

## One More Inch

*Knock knock knock*

“Hey Ryyyyddeeerr...” a female voice called out through the front door.

From the couch, Ryder eyed the source of the familiar voice suspiciously. Hoping she may leave, he waited and listened intently.

“I know you’re in there...!” she sang, “I’m not going away until you let me iiiin!”

Sighing in defeat, Ryder stood from the couch and unlocked his door. On his porch stood a woman drowning in curves, breasts like melons wobbling in a low-cut shirt topping a slender waist leading into an ass like a well-paid stripper. A wide smile was plastered on her face, and Ryder recognized a bag from a local sex shop dangling in her hand.

“I *knew* you were home!” she confessed. “Aren’t you going to invite me in?”

“Come on in, Megan,” he offered out of politeness, waving the woman into his house. She wasn’t unattractive by any means and Ryder would be the first to admit he had dreamed of getting his hands on her since they met. Though right now, women were the last thing he wanted to think about.

“I heard you were feeling a little down,” Megan cooed, turning around and pouting sympathetically. “That bitch Ally finally leave you?”

“You heard, huh?” The wound was still fresh, the breakup only a few days in the past. Admittedly things hadn’t been great for Ryder and Ally for a while, but the sex was a precious gem to lose.

“I’m so sorry...” Megan consoled him, stepping forward to wrap her arms around his neck. The way her breasts were deliberately pushed into his chest caused a stir of excitement and she immediately took notice like a bloodhound on a scent. “Oh!”

“Sorry about that,” Ryder blushed.

“Mmmm, don’t be...” Megan said with what he thought was a air of hunger. “Can I tell you something without you getting mad?”

“Uh... sure.”

“I’ve been talking to some of your ex-girlfriends recently and--”

“*What??*”

“*And* there’s something I heard I just couldn’t believe!” Megan stepped forward close enough to gently press her thigh against Ryder’s crotch. “I hear you’re packing a bit of a serpent down there...”

The red rushing into Ryder’s face was like candy to her. She continued to drill him. “When I first heard it from Sarah... Oh, what did she say... You were ‘hung like a horse’? Well, I thought she had to be joking! But then I asked Kristine. You what she said, Ryder?”

“N-No...”

“She said you almost knocked her out once turning around too quickly. I’ll admit I was curious by then. So you know who I asked next?”

“Please don’t--”

“Ally. And according to Ally...” Megan leaned in and pressed her tits into Ryder, whispering into his ear, “You’re so big sometimes she just couldn’t fit your cock in her tight little pussy...”

Ryder gulped. It was true, he and Ally had had difficulty adjusting for his size every now and again. He hadn’t expected word to get out, though. Much less make its way to Megan’s ears. But listening to her talk about it now and feeling her stuffed shirt rubbing against his, he wasn’t about to make her leave.

“I want a piece of it,” Megan stated breathily, “Why don’t you show me what it is all the girls are talking about?”

Ryder coughed, not expecting her to be so forward. “I’m not so sure that’s such a good idea--”

“Awww come on, you need this!” Megan pressed her breasts together between her arms in a display of cleavage like fireworks, lifting them towards Ryder’s straining eyes. “Let me heal the hole in your heart left by that bitch. I’ll make *everything* better...” In a movement faster than he could react, Megan’s nimble hands unzipped the front of his pants and unleashed the pressure building behind them. “I *promise* you won’t regret it... I’ve seen the way you’re always looking at my titties. Don’t you want to know how they taste?”

Words had abandoned Ryder. His mind was flooded in heat and clouded judgment. All he could manage was a nod, resulting in a squeal of excitement from Megan.

“Good!” Dangling the bag in front of him, she led the way to his kitchen. “Now follow me... The show’s in here...”

“Show?”

Megan strode into the other room without replying. A second later her shirt fluttered through the doorway, followed by the sound of bra straps snapping against bare skin. “You cooooming?”

Ryder wasn’t sure he could get much harder at this point. He was glad Megan had unzipped the front of his jeans. Had she not, the throbbing situation in his pants might have been enough to cause him significant discomfort. Unsure of what he was going to see, but fully aware of what he hoped and prayed to find, Ryder turned the corner into his kitchen.

Sitting at his table was Megan, her bust revealed in all of its topless glory. “Mmmm...” she moaned, eying the cock fighting its way through the front of Ryder’s pants. “I think I already know the answer but...” Sending a massive jiggle through her bust, she giggled and asked, “What do you think?”

They were the most incredible tits Ryder had ever laid eyes on. Without the help of her bra, the heaps of flesh rested on top of the kitchen table like two halves of an overripened melon. With her hands pressed into their sides, a chasm of shocking cleavage split her torso. Sitting on the front of each knocker rested a nipple as thick as Ryder’s pointer finger centered on a dark pink areola like a soup spoon.

“Speechless, huh?” Megan giggled. “Can’t say I blame ya.” Grinning wide and proud, she motioned toward the chair across from her. “Have a seat! The show’s just about to start...”

Ryder did as instructed, hardly caring his cock had slipped through the opening of his boxers and through his open zipper. The tits sitting on his kitchen table made him feel more hungry than any meal had in months.

“You and I are going to have a little bit of fun. Get your mind off little ol’ Ally and onto *bigger* things...” Megan teased, tracing circles around the tops of her breasts. A hand reached into the shopping bag at her side to withdraw a tiny bottle, the label unreadable to Ryder from his position. Before he could protest, she popped the lid off and tossed its contents into her mouth. “Oh! Bubblegum!”

“What are you--”

“Shhh...” Megan hushed, her face becoming flushed. Each of her hands started massaging her chest more vigorously and light moans fell from her lips. “W-Wow that stuff works fast!”

Ryder’s eyes were drawn to a movement in her bosom. At first he thought it was just her nipples firming and plumping into erect nubs at a surprising speed, but then their softly-rounded frames shuddered. An odd gurgle emanated from their jiggling masses and Megan’s hands pressed firmly into them as if fighting a pressure.

“O-Ooohhhh... You ready to watch these puppies *grow*?” she cooed.

Eyes wide and refusing to pull away, Ryder started to ask, “What do you mea--” He stopped immediately when the sound of her skin squeaking across the table filled the kitchen.

“Ahh! I-It tickles!!”

Megan’s breasts began to swell outward in every direction, pressing against her hands and forcing bulging skin between spreading fingers. It was slow at first, but within less than a minute, Ryder found himself holding his breath as two quivering nipples inched their way closer to him from across the table.

“O-OH... OHHH!!” she cried out, shivering with pleasure. “God I can feel my skin *stretching*!!” Opening her eyes for a brief moment to survey her progress, Megan gasped with surprise at the heaving tits bloating off her front like two basketballs. “H-Holy shit! Look at me go!!”

“Megan you’re blowing up!” Ryder said suddenly, his speech faculties returning.

“Mmmmmm don’t you loooove it?” she whined, “Doesn’t it make you want to sink your hands into these giant...nnngh...m-milk-filled udders??”

Her hands slipped from the sides of her breasts, falling below the table and out of sight as a renewed round of aroused cries escaped her. Milk bubbled and flowed into her chest at a faster rate. Like two heaving water balloons they engorged and filled with milk, rounding out and growing taller and firmer. With each ounce, Megan’s skin became smoother and more laden with pulsing veins. Gasping breaths plumped her nipples thicker and tighter until their pink cylinders were quivering and begged to be touched.

“S-So big... *Soooo fuuuull!!*” Megan moaned loudly, arching her back towards Ryder.

“M-Megan you’re getting a little large!” he warned, their beach ball sizes almost blocking her face from view as they wobbled on the table.

“Mmmm isn’t that the point? Don’t you like...w-watching my fat tits swell and blow up...*mmmmmm*...I-like a couple of cow udders? Don’t ya wanna touch them? I *knooooow* you’re rock hard. I’ll bet you want to fuck me and milk me like a cow...”

Ryder couldn’t deny a single word from her moist lips. He wanted nothing more than to sink his fingers into her monstrous rack and latch onto one of her thumb-sized nipples. The head of his swollen cock was pressing into the bottom of the table like a rocket, stiffer and harder than he had been in years.

“Go ahead...” Megan offered, her breasts swelling so large her nipples were less than a foot away from pressing into Ryder’s chest. Small streams of thick dairy were running from her nipples and over the tightening curves of her tits, creating a puddle around the table. “It’s going to be fun for me too...! Just give my milk a little taste; I promise you’ll just want moooooore. I bet Ally never did anything like this for yo--*AHH!!!*”

Ryder couldn’t have held himself back for another second if he wanted to. Lunging forward, he grabbed each nipple in his fists and plunged them into his mouth. When he clamped down, milk flooded into his mouth like a garden hose and gushed down his throat. An almost-instant tingling ran over his cock and balls, a firmness coming over them the likes of which he hadn’t felt before.

“*Ohhh, Ryder! OH RYDER!!*” Megan screamed, her tits bloating to yoga balls. The table’s legs creaked beneath her swelling weight, their size now pushing her back into the chair as Ryder pushed on their fronts.

The tingling in his dick grew more intense as he drank. Increasing pressure from the bottom of the table was becoming unbearable and his balls felt as if they were trying to force their way out of his boxers. “N-Nnngh!!” he grunted, having to shift his seated position. A brush of a hand across his crotch revealed two taut bulges between his legs as if two softballs had been stuffed down his pants.

Surprised, he released his hold on Megan and almost fell out of his chair. “W-What the hell?!” he cried out, staring down the shaft of a cock the size of his forearm. Two massive balls throbbed against his pants, the zipper of his jeans pulled tightly around his base. A head like an apple wobbled in the air, rock hard and pulsing with heat.

“Mmmmm would you look at that!!” Megan moaned, licking her lips.

“W-What happened to my dick?!” Ryder asked worriedly.

“Nothing *bad!* This stuff is meant for a little couples fun! I fill with milk, then you get to drink it and do...*mmmm*...a little bit of growing yourself...”

“I-I’m *huge!*”

Megan patted the tops of her chest, ignoring his worries. “I’m not done with you just yet. Why don’t you drink some more and we’ll see where it takes us, hmm?”

She knew his weakness. The sight alone of the over-engorged mammaries wobbling on his table made his member stiffen five inches longer. Bending over, he grabbed her leaking nipples again and resumed suckling.

“T-There we go!” Megan groaned, shivering as milk gushed from her full chest. “We’re gonna make that dick nice and big... Then you’re *aaaall* mine.”

Ryder’s growth was quickly becoming unmanageable. With each gulp of Megan’s warm milk, it seemed his cock would spring forward to new heights and girths. He began to feel like he was on the end of a clown’s balloon pump, his cock bloating six inches more with each breath he took.

“*M-MMPH!*” Ryder gasped in shock, his cock stretching into view as it began to tower over him and brush against his face. Tears and pops sounded through his jeans as his balls fought for space and his shaft grew thicker. Just when he thought he couldn’t take it anymore and his zipper was cutting into him, his pants blew open to release a dick the size of his own leg with two engorged volleyballs swinging beneath.

“*OOOH GOD LOOK AT THAT THING!!*” Megan gasped aloud, seeing his dick shoot above the tops of her breasts. Her growth finished, the milk emptied from her and flowed into Ryder. Every inch lost to her bust size was another inch added to his member. Within minutes, Ryder felt his balls pushing into the floor and his shaft spreading his legs wider. Unable to balance any longer, he released his hold and fell backward, a cock twice the width of his own torso slamming on top of him, its beach ball head reaching feet above his own. When his arms wrapped around it in surprise, he had to clench to keep himself from coming, balls like exercise equipment throbbing between his legs.

“H-HOLY *SHIT!*” Ryder exclaimed, “M-My cock is bigger than I am!!” Veins the size of his arm pulsed against his face, his balls feeling dangerously full between his legs.

Megan was standing over him in an instant, a look of greed on her face. Emptied of most of the milk, her breasts filled her arms and dribbled milk. “What do you say to a few more inches?” she grinned.

“I-I don’t think I could handle an--*MMPH!*”

Megan squirted a steady stream of milk into his open mouth, forcing his dick to swell on top of him. The weight bloated, his shaft thickening too wide to wrap his arms around.

“*Now* we’re talking!” Megan hollered. With surprising strength and impatience, she picked Ryder up by the shoulder and led him towards the bedroom. “Come on, now I get to have *my* fun.”

Struggling to drag his sack across the floor while his arms barely maintained a hold on his shaft, fear bubbled within Ryder. “M-Megan I don’t think I’m going to fit through the door right now! I think I’m still growing!”

“If *I* can fit you, the door *definitely* can.” A strong yank made Ryder fall prey to his off-balance body and topple through the doorway, a disturbing wedging sound following a split second later.

“I-I’m stuck! Shit, I’m *stuck*!!” Forced to his knees, Ryder’s cock had become wedged in the door frame, his shaft too large to fit and his head bulging halfway through either side. “HELP I’M--”

*GRROOOAAANN*

Stressed wood and skin reached his ears, Ryder’s face losing all color. “M-M-Megan I’m still getting bigger! My skin is too tight! There’s no room for my cock to grow any more!!”

The sensation of her fingers grabbing his shaft sent chills down his spine. “Just push!” she demanded, “I *want* every inch I can get!”

“Ooooh it’s really starting to hurt!” Ryder cried, “My skin feels like it’s about to *SPLIT*!! I’m too *hard*!!”

Veins began to pulse without receding, his shaft growing red while his head became a dark purple. Against his thighs, he could feel his balls throbbing and tightening. “S-Stop I feel like my dick is going to *BURST*!”

Megan huffed on the other side of the door. “You’re going to burst when you’re inside of me! Got i--”

*GRRROOOOAAAAAANNN!!*

“AhhhhhhhhhHHH *MEGAAAAANN!!!*” His shaft elongated, forcing his head further into the top of the doorway. His body tried to force an orgasm in an effort to release pressure, but any escape was blocked as his cock’s head was compressed in the doorframe. Everything became tense for a brief moment as Ryder’s skin bubbled and shook, the pressure causing misshapen bulges along his dick. “*MEGAN MY COCK IS GOING TO EXPLOOOO--*”

***KERBLOOOSH!!!!***

A sudden rain of blood and semen rained upon Megan’s shocked face. Like a zipper, the front of Ryder’s shaft burst at the seam and sent a wave of bodily fluids onto her waiting body as his swollen head burst like a blood-filled balloon. An over-stretched ballsack tangled around her ankles in the wave of goop, semen still spilling out from its depths. Coughing blood from her mouth and shaking an arm-sized vein from her outstretched arm, Megan bemoaned the loss of her ride.

“Crap...” she moaned, dripping in blood and gore. Eying the cracked doorframe and Ryder’s motionless body, she whined, “Maybe I shouldn’t have gone for those last few inches...”