

Blind Date with Michelle

A *Growing Won't Stop* Original

CHAPTER ONE

Sipping on his cold brew, feeling the chill of the icy drink hit his stomach, Dave checks his phone for a message. This is the third time in the past minute that he verified she hadn't texted him. Maybe she's running late? Maybe she's bailed? Just his luck.

Dave hadn't been having the greatest year. Hell, since the quarantine, his social life had all but evaporated. He'd been slowly reconnecting with his online gaming friends over Discord but not a single in-person hang for months. His last relationship fell apart just before the lockdown and he'd been craving some genuine connection, and his friends knew it. Dave wasn't one to complain, but it was always easy to tell what was going through his head just by looking at his face.

He was lonely, and his friends wanted to remedy that. After some difficult planning, they set Dave up with a blind date. They assured Dave she was exactly what he needed, and even better, he was exactly what she needed. "What could that mean?" Dave thought to himself as he dressed for the coffee date. After changing into a fourth alternate outfit, he messaged his group chat asking once again how he should prepare for this 'dream woman'.

Dave: Any last minute tips?

Julie: Just be yourself! You've got this!

Dave: You're sure she's not going to bail?

Brent: NO! She just messages, she's getting ready now.

Julie: Take a deep breath. We promise you'll love her.

Steve: he ain't ready

Julie: HAHA

Dave: What does that mean?

Brent: You'll know soon enough. Don't be weird!

As Dave arrived at his favorite coffee shop, he chose a booth in the dimly lit back corner of the cafe. He had a perfect view of the entrance and while also giving them privacy to chat openly. The caffeine boost from his coffee definitely was helping soothe his heart rate, and definitely wasn't helping him stave off the negative thoughts of his past relationships. He was always the one to ruin things, according to them. His past partners (male, female, non-binary) always tried to get him to open up more about what he wanted and he would try, but it wasn't enough. He was too afraid to admit what he wanted, but maybe someday he could finally open up.

As he checked his phone again, a message appeared in the group chat.

Julie: Red top, you can't miss her ;)

Dave began scanning the cafe, peeking outside. It was only a minute until their scheduled date, but he was already worried that the mystery date bailed. He started scrolling his social feeds, when the chime at the front door rang out. Despondent, he didn't even look up when the heavy footsteps approached his table.

“Um... hi.” A quiet voice attempted to get Dave’s attention. He slowly looked away from his phone to meet the gaze of one of the most beautiful beings he’d ever laid eyes on. “Are you Dave? It’s very nice to meet you.” Her smile could have lit up the room. Her beautiful brown eyes immediately put his mind at ease. As his eyes traveled down to her outstretched hand, his cheeks began to blush to meet the brilliant red hue of her sweater.

“Yes, yes! OH!” He quickly stood, getting his knee caught on the table. The loud bang and surge of pain caused him to quickly sit back down. “yes... I’m Dave. You must be Michelle.” He quickly and quietly tried to change the subject away from his injury.

“Oh my goodness! Are you alright?” Michelle took some napkins from the dispenser on the table and wiped up the bit of coffee spilled from Dave’s collision, which gave Dave a moment to size her up. She was quite the curvy woman. From the elevated position of the booth, Michelle seemed well over 6 foot 5, and had a figure that mirrored that of an ancient fertility idol. The sweater did its best to hide the curve of what seemed to be a sizable but firm stomach, and even from her front profile, he could tell she had quite large hips. This wasn’t a problem for Dave - this was something he could never share with past partners. He always preferred a partner with more meat on their bones. Michelle being taller than him was just an added bonus.

“Oh I’m fine,” Dave stated. “I was thinking about getting another drink anyway. What can I get you?” Dave ensured he always kept eye contact with her. He never wanted to come off as a creep or someone only interested in her for her body.

“Oh you’re so sweet. I’d love a cold brew as well. If you’re buying, I’ll take the largest size they have.” Michelle gave Dave a gentle squeeze on his arm for the kind act. He gathered up the wet napkins from his spill and tossed them away as he went to the counter to order. When he returned, he noticed Michelle struggling to find a comfortable position in the booth.

“Here you are. Are you alright? We can find a different place to sit...”

“Oh no no no. This is an everyday problem for a gal my size. I just need a moment.” Michelle finally adjusted and laid her legs on top of the seat, with her back against the wall. Her large stomach rested on her lap as her long legs shot out of the booth. “Much better. Thank you for the drink, kind sir. What a gentleman” Her hands touch his as she takes her coffee. The warm touch is comforting against the cool drink.

“How’s your leg?” Michelle asks, her kind eyes focus on his, looking like she’s attempting to heal him from afar.

“Um it’s not too bad.” He’s lying, he probably will have a limp for a while, but he doesn’t want to look too weak so early on in the date. “Thank you for meeting me. Sorry if I’m a bit...awkward at this. I think I have to relearn how to speak after being cooped up for so long.”

“I’m in the same boat. The pandemic definitely changed everything for a lot of people, me especially.” Michelle motioned to herself, but Dave couldn’t follow what she meant. “So, your first date of the 2020’s, I’ve heard? What made you finally take the leap?”

“Mainly my friends. Don’t get me wrong, I’m happy to be here, but was very nervous to hop back into the dating pool after being alone. The last few relationships also didn’t end fantastically so I’m definitely hesitant, to say the least.” Fearing that he’s overshared, Dave flips the topic back to her. “What brings you on this day date? How do you know Julie and the gang?”

“We used to all game together when we worked in the same office gig,” Michelle explained. “We’d whip out any old mystery game or even an old console and plug it into one of our monitors. Brent would order in chinese and we’d game for hours while we were on call. Those were good times but feel like another life ago. How’d you meet them?”

“Actually in a similar boat. I met them through an online gaming community and played with them over video chat during the winter months. They got me through some hard times. I wonder why they thought we’d be such a good match.” Dave attempted to flirt a bit with his date, and the raised eyebrow and smile combo from Michelle said it worked.

“Well it must be because you’re a stone cold stud and we’d make the most perfect babies,” Michelle chuckled and winked as she finished another sip of her cold brew. “Honestly, I think we’re both two lonely souls in a city without our friends. I’m ready to make some new ones and hell, maybe even find a new boy toy while I’m at it?”

“Boy toy? I assure you I am no one’s toy.” Dave liked her attitude, and it was definitely a boost to his ego to have someone compliment his workout attempts. He was still a slender dude, but he finally had some muscle definition for the first time in his life.

“Please, look at me. Everyone is a toy compared to me.” She motioned to her entire body length. “When you’re a woman pushing 7 feet tall and curves that make clothes shopping damn near impossible, everyone seems small. It’s been tough trying to find someone who doesn’t immediately run from a first date. I was afraid you would after you shattered your little knee when I spooked you.”

“I wasn’t going to run. Why would I run from such a stunning woman? Sure you’re tall, but I can hold my own.”

Michelle squinted and her voice lowered, “Is that so? We will see. Oh, goodness...” Her tough act dropped as she attempted to reach around her torso to find something. “I must have pinned my purse when I sat down.” As she struggled, Dave heard something fall to the floor under her side of the booth. “Could you get that for me? I think my phone fell and I wanted to send a wellness check to Julie. Let her know that I’m still alive.”

“What, you thought I was a murderer or something?” Dave faked a shocked expression.

“A girls gotta stay safe. If you wouldn’t mind, I think I’d draw too much attention trying to shimmy out of this booth again.”

“No worries at all.” Dave wiggled under his seat and was shocked to see the most massive hips on any human he’d seen spilling out of Michelle’s side of the booth. He could see the wooden frame of the booth straining to hold all of her weight. Dave froze as he took in her size, noticing that her hips were almost touching his legs from underneath the table. “How can a woman of this size exist?” He thought to himself.

“Did you get lost down there?” Michelle sounded a million miles away while Dave finally snapped back to reality. He finally saw her phone, deep underneath the shelf of ass hanging off the seat.

“Sorry... um, it’s under you a bit. Pardon my reach...” Dave ducked under her ass as he reached for her phone. He could feel her body heat over top of him. He attempted to avoid touching her, still trying to appear as a gentleman.

That was until he felt some of her weight descend on him. Dave began to silently panic as he reached as far as he could, stretching to grab her phone from beneath her seat. He could feel his fingertips brush against it as the weight of his asscheek pressed him to the ground. His fingers wrapped around the phone as he tried to slide back out from under her, but found resistance. Did she not feel him struggling under her? He decided to slide to the side and out of the booth, using his legs against the wall to propel himself forward. With one final effort, Dave slipped out from under her massive ass and onto the floor of the cafe. No one noticed but Michelle, who seemed to be giggling.

“Oh my knight in shining armor. Thank you so much for risking your life for me. Hope your detour didn’t get you too lost.” Michelle’s eyes locked onto him seductively.

“You almost pinned me down there.” Dave stated, trying to read her to see if it was on purpose or not.

"Sometimes my curves get away from me. Most chairs I sit in can't handle my size, I think this booth might not be long for this world. I seriously can not get used to this new size." Michelle looked a bit sad with that last comment.

Dave swallowed and decided to be forward with her. "What do you mean by new size?"

Michelle couldn't meet his gaze. "I didn't mean to hurt you. I really can't control how my body moves at all times. I didn't..." She now has tears in her eyes. "I didn't always use to look like this."

"What do you mean?" Dave looked puzzled.

"My god it's too hot in here," Michelle looked overwhelmed and confined to her seat, and quickly yanked her red sweater off. What Dave witnessed felt otherworldly. Michelle didn't have a gut, those hear her tits. Enormous tits that stuck out larger than yoga balls that were resting on her lap. How can a person even exist at this size? Michelle noticed him staring and tried to cover up. Dave looked away quickly.

"This is what I was afraid of. I'm not used to people seeing me like this. I try to put on this confident facade but I almost hurt you because I'm too big for this place. Too big for any place..." She trailed off. "During the lockdown, the stress of the virus and missing my friends caused my hormones to go all out of whack. That's not how my doctor's described it but they think that my more sedentary lifestyle caused my body to start storing fat in new ways." Michelle finally made eye contact again, "Like everybody during the pandemic, I gained some weight. My body, apparently, decided it liked what I was doing and started demanding more and more. My appetite soared and since I lived alone, I didn't feel judged as I ordered numerous take out meals a day. The crazy thing is, my body stored it in all the places I've ever wanted. I used to be rail thin. My boobs and ass exploded in size the more I ate. Hell, it even caused me to gain a few feet in height to compensate. I'm not kidding! This is why I wanted my phone ... to show you how I looked 3 years ago."

Dave sat silently as he tried to process this. No human could actually grow that much, that fast, and still be able to move around like she is now. Michelle pulled up a picture on her phone from New Year's Eve 2019. It was like looking at a reverse funhouse mirror version of his date. The woman with Michelle's face in the photo couldn't have been more than 5 foot 3 and 110 lbs. She had no curves to speak of at all.

"I know I sound crazy. I didn't mean to dump all this on you so early on, but I got so scared when you said you were pinned and I didn't even realize it. I thought you were just being a flirt but I should have reacted faster to help you. I'm so sorry." Michelle was now close to weeping, each sob causing her massive rack to jiggle and shake. Dave's eyes darted down for only a moment before returning to her face. He sat up in his chair and put a hand on her shoulder. "Wow," he thought, "I've never felt this small around anyone."

He patted her on the shoulder and wiped a tear away from her cheek. "Michelle... I'm ok. Really. Minus the shattered knee I gave to myself, you didn't hurt me. I really appreciate you sharing this with me. I ... couldn't imagine how scary this whole scenario must be for such a kind lady such as yourself."

Michelle shuffled and looked at him, dabbing her eyes with a napkin. "You're too sweet, Dave. If you want to bounce, I would understand. If I were in your shoes and was almost crushed by my date, I would be out the door too."

"Who said I was going anywhere? And who said I was almost crushed? I could handle you, no problem." Dave was lying. Michelle didn't need to know how afraid he was in that moment, or how turned on he was the more he thought about it. Hopefully she didn't notice the bulge in his pants that was growing the more he stood on his seat.

"I would have definitely crushed you. I've crushed chairs at restaurants, torn dresses during social outings, I'm a monster."

"You might be big, but you're no monster. I can take you." He took her large hand in his and gave it a kiss. "You don't scare me."

"You really think you can take...all of this?" She smirked a bit, the depression lifting as she glanced down at her massive chest, catching a glimpse of his package filling his pants.

"I think I know why our friends set us up."

"Is that so?"

"I've... always had a preference for the... large women. Not just curvier but like... bigger in every sense of the word. Taller, stronger... bustier..." Dave trailed off as he realized his cock was straining against his pants. He was losing control and sharing too much. When he shared these things before, they ended relationships. No one could live up to his expectations (not that he needed them to) and they were disgusted in his taste. Now, a woman who exceeds even his most wild fantasy is looking him in the eyes, into his soul, and he can't stop sharing. "I told Steve one time and he must have shared it with Julie. I'm sorry for oversharing too, I don't want you to feel like you're my fetish or something. I just... I just feel so comfortable sharing with you..."

Her eyes were locked on his. Dave couldn't read Michelle's expression, until a smile broke her stoic expression. With one swift motion, she lifted him up to face her, flipped him around, and set him on her lap. Her massive thighs felt like the most comfortable couch he'd ever sat on, and her breasts. It was heaven. He tilted his head up to make eye contact with her.

"You feel so small. You're like a doll compared to me. Do you like feeling this small?" That hunger in her eyes was intoxicating. He leaned back on her tits, feeling her cleavage open up a bit to let him settle between her breasts a bit. "I feel like my breasts could swallow you... if I let them." Michelle smiled. "Does that kind of talk work for you?"

"I'm definitely a fan." He couldn't stop staring at her beautiful brown eyes. She pressed her arms into her wrecking ball tits and squashed him just a bit.

Michelle whispered, "I've never done anything like this before. I really like having you here on top of me. It feels... safe. Do you feel safe?" She gave her tits another squeeze.

"Safer than I've ever felt in my life." He gained the courage to rub her outer thigh, feeling all the muscle and strength hidden beneath a generous layer of plush.

"Can I tell you a secret?" Michelle whispered into Dave's ear. Her luscious lips sliding over his ear. Her warm breath and the body heat from her milkers made him feel like he was in a sauna on a snowy day.

"Always," Dave whispered in return.

She hesitated, "...I love my size. I know I can get embarrassed but I love how fucking HUGE I'm getting..." Her tongue flicked his ear at the finish of her sentence.

"Getting? What do you mean?"

"Oh sweetie, my condition hasn't stopped. Far from it. I've gained 3 cup sizes this week alone. I can barely be contained in this skirt and top. I had to fast for the past week to make sure I didn't grow too much before we met. I didn't want to scare you off but now... I don't think I need to hold back..." Her giant hand slid over his lap, caressing his growing cock and balls. They were throbbing and Dave groaned, trying to suppress it by burying his face into her tit flesh. "I never need to hold back again if I have a man like you by my side."

Dave's eyes rolled back in his head as he massaged her thigh and rubbed his head between her tits. "You know... my place is just around the corner. I live next door to the best pizza place in the city."

"I'm up for a change in venue. Wouldn't want to snap these puny booths with my massive ass, now would I?" Her words caressed his ear. Dave squeezed her thigh, sliding his hand back to her enormous ass and gave it a slap,

feeling her hips and thighs wave like the jiggle and sway like a boat on the ocean. She moaned in his ear and took a nibble.

She kissed the top of his head. "Let's get out of here."

CHAPTER 2

Dave stood perplexed while he watched Michelle attempt to exit the booth. He dreaded having to leave the comfort of her lap but his cock was in the driver's seat now. They needed to get home as fast as possible. However, fast doesn't seem to be in the cards.

His date's generous hips were wedged a fair way under the table, and all the time she had been sitting in that booth, her seat had been slowly warping and began snapping with every move she made. Heads began to turn again, hearing the sound of the booth splinter as she attempted to stand again.

"You'd think a gentleman would lend a struggling lady a hand..." She gave him a wink. There was no way his 6'1, 180 frame could help in this situation, but his anxiety got the better of him and he tried to grab her hand. Her massive fingers wrapped around his forearm and pulled him into her lap. He landed face down between her cushion-sized thighs and in one swift motion, she set her massive rack onto his back.

He was pinned, and he was in heaven. While his ears were covered, he could hear some muffled taunting coming from Michelle. "Where did he go? Hello? Dave? Where'd you go, tiny?" While he would love to motorboat her thighs, his lungs didn't get enough air before this adventure and he struggled to remove himself from beneath her bust.

His arms were free enough to have one hand grab the side of the booth while the other grasped wildly at her top. He could feel that she wasn't wearing a bra, which made sense for a woman her size since his hand landed on her taut nipple.

His hand closed around it, feeling about the width of a door knob, and twisted while he tried to use it to leverage his way out. His prison shook as Michelle moaned at the stimulation. She must have thrown her head back when she did because her breasts lifted ever so slightly to allow for his escape.

Dave caught his breath while he fixed his matted hair. His face was beet red when he turned to his date, who had a hand over her mouth and looked embarrassed. "Someone got a bit frisky in public," Michelle stated.

"Desperate times call for desperate measures. When you're trapped by the cleavage of your giantess lover, you gotta fight dirty." Dave smirked, trying to hide his labored breathing between his words.

"Hope I didn't cause a fright. I saw an opportunity and I took it. Also, that was a new sensation for me. Going from an A Cup to Yoga Balls allows for some new types of sensations." She said as she slid forward another inch, the table now beginning to tilt to the opposite side of the booth and the seat let out another creek. "I wouldn't be opposed to feeling you under these in the future." She had a hunger in her eyes that was intoxicating to Dave.

As she neared the edge of the seat, the table wedged hard into the opposite side of the booth and Michelle's meaty hips. Frustrated, she reached up to the top edge of her seat and pulled. There must be some extra muscle hidden below her plush exterior.

With a solid effort, the table folded in half, snapping down the middle, freeing her. She stood next to Dave and he was distraught by the destruction. While Michelle looked happy to be out of the booth, her face grew red from the entire cafe staring and whispering at the monster woman who just freed herself. She began sorting through her purse for something.

"I'm so sorry, I thought I could fit in that booth when I sat down." Michelle spoke softer, "I'm going to leave a check for them to cover the damages. Could you hand it to them? I'm going to try and sneak out the back." She didn't seem to be crying but her voice indicated that she was close. She fished her checkbook from her bag, signed her name on a blank check, forcefully shoved it into his hands, and quickly left out the back. "Quickly" is relative for a woman of her size.

Her hips looked to just barely miss the sides of the door as she exited. Dave turned to see the numerous faces staring at him. He gave a closed-mouth smile and approached the counter. While she was the one to do the damage, something inside Dave said he couldn't let her pay. He picked the booth, and this probably won't be the only furniture she breaks. He decided to cover the costs.

He exchanged details with the cafe manager and promised to not break any furniture in the future. The manager didn't find that as funny as Dave did, but thankfully they didn't call the police.

Dave exited the front entrance and hustled around back to find his date catching her breath. "Sorry about that, did they take the check?" She asked, wiping the tears from her cheek.

"Oh.... yeah they said it was no problem. To be honest, I love this place for its charm, but that booth was on its way out anyway. Don't beat yourself up." He gave her a pat on her back, looking up into her beautiful eyes. Said eyes slowly rolled, and she groaned at her date.

"Well, I think you'll find that lots of furniture seems to be 'on its way out' around me. Honestly, I should just bring my folding chair if I go out in the future."

"Well, you kind of already do." Dave took a chance and gave her massive ass a playful slap. He could feel and see her skin ripple like a pond after the impact, and he could see her muscles underneath a very generous layer of fat clench.

"Oh, you're soooo funny. Would the funny guy mind picking up my purse?" She motioned to the brick wall, but when Dave turned to look, nothing was there. As he turned back to her, a gigantic wall of flesh collided with him, pinning him to the wall.

He looked up to Michelle's gorgeous backside, her hair cascading down her toned back. Her ass cheeks shook around him like jello, but then she felt her gyrate. Back and forth, back and forth. She then clenched and unclenched her ass muscles, giving his entire body a massage. His arms were pinned to his side, trapped with the rest of him. The only thing free to do what it wanted was his cock, which started to stiffen.

"You still got jokes?" Michelle looked back at her date like she just caught a thief red-handed. She got quite a bit of pleasure from this. Usually, she preferred to be in a more submissive position, but pinning Dave earlier with her tits gave her this idea and she was loving it.

"Oh I've got jokes for days, but I think I don't have that much oxygen left." He stared up at the 7 foot 3" beauty as she squeezed his body tighter and ground her hips further onto him. His body sank between her cheeks until his growing member touched her ass.

"Well, you don't seem too upset about not being able to breathe." She gave him one final grind, loving every inch she could feel through Dave's jeans. "Party pooper..." She said and she slid away from him, letting him fall to the ground. She was no monster, she still helped her prisoner up and kissed him on the crown of his head. "There, all better."

"Thank you, nurse." Dave smiled up to her. He didn't mind getting pushed around, especially by a woman her size. The lovely moment was interrupted by the roar. Dave quickly looked back and forth to each end of the alley. He assumed a muscle car or a motorcycle was about to come tearing towards them, but they were alone.

Another roar that made the ground shake began to rattle Dave until he turned to his date. She cradled her massive bust but it looked more like she was trying to reach for her stomach. No easy feat, even for a woman of her strength.

"Hey... remember how I mentioned that I had been fasting. I think... I think I'm going to need something to eat. And fast." She looked ill, almost like she needed help standing. Dave quickly gave her a shoulder and realized his error. 700+ pounds of fat and muscles began leaning on him for support, but he took a deep breath and began helping her walk to the crosswalk.

"Don't worry, let's call ahead to the pizza place and we'll have food waiting for you by the time we get to my place." Dave tried reassuring her by rubbing her back as she leaned against the light pole, waiting for their turn to cross. He popped a wireless headphone into his ear and dialed the pizza place. Feeling slightly peckish himself, he ordered a meat lover's pizza and turned to his date. "What can I get you?"

"Let me pay, I don't want to put you out." She tried to perk up and seem stronger but she needed fuel.

"Shush let me cover one meal, you'll get the next one."

"Are you sure? Because... I think I'm going to need... a lot" Michelle had to take deep breaths between her words. "Anything to help you feel better, now what would you like?"

Michelle requested 7 pizzas, all topped with every topping they offered. Dave nodded, repeated the order to the employee on the phone, and added some breadsticks and sodas. He hung up as the walk sign illuminated, and he assisted his date down the road. While it might be an inappropriate time, the girth of her bust rubbing against him was divine. He tried to hide the strain in his breath as he struggled to help her down the street.

As we passed the pizza joint and to my front door, she perked up a bit. "Oh my god, that smell is divine." Her eyes glazed over and her eyes were fixed on the front window. The employee flipped the pizza dough froze and dropped the dough while he watched her walk by. It was like watching a goddess walk the earth.

Dave fumbled to keep Michelle upright while he fiddled with his keys and kicked his door open. She was able to brace herself with the frame of the door and the walls to walk down the hallway to an inviting couch. Dave couldn't help but watch the mountain of ass slide just barely past the frame of his front door and jiggle down to his living room. He entered, making a beeline to the kitchen.

He grabbed a carton of OJ, two party-sized bags of chips, and quickly whipped up a turkey sandwich. He brought these all to her on a TV tray, setting it on the coffee table in front of her. She seemed to be gaining some composure as she rested, but her eyes immediately shot open at the smell of food. Without speaking, she wolfed down the sandwich, followed by finishing the carton of juice. She tore open the chips and emptied them before Dave had time to fully process what was happening.

With every crumb of food and drop of drink gone, Michelle reclined on the couch. " Oh my goddess, thank you. I didn't feel like myself." She rubbed her slim belly, which still let out a small grumble. She needed food. Whatever condition she had, she shouldn't have been fasting. The pizzas should be done soon, but I couldn't wait any longer.

"It's alright, make yourself comfortable." She looked angelic with the afternoon sun pouring over her impressive curves. "I'm going to go check on our order and be back in a flash. The remote for the tv is right here and the bathroom is around the corner." Instinctively, as if he were taking care of a loved one, he kissed her head and petted her hair.

Her head turned to meet his gaze, and her eyes stared sweetly back into his. After being separated from people for so long, it felt heavenly to be cared for by someone. "Thank you, Dave." She wrapped her hand around his head and pulled him in for a kiss.

Her large plump lips on a head larger than his own did throw him off a bit, but her lips covering his own felt comforting. She was warm, sweet, and loving. Maybe she could be the one. "Calm down Dave," he thought to himself. "It's only been a few hours."

"Wow" is all Dave could say.

"I like when you say that. It doesn't feel the same as when others say it. When they're scared." Michelle explained. "You're actually excited."

"Very much so." Dave had been leaning close to her enormous breast when she pulled him in for a kiss, and coupled with these kind words, his dick began to grow again. Pushing hard through his jeans, rubbing against her ample chest. His heartbeat was filling his ears, he could barely think. He leaned back to kiss... but she stopped him.

"I want to," Michelle explained. "I really do. I... just..." A rumble from her stomach shook the couch like an earthquake. "I'm so sorry..."

"You apologize too much. I'll be right back." As he stepped back, he readjusted himself, which gave Michelle a solid peek at the outline of what he was packing. While hunger had consumed most of her thoughts, she was definitely growing hungry for him.

"Hurry!" She yelled as he scurried out the door. Two quick turns and he was in the shop, greeting the owner. "Hey Brad, I hate to do this to you, but is there any way you could expedite those pies? My girlfriend is starving..."

"All this for one girl?" Brad asked. The pizza maker behind Brad who had seen Michelle pass by wasn't shocked.

"That woman could take down 5 pies without even thinking." He thought to himself.

"We've... got family coming over. She just has low blood sugar and I forgot to go to the grocery shop this week." Dave lied. Was he ashamed of Michelle? No, of course not. He just doesn't have time to explain why the giantess next door needs multiple pizzas.

"For you, Dave, you've got it. Give us one minute and they'll be all done. Hot and fresh. Here are the sides and drinks." Brad gave Dave a fist bump and went back to help his team. Five minutes later, Dave was skipping back to his home with 10 pizzas. Brad surmised that she meant a lot to me and threw in two more pies, on the house. "I'll be sure to tip them extra next time I come by," Dave noted.

As he opened the front door, he noticed his dream date was no longer on the couch. "Pizza delivery!" He shouted, but no response. He set the pizzas and sides on the coffee table and began to look around. Checked those bathrooms? No giantess. Checked his bedroom? No goddess. Then he heard it. Some sort of rummaging coming from his kitchen. Did she try to call for help but collapsed before she could?

Dave booked it around the corner of his home, sliding around each corner on his socks. As he turned the corner, fear turned to shock. She hadn't collapsed, she had gotten busy. His pantry, fridge, and all of his cupboards were wide open. Empty food boxes and drink containers were strewn about the kitchen floor. His eyes followed the trail of destruction until he found her lying on the floor.

She looked like she was in heaven. Pure bliss. She looked up at Dave in a daze. "Oh... there you are."

"What.... What the hell happened?" He wasn't necessarily angry, just utterly astonished that so much could happen in such a short amount of time. "Are you ok?!"

"Oh sweetie, I've never been better. This is part of my condition. *HUP*" Michelle hiccuped. She began stroking the sides of her massive teets as she explained. "When I get hungry, and I mean really hungry, I can sometimes go into autopilot when I smell food. I was just so hungry that I went into a bit of a trance and found as much food as I could. I

promise I can cover all these costs. I'll order you all new groceries *HUP*" Her hands moved her boobs aside - not an easy task - and revealed her belly. Not so flat anymore, she looked five months pregnant!

"Oh my god! How is your stomach that big?!" Dave was worried.

"Dave, don't worry. How do you think I got this big? I know how to put it away. And now... for the best part." Her hands rested on her stomach, and a moment later, they began to sink. It almost looked like she was pushing on her belly, but that wasn't it. Her body was absorbing all that food - all that fuel - and was going to use it.

After a few tries, Michelle lifted herself to a standing position and began to moan. Her hands traced her massive mammaries down to her hyper-breedable hips. "Time to grow..."

CHAPTER 3

“What... What just happened?” Dave stood stunned, watching his date double over in pleasure. His entire kitchen looked like it had been hit by a hurricane or by a swarm of locusts. Everything was in disarray, packaged food and canned goods all torn open, emptied, and tossed about.

Somehow, his behemoth of a date wolfed down all the contents of his kitchen in the time it took for him to pick up their ten pizzas, sides, and drinks. Now, he watched what looked to be a food baby the size of a woman who was nearing her third trimester shrink back into her body.

“I told you, I grew a lot in quarantine. All those days turning into weeks turning into months all alone.” Michelle groaned as she pulled at her clothes, looking tighter by the minute. “This hunger inside me grew and grew and just couldn’t stop. I used all the money I saved for a trip around the world and solely.... Mmmmm... put it into my food budget.”

She was beginning to sweat. Her cheeks were flush and she was gripping the countertop, letting her tits hang and fight their way out of the bottom of her shirt. “Due to a number of circumstances with a handsy boss and a company wanting to keep it quiet, let’s just say my bank account is never going to run dry. When I lose control like this, I can spend thousands on food just to feel... this ... good!”

She moaned, snapping the edge of the granite countertop as she shot up a foot in height. It was like she had been fighting an imaginary force from letting her expand, and she finally won the fight. Towering over Dave, reaching closer and closer to the ceiling. Panting as if she had just got done with a high-intensity workout, she breathed harder and harder as she clawed at her massive chest.

“Oh god, here it comes!” Her tits gained mass in an instant. Moving from bowling balls to beach ball sizes, expanding well beyond her generous hips. Her nipples grew hard and forced their way under her shirt, lifting up higher while growing thicker and juicier.

Dave wanted nothing more than to clamp his lips on and drain them for an entire day. Imagining her producing milk was just another reason for his massive cock to begin to grow. Harder than he’d ever felt, he could feel it begin to tear his jeans, only slightly, and thump against the kitchen island between them.

Michelle was too distracted by the pleasure of her growth to comment on what she heard. The growth wasn’t close to stopping. Her height growth was slowing, as well as her teets, but her ass was just beginning. Beautiful, round cheeks began to stretch her pants beyond their limits, seams popping as her globular cheeks fought and won against the denim. A loud rip rang through the home, as Michelle was now bottomless. She couldn’t care less.

Her ass could clearly be seen from her front, with hips widening bigger than the length of a sedan. Each cheek now reaching back, nearly touching the sink behind her. Dave wished he could see if she could even exit his house without having to turn, forcing one cheek at a time through the doorway.

Michelle needed release, she could barely register that she was around company, let alone that her pussy was out for him to see. She had leaned forward as her rear began to take up the counter space behind her, pushing her now table-height cunt into the edge of the island.

Michelle gripped the rubble where she had cracked the rock with her bare hands and began humping the furniture. Her massive milkers shook and sloshed on each impact. Her cheeks clapped, seeing ripples cascade around her hips. Her mouth hung open as she ground the kitchen island harder and harder to find release.

Michelle's hair was matted with sweat on her forehead as her moans grew louder and louder. Dave could only stare and mindlessly hump the island himself with his python-sized cock snaking its way down his pant leg.

His balls grew and filled with cum, maybe due to the pheromones from the giantess or this new level of arousal that he'd never felt. Either way, they could both hear a rumble as his balls grew, filling his pants, growing more sensitive and heavy. He needed release. She needed release.

Michelle's thrusts grew faster and harder, signaling her incoming climax. Dave tried to keep up with her, instinct telling him to breed her, but his legs froze in fear of approaching her. Her gasps and moans quickened until finally, she came.

Not like anyone Dave had been with, this was a sight. She squirted cum all over the island top, grinding her engorged clit on the corner of the rounded tile, pushing with all the might of her tree trunk-sized thighs, eventually tearing the island from the floor, sliding it into him and tossing Dave to the side. He was so close but had yet to cum. Dave smacked his head against the wall, throwing him in a daze.

His eyesight grew blurry, as he watched this goddess fall to her knees, struggling to catch her breath. Her eyes slowly began to open again, taking in her new size, reaching just below 11 feet tall, with tits that could eclipse beach balls and an ass that could crush a car, rubbing her belly and clit to soak in the afterglow of her orgasm.

Michelle's eyes finally found Dave, laying on the floor, covered in her cum and the debris of the smashed furniture. Her orgasmic joy was short-lived, as she crawled on all fours over to her loving date, picking him up and cradling him like a baby.

"Dave! Dave! Are you alright?!" She held his body close to her tits, in his twilight he could feel how soft but firm they were. Like being cradled by the most perfect mattress he could dream of sleeping on. The thump on the head had him drifting further and further asleep.

"No no! Don't fall asleep! Oh god, I've killed you I'm so sorry. I... I don't know what came over me. I'm such a monster. Look at what I've done to you and your home!" Tears shot from her eyes and she shook her lover. A man who had finally loved her for her, accepting her for who she was, and even encouraged her to embrace what she loved about herself.

"It's...mmm... ok.." Dave slurred as he opened up his eyes, barely peaking at her. "I just need... some Tylenol and an ice pack... and maybe a nap for a moment" His vision was coming back, but his head was killing him. "I will say though... you owe me a new kitchen."

Michelle smiled down at Dave. "You got it!" She kissed him, her now even larger lips covering more of his face. Feeling her plump lips suck on his own made his monster cock twitch in his torn jeans. "Especially with my growth rate... we might have to consider a larger build-out for the whole place if you want me to visit more often."

"Rrrrr..." Dave groaned but smiled. "Deal. Since you have all this secret money you don't mind spending on food, we can focus on building out the pantry. Could you grab me some water from the fridge door and the pills on the counter?" Dave pointed to the one corner of the counter space that hadn't been demolished over covered in her juices.

Michelle cradled Dave in one arm while grabbing the items he requested. Her massive hands could just barely open the water and pill bottle, sliding them both into his mouth. The water was refreshing, giving him some relief.

Michelle stood, punching a small hole in the ceiling with her skull. "Oof!" It seemed like it had barely hurt her. Plaster rained down between his gigantic tits and covered Dave's face. "Don't worry, we can make the ceiling taller too." Michelle assured him as she chuckled, shaking her chest against his body. Her top was just barely hanging together.

"Let's go sit on the couch and rest for a moment." Michelle sounded so nurturing as she carried her man to the other room, ducking under the doorway but stopping short. Dave's prediction was correct, her gargantuan ass was too big for his hallways. "Since we're in reconstruction mode, I hope you don't mind this!" With a large push from her thick thighs and hips, she blew through the doorway, leaving behind the imprint of her hips and a cloud of debris.

"I've got a friend in construction. I could suggest you for some demo work, if you ever wanted a hobby." Dave giggled but groaned. His head still hurt and laughter didn't help.

"I'd be more than happy to. To tell you the truth, there's a real thrill in tearing through something or destroying something. I would be lying if I said I didn't get off extra hard when I wrecked your table." Michelle winked. "Wow... now there's something I've definitely didn't think I'd share out loud. I guess there's a lot of firsts today. Also, sorry about the whole Donald Duck look."

Now that they had entered the living room, Michelle turned to show off her ass in the large mirror hanging on the wall. "God damn I really am a freak." Shame shot across her face for a moment, but Dave reached for the hand that was holding him up and held one of her fingers.

"Hey. You're not a freak. Now... maybe in the bed? I could see that being true." Dave smiled up at his date and she smiled back. "I will say though... I don't think you're going to be fitting on my couch again." They both looked down at the three-seater and agreed - her rump had outgrown it.

"I know I've already made quite the mess between in one room of your house, but would you be too mad if I maybe..." A little blush bloomed from her cheeks and Michelle's eye darted away from Dave. "If I could maybe..."

"What?" It could be the brain injury, but he couldn't get a read on what she wanted. He felt her embarrassment heat up her chest, making her breasts feel more and more like a heated blanket.

"Do you mind if I... crushed it? I won't make it a normal thing, but my ass just feels so... powerful." Michelle trailed off as she stared at the couch. Dave noticed in the reflection that she was mindlessly flexing and unflexing her ass muscles.

"That depends... are you buying the new one?" Dave smirked.

"Of course, I'm not a literal home wrecker. Well, maybe technically in this case. But you have my word, I will make this all up to you." Michelle looked serious and an excitement grew within her. She gripped Dave a little tighter, smashing him into her bust.

"Ok... but then you'll have to tell me. What were you thinking about when you got off in my kitchen? After you literally ate me out of house and home?" Dave felt the heat rising, some of her arousal returning. Her breathing quickened.

"I... I can't." Michelle shyly replied. She couldn't make eye contact with Dave or the couch.

"Why not?! We've already been through so much together in just a few hours and NOW you don't want to say?"

"I...oh god I feel so... so foolish. I really mean it when I say I'm a monster..." She trailed off again.

Dave became more firm with how he spoke to her. "You're not a monster!" He sat up a bit in her arms, getting closer to Michelle's face. "Tell me why you got so turned on that you had to turn my kitchen into rubble."

"Mmmm..." she groaned. Dave could see in the mirror that she was clenching her legs and ass, and he could smell the sweet scent of her juices. She was getting turned on by her dominance, Dave thought. He had to keep going. His reawakened cock and balls demanded it. "Michelle... you owe me. You're not a monster and I'm not going to run away from you."

Dave was now on his knees in her arm, laying his torso on her massive chest and grabbing her cheek to turn her head to face his. "Now tell me... what got you off? What made you so wild that made you cracked solid rock in half and hump my furniture into oblivion."

She couldn't take it anymore. "BECAUSE I WANT TO BE BIGGER!" Her larger vocal cords and lungs made for quiet the upset yell. Tears were welling up in her eyes. "Because I'm scared that I'm getting bigger but when I get turned on, all I can think about is getting bigger! Bursting out of my clothes! Being too big for my home! My car! My life! But I don't care because I just want to cum!" The floodgates were open and while she was crying, she didn't seem upset... she seemed free. "Only a monster would get off at the thought of wrecking her body and life just so she could have some of the most mind-blowing orgasms of her life."

Dave caressed her face and wiped the tears from her eyes. "That may be... one of the hottest things I've ever seen." Michelle looked confused. Dave corrected, "Not the tears. Nothing wrong with a good cry but I'm just... amazed by you. You've been given a gift. A difficult gift that comes with a lot of baggage but some part of you truly loves who you are and what you can do. And that scares you.... But it doesn't have to."

Dave looked deeply into his lover's eyes. They were the eyes he never wanted to look away from. "I'm not afraid of you. I love you who are." Whoops, the L word came out. Michelle didn't seem afraid of it. "I'm here, and I'm not going anywhere." He was a bit shocked by how much she cared for this woman he just met, and waited to gauge her reaction.

Michelle wiped a final tear from her eye and stared at him, trying to find the lie in his words... but there wasn't any.

She grabbed the back of his head gently and pulled him in for a tender kiss. Something shared only between two people who were meant for each other. The love that was blooming between them spread through their hearts and all the way to their fingers and toes. Dave's heartbeat increased, causing his cock to throb against her chest. Even through her layers, she loved the feeling. She broke away from the kiss and gave him a hungry look.

"I don't think you know what you're signing up for..." Michelle leaned up to his ear and gave another teasing lick, like in the coffee shop. Shivers ran down his spine. "I'm not talking about just being 15 feet tall with the biggest tits in the world." She pulled him in harder on her tit, making Dave take stock in the fact that her tit was probably the same size as him, if he were to ball up. "I'm talking massive! I want to be bigger than anyone could imagine... and I want you to watch me as I go."

Michelle kissed and teased his ear as she stroked his back. "I want you to watch me burst out of my clothes. Watching every stitch come undone until I don't have any clothes left to wear. I want to be able to hide you between my tits and walk around with you all day. I want to feel you inside me..." She moaned in his ear as she let the last fantasy slip. "I mean it, my pussy is so hungry for you and whatever you've got hiding in those tattered jeans. I could see what you were doing when I was wrecking your home. You're a freak too, aren't you?"

She began to press him into her tit a bit harder. "I think you want me to crush this couch. You can lay comfortably across these seats, but my ass could swallow it and turn it to splinters. You want to see me do it, don't you?" She was getting more and more excited again. The smell of her juices filled his nose and he began groping her giant tit. Or at least, trying to.

"Look at you, tiny man, trying to cup a feel. I can help you sweetie. Let me just take a seat..." She slowly slowered her monster ass onto his three-seater and let the weight overtake it. Cracks and rips of the wood frame and the fabric cover filled the room, only to be overtaken by her moans. "Oh god, this feels incredible. My ass is a fucking wrecking ball!"

Michelle screamed as she finally let her weight go, smashing down to the tile floor, cracking a few of the tiles. The stuffing of the couch shot out from its sides as she made impact. She moaned as she ground her ass over and over into the floor. "Sorry about your love seat. I think I'll make a better one."

Michelle lowered Dave into her arms, placing her nipple in front of his face. "I think you remember these from your handsy session earlier. I think you should finish playing with them." Dave didn't hesitate to take this huge nipple into his mouth. The width of a slim energy drink can, Dave sucked as much of the nipple into his mouth as possible as he watched his lover squirm.

"Oh god YES! Take control! Drink from me...." Michelle rolled her eyes back and began pulling on her other nipple. Her other hand snaked down to his bulge, massaging it through the tattered remains of his jeans. She could only see glimpses of it, but could tell it was huge. "I guess I'm not the only giant here. Why don't we see what your hidING!"

Dave bit on her nipple, not too hard, but enough to get her attention. Her head rolled back and her mouth hung open. She massaged his cock harder, as her own orgasm grew. Michelle was humping the air as she grew more and more aroused. "Holy shit! HOLY SHIT! I knew they were sensitive but SHIT!" She could barely breathe with her pleasure mounting. She removed her hand from his cock and grab both tits, squeezing them together and forcing more of his giant nipple into his mouth. He sucked it off as if he was sucking a cock, which he didn't mind, and he could tell it was getting a similar effect from Michelle.

She couldn't speak, she couldn't think, she could only.... CUM! Once again, her cum shot out of her pussy like a shot gun, covering his other furniture, the mirror on the wall, and the tv. She gripped him hard, shoving his face and body into her tits. He felt like they could swallow him with how big they were. Within his mouth, he felt a slight stir.

Her nipples... they grew! Wait a minute, Dave thought. He pushed himself away from her tit, spitting out her thick nipple. Michelle was panting while staring at the ceiling. "Do you grow when you orgasm?!" His cock throbbed at this idea.

"Huff... huff.. Yeah... Holy shit... yeah sometimes, when I'm really turned on. But only a little bit, not like when I'm ..." Michelle snapped out of her haze, "eating... THE PIZZA!"

"Oh crap, I totally forgot! Let me get that for you." Dave stood up, still a bit woozy from the hit. As if her memory was connected to her stomach, a loud roar rose from the depths of her belly.

Michelle winched and reached past her heavy teets to her belly. "I guess a girl needs her fuel after such a hard workout." She winked as Dave turned the corner. He returned a minute later with the first five boxes and a 2 liter of soda. He left and came back with the remaining food to another shocking site.

Not one, not two, but three pizza boxes sat empty in front of his date. Her massive belly began to part her tits, cause stitches to pop in the front of her shirt. All she could do was moan and consume more food. It was like her body was on autopilot. "Oh god this is so good! This might be the best meal I've ever had." She winked between bites and cracked open one of the 2 liters, draining it in one go. She let out a burp and giggled, "Excuse me."

"It's... quite alright. Want to rest for a moment? I can turn on a movie while you work on your food." He set the rest of the food down in front of her and grabbed a seat on a cushion next to her massive thigh.

"I'd love to watch something funny." Michelle responded but barely noticing him. She was scarfing down another half of a pizza when he popped on the TV. He worked a bit on his pizza and was halfway through when she giggled. Dave turned and couldn't believe his eyes.

Michelle's belly looked like she was hiding grown men inside her. She mindlessly rubbed it to soothe the rapid growth, but looked content. "All these carbs may take a second to work through me... but if it's not too much to ask" She looked shy and mischievous.

"What is it?" Dave asked, intrigued.

"Could you maybe ... order some more. A lot more. If you're ok with me getting a little bigger, why don't we go nuts?" She grabbed Dave's hand and pressed it to her belly. He could feel it slowly shrinking. He hopped on the phone to the pizza shop next door.

"Hey Brad! Turns out we're having some... extended family visiting tonight. Mind if I place an order for ... 20... no, 30 pizzas?" Dave smiled back at Michelle. She nodded her head, she was ready to grow.

CHAPTER 4

A knock at the door brought us out of the world of the classic sitcom they were both enjoying. Dave could have never felt this comfortable around a partner. They were laughing, bringing up their favorite jokes from the show and the spinoffs that weren't as good as the original, but still had their charm.

All while Michelle made 9 boxes of pizza, sides, and a few liters of soda disappear down her bottomless pit of a stomach. Her stomach gurgled and churned as it ballooned up. Occasionally, Dave would reach over to give a massage, eliciting a moan from his lover. The walls of her stomach felt almost solid with the packed-in calories, fats, and proteins from her endless meal.

Michelle was emanating a warmth as her body processed all this fuel she'd ingested. She has never indulged to this degree and was afraid to even admit it to Dave. She could feel her mass increasing - the gurgling of her belly covered the sounds of her bones lengthening, her tits swelling, and her ass gobbling all this potential energy and converting it into lush, sensitive hip meat.

The muscles throughout her body lengthened and grew to accommodate this new girth. Within her arms, Michelle could feel them getting stronger, more defined, ready to lift a car if she needed to. Her height was inching closer and closer to 15 feet tall. Michelle could now look onto the roof of the Dave's house just by standing straight up, no problem. Well, sort of a problem, since neither of them have really thought how this mini-giantess is going to get out of this high ceiling living room.

For now, they just enjoyed each other's company. Michelle rubbed her belly as it shrank further and further down, looking more like a 3-month pregnant woman. "I wonder if I even could get pregnant at this size..." Michelle thought to herself. She had always wanted to be a mother, but is it even safe for her to try and carry a child? Would she just keep increasing in size? Or would her enormous womb hold countless babies, more than any woman in history?

The thought of a belly that large did cause Michelle to soak the remaining shreds of her panties. More than anything, she wanted to know what it would be like to feed Dave from her milky, leaking tits. Time will tell.

ding-dong

Michelle perked up. "Our feast!" She could barely contain her excitement. 30 pizzas all for her... sorry, for them. She pushed that selfish thought down. "I'll get this one, cutie. You just watch and enjoy the two shows. The one of the tv and the one where I slowly crawl through your house to the front door."

Michelle had to attempt to roll over a few times, but was finally able to land with her hands on the ground. On all fours, her tits mashed into the ground and bulged around her arms. The amount of weight she was carrying must be close to two sedans, Dave surmised, but all that new muscle she acquired gave her the support she needed. Inch by inch - or really foot by foot at her size - Michelle crawled toward the front door.

While her hips couldn't fit in the hallway, her strength allowed her to not slow down as she pulled her ass through the hallway, denting and cracking the dry wall as she went. Dave felt his entire home shake with each passing second as Michelle forced her way to the front door.

She couldn't get enough. She felt bad for his home, but there wasn't going to be a clean way she was going to exit when the time came. Michelle relished in the sounds of crunching wood beams and demolished furniture as she forced her way through the home. Finally, she gently used two of her giant fingers to reach for the door handle to the entrance of the home. "Coming!" She shouted to the delivery boy.

The knob was a bit tricky to grip at this size. Not wanting to wait for her prize, she dug her nails into the side of the door opposite the hinges. Digging them passed the lock, she ripped the door open to reveal a sight to the pizza boy that he'd never forget. A monster of a woman just ripped a door off its hinges and now is staring hungrily at him. He didn't know what feeling was stronger, fear or arousal.

"Oh hello there, cutie. I remember you. You were peaking through the window of your adorable pizza shop and I think you liked what you saw. Oh goodness, does that smell delicious!" Michelle grabbed for one of the pies, flipping open the top, and scarfing down half the pizza within a few bites.

The warm cheese and spicy sauce were divine, causing Michelle to moan as she felt her belly descend a bit as it settled. She quickly grab the box and shook the remaining slices into her mouth, savoring each chew. "I think I've found my new favorite pizza place. You and your coworkers make an incredible za."

The delivery man couldn't say a word. Watching a woman whose proportions don't make any earthly sense coupled with the insane feat of inhaling an entire pizza in a few mere seconds. "What's your name, sweetie?" Michelle's eyes filled with lust and gratitude.

"Eric.. ma'am" Eric, our pizza courier, couldn't decide if he should think with his head or his cock. He stuttered, "I'm... mighty glad you enjoyed them."

"Oh, you're too kind. Tell you what, I left your tip back in the living room. If you wouldn't mind, could you carry the order and follow me? As you can see, I'm a bit spatially challenged at the moment." Michelle gently pushed her arms into the walls. They seemed to be barely hanging onto the foundation, groaning loudly at her slightest movements.

"Yes, ma'am. Of course, ma'am." Eric was dumbstruck. It was as if he had heard a siren's call and was now blindly following her to his doom.

Ever so slowly, Michelle inched her way backward, retracing her steps. Forcing her arms past her massive rack gave Eric the most insane boner. He could easily be swallowed by her cleavage. Each of her tits were bigger than his entire form. She might not even notice if he was in there, Eric thought. He straightened up and tried to focus on not dropping the giant's meal as they traversed the now shattered corridor.

Finally, Michelle pulled herself free from the confines of the hallway and settled on the remains of the couch she destroyed. She flexed and ground her hips into the ground a bit when she landed, making sure to pummel these fragments into splinters.

Eric entered the room and could barely breathe as he took in the entire height of this goddess. Her massive milkers rested comfortably in her lap and covering all of her own thighs. Her ass acted as a cushion, angling her body to almost 45 degrees. She seemed comfortable and Dave looked almost unfazed by the deity seated beside him.

"Oh, hello Eric. She must have really spooked you." Dave gave Michelle's tree trunk thighs a playful jab with his elbow.

"He's a big boy, Dave. He wasn't ... too afraid of little ole' me. He does, of course, require a tip." Michelle explained, eyeing her lover up and down.

"But of course, I'll be right back." Dave rose to his feet and retreated to the kitchen. That seemed like the only reasonable place to find it after the demo job Michelle did to his kitchen island.

"You can set the pizzas down now." Michelle instructed, motioning to a spot just in front of her tits, between her outstretched legs. Eric dutifully followed her order and placed the pies before her and stepped back, only to be caught by her arm.

"It could be the adrenaline or the love I've been feeling from Dave all day, but I wanted to thank you. You didn't run away in fear and didn't call me a freak. I can't thank you enough for that." Her massive hand enclosed around his entire bicep.

"It's no trouble at all, Miss. I... hope this is enough." Eric awkwardly smiled and attempted eye contact. It just felt like staring at the sun. Like it was something he shouldn't do - for his own safety.

"Please, call me Michelle. What if I did this?" Michelle pulled his arm towards her, placing his hand on her gargantuan tit. "Does this make you feel good? Dave is making me feel more confident and ... you looked like a man who'd enjoy these."

"Ummm... I... I can't" Eric's hand began to shake.

"Oh god, I pressured you into this. How could you say no to a giantess who could lift you with one hand?" The confidence evaporated in Michelle, feeling as if she'd taken advantage of the situation instead of read the sexual tension.

"It's quite alright ma'am... Michelle. They feel... incredible." Eric's hand still on her tit. He was still too awestruck to actually move, but he savored every moment.

"Well, if you're not afraid, really go for it!" Michelle's confidence reemerged, forcing his hand deeper into her tits, moving his grasp down to her cock sized nipples. Eric involuntarily squeezed and Michelle let out a moan.

This signalled Dave to return with his billfold. "Did I come back at the wrong time?" Dave's grin showed Eric there was no envy or jealousy or ownership between Michelle and Dave. "If you're gonna start playing with it, you better finish the job, young man."

While 23 years old, Eric was feeling like this was his first sexual experience again. He slowly started stroking, squeezing, and pulling on her nipples as if Michelle were a cow in need of milking. She took very kindly to this.

"Oh god yes, more!" She tore open the pizza boxes and started shoveling down slice after slice. In shock, Eric continued to milk her more forcibly as her belly gained back its mass. Slowly inching forward with each pie's disappearance into her belly, Michelle was getting closer and closer to cumming.

Dave just sat back and watched, his cock getting harder, bigger, and thicker as the milking/feeding frenzy was building.

Eric seemed to be a bit of a master at milking. All those summers at his uncle's farm seem to be paying off. An urge deep within Michelle's milkers began to grow. A heat, a pressure, a force grew and grew with her arousal. Eric, Michelle, and Dave were about to be in for a surprise as Michelle cleared her fifth pizza and was close to cumming.

Dave stroked his cock through the shredded remains of his pants as his erection finally tore through. Standing at full mast, his 16 inch penis finally stood proudly in front of his lover and her play thing. Eric could hardly register it as he worked his fingers to the bone trying to finish off Michelle.

Michelle gave the same look to Dave's cock that she did to all that food in his pantry and to these pizza's now. She. Was. Hungry.

Dave's balls grew and expanded, larger than softballs, as he reached sizes he could never imagine for himself. Michelle's belly was reaching 9 months pregnant with triplets and she was only 14 weeks into this feeding frenzy.

She was close. Feeling the rough, strong hands of her boy toy stretching and teasing her clit-like nipples were causing a new reaction within her. What else can her mystical body do? Michelle wondered as her pussy began to squirt. Small amount, a gallons worth at most. Then more, with each passing second.

Like the pre cum leaking from her lover's cock, she was overflowing with arousal. Finally, as she cleared her 21st pizza, feeling all those delicious ingredients hit her tongue, she exploded. She moaned, clawing at her tits, squeezing them with all her might.

Her ass muscles flexed and cracks began to form in the tile flooring beneath her and the drywall behind her ass. Eric read the situation correctly and doubled down his efforts as his uniform was being covered in girl cum. Michelle buried her head in her tits. She couldn't handle it. The force within her finally emerged.

drip...drip... drip drip drip FWOOSH

Trickles became torrents of milk erupting from Michelle's tanker tits. Her eyes rolled back in her head, drool pouring from her mouth, and mindlessly, she grabbed her toy and pulled him in. She needed more!

She shoved Eric's face into her surprisingly large pussy, rubbing him like a vibrator against her clit. Blinded by the different fluids shooting out of her and the mass of skin and fat above him, Eric reached out wildly. Eric's arm hit something warm while his eye's were blocked and he felt a warm, wet muscle contract around him.

He could hear moans that sounded miles away due to all the fat and muscle, but he couldn't have ever imagined what could happen next. Michelle pushed his back and her pussy pulled his arm deep within her. She pushed him back and forth, using his arm as a makeshift dildo to heightened the already world-shattering orgasm.

She couldn't speak, she couldn't think. She was just a milky, bloated bimbo with a need. A need for more of everything!

Her orgasm was cresting again and she shoved Eric as hard as she could, with whatever leverage she could get around her bloated belly. He was shoulder deep within the cunt of a goddess and she clamped down hard as she came.

Her squirt felt like his face was being hit by a fire hose. He could barely breathe and his arm was stuck, slowly being crushed by the sex organs of a stranger.

Dave was going to lose it. His balls were now volleyball sized, maybe even too heavy to carry. He definitely wouldn't be walking the same until he let these loose.

Michelle screamed so loud that her voice was shaking the glass in the windows, in the cabinets, and in the top of the coffee table shoved into the corner of the room from her growth. Milk - smelling sweeter than honey - was flooding the floor and hallways as they shot out of her tits with the velocity of a fire hose.

Eric could hardly breathe, but he too had cum in his pants. Hard to tell at this point, with the mixture of girl cum and giantess milk. Finally, Michelle began to relax.

While her hand was removed from Eric's back, it took even longer for her pussy to finally stop contracting for him to remove his arm. Slick with Michelle's juices, Eric was able to pull himself free and stand before the now 17 ft giantess with tits that could definitely swallow him whole.

Sure, she just let out enough milk to fill every bottle at a chain grocery store, but they somehow looked even bigger. Even fuller. Eric didn't have time to comprehend the growth of her ass before she spoke, her voice ever so slightly deeper with her growth.

"My hero. Eric, I hope I didn't hurt you. I've never let go like that before..." Michelle was interrupted.

"Take a look at my kitchen before you tell that lie," Dave laughed.

"That's true!" Michelle giggled, attempting to wipe the cum from Eric's shirt, to no avail. "Still though, this whole "giant" thing is very new to me. I lost a bit of control back there and I just hope I didn't hurt you." She stroked his arm that had, just a minute prior, been cervix deep within her.

"It's...all good." That was all Eric could muster. Looking over the hyper hung cock belonging to Dave, he noticed a stack of cash beside him.

"That's all for you." Dave winked as he still stroked his growing cock. "We really appreciate all your hard work."

Eric nodded and thanked them both, slowly hobbling through the remains of the crushed hallway, through the torn open doorway, and out into the sun. Eric was a changed man, and he was in need of a change. Without giving his boss a head's up, Eric headed back to his home to change and hopefully get the smell of milk and cum out of his hair. While it might leave his clothes, that sent will never leave his memory.

"You really went above and beyond with thanking him." Dave smirked, still stroking his growing dick. "You must really like that pizza. I would say that I'm owed a thank you as well."

Michelle was back to clearing her second to last pie, smiling contently as the milk draining from her tits started to slow. "Oh you're getting a thank you, sir. I don't know what came over me. I knew that guy loved my body and I just wanted to... indulge a little." She said as she dumped that last pie down her throat and swallowed.

"You're not one for indulgence, I'll tell you that." Dave tossed a throw pillow at her belly, now resting on the ground, busy digesting a company holiday party's worth of pizza. It bounced off without even a ripple from the fat.

"If I could move, I'd come over there and show you what happens when people talk that way about me. You're goddess!" Michelle faked the confidence and was disappointed when she attempted to stand but was pinned by her belly. "God I'm so full.

"God I'm so horny." Dave's cock grew another 2 inches and his balls flexed and expanded, causing Dave to shudder and spew more pre cum.

"Oh sweetie, you've been getting so close all day and you haven't had any relief, have you?" Michelle looked like she had found a wounded puppy and wanted to nurse it back to health. She reached for the rug Dave was sitting on and pulled.

Dave was dragged to the widest part of her belly. A strong hand wrapped around his back and lifted him into the air. He was now face to face with the woman of his dreams made real.

"I can't even begin to explain how magical today has been to me," Michelle explained as her stomach growled below her, struggling to process so many carbs, fats, and proteins. "You've given me confidence that I never knew I could have. I just.... I just love the way I feel around you, Dave."

Michelle was grinning bigger than any smile Dave had ever seen. That could be because there's never been a human this big in recorded history, but the feeling wasn't diminished by this thought. Dave loved this feeling he had around Michelle, and he never wanted it to end.

"I love this feeling too, Michelle. You're not only a dream, a total catch, and a total smoke show. You're also sweet and kind. You make me feel safe, even when I'm hovering a few feet off the ground in your arms. I know I'm safe with you."

Michelle's smile grew wider.

"I ... phew... I love you, Michelle." Dave was surprised to hear the words come out but wasn't afraid. He didn't make a mistake.

"I..." Michelle was choked up. "I ... can't believe you said that! We've only known each other for a few hours and you love me! You've got to know me at least... 5 hours before you can say something crazy like that."

"Well, I think you should know my flaws up front." Dave warmly grinned back to his lover. "I love fast and hard and I love you, Michelle.... Holy crap I don't know your name!" Dave and Michelle laughed harder than they had in years.

"It's Miller. Michelle Miller."

"Like Clark Kent or Bruce Banner?" Dave lit up at the slightest reference.

"Yes, nerd!" Michelle teased. "Now come up here and let me show you how much your girlfriend loves you."

Michelle's luscious and giant lips parted and the 20 inches of Dave's cock slipped into her mouth. They slowly closed, feeling warm and secure. His body was held tight against her face and she began to move his being back and forth, in and out of his mouth.

She was going to make him cum and she was going to swallow every last drop of his cum, no matter how full she felt. She was going to have it all!

CHAPTER 5

Michelle could barely catch her breath. Could it be from all the pizza filling her gut to the size of a VW bug? Or the mind-breaking orgasm from that delivery man? Quite possibly it could be the nearly two-foot-long cock sliding past her plush lips and down her throat from her dream lover. Dave has given her everything today and made her feel things she hasn't felt in years. Love, acceptance, pride in herself - Dave encouraged her to love herself and no matter what happens between them, she'll always remember that and be grateful.

What better way to show that gratitude than to give him the most mind-blowing orgasm of his life? To be clear, Michelle wasn't being cocky. She wouldn't normally think that she could give anyone that experience. Sure, she had some satisfied lovers in the past, but she knows that everything happening to her - her giant tits, her couch-crushing ass, her leaking nipples, her near-busting gut, and her growing height - are all a magical combination that is going to give her lover an orgasm he'll never forget.

Dave wrapped his arms around her head. With her increasing growth, he could barely wrap his arms and legs around her forehead and jawline due to her increased size. That thought alone made his cock tense and surge, adding two inches in length and an inch in girth.

Michelle adored this new feeling of her plush lips being pushed apart by Dave's girthy member. She kept one hand on his ass while she reached for her throat. She could feel how large he was on the inside, her probing hand confirmed what she felt - his cock was stretching her throat. She turned her gaze to the mirror on the wall and could see the outline of his dick straining the walls of her esophagus. She rubbed the outline, feeling his pulse through her neck, and moaned deeply.

She pulled him slightly out of her maw to look him in the eye. His cock tasted so good, and all the pre-cum leaking from him like faucet only made things taste sweeter. She gave a long suck as she dragged him slowly away from her face and out of her mouth. Dave's eyes rolled back into his head until the final 'pop' of his cock being released from her lips.

"So what gives? You've been so enamored with your own personal giantess over here like you don't have a little giant in you as well! Where have you been hiding this thing?" Michelle asked as she teased it with her tongue, rolling it around in circles while she waited for a response.

"I've always been bigger than others, to the dismay of my other ... mmm ... partners." Dave attempted to get through a sentence without losing it. "I could never really be myself and really enjoy my body. It hasn't been easy."

"Oh poor baby!" Michelle playfully mocked. "Your giant dick kept ruining your sex life?" She gave his cock a kiss on the tip and licked the slit. Her giant tongue probed it, slurping up more of his pre cum. Dave could feel the force her pulling it out of him, using him like a straw.

"Mmmm... hey now! It feels like you're trying to suck my soul out." Dave giggled. "I'm not trying to compare our abnormally large sexual appendages and see who has it worse. I'm just saying... it's been nice to actually be with someone who isn't disgusted by it and maybe even loves it," Dave said sweetly.

"Hold on there, partner." Michelle eyed him like a cat playing with a trapped mouse.

"What makes..."

Michelle slid his dick up her face to get to his basketball-sized nuts.

"...you think..."

Michelle sucked one of his balls into her mouth gently, massaging it with her lips and tongue.

"... that I would love..."

She said after releasing his ball. She smooched them and traced her tongue back up to the tip, licking up all the pre-cum.

"...such a monster cock?" Michelle kissed the tip again.

"You could have fooled me. Now are you going to keep playing with it or what?" Dave flexed his dick a bit to have it rise and fall onto her cheek, making a small slap sound.

Michelle faked a gasp. "Oh, you've done it now. Brace yourself 'big boy.' You ain't ready."

"Oh my, whatever will youUUUUUU!" Dave knew what was coming but again, he really wasn't ready.

Michelle took his entire length all the way down her throat like the champ she was. She pushed hard onto his back, forcing more and more into her throat. Dave could hear her grunting and panting through her nose to swallow more and more of his member. She clenched her eyes tight until she felt it. She'd hit the end.

Michelle's eyes popped open and glared at him. She swallowed continuously while she held him deep in her throat. The clenching and unclenching of her muscles had Dave rolling. He could barely breathe. Michelle looked quite pleased with herself.

She slowly pulled him out, unsheathing his cock from her mouth, only to slam him back down. She grunted as she felt him bottom out inside her, slowly filling her stuffed belly with more pre-cum. Over and over - slow out, fast in, slow out, fast in. No complaints from Dave, he only tried to hold onto her hair like a rider trying to hold onto a bull riding machine.

Picking up speed, Michelle became determined to satisfy her man. She loved him, and she was going to show him just how much.

Faster and faster she went, his cock slick with his juices and her saliva. She loved the taste and wanted more. Michelle had to lightly grip his balls to stop them from knocking into her face. She loved the feeling but the weight of them could have left a bruise.

Giving his balls a light squeeze, this started to send Dave over the edge. Even Michelle could feel and hear the torrent of cum churning in his balls. He was about to release a disturbing amount of cum and she wanted every drop. His balls ever so slightly surged in size, along with his cock. Small amounts, almost imperceptible to the eye, but she could feel her hands being pushed open and her lips being parted further and further.

Her pussy was dripping, gushing, pouring out her own juices all over the floor, mixing with the debris of the couch and the tile floor. Her gargantuan cushions flexed and ground hard into the ground. Her newly milking tits spurted milk with every thrust down her throat.

If she didn't have her many covering her face, she would have seen her throat bulging to contain his manhood. Even at her now 20-foot height, it was starting to get harder for her to breathe. She sped him up, determined to finish him off before she blacked out.

His balls surged again, the cum fighting to be released but not just yet. He was almost there. He couldn't breathe from all the stimulation, he was just gripping his lover's hair while she face fucked herself with his monster cock.

"I... I... I..." He couldn't say it. Michelle knew it was time. She gripped him tight with her hand around his back and massaged his balls even more. They were getting too big to handle but she still tried. They were vibrating in her hand. His whole cock was vibrating and pulsing down her throat. She forced as much of it down her throat as possible, desperately trying to get her prize.

"I'm... c... cum.. cumminnggg!" Dave gripped her head for dear life. The force from his balls pushing gallons of cum through his body felt unearthly. Heavenly, even. Michelle opened her eyes to watch his cock bulge once more, sealing her lips tight as possible against his member, as all the cum she worked so hard for shot into her throat.

Her throat bulged with every burst of cum from his gigantic balls. Dave continued to moan and Michelle would have joined him if she had any more room to let air out of her lungs. He had filled her so completely, she was now holding her breath while she guzzled down all his delicious cum.

Inch by inch, her belly grew. While it had been shrinking after her binge, it once again sat on the floor and grew forward, busting tiles as it went. It was orgasmic.

The mix of destruction and growth had Michelle squirting like a firehouse. Each gallon of cum from Dave made her belly surge, crushing the furniture in front of her, and made her pussy and tits squirt all over the living room.

The walls were soaked, the furniture was being ruined, but neither of them would ever care. Dave still couldn't breathe even as his balls began to shrink. 10 gallons of cum had been sucked out of him and there were no signs of stopping.

With such a tight seal and starting to become desperate for air, Michelle began to suck. Dave experienced a once-in-a-lifetime sensation of a partner forcing all of the cum out of his balls as fast as she could. Gallons of cum were being pulled from his testes, through his immense cock, and down into her belly.

Dave felt a new sensation as her belly grew up to meet his balls. She rested them on top of her gut and eventually sat him down on top of her as she continued to suck. She never knew cum could be so delicious but she couldn't get enough.

Dave's cock slowly began to shrink, giving her breathing room and enough room to unsheath him. Michelle took the deepest breath of air; as if she had just surfaced from diving to the bottom of the sea. Dave was still shooting jizz like a runaway hose all of himself, the room, and his new girlfriend.

Michelle panted while gripping Dave's hose, pointing it towards the ceiling. Once she regained her breath, Michelle returned to tip to her lips and continued sucking. Dave laid back on her belly like a bean bag chair yet more firm, and moaned in ecstasy as his member and balls shrank. Michelle couldn't have been happier. Mixing her new joy of consuming mountains of food with satisfying her man made her wet all over again.

Finally, she released him, with not a single drop of cum left in his body. Resting comfortably at 13 inches and balls the size of apples, she released her grasp on him and let his dick rest on her chest. They both panted hard, recovering from the blowjob of the millennium.

"Wow." They both said in unison.

Michelle and Dave looked up and gave each other a sly smile. They were content. More content than they've felt in their entire lives. Dave could feel her belly slosh and process all the food and cum in her gut, but his energy was too depleted to get off her belly. He still tried, but she stopped him.

"If you wanna take a nap, you can rest there. I kinda like it. It's comforting to feel your body heat on me." Michelle smiled sweetly. "Also I can do this if I need to wake you up." Michelle clenched and shook her belly, moving like an overfilled waterbed.

"Feels like I'm floating in an intertube in a river," Dave said with sleep in his eyes.

"That sounds pretty good right about now. You and me floating down a river, a couple of beers in our hands, a bikini for me made from a circus tent." They both laughed and Dave had to brace himself as her belly shook.

"Now that's something I'd love to see. I'll make it happen." Dave assured her. He slowly turned himself while still lying down and crawled up to between her tits. They were resting on the side of her monster belly, but there was still a bit of cleavage to be used as a pillow.

"It's a date, then. Heck, we might have to move out to the woods anyway with the rate I'm growing." Michelle teased his hair with two fingers as she too was drifting off to sleep.

"Don't tease me with a good time, Ms. Miller. I'm too tired." Dave nestled into her chest, using the top of her bust as the perfect pillow. Michelle leaned back with a mighty thud. She dented the drywall and sent cracks up to the ceiling. Thankfully, the wall held.

"Sorry about that, I might ***yawn*** owe you a new wall" Michelle got as comfortable as she could as she closed her eyes.

"You don't owe me anything, sweet cheeks." Dave's eyes closed as well. This was bliss for both of them.

With that, they were out. The sun sank behind the horizon and the moonlight shone through the skylight above the living room. The lovers slept peacefully while Michelle's body continued to process all the food and cum. Through the hours, Dave began to sink into Michelle's massive cleavage but was held in place once her belly shrank and her tits were touching again. It was the perfect sleeping bag for our hero.

As the morning sun peaked through the clouds and into the bleary eyes of our two growing comrades, Dave realized his arms were pinned to his side. With some effort, he was able to free his arms and pulled himself free only to smack his head on the ceiling.

He finally took in the carnage that was bestowed on his home in the night. His girlfriend's growing body turned all that energy into unspeakably large titties. They were pinned to the wall across from them and pushed firmly into the wall behind her. Her head was slightly below the cleavage he stood upon, but she didn't seem to be suffocating from all the boob flesh. She had grown as well, looking to be a few feet taller. Besides that, he could tell if any more changes occurred.

Dave slowly walked over her tits and slid down to give her a kiss on her plump lips. Michelle began to stir. It felt as if the Earth was moving with even the smallest movement. Dave slipped past her nose to her ear. Gently kissing it, he whispered, "Good morning, cutie."

She smiled and opened her eyes. However, his gentle awakening quickly turned to panic as claustrophobia set in. "Dave, what's happening?!" She began to fidget and try to stand. Dave held onto her hair to try and steady himself.

"It's ok, Michelle. Stay calm." It was no use. With enough force, Michelle blew out the side walls of his home and collapsed into his backyard. Her tits washed over her face and waved like the ocean, jiggling back and forth until they settled. Michelle was able to catch her breath a bit but was still panicking.

Dave was tossed to the side but quickly stood and approached her, not wanting to startle her more. "It's alright, sweetie. Take it easy." He raised a hand calming to her as he came into her view.

"I'm not a wild horse, nerd, I'm fine." Michelle smiled. "Imagine YOU woke up being swallowed by your own tits and see how you'd react." She began to shift, using her newly formed muscles to try and flip over. More of the house crunched and crumbled with each movement, but with some help, she finally stood in the morning sun.

Without the confines of the room, Dave really took her in. It looked like she had stopped growing in height around 25 feet tall, but her body bloomed in other ways. Each tit was rivaling monster truck sizes, with a steady flow of milk spewing from them.

"You want some coffee with that milk?" Dave called up to his lover.

"Har har." Not amused, Michelle was in a bit of shock with her size and being out in the open. She turned to see the rest of her enhancements.

Her ass had graduated to a whole new magnitude of size. Her hips were now wider than the length of a limousine. Each cheek stuck out about 9 feet, with a perk to them that still looked natural. Nothing like balloons, still a bit of cellulite and Dave loved every millimeter of it.

Michelle crouched down below the roof and got as close as she could to Dave, at least as close as her tits would allow. She looked to the tree line behind his house. "I can't be seen like this! What's back there?" Motioning to the woods with her forearm-length finger.

"Nothing for miles, why? Did you want to take me up on that tubing date idea?" Dave smirked.

"Of course, hot stuff. But also I don't want your neighbors getting an eye full of the goods." Michelle began crawling toward the trees. Dave felt every time her knees or hands collided with the ground. Even at her size, she was moving at a good pace.

He watched as the tree bent and snapped as her hips forced their way past. "Not really being sneaky," Dave said to himself. As she disappeared into the tree line, Dave followed the best he could with his new growth. Watching her crawl away allowed time for his cock to grow to a healthy 3 feet long and 1 foot thick, and his balls were filling almost as if they were hooked up to a hose.

No matter where they ended up, Dave and Michelle were going to fuck, and he couldn't wait to see how big she grew next.

CHAPTER 6

“Ow, jeez!” Dave looked down at his foot. Luckily no cuts or splinters, just a stubbed toe on a rock. That’s what happens when you follow your mini-giantess girlfriend into the woods. Correction, when you follow your NAKED mini-giantess girlfriend into the woods while you’re also naked.

Michelle had reached far enough into the woods to finally stand up. She had been crawling since they left the crumbled remains of Dave’s home. Thankfully, his job compensated him extremely well and this would barely be a worry for him. What he’s more concerned about currently is his erection sticking a yard in front of him, wagging back and forth with each step. It hadn’t relaxed since they started walking about an hour ago and he was dying for release.

As they crawled/marched into the wilderness, they shared stories with one another. They both enjoyed camping but never found enough time to do it. If they had to choose, they would live off the grid. That might be Michelle’s only option at this point. Dave tried to imagine a living situation for a woman of her size in the city or even a cozy suburb. It could be possible, but they’d need a lot of land to build a home that she’d feel comfortable in.

During the moments they weren’t speaking, Dave enjoyed the sounds of nature - the birds chirping to one another, howling off in the distance, the swaying of the trees. The sounds of traffic faded away and the only reminder of humanity left was the soft stomps of Michelle’s giant feet and the panting of Dave as he tried to keep up with his long-legged lover.

One step for her took him ten, but he didn’t mind. He would need to take a break soon though. Hauling around these growing balls and a cock built like a pillar were wearing on him.

Finally, they reached a clearing that looked like it was pulled from a fairytale. The treetops opened to a bright blue sky, with lush grass and other vegetation creating a comfortable spot for our loves to take a rest.

Michelle found the smoothest spot of greenery and twirled to face Dave. She hadn’t looked at him since they left his place and was pleased to see the effect she was having on him. “You just been pointing that thing at me all the way through the woods?” She smirked and stared hungrily at him.

“It was like my compass, it was always pointing to you.” Dave grabbed a seat in the shade and sighed in relief to be off his feet.

“I don’t think you’d have any trouble looking for me. Unless...” Michelle quickly stomped her way behind a 50-foot tall tree, pretending to hide. She would poke her head out from the side and say ‘peek-a-boo’ a few times and go back to hiding.

Dave loved the sight. Not only was she becoming more and more comfortable with her body, but he couldn’t help loving the sight of her curves sticking out so far beyond the width of the tree trunk. While not as tall as the tree, she looked wider than 10 of them planted side-by-side.

The jiggle of her hips never stopped swaying even when she planted her feet. Her tits were resting near her mid-thigh but stuck out a number of feet. Dave had heard the adage of a woman's bust being so big it arrives in a room minutes before she does, but in this case, it's quite literal.

"Wait a minute?! Where'd she go?! MICHELLE!" Dave shouted into the woods, "I seem to have misplaced my girlfriend in the woods. Here, girl!" Dave whistled and patted his bare leg.

"Are you trying to call me over like a dog?" Michelle gave an annoyed glance down to her lover.

"Maybe," said Dave. "Is it working?"

Michelle squinted. "What's this mystery of a girl thinking?" Dave thought.

In a flash (relative to her size), Michelle hopped down onto all fours and galloped over to him. Her tits dragged on the ground, leaving a trail of displaced dirt and plant debris. She landed in front of Dave, panting like man's best friend. Michelle wagged her butt in the air as if it were her tail. Watching that much mass shake, ripples of muscle and fat swaying against a bright blue sky, gave an extra few inches to Dave's member, leaking a steady stream of pre-cum.

Michelle's eyes widened and her tongue rolled out of her mouth. A tongue almost as long as his torso, Dave noted. Still pretending to be a dog, Michelle licked from the base of the underside of his cock, slowly, all the way up the tip, allowing it to flick back down. She continued up his chest, Dave savoring this otherworldly feeling, licking up his neck and over his face.

Michelle looked pleased with herself as her boy toy had to wipe her saliva from his face, slicking his hair back. Wiping some of it from his chest, he used some of it to give his disheveled hair a bit of a mohawk, like one would do in a shower with shampoo. "How do I look?"

Michelle giggled, "Sexy and delicious, as always." She slowly inched forward, giving him a kiss. Her plump lips covered more of his face than ever before. Her tongue forced his mouth open but only a small portion of it could fit. Dave coughed and backed away.

"Oh, so sorry. You just get me so worked up..." Michelle's previous hesitations about her size being too much for Dave have more or less melted away. Dave loved to see it.

"Nothing to be sorry about, just take it a bit slower." Dave returned the kiss with more passion, using his tongue to enter her mouth. Michelle was surprised at how sensitive and sensual it felt to have his smaller tongue teasing the tip of hers. She moaned into his mouth, and he returned by biting her lip.

Or as much of her lip as he could get. Michelle's eyes opened, staring back at her boyfriend with a fire in her eyes. She began crawling forward, using the ledge behind Dave's head as a barrier to smother him with her car-smashing milkers.

While overwhelmed, Dave loved it. His cock forced its way between her tits and he was able to maneuver his head to have a little breathing room in her cleavage. Michelle would never have dreamed of getting off on smothering others, but god did she love this power.

"Can you hear me, little bug?" Michelle asked, only to receive a muffled agreement from below and pressure from the flex of her lover's cock. "Good. Doesn't it feel soooo good to be trapped down there? Nowhere for you to go? Nothing you can do to escape? I know it feels good for me." She slowly lowered her body onto her tits, resting on them, adding more weight to her lover. "Is this too much? Just say the word and I'll release, IF I'm too much woman for you..." Michelle rolled back and forth on her tits as if they were a yoga ball at the gym.

Dave's cock swayed with them, back and forth. He could feel the ground starting to give way, pushing him into the dirt. The warmth of her flesh mixed with the coolness of the clay beneath him was divine. However, he was starting to lose the ability to breathe. He wasn't going to let her win. He only moaned in enjoyment.

"Oh, you're saying you want more?" Michelle bit her lip in excitement. She gripped two trees, one on each side of her for leverage, and began pushing harder into the dirt. A dark part of her mind ignited with intrigue at the notion of overpowering someone with only her tits. Who could stop her? No one, that's who, she thought to herself. The arousal at that thought caused her tits to begin to leak more heavily, anointing the ground with her sweet juices. Her pussy also gushed and engorged at the pressure from her tits. God, she loved this feeling.

So was Dave, but now the pressure was becoming too much. He tried to hold out though, seeing how much his date enjoyed it and how hard it was making his cock want him to continue, but he needed air. Dave tried to tap her breasts to but the weight of them pinned him to the ground. He tried to yell but the pressure on his diaphragm didn't allow any sound to escape his throat.

He was trapped. Now, he panicked. He began trying to thrash below her, only moving a few centimeters from side to side. She loved it. "YES! Keep wiggling, worm!" Michelle was too lost in her own enjoyment to notice the fear from below.

Dave's vision began to darken, the flesh of her tits closing up, not allowing any more air in. With all his might, he finally uttered the word 'air' before passing out.

Michelle was off him in a flash and Dave sucked in air as he'd just surfaced from nearly drowning in the sea. Well, in this case, it was a sea of tit flesh. Michelle picked him up and brought him to her face, giving him kisses all over his body and wiping off any dirt from being almost buried. "Oh sweetie, I got too worked up again, didn't I? I promise I'll be more careful."

Michelle didn't seem as afraid of herself with this mishap. She did feel bad that she almost suffocated Dave, but she gave herself a break seeing as he was alright. That said, she was ready to make it up to him.

"You've been beyond amazing these past few days. I'm ready to fully... open myself to you. If you're ready, of course."

"Of course," Dave panted. "We've been through more than most people will ever experience in their entire lives. I'm all yours, cutie. I love you and I trust you."

"I love and trust you to. And as a thank you, I need you to trust me again. Can you do that for me?" Michelle asked.

"Always, M," said Dave.

"M? A new nickname? I love it," Michelle's beautiful smile appeared again, melting Dave's heart all over again. "With all the amazing experiences you've given me, I'm going to need you to sit back and take it easy. I'm taking it from here."

Michelle then laid Dave on a beautiful patch of grass in the sun. Slowly, Michelle lumbered over her lover's body, dragging her monster truck tits over her torso, revealing her now slightly pudging belly and revealing her plump and dripping pussy to her lover.

"Ready?" Michelle yelled.

"Ready!" Dave responded, positioning his cock. Michelle wouldn't be able to reach past all her curves to help guide him in at the angle. Slowly, she lowered her bus-sized hips down, letting her flower open and grip his cock. Inch by inch, Dave was in heaven as she gripped and then pulled in more of his member. His penis flexed and hardened

further, growing another five inches in length and five in girth. His balls surged with growth, almost in response to the size of his lover.

Michelle was moaning deeply. Besides the arm of the delivery man, she hadn't been intimate like this in years, and to have a lover that could fit was fulfilling her deepest desires.

She lowered herself further, taking in his entire length. Dave was disappointed. He shouted to Michelle, "I'm sorry..."

"For what, dear?" Michelle was beginning to lower her entire weight onto his hips.

Dave grunted in response. "I just...rrr... wish I could properly...rrr...satisfy you."

Michelle's eyes shot open, perplexed. She leaned back until she was in an upright position, which was difficult with the monster cakes and hips. She spread her cleavage to look the 20 feet down to her lover's eyes. "Honey, your cock is a literal godsend and I've never been so satisfied in my life. Never, and I mean never, think that you're not enough for me." Michelle clenched her pussy muscles in response. "You feel fucking amazing and I love you, you silly, sexy, man!" She shouted and smiled down to her man.

Dave smiled and giggled in response. "So... *this*... is enough for you?" He raised his hips, burying his dick further into Michelle.

"Mmmmm god yes." She bit her lip and closed her eyes. "Now, the next part might be a bit scary, but I have an idea. You still trust me, right?"

"Of course." Dave rubbed her grain-silo-sized thighs, still so silky smooth ever at this scale.

"Good." She began to press down and Dave felt the earth began to swallow him up. He was comfortable embedded in the dirt. Michelle slowly unsheathed herself and then went to work digging to giant holes on either side of Dave. She snapped a tree in half with ease and used it as a makeshift shovel to create holes for her knees to rest. A mix of fear and arousal caused Dave's cock to shoot a bit of pre-cum.

"Hey now! Save some for me!" Michelle shouted. Once finished, Michelle slowly raised a leg over Dave, resting each on either side of him. Now, she could ride and grind him and put most of her weight on the ground around him. Hopefully, Dave's fragile body will be spared but they'll still both get the fucking of a lifetime.

"Clever girl," Dave complimented.

"Oh, thank you kindly, good sir." Michelle moan as she took in Dave's cock once again. "When this starts, I don't know if I'm going to feel you if you try to tap on me to stop. If things get to crazy, you've got to shout something to get my attention like last time."

"Like... Pineapple?"

"Perfect," said Michelle. With that, Michelle sat fully down on Dave. She could feel his cock growing to almost four feet long inside of her and the girth stretching her plump lips. The ground around Dave cushioned the impact of her massive rear, but he still felt the ground shake with each impact. Now, Michelle was off.

Despite all the size, she was riding her lover's cock with all her might. Her slick pussy juices were pooling in the hole protecting Dave from her collisions and he happily slurped it up. "God, she tastes good. I need more!" Fortunately, Dave was able to reach her swollen clit and gave it a tease as she was riding.

The increased sensation made M scream in delight and her tits shot milk all over the surrounding trees. Dripping milk fell into Dave's waiting mouth. "I'm going to need more of that too!" Unfortunately, there was no possible way at this angle to line up her traffic cone-sized nips to his mouth. He'd just have to wait.

All the while, his nuts were gaining mass. Slowly growing larger than ever before, reaching yoga ball sizes. Honestly, they rivaled the size of Michelle's tits when they first met. His cock reached five feet long, now a fifth the size of Michelle's. She stroked an outline of his cock through her stomach and continued pounding into the ground. A huge orgasm was building inside both of them. Michelle was getting close.

"Dave!" She shouted between breaths. Heaving this much mass was a lot of work, even with her new muscles. "Are you close?!"

All Dave could do was grunt and double his efforts playing with her clit. That was a clear enough message. She doubled her speed as well until they both could barely breathe. They both were reaching a point of no return. They were seeing stars. Michelle shouted, "Cum inside me! DO IT! I need it! MAKE ME BIGGER!"

And that was it! Dave unloaded gallons of cum into her pussy. She screamed as she felt his dick swell to allow for the massive loads into her womb. This was it, she started squirting. She was almost waterboarding Dave with her cum as her belly swelled to accommodate all his sperm. She was screaming, grabbing nearby trees for support but crushing their trunks with her fingers.

Dave couldn't breathe, but this time for a good reason. It was like his brain was overloaded with sensations and his sole purpose was to fertilize Michelle. She plunged her hands below her massive milkers and rubbed her belly in delight as it grew. Once it was reaching the size of a VW Bus, Dave was finally slowing down. Her pussy happily gobbled up all that cum and was beginning to quickly process it into more growth for her tits and ass.

Michelle had just enough strength to pull herself off of him, allowing his limp python to fall out of her as she collapsed backward, flattening trees and other foliage. Birds quickly fled into the sky as she panted in relief. Dave raised his head to watch the globe-like belly rise and fall with her breath.

While his cock needed a rest, he needed more of her cum. He slowly crawled over to her clit, dragging his cock and balls behind him. His mouth connected with her clit, sucking it like a thick cock and he shoved his arm deep inside of her.

Her mind was gone, she could only feel pleasure now. She only moaned, "MORE! BIGGER!" She rubbed her belly and tits, squeezing milk and shooting it all over the surrounding trees.

Dave took the cue to shove another arm inside of her. She screamed in pleasure and clamped down hard. Dave loved the feeling of the walls of her pussy massaging his forearms and biceps. He doubled his efforts on her clit, sucking harder and harder.

"MORE! FUCK! MORE! DEEPER!" She raised her hips, letting her tits flop down to her face, a nipple aimed at her mouth that she happily accepted. She guzzled down her milk as Dave was lifted into the air. To grip, he shoved his arms in further.

On instinct, her pussy clamped down and began to pull. It was hungry and wanted more pleasure. "MORE!" She screamed between gulps.

Dave shoved his head deep into his lover's pussy, pulling himself inside. Michelle had never felt so full in her entire life. She loved whatever was happening to her and didn't think twice as she used her internal muscles to pull him all the way inside.

Dave was squeezed and pleased by the pussy walls, before landing face-first in front of her G-spot. He went to town, teasing and rubbing it, using his whole body as a sex toy.

Michelle's belly surged with the addition of her boy toy, the cum in her womb, and the milk. She lost it. She came so hard that she nearly shot Dave out of her. He held on for dear life, drinking up her cum and continuing to rub her to lengthen her orgasm.

She finally rested, full and content, and passed out. Dave was comfy inside her lover. The warmth of her body heat lulled him into sleep as well, and both lovers rested in their wooded hideaway, more content than they'd ever felt in their lives.

CHAPTER 7

3 Months Later

Light poured in from the window, and the shadows of the tree branches dancing in the wind flittered around the walls of the cabin. Ornatly furnished with beautiful art, tasteful decorations, and cozy furniture - a dream home. Dave blinked his eyes open, taking in a deep breath to savor the start of the weekend.

He outstretched his arms in a yawn that caused his whole body to shake with delight. He turned to his bedside table and saw the aromatic wisps of warm air waft off a freshly poured cup of coffee. Dave rubbed his eyes, swung his legs over the edge of the bed, and took a sip. Dave stared out the window of his newly finished home, taking in the mountain view.

Fall was just beginning. There was a light frost on the corners of the windows that had almost melted away in the morning light. The hillside opposite the lake his home was built next to was dotted with orange and yellow trees. Dave took another deep breath, savoring the smell of coffee and oak from the walls of his home. How could this day get any better?

thump

Dave looked down to his coffee, seeing a ripple across the top.

thump thump thump

The deep thumps were speeding up, rattling the window frames and shaking the pictures that adorned the walls. Dave set his coffee down on the nightstand.

thump thump thump thump

Dave knew what was coming. The thumps sped up until he could hear the soft but heavy footfalls of his lover coming closer. Through an entranceway wide enough to drive three school buses side by side, a goddess fallen to earth came running into the bedroom. 30 feet tall, tits hanging to her thighs and sticking out 7 feet from her body, and hips rivaling some blimps. All these curves jostled and bounced off one another as Michelle came running up to the bed and jumped!

BOOM!

Her giant, muscular arms landed on either side of her lover. Her large face landed just between his legs in bed, her almond eyes and perfect smile beaming straight at him. Wasn't her first time waking her fiancé like this. She knew exactly where to land and Dave always knew where to be to avoid a crushed pelvis.

"Morning handsome," said Michelle. "Want some breakfast?"

"I'm starved. Thanks for the coffee, love bug." Dave leaned forward and kissed the gargantuan lips of his lover. He grabbed his coffee and Michelle shined off the bed and picked him up. It took a few tries for Dave to get comfortable with always being lifted, but he knew it saved time for both of them. One footstep for Michelle took Dave twenty. Plus, he didn't mind sitting between the largest stretch of cleavage in mankind's history.

After exiting their sleeping quarters, the living space opened into an enormous aircraft hanger-style building. Ceilings over 50 feet tall, and all the normal alliances - couches, chairs, kitchen utensils, television - were all supersized to accommodate Michelle.

"Did you remember to take your pill?" asked Dave, feeling his cock grow between her tits. It was hard to avoid this every time he hitched a ride.

"Yes, sir," Michelle assured her lover. She approached the couch and grabbed her own cup of coffee. A cup relative to her looked as if she had picked up a small car to drink out of.

Soon after they finally made love all those months ago, Michelle and Dave contacted physicians to see if they could get her growth under control. They both wanted her to always be growing, and they both felt no shame about her size, but she did want to enjoy this new size and all its benefits for as long as she could before they both decided she would grow again.

Michelle clicked on one of their favorite sitcoms and they both took in the morning sun as it slid through the massive double doors of their secret hideaway.

Dave and Michelle pooled their finances to build their home away from home. They both always wanted to live in the wilderness, but still wanted the comforts of a normal house. While no small feat, Dave was able to find the right contracts to build the dream home without raising too much suspicion. The couple didn't want people coming to get a glimpse of the fertility goddess who lived at the top of the mountain.

Dave was able to buy the land under a fake name and they both still work remotely to cover their expenses. The most costly of them being the food bill. While the pills helped subdue her growth, Michelle still needed enough calories for her giant form to move.

They splurged to have meals delivered via boat to their lakeside dock every morning. As a cover, they told the catering company that this was a rental facility that Fortune 500 companies use every weekend. An extra tip on top of the exorbitant amounts of money they gave the caterers kept them from asking further questions.

The faint sound of a boat engine grew louder as they delivered food to the end of the dock. Dave could hear and feel Michelle's tight belly gurgle and growl. She was fairly good at hiding when she was hungry, but she could hide a rumbly tummy.

"I'll be right back, dear," Dave slipped up and stood on top of her tits. They were just firm enough to be a steady surface for standing. She carefully grasped his torso and set him on the ground. After getting dressed, he made his way out to the dock, thanked the delivery man, and loaded up his dolly to haul the food back to the hanger.

While Michelle would love to help out more, she usually goes out only at night and rarely wears clothes. Not only are they hard to make, it's even more difficult to explain why someone would need a bra of that size. Neither Michelle nor Dave minded.

As Dave pulled the dolly through the doorway, Michelle was still sitting on the home-sized couch. He was pleased to see that she was already getting ahead on chores - draining her own tit into her mouth. Her milk was divine but thanks to her rapid growth, they still regularly need to be milked. They find ways to donate it to local hospitals, but they might be a little greedy drinking most of it themselves.

Michelle moaned, one of her giant arms stuck deep between her cleavage, teasing her massive, beach ball-sized clit. They made sure to make this couch with a waterproof material after an hour drenched the remains of Dave's house were waterlogged with her cum.

Her juices, cum and milk, poured down her legs and began pooling around her feet. "Couldn't wait five minutes, could ya?" Dave yelled from the kitchen. He used a ladder and a pulley system to put these massive trays of food away. He set 10 on the counter and opened the lids. Warm, scrambled eggs - homestyle potatoes - crispy bacon - flapjacks - everything a growing woman needs.

Michelle's eyes shot open and she rushed over to the counter. Dave never got tired of watching her knees hit the underside of her tits, making them bounce wildly as she moved. Michelle housed the first of the scrambled egg trays, not caring how hot they were.

Dave made sure to keep an eye on her cleavage, always loving when her belly started to peak out after a binge. Dave continued putting the food away, stealing away some food while he worked. Bacon was gone, and Michelle moaned in delight. "I really think these guys should cater our wedding..." Michelle suggested and she started on the potatoes. She sniffed the heavenly scents and yelled, "Good god! How do they do it every time?!" She only needed her hands to shovel all this food away.

She could feel her stomach starting to fill after her fifth tray of food. The growth suppressant also helped her tame her hunger, which directly affected her growth, but she didn't need to fast anymore. She loved indulging, and Dave loved watching her enjoy herself. After her eighth tray of food, she seemed to slow down a bit, her belly looking closer to 3 months pregnant, barely separating her milkers. She rubbed her food baby as she forced down the rest of the bacon in this tray.

"These pills really pump the brakes on my appetite. Remember how many pizzas I could make disappear? I don't know if I can finish..." Michelle trailed off as she rubbed her belly.

"It was quite impressive, but what I think you need..." Dave moved the ladder over to the kitchen island and climbed up, roughly 15 feet off the ground. "...is a little motivation." Dave teased her nipple, which had been resting on the counter top. He gently licked the tip of it, causing some milk to shoot out and coat his pajamas.

Michelle moaned and started to play with her breasts, squeezing them together. "Mmmm more..." she moaned.

"Uh uh... not until you finish," Dave backed away from her teat and slid the two trays over to her.

"So you think you're calling the shots," Michelle shot back in a playful yet firm tone. "My little man thinks he can boss around his big..." She lifted her tits a few feet and slammed them down, shaking the countertop, milk shot everywhere.

"... Voluptuous..." Michelle moved her massive pussy up to the edge of the counter and gave it one hard hump.

"...Giantess?" She leaned down on top of her tits with enough force to crush a storage container. All it did was violently shake her breasts and cause all the hanging photos to shake on the walls.

"Yes," Dave responded, unfazed. "I know I can, young lady. And I ain't small where it counts." Dave's hands rubbed his growing erection that was snaking down the leg of his sweatpants. "I think you're all talk."

Michelle's eyes widened and in the blink of an eye, she grabbed her fiancé and lifted him to her face. "Are you sure about that?"

"Deadly sure." Dave loved the feeling of her hands gripping his torso. While she was exerting a little strength, she wasn't crushing him.

Michelle and Dave stared into each other's souls, stone-faced. Who would break first?

Michelle's other hand reached for something behind Dave and brought forth a tray of warm scrambled eggs.

"You win this round, little man," Michelle joked. "Did I sound scary? I'm trying to sound more intimidating like you asked." Michelle removed the lid and tipped the tray into her gaping mouth, chewing and swallowing the delicious food. It was a struggle for her to swallow it all down but when she did, she let out a small burp and rubbed her stomach. It was definitely getting full.

"You did great, sweetie," Dave assured his large lover. "Nice touch with slamming your tits down. The contractor really made sure to reinforce all the furniture." Dave finished his breakfast as Michelle tipped back one last tray, filled with delicious hot cakes. Halfway through the tray, Michelle pulled it away from her mouth, groaning.

"You know I hate to waste food, but I'm slowing down." Michelle groaned as she cradled her stomach, reaching the size of a woman six months pregnant.

"It's ok, M. You'd have to finish it. We can save it as a snack for later." Dave reassured his giant.

Michelle shot him a look. "I ain't no quitter." In an instance, she grabbed the remaining pancakes and forced them into her mouth. She swallowed hard and leaned over onto her forearms, letting her full belly hang. Her face was now closer to Dave, who walked over with one last plate of food.

"So good, baby girl. One last bite..." He motioned for her to open her mouth, and he fed her one last meal. She chewed slowly, dreading the last morsels of food hitting her stomach but savoring the delicious flavors. She gulped it down and sighed. Dave gave her a gentle smooch on her cheek. "Good girl."

Michelle smiled and picked up her man. Slowly, cradling her full belly, she waddled back to their sleeping quarters. She tossed Dave onto one of her large, custom pillows and she shuffled her blimp-sized cheeks onto their bed.

Michelle usually needed a moment of rest after she fed, so Dave grabbed a remote and clicked a few buttons. Curtains budded next to their wide window slid closed, and the warm recessed lighting bathed the room in cozy, orange light, and the projector screen lowered from the ceiling. The sitcom they were watching in the living quarters picked right back up from where they left off.

Michelle grabbed her soon-to-be husband and lifted him to her cleavage. Her belly poked out a bit from the middle, making a perfect perch for him. Her belly was firm but still soft, and the sounds of the food digesting were comforting to Dave. He laid his head back, just under her chin. Michelle took in a deep breath, and let out a content sigh. 'How could life be this good?' she thought, 'It can't get better than this.' She smiled as she drifted off to sleep, feeling Dave snuggle into her and giggle at the show.

When she awoke, the show had stopped playing and Dave had dozed off. Her belly had greatly subsided and she was feeling refreshed. While he was still asleep, she decided to give her loving fiancé a thank-you gift. They'd outlined what they deemed consensual and what they both enjoyed sexually, so she felt fully comfortable lifting her boy toy up to her face, slipping down his pants, and slipping his cock between her lips.

While limp, she couldn't quite feel it, but she knew a little stimulation would cause it to grow fast. Dave's eyes shot open as Michelle slowly licked and teased his growing member. Her tongue snaked out of her mouth and played with his balls, quickly filling with delicious cum.

"Well, hello to you too," Dave said as he gripped her hand wrapped around his torso for support. She smiled while still sucking him, picking up speed now that his member was fully erect. She loved this feeling. She loved pleasing her man, and god, did she want his cum inside her. However, she could get it.

Dave savored the feeling of her plush lips bouncing off of his body as she moved him in and out. His cock finally reached the back of her throat and his balls were rivaling pumpkins. He moaned in pleasure, but... he wanted more!

"Babe, stop, hold on a second." Dave protested and Michelle stopped, unwillingly and slightly annoyed.

"Yes, sexy," Michelle responded, her warm breath enveloping his body.

"I... I need to be inside you. I need you." Dave felt an urge growing inside of him. A deep need that was almost overriding his brain. "Use me, make me cum deep inside your pussy."

Michelle released his cock from her mouth, letting it drop and bounce on the top of her tits. "Dave... I love this. Tell me what to do for you." She lowered him down below her breasts, having to use her other powerful arm to lift them. Her pussy was dripping, pooling cum around her ass. Carefully, she aim the tip of his cock at her clit and teased it. He could hear Michelle moaning through all her tit flesh. He groaned as well, but he needed more. He yelled, "Please, M. I don't know what's come over me, but god I have to be inside you!"

"Say no more, Captain," Michelle said to herself as she inched his massive member into her engorged, VW bug-sized vagina. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she took his entire length into her. She could feel her belly stretching to accommodate his length, which she savored.

The urge with Dave was being satiated, but still, he wasn't done. "YES!" Dave yelled. Michelle began to retract Dave from her pussy, then slammed him back into her. Her labia folded around Dave pulling him inside her.

"Dammit," Michelle explained, as her fingers couldn't reach enough of Dave to pull him out. She tried to use her keagles to push him out but couldn't. He was holding on, pushing himself deeper inside of her. "YES! I need to be deeper!" Dave yelled, but it only sounded like muffles to Michelle. His voice vibrated her lips as he forced himself deeper inside her.

The bulge in her belly grew, sliding between her tits. She teased the tip of his cock outlined within her until he began pumping. Michelle threw back her head and could barely breathe as he was picking up speed. The adrenaline Dave had coursing through him gave him enough strength to move his member inside his lover.

He could feel it. He was close to release. He felt like he was going to fulfill his purpose. Michelle could still tease her round, dripping clit and squeeze her milkers to build up her own pleasure. Milk shot across the room, coating the waterproof canvas they used for their projector. She couldn't open her eyes, she was fully engrossed in this moment.

"God, yes baby! MORE! KEEP GOING!" Michelle screamed as she could feel her orgasm getting closer. A warmth grew in her belly as she sped up the teasing on her clit and smashed her tits together as hard as she could.

Dave moved faster and faster, using the walls of her pussy as leverage and going deeper and deeper, plunging into her womb. He was there. The time was now. His balls swelled within her, reaching the size of a caravan before he screamed, "I'm cumming!"

He didn't need to though, because she could feel his balls vibrating, ready to explode. She was gasping as she tried to hold off her own orgasm so they could cum together, and when she felt the first blast of his semen in her womb, she was done.

She screamed, shaking the foundation of their home. She gripped the side of the bed, which was reinforced with steel. Her finger still managed to dent the metal as she continued to cum and squirt all over the underside of her tits.

Even with the extra lubricant, Dave held strong. This was his purpose. Gallons of his seed was flooding the womb of the woman he loved and he wouldn't stop until she couldn't take another drop.

Michelle was starting to feel full in a different way. She'd only ever filled her belly to excess, never her womb. The pressure was different, and her belly was getting tight. Each pulse of his balls shooting cum inside her was making her reach her limit. She gripped the sides of her tits, even though she meant to reach for her belly. She tried to massage her growing womb with her tits to try and hold on.

"God dammit, Dave, I love it but I can't take much more." Michelle tried to scream to her lover but he couldn't hear over the roar of her squirting and his own orgasm.

With one final pulse, hundreds of gallons finally settled inside her womb. She gave a final push with her vaginal muscles and Dave came sliding out. He struggled to catch his breath, as did Michelle. Dave could feel the bed shake with each of her inhales and exhales.

After a good 20 minutes of recovery, Michelle picked up her lover. She gave him a kiss on his cheek (which covered most of his face) and laid him down between her tits. "You're a champ," said Dave. "I don't know what came over me, I just knew I had to be inside you."

"Hey, no complaints here. If you had asked me, pre-growth, if I ever dreamed of a man being able to fit inside my pussy and balloon my womb up with swimming pools worth of cum, I would have thought you were crazy or some sick perv." Michelle grinned, "Guess I'm the perv now, because god dammit do I love feeling you squirm around inside me."

"I loved the idea of bigger gals, but same, never would I have thought that would be possible." Dave chuckled to himself in disbelief.

"So have all of your fantasies finally been brought to life? Am I finally your dream woman?" Michelle jiggled her tits underneath him, giggling to herself.

"You're everything I dreamed of and more. I'm the luckiest man in history," Dave said as he smooched the top of her breasts.

"You're too sweet, but seriously, what other kinks do you have rattling around in that adorable head of yours?" Michelle looked curiously at her lover.

"Well, I mean, we've basically accomplished my last fantasy with the amount of times your belly has grown, so I think I'm good," said Dave.

"What was it? A weight gain fetish or something?" asked Michelle.

"That is one of them, but no... I always loved the idea of an extremely pregnant woman. I'm talking HUGE." Dave motioned with his arms.

"Hmm.. so you want to make me a pregnant giantess that you get to wait on? You could rub my big, growing belly as I devour all the food in sight?" Michelle said, hungrily. "I could be into that. I think you'd be a pretty good dad."

"And you'd be a very good mom. But at your size, hard to say if I could even get you pregnant."

Michelle shot him a look. "The guy who shoots out enough cum to flood a river says he can't get his fiancé preggers? You're delusional. You may have even done it just now, I've never felt this full after we fucked in the past."

"Hmmm, well then we'll have to wait in see then, won't we?" Dave smiled up to his soon-to-be wife.

"I guess so." Michelle rubbed her chin against his head. "But secretly," she whispered into his ear, "I hope you knocked me up."

END OF BOOK 1

Thank you all for supporting me through my first book! My new story just began on my [Patreon](#) and [Deviantart](#) for subscribers and more will be coming soon. Don't worry, this isn't the end for Michelle and Dave. We'll be back for more shortly.