultry voice. Kirk could only watch with his mouth agape.

With a piercing gaze and a slow bite of her lip, Olivia unraveled a fourth loop. More breast mass spilled free. The lower the coil, the tighter the compression had been, making every loop unleash more mass than the last. Her breasts *finally* tapered to reveal their upper peaks. They rose so high they leveled with her nose!!!! Reaching over a foot away from her sternum, they looked incredibly full and endlessly perky.

Kirk's mouth ran dry. His cock **throbbed**, aching to be touched. But he kept sitting on his hands. The one thing he wanted more than touching his cock - was to *not* disappoint Olivia.

Olivia unfurled a fifth loop, releasing an additional C-cup's worth of breast mass into the air. The free part of her boobs finally started tapering *downwards* and forwards. The unveiled bandage revealed the beginning of wide, black, triangles of ornamented fabric which connected with the spaghetti straps.

Kirk's head became dizzy.

"Look at that poor, beautiful cock of yours, begging to be touched. Do you wanna touch it, stud? It's ok, I don't mind," Olivia teased him.

Kirk bit hard on his lip, trying to control himself.

"Awww you're so brave trying to hold on. Well, let's see what happens when I pick up the pace a little."

'Oh god', Kirk thought timidly and his dick vibrated, shook, quivered, trembled, shuddered and convulsed (*yes, all those verbs*) uncontrollably.

Olivia tugged at the sixth loop, drawing it free with infuriating patience. The bandage loosened, and more compressed flesh pushed outward, expanding as it escaped its confines. The black triangles underneath stretched a little wider, clinging to her, revealing just a bit more.

Kirk's stomach tightened as he stared. Each uncoiling comprised a very small percentage of the overall unfurling process. Most of the bandage was still coiled around Olivia. So many loops left. Too many.

Olivia caught his reaction and smirked. "Oh, honey," she murmured, eyes gleaming. "You're about to **burst** and we have so much *more* to go. But you've always been so strong, trying your best to hold on and not cum. Remember the first time we kissed? You were hanging by a thread, but you put up such a good fight, holding off cumming for so long. I was **so** impressed by you. I hit the jackpot, ending up with my hot, cute doctor."

Olivia **loved** that story. It turned her on, recalling how she seduced Dr. Kirk Alston for the first time. It always got her excited. She had that tone - that wicked, knowing tone that sent a shiver up his spine. That tone that reminded him she had always been trouble. From the moment he

met her, sick in her bed, he had told himself he would be a professional doctor checking on a patient. And she had made him lose control in 5 minutes. And then again, when he'd checked in on her later on. He'd only asked her to be a participant in his study, and now look where they were. But Olivia had rattled his resolve from the very beginning.

The seventh loop came undone. More softness surged forward. The bandage slipped lower, exposing another strip of skin. The fabric underneath strained to keep up, shifting ever so slightly.

Kirk exhaled sharply, gripping the folds of the sofa underneath like it might steady him.

Olivia tilted her head, watching him, as if reading his thoughts, her lips curling. "My poor, innocent doctor, just trying to do the right thing. You tried so **hard** to stay professional", she teased, voice dripping with satisfaction. "And then I got my hands on you."

Eighth. Kirk's pulse hammered in his ears. Olivia dragged it out, savoring his struggle.

"You tried so hard to resist me," she mused, uncoiling the ninth loop like she had all the time in the world. "But deep down, you loved every second of it, didn't you?"

Kirk clenched his fists, shoulders rigid. This last uncoiling unleashed a mass that was easily comparable to an **F-cup**. The size scale Kirk had to fathom was uncanny. Before Olivia, having a girlfriend with F-cup sized breasts would have been a dream. Now? It was just one marginal adjustment out of so **many**, which, even combined all together - are just an **addition** to a much more significant mass for Olivia. Olivia giggled, savoring every second of his silent agony.

Tenth. Another 5" strip peeled away. The black fabric curved against her, covering - but barely. The loops still wrapped around her in thick layers.

"You wanted to be a good doctor so bad, which was so *cute*, by the way", she was purring like a cat. "But you just couldn't resist me, could you?"

Eleventh. Kirk's breath hitched. His self-control felt like a rope fraying at the edges. Olivia's eyes danced with amusement.

"And it felt **so** good, didn't it?" Twelfth. Another slow, steady pull. His knees almost gave out.

Thirteenth. The bandage was now wrapped around the widest part of Olivia's breasts, its edges far *far* beyond Olivia's arms' reach. This unfurling unleashed an overwhelming surge, sending nearly **eight** cup sizes' worth of breast flesh expanding outward in an instant. The release was staggering, a tidal wave of softness reclaiming its space, swelling massively fuller and wider. Kirk swallowed hard.

"Just like this," she murmured, uncoiling the fourteenth loop. "You know you wanna hold on and resist. But you can't, can you?"

Fifteenth. As the coil of bandage moved past its peak and started sloping downwards and *inwards*, closer to Olivia's body. The magnitude of each expansion began to slightly taper back down, although only compared to the staggering releases before. By any "normal people's" standard, each loop still revealed an absurd amount of **additional** freed mass. Olivia grinned, eyes glinting with triumph.

For Kirk, every moment leading up to now had been an agonizing bliss, an overwhelming struggle to stay composed under the sheer power of Olivia's **goddess-crushing-tier** sexuality. But the moment her smirk shifted, when her gaze sharpened from playful to predatory, Kirk realized the terrifying truth.

She had just been toying with him until now.

Every teasing gesture, every sultry glance - it had all been child's play so far. He had given everything he had in him just to hold on, to withstand her, to not cum, to not grab his dick and jerk off like a maniac, and she had barely even been trying. That realization struck him at the same time that Olivia, without hesitation, undid the next loop.

-Swell-

Then the next loop.

-Swell-

Then the next one.

-Swell-

She no longer unraveled the bandage in slow, tantalizing steps - she ripped through them, shedding the fabric like a predator tearing apart its kill. The vastness of her tits surged forth with each uncoiling like rising dough. Kirk's breath was held as he watched the impossible unfold

before him again and again. He lost count after 18 loops, and there were still quite a few more after that.

He had seen her naked many times over the past year. He knew her body. And yet, his brain refused to accept what his eyes witnessed with every rapid uncoiling of the fabric.

Olivia stood in the middle of the living room with literal ***hundreds of feet*** of bandage surrounding her, piled on the floor in circles, now completely slacked. The black lingerie was now fully revealed - an absurd creation by the expert hands of Mrs. Clenshaw, of delicate, ornamented, sexy fabric, engineered for titanic proportions.

Just a single *one* of each wide, elegant triangles of fabric covering Olivia's **GIGA TITS** had enough material to fully wrap around the *entire* torso of a flat-chested woman, with the triangle edges meeting behind her back. Yet despite their ridiculous size, they barely covered 15% of each of Olivia's monstrous boobs!

"Oooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo".

A deep, shuddering moan escaped Kirk as her breasts, freed completely from their final restraints, surpassed all logical comprehension. He felt himself starting to really lose control. The sheer volume of them was so great that the lower slopes of their immaculate roundness not only touched the floor, but actually *piled* on it. And yet, their upper slopes reached as high as Olivia's perfect nose! And their forward projection! GOD! Olivia, who'd been standing on the other side of the living room, some 10 feet or so away from him, had her nipples pointing no more than 3 feet in front of Kirk's hungry eyes!

However, as if to mock gravity itself, those blimps were as impossibly full and perky as ever. Not an inch of sag, not a hint of droop.

Olivia was standing in front of Kirk, in all her glory, smiling widely, clad in a sexy black lingerie tailored perfectly to her insane measurements. No Photoshop artist could create an image even 1/1,000th as sexy as this.

Olivia exhaled, as if relishing the sensation of complete freedom at last. She placed her hands on her hips, tilting her head with an insatiable, victorious grin.

“Soooooooo... What do you say? Do you like it, baby? I got it just for you! Do you find it... **sexy** enough?” She asked.

Kirk gritted his teeth. Is she joking? Is she **really** asking that?

“Ahhhhhhhhh... Offffffff cccccccourrrrrse I dddddddo. Yyyyyyyyyyooooooooo lllllloooooook inccccccredible”, he stuttered.

“Ohhhhhhhh **YES!!!!**” Olivia cried out as a huge power surge passed through her. She felt herself getting wetter still.

Then, as if remembering something, she added “I still can't believe she managed to make something so perfect for my size”, and let her comment float in the air.

Kirk was sweating.

Olivia stayed silent, looking straight at him, daring him to ask her.

Kirk was reduced to a hot mess. He needed to know. And Olivia *knew* he **needed** to know. He was a numbers guy. She knew how much they turned him on. She waited another moment in silence, when finally...

“Hhhhhhhh... hhhhhh.... hhhhhhhhhhhhow... hhhhhow bbbb...?”

“I'm sorry, what was that?” She put a finger behind her ear as if struggling to hear him.

Kirk was gathering every little ounce of strength he barely had and tried again.

“Hhhhhhhhhhooooowwwwww... bbbbbbbiggg... aaaaaaaareeeeeee... yyyyyyyyyyyou...?”

Olivia saw his cock spasm in anticipation for the answer and experienced another mini-orgasm herself, her eyes fluttering. She then looked back at him playfully.

“Oh, **so** big. Kirk, I got so big you wouldn't **believe!** Remember how big I thought I was when I finally filled this 22”/230” bra? Now that size feels so... small. I don't know what to do... These babies of mine just won't stop growing.” She paused again. Ok, enough teasing the poor guy.

“Well... the size I am now, is three hundred and eighteen inches around.”

“**Oh fuuuuuuuck...**” Kirk groaned and his eyes fluttered in uncontrolled arousal.

She composed herself again.

"So, *Doctor Megastud, super hot stuff,*" she said gleefully. "Tell me - do you now regret making me your very happy girlfriend?"

Kirk's fingers twitched under his butt. His chest rose and fell in heavy, uneven breaths. While Olivia was looking for a 'Yes' or 'No' answer, Kirk was busy with one thing only - **not** cumming.

And Olivia knew it.

Kirk was unable to speak. He was sweating, shivering, convulsing and flexing every muscle in his body to stop the impending explosion. His throat became very dry.

Because deep down, he knew the answer.

He had fought to stay professional. He had struggled not to break doctor-patient relations. But he had lost the battle. And god help him, he had never been happier to lose.

He gathered all his inner strength and managed to say one coherent sentence:

"Not in a million years, my goddess."

That's all it took to completely flood Olivia's thong. Her eyes fluttered closed as she came *hard*.

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh fuuuuuuuuuuck, Kiiiiirk! FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCK!" her knees buckled and she leaned onto her breasts for support.

Olivia was in her own world of orgasm. Kirk was making her feel so desired, so feminine. She was shivering and convulsing for a long minute.

When she finally opened her eyes, she saw Kirk's condition. He was hanging by a thread. His eyes were desperate. Pleading with agony. His hips were rocking up and down as his cock jerked in the open air, begging to be touched. Its head was deep purple, spewing glob after glob of precum. He was at her mercy. Olivia's look softened lovingly. She needed to take care of her man. Now.

"Awwwwwe you poor poor baby! You must be in such pain for release. I bet your balls are so full they're gonna explode any second now. You've been such a good boy, waiting so patiently, controlling yourself. But that big, beautiful cock of yours needs someone to take good care of it. Hold still. I'm coming!"

Kirk's eyebrow raised with a mix of surprise and anticipation. Looking at the sea of boobage separating them raised the very obvious question - **'how'**?

Olivia took half a step back and closed her eyes in concentration. She took a few quick breaths. Kirk sat still like she'd asked.

She then opened her eyes, a look of determination on her face and ***launched*** forward! She actually jumped **ON TOP** of her breasts. Kirk's eyes opened wide in disbelief. He didn't dare move.

Olivia used the momentum she gained and literally **rolled** on her gigantic breasts in a wide arc across the living room, her arms and legs stretched like *Superman*! This was an acrobatic feat which wouldn't be out of place in a professional circus.

Kirk looked further up and was astounded to find Olivia at the apex of the arc, winking at him from above, her body only a few feet from the *ceiling*, when he suddenly saw her opening her mouth as wide as she could.

'No... no way... no fucking way...' he thought.

As her breasts kept slowly rolling forward, getting closer to Kirk like two wrecking balls, Olivia's body started rolling *downwards* directly at him. A vague memory from Physics class popped to Kirk's mind momentarily, about circular motion. He saw Olivia's fast approaching head, her mouth open wide, a look of concentration on her beautiful face.

He squeezed his eyes shut in fear but didn't dare move an inch.

A soft, pillowy sensation engulfed his shins first, marshmallowing against them.

“Ahhhhhhhhh”, he moaned with delight.

Then, two graceful hands latched onto his thighs for support.

Time stood still for a moment, before he felt *it*.

There's a unique feeling when a dick enters a girl's mouth. Like it's finally home.

Now, 'Home' landed on top of Kirk's throbbing, hard as stone dick, engulfing all 11 inches of it completely, right to the base. It felt... ***incredible!*** Kirk opened his eyes in shock.

The two perkier, fullest **mountains** in the world were blocking his field of vision, smothering his legs, holding a GODDESS of impossible dimensions in a downward angle, a rich mane of golden hair cascading wildly all over her back and shoulders as well as his own abdomen, while her mouth was glued to his pelvis. And somehow, she looked up at him, her mouth full of cock, with her huge, beautiful turquoise eyes in a triumphant smile. Kirk roared.

[illegible]

A **DETONATION** of cum *erupted* from Kirk's cock right into Olivia's gullet. Jet after jet after jet after jet of cum ejaculated with incredible force out of his cock slit.

Chills and thrills unlike Kirk had ever felt before coursed through his entire body. He experienced the strongest orgasm of his life. It was so strong he almost blacked out.

Olivia expertly applied perfect suction on his shaft, humming and lapping with her tongue all the while. She used her hands on his thighs and started bobbing her head up and down, swallowing his entire cock on every downstroke. All this only *further* intensified the strength and length of his already ***insanely strong*** orgasm. She was literally draining his balls as best as possible.

Reflexively, Kirk gently placed his palms on top of Olivia's head for support. However, Olivia read that action as an encouraging gesture, and happily intensified her humming, sucking and bobbing.

***“FUCK!!!! OLIVIA OH MY GODDDDDDDDD!!!!!!!!!! FUCKING SHIT
FUCK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!”***

This caught Kirk by complete surprise as he didn't mean to force her to do anything. But it just felt so good he got lost in the inhuman pleasure it caused him. He simply gave up any resistance he may have had so far, sat back, held her bobbing head gently and just enjoyed the wildest ride of his life.

“Oh fuck... Olivia... oh my god! Fuck, shit! Fuck, that's so good... FUCK! What the fuck! FUCK!!!!!!!!!!” Kirk gritted his teeth with each mega-spasm he experienced.

For over a minute, cum kept ***rocketing*** out with one powerful jet after another. Olivia didn't let up for a second and kept meticulously bobbing and sucking and humming away all the while.

For long minutes after all the cum had been drained, his cock kept spasming intensely. Olivia didn't miss a beat and kept slurping and sucking, albeit more slowly and sensually now, to exhaust every bit of pleasure this mega-orgasm still had. She knew the perfect amount of suction and speed to apply at any point to maximize Kirk's pleasure.

When it was finally all over, she slowly pulled back, then placed one final, loving kiss on the head of Kirk's red cock. With her hand on his hips and her face leveled with Kirk's own, Olivia smiled at him. He looked like he was looking at a ghost. He couldn't believe what had just happened.

“Better now?” She asked.

Kirk could barely speak. He nodded weakly at her, shocked.

“Good. Now, let me ***actually*** start congratulating you, Dr. Stud”, she said and winked.

Kirk's eyes opened wide, before he smiled widely at her and nodded, knowing he's never going to stop trying to make his goddess as happy as she makes him.