

## Chapter 1: The Enigmatic Box

On the eve before her 5th anniversary Katya found herself in a boutique lingerie shop called *Curves of Seduction*, idly browsing with a forlorn look on her face. She was in this particular shop as it had a reputation for being able to *enhance* any figure– from the *stunningly petite* to the *overwhelmingly voluptuous*. The fact that she was in the “*stunningly petite*” section was what made her give a sad sigh. Katya was 28 and unlikely to grow much more than the lightly filled B cup bra she was wearing now– a fact she didn't take any pride in.

She cast her eye around, a little lost in a sea of sheer fabric and silk.

Sensing her need for assistance, a helpful staff member came up and asked her, “Can I help you find anything? Do you know your sizes or would you like to be measured?”

Katya was very grateful for the sudden appearance of a friendly face. “Yes! Please, I haven't been measured in a while and I could definitely use some help here,” Katya said with unexpected emotion.

“Alright, well my name is Stephanie. Follow me!” Stephanie chirped. She then showed Katya to a fitting room with mirrors on three walls. “Give me one sec. I'm gonna grab a measuring tape and then we'll get you fixed up!”

Katya sighed once Stephanie had left the cubicle and glanced at her reflection. Her pale milky complected face gazed back at her, black tightly curled hair falling down to her shoulders.

At 5'1” she had to look up at most things in the world and the mirror in front of her was no different, as instead of showing most of her legs it cut her reflection off at the knees.

Glancing down at her thin frame, Katya felt she was the very definition of petite, but stunningly so? Well... hopefully Stephanie could help her achieve that.

Stephanie knocked twice on the door to the fitting room and once Katya said “Come in!” Stephanie breezed back in with a tape measure in hand. She proceeded to quickly and efficiently obtain Katya's measurements.

“So what's the verdict?” Katya asked.

Stephanie pursed her lips in thought then said “32 B cup, 28 inch waist and 30 inch hips.”

Katya just nodded as those were all within an inch of what she was measured at when she had stopped growing. Stephanie, before Katya could say a word, swept out of the cubicle and brought back a couple choices.

Katya, with her lingerie bag sitting on the bed, took a slow turn in front of her bathroom mirror examining herself from all angles. She looked at her new set of lingerie as it cupped and boosted her figure till she had to admit she felt as close to stunning as was possible.

The lingerie was a black and red set that had a strappy look to it and was very tantalizing, or at least that's how Stephanie described it in the fitting room. She could admit, at least to herself, that this set helped highlight her small curves and put them in their best light.

She then heard the front door open and Ethan called out, "Hey, babe! I'm home!"

"Give me a minute and I'll be out!" she responded to her husband distractedly.

She stripped out of the lacy straps and slipped into some comfy clothes.

She wasn't confident in her body, even though Ethan had been consistent with reassurance that he loved her *and* her body. She was self aware enough to know that the lingerie made her feel more sexy and that Ethan would welcome the surprise she had for him for tomorrow's anniversary.

In their PJs, Ethan and Katya were on the couch eating Chinese food out of takeout containers when Ethan looked up at the set of framed photos on the wall above the bookshelf.

He saw Katya and himself looking out at the crowd beamingly happy. Rory, their shaman, dressed in fine ceremonial robes that were dark hunters green with gold stitching at the hems was standing behind them smiling at the happy couple as they walked back down the aisle. Their handfasting ceremony had just concluded and their hands were still joined by the customary woven cords.

The second image was of them kissing as Ethan dipped Katya during their first dance, him in a classic black tuxedo and her in a knee length black silk dress that was hand dyed to look like a nebula.

The final of the picture of the triptych was Rory handing the couple a hand carved ash and oak box. The same box that sat on the highest shelf just under the photos, their handfasting cords from their ceremony coiled on the shelf prominently on display next to the box.

Rory had said the intricately hand carved box with a detailed celtic knot on the top was their gift today but what was inside was a gift for them to be opened on their 5th anniversary.

Over the years the pair had spent time trying to guess what the box contained but restrained themselves from opening the gift their Shaman had given them.

Curiosity had driven each of them at various times to lightly shake it to hear a rattle from inside but they found no other clue as to what the box held. At a couple Samhain gatherings for their grove over the years Katya had tried to convince Rory to give her hints to its contents and with jovial eyes he would always politely refuse saying, "You'll see soon enough lass."

Ethan turned to look at his bride and smiled, unknowingly breaking her train of thought, "Tomorrow we get to see what's inside!" he said using his chin to point at the box.

Katya looked back at him then at the box and grinned saying, "The mystery has been killing me! I've never been good at surprises but Rory still wont say whats in there!!"

Ethan chuckled knowingly, "I've known him for going on 10 years and he's always been like that."

He then spoke in a deeper voice trying to summon more gravitas, "The *mysteries*, Ethan, the *mysteries of life*, we all should be grateful for not knowing, savor the moment as it then leads to an opportunity to expand and *grow*."

Ethan shook his head at his own bad imitation of Rory.

He took one more crab rangoon and saw Katya finishing up her General Tso's.

"Last one in the shower has to do the dishes?"

Katya's eyes lit up at the challenge, she reached over and poked Ethan in the ribs tickling him, then bolted for the bedroom door. Ethan, recovering from the tickle assault, got up and followed her to the bedroom then to the bathroom.

He entered the bathroom to see Katya bent over, peeling her yoga pants off. He took a moment to admire his wife's small but tight ass. She certainly didn't have much of a booty, but what she did have came from years of gymnastics training when she was in school up through her college team years.

He was well aware of her insecurities and even though he had a preference for a more well padded figure, there was something magnetic about Katya that he couldn't ignore. It was the same indefinable something that he found irresistible that almost *forced* him to chat her up at that library.

He was brought out of his reverie as Katya threw her soft bra at his face, the shoulder strap hooking onto his ear. He laughed out loud, as one of the small garments cups covered his

mouth and chin. "Looks like you get to do the dishes!" Katya taunted as she stepped into the shower enclosure they had had installed.

She saw him swipe her bra off his face and start to strip down.

She had to look up at him to see his face at nearly six feet tall, but she had to do that with just about everyone. She saw his loving gaze as it traced her body, his brown eyes showing appreciation for her compact curves as they lingered on her cute tits. She knew he loved her and her body, him growing hard for her left her no room for doubt about his reassurances.

Even though he didn't have the looks of an A-list celebrity with a square jaw and the proverbial 5-o'clock shadow, she found him handsome and loved him fiercely. She enjoyed running her hands through his wavy brown hair and his brown eyes had the unexpected ability to melt her into her socks. It also didn't hurt that she could climb him like a tree and he was strong enough to hold her close without her being afraid of falling while doing so.

Katya turned two of the shower heads on and welcomed her lover inside the warm spray. Seeing him grow hard for her made her want him suddenly. Ethan stepped into the warm spray and was pushed back into a wall, Katya dropped to her knees and started teasing his cock with her mouth. She knew all his most sensitive spots and took great pleasure in being able to rock his world with her oral skills.

Her tongue ran under his crown, she then bobbed her head up and down taking his shaft into the back of her throat with little struggle. Just when she could tell he was approaching the point of no return she popped him out of her mouth, giggled, and got busy with washing up. Every now and again reaching back to give his length a firm squeeze. She could feel him tremble slightly then take a few breaths to recover his control. This was a common game for the pair, getting one or the other to just short of cumming and backing off to ride the edge.

Ethan, with a devious thought in mind, waited for Katya to bend over to grab some shampoo and ran his fingers up her slit and found her clit peaking out throbbing with the beat of her excited heart.

Katya was awash in sudden sensation and just before a quick orgasm was to crash over her body, Ethan's fingers pulled back. She had to stay bent over letting the warm water pound on her back as the waves of orgasmic pleasure built higher and higher and then receded. Once she could stand with only mildly shaky legs she turned and gave her love a look of mock outrage. Ethan then with a smirk reached and palmed her small left breast with her nipple hard and sticking through his fingers. He tweaked her nipple lightly, nearly causing her knees to buckle.

Once they both were clean and rinsed Ethan leaned forward past Katya to turn off the water. They both stepped out and towelled off. Just as she was hanging up her towel, he scooped her up in a fireman's carry over one shoulder. Katya gave a yip of surprise.

He then marched into the bedroom, set her on the bed, climbed up next to her and gestured for her to take her seat. She took the hint and climbed on top of her man eagerly and sunk down haltingly onto his cock. She bottomed out, and let out a soft moan with her eyes closed. When she could open them she looked down into Ethan's eyes as she started to find a slow grinding rhythm. Katya said contemplatively, "What do you desire?"

Given the situation, he was a bit confused at first .

"What do you *mean*? I desire **you!**" he groaned out. She found a particularly good spot to grind on and worked it for a couple strokes.

She smiled down at the expected, but heartfelt reassurance, "And I very much desire you too!" she gasped with a squeezed voice as the pleasure built. After a couple more strokes Ethan reached up and started thumbing and tweaking her hard nipples as they bounced to her rhythm. She could feel the onrushing orgasm approaching them both. She changed her pace and started bouncing on Ethan's cock for all she was worth, suddenly her pace faltered and they both erupted into orgasm.

She flopped down onto his chest, the pair still joined and she gave a satisfied but exhausted smile on her face.

After basking in the afterglow Katya looked up at Ethan's relaxed face. "I know you love me and I love you. We can take that to the bank," with a relaxed grin, he just nodded, "But what do you desire physically in women?" Katya asked.

Ethans' eyes suddenly lost focus and Katya knew he was giving her question serious thought. She was content to lie there on his chest and wait for his response.

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Lost in thought Ethan remembered a series of conversations with Katya about her body that led to them both sitting in a plastic surgeon's waiting room.

"Are you sure you want to go this route?" Ethan asked.

"I'm sure I at least want to meet Dr. Munroe and talk about possibilities, especially after all the research we've both done."

Ethan gave a sigh, "Alright I support you, I'm just concerned is all."

Katya gripped her husband's hand and squeezed it. "And that's one of the things I love about you. But you know how I feel about my breasts, I don't like their shape or size and maybe if Dr. Munroe has some opinions about a Brazilian Butt Lift ...I'd like to hear them."

Ethan gave her side eye, "With his reputation I'm sure he could at least give you information but we're here because of his specialization into breast augmentation... Also you realize a BBL requires you to have *some* fat to move to your butt right?" Ethan said while glancing down at her petite form.

Katya frowned up at him, "I know... but maybe if I gain some weight there's some potential..." she trailed off. "Okay, yeah, maybe not..."

Just then the receptionist called out, "Callahan, The doctor will see you now."

The pair stood and walked back through the door by the receptionists desk. There was a nurse that greeted them and said, "Please follow me."

The nurse, by Katya's eyes', more than filled out her scrubs. Tension lines spread across her top where her full, taut breasts fought the tight fabric and when she turned to lead them to their room the same could be said for her well padded ass.

Katya glanced back at Ethan and she watched his eyes as they traced their escorts curves. Katya thought about his reaction as they walked with the nurse.

After the nurse sat them in the exam room she said, "The doctor will be in to see you in just a minute." before closing the door.

Ethan spoke up then, "We both did research, but you haven't really said what your ultimate goal was. You had just asked me to look into well reviewed and talented plastic surgeons. We both had a list of names and this doctor was the only name our lists shared. You still haven't said what the criteria for your list was either."

"Well... my list was for surgeons that specialized in extra large augmentations," Katya replied quietly.

Ethan's eyes widened at this news, once again tracing Katya's slender and only *slightly* curved form. She watched him as he mouthed 'extra large' while gazing at her. Before that thought could fully settle in Ethan's brain, there was a knock at the door and in walked Dr. Munroe.

The exam portion of the consultation was a bit of a blur for Ethan as he was still trying to parse through the thoughts of his wife, augmented with extra large implants. It didn't quite seem like a real possibility. He didn't necessarily have a problem with the concept of his wife having extra large breasts nor really them being large due to implants. Outside of his slender wife, he had always liked women with large assets. The thought of seeing the woman he loved as skinny as she was with massive breasts is what was throwing him mentally.

Suddenly, Katya poked him in the ribs to get his attention, he looked up and Katya was standing with her shirt back on and the doctor at the door.

“The doctor wants us to follow him to his office to discuss goals and some options.” Katya said a little exasperatedly at Ethan’s inattention.

In the office the doctor sat behind a desk and the pair sat down in front of the desk. “So, Katya, what are you looking for from a breast augmentation?”

“Since I was young, I’ve always felt self conscious of how my nipples sit on my breasts as well as my shape and size. I’ve always admired really busty women and have wanted that for myself for a long time.” Katya replied after some thought.

“Well, you seem to be a great candidate for an augmentation and with delicate placement of an implant we can re-orient your nipples to how you would like.” Dr. Munroe said with consideration, “There are also a number of implant profiles we offer that will change the shape of your breasts to something you would like better. Have you given a thought to a size goal?” Dr. Munroe asked.

Ethan looked at his wife in curiosity as this had been something that was a bit of a secret until this very moment.

Katya cleared her throat and said “After doing research and speaking to some models online I was thinking of a size goal in the 2,000cc to 4,000 cc range.”

Dr. Munroe's eyes widened just a touch at that declaration.

Ethan though, looked at his wife as if he had been poleaxed. That was massive on a larger woman, but on her it would be almost beyond belief.

“Well, your skin certainly seems to have some fantastic elasticity. You do of course know how large the size range you are talking about is ...correct?” The doctor asked as he stood up and walked to a cabinet in his office. He pulled out two implants that looked like massive water balloons then walked back to his desk and set them in front of the pair.

Katya had an expression like he set a piece of fine art in front of her and Ethan if anything looked more shocked. Katya picked up the larger of the two saline filled spheres and set it against her chest to get a better idea of the reality of what she was asking for.

“These are two expander shells that were custom made; the smaller of the two is a 2,500cc shell filled to its rated maximum and the other is that same shell overfilled to 3,500cc.” Dr. Munroe said.

Dr. Munroe looked at Katya's flushed and excited face and said, "I see that you seem to like that one, that expander weighs a touch over 7 pounds. If that's your goal, I do think we could achieve something like this." He then added, "I will warn you though that for someone of your physical size this implant is going to be quite large and would take probably two or three operations to get to and would also require additional structure from an internal bra to support the weight of an implant like this."

Dr. Munroe continued, "For the second and third surgeries you would need to have custom made expander implants to work with your breast diameter and chest dimensions. And due to the nature of the implants themselves you would need to buy them in a set of three before surgery."

As he was saying this, Katya's face fell. "I can tell that you've thought long and hard about this but I wanted to make the realities clear. This would be a long process to achieve and if this is something you want, together we can make this happen but this isn't easy nor inexpensive." he continued.

Ethan spoke up at this point, "How much would something like this all cost?"

Dr. Munroe turned to him and quoted a figure that made both of them blanch.

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Katya could see her love's eyes clear as he came back to her in the moment. Ethan saw her look at him expectantly as she lay on his chest. At this point he had softened enough to slip out of her. He opened his mouth to speak again, stopped and tried again, "As long as you know I desire you first and foremost..." he started tentatively.

She gave him a firm nod of affirmation and encouragement. "I have a preference that tends more to curves, especially larger than average curves. Ever since I can remember I've always enjoyed large breasts and asses," he finished excitedly.

She nodded as this confirmed her guess. "I know you love me, but if those are your preferences why did you hit on me at first?" She asked.

"I think what initially drew me in was your energy and spontaneity. Not to mention your eyes that almost glitter when you laugh and your bouncing curls. You seemingly laughed easily and radiated joy. After our first date though, and getting to know you more...we just complimented each other so perfectly I knew you were the one for me...large breasts or not!" Ethan replied.

Katya smiled back at him for his enthusiasm and saw him give her another thoughtful look. “I never asked after that consultation, but why didn't you tell me what you were thinking of beforehand and... why do you want to go so large?”

It was Katya's turn to go quiet.

“Growing up I had always had low self esteem, that's part of why I joined the gymnastics team. It helped for a while as I could make my body do things others couldn't, but I felt that my appearance didn't match how I felt on the inside. I also didn't intend to keep my plans from you, I just didn't know how to say it.” Katya felt herself gaining strength as she was finally able to share her inner self with someone who loved and cared for her.

“It's not that I specifically want implants for implants sake, but I've always craved the feeling of having large breasts and a booty to match. It seems the only feasible way to make that happen is through surgical augmentation. Although after the price Dr. Munroe quoted us, it doesn't feel quite as feasible anymore. As for why so big? .. That's a harder one to answer...” she trailed off.

After a pause she continued, “You help make me feel sexy and desirable as I am now and I can't tell you how much I love you for helping me start to find that. But lately I keep getting stuck on the thought of, if I feel that way now being skinny and flat, it's gotta be so much more and so much better if I were to have large and maybe even huge tits and an ass to match!

“What would you think or how would you feel if I were to be the size of the *bigger* implant the doctor showed us?” Katya asked with a gleam in her eye.

Before he could say anything Katya felt him grow hard under her. She grinned down at Ethan. “I guess that answers that question,” she said with a throaty chuckle.

With a logic jump that surprised Katya with its insightfulness, Ethan asked, “That wasn't even the largest you would want to be... is it?”

Katya squirmed in his arms at that thought. She felt herself grow wet as she pressed his shaft firmly between them, her clit tingling as the underside of him split her lips. She suddenly reached behind herself, gripped his dick, shifted her hips to line up the crown of his cock and sat up impaling herself.

Once fully seated on him she asked, “And what if I wanted to be even *bigger* than that? What if I were big enough that you could see my tits from *behind*?” she asked in a low voice.

She could almost picture herself with tits that proceeded her into a room well before the rest of her. The thought made her shiver with excitement. Katya didn't even have to hear him respond though, she felt him grow as hard as a steel rod inside her as she sat fully on his hips.

She looked down at him and said, “What if I had an ass large enough that it *claps* when I walk?”

She put both hands on either side of his head and leaned down, still impaled and whispered, "What if my tits were big enough to completely *bury* your dick and then some in my cleavage and tiffuck you till you *exploded*?"

Ethan wrapped both arms around her, grabbing her pert ass tightly enough to leave hand prints, and thrust up once and completely unloaded inside his wife. Katya watched him twitch through his orgasm and grey out with a content and seductive smile on her face.

It was normally Ethan that was still able to walk after sex but this time Katya got up, got washed up and brought a warm washcloth back and handed it to him. He cleaned himself up then they both flopped back onto the bed, curled up and slept hard through the night.

Ethan awoke first the next morning to Katya's right arm and leg draped over him. She must have been having a nice dream he thought, as she was lightly grinding on his leg in her sleep. He slowly disentangled from her, got out of bed and started to get ready for work.

Thoughts of their conversation about desires floated through his head. His train of thought always came back to focusing on Katya's last bit of dirty talk.

What if she had boobs big enough to be seen from behind? What if she clapped when she walked? He grew hard, then harder *fast*.

"Okay," he said aloud to his reflection in the bathroom mirror, "I've always had a thing for large tits and asses but her telling me that she might like to be that way too?!? This is insane..." It also was clear to him that she wasn't just talking about becoming a mere DD cup.

How did he feel about this though, he asked himself.

As long as she is healthy and happy, he found himself thinking, then I'm all for it. The image of his petite wife all the sudden smuggling oversized melons in her shirt and a massive booty behind, maybe even bigger than that? Hell yes he desired that, very much so.

Katya slowly woke up alone in bed but she could still feel the warmth of where Ethan had slept. She heard him getting ready in the bathroom.

She didn't know where the last bit of dirty talk last night came from but, as she was lying there in their warm bed, she couldn't deny the ring of truth she still felt from her words.

What if she had arm fillingly large breasts... no... at that size those would definitely be tits.. but, what if she had them?

And what if she *did* have an ass like that? Beyond desiring it for herself, she couldn't stop thinking of how hard Ethan got in response to her words. Hell, she thought, he felt *bigger* inside her from hearing her talk like that.

Just as her brain was about to start spiraling on that new intriguing thought, Ethan came out of the bathroom dressed for work, stole a kiss and said, "Don't forget, we have reservations at Tony's tonight at 6."

"I haven't forgotten. C'mere and gimme another kiss, I wasn't ready the first time." Katya said with a lilt to her voice.

He came back to the bed after straightening his tie, leaned down and grabbed the back of her head and the pair french kissed. When they came up for air, both were a bit glassy eyed. "I love you."

"I love you too!" she replied.

"I'll see you after work tonight!" he said as he walked out the door.

Thankfully Katya's job as a graphic artist and content designer was fully remote. She really only had to go into the office once every couple months. But she got to use her degree!

Ethan was in a planning session later that morning when he felt a discrete buzz in his pocket. At his next break he opened his phone to see a text notification from Katya that looked like it would contain a media file.

He glanced around and excused himself to the bathroom. When he opened the text he saw two pictures. The first one to load was a naked selfie of Katya artfully laid out on the bed.

The second one took a moment for his brain to process after it loaded, because at first he saw his wife's head peaking over some truly enormous breasts that were covered in a full-size shirt that had been turned into a crop top due to the volume it now covered.

As he kept staring at the second picture, he saw that the shirt was stretched so tight over her "breasts" that he saw the blue colored balloons she had shoved under the shirt that were showing through the material. After tearing his eyes from her "breasts" again he saw a cheeky grin on her face as if she knew what he would be imagining.

Thinking quickly he adjusted himself down his left pant leg and took a picture of his outline and texted back with a winking emoji, a picture and a few lines of text.

Katya at her workstation at home heard her phone ding, giggled at what she thought was a simple text back from Ethan. She opened her phone, saw the emoji first, his picture next which made her smirk with satisfaction and then saw his message.

~You're gonna get me in trouble! Do it *again!*

~Also blue isn't your color but that is a veerriy interesting size, and has made my day *harder* ;)

She blushed just at his response but her face flamed an even brighter blush at the bulge picture he sent her. She was glad she had gotten the response she was looking for, but now she wanted him even more than she did last night!

Throughout the rest of her day, in between video meetings and time spent working on her current projects, she would flash back to the picture of his physical desire for her. It was clear that the picture he sent was in response to her first selfie, but the 'making his day harder' crack made her squirm and her thighs flex even more.

For his part, Ethan couldn't get the images of his wife both stark naked on their sheets and the one with a *stuffed* top out of his mind. He kept getting hard at random and super inconvenient times the rest of his day. About an hour before quitting time he snuck off to the restroom.

He couldn't believe the impulse after he sent it but he snapped a dick pic and texted it to Katya.

~Thinking of you.

Just as Katya was getting into her groove on a new project her phone chimed. Not thinking about it with her eyes still glued to her computer screen she reached for her phone and unlocked it. She glanced down and immediately dropped her phone. She picked it up and squirmed in her chair some more.

Ethan was thankful when the clock struck 5 and he was able to make his escape. Not only was it their anniversary but also it was a long holiday weekend and if he was lucky he would be able to beat the traffic to Tony's.

Katya glanced at the clock and saw it was time to wrap things up for the day. She smiled to herself, grabbed her lingerie bag and a matching dress and got ready to leave.

Thankfully her rideshare arrived right on time and away she went to Tony's and her date.

Tony's, a local upscale Italian place, was a favorite of theirs even though you needed a reservation at least a week ahead of time to get a table.

They were seated and thankfully they had pre-ordered a three course chef's choice menu for tonight. Thankfully, because they couldn't stop looking at each other. Their eyes were like magnets. To them, the food might not have even existed (even though it was as delicious as ever) —they only had eyes for each other.

The waiter came back around after the meal and asked if they wanted an espresso to end the night. Katya, unknown to the waiter, had slipped off her right shoe and was running her foot up and down Ethan's left thigh just over the head of his cock.

Ethan cleared his throat and said, "Er, um no, no thank you, we'll just take our check now."

Quickly the pair paid and left the restaurant and headed home.

Ethan got out of the car once at home and raced around and opened Katya's door before she could reach for the handle. He scooped her out of her seat and threw her over his shoulder with her protesting only slightly. Just as he marched to the house at quick time she started giggling. He swatted her ass lightly which unexpectedly drew a moan from her. With one hand he opened the door, got inside, kicked the door closed and pressed her against the wall next to the door.

Giggling some more she slid down his body and wrapped her legs around his waist causing her dress to ride up her slim thighs.

The pair started kissing passionately. She felt him harden for her and she ground herself against him. Soon this wasn't enough for him.

He picked her up with his hands supporting her ass, still kissing her and walked over to the couch flipped her around and bent her over the arm rest. He fished himself out of his pants, pulled her dress up further, slid her ... *new* panties to the side and pushed himself home causing both to moan.

He knew this was going to be quick and he hoped this wouldn't be their only time tonight. She slipped one hand down between them and started working her clit as he pushed her face first

into the couch and started pounding her.

It was as if their entire day had been one long foreplay session. Katya was on a hair trigger and screamed out an orgasm after only three of Ethans' strokes. He kept up a fast and hard pace drawing gasps and grunts from her as he took her almost animalistically. His pace abruptly ended as he held himself deep inside his love, held himself there and they both exploded simultaneously.

Ethan stood there fully sheathed inside Katya for a minute or two before he could pull out and move. She swept her hair to the side and turned her head to breathe.

"Whew, I can't remember the last time it was like that!" Katya said.

"Me neither," he said, "but I've wanted you since I woke up this morning. You've been all I could think about today."

She grinned up at him, "Same..." she said with a tint of exhaustion in her voice.

When Ethan could move again he pulled out of her, locked the front door, and walked over to the bedroom. Katya heard running water but couldn't see him as she was still nearly faceplanted into the couch. She then felt a warm wet cloth wipe her up as she was starting to drip.

Thank god for the patch she thought. It made things much easier and more spontaneous. Not that either were against kids, in the future they would welcome them, but right now wasn't the time.

"Nice undies," he said, "you gonna show me the full set?"

"I had a whole reveal planned, then some ravening beast ruined my plans!" she said with mock anger.

"Sorry ... not sorry?" he said with a grin.

Katya tried to arrange her face with a stern expression and was failing. She sighed, "Alright gimme a minute. I'm gonna clean up and you'll get your reveal." she said and blew him a raspberry as she sauntered away, slim hips swinging.

Ethan stripped off his work clothes and set them just inside the bedroom door before he slipped into a pair of silk boxers. He then walked back out into the living room and got the box from Rory off the shelf. He also pulled out a bag of french truffles au chocolat which he knew Katya loved.

He was sitting on the couch, looking down at the wooden box in his hands, chocolate at his side, when he heard Katya call out, "*Hey baby...*" She came out of the bedroom in a sheer blue silk kimono. He saw peeks of the black and red lingerie from earlier. He set the box to the side, She gave him a quick twirl making the lower hem of the kimono flare up before she flung it off herself. In front of him stood his gorgeous wife in a beautiful set of lingerie that easily added a cup size to her bust and a pair of panties that conformed to her ass so well they look painted on, while accentuating and lifting her cheeks.

She slowly walked up to him on the couch, walking one foot in front of the other like she was on a tightrope. She saw his nostrils flare and eyes widen as she bent at the waist and shimmied her shoulders giving Ethan a clear view into all the cleavage she possessed.

Just as he was about to grab for her and lift her into his lap, she grabbed both the box and the gift bag.

With the gifts in hand she got onto the couch next to him, "Ooohhh dark chocolate truffles!!" she enthused. She popped one into her mouth and got a caramel and nougat truffle. "Mmmmm.." she said, savoring the rich flavor. She then picked up the box and handed it to Ethan, "Wanna open it and put us out of our misery?" she asked.

He grunted at her teasing and took the box, swiveled the clasp out of the way and opened it for the first time.

Inside were two medallions, each on a braided cord. The medallions were hand wrought metal Celtic knots that included hearts interlocked over what looked like a tree.

He lifted the pair of necklaces out and felt a tingling sensation where his skin touched the metal. Katya took one of the medallions from him and held it so she could focus on the medallion. She also felt a tingling sensation that mirrored Ethan's.

"Its beautifully crafted," she said.

Ethan gave a low sound of agreement. "I'm no expert but they look antique too."

Ethan looked in the box and saw a card with some ink scrawled in Rory's handwriting on a card on top of a sheet of folded paper.

The paper had three stanzas of what to Ethan looked like an old form of Gallic writing. He turned the page over looking at the back. Once he saw it was blank, he handed the page to Katya. She scanned the page. Neither of them were fluent in whatever language this was, She just shrugged. "Do you know what it says?" she asked.

Ethan replied, "No, but it looks like Rory left a card in here."

"Its a shame that someone took the time to write out a poem like that and we can't even appreciate it how it should be." Katya lamented.

Ethan held up the card that read;

In times past, soulmates were a rare thing. Even more rare was that they found each other. These medallions have been passed down through the ages, being rehung on lanyards and thongs as required but always given to a pair of soulmates that were destined for each other. I knew from the beginning that you two were fated to be together. These medallions are meant to help a couple reach their fullest potential. It is said that the soulmates who are bound to each other and who wear these have their *desires* met.

Call me if you need to - Rory

The pair shrugged their shoulders at the mysterious wording and they both tried on their gifts. Like it was staged, the pairs' eyes grew wide, and they turned to look at each other as they both felt their empathic bond grow stronger, almost as if there was a mental rope stretching from one of them to the other . Then both of them nearly at the same time heard a whisper of an ambient noise that said to them, "...Picture your mate as you *desire* them, and so it shall be..."

"This can't be real." Ethan said.

"You *heard* that?" Katya gasped.

Ethan responded, "If you heard some strange whispering about desires ... then yes. It seems strange though that so much over the last two days has revolved around that word... *desires*."

"You gonna call Rory?" Katya asked after a pause.

Ethan looked over at his phone and saw the time. "No, not tonight, I doubt he'd pick up this late anyway."

Katya then gave a little involuntary shiver, whether it was a chill or now wanting to explore that word that seemed to be haunting them the last couple days she couldn't say. So instead she stood up and held her hand out to her husband.

He took her hand and she dragged him into the bedroom, both still wearing the odd necklaces. Katya slipped out of the lingerie and set it on a chair just inside their walk-in closet. Ethan followed along into the bedroom and climbed into bed.

Once they were both comfortable, Ethan on his back and Katya resting her head on his chest, Ethan turned to Katya almost in spite of himself. "We've talked about what both of us desire for your body... and that had me thinking about my own... Do you.. have any thoughts about mine?" Ethan asked in a rush.

Kayta flashed back to this morning and the thought of his cock inside her but... *wider*... maybe even just bigger over all and stretching her tightly. She buried her face into his chest at the thought which caused her to fight off a squirming fit.

Ethan just watched thoughts chase across her face. "Hm.. that doesn't seem like a no..." he says cautiously.

Once under control, Katya turned back to him and saw a little bit of a fallen expression on his face. "If you had asked me before last night the answer would be a definitive no. But last night... I experienced something with you that has me thinking of a new answer to that question..." she said, sounding a bit uncertain.

Ethan gave her a careful nod, "Alright, would you mind talking about this novel experience?"

"I fully intend to... I just need to put my thoughts in order so I don't unintentionally hurt your feelings," she said slowly.

"I love *you*! Full stop, as you are, without question." she started haltingly, "You've helped me find an emotional balancing point. Through your eyes I've been able to start the journey of appreciating who and what I am. Your unwavering support and your willingness to reel me back in when I get too far into my own head is only *one* of the reasons I have and will always love you."

She smiled before she continued, "The fact that you can throw me around, pin me to the wall and *thrust* into me hard enough to rattle my molars... that's just the icing on the lovely cake that is you."

"Uh huuuhh..." he said, drawing out the syllable.

"It's just... this morning," Katya hurried to continue, "I thought back to our dirty talk before we fell asleep last night. I whispered my truth to you.. Without filter, without thinking, I just gave you my raw desires for my own body. And ... well... you *supported* me so much that I'm probably still wearing your hand prints on my ass from how much you seemed to enjoy the thought of me being much more voluptuous... of me being so much more *stacked* than is normally accepted in society." Katya said then paused.

Ethan smiled at that, pleased at how his beautiful wife was taking what was an almost primal and irrepressible urge he had had in that moment last night.

"And just as you were thrusting so hard I thought you were gonna come out of my mouth... your cock seemed *larger* than I've ever felt it. So it's not that I've had a desire for another person, let alone another man. It's just the possibility of *you* being larger *here*," she said as she reached down and gripped his half hard dick.

“... it's a new thought for me and one.. that I can't escape a new and *strong* desire for. So.. yes I have had a thought of your body. While I have desired you in the past, the present and will happily continue to do so in the future, the thought of you packing *more* to reach me in places that have never been reached before. Yeah, I desire that *very* much.”

Ethan laid back on the bed absorbing Katya's impassioned words. “Alright... I .. guess I can get on board with that..” he said.

“Where is this coming from though? Desires seem to be on your mind recently,” Ethan questioned.

That question took Katya by surprise. She hadn't questioned the drive to know. She just had an almost instinctual *need* to know the answers..

She tried to explain, “I'm honestly not sure. Ever since the last time we took the box down to look at it and give a shake a couple weeks ago, I've had a slowly intensifying *need* to talk about this...”

Hearing that Ethan glanced at his now embarrassed wife and in hopes of soothing her a bit,

“How about we have a what if conversation then about limits to our desires.” Ethan proposed half heartedly as he still couldn't bring himself to believe that some ... old jewelry could bring about desires in the real world.

“No, I don't think that's necessary,” she said, reading the subtle disbelief in his face. “The only limit I have is the one I signed up for at our handfasting. That being you. I want you, who you are here, and here.” she said smiling as she touched his head and then his chest over his heart.

He smiled with genuine pleasure and looked directly into her loving eyes and said, “Yeah, I want to walk the rest of my life arm in arm exploring what may come, in step with you.”

With that Katya sighed happily, “I do have to say though, the thought of you being big enough to wear me like a condom...” she said and smirked up at his laughing face, then paused as her body gave an aroused tremble. “If you were even stronger too... yeah I think maybe I'd like that... not like a bodybuilder but... more powerful?” She trailed off and he felt her shudder a bit as she pictured him standing over her...

They both lost the thread of discussion and sank into each other's warmth, exploring those thoughts.

Just before sleep claimed both of them, an inaudible sound floated through both of their heads, “... What do you desire?....”

Being so close to sleep, both Katya and Ethan responded unguardedly by picturing the other's body idealized, just as they *desired* in *that* moment.

Even though the night ended abruptly for the pair, they slept deeply.

They slowly separated throughout the night ending on either side of the bed. Each shifted unconsciously in their sleep, tossing and turning a bit as subtle changes gradually started to take place.

Katya rolled onto her back, snoring softly. She shifted trying to find a more comfortable position while laying on her back. This was how she normally slept, but unknown to her, her entire lower body was *changing* and *growing*. Slowly at first her ass rounded out, giving her small cheeks a definite bubble that she had never had before.

Once the shape was established her ass filled out like watching a timelapse video of a blooming flower. Soon after, her hips and thighs followed suit. Where once she had a thigh gap and thin but muscular legs, she soon grew to the point where she wouldn't be able to walk without her thighs becoming *intimately* and *constantly* familiar with each other. Not to be left behind her hips rounded out leaving her with an exaggerated pear shape for the moment.

Katya then shifted a bit more in her sleep trying to adjust, unconsciously, to her new lower proportions.

Soon it was her breasts turn to have their time as the focus of her husband's desire. Gradually at first, like her lower body, the shape of her breasts were the first thing to change; they soon rounded out a bit and her nipples moved to a more central position. Then in a natural parody of implants being filled up, her breasts *grew*. They grew and filled, pressing further and further away from her chest, lifting her nipples ever closer to the ceiling. Her nipples hardened to diamond-like points, but remained unchanged in their shape or color.

At this point they would have been able to be contained with her cupped hands, *just barely*.

As if not satisfied with the thought of containment they dramatically increased in volume until she had breasts that were four times her original size. At the start they could have been compared to some tiny apples but soon could only be described favorably but *slightly* smaller than her head. With a gentle flop, she settled deeper into the mattress and turned onto her side facing away from her husband. Her tits responded to this new position by naturally hanging down, her right flattening a bit into the mattress and her left laying a little on top of the right.

Katya reached up and scratched at her new and tender flesh, moaned in her sleep, pulled up the covers so it was just below her chin and sank deeper into slumber.

Ethan's changes took less time and were less dramatic, with little to no outward sign of initial growth. He sank into the mattress a little deeper as his muscle fibers became more dense, responding to Katya's desire for him to be stronger. After only a moment his perceptible changes stopped briefly.

Then slowly his dick, still soft, started inching its way down his thigh, growing slightly thicker until it suddenly stopped. He rolled so he was facing away from Katya, his breathing still deep and even.

The next morning, Katya woke first, slowly. She slowly blinked as the sun shining through the semi-open shades momentarily blinded her. She lifted a hand to block the light and unexpectedly felt a shift on her chest. As she hadn't fully woken up yet, she dismissed it without thought. She reached up and pulled the blackout curtains over the window and crashed back to dreamland without fully waking up.

Ethan was the next to stir when an urgent call of nature pulled him from sleep. He stumbled to the bathroom, eyes half closed, he took care of business then headed back to bed. On his way he passed a mirror Katya had set up in the bedroom and was stopped dead in his tracks. His eyes now fully open he glanced in the mirror down to his package, soft, he now had as much length soft as he had fully hard... and he looked even thicker...

With curiosity in mind he gave himself a few tentative strokes. His dick quickly grew to full hardness and his shaft was *almost* too big for his hand to completely encircle. Next he splayed his fingers out and his cock was longer than his hand was wide from thumb tip to pinky tip by at least a couple inches

"Theres .... no way..." he whispered.

He slowly got back to the bed and saw Katya rolled over facing away from him. It was hard to tell much as she had the covers pulled up to her chin, but he swore her left hip was making a much bigger bump in the blanket than normal...

No.. he thought, Rory couldn't have *actual* artifacts with seemingly magical powers... right?!

Ethan climbed into bed and slid up behind his wife. She was still her normal height he noticed, but as he got closer to her back the curve of her ass greeted his hard dick much sooner than usual. In fact her ass was almost a physical barrier to getting closer to Katya.

In her light doze, Katya pushed her ass back against the familiar warmth of her husband. In doing so she almost pushed him back to his side of the bed.

He had thankfully grabbed a full and rounded hip before she could dislodge him. He then slowly snaked his hand up her front excitedly anticipating what his hands would find there. Just as his cock found her ass, his left hand zeroed in and quickly but gently and he cupped a *hefty* tit.

Katya wasn't fully awake at this point but the strong and gentle kneading of her left breast slowly woke her up. She grinned at the sensation and started to push herself onto her back. It took more effort than normal, she slowly realized, and once flat on her back she realized her ass was pushing her hips up at an unfamiliar angle lightly arching her back. She looked down and saw Ethan's hand squeezing a rather large breast that was... attached to her?!?

Katya sat up abruptly in bed and again this familiar move took more effort than normal and the unfamiliar tits attached to her jostled and jiggled from the sudden motion.

She looked down again and saw her breasts. She mentally figured she might now have six inches of cleavage. She brought her hands up to cup her boobs and she felt her hard nipples sticking out, still aroused from Ethan's exploration. She thought to herself .. well at least now my nipples are proportionate.

She glanced over at Ethan who was laying back in bed with the sheets pulled halfway down his legs after she sat up. She glanced at his lap and saw his semi-hard cock laying on his thigh and looking a *whole lot* larger than it ever used to be.

She watched him, watching her, his eyes taking in her profile. Tracing the now exaggerated curve of her tits then down to her ass as it squished and flattened out a bit where she was sitting on the bed.

After another minute she realized he was at full hardness. She also had a second realization...how he looked now is how she pictured him in her mind, just before she fell asleep last night.

Katya then turned to Ethan and asked in a quiet voice, "Did you hear a voice just before falling asleep last night asking for your desires again?"

Blinking slowly in understanding, Ethan responded, "uh... yeah I did. It was so strange, because after I heard that I had almost a photorealistic image of you pop into my head. Hell...that image of you from last night looks exactly like you do now!"

He reached up for her again, cupping one of her now much larger tits. It was large enough now to completely overflow his hand a couple times over. She brushed his hand away saying, "Later, I promise that we'll both finish what we started last night and then some if you call Rory right now and ask him some *pointed* questions. Like how *this* happened she gestured to both of their bodies, what *has* happened and what will *continue* to happen." Katya said.

Ethan gave her a rueful sigh, nodded and reached for his phone.

She then slowly swung her legs out of bed and sat up. She stood and very nearly fell down. She realized she had a new center of gravity and had to adjust to it.

As Ethan started dialing Rory's number, Katya walked over to the mirror she had set up in the bedroom for her makeup/skin care routine. She wasn't happy that the mirror only showed part of her body at one time. So she went into the bathroom as the mirror was larger, casually leaving the door wide open, and started looking herself over.

"Hi, Rory." Katya heard Ethan say. "We're... doing um.. well. How are you? Wow.. that's great to hear! Uh huh..."

Ethan then glanced up and saw into the bathroom that Katya had turned to give a  $\frac{3}{4}$  profile to the mirror, standing on tiptoes with her small left hand supporting her newly **enlarged** and *soft* left breast and sticking her ass out a bit to get an idea of her new proportions.

Just then Ethan realized Rory had been speaking to him for a little bit and turning his focus back to the phone he heard, "Ethan... Ethan, are you there? ETHAN!..."

Ethan cleared his throat, then squeezing his eyes shut to the visual stimulation of watching his wife study her new curves in the mirror and responded, "Sorry Rory... \*ahem\* I'm here. Hey uh.. Last night was Katya's and my anniversary.. Our 5th..."

Rory sounded suddenly like he was speaking while grinning, "Oi, that's right.. Have a good time last night.. Didja?"

"As a matter of fact, yes, last night was great. But we finally opened your wedding/anniversary gift last night and uh...man, what the hell is going on?!?" Ethan finished with a louder voice than he intended.

Seeing movement in his peripheral vision, he looked up and saw Katya turn to face him framed by the open bathroom door, a question in her eyes. Her new voluptuous figure, an overfull hourglass, cast into shadow by the bright lights behind her in the bathroom.

Rory's voice in his ear brought his attention back to the phone instead of the mouth watering sight of his wife. "I'm surprised you and Katya lasted this long. I half expected this call two years ago heh. I'm guessing because of your tone of voice that you both put the Meadalan Caraid on and you heard *her* voice- "

Ethan interrupted, "The Meada-whats-it? AND WHOSE VOICE?!"

"Calm down lad, Meadalan Caraid... it means..." Rory trailed off for a second, "Knotted Medallion. I was 99% certain it would work for you two but there was always a chance I was wrong. I haven't found my soulmate so I don't know *exactly* everything but it is said she is a

mother goddess... possibly Anu. This has all been passed down strictly in the oral tradition so ... the details are a little sparse."

Rory cleared his throat and Ethan heard some paper rustling, "Here's the translation I wrote down when the medallions were passed to me:

*"Those soulmates which are bound together and do wear the knots are intrinsically linked. Their very desires, it is possible to reshape their love. As the Mother Goddess is kind, the fated pair have until midday as measured on Alban Hefin to choose to keep their desires manifest, those not of the grove will yet be unaware."*

"... Alban Hefin.." Ethan said, "the Summer Solstice.."

"I'm glad to hear you're keeping with some of our shared traditions," Rory chuckled warmly, "I take it something happened to cause you to call at," Rory paused and continued, "6:48am on a beautiful Saturday."

Ethan cleared his throat, "Um, yeah, you could say that," he said looking down at his enlarged cock that was pointing straight towards his newly curvaceous wife.

"Well my friend, according to the information I have here you may have as little as 4 or as much as 8 hours to decide to keep what *happened*." Rory said with a deeply amused chuckle.

Ethan responded with, "But...Why did this happen and will this keep happening? And do you know how we can '*choose to keep their desires manifest*'?"

Rory paused in silence over the phone, "...Well...Your second question first, I don't have an answer to *how* you keep the desires manifest unfortunately. Of the documentation we *do* have though, there have been historical mentions of the Mother Goddess whispering to a *fated pair* only once and never again. Then there are also stories passed down where a *fated pair* are blessed with her presence for the rest of their lives. There's been only two such cases we know of and in both the only thing that was passed down in detail is that the fated pair must pass their symbols of the Mother Goddess' *favor* on to future generations."

At that point Katya walked back to the bed, climbed up and started crawling towards Ethan while he was still on the phone with Rory.

His eyes were unable to be anywhere but on his wife as she crossed to the bed and started crawling towards him. Her newly heavy breasts hanging under her, jostling and wobbling for space between her arms. Her fattened ass trailing her, bobbing almost a counterpoint to the swaying and jiggling of her tits.

With a delightfully evil grin, on her face she arranged herself between his knees, piling her tits under her, then slowly moving her face near his cock. She then flicked her tongue out and licked a long line on the underside of his large cock.

“Uh \*ahem\* ... Rory.. can you send that translationnnn” Ethan trailed off and then tried again as Katya treated his cock like a lollipop, “Can you send that to my email? Any other DEE-tails you have would be...” he tried to suppress a moan, “..helpFUL!” he finished as Katya cupped his larger balls and lightly sucked on his crown.

Rory, knowingly responded, “Sure lad, I'll have it over to you shortly. Just make sure to take care of your missus, eh?”

Katya popped her mouth off his rod and smiled, moved back and sat up, delighted with the effect she had on her husband.

“Oh trust me, Rory, that's an ongoing project that I take a lot of pleasure in. It may kill me one day but she'll be taken care of...Bye for now.” Ethan said.

Just then, Ethan's phone buzzed to tell him he had an email. He set his phone down and scooted back a bit to rest his upper back against their headboard, beckoned his lover to him and gestured at his skyward pointing cock.

Katya got the hint and crawled forward some more, dragging her nipples lightly over the soft sheets hissing out a low moan. She dipped her head down and in one smooth motion she swallowed his new cock down to the root. He rocked back at the sudden pleasure. She urgently and with impressive suction bobbed up and down his length.

Ethan then decided to put Rory's advice into practice when Katya disengaged from him for a breath. Just before she was about to dive down and depththroat him again, he grabbed her by her middle and flipped her upside down. He had the pleasant realization that putting her in this inverted position and squeezing her to reach her lower lips, he was pulling her large, full, but '*natural*' tits directly into his stomach.

While fun and pleasant for him, Katya now had to struggle with the added weight and bulk of her fat tits while they were pulled down by gravity into her neck and jaw. While she was pleased that her tits were large enough to need to take them into account in *athletic* situations like this she did find it a little annoying.

With a start, he found that it was much easier to manhandle Katya now even though she had put on a *noticeable* amount of beautifully proportioned weight. Ethan then bent his neck towards his self appointed task and dove face first into her pussy. He changed his grip on her and wrapped his arms around the back of her thicker thighs and used his fingers to spread her open.

It was then Katya's turn to attempt to suppress a moan just before pushing her mouth over his dick. To her it felt like he was using his face and tongue to not only try to make her scream out as fast as possible, but to push her throat down over his new rod by burrowing through her body, pussy first.

He used one of Katya's favorite techniques and licked the alphabet over her lips and clit trying to pay attention to her reaction to find a particularly good letter. He found a big response to capitals and the letter J in particular seemed to be her undoing.

Ethan then won this particular race as while he was balls deep down her throat he made her scream out, his own personal gag keeping both of them from being deafened.

The blood rushing to her head from her position, the breath control from her deep throating him combined with the heavy and intense clit stimulation to produce fireworks erupting behind her eyes.

Her squeal of orgasm reverberated up his cock that was stuffed into her throat treating him to vibrations similar to one of her favorite oral tricks to use on him, a good old fashioned hummer. Even though he *won* the race, she didn't lose by very much at all.

Katya quickly pulled off his throbbing and swollen cock to breathe and Ethan let her go. She flopped between his knees again and sat up, then with a shaky grip she held his cock and pointed it towards her mouth. Her grip was just a bridge too far for Ethan, and before she could open her mouth, he let out a warning grunt then *came*.

His first pump came flying out and splattered across her face, surprised she pointed him down and the next six volleys came out almost as strong as the first and he painted her new full tits.

In an attempt to contain the mess, she put his cock back in her mouth and lightly sucked. Ethan bonelessly fell back against the headboard with a thump as she attempted to suck part of his *lifeforce* out through his cockhead. Five more shots of cum came out of him and Katya had to swallow heavily and *quickly* to stay ahead of his volume. His toes curled and he was breathing heavily.

Once the waves of orgasm ebbed away from his consciousness he looked down at his wife who was looking up at him smiling beautifully.

To him in that moment she absolutely looked the part of a *hot mess*. The cumshot she took to the face *just* missed her eyes. His cum was rolling down her chin. His eyes followed the dripping to her chest where he saw her tits coated in one of the biggest pearl necklaces he'd ever seen.

He then noticed his desires had followed her own in that her nipples were in a more forward facing position now. The shape of her breasts was that of a large teardrop, full and heavy towards their bottom curve just as he desired last night. They walked a fine line between perkyness and natural hang.

*Natural* breasts of her new size **couldn't** sit up at attention without some serious structural help. They looked and felt amazing though, *soft* and *full*, at least that's what he could tell from a mostly visual inspection. But he quickly concluded more *testing* was definitely in order.

“Now that we've tamed your beast, I'm going to go take a shower... by myself. I think if you were to join me not much *cleaning* would get done and while I now *love* pearl necklaces, I need to take care of this one.” Katya said while dabbing at the cum on her chest with tissue from her bedside table.

Katya climbed off the bed and headed to the bathroom and ran some warm water in the shower. Still nude and messy she got under the warm luxurious spray and thoroughly scrubbed herself clean. Once the mess had been banished she stepped out and dried off.

Stepping in front of the mirror, Kata pulled out her blow dryer and got to work on her hair.

At one point she looked up after a while to see herself with her left arm up lifting her curly mane to get at the roots near the back of her head and with her right hand holding the dryer. During this process with her arms in the air, her new expanded tits were lifting and bouncing with her effort, with just that little bit of bouncing stimulation she felt her nipples start to stiffen. She smiled as they hardened and reached full extension off of her areola. Thankfully at that point her hair was just about finished.

Setting the dryer down, she reached forward and pinched both of her nipples at the same time. The immediate spike of pleasure that ran through her only encouraged her and almost made her knees weak.

She then tenderly gripped her nipples and pulled them away slightly from her chest, the delicious tension stemming from the stretching of her tender skin made her shiver. Still holding her nips slightly away from herself she tried a heel bounce.

Her newly grown tits matched her bounce with a heavy slap against her chest and rebounded almost up to her chin. She then cupped each of her areolae in either hand, made a fist and lifted and pressed her breasts into her chest. She loved the sight of how round her boobs looked like this. Her arcing cleavage, the depth of the indent she created with her fists highlighted the new mass of her tits. Even the *weight* of her tits made her happy as it was a constant reminder of her new growth.

Even with how happy she was at this size and, for her, this was a whole lot bigger and better than her original form, she couldn't shake the feeling of this still being too *small*.

“...Soon.... Soon a decision needs be reached. Soon the desires that changed flesh ought be made enduring...” The voice carried through the pair's minds.

Katya opened the bathroom door and peaked around the door frame at Ethan.

“You heard that too?” he asked.

Katya slowly nodded and tried something her sleepy brain couldn't have thought of. She attempted to project her thoughts *at* the voice.

*“Are you Anu?”*

*“...Indeed child...”*

Ethan looked up a tad startled as he heard an *ethereal* reply in his mind to what he guessed was a question posed by Katya. “...You were able to ask...*her* a question? How?” Ethan said, slowly recovering.

“Try ... uh.. Try *thinking* at her. That's what I did..” Katya shared.

*“You said a decision need be reached.. Is the decision about our bodies? Is it about ...if we keep our current shape??”* Ethan was finally able to project.

*“... Indeed... the forms your flesh are in is but a fleeting stage. A decision is yet required to make that which is fleeting, rooted...”* the goddess' voice breathed through the pair.

*“How much time is left to make a decision?”* Ethan thought at the goddess

*“...The sun is nearing its zenith, once there a decision is required...”*

Ethan and Katya both independently got the distinct impression the goddess communicated that through a beatific smile. Suddenly, as if the sun slipped behind a cloud *her presence* diminished.

Leaning against the door frame looking at Ethan, Katya said, “Well now we know we can talk to *her*.”

“Yeah, I hope we'll get some better info from *her* than what Rory sent earlier.”

With that Katya stepped back into the bathroom to finish up. After her moisturizing routine was complete she stepped on the scale. She looked down and was greeted by the now ever present sight of her cleavage. In a new to her motion Katya craned her neck out trying to see past her plump nipped tits and was only just able to see the far end of the scale but still not able to see the numbers. She then reached up and pulled her tits apart and she saw a shocking number blinking back at her.

132 lbs

She blinked back a bit stunned. She was definitely aware that Ethan desired her in a shape that was bigger than she used to be but she didn't think that would mean she would gain 27 pounds. Overnight, 25% of her old weight had been added onto her frame.

In a bit of a daze, she stepped out of the bathroom and into their walk-in closet. She glanced at the crumpled bits of silk and satin on the chair just inside the door. It seemed different than last night. It still looked like the same color scheme and material but it was almost like it was tangled up with another set of lingerie as there was too much material. She picked up the soft material and found there was only one set of lingerie. She flipped the bra around and found the makers tag in back that said

*Curves of Seduction; Size: 32 J.*

She picked up the panties and noticed that the cut had changed as well as the size.

Before, she had a high cut pair that was specifically designed to draw attention to her cheeks. Now she had boy shorts that would give peeks at her expanded ass and the size listed on the band was XL.

She then walked over to her underwear drawer and saw the only set that would fit her current curves was the set in her hands. She moved to another of the built-in drawers and saw there was one set of yoga pants and an elastic shirt here that would fit her but nothing else.

"Babe, did any of *your* clothes change?" she called out.

".. Uh what? Change? What do you mean?" he called back.

"Well my lingerie from last night and a shirt and a pair of pants are different...or maybe altered?"

She heard him get up and he soon joined her. He looked through his clothes and everything he would wear outside looked unchanged, he then opened his underwear drawer and saw the odd man out on top quickly. There laying on top was a set of boxer briefs with a bigger pouch on the front.

"Well that seems like it would be convenient...Would solve an immediate need after a change." Ethan said practically as he held up the modified briefs.

"I suppose it would do that..." Katya paused. "I need to try something out before we have to decide. So c'mere..."

He turned to her. She got behind him and pushed him in the direction of the bed. He raised his arms up and looked over his shoulder at her. "Alright... *alright* I'm going, I'm going."

With that he walked back to the bed and sat down on the edge and started to scoot back onto it. She grabbed him to stop him from moving.

"Alright babe this is getting old. Just tell me what you want!" he said with a significant note of frustration in his voice.

"Tiffuck time!" she said as if it was the most obviously logical thing in the world. "I asked, before, *what if I could bury your cock in my cleavage and tiffuck you till you **exploded***. In order to make an informed decision on our current shape we need to test that out!"

As she finished positioning him, she grabbed and lifted both of her tits into the air, having to use a bit of her forearms to hoist them up. She then let them flop down onto her chest with a slap causing a mini jigglequake to ripple through her chest.

He watched her actions with an intense curiosity. A large grin split his face on hearing the meaty clap of Katya's tits hitting her chest.

With his legs still over the edge of the bed and leaning on his elbows, he watched her corral her tits, lift them up again and scoot close to him. She then dropped her tits onto his hips resulting in another clap.

Inspired, Ethan leaned back and grabbed a bottle of lube. He lubed himself up and put a small dollop in his hand and rubbed it into her chest at the base of her cleavage, taking his time and getting her skin nice and slick. She was giving him solid fuck-me-eye-contact the entire time and between that and fondling her large soft tits he was standing solidly at attention.

Once she was slippery he leaned back and let her take over.

"Alright, let the **paizuri experiment** commence!" he said with mock sincerity.

She cupped her nipples in her palm and using her forearms to apply pressure, wrapped her tits around his cock and gave him an experimental pump.

She frowned almost immediately. Even squeezing her tits around his dick, which compressed them in and made them sit taller, his cock head was protruding by an easy two inches beyond the cleavage of her newly fattened tits.

On one hand, she was thrilled that she was large enough that she could surround his cock with her tits. But on the other hand, her current size couldn't quite fulfill the desire.... the *ache* inside her of that demanded she be able to completely hide his hard cock from view. That she be able to make his now impressively large dick disappear and then have room left over so that when he erupted between her tits, no cum could escape her cavernous cleavage. This suddenly desperate desire left her wanting *more*.

She sat with that idea rolling around her head for a minute and had to pull back a bit. She was, according to the modified bra, *four* times larger than she was this time yesterday. Shaking her head to try and physically clear that thought from her mind, she decided to live in the moment. And at this moment she had her husband's dick sandwiched between her tits and they were *both* about to have some fun.

After recentering herself mentally, Katya grinned up at her lover; she then squeezed her tits around his cock, she slid them up and down again. When his head popped back out she leaned down and licked his crown like she was licking an ice cream cone. Swirling her tongue down and around, then popped the protruding 2-3 inches back into her mouth and sucked in. Ethan let out a low rumbly moan.

She knew that at this rate she would get the cum she wanted *quickly*. Her intent wasn't to make this last. So she kept up her pace with smooth strokes and consistent pressure, pausing every 5th or 7th pump to give his head some dedicated tongue work.

Very rapidly she felt his cock harden even further and swell slightly and saw all the signs of an impending orgasm. Just before he came, she slid her mouth over him, let her heavy tits go to rest on his hips, and gave him some more suction.

She rode out his orgasm till he stopped twitching and his body released all its tension and went limp. With a devious grin, she gave his cock a couple soft suckles and his eyes popped open as he lurched into a sitting position with her head still nestled in his lap.

“Ahhhh..!” he gasped out from the overstimulation.

After his brain kicked back to life after getting a hard restart, he reached for his wife and said, “Come up here.”

She gladly climbed into his lap and wrapped her legs around his waist. He reached down and cupped her thicker ass with both hands, holding her in place.

After getting settled she asked, “Well...what did you think?”

“Science *RULES!*”

Katya with a surprising bark of laughter leaned her head against his shoulder and broke down into a laughing fit. Ethan, looking extremely pleased with himself, waited for her gales of laughter to die down a bit.

As she came down from being cracked up, she realized in that moment how grateful she was to her husband. This was another excellent example of him helping balance her out.

He brought one of his hands that had been attempting to cup as much of her left ass cheek as possible and rubbed her back as she slowly hiccuped back to a more normal breath and heart rate.

He leaned her back and looked into her eyes, "What did I think?... What did I think? I think that that was one of the hottest things we've ever done. It felt amazing, it looked soo fucking sexy... what did you think?" he asked, tentatively hoping that wouldn't be the last of that particular act for them.

As if reading his *very* obvious thought, Katya replied, "That's certainly not going to be the last time we do that if I have anything to say about it. Although I guess with the mother goddess being involved, *you* are gonna have a large role to play into *if* we can do that again."

He smiled at the reminder that their bodies could be reshaped even further.

"I saw a look in your eye just after you put your boobs around me. You suddenly looked sad. What was going on there?" he asked, driving directly to the heart of the matter.

"Saw that, did you?" she asked quietly.

He just nodded

"I had a manic moment where I was super disappointed. I didn't actually make your cock disappear because of how large my tits are now. I alternate between being so desperate for huge, maybe even massive tits I *ache* and then am appreciative at seeing how much bigger I am today than I was yesterday..."

He could see her struggling to articulate the depth of her feelings, "...there was a concept I came across while researching plastic surgeons that has stuck in my brain. The forum I came across had women who shared some stories about their augmentations and they talked about *boob greed*, where they find themselves wanting more size. Where they want more CC's added to their implants...I think even without implants that's kind of where I am..."

*That* came across clearly in Ethan's mind and he shared her desire to see her tits getting bigger. He looked into her eyes and gave her a grin.

When she looked into his eyes at that moment she could see that a light bulb had switched on for him and he shared her desire for not only her breasts but also her body as a whole.

She realized he wanted to help her see the fun and enjoyment of their bodies no matter their size.

Taking his wife into his lap and facing him, Ethan reached and gathered as much of her breasts in his hands as he could and started massaging them. Squeezing them firmly but gently. Feeling

the softness of her natural tits with his strong fingers. He eventually held them up and pressed them together so her nipples were only separated by the width of her tits and he leaned down and sucked her nipples into his mouth.

She threw her head back in surprise at how amazing it felt to have his lips wrapped around her tender and extremely sensitive nubs.

Feeling her squirm in his lap made him hard in an instant.

“I think we should live in the moment at times like this...” He dipped his head back and sucked on her nipples again for a second. “The beautiful gift it seems we were given is that we might have time to explore more different sizes and shapes of each other.”

As if she was waiting for an entrance, Anu made her presence felt once more.

*“...Well Feadhainn Dana, have you decided to retain your current shape?...”*

The pair both heard her and looked into each other's eyes.

*“Before we make that decision final, may I ask a question?”*

*“Of course Ethan. What would you ask of me?...”*

*“Would it be possible for Katya and myself to hear each other when speaking with you, if we so desire? And what does Feadhainn Dana mean?”*

Without even a mental indication from Anu, the pair became aware that they could both ‘hear’ the mental conversation simultaneously.

*“...Feadhainn Dana means fated ones... you two...”*

*“Our Shaman Rory said that in his oral records that either you would visit a pair once and never return or you would stay with them for the rest of their lives... are we going to be **blessed** with your presence only this one time?”*

*“... in times past when I visited Feadhainn Dana only once, the pair either had their desires met after one night or they didn't feel worthy of their blessing and wished to no longer be visited. Do you feel that your desires have been fulfilled? Would you desire my blessings to continue?...”*

Without even needing to consult the other, the pair at the same time projected,

*Yes, we would desire your continued blessing.*

*“Very well then, my blessing you shall have...”*

The pair again felt a warm contentment wash over them as they could tell this pleased their new goddess.

*“Now as for your shape, is it as you desired or would you wish to revert?”*

*“If we kept our shape could we then add to it going forward?”*

Ethan looked at Katya with admiration over an excellent question.

*“Yes, any change of shape can be further modified in the future...”*

*“I wish to revert **goddess.**”*

Katya glanced at Ethan in surprise. “My love, let's revert and we can be more deliberate in our choice of shape and size for the next time.” he said. She nodded and then projected to *Anu*

*“We both wish to revert please.”*

With that, over the space of a couple minutes, the pair slowly changed back into their original shape from last night.

Katya's change was first, she felt herself losing height while sitting on Ethan's lap as her ass, hips and thighs reduced in size. To Ethan, it was almost like watching and feeling an ice cube melt in fast forward. Slowly her ass became less plush and soft and soon became harder as her gymnast's body came to the fore.

Almost predicting the next change, Ethan's hands traced Katya's torso upwards till he felt her breast flesh overflowing his hands. He then felt her pair lightening and tightening up. Receding through the cup sizes till she fully reverted to her tiny but perky B cups, barely more than a mouthful.

He gave her, once again, oversized nipples a tweak and put his arms around her and hugged her to him.

To her it felt distinctly odd that she now was able to be pulled much closer to him than she was before.

Ever since he had practically motorboated himself in her cleavage earlier his hard dick had been a constant pressure against her ass. She felt him shrink down slowly, never losing hardness as he pressed up against her, but there was definitely less and less of him in short order.

**To be continued...**