

# Owen's Wild Honey

by TrebleCleffy

*Note: This story was edited hastily to make a contest deadline. As such, this should be considered an unfinished draft. I'll polish it up eventually. In the meantime, I apologize if there are any spelling or grammatical errors I've missed.*

Chantelle arrived on time. It was 1PM at *Froth & Fragrance* and Owen was wiping down the counter when she stepped out of the back room, tying on her apron as she cut down the aisle toward Owen. Her jet black-dyed hair pulled back in a black bandana over her visor. The garment was polka dotted with little skulls. Her brows were dyed too and her full lips bore a wickedly dark purple lipstick that was almost glossy, the way it reflected the hanging lights overhead. Owen made an effort not to stare at the prodigious curve of her hips, too wide for her apron to obscure.

As she passed him, Owen practically jumped. She was squeezing his ass. Though the counter was too high for the patrons to see it, the stiffening of Owen's form might have clued them in. He looked over his shoulder and caught the smirk on Chantelle's face, though she did not look back. An erection began to fill the once lax insides of his boxer brief. "We need more napkins on the condiments table," Chantelle noted. She popped open a cupboard at her feet and dropped to a squat.

Owen couldn't look away now. Nothing was hotter than Chantelle's profile in a squat; the curve of her plump ass not quite hidden beneath the thin layer of her short skirt, the swell of her rack in her black tee, the relative narrowness of her waist, its contours more noteworthy thanks to the apron, which tied there around her back. Two years as a barista, here at *Froth & Fragrance*, two years availing herself of discounted mochas, sweet lattes and pastries from the case, had thickened Chantelle's curvy frame. By her own admission, she had gained twenty pounds, pulling her clear into *overweight* territory. At her current size, she didn't look like a *fatty*. Her tummy had only gained a few inches of girth—not that Owen would've minded a few more... Meanwhile her boobs, butt and upper legs were thicker and heavier each passing month. Her upper arms, calves and even her darkly made up china doll face had filled out too—in ways that only ripened and further delineated her beauty. At least, Owen thought so. Chantelle had tried to lose the weight many times. But each shift the sweets called out her name. Why *not* help herself to something sweet after work? The work was mindless and exhausting. A treat was nice...indeed, *necessary* to balance the scales. In the end, she always gave in.

Chantelle caught Owen's stare as she drew out a fresh package of napkins from the cupboard. She winked. His hard-on swelled further, pressing out a sturdy bulge in his boxer briefs. Goddamn it, Chantelle. Why did she have to make every shift so difficult...

Owen wiped down the counters and thought about pigeons and dust mites and whatever else eased his thirst while Chantelle restocked the dispensers. The rush was hours gone. Only a few

patrons remained at the tables. After a time, Owen and Chantelle convened by the wall beside the backroom, where their voices wouldn't carry.

"You keep pulling tricks like that, the cameras are gonna catch you," he muttered.

"Maybe I need a chance to grab your ass when we're off duty," she replied.

Owen laughed. "Chantelle, we talked about this."

"Yeah, but your reason was *dumb*."

"It isn't dumb."

"I asked you then and I ask you now: do you want me to stop messing with you, Owen?"

"I..."

"You're don't," said Chantelle simply, "because you *like* this.."

"Yeah, but—"

"What else is there to say, Owen? We're both single now. I like you. I'm having *fun*. I'd like to have more fun. With you."

"That's the problem—I'm not very much *fun*. In bed. I'm gonna bore you."

Chantelle groaned. "Not this. Not my sexual history again."

"No shame. I don't have your experience. My ex and I were vanilla for *six years*. Doing something besides missionary was kinky for us."

"So, do missionary with *me*. I don't care if it's basic. I'll think you're sexy. Why does this have to be complicated?"

"I just...I don't think I can keep up with you."

"So I'll go slow. I don't mind."

"Chantelle, I got *nothing* on someone who's had thirty plus partners and did all the crazy things you did. I'm *simple*. Sooner or later, you're gonna want something else. I don't want this friendship to go sour. We *work* together. You know how much it would suck to have to work with someone I disappointed in *bed*?"

"Come on, Owen! This isn't about me. This is about your ex. You got hurt and now you don't trust women. That's it."

"We were together for *six years*!" Owen hissed, perhaps a bit too loudly.

"You're not even denying it. You're afraid I'm gonna get bored of you—like she did, allegedly—and fuck some other guy and break your heart again."

Owen scowled.

"If you're really worried about *boring* me, Owen, hear this: the closest you've ever come to that is this conversation we keep having right here."

"I'm just trying to be careful."

"Get over her. *I'm* in your life now and she's gone. She and I are not the same." Chantelle exhaled through her nose. Her breath was like steam. "Y'know something, Owen? For once, really do wish your dick was bigger than that broken heart."

As Chantelle said these last cutting words, a woman in a hat darkened the front door.

"I'll take this," said Chantelle. "Go on your break."

Owen huffed. Terrific. Twenty free minutes to spend licking wounds, now reopened. He stormed into the break room, hung his cap and apron on the wall, took his sack lunch out of the minifridge and exited via the building's side door.

The spring wind attacked in furious gusts and blew his hair as Owen crossed the parking lot. From there, he jaywalked the vacant road to the grassy edge of the park where he always ate his lunch. The land sloped down and looked over the mowed field, sometimes occupied by children's soccer teams, but today claimed by a handful of teenagers throwing a frisbee around. Beyond them was a man-made pond, dotted on the far side with reeds. Owen sat on the slope and ate his salad from a glass container.

He felt torn open, his innards all exposed. Of course he *wanted* Chantelle. She was gorgeous, sweet, fun, easy to talk to. And all that ass and tits was to die for. But, that wasn't the point! Though they were close to the same age, Chantelle had already had more sexual experiences than Owen could expect for himself in five lifetimes. Anal sex, same-sex couplings, multi-partner sex, sex in costumes, sex with collars and riding crops, sex with two other people. Name it and Chantelle probably already did it. Whatever Owen did with her, inevitably, ineluctably she would compare him to ten other men, bolder, gutsier, more adventurous men than Owen would ever be. Who wouldn't?! But, goddamn it, that curvy body was so fucking hot and for all her bodily insecurities, she knew how to use it. He had to put up a fight. He didn't want to; he just *had* to.

Owen spent his lunch wishing he would just keel over and die. This was all Amber's fault. She had broken him, robbed him of all self-confidence (not that he ever had much of that). But now, every new relationship required an age of caution and careful analysis. No matter how horny or lonely he got, he *needed* to know he wasn't walking into a bad prospect. But then...if Chantelle were to lose interest and date someone else? Yes, he would go the rest of his life wondering what he'd missed out on. He was trapped. The best option was to emotionally distance from Chantelle so when she inevitably moved on he could swallow it like a reasonable person. Couldn't Chantelle understand that?! Why did she have to keep coming onto him? And why was he too weak to tell her to lay off?!

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The lady in the hat wanted an oat milk latte with cinnamon and nutmeg and a glass of ice to temper the heat at her own discretion. She was an odd one. The hat was a slouchy crocheted design of faded purples, greens and grays. Had to be homemade. The woman's age was hard to place but Chantelle's guess was early 40s. She was wrapped in a knitted olive green poncho that covered her arms almost to the knuckles. Her eyes followed Chantelle as she combined the steamed oat milk with a shot of espresso. Chantelle tried not to look back. Something about the woman's gaze made her feel *seen*. Seen in a way a customer should not see a barista. But even with Chantelle's eyes averted, the weight of that gaze seemed to fall on her.

Chantelle sprinkled the cinnamon and nutmeg and placed the cup on the counter. She looked minutely away as she said, "cash or card?"

"You try so hard with him," said the woman.

An irregular *thump* of Chantelle's heart knocked inside her chest. She tried to keep a straight face. "Ah...I'm sorry, I don't know who you're—"

"But, he won't budge. Set on his little course, even when it does him no good."

For what she realized was the first time, Chantelle looked, really looked, into those eyes. They were a topaz bright yellow with flecks of brown. Chantelle's left hand began to tremble. Something about this woman...she was like a vacuum that sucked up all pretense and artifice. She couldn't say why but Chantelle knew there was no use lying to this woman. Whatever she said the woman would see through it. "Um..." she cleared her throat. "Y-you talking about Owen?"

"Your co-worker. The one you're so enamored with." The woman's voice was hushed, but clear and precise.

Words then began to spill out of Chantelle's mouth before she had brains to reflect on them: "We've had this sexual tension between us for months. And, I like him too. I've liked him since the day he started working here. But he's just so stubborn. He thinks I'm damaged goods. It hurts."

The woman's eyes narrowed. "He doesn't think that," she replied. "He thinks he has nothing to offer you. He's afraid of starting a relationship on a woman's terms. Like many men."

"That's stupid!" blurted Chantelle. She didn't know where this sudden frankness was coming from. The honesty simply poured out of her.

"He's a fool indeed. But he can be disabused." The woman stuck a heavily ringed hand inside her sleeve and drew something out. She held it up in Chantelle's face. It was a tiny glass vial, only an inch and a half long, plugged with a cork. Inside was a dark, amber substance. "This," said the woman, "is wild honey of the Sunstone Prairies. It's for him. Don't try it on anyone else—it will do nothing. This small amount will bring out the part of him he's afraid of. It will

manifest his desires and soon there will be nothing he can keep hidden from either of you. You will see him for all of what he is and he won't be able to hide from you. Make sure he takes all of it. And, don't let him stray once he does." The woman set the vial in what Chantelle hadn't realized was her own two hands, cupped and waiting expectantly for it. Chantelle gazed at the vial. Some impulse with her had shot straight past all her logic and propriety. Chantelle was going to do exactly what this woman had told her to. Not against her will but because the woman had plied her little mind into *wanting* to do exactly this. Yes. It was to be done.

The woman took her latte back to a table by the window and sipped it. It would only be forty minutes later, when the woman had already left, that Chantelle would realize she never did pay.

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Owen returned from his break, still dour with a wooden frown on his face, and was surprised when he came out the backroom and Chantelle greeted him with a generous smile.

"Hey," she said under her breath. "Sorry about earlier."

Owen swallowed. He was fully prepared to meet Chantelle's defiance of earlier with coldness. "Um. It's...it's alright." Then he saw Chantelle was approaching with a drink in her hand. Twelve ounce paper cup with a sleeve. By the minutiae of Chantelle's workplace body language, he somehow knew this was no drink for a customer before she held it out to him.

"I made this for you. Cost's on me. Consider it an olive branch."

He took the beverage haphazardly. "Uh...thanks? But, I just got back from my break."

Chantelle shrugged. "It's slow. Take another five minutes in the back. I got us covered. No one's going to mind."

Dazed, Owen turned, went off to the backroom, took a seat on a steel folding chair and tried the drink. It was perfect. There was a honey sweetness with a zestiness. Somehow, the honey did not taste like honey from the bottles here at the shop. This was a fuller sweetness with a pleasant burn at the back of the tongue. He drank it right up.

"What was that drink?" Owen asked Chantelle when he was back behind the counter. "That's not a menu item."

Chantelle swept the floor as she spoke. "Yeah I rang it up as a latte, but it's a...a drink of my own design."

"They should pay you to do that—come up with new drinks, I mean. That was really good."

"Thanks, but they're not going to."

"What was in that?"

"Ohh...some honey, nutmeg, cardamom. Y'know."

"You should at least write the recipe down, if you haven't."

"I've already forgotten it."

"No!"

Chantelle smirked at Owen. "Do you feel extra special now? You got the only one there ever was."

Owen shook his head. "Guess I should."

Chantelle pointed at the far corner of the shop. "Anyway, wanna wipe those tables down over there?"

"Oh yeah, no problem."

It was after 2PM already. Closing came in less than two hours. After that was cleanup. A small upside to the job of barista at *Froth & Fragrance* was that the boss was openly willing to pay them for a full hour of cleanup, even if the task took far less time than that. Call it a consolation prize for the mediocre wage and barely passable benefits. On a slower day, this incentivized the baristas (as was likely the intent) to wipe down surfaces, take out trash, sweep the floor and restock shelves and appliances while business hours were slow. With coordinated efforts and a bit of luck, Owen and Chantelle would lock up at 4PM, finish stocking, fill the dishwasher, mop the floors and be out of there by 4:15. Six months worth of shifts together had incurred in their heads a prioritized checklist of steps that did not need to be written down. They knew it implicitly.

First, were there any new customers? Indeed. A pair of women entered the shop in jogging suits just as Owen had finished wiping the tables. But, as Owen cast a look over to the counter, Chantelle caught eyes with him just as one of the joggers hesitated on her order. Chantelle made a circling motion in the air with her index finger. Owen knew the sign: he should stay on early shutdown duties; Chantelle could handle these orders on her own.

Second, it was after two which meant it was a good time to take out trash and recycling—if the bins were full, or close to it. Both were. Owen fetched a couple bags from the cupboard under the sink, unlocked the bin containers, pulled out the bags from the bins, tied them closed, replaced the bags with fresh ones and hauled the trash and recycling out the back door. Outside in the shade, he tossed the trash bag in the dumpster and threw open the recycle bin.

There, he paused. He was erect. The smooth underside of his dick had slid against the soft microfiber of his boxer briefs as he stretched out to throw back the lid of the bin. It felt good. *Too* good for an hour on the job. He could feel his pulse in his cock against his thighs. Owen threw the recycle bag into the bin and closed it. Then, the sensation of Chantelle's hand squeezing his buttock flashed in his mind. His cock thickened. Owen looked down. His pants were tented up in a prominent nub, just below his belt. He was almost fully erect. How?

He closed his eyes. The sight of Chantelle in a squat, her meaty tush swelling out behind her...her thick thighs... Desire filled him. And, for the first time in ages, the fear and

apprehension that came with desire was scant. He *wanted* Chantelle. What in the world was he putting her off for? His sense of pride, typically unignorable, was now a distant, fading voice.

Owen yanked on his pants and found little slack for his erection. He looked around. There was no one in the parking lot to his left, no one on the sidewalk to his right. With the heel of his palm, he pressed his crotch and rotated his pulsing meat until it slid down into his right groin. It wasn't comfortable, but at least the bulge was not so noticeable. As twisted himself his balls spread to make room for his shaft and filled up even more space in his underwear. What the hell?! His nuts felt larger. The right one pressed against his thigh, squeezed in by his dick. It hurt but in kind of a nice way...

*Dude, you can rub one out soon as you're done today. Just stop thinking about Chantelle, okay? Let her go. It's not gonna work out.* He took a deep breath and, with a mind stubbornly determined to focus on work he strode back into the shop.

He came out the back hallway holding desire at bay with an iron will. If he kept it up, the erection would go down and make room for him to finish his last two hours in peace.

But, as soon as he set foot in the dining area he had to draw back to make room.

"S'cuse me!" Chantelle sped by with a bin of clattering, dirty dishes in tow. Owen's gaze jerked down to Chantelle's hip. Round and prodigious and trailed by the wobble of a fat ass, Owen's eyes followed the hip as it swung around and passed down the aisle. Chantelle threw open the dishwasher and began to load it. He couldn't stop looking as she bent over and rose again and again. That ass was at the center of the activity. With the bin almost empty, she paused and glanced behind her. Owen's heart stopped dead in his chest. He was caught. For a couple seconds they were frozen. Then, she drew the last of the dishes—two small plates—notched them in the dishwasher and bent over further than ever to get the dish soap out of the cupboard. The curtain of her skirt lifted. At the thick root of her thighs, Chantelle's gray tights were spread thin, the milky skin of her upper legs showing through.

Owen's hard-on, which had not gone down a bit, now slid further down his thigh, pushing deep into the leg of his boxer briefs. The ache in his right testicle was worse now. It felt swollen and heavy. His heartbeat raced. A pang of heat ran up his face. Something was coming over him. An urge that was too fast for his better nature to outrun. He strode down the aisle. Just as he was about to pass Chantelle, he slipped his fingers between her meaty thighs and felt the soft flesh, encased in nylon.

She gasped. It wasn't loud, but it was unmistakable. He released her and stepped over to the drip machine. His face was flushed. He felt queasy. He shouldn't have done that. But the heat of his rock hard dick against his thigh made a sturdy counterpoint: it *liked* that. And it wanted more.

One of the drip tanks was almost out. It being well after two, it was almost certainly safe to detach the parts and clean them. They would get by on one tank until the end of the day. As he detached the funnel, he heard the dishwasher door swing closed. He could sense Chantelle, inching towards him. Her gaze was pointed outward over the counter while Owen's was at the

wall. He refused to make eye contact. But then, he felt a slight bump. There it was: Chantelle's right hip, meeting his.

"Am I imagining things," she muttered, so low it was almost a whisper. "Or, did you just *show up*?"

Owen's penis swelled. The denim of his jeans pressed through his boxer briefs and bit into his shaft. His penis was making an impossible journey down his pant leg. His cock head seemed only an inch from sliding out onto his bare thigh. His flush grew hotter. "It is what it is," he replied weakly.

Chantelle clicked her tongue and even the wet snap inside her mouth sped Owen's heart and sent another gush of fluid to his loin. He had never been so horny at work. Not by half; not by one quarter. "Come talk to me when you're done killing time," she whispered, then she swung her hip sharply against him and strolled off to the back room to rinse off the empty tray.

As he watched Chantelle's round tush waggle off, Owen's cock pressed on, sliding so far down his leg he could feel the end seam of his boxer briefs. He looked down and was hit with a wave of dizziness at the sight of himself. This was no bulge. It was a full outline of a freakishly erect penis. It looked thick as bratwurst. Even his right nut was making itself known through the denim, though there was enough slack in the crotch of his pants that it wasn't quite so unmistakable as his shaft.

In a frenzy, Owen washed the drip machine funnel and laid it on a hook to dry.

"Pardon me!"

Owen turned and his heart skipped. Before him stood an angel. Okay, she didn't have a halo or wings or a glow about her, but she was an angel all the same. She stood at the counter with a radiant smile. Her flat iron-straightened dark hair was pushed back with a stylish pair of sunglasses. Her skin was smooth as a desert dune and about the same color. Her hips were huge and crammed into a skintight pair of jeans. She wore a form-fitting white t-shirt that clung to a large, well-garmented chest. The vertical seams on her bra cups showed right through. Most holy of all though was her midriff, which bulged over the waist of her unbelted pants in a thick, smooth bulge with a cavernously deep belly button. Her tummy barely had a hint of roll to it. Meanwhile, her hips oozed out the sides of her pants in thick handfuls before disappearing up the hem of her shirt.

Owen gulped. "S-sorry. Didn't hear you there."

"Oh that's okay!" she chirped. "I just want to know how big your large cups are."

*Big...large.* Owen wanted to die. "Oh, uh..." Owen went over to the cup stacks. His dick was now hard as an iron bar. His nuts whimpered at the jostling. The best he could do to move from one spot to another was an awkward shuffle. He prayed this plus-size goddess wouldn't notice anything weird about him. He held a large cup in the air. "It's eighteen ounces in a to-go cup," he said.



The plushy celestial being pursed her lips and squinted up at the menu board. "That's a bit less than other places," she mused. "But a latte with all those calories...mmmmm. I really shouldn't. She rocked her weight from one leg to another and pondered her life decisions. The whole time Owen looked—and then tried not to look and then looked again—at the bobble of the hanging curve of her tummy as she shifted her weight.

That was when Owen's cock swelled out such that all at once, the head cleared the hem of his boxer briefs. He very nearly groaned because his nut was now in a vice between his dick and his thigh. A hand squeezing him down there couldn't be much worse. Sweat beaded on his brow. His breath was caught in his throat, stuck in a frenetic cycle of very tiny inhales and exhales. He didn't want to look at this hot, sexy love cushion of a lady but she was a customer and he was on the clock.

After much pondering, she asked him if switching to oat milk would reduce the calories of a french vanilla mocha.

"Uh...p-probably not much. If anything, the difference is negligible."

The woman frowned and blew out a frustrated "hmmm. I really shouldn't."

Then Owen blurted out: "I won't tell anyone."

She laughed, looked at Owen with an effervescent grin. "Okay, fine!" she said. "You talked me into it. I'll stay fat today."

Owen's heart then pumped such a rush of blood to his throbbing cock he felt woozy. His junk felt like a hot coal against his leg. His pants felt small to be sure, but his boxer briefs felt absolutely tiny around his balls. Like they could just snap off him and tumble down his pant leg.

Owen put every last ounce of himself into holding a tight, wooden face as he rang the woman up. He hoped she wouldn't catch the twitches in brow, the lips trying to curl back in a grimace. As he whispered the total, a very pretty flush bloomed on the puffy doll's round face. She ran her card through the machine then turned to march off to the end of the counter where Owen would have her drink ready—and swung a gorgeous blimp of an ass into Owen's view as she did so.

At such a sight, Owen's cock somehow thickened still more, and sank deeper down his pants. He had to bite his tongue to suppress a groan. The absolute life was getting squeezed out of his right nut.

Owen no longer walked. He limped. Limped because his boner was so deep down his right pant leg he could no longer even bend the leg. His body was pitched slightly forward to ease the insane pressure on his nut. His hands trembled as he made the drink. The discomfort had begun working its way into his lower abdomen as his stomach muscles tightened in protest. He worked as fast as he could, which wasn't very fast but the curvy beauty at the end of the aisle did not seem to be in any hurry.

A bead of sweat hung at Owen temple as he shuffled down the aisle and slid the drink down to her.

"Thanks!" she chirped. "And," she winked, "no telling!" Owen motioned zipping his lips. The angel then turned a meaty tail and strode out of the shop. Thank the gods the counter was too high for her to see any lower than his hips.

Owen let out a silent gasp, bracing himself against the counter. God, what the hell was wrong with him? His penis felt enormous inside his pants. It *looked* enormous. But that just didn't make any sense. Owen had five and a half inches, erect. That was his best. He'd spent long hours with a ruler trying to do better, but to no avail. His extremely average five and a half inches were all nature deemed appropriate for him. C'est la vie.

So, why did it feel like his swollen dick was near halfway down his leg? Why was his head clear out of his own boxer briefs? That had never happened before. It wasn't *supposed* to happen!

And why wouldn't it go down? He was an adult. Full grown men were supposed to have control. If you have a boner, take ten seconds to think about a bucket of nails and it'll pass. Did someone slip him viagra? Not only that, but it seemed his every other thought was horny. His mind was flooded with images of curvy thighs, ripe titties, supple flesh...

Owen turned his rigid, stooped and very horny body...

...And, he saw Chantelle. She stood all the way at the end of the aisle, just outside the backway door. She was looking at him. Had *been* looking at him for some amount of time.

Owen then made the embarrassing mistake of looking down at his pants. The swollen sausage stuck out against his leg. It was *very* visible. Probably visible across the room. And, if Chantelle hadn't been looking there before, he had just indicated the place in question with his eyes. Stupid. A flush seized his face. Owen wanted to walk past her, into the back room but a show of limping didn't seem like much of a follow up if the intention was to save face. So, he turned to the counter again, rested his body against his elbows, closed his eyes and prayed he would wake up safe in bed from this nightmare.

He needed to readjust somehow. As it was, his boner and nuts were paralyzing him. But he was stuck between the counter and Chantelle. So, he sulked.

Chantelle's soft footsteps approached. As he did so often, he kept his eyes off her.

"You don't look well," she said.

Owen tried to shrug but his shoulders were already shrugging. "It's a long day," he muttered.

"Maybe you need some help."

He laughed ruefully. What was *help* when the thing you wanted (a hand job, a blow job, a dripping wet pussy...) would only make the problem worse? But then, at this point it seemed Chantelle was bound to *help* him, sooner or later.

"Owen," she said softly. "You don't have to be embarrassed. I'm not judging you."

"You saw it?" he croaked.

"It was hard to miss."

"It's really uncomfortable right now."

"Okay. What do you need?"

"To...readjust I guess. But I'm not going to the restroom. I can barely walk and the customers will see me."

"Go to the backroom."

"There's a camera back there."

"There's a spot by the wall next to that dumb still life picture of a bowl of fruit. It's right underneath the camera. It won't see you there."

He turned and looked at Chantelle. Really?"

She smiled, not unkindly, and nodded.

"Alright. I'll be a minute at least."

"Take your time."

Owen slugged his way up the aisle. His legs felt more restricted than ever. The ache in his nuts felt almost like an internal burn.

He found the spot Chantelle was talking about. With a desk, a set of medium size lockers and several chairs, the little room was cramped. Owen stood under the cheap print of the painted bowl of fruit and squinted at the monitor screens that were mounted on the desk across the room from him. Sure enough, he did not appear to be in any of them. The lone camera above him faced away from where he was standing.

Owen frantically undid his belt, unbuttoned his pants, zipped them down, pulled back his underwear, and...

"What th—" he muttered. The stem of his shaft was thick as a cucumber. He reached for it. It was too hard to slide out. Owen peeked at the monitor one more time just to be absolutely sure he was not being recorded. He slid his pants down. Then, he slid down his boxer briefs.

What sprung up then was an absolute monster. He held it out so it was at a ninety degree angle to his height. He shook his head in near delirium. This wasn't right. This was about the length of his forearm from inner elbow to wrist. It was thick as a rolling pin. A great, fearsome vein wound along the shaft's upper side. The head resembled a bell. It was wide and bulbous and flushed in a rosy purple. Owen reached, found his balls and very nearly screamed. It felt like a pair of golf

balls rattling around in his palm, only warm. The skin over them was not wrinkled like normal. It was smooth tight around his testicles. He tilted back his penis to get a better look at his scrotum. It looked like a fleshy balloon, shaped like an upside down heart. It was nearly as big as his own fist.

For a time, Owen studied his engorged junk in awe and horror. He probably needed to go to the hospital. But could he go anywhere like *this*?! This was obscene.

And then, Chantelle walked in. She froze as she reached the end of the corridor and beheld Owen. Her jaw dropped. Her eyes were huge. "W-woooooah."

"It's...it's not normal," Owen stammered.

Chantelle blinked several times, shook her head like she was trying to get a silly idea out of it. She then gave Owen the most businesslike face he had ever seen. "Do you need help with that?"

"Here? *Now*? One of us is supposed to be out there."

"There's only one person out there now and he's busy on his laptop."

"What if the boss comes in?"

"Owen, Greg doesn't come in on Sundays *ever*. Remember?"

Owen exhaled, nodded halfheartedly. The boss wasn't his real concern. He held his jumbo cucumber in his palm and tracked the pulse inside that kept it warm and firm.

Chantelle approached him gingerly. Their gazes met. "Owen, it's going to be alright." He swallowed, wanted to say something in response but found nothing. "Let's just get you finished off, okay?"

Owen sucked in his breath. He flashed a wounded face at Chantelle and then began running his palm up and down the length of his fattened organ. With his hand wrapped around the thing, his fingers could not touch his thumb. Not even close. They were separated by a full inch.

Pleasuring this very huge and eager erection was harder than one might have thought. Owen couldn't grip it in a tight and familiar way. This was a cock sized for a larger pair of hands...

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The butterflies in Chantelle's stomach fluttered her insides to pieces. She could barely breathe. In Owen's trembling hands was the biggest, fattest cock she had ever seen twice over. It jutted out of him like a canon from a watchtower. It was too huge to be real but it quivered with vascular life and flushed in pinks and purples in a pattern too busy to be prosthetic. Dangling from the base was a pair of balls swollen to the size of apricots. Though, now that Owen was fondling himself, they were clenching upwards to acquire the sleekness of a full erection. As

Owen worked his megapenis with a dismayed grimace, the thing somehow got still thicker and began to tilt upwards. It was nearly a foot long now.

The sight of such a massive cock might have frightened Chantelle. A beast like this would not slip in easily, if at all. But, the thing was so disproportionate on poor Owen, it seemed too silly to be a threat. Like a little bunny rabbit trying to work a bazooka. But Chantelle wasn't laughing. Her stomach churned. Was this all her fault? She had no idea what physical outcome the honey would bring about. Was this what she wanted?

...Yes. Yes, it was. She wanted Owen helpless, a slave to his desires. She wanted him to shut up and be horny for a change. Through his grimace, his breath trembled, his eyes squinted and unsquinted. His pleasure was palpable.

Then, the bell over the door rang twice. Dammit. Customers.

"Get yourself as close as you can," she instructed. "I'll get you the rest of the way."

Owen nodded unsteadily. Chantelle marched out of the backroom and found a trio of students standing in the dining area with their backpacks. To Chantelle's dismay, they each ordered separately. With Owen indisposed, she was left to make each drink one by one and heat up everyone's wrap or sandwich in the microwave. Some fifteen minutes passed before the work was done and the college kids were seated at a table with their laptops and books.

She washed her hands and returned to the backroom and her jaw dropped once again. Owen's cock was nearly vertical now and the tip was at his solar plexus. He was thick as a 12oz soda can and his balls were fully locked in and resembled a pair of very large roma tomatoes in size. By the glazed, panting look on Owen's face, he'd gotten through much of the business side of getting himself close.

Chantelle swallowed nervously. She took off her apron and crept in toward him, slipping into the camera's blind spot. Now, their faces were only inches apart. The tilting weight of Owen's dick rested against Chantelle's chest. "Am I on the screen?"

Owen peered over her shoulder. "N-no."

She kissed him. Then, she pressed her weight against Owen and felt the throbbing life of his supercock against her torso. "You're sexy," she whispered, and squeezed his left nut. Owen let out a little gasp. Chantelle hunched down and found herself face to face with Owen's swollen, pink mushroom head. She opened wide. The corners of her mouth widened around it. It was incredibly warm, soft and meaty like a kielbasa. In one hand, she cradled Owen's left nut. In the other she played with his shaft while trying to get as much of the head in her mouth as possible. She prayed the bell at the door wouldn't ring again while they were busy.

At first it was awkward. Then, Owen began to moan. He certainly wasn't getting any smaller. Indeed, Chantelle could feel the head bulging past her molars to swell out her cheeks. She slid her tongue side to side against Owen and began to squeeze and unsqueeze his nut rhythmically. "Ahh...oh man, I'm almost there," Owen croaked. So, Chantelle worked him harder.

The heat coming from Owen's cock was making her sweat. Her eyes watered. She got a grip on both of Owen's balls and began shaking them. "Oh god...oh fuck...nnmnnn..."

He gasped—too loudly. Chantelle released Owen's balls and pressed her hand against Owen's mouth. She popped her mouth off his cock took a quick breath and then sank her lips on his nearly one inch dick slit. He went stiff. In her free hand, she felt his shaft swell out a touch still thicker.

And then, it came. First, a few flinging drops. Then, the geyser blew and Chantelle's mouth filled with...wait, was this actually semen?!

Owen's jizz was ultra thick and sticky—and very, very sweet. As many times as Chantelle had gargled a man's cum, the salty, musky taste was still a thing to be endured. This was not. This was like getting all the candy off a caramel apple squirted into your mouth. It poured into Chantelle in a thick, viscous stream. She joined Owen's muffled moans with little sighs. Then, as her tongue loaded with honey sweet cum, she began to swallow. Oh god, this was good. She would take every drop of this. Owen kept spurting fresh gobs. They splatted on Chantelle's pallet, soon to be wiped by her tongue.

They were locked together like this for twenty seconds?— thirty?—before the spurts began to die down and she was taking him one drop at a time.

It had taken the better part of two minutes but it was done. Owen was finished. Chantelle was still rubbing honey sweetness off her teeth with her tongue. Her tummy felt full, like she had chugged half a gallon of gatorade.

She pulled back and they exchanged flushed, glassy eyed looks. She let go of Owen's cock. The thing was still enormous, but softer now and deflating.

"Feels like I just died," Owen said.

\* \* \*

"Take all the time you need," said Chantelle. "I'll close the shop by myself if I have to." Owen was holding out his boxer briefs trying to maneuver his softening cock inside. He nodded sullenly. The inches were melting off but only, it seemed, because he was going flaccid.

The bell rang again. Chantelle turned to leave the back room, then she turned back. "It's gonna be okay," she said again.

"How do you know?"

Chantelle looked away. "I just know." She donned her apron and stepped out.

Owen's cock went down to a very fat eight or so inches. With balls the size of plums (they had shrunk down a bit after blasting out all that cum), there was absolutely no room to spare inside his strained boxer briefs, but it was enough. With his monster cock coiled inside he could button

his pants and fasten his belt above it. He had a grotesque bulge, but he could walk again—if still somewhat stiffly. As long as he didn't get hard once more.

He meandered out to the shop. It was 3:36 on the clock. Not even half an hour before closing. Chantelle was busy grinding beans for the next day.

Owen edged up next to her. "Should I go to a hospital or something?" he muttered.

Chantelle kept her eyes on the grinder. "You think they'll be able to do something?"

"I dunno. But, this isn't normal."

She gave him a pained look and said nothing.

"Do you know something about this?"

Chantelle sucked in her breath. Owen knew the answer was yes. She turned to him. "Can you trust me?"

"Uh...I hope so."

"Take it easy. I'm gonna close up, finish my shift and then I'll take care of you. Whatever you need."

"What about *my* shift?"

Chantelle blew out a frustrated sigh. "Owen, just...chill, okay? You probably shouldn't be working."

"I need the paycheck."

"I know. You'll get paid for today. Just...don't do anything, okay?"

"I'm gonna lose my mind if I have to sit around and think about this...this thing in my fucking pants."

Chantelle growled. "Okay. What do you want to do about that?"

"I at least want to work."

She narrowed her eyes at him. "Alright, fine. But, no going past this counter until we close."

"I'm not an idiot."

\* \* \*

While Owen manned the aisle, Chantelle cleaned off the tables and wiped and tidied the condiment stand. For fifteen blessed minutes, Owen was able to move up and down the aisle, wipe down appliances and spot sweep without his junk getting in his own way. It was still a

tremendous distraction. His nuts ached from pumping ounces of cum into Chantelle's hungry mouth. His coiled eight or so inches quivered like a rubber snake in a basket. With every step, tactile sensations rippled across his loins. He had to spread his legs whenever he dropped to a crouch because there simply was no squish room between his legs now. And then there were the cameras. Owen did his best to keep his back turned to the lens that looked down on the aisle but he couldn't face in one direction and earnestly go about his job at the same time. So the video footage would capture the bulge. At least his jeans were black. That would hopefully make it tricky to delineate in black and white video. Besides, no one would ever watch the footage unless there was a reason to. All the more cause then to power through the remainder of the shift and make this all seem like a normal day in the shop.

Was he stuck with a fifteen inch erection for life? How would any man cope? The last hour or so had driven home a lesson: big dicks made for a better metaphor than a daily reality. He would not fit any woman let alone be able to work or even exist in a public space if he got bigger than this.

And, there was something about this whole thing Chantelle wasn't telling him. A big part of him wanted to believe her when she said everything would be fine. But, fine for who and how? Fine in the sense that he had just had the most intense orgasm of his life? He didn't want to think about that, lest he cause himself another immobilizing erection.

One more order came that day before closing and it was then—at 3:51—that Owen knew his troubles were circling back to meet him.

The order came from a mom who had strolled in with her son—maybe six years of age? She was plump and bosomy with a belly bulge that Owen somehow knew had never gone away since the child's birth. She was stuffed into a pretty tight blue t-shirt that gave a vivid picture of her blimping torso. The woman wore glasses and had a permanent flush on her cheeks. Her frizzy hair was tied carelessly behind her head. She didn't have much in the way of hips but there was more than enough plushy curve to trigger Owen's thirst. In plain jeans and no makeup, she certainly wasn't trying to look hot, but he found her so, even with the distraction of her son tugging her arm as she gazed up at the menu.

"We close in under ten minutes," Owen warned.

"Oh, sorry! I'll be quick."

"Mommmmm! I wanna go home," the son wailed, twisting side to side while tethered to his mom's hand.

Owen tried to focus his eyes on the whiny, obnoxious son, not the plumping pre-MILF. And yet, his coiled snake dick strengthened. The ache from his orgasm of twenty minutes ago was gone. Now, his loins were sending a signal: they were ready. Libidinous images began to fill Owen's mind once more. It was like smelling food after not eating all day—his cock was *hungry*.

Dammit. Maybe he shouldn't have insisted he keep working.



The mom shushed her son, then took another agonizing twenty seconds to decide on an order: an iced mocha with coconut milk and non-dairy whipped cream. The coiled loop of his dick was beginning to bow out. The head sought an upwards escape past Owen's waist band. It couldn't make it because his belt was in the way, but in being stopped, it was turning his pants bulge into a tent that would comfortably house a squirrel.

Chantelle was in the women's bathroom tidying up. There was one else to take the lady's order.

Owen was back to shuffling now. He poured the espresso and began heating the coconut milk. When the mom was busy scolding her son, Owen nudged his erection with his thumb and pushed it away from his belt. His megadick complied by yet again burrowing a path all the way to his hip. His shaft was choked. With his face blanched, he combined the frothy coconut milk with the espresso and poured it into a to-go cup, then dispensed a mountainous layer of non-dairy whipped cream on the surface.

"Excuse me, mister?"

"Mmm?" Owen looked over at the mom. She and her son were dawdling at the end of the counter. Putting even half his mind to the task of

"Do you think you could sprinkle some nuts on that?"

*Nuts.* Goddammit. Owen's were aching again, not from spending themselves down Chantelle's throat at this point, but from *swelling*. Whatever volume he'd lost from draining his seed, Owen was gaining it all back. The poor microfiber of his boxer briefs was so stretched around his balls—which felt like medium size apples in there—they had begun to chafe against his skin.

Owen's half mast was again in search of the leg hole of his underwear. As it sank, it found more slack and used that slack to thicken further, which reduced the bend and made the erection worse.

Doing his best to conceal his quickened breath, Owen sprinkled the bits of peanut on the whipped cream.

"Ohhh, y'know what?" the mom called down the aisle.

"Hmm?"

"Could I get chocolate shavings with that too?"

Another curvy lady struggling with the temptation to eat sweets. Great. Owen's dick fattened still more. In seconds, it had cleared his boxer briefs and was swelling out toward his knee. He was on the other side of a half mast—the point where the dick got serious and sought as straight a path from base to tip as it could manage. It no longer wrapped around his leg but tried to pitch out. His right pant leg had begun to ride up his ankle.

Sweat beaded Owen's brow as he showered the drink with a rain of chocolate shavings. He was sloppy and making a mess but he had to get the order through with. This was worse than earlier. He felt absolutely enormous. The stretched denim of his pants bit into his tender skin.

\* \* \*

It didn't take this long to clean a small women's restroom.

Chantelle's apron lay on the floor. The door was locked. She sat on the lone toilet, lid down, with her shirt pulled up past her boobs. Her boobs which now mooshed over her triple D cups. But that wasn't the main concern. The main thing was her tummy, which she poked and fondled anxiously with her hands. It squished over the waist of her skirt like dough and filled her grasping hands. Her belly button squeezed to a cavernous depth between walls of belly fat. Her sides were no better. Her waistband was cutting into her hips, the upper parts of which rolled out in meaty bulges.

When in the everliving fuck did Chantelle get this *fat*? She looked five?—*Eight* pounds heavier? Her ass billowed out her skirt and was very close to flashing panties. Her boobs were at least a cup size bigger. Maybe two.

God, she *had* to lay off the pastries, the pizza deliveries... This was getting seriously out of hand. Why didn't she notice this before—before...?

Before she drank honey flavored cum from Owen's megadick. Fuck. What did that weird lady say about the honey...

*It will manifest his desires and soon there will be nothing he can keep hidden from either of you.*

His desires. Did Owen *desire* a bulgy tummy in a woman?

Chantelle remained frozen in the restroom for some time, asking herself what this relationship she so desired was actually worth. Maybe Owen didn't deserve her. He clearly had trust issues. Or was it that she didn't deserve Owen? She was the one who had given him a spiked drink which had swelled his penis up to the size of a forearm. That was on her.

Or, maybe the only lesson here was that Chantelle shouldn't guzzle honey sweet, enchanted cum. Maybe everything else just was. But if Owen was into that...

No. She would save her body and not drink the magic cum. Period, full stop.

She washed her hands, not because she had to but just because of the symbolism of it. Then she tied on her apron, marched out of the restroom, stepped out of the hallway, gazed over at the counter...

And, immediately knew something wasn't right. The ashen look on Owen's face spoke for itself. She turned to the last minute patron waiting at the end. A plump woman with heavy boobs, and a protruding...

Chantelle looked mechanically down at her plushy body. Yes. This was the body type Owen liked. Boobs, pudgy tummy. Ass too? Considering how hers was turning Chantelle's skirt into an umbrella, probably.

Chantelle joined Owen behind the aisle as he slid the woman's drink across the counter in a to-go cup.

Her heart stopped when she had a clear look at Owen's pants. His right leg looked like it was in the process of growing a clone of itself. His bulge snaked around his thigh and yanked inches of slack, baring his ankle between the pant hem and his sock. Meanwhile, the crotch had an obscene growth of its own. It looked like Owen had stuffed a pair of oranges down there. His body looked more paralyzed than ever. His face was sweat streaked.

Chantelle cleared her throat loudly, drawing in the gaze of the students who were busy chatting by the window and the mom who was scolding her son. "Excuse me, everyone. We're closing up in five minutes so I'll have to ask you head on out."

"We're on our way," said the mother. Meanwhile, the students began to load their laptops back in their backpacks.

"I thought we weren't supposed to rush them," Owen muttered.

Chantelle rolled her eyes. "We are today. Look at you. You need to get out of here."

"And, go where?" Owen hissed. "My shift isn't over yet."

Chantelle exhaled sharply, closed her eyes and thought through the options. "Clock out now," she told him. "Go to my car. Keep a low profile. I'll drive you home. I don't wanna hear about your damn shift."

"You know something about this." Owen's eyes dropped down to indicate what *this* was.

A wave of nausea ran over Chantelle. She swallowed. "It's not medical, it's magic."

"How much worse is this gonna get?"

"I don't know," she hissed. "Look, whatever the situation is, I'll help. Okay? Just, please let me. And please, please, please—clock out early. I'll close up for us."

Owen's gaze fell to the floor. He didn't like this.

"I'll take care of you, okay?"

He nodded.

"My car keys are in my sweater pocket in the back. Just grab them, get in my car and wait for me."

"Alright, fine," he muttered.

"And get those fucking pants off yourself," she added. Owen grunted by way of reply and then moved down the aisle with agonizing slowness. He had to drag both his feet—his right because he couldn't bend it much and his left because his right leg was too paralyzed to support his weight. Chantelle felt absolutely sick. This was all her doing. Ruined Owen's day—or, his whole life? And, for what? For a blow job?

Chantelle closed her eyes and told her mind to shut up. She needed to close the shop, ASAP.

\* \* \*

At first, Owen was only going to take the keys, then he realized he needed Chantelle's sweater too. He undid his apron and tied the sweater around his waist. Then, he clocked out, threw open the back door and shuffled outside.

Walking was unbearable. The thicker he got, the more teeth his pants seemed to grow as it bit deeper and deeper into his swollen flesh.

Outside, he rounded the building and reached the parking lot. It was hot out, the streets cooked from ten or so hours of mostly unbroken sunlight. In the distance was the whirr of a lawnmower. There were eight cars parked, one of which was his. The coffee shop was connected to a cell phone service shop and the two businesses shared lot space with only a handful of spots reserved for patrons of each. Which car was Chantelle's? Owen looked down at the key fob in his hand and pressed the lock button. A double beep sounded off to the right.

He scooted down the concrete walkway that bordered the shop. To his left, one of the cars pulled out and scooted down to the road. From the backseat window he saw the pre-MILF's boy eying him suspiciously. He was, admittedly, walking in a very strange, broken way. All thanks to a humongous dick and a stupid pair of pants.

He shuffled over to the right end of the lot and tried the fob again. A pretty old Honda Civic's lights flashed. That was it. He got to the shotgun door, popped it open and staggered inside. He couldn't even sit down properly before undoing his belt and pants button and zipping down his fly. Even freed of their confines, Owen's balls *ached*. He slid—no, *peeled*—the jeans off his right leg, inch by inch. When the friction between cock skin and denim was this bad, rushing was a poor idea. He did *not* need the equivalent of rug burns. Not down there.

*Magic*. Owen didn't believe in magic, but with balls grown the size of grapefruits in only a few hours, what else could you call it?

Biting his lower lip, Owen lifted his butt off the seat and eased his pant leg down his hips to his trapped right leg and the length of his stuff cock. As the centimeters of warm, distended meat slid out, they thickened. His pant leg had actually been keeping his erection *down*. Sweet Jesus, how big was he fully erect?!

Outside, a man in a polo walked up the sidewalk. He wouldn't see Owen's nethers below the dash but he was still too close for Owen's liking. He scrambled and hid his junk under Chantelle's black sweater and then resumed his careful operation.

God, forget pussies—would he ever fit a pair of *pants* again? Owen had about a third of his length out and he was still stuffed in there, perhaps because his goddamn meat kept thickening as he worked.

Sweat dribbled down his brow. It was hot and the air in the car was stagnant. He was tempted to start the car and roll down the window, but what if someone heard him?

"Fuck this," he growled. He pushed harder. The pantleg slid an inch...another. A bead of sweat found its way between his brows and trickled down the side of his nose. He was halfway free, but this hurt. Under Chantelle's sweater, he rubbed his shaft where the denim had pressed the skin. Owen sucked in a hearty breath. God damn, this felt good. Touching it...

He shook his head. Gotta focus. Gotta get the rest of this stupid pair of pants off. God, it was so hard to do from a sitting position...

Then, the obvious occurred to Owen. He found the lever that worked his seat and adjusted it back.

Now in a less bent position, Owen pushed. An inch came out...another...

Off came Owen's pants. He gasped in relief, rubbed his brow. A quick smile even flashed across his face. He was free.

But, Owen's relief turned to horror as he realized he had only been half mast. His cock fattened to the thickness of a soup can. And, the inches just kept coming...

\* \* \*

Chantelle had to get out of there. But, if she didn't close the shop up properly, the boss might check the store footage, perhaps to see a freakishly swollen cock bulging through the pants of one of his employees. And whose fault would that be?

Unfortunately, it was just her on the job now, and the two of them had not stayed ahead of their store close checklist like they usually did. She took apart the appliance components, handwashed them and set them on the rack to dry. She plastic wrapped the pastries in the case. She wiped the still messy tables then propped the chairs over them and swept the floors of the dining section. Then, she checked the clock. It was 4:27. Dammit, there was still so much left to do! She unlocked the wash closet, restocked the toilet paper in the men's restroom, brushed out the bowls in both restrooms and took out the garbage in the women's. Then, she filled the mobile mop bucket with sudsy water and got busy. As always, she started in the rest rooms, then worked her way back along the corridor into the shop. She worked around the outer edges of the dining area and eventually back into the aisle, wheeling the mop bucket to the end.

As she toiled, Chantelle had to keep pausing to hike up her skirt. Her protruding tummy wanted nothing more than to escape her waistband. Not that she had much to complain about compared to Owen who perhaps no longer had a body fit to wear pants. But, she couldn't think about scary stuff like that now. There was no time for regrets. Not yet.

Her back was starting to hurt. She was leaning too much weight into the mop rather than bracing herself with her knees. But when she did that, her skirt sank down and her hips muffin-ed out.

At last the mopping was done with. Chantelle dragged the bucket back to the wash closet and sent the water down the drain. She put everything away, locked the closet and staggered back into the dining area.

Chantelle finished her shift by flipping the *Open* sign in the door to *Closed* and checking the minifridge. The oatmilk was low. She replaced it with a fresh carton from the fridge in the backroom and checked the time again. It was now 4:58. Fan-fucking-tastic. It had taken almost the entire hour to close up.

After hanging her apron and clocking out, Chantelle stared blankly at the coat hook. Where was her sweater? She scanned the room, her heart racing in her chest. Nothing. Dammit—her keys were...

Oh, that's right. She told Owen to take the keys. He must've taken her sweater too.

It was 5:03 when she finally stepped outside and broke into a jog to her car. The windows were cracked. She threw open the driver side door, looked inside and almost screamed.

Owen's head was tossed against the shotgun seat, adjusted halfway to a reclined position. His legs were splayed wide. His lower body was draped in Chantelle's long sweater, but she could see his bare leg beneath the material. He had his pants down to his ankles.

The *thing* that Chantelle's sweater covered went from Owen's crotch, all the way under the glove compartment.

Owen had been dozing but his eyes now snapped open. He squinted at Chantelle, then looked down. There was horror on his face even before he peeled back the sweater and had a look between his legs. "Fuck," he cried.

Chantelle started the car.

"Where are we going?"

"Your place or mine?" Chantelle said as she backed out of her parking spot.

"I don't know! What are we doing?"

"Whatever you need."

"What I need is to not have balls the size of fucking cantaloupes!"

Chantelle looked. Owen had to spread his legs very far. They didn't appear to be quite the size of cantaloupes, but they were getting there. Propped atop them was a shaft nearly comparable in width to Owen's leg. "My place then," said Chantelle.

"How do we stop this?" Owen demanded.

"I don't know."

"You don't *know*?!" But then, Chantelle rolled out of the parking lot a bit too quickly. Her car rattled and Owen cried out and gripped his balls.

"Sorry, did I hurt you?"

"Not exactly," he muttered.

"Look, a woman came to the shop today and gave me this honey. She said it was for you."

Owen squinted. "That...that *drink* you made me?"

Chantelle didn't answer.

"You did this to me."

Chantelle got to the road and they waited for the light to change.

"*You* did this," Owen repeated.

"I'm sorry. I didn't know this would happen."

"What did you *think* was going to happen?!"

"I don't know. That woman had this...this aura about her and I just didn't question her. I felt like making you that drink was just something I was supposed to do."

"What?!"

"I don't have a better answer for you, okay? I'm sorry!"

"Chantelle, look at me! How is that a reasonable fucking answer?"

"It doesn't matter. It's the truth."

They fell silent for a time. Owen kept trying to take his hands off his distended junk, but they kept drifting there.

Chantelle checked in "Does it feel okay?"

Owen didn't look at her as he responded. "It feels heavy and weird and very, very sensitive."

"I can help you with some of that, at least."

"No thanks."

Chantelle huffed. "You're stupid."

"Yeah, yeah. I know. You think I'm stupid."

"I want to help you and you're being a brat."

"Well, don't expect me to take this well." He gestured at his problem with tilted hands.

"Like I said, I didn't know any of this was going to happen."

Silence again. Chantelle took a left turn down a residential block.

"I have a question," she said.

"What?"

"Would you like me better if I was..."

"Yes?"

"Bigger?"

Owen's brow furrowed. "Like...bigger, how?"

"Like...fatter. Larger. Bigger tits, bigger ass, bigger tummy."

"I dunno. Why do you ask?"

"What's the—" But she cut off as she noticed the sweater slipping off Owen's distended meat rod. It was thickening right before her eyes. From Owen's pelvis, it had roughly the girth of an 18oz soup can. But, further up the shaft, it swelled to something more comparable to a quart container.

"Ngh!" grunted Owen, who wriggled and pressed back in his seat. His cock head was touching the floor of the car under the dash. Oh god...it was measurable in feet now.

Chantelle smirked. "So you are a fan of that look."

"This isn't funny!"

Chantelle smiled at him. She did her best to make it a kind smile. "It's a tiny bit funny."

Owen rubbed his face. "I can't have a normal life with this thing. I can't fit a single woman."

"Owen, babe?"

He threw Chantelle a petulant look. "What?"

"There's more than one way to have sex. Take from someone who's been around."



"Such as?"

She arched an eyebrow at him. "Would you like me to show you?"

Owen was beginning to flush. He kept wriggling in his seat too. He was running out of room.

"Look," said Chantelle, her voice softening. "I have a lot of regrets about what happened. I wanted to be with you and I knew you were interested in me. It was driving me crazy. If you turned me down because you weren't ready for something serious or because I wasn't your type or something...that I would get. But you made dating me about my sexual history. That fucking *hurt*."

"I thought you'd get bored with me," he replied.

"You never even gave me a chance. I didn't think it was fair."

Owen's gaze was downcast. His hands gripped his giant appendage, evidently to stop it from wagging in his seat from the bumps in the road.

"I have a lot to offer. Not just sexually."

Owen was quiet for a time. "I'm sorry," he said. There was a note of sadness in his voice now.

Chantelle turned into a driveway and pulled into the evening shadow of the triplex which was her home.

She stopped the car. "We're both sorry. Look, you have a problem and I want to help you with it. Whatever comes after this, I'll help you with that too. But let's start with your little f—"she shook her head—"your not so little friend."

Owen rubbed the stress out of his face. "Yeah, alright. But, how do I get out of here?"

Chantelle told him to wait. Thankfully, the entryway to her home was here on the side of the house. She unlocked the door and climbed a winding stair to the top. She hoofed it to her bedroom, found her biggest blanket in her closet and returned to the ground floor.

Owen had been twisting around on a reclined seat to clear his giant cock from the space beneath the glove compartment. She watched him struggle, offered to help and was turned down. Finally, Owen managed to bend his penis just enough to get the clearance. When he was free and sitting upright, his humongous cock hovered just below his nose, head the size of a small cantaloupe.

Chantelle opened the passenger door and threw the blanket over Owen. Owen wrapped the thing around himself, using one hand to clutch it together at his shoulder and the other to hold his dick against his torso. As he stepped out of the car, Chantelle realized he had gotten out of his pants and shoes. Good thing the blanket kept him decent.

"I'll get your stuff for you," she said. "Just get inside."

Owen's walk was slow and wobbly but not without ingenuity. When he needed a free hand to grip the screen door, he notched his elbow over his cock and held it and the blanket against him while letting himself in. Chantelle locked the door and followed Owen's uneasy steps up the stairs.

"Doing alright?" she called up to him.

"Mmm," he replied. His breath was short. "With this thing, I won't be *doing* anyone."

"Oh, hush. You'll do me just fine."

The stairwell was lit only by the daylight through a couple narrow windows along the way. Chantelle watched Owen's socked feet lift him up each step. His legs were spaced wide, she realized, to make room for his balls. As the blanket fluttered at his legs, Chantelle caught a whiff of something. A brisk scent...murky, but also distinctly floral. Her mind traveled back to earlier that afternoon when she guzzled Owen's jizz. Yes, she was smelling Owen's balls. And they smelled *delicious*. Her mouth watered. She told herself to knock it off. She could get seriously fat on that stuff. If the events of today were any indication, it wouldn't take much. Oh, but the temptation...

"I feel completely fucking ridiculous," Owen grumbled.

*I think you're completely fucking delicious*, she almost said but didn't. "I'm sure you're still a cutie."

\*   \*   \*

They reached the top and passed through the door into Chantelle's little kitchen. Owen turned to face her. Her amber eyes gazed at him. No amount of eyeliner and pallid foundation could chill the warm glow of those eyes.

She reached out and clutched the blanket. "C'mon. Lose this thing."

The blanket dropped.

Like a drawbridge, Owen's monster phallus dropped. The weight of it put such a strain on his pelvis, he cried out. He staggered and regained his balance. The thing displaced his center of gravity. It hung there, still tilted up in the air a bit. The base of it went so deep into his pelvis his legs needed to be spaced wide to allow it room. It was as long as a baseball bat, but much thicker at any point. It started narrower—about four inches wide at the base—but thickened considerably in the middle—to about six. The fleshy head had been huge and bulbous in the car, nearly matching the thing's girthy middle. But, after his trip up the stairs, it had narrowed to a more conical shape. Presently, the whole thing resembled a cartoon rocket: narrow at the base, thick in the middle, pointed at the end.

Owen's balls were hot and very, very heavy, but the skin that held them was strong and tough. They rested against his legs like a pair of twined acorn squashes. Owen reached down to hold them up—letting them hang free was tiring.

As the flush burned in his cheeks, he looked up at Chantelle. Her eyes followed his freakish silhouette. She dropped Owen's pants and underwear on the floor, kicked off her shoes, reached for the hem of her t-shirt, arms crossed, and pulled her shirt off. Then, she undid the bandana on her head, letting her jet black hair fall past her shoulders. Her lacy bra cups were too small. They sank into distended flesh, like waffle cones trying to contain too-large scoops. Her tummy roll swelled nearly an inch over her skirt. Her flanks poured out more drastically still. She had had a fat ass for as long as Owen had known her but now it seemed her skirt couldn't shelter it.

Chantelle reached behind her back and undid her bra. Red diagonal lines marked the point where the cups dug into the pasty flesh. She dropped the bra and gathered her breasts in her hands. They filled them. "Look at what you did to my poor boobies," she cooed. Her nipples were fat and spigot-like. Her areolas were full, but did not overwhelm the surface area.

As Owen watched her, his heart pumped fresh life into his cock and the head swelled once more, almost matching the middle for girth. The added volume increased the weight and his penis dropped an inch or so, becoming almost perpendicular to his height. His balls clenched.

Chantelle pursed her lips. "Ooh, you like hearing about my boobies, don't you?" She unbuttoned her skirt and dropped it to the floor, bearing full, smooth, milk white thighs. She stepped out of the floor piled skirt and nudged it into the clothes pile with her toes. Now she wore only a lacy bikini and black socks. Her curvy, rather reubenesque figure—heavy boobs and hips with a smooth roll of tummy, sent another gush to Owen's cock. He grunted as the thing shot out another inch, the head now swollen and rounded and weighed still harder against his abdomen.

"Let me help you with that," Chantelle purred. She came up to him, lifted his drawbridge of a cock and rested it against her sternum. With the weight of the thing against her, Owen's muscles eased.

She helped Owen out of his shirt, then got very close to him, their noses nearly touching. Owen's cock head brushed her chin. It came close to Owen's too, but he was a couple inches taller.

She gripped the head and began kneading it, squeezing it down to size and sending the blood back to the shaft. Then she released it and the head swelled back up again. The whole time, her warm, amber eyes were on him. Her gaze was soft and glassy. Slowly, she opened her mouth, stuck out her tongue...and sank it into his nearly inch long slit. Owen gasped. She wriggled the tip of her tongue in the thing. Owen cried out. It was sensitive beyond words. Chantelle eased up, kissing the head like an adored pet. Then, her eyes focused on something. She stuck her tongue out again and pulled back. With it came a long, thinning rope of very sticky precum. She slurped it up. Then came another bead, then another. Each time, she kissed and licked him clean.

"You taste like honey," she said.

"I do?"

Then, she made a pouty face. "But, if I keep eating your cum, I'll get really fat."

"What do you mean?"

She patted her belly. "I didn't have this tummy roll earlier. But when you came in my mouth I gained like, eight pounds."

"Y-you're fucking kidding me."

She shook her head. Another huge gush from his heart; he swelled once more. Owen's cock head reached Chantelle's nose now. Her mouth dropped. "Oh wow," she said. "You *really* like that."

It was hard to hold a conversation when so much of Owen's strength was busy carrying a cock and balls, collectively as big as a medium-size dog. Even with Chantelle propping his penis against her torso and his hands easing the weight of his balls, he was seriously winded. He felt light-headed.

He was also, he realized, scared. In sexual matters, Owen had always taken for granted the idea that he should be the one to take control of the situation. The thought of Chantelle taking care of *him*, it was humbling. But, some deep part of Owen was enjoying this. Maybe this was what he had been afraid of all along. Her wild sexual history would make her the expert, him the novice.

But now, Owen was too physically compromised to be anything but the passive one, the receiver. A gigantic dick, it turned out, didn't make you stronger. The thought brought shame, fear, but also, surprisingly, relief.

But, could he trust Chantelle after she did *this* to him?

Chantelle crossed her arms around his shaft and squeezed her soft body against it. She nuzzled her cheek against the head, and still maintained eye contact with Owen. "Maybe I could have a little more. What do you think?"

"D-do you want to?" Owen huffed. Talking right now was like chatting mid-run after you'd already dashed a mile and half.

She gave him a petulant look. "I don't wanna be fat, but I *really* like your cum. It's like," she hesitated. "It's like sticking my head inside a flower and sucking out all the nectar. But...my boobies are gonna be so big. I'd have to order bras online to fit any. And, I'll be stuck with a big, fat tummy. After I gained so much weight these last couple years, at least my tummy didn't grow too much. But if I drink more of your juice I'll lose this figure. I'll have to cram my ass into every chair..."

As Chantelle spoke—her tone wavering between whiny complaint and dirty talk, Owen began to knead his balls. They had swelled with his erection. His hands were tired from the growing weight. As fatigue set in, he closed his eyes, opened them, closed them again. Then, his heart came around once more. He belted out a bloodcurdling grunt as his penis thickened yet again. In his fuzzy view, he watched Chantelle's face disappear behind his swelling cock head.

Owen's legs could barely hold him now. He began to sway.

"C'mon, sit down on the floor. I don't want you to pass out."

He dropped—almost fell—to the linoleum floor where his balls rested. He clutched his shaft—the middle of which was now thicker than his own thigh—so it wouldn't tip forward and, perhaps, take him down with it. He gasped for breath. The floor was an incredible relief. He extended his legs.

Owen's vision was filled with the tree trunk of his own cock. He looked up. The head was now roughly level with his actual head.

Chantelle dropped to a squat, moved in and hugged Owen's shaft while squeezing it between her meaty thighs. Owen felt a tickling sensation at the tip and soon, a spurt of precum began to dribble down. Chantelle was on it like a fly on a dropped cupcake. She licked up to Owen's tip. "Mmmmm," she sighed. She fell to crossed legs and began playing with Owen's balls. They were big as honeydews now, and very, very heavy. She lifted one up and dropped it an inch. Owen shuddered. The nut wobbled with a somewhat liquid weight, similar to a water balloon that had survived a fall.

She grabbed Owen by the balls and shook them. "This is so fucking hot, Owen. Please cum for me. Please!"

In his hands, Owen felt his column of a cock thicken and lengthen once more. He began stroking himself furiously. The sheer size of his hot meat pipe against his tiny hands was itself a turn on. No man had a huger dick, not by a tenth. His pleasure was enormous. He looked ridiculous but perhaps he didn't need to care. Not if Chantelle didn't.

She went on dribbling and kneading his balls and he went on stroking himself. The pleasure in this huge trunk of meat would once have been enough to make him cum five times over. Now, the bar to achieve orgasm was higher. But with both of them working together, he could do it.

Every time Owen thought he was fully erect he got longer, thicker. His cock towered over them like a skyscraper. He couldn't see much of Chantelle on the other side of it now but he could feel her soft hands torment his swollen balls. He could hear that throaty purr of her voice as she cried obscenities.

"Do you wanna do it? Wanna make me a huge fatass with giant tits? Well, now's your chance, dirty boy. Do it before i change my fucking mind. *Cum for me.*"

More dribbling precum. More of Chantelle licking him up. He was getting closer. Once more, his vision blurred. His balls ached like hell. They felt like swollen watermelons, about to burst open with juice.

On the nearer side of his shaft, Owen felt a tingle. He rubbed himself harder, chasing the feeling. It grew. Chantelle began to mash his balls together like she was making stuffed animals hug. He growled through the shooting pain and sensitivity. The feeling blazed. Precum began to bubble out in a continuous stream. Chantelle's tongue could barely keep up. Owen was rock hard now. He could barely press his thumb a millimeter into his shaft.

The feeling burned. It was time. Time to let it all out. He grimaced, stroked himself harder.

"Oh, babe are you close?"

"Mmm!" he grunted.

Chantelle apparently took the correct meaning because she rose to her feet, her arms fastening around his shaft, just below his head.

And then it began. It came from seemingly miles off, but it rushed towards him. His cock went harder still. His balls clenched so hard they began to cramp. The feeling welled up more and more and more...

"Oh, MOTHERFUCKER," he screamed. He felt Chantelle's mouth fastening to his cock.

What happened next was too intense for words. There was a whirlwind of aching pain and bliss as a giant gush rose from his balls and traveled up, up, up his shaft. And then he exploded. His vision went dark. He heard his own screams like they were coming from somewhere else. He heard Chantelle's mouth-stuffed groans as she fought him to hold himself steady. There was a blasting smell of sweet nectar and rank, earthy, humid, stickiness.

Owen was still cumming when he passed out.

\* \* \*

The next *who-knew-how-long* was a blur. He spent some time collapsed on the floor. Then, he felt Chantelle take him by the hand and lift him to standing. He couldn't stay up on his own so she pulled his arm over him. His eyes opened only fitfully as she took him out of the kitchen. He had no precise sense of his body but that was definitely the feeling of his cock head dragging on the floor between his legs as they made their way slowly to—somewhere. She dropped him to a comfy mattress where he drifted off several times, but was interrupted by Chantelle bringing a water glass to his lips and coaxing him to drink. Then, there came oblivion. He fell down a deep, dark hole where he knew and needed nothing.

It was dark outside when he came to. He awoke to Chantelle's hand stroking his head—his *actual* head. As for his other head, it was pressed against something hard and bumpy.

He opened his eyes and caught Chantelle's face in the light of a night stand lamp.  
"Wh-what's...?"

Then, Owen looked up and his jaw dropped. Leaning against the wall behind him, Owen's cock rose nearly to the ceiling. His legs twitched and he felt the heat of his balls against them. They were bigger than jumbo watermelons now, their incredible, liquidy weight testing tensile strength of the mattress.

He writhed. Chantelle scolded him to keep still. He should have listened. His cock slipped free of the wall. It fell. Owen's body twisted. He was now the fulcrum of a giant cock. Chantelle caught it with her arms, but not with enough strength to keep it from smacking her in the cheek.

"Mnn! Watch it!!"

That's when Owen had a good look at Chantelle's naked body. Her boobs were huge, nearly the size of her own head. They quivered on the slope of a very pronounced gut, finger-thick nipples pointing accusatorily in his direction. Her tummy was full and round. It rolled slightly at the naval which had only grown more cavernous. Her hips were massive. Even though her belly couldn't match her hips for width, she was no longer an hourglass. Too thick in the middle.

Owen watched as Chantelle pushed his cock back up so it would prop against the wall again and got a view of her profile. She had enough ass to fill a La-Z-Boy. Her boobs were in a race with her belly to see which could protrude further forward. Right now, the boobs were winning by maybe half an inch.

All at once, he felt that now familiar gush of blood travel to his cock. His pillar thickened, lengthened, the head crept higher up the wall. Desire filled Owen like famished hunger.

Chantelle sat beside him and held a hand up to keep Owen's tree trunk of a cock steady against the wall.

"You went soft for a while," she said. I let you nap for like, two hours. Then, you started to get hard again."

"Y-you look amazing," Owen said through a parched throat.

Chantelle's hands sank into her bloated tummy. "This thing? This monstrosity?"

He swallowed. "All of it. Tits, bottom..."

Once again, he thickened. Owen was still relatively narrow at his pelvis but swelled to a massive girth at the middle—roughly equal to a multi-gallon washbucket. The cartoon rocket shape was back, looking more outrageous than ever.

Chantelle shook her head. "I feel like an absolute pig. But hey, what do I have to complain about. I had the most delicious meal of my life." She began to stroke his shaft. It felt good and the pleasure showed in his face and she caught it. "Anyway," she continued, "let's get you taken care of."

They tilted Owen's cock forward. Owen got his feet underneath him as Chantelle brought him down until it rested on her queen size bed. Owen straddled his balls like they were the body of a horse and managed to rest much of his weight on his knees. His nuts still took a decent amount of his weight which brought a pleasant ache. He could feel the pressure pushing fluid out to his cock. In this horizontal position, perhaps, an orgasm would take less out of him. No need to fight gravity this time.

Chantelle climbed aboard his shaft like a pony. She squeezed his cock between her fat thighs, leaned in and kissed Owen on the mouth. They made out for a time with Owen fondling her boobs, marveling at the way their size overwhelmed his hands. He could feel himself getting longer, thicker, his cock skin dragging against Chantelle's bare ass.

Chantelle gave him a parting kiss on the cheek, then flipped around, mooning him with a butt the size of a couch cushion. She lengthened along the mattress, enveloping as much of Owen's cock as she could with her legs, belly, tits and arms. She fell to her side and pressed against Owen's penis like a lover, bucking her hips and kissing up and down the shaft. His cock head now cleared the end of the bed.

Owen's dick was bigger than he was. A cock with a little man attached, not the other way around. It was a humiliating thought, but in Chantelle's embrace it somehow seemed okay.

He began raking his balls with his fingertips. He squeezed them between his legs. Precum began to bead at the tip so Chantelle got off him to lick it up.

"Y-you sure you want to..." he began.

Chantelle swallowed the gob of cum. "Don't even ask," she replied.

Chantelle began to squeeze her boobs against Owen's cock head. It swelled up bigger than a beach ball. She stuck her tongue inside his slit. It was sensitive but she was gentler this time and it felt okay. He moaned as the sweat beaded his brow.

Owen had begun bouncing on the bed, stirring more pressure in his balls. More precum came. She drank it.

They worked together. Owen grew thicker, harder. His balls were bigger than ever now and he couldn't widen his legs enough not to squeeze them. Meanwhile, Chantelle teased, squeezed, levered, tickled and licked his cock head in a show of such wild shamelessness, Owen was dumbfounded. He had the most ridiculous body in the world but Chantelle made him feel like a king.

The pressure built. Like the safety piece of a gun being drawn back, Owen felt his balls lock into place. They grew firm against his legs. Sweat rolled down the side of his face and he muttered in a husky voice, "I'm...I'm getting there."

"Do it!" Chantelle cried. "Give me that sweet, hot cum—now!"

Owen gritted his teeth. The orgasm was there but it didn't want to travel just yet.



"Come *on*!" Chantelle lifted Owen's penis in the air and let go. It fell to the mattress and bounced halfway back up. Owen gasped. She lifted it again and sent it crashing down.

Owen trembled. The pressure was too much now. He gripped the flanks of his cock as if for dear life. It shuddered.

Chantelle lifted his cock once more. But this time, she stood there, holding the gigantic organ to her chest where it nestled against her boobs like a huge, feral creature.

Owen's balls unleashed hell. He screamed. Chantelle fastened her lips.

In seconds, her cheeks bulged. Then, dribbles of cum began spilling down her lips. She swallowed furiously but couldn't keep up. Streams of fragrant cum ran down her neck and chest. Owen was awed because he knew: this was only the beginning. The gush turned into a torrent. Chantelle grunted, almost choked.

"Wait," she cried, and lifted Owen's cock head as high as she could, almost to the ceiling. Suddenly the torrent stopped, not that it wanted to. Owen's balls were white hot with pressure but the uphill climb stopped their force. He didn't have the strength to overcome it—his body was too weak from the previous orgasm to fight gravity again.

"Hold it like this," Chantelle commanded. She wiped the jizz off her chin with the back of her hand.

"Huh?"

"With your hands."

Owen gripped his cannon cock. It took all his strength to hold himself at this angle. If not for the weight of his balls, he would've seesawed forward and painted Chantelle's wall.

"Be right back!" Chantelle's naked body scurried out of the room. Owen was frozen in mid-coital agony. It was like that moment before you sneezed when your eyes got watery and you were waiting for your head to release the pressure, only this was so much worse. His balls ached beyond description. He moaned and groaned, but did as he was told.

Chantelle returned with a washbucket. It could easily hold three gallons, probably more. She held it up, notching it against Owen's cock. "Okay, let's let it down gently."

Owen gasped as the torrent returned. The sound of his seed sloshing in the bucket reminded him of a bath tub filling up. He poured out, harder and harder as Chantelle dutifully collected his fluid.

The room was absolutely rife with the smell of nectar, sweetness, earthiness. It was overpowering, even slightly nauseating.

After some time, Owen's torrent thinned to a faucet flow. Soon, Chantelle set the bucket on the floor. She looked utterly exhausted from holding it up. She got down on her knees, fastened her lips to Owen and drank.

Owen enjoyed the tickle of his jizz emptying out inside Chantelle's mouth and the sound of her throat gulping as his strength marginally returned.

The flow was done. Now there were just spurts to go. Chantelle was locked onto him for what felt like ten more minutes before his balls had completely emptied themselves.

"You done?" she said in a wilty voice.

"Couldn't be more done," Owen replied.

"Great." Chantelle rose. A fatter, bustier, wider Chantelle rounded the bed. Her ripe, head-size boobs jiggled on a tank of a tummy that had far protruded her boobs. Her hips would've almost filled a doorway. They rippled with each step. She looked down at her cartoonishly curvy body, gripped her tummy, released it and frowned as it wobbled to stillness. She turned at Owen. "Can I get some room?"

It took some doing, but Owen was able to lay on his left side with his still semi-hard cock cast diagonally to the far corner of the bed. His balls—shrunk now to about the size of basketballs—tucked between his and cock and legs and threatened to unbalance him but they never quite did.

Chantelle planted an ass that would fill most of a loveseat on the bed and laid down. She rolled on her side—the bed creaked as she did so—and tossed an arm over Owen.

\* \* \*

Sleep came. Then it was early morning. Owen awoke face to face with Chantelle. She was petting his face. "Hey," she said.

"Hey." Owen glanced down. His missile cock was no more. He was back to baseball bat length, only flaccid. His balls were cantaloupe sized. "Woah."

"You've been shrinking all night," she told him.

She was right. He could *feel* the cockweight melting off him. "That's a relief. Guess I just needed to cum enough times?"

"Guess so. Don't know what we would've done if you were stuck like that forever."

Relief filled Owen. His body tingled with the physical discarding of stress from his muscles. He felt sore, but good.

Owen looked over at Chantelle. He body hadn't changed a bit. Still huge. Laying on her right side, her left hip rose in the air like a mountain. Her right boob was pancaked under her left, her nipples thick as chapstick caps. Her bulging gut surged. It had beaten her boobs in the race for protrusion. Her thighs were huge, meaty, tapering columns. Even her upper arms and calves had plumped up, though not nearly to the extent of her torso and upper legs. Chantelle carried

all this fat well. Her legs were smooth and her tummy rolled only at her navel. She looked like her body had been inflated in an adult cartoon—well, it sort of had been.

She smiled at him with a face that had grown a touch rounder, but was no less beautiful for it. She had washed off her makeup but her eyes still had that warm sparkle. "I probably don't need to tell this, but that was the wildest night I've ever had," she said, and scooted her hyper curvy body toward him. "You never told me you were such a freak for this kind of boy."

"You never told me you were a freak for...whatever all that was that happened earlier."

They shared a laugh.

"Hope you don't still have doubts about me," said Chantelle.

Owen shook his head. "I was being stupid."

"So...you'll spend the day with me?"

"I'd love to."

"And more days after that?"

"I certainly hope so."

Chantelle smiled. "Y'know something?"

"What?" said Owen.

"I think last night needed one more thing. Just one more thing, and then I'd be satisfied."

"What's that?"

Chantelle turned over and pulled her huge, fat ass off the bed. She went around the bed and crouched at the foot. Owen got a nice view of the pendulous weight of her hanging tits and tummy.

She rose with the bucket. Her arm shook from the weight. She presented it to the room, almost like a trophy. "In our honor," she said, "I think your supercock should get hard for me one more time." Then, she brought it to her lips and began to tilt the honeyed jizz into her mouth.

"Woah, wait a minute. What the f—!" Owen cried out to stop her but it was too late. Chantelle's body was already beginning to swell. And so was he...