

# UNDER HER INFLUENCE

An Erotic Novella by Near N. Far

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## Chapter 1: Decisions

“I have to warn you Miss...” Dr. Grof pauses to glance at the files scattered across his immense wooden desk. His weathered hands helplessly shuffle papers around as his sunken eyes search for the name that has evidently slipped his mind.

“Stillwater,” Addie offers. She sounds nervous. I’m sure I look it.

“Yes, sorry,” the doctor apologizes. “I do have to warn you that this treatment is *highly* experimental. Your insurance will almost certainly not cover it. I’ve yet to encounter a policy that would.”

“We’re... we’re not worried about the cost,” Addie answers for both of us. I turn to look at her. Her hazel eyes are hidden from me by the long waves of her brunette hair. Even without seeing them, I know that they show desperation. We’re absolutely worried about cost. We’re both worried sick about *all* of this, but it’s worth it for a chance at her dream. At our dream.

“Very well,” the middle aged doctor continues in his low, rumbling voice, pausing to scratch his short gray beard. “But there is also the matter of side effects, of which there are numerous possibilities, ranging from generalized weight gain to mood shifts to enlarged breasts and plenty of other things. It’s all laid out in here.”

He pushes a thick packet of stapled papers across the desk toward us. The edges are lightly crumpled, and a few faint stains dot the front page, coffee, from the look of it. Addie reaches out and takes the stack in her hands, but she doesn’t bother glancing at it.

“I’m willing to do the treatment. I *want* to do the treatment,” Addie states, her voice rolling from shaky to adamant from one sentence to the next. I’ve never heard her be so decisive about anything else in the time I’ve known her. I love my fiancée more than anything in the world, but if she’s anything, it’s uncertain. Indecisive. The woman sitting next to me now in these rigid wooden armchairs is anything but uncertain, even if she’s only now discovering that.

“In that case,” Dr. Grof says, “you’ll just need to fill out some paperwork and sign a few documents, and we’ll have you set up for your first treatment. We can likely work you in today, if you’re available.”

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As he fishes another bundle of lightly abused papers from a drawer to his left, Addie turns to me, a look of pleading in her eyes.

“Go for it,” I mouth silently. She smiles and blinks away happy tears. It’s the most hope I’ve seen on her face in weeks.

The next half hour is spent with the doctor going over the forms with us and Addie signing her name dozens of times. He drones on about hormones and injections and aerosolized particulates and plenty more that I can’t even begin to follow. Still, the papers are each signed, and he’s on to the next page.

We’re really going through with this. *She’s* really going through with this.

( Y )

Eleven months before sitting in Dr. Grof’s office, I return to our tiny house at the edge of downtown. Addie is already back from her day at the office, doom scrolling in her recliner as a cooking show plays on TV.

“Hey, Princess! How was your day?” I say to her, chipperly. Her only response is to turn her eyes up at me in total disdain.

“What’d I do?” I ask, knowing the answer.

“You know I don’t like it when you say that.”

“Say what? ‘How was your day?’”

She huffs faintly from her nostrils and returns to her phone. Unfortunately for her, she’s adorable when she’s annoyed with me. I decide to push it.

“It was ‘Hey,’ wasn’t it? Makes you feel like a horse?”

No response.

“Come on, Princess, tell me what I said!” I place my bag down and touch my palms together in a sign of mock begging.

“Clay! Stop it!” she finally cries out, dropping her phone on the arm of the chair and looking up at me. Her expression is one of exasperation. It’s cute. She’s cute in general, but

this expression of hers is too much. The upturned eyebrows. The glistening, wide eyes. The pouty lips. She melts my heart, and I immediately feel bad for teasing her.

“Sorry, Addie. I won’t do it again.” I say earnestly, stepping over and kissing her on top of her head. Unable to leave it alone, though, I add, “Even if it’s your *proper* title, per the rules...”

“Give it a rest, Clay,” she says, giggling and smacking me in the side painlessly, but hard enough to get the point across. “It was one stupid drinking game four years ago! You know I hate being called ‘Princess.’”

“I know. I’m sorry. Truce?”

“Truce.”

“Got it. Just so I’m clear, are there any other nicknames you would prefer I not use anymore? Is Apple Bottom Addie off limits, too?”

Saying that immediately fills me with regret. I’ve pushed it too far. The flash of irritation on her face tells me as much.

( Y )

Addie and I met during our college years. Before we bumped into one another at a random party just off campus, I had only known her by her reputation as “Apple Bottom Addie.” Unsurprisingly, the name was coined by assorted frat guys based on her figure and spread quickly. At the time, she had a modest bust and waist but a massive rear and hips wide enough she tended to walk sideways through doorways and crowds. She still does.

I didn’t chase her because of her shape, though. Were it not for that random party, we almost certainly would never have met. The short version is we were both there, and she got roped into a drinking game by a few of her friends. She was so shy and reluctant to join in that they had to physically pick her up and carry her across the room. Her screams of protest brought the party atmosphere to a brief halt. I think it was that fact—that all eyes at the party were suddenly on her—that persuaded her to stop fighting. It meant less attention on her to just give in.

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During that drinking game, several people got saddled with nicknames against their will, courtesy of a rule laid out in the very first round of play. She was one of the lucky ones, and I was the person who had to choose it. I didn't know her at all, save for the suggestive nickname already floating around. Picking that one seemed like a mean-spirited choice, considering I had no way of knowing how she felt about being objectified like that. Later, I would learn she wasn't a fan, but not because she felt objectified. She just didn't want people focusing on her, no matter the circumstances.

I went with "Princess." It was unassuming. Innocent. Safe.

It wasn't until we started dating almost a year later that I found out that she loathed that nickname. Her friends made sure it stuck well after the game ended, purely because she hated it. On our third date, she confided in me that she held a grudge against me for months because of that.

"I hate being the center of attention," she explained to me in my apartment, "and when you opened that can of worms, my friends and even randos from the party kept calling me 'Princess Stillwater' or 'Your Highness' or 'Lady Adora.' It was like constantly being honored or put on a pedestal. So awkward... I just wanted to curl up in a ball and disappear every time it happened."

After she opened up about all of that, I avoided the nickname for years. Eventually, a friend of hers brought up the drinking game again when she was over for our housewarming party. The nickname got trotted out, and I did my best to defend her and move the conversation away from it. Being at least a tiny bit of an asshole deep down, however, I have occasionally brought it back up. I never dwell on it too long, making sure to read her level of discomfort to the best of my ability. She's just so damn cute when she wants to murder me.

"Apple Bottom Addie," though, I never use. I know she never liked it or the attention her big, wide lower half brings her. It's verboten.

And I just said it to her. I brace for an explosion. Anger. Sadness. Shock. Instead, I get moderate irritation.

"That one's off limits, too."

Astounded at my good fortune, I take the win and drop it on the spot.

“Got it. Sorry.”

“Mmhmm,” she utters, going back to her phone.

“You had dinner, yet?” I ask her, moving past my transgression.

“Nope.”

“Want to cook or go get something?”

She looks up at me and appears completely unbothered by my use of the forbidden nicknames. It’s strange.

“You pick,” she says to me with a mischievous grin.

That’s why she’s letting the names go. She’s throwing my own irritant back at me. The one thing I can’t stand is always picking what we do for dinner. I’ve done it every time, with the exception of, at most, ten times since we bought our house and moved in together. Getting the woman to settle on something is like trying to make a cat pick out an outfit to wear. She fights it every step of the way, tooth and claw. She knows I can’t stand it, and she’s happily putting me through it again as her little form of revenge.

And I couldn’t love her any more than I already do.

That doesn’t mean I don’t like to push her just a little bit from time to time, though.

“I’m good with anything. What do you want?”

It’s my typical response to her non-answers when I want to gently nudge her to stand up for what she wants. She wouldn’t admit it, but I think her reticence to be in the spotlight extends even to the simple act of relaying her wants. She’s a follower, through and through. It’s not a matter of lacking preferences, she’s just so reluctant to make them known. It’s like being in charge of anything, even a simple decision about dinner, is too much spotlight for her to handle.

“Whatever,” she dodges again.

“Well, I picked last time,” I remind her. “And the time before that. And the time before that. And the time—”

“Hey, I was the one who decided we should make pizza from scratch,” she says.

“Addie, that was last year.”

“Which was only four months ago!”

“So, then I’ve been picking for four months straight. It’s your turn.”

“Well, given your usage of the ‘nicknames that shall not be repeated,’ I think you owe me one more decision.”

“Like I wouldn’t have been the one making the decision anyway...” I laugh at her. It’s futile, I know, but I want so badly for her to fight past this hurdle of hers. “Just tell me what you want.”

“Ugh,” she grumbles and sinks further into her recliner. She grabs the throw blanket in her lap and pulls it up to her chin, her standard “I don’t want to be here” move.

Realizing that we’re not getting anywhere, I cave.

“How about I order takeout from Imperial Dragon?”

She looks up at me from behind her blanket shield and smiles wide. I knew her favorite Chinese place would be a winner. She’d never pick it, though, and it’s a little maddening.

“Mmmm.”

“But!” I say sternly. She locks eyes with me at my change in tone. “*You* have to make the call on the next big decision. Deal?”

“Deal,” she agrees flatly, rolling her eyes.

I smile, content that I’ve at least gotten a half-hearted commitment from her.

The afternoon and evening pass by in the usual way. I go pick up the Chinese food. We chat and laugh and watch sitcom reruns on streaming. As I’m finishing with gathering and disposing of the containers generated from dinner, I decide it’s time to cash in on the deal we made.

“You know how you said you would make the next big decision?” I ask from the kitchen.

“Ugh... yeah...” she groans from the living room, adding a frustrated, “Already?”

I emerge from around the counter and sit on the storage ottoman near her chair, looking at her. She’s stunningly beautiful, and despite her flaws, she’s my girlfriend. We have a wonderful house together. We’ve talked about having a big family, how it’s the one thing in life she’s been certain that she wants for years. How I’ve wanted the same thing.

“Well,” I say, producing a tiny box from my pocket. “I’ve been carrying this around for months, looking for the perfect opportunity, but tonight, I realized that the perfect opportunity is just whenever the two of us are together. We’re homebodies who just like

hanging out. And I think it's time for you to decide whether you would like to hang out forever. Will you marry me, Addie?"

She stares at the box as I open it to reveal the diamond engagement ring I bought in secret. It's a small stone with an understated band of white gold. It's not flashy. It's just what I think she would want.

Addie looks from the ring to me and blinks. Then she blinks again as her mouth opens, but no words come out.

I raise my eyebrows and hold the ring closer, gently coaxing an answer out of her.

"I... uh..." she tries, but fails to speak.

"It's up to you," I say, knowing fully that we've intended to get married. This isn't coming out of the blue, and she's been open about her interest, even if she wouldn't admit to "wanting" it. That would be too assertive for her. Still, pulling the trigger is where she struggles. "I know you're on the spot right now, and you don't like that. And I'm sorry to put it on you. But this is the *one* thing that I can't decide for you."

Addie curls her lips inward around her teeth and pulls the throw up to her nose. She would look terrified if I didn't know her so well. She's mustering up her nerve. I know she can get there.

Finally, she silently nods her head. At first, it's a simple, measured up and down motion, but it quickly morphs into a violent shaking. She springs from the chair and tackles me off the ottoman. We land hard on the floor, but I shove any pain out of mind. Her lips are on mine, and we kiss deeply. It's as passionate as some of our earliest makeout sessions, and I'm taken back to those first dates. We've come a long way in the few years since.

After a long couple of seconds, she pulls away. We work to pull ourselves up out of the floor. She brings her hands up to cover her mouth, muffling her words as she frantically apologizes for knocking me to the floor.

"I'm so sorry, Clay! Are you okay?!"

"I'm fine, Addie. You didn't hurt me. Maybe a bruise or two. I'll be fine. I'm just happy you said 'yes.'"

"What? Ohmygodsaidyes!" she says with such force that her words run together.

“You did. I assume you meant it?”

“I... I did. I’m so sorry I have such trouble deciding what I want. Really,” she looks at me solemnly and takes my hands in hers. “You’re sure you want to be with me? I’m kind of a disaster of a person...”

“Pffft,” I dismiss her absurd question out of hand. “Of course I want to be with you. It’s why I asked you. You’re a little bit of a mess sometimes, but it’s just part of what makes you who you are. Besides, I managed to get you to decide what you wanted tonight. I’m sure I can make it happen again. Maybe in another month or two?”

She laughs and kisses me again. I retrieve the ring box from the floor and take out the glittering piece of jewelry, slipping it on her finger.

“Well,” I say to her, lowering my voice a touch, “since we’ve got the house and we’re officially engaged, I guess the next step is to start working on that big family you’ve always wanted.”

“Right now?” she clarifies, her eyes sparkling with realization.

“Unless you’re particularly attached to the show,” I gesture at the TV.

“Not exceptionally...”

She giggles and turns her gaze from mine.

“Then get a move on, *fiancée*,” I say, swatting her plush behind with a clearly audible *smack* and ushering her toward the hall that leads to our bedroom.

“You got it, *fiancé*!” she laughs, hopping away, her sizeable hips and behind swaying tantalizingly with every step.

Once there, we both disrobe until I’m fully nude and she’s in her bra and panties. As always, it’s a mismatched pair chosen for comfort over allure. Still, she looks incredibly sexy. Her bare hips and thighs are smooth and enticing in the low evening light. In her usual move, however, she gives me little time to admire her body, diving under the covers before shimmying out of her underwear. I join her, lifting the sheets enough to catch a good long look at her incredible nakedness. Her belly is flat, but soft. Her breasts are perky little mounds, adorned with a pair of puffy inverted nipples of such a light pink hue that they’re

virtually invisible. Her bush is natural and dark, shaved only around the edges where it meets those colossal thighs.

“Put the covers down,” she ushers playfully, waving me into bed.

Eager to obey and encourage a rare direct command from her, I lay next to her under the sheets, resting one hand on her right breast. I casually trail my index fingertip around her areola. She breathes quietly, punctuated by soft moans at the teasing. After a few laps around her nipple, I begin to feel the bud emerge from its sunken hiding place, poking out against my finger. Her nipples are just as shy as she is, and it’s another of the thousands of things I love about her.

“How should we go about celebrating our engagement?” I ask, expecting the usual response. “Me on top? Cowgirl? Doggie? That sideways position you like so much?”

Addie, true to form, replies, “Any of those sound good. You choose.”

I smile, my answer ready to go.

“In that case, I think I’ll choose the same thing I did earlier.”

“Earlier?” she asks.

I’m already adjusting my position and disappearing beneath the covers. I throw them off my head just long enough to clarify, “I think I’ll eat out again.”

I pull the covers back over myself and reposition so that my face is in her muff, her soft hair pressing against my nose. Her scent is strong and pleasing and the enclosed environment beneath the sheets holds it around me. I snake my tongue in between her folds and taste her tangy bitterness. It’s wonderful, sweet, and the tiniest bit acidic. There are few things in bed that I enjoy more than going down on Addie. She always squeals with delight as I caress her clit and lips with my tongue, tracing pattern after pattern around her nooks. This time is no exception.

Minutes of licking and flicking go by as her thighs writhe and squeeze on either side of my head and she clutches at my dirty blonde mess of hair. When she begins to rock her hips in pleasure, I take a deep breath and bury my face in her pussy. Her wetness makes it easy to motorboat her labia and tongue her clit furiously. Her soft bush rubs against the bridge of my nose as I oscillate left and right with furious speed.

Somewhere above me, she lets out a scream of ecstasy. Her thighs clench me tight and she begins to push my head away. That's my signal that she's finally endured as much orgasm as she can handle.

I come up for air and sit back on my knees. I hook my arms beneath her knees and lift them so that her thighs are parallel to my own. Thrusting my hips forward, my cock slides into her. The warmth of her pillowy thighs presses against my own as I enter her as deeply as I can from this angle.

I'll readily admit to being below average in length or girth. It's one of the reasons I enjoy giving oral as much as I do. I'm not a bad lay, but I play to my strengths where possible. Years of experimentation have shown that this position lets me go as deep as I'll ever manage with the equipment I've got.

"Ready to start trying for that family?" I ask her as I begin to slide my dick back out and then in again, slowly upping my pace.

"I think so," she says, smiling up at me from the mattress, clutching the sheets across her chest and belly.

( Y )

Just under a year after the night of our engagement, we sit here in Dr. Grof's office. He's the only fertility specialist who would agree to see us, given our young age and the fact that we've been trying to conceive for less than a year. His treatments are unusual, as best as I can tell from everything he tells us, but he was willing to at least test us.

My count and motility are fine, something I've spent many nights worrying about lately. The issue, it turns out, lies in Addie's ovaries and fallopian tubes. Things aren't happening the way they should.

Since she hit adulthood, loads of people in her life have looked at her wide hips and ample butt and said she was "born to be a mother," that she has great "birthing hips." She took it to heart and realized that she wanted just that. To have a big family. It's like she assumed that as her true destiny in life.

The difficulty getting pregnant, therefore, has wrecked her emotionally. She's been so desperate, first, to find a reason, and now to find a solution. It's taken up a lot of our time, and it's the reason we've pushed our wedding date out another year. The wedding is just a piece of paper and a party. *This* is our future we're trying to sort out.

"Just to be clear," the doctor says as she prepares to sign the last of his documents, "there are no guarantees with this treatment, and, again, the side effects—"

"Bigger boobs, weight gain, mood swings, altered appetite, increased libido, etcetera, etcetera," Addie cuts him off. She really is a whole new person in this pursuit. I'm happy to see her going so hard after something she wants. It's a good look on her. Bigger boobs would be, too, I think to myself. Fingers crossed on that particular side effect.

"Yes," the doctor says, holding up a hand to reassert himself. "And just to remind you, you will need to refrain from sexual intercourse until either your tests indicate the necessary results or you decide to stop treatment."

"Understood," she says, nodding.

"Wait, when did we discuss this?" I ask. I zoned out during the paperwork process, and it seems I missed some critical information.

"He said it a few minutes ago," Addie says. "Are you still okay with all of this?"

No sex for weeks. Maybe months. Maybe longer. It's a tall order and a major change from the constant sex of the last year as we attempted to get pregnant.

I nod silently. I'm not thrilled, but I'm not going to derail Addie's shot at this.

"Just to clarify, that means penis-in-vagina sexual intercourse," Dr. Grof says far too nonchalant for the words he's saying. "Oral and manual stimulation are still fine, if you engage in such things. No penetration, though, while treatment is happening."

"Alright then," I say, unsure what else I *could* say to that.

Addie puts pen to paper for the final time. With her last signature in place, she pushes the papers back across the doctor's desk. He picks them up and sets them aside in a roughly stacked pile on top of dozens of others.

"Well, then," he says, standing from his seat as we do the same, "let's see if we can't make this happen for you two."

## Chapter 2: Struggles

The door to the master bathroom creaks on its hinges. The scent of humidity and lavender conditioner reach my nose. My eyes blink open. I smack my lips and feel the sliminess of drool pooled beneath my cheek. Before me, the shapely figure of my fiancée prances from the shower to the dresser in the dim light of the floor lamp in the corner. Addie's hair is tied up in the wrap of towel that every woman somehow knows how to do. The second white fluffy towel she clutches around her torso doesn't quite reach itself where it wraps around her hips and butt. I eye the creamy flesh of her thigh through the gap. The arc of her impressive buttocks juggle with her movements, only just peeking beneath the lower edge of the towel. If Addie notices my leering, she gives no indication.

At my crotch, my cock pulses as my body forces my blood southward. This is nearly the closest thing to action I've gotten in the week since Dr. Grof's office.

I groan as I push myself up in the bed to face another day with the worst blue balls of my life. Going from sex multiple times a day, every day, for eleven months straight, then cutting off cold turkey does awful things to your body and mind...

( Y )

Dr. Grof is able to work Addie in just an hour after the initial paperwork is signed. She goes back for the first round of treatments, and I wait alone in the waiting room. A TV plays a soap opera so quietly that the scrolling subtitles are necessary to understand what's said. I drum my fingers on the wooden arm of the chair. It's the same ornate make as those in the doctor's office. The entire establishment gives an air of "gentleman's lodge smoking lounge." It's impressive in a very outdated sort of way. Given that the doctor only has about two decades on us, age-wise, it feels odd.

When Addie emerges from the door to the patient area, her face is downcast. She looks like she's just run a mile without sweating.

"You survived!" I joke. The smile she produces is half-hearted at best.

“Everything okay?” I ask, concerned that something has gone wrong.

“Yeah...”

Her tone gives away her misgivings. I wrap an arm around her shoulder and walk her out to the car. The streaming mix of 2000s top hits plays to a solemn crowd as we head home.

“I can tell something’s bugging you,” I eventually say. The silence is getting to me. “You don’t have to tell me, but I’m here if you want to get it off your chest.”

After a moment, I hear her speak as I focus on driving.

“It’s just a lot of pressure.”

Her voice trembles, but she pushes through.

“I’ve been trying to get pregnant for eleven months now. We know I’m the problem. When I went back, he had a nurse draw blood for testing and then gave me a ton of pills to swallow and two injections and had me strip down for some kind of radiation therapy and...”

She draws rapid breaths as her speech speeds up. She’s starting to spiral.

“What if it doesn’t work?”

I don’t know how to respond to her question. It’s been on my mind, as well. This is a long shot. Of course, we can always seek out a more traditional fertility treatment if this one fails, but our savings is already facing depletion. We don’t make the most money in the world. The fact that we have limited tries at this isn’t lost on either of us.

“There’s still adoption, if all else fails,” I say to her.

We’ve talked about it before. It was one of the first conversations we had when it became clear that things weren’t happening as easily as we hoped. We both have our misgivings.

When I suggest it. She nods the same noncommittal nod she does when she’s only interested in moving past a topic. It’s another decision, after all. A big one. And it would mean officially admitting defeat in her pursuit of achieving a pregnancy, which I think is what hurts her the most at this stage.

“It was just *a lot* to go through,” Addie says, adding nothing to my previous comment. It’s about what I expect. “And I’ve got to go back in a week for the first follow-up, and they’ll do more blood tests and stuff to see if I’m responding.”

“And you’re going to spend this entire week panicking and overthinking every little aspect of this all until you find out whether it’s working or not,” I finish her thought. If she wasn’t going to say it in those exact terms, it’s at least what I know she wants to say.

“Pretty much,” she admits.

“Hey, if I can go however long with just oral and handjobs, you can survive a week of uncertainty.”

She doesn’t even chuckle.

“That was a joke,” I defend.

“I get that it’s a joke, but this is bigger than us not fucking for a few weeks.”

“It is. I was seriously just trying to lighten the mood.”

We spend the rest of the ride stewing as the music plays. I wasn’t trying to make light of her anxiety. Worse, I think she’s bitter over some perceived resentment I’m not actually holding. I know this is a big deal. And it’s not like we can’t do *anything*. We’ll still have our fun. Just no actual sex.

Dinner is eaten. TV is watched. The whole time, we don’t talk about it. We barely talk about anything. She answers whatever I say to her with short replies only. When I tell her I’m going to bed, her eyes are glued to her phone. She just gives a half nod to indicate she’s heard me. When I lean in for our customary good night kiss, she allows a quick peck and pulls away.

“I love you,” I say to her.

She sighs and mutters it back. It hurts.

I lie in bed for an hour, unable to sleep. It really was a joke. I’m not enough of an asshole to put my sexual gratification over her feelings. I tell myself this over and over as I struggle to calm my mind. It’s the truth. If I think it enough, maybe I’ll believe it.

Eventually, I drift off to a lackluster sleep.

The morning after our pseudo-fight, I wake up late and find Addie already getting ready to leave for work. When I enter the living room, she looks up. Her eyes soften and she speaks calmly.

“I’m really sorry I stonewalled you yesterday.”

“I know. I’m sorry I wasn’t taking things as seriously as I should’ve been.”

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She acknowledges my own apology and continues.

“The thing that hurt was that you wasted no time bringing up the lack of sex. It’s not ideal, I admit, but it’s the last thing on my mind right now. It’s hard to get in the mood when I’m this worried about everything else.”

Her eyes are filled with an obvious crushing anxiety.

“I know there’s a lot on your shoulders with this whole thing, Addie. Just remember that I love you no matter what. And we’ll get through this.”

This time, she’s the one to lean in for a quick peck.

“I love you, too, Clay.”

Then she’s off to work, and I’m left eating breakfast before I also leave.

*I’m not enough of an asshole to put my sexual gratification over her feelings.*

( Y )

I do everything in my power to make good on my mantra as the week progresses. I don’t pressure her for sex. Instead, I patiently wait for her to feel up to it. My deepest fear, though, is that she won’t. At least, she won’t *decide* she up for it of her own accord.

Regardless, things between us continue to smooth over as the days tick by. We go about our typical day-to-day, minus the copious love making that has permeated our schedule for the last year.

We go to work, and I spend most of my shift daydreaming about my pelvis slamming into the underside of her big, soft thighs. We cook dinner in the evening, and I resist the urge to smack her amazing ass just to feel it wobble under the impact. We go to a plant nursery, and she bends over to agonize over a few different flower arrangements, giving me a direct view down her top at her cleavage and breasts, cradled tight in her bra. We go to buy groceries, and while I squat down to retrieve a can of soup from the bottom shelf, she takes an unknowing step backward so that her ass is inches from my face. Seeing her hemispherical cheeks shift under the thin fabric of her skirt tests my resolve like nothing in my life ever has.

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

When Sunday rolls around, we go out for drinks with our couple friends, Brittney and Sean. We talk about all the usual stuff and dodge questions about our ever-shifting wedding date. I make sure to limit myself to just two beers. Keeping my libido in check is proving difficult enough sober. Loss of inhibition is the last thing I need right now.

I consider turning to self-satisfaction a few times throughout the week. I've never much been one for giving myself a hand, so it's an unappealing alternative. I did it some way back before I started dating, but since then, I've always just preferred sex. Further complicating things, I feel super awkward even considering it while Addie's around, and our work schedules mean we're pretty much always together.

On day five since the first appointment, I'm up late bingeing a show on streaming and trying to cool myself down. It's more or less working. Until a shampoo commercial hits. All it shows is a woman's head, shoulders, arms, and upper chest. It's hardly scandalous, but she's all sudsed up from the shampoo, eyes closed, head back. Her wet skin glistens in the water. At most, she's on screen for two seconds, but my little man is at full attention. I'm cursing myself now for cheaping out instead of springing for the ad-free subscription.

Finally fed up enough with this situation, I quietly dig up some hand lotion and lock myself in the half bath down the hall from the master where Addie is—I hope—sound asleep. I search for a good video on my phone, settling on a nice one of a busty blonde getting railed hard from behind as her tits bounce. It's hot, but it only takes a few strokes before I start to feel embarrassment and disappointment. It's not what I need. I need to feel Addie's smooth thighs. I need to feel her soft breasts. I need to feel her slippery clit beneath my tongue. I need to feel her hands or lips on my cock.

The phrase “pent up” gets thrown around by guys all the time. I think now is the first time I've really appreciated its full meaning. It's the morning after my failed attempt to relieve some of the backup behind the dam of abstinence, and I feel no better. I'm honestly hurting.

When I go to bed on day six—the night before her follow-up—we have our usual good night kiss. I can't stop myself. I lean into it, pressing my lips against hers. They're soft and warm, and I want so badly to just slide my tongue between them.

Addie pulls back and giggles a little. She's an image of beauty, sitting in her puffy recliner in sweatpants and a faded tee.

"Sorry," I say. "I just really wanted to *kiss* kiss you."

"I really appreciate how well you've taken this whole thing," she says, giving me far more credit than I deserve. "I know the lack of intimacy has sucked. I'm just... still really in my head about it all."

Standing back up after the kiss, I comfort her.

"It's okay. You take the time you need." As a joke, I add, "Feeling fertile yet?"

"Who knows?" She says through a sigh, throwing her arms up. "What does it feel like to be 'more fertile'?"

I shrug. It's a damn good question.

The words "Maybe you'll find out tomorrow," nearly leave my mouth, but thankfully I stop them. There's no need to add uncertainty and pressure. She'll find out what she finds out.

I go to bed and wish she was beside me with her hands or lips around my cock. At the very least, I would love to feel her clit beneath my tongue. I shut my eyes and will tomorrow to go well. My half-erect dick throbs inside my boxers as I recall the feeling of our brief kiss. This *really* needs to go well...

( Y )

The morning of Addie's follow-up arrives, and I'm lusting after her curvaceous backside from the bed as she jaunts around, getting dressed after her morning shower. She took the day off work, but the short notice wasn't enough for me to get it off. She'll be doing it on her own this time. The fact that it's still a half hour before her typical time to get up is a testament to just how anxious she is.

"Oh, come on!"

Across the room, stifles a frustrated shout as she does an awkward hop with her jeans pulled up around her thighs. The waistband extends upward in points where she grips it. She tugs hard, filling the legs of the garment to their absolute maximum. The towel she wore

around her hangs around her neck, barely covering her breasts. Enough skin shows around the terrycloth that I can see them jump and bounce with every pull on her pants. Another tug gets the jeans up to the middle of her ass. It also clearly pulls her panties up so that they give her a wedgie.

“God, why don’t these fit?!”

She looks up from the one-on-one combat with her pants and startles as she sees me sitting up.

“Crap, did I wake you up?” she asks.

“Yeah, but it’s okay. I’m enjoying the show.”

“Not funny. I’m really struggling here.”

She’s not the only one. The bounce of her huge cheeks as she fights to get them squeezed into her “for curvy girls” jeans has me sporting a full erection beneath the covers.

“How long has it been since you wore those?” I ask her.

“It’s the pair I wore to the last appointment. I wanted to wear them because they’re pretty easy to slip on and off. Compared to my others, anyway. It seemed like a good idea, in case they have me strip down again...”

She lets her words hang in the air as she returns to the tugging. I swallow hard and watch intently. It’s obvious that the pants no longer fit. With Addie’s pear-shaped figure, it’s rare that she finds jeans that aren’t at least tight on her thighs or loose at the waist. I know she owns a few pair that are better than the rest, but even those look like they’re painted on her under the best circumstances. If this is one of those, and they’re not fitting, there’s only one explanation in my mind.

“Do you think it’s the side effects?” I suggest. I make damn certain that I do not utter the words “weight,” “gain,” “fat,” or anything remotely synonymous. Addie’s got a fat ass and hips in the absolute best possible sense, and I’ve told her as much before. But after the intense week she’s had, I’m not about to compound her desperation with a suggestion that she’s put on weight.

*And ruin the possibility of resuming sexy times after this appointment, I think.*

Still, it's unmistakable from my vantage. I probably wouldn't notice in a vacuum, but seeing her fight those pants, it's obvious her ass and thighs are obviously bigger.

"Weight gain was one of the possible side effects," she says.

Before the full-length mirror next to the door, she turns around, examining her figure from every angle as it overflows the confines of her "easy to get on and off" jeans. I take the opportunity to drink in as much of the view as I can. In my mind, she's on her hands and knees, ass propped up before me as it explodes out of those too-tight pants.

"I guess I'll just go with a skirt," Addie finally huffs in defeat, now fighting to extract her figure from the pants she just wedged herself into. So much wobbling is going on before my eyes. I can't handle this. I feel like my tongue is going to roll out of my mouth.

I push myself out of bed and make a half-hearted attempt to get dressed. The whole time, I'm taking every opportunity to sneak peeks at her body as she changes. She's so fucking gorgeous. I'm so fucking horny.

"Or would a dress be better?" she asks me, pulling my brain back to reality.

"You should go with whichever you prefer," I unhelpfully answer. It's another chance to encourage her to make decisions. Eleven months since the night of our engagement, it's still a daily struggle for her, unless the decision is whether or not to seek fertility treatments.

"Ugh, Clay!" she groans. She flops her arms to her sides in exasperation. The towel hanging over her shoulders shifts and the pink areola of her right breast is visible. My eyes can't look anywhere else. I realize she's still talking and do my best to refocus.

"...can't handle anymore stress today! Just tell me what I should wear!"

Maybe today isn't the day to push her on decision making. After a brief thought, I suggest an outfit. It's a casual green dress that she usually wears when we decide to go out on the town. The fit is loose enough that it should fix her butt problem, and taking it off is easy enough, as I've proven many times this past year.

She considers it for a half second before she's running to the closet and retrieving the dress. Digging through her dresser drawer, she pulls out a nicer bra than her usual choices, likely because the thinner straps and lower neckline of the dress mean she's going to be a little more "visible."

Seconds later, it's a repeat of the jeans fiasco. Addie stands back in front of the mirror, frowning at her reflection. The cups of the bra each run over with a bulge of boob. There's enough crammed in the thing that the tops of her breasts actually slosh a bit as she adjusts her posture.

"This is on the last set of hooks," she grumbles.

"Wasn't that one always a little tight?" I suggest.

"Yeah, but not like this!"

She holds her hands out to draw attention to the shifting spillage of her breasts. Tugging the bra away from her body, she shoves a hand down inside to readjust herself. No matter how much she "fixes" her boobs, the bra is clearly a tight fit. Too tight for a doctor's visit.

Addie's typical attire is largely loose t-shirts and sweatpants. Her mismatched cotton bras and panties are hardly bought for their perfect fit. With no strict dress code at her data entry job, she's been wearing mostly that all week. Now that it's time to fit herself into something a little nicer and more form fitting, it's clear that she's gained weight both up and downstairs. Not that I have a single problem with that—aside from the fact that I really want to grab a handful of her ass or tits and give a squeeze.

But I don't, because I'm a good, supportive fiancé. My brain and penis silently scream in unison.

At long last, I convince Addie to switch to a long skirt with an elastic waist and a t-shirt over a comfy, less constricting bra. It's not the classiest of looks, but it's good enough for a doctor's office. Plus, her options are a little limited.

I kiss her good luck as I leave for work, forcing myself to pull my lips back from hers after the tiniest moment of contact. She smiles at me, but the worry on her mind is evident. I hope this goes well, for so many, many reasons...

( Y )

"It's good news!" Addie squeals at me as I walk in the door. I drop my bag against the wall just as she springs from her chair and barrels toward me, beaming.

Work was hell. I checked my phone every few minutes, hoping to hear something. She let me know when the appointment was over and cryptically said she would explain when I got home. The fact that it wasn't a negative text was enough to discern that it wasn't bad news. Still, I'm not prepared to see her running at me full speed before I'm much inside the house.

She hits me and throws her arms around my chest. Her modestly enlarged chest squishes between us as she pulls me in for a tight hug. It's so nice to see her happy and not consumed by her worry for the first time in a week.

I have so much I want to say to her, so many questions I want to ask. I don't.

Instead, I push her away from me and pull her back in to kiss her lips deeply. She accepts my kiss and returns it. The pleasure center of my brain sets itself ablaze. I can feel my erection swell instantly and press into her thigh. Seven days of minimal contact has me strung out and desperate to lap up every ounce of love she's willing to share. I melt into her embrace. Tears begin to well in my eyes.

After a very long kiss, I finally break away long enough to speak.

"What'd the doctor say?"

She beams with excitement.

"The tests show that I'm reacting slowly but positively to the treatment! It looks like this will work!"

"That's amazing!"

She flinches at my shout, so I lower my voice a little. My happiness is making it difficult, though. I'm on the verge of exploding.

"Sorry for yelling," I apologize.

"Don't be. I'm so happy. And relieved. And thankful for everything you've done for me this week. I know I've been a wreck and not there for you while you've been struggling with the lack of sex."

The word "sex" is punctuated by the feel of her hand on my crotch. Her gentle touch, even through my work khakis, is enough to make me throb.

"Are you sure?" I ask. If my cock had the ability, it would murder me where I stand.

"If you are," she defers.

“I am!” I say.

I reach around behind her and grab two handfuls of her glorious cheeks through her skirt. She responds by wrapping her arms around me and laying her head against my upper chest. She coos softly at my fondling. Down below, my dick yearns for her fingers again.

Grabbing inch after inch of the light fabric of her skirt, I draw it up until I can slip my hands beneath. My fingertips slide under the edges of her panties’ leg holes so that I can feel her impressive rear fully, skin against skin. The edges of her underwear are noticeably more snug than usual, thanks to the treatment’s side effects. I dig my fingers in, and it’s nearly orgasmic. Still, as nice as it is to really touch her again, what I want is for her to touch me.

“Come on!” I say, breaking my hold and grabbing her by the wrist.

She giggles as our footsteps thunder down the hall together. In the bedroom, clothes fly as I undress her and begin to strip. The mattress shakes as I fling myself onto it, cock at attention like a flagpole. I’m so rigid, I feel like I might burst. Every few seconds, the head jerks violently toward my torso. I’m not the biggest guy out there, but all four inches of me is rock hard and eager for Addie to touch me.

“Have at it!” I say to Addie who chuckles quietly at my eager energy.

“What do you want me to do?”

She yanks the covers from beneath me and climbs under them. Steadily, she crawls forward over my legs. The covers shield most of her from view as always, but I catch a glimpse of her naked breasts swaying beneath her. It’s a brief glimpse, but they do look a little larger or maybe fuller, if there’s a real difference between the two.

“I assume ‘vaginal intercourse’ is still off limits?” I clarify, mocking Dr. Grof’s clinical terminology.

“It is.”

She looks apologetic. It’s fine, though. We’ve got other options.

“I want to feel your lips on my dick.”

“You got it,” she says happily.

She gathers her hair behind her head, pulls it to one side, and lowers her face toward me. As her lips open wide, my head disappears into her yawning mouth. The moist heat of her

breath alone is nearly enough to do the job. When she closes that mouth and the flat of her tongue slides up along the underside of my shaft, it's the greatest thing I could possibly imagine. Inside my loins, the buildup of seven days of cold turkey cries out for release.

With an instinctual buck of my thighs, I drive myself into the farthest reaches of her mouth. Her lips contact my pelvis, and she sputters, pulling herself back up a little. Up and down, she slides along my modest length. Each time she pulls back, the flare of my cockhead brushes against the hot softness of her inner upper lip. At the same time, her tongue flicks at the underside of the head, right below my urethra.

"Fuck!" I yell. Every nerve in my lower half wants to just let go and blast my week's worth of saved load all over her tonsils. My fingers clutch at the bed sheets, and my jaw tightens.

*I'm not enough of an asshole to put my sexual gratification over her feelings.*

My mantra from the day of the first appointment pops into my head with no warning. I realize that I've just been ordering her around for my personal pleasure. This is about both of us.

"D-do..." I stumble over my words as she hoovers up my cock, "do you w-want... to try s-sixty n-nine?"

With a wet *pop*, she releases me from her sucking.

"I don't know," she wavers.

We've tried it before. She's interested in me going down. She's fine with going down. Something about the combined position sticks in her brain. We've tried it before with her on top, and she wasn't a fan. I think it's somehow a shyness thing. On the flip side, me on top was too awkward of an angle for us. It was a nonstarter.

"You sure?" I push her. "I feel like a jerk being the only one getting off."

She pauses to think for a while. My throbbing rod twitches below her chin as she does.

"Can we do it under the covers?" she offers in compromise.

"It might get pretty warm, but we can try," I concede. At this point, I'm eager to just be back inside her mouth.

She grins and begins to turn around, pulling the covers with her. It's been a few years since I last saw her gorgeous ass and pussy lowering down over my face as she straddles me. The

sight is still awe inspiring, even in the darkness beneath the comforter. That incredible scent of her womanhood hits my nose, and it's even more powerful and alluring than the last time I was down here. It threatens to overwhelm me in a powerful way. Then her mouth envelopes me somewhere in the depths of the textile cavern we find ourselves in. Her tongue touches me, now on the upper side of my cock.

I adjust my arms to reach up and grab hold of her ass again as I bury my face in her lips. My tongue winds forward and her taste is everything to me in this moment. Several seconds go by, and she begins to moan loudly with her mouth full of me. It's enough to send me over the edge. In her mouth, I erupt. Muscles clench as glob after glob of semen fires into her throat. All the while, I force my tongue to fight through the storm of nerve signals and lap and lick and circle. A sudden increase of suction on my cock tells me that she's gulping down my seed. Still, more issues forth.

Around my head, her thighs close in and quake. The masses of ass in my gripping fingers jiggle furiously. Her muffled moans turn to muffled shrieks as she reaches her own orgasm. A moment later, she's rolling off of me in a decidedly ungraceful display, but I doubt she cares. I certainly don't. It's taken a full week to get here, but we lie in bed under the stifling covers, blissfully at peace after a much-needed round of sex. As I recover, melancholy settles in my mind. It takes some introspection to realize I miss her scent and taste already. I make a note to seek it out again soon, but another thought occurs to me.

"So did the doctor say how long it'll be before we can resume 'vaginal intercourse'?" I ask. I can't stop myself from using the ridiculous phrase.

Addie is silent. She might be asleep after our romp.

"Hey, Addie?" I whisper to check.

After a long pause, she answers.

"He said I'm reacting normally so far, but it's definitely on the slower side of things."

She told me as much already. It worries me that she's beating around the bush so much with her answer.

"Which means?" I press.

"We have to hold off on actual sex at least until the next appointment."

“When is that?”

Another bout of silence. Finally, she answers.

“Two months.”

I feel like a gunshot has struck me in the chest. There’s no way I’m going to last two months if things go the way this past week has.

Likely sensing my concern, Addie is quick to add, “But now that I know it’s going pretty well, I’m a lot less anxious about everything. I appreciate the space for the past week, but I think we should make sure we don’t go that long again.”

I breathe an audible sigh. Addie giggles.

“Well that’s a relief,” I say.

“Oh!” she adds. “I need to go shopping for some new clothes this weekend.”

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah. Dr. Grof said the amount of weight I’ve gained so far means I’ll likely keep gaining quite a bit. Apparently I’m ‘in the 99% percentile,’ whatever that means...”

A vision of Addie’s enormous butt blowing out the seams of her jeans as her overstuffed bra snaps dances around my head. My erection begins to return.

## Chapter 3: Misgivings

In retrospect, it was naïve of me to think we would go back to daily sex after the successful follow-up with the doctor. Addie never said we would. She never said anything that should've been interpreted as such. My brain, however, took "let's not go that long again" to mean "let's get busy all the time again." I attribute it to lasting effects from my sudden forced cleanse last week. Something inside me took my fiancée's words to mean that she was as eager to get back to constant love making as I've been.

It turns out what she meant was—as strange as this is—what she said. She doesn't want us to go another full week with no sex. Every evening after the day of that second appointment, I do my best to drop clear hints in the hope that we can have some fun. I tell her she looks sexy. I give her big ass a nice, firm smack when I walk up behind her. I ask if she wants to "lay down" in the bedroom for a while. Every time, my effort is met with a dismissive smile or a laugh. Occasionally I get a "maybe later." No fire, though.

With my subtle approaches failing to elicit results, I resort to more direct methods. Friday night, it's been nearly forty-eight hours without sex again, and I'm starting to feel like a junkie needing a fix. As we sit in a local seafood restaurant, munching on shrimp and chatting about our day, I check that there's no one in earshot and lower my voice.

"I want us to fuck when we get home," I say to her, pumping my eyebrows to inject as much playfulness as I can into the statement. "Like, really *really* want to fuck."

"Clay!" Addie laughs. Her face turns red as she frantically scans the dining room around us for other people. The nearest occupied table is a good thirty feet away, and it's a couple in their seventies, at least. There's no chance they heard me.

"You're gonna get us in trouble," she chides quietly, turning back to face me, smiling wide.

"Just wanted to let you know where I'm at. Do what you want with that information," I say nonchalantly. Inside, my libido screams at me for not being pushier about this.

"It's good to know," she says. "Maybe we can think of a way to use that... information... to our advantage."

I'm careful not to press too hard after my forward comments at dinner, for fear of being a real dick, but I end up overcorrecting. We leave the restaurant, return home, and Addie doesn't mention sex again all night. I bite my tongue and tell myself that I can't force this. Even over the past year, when we've been trying for a pregnancy, I've been the one to initiate most times. She's been up for the frequency, since we were working toward pregnancy. That detail notwithstanding, my sex drive is decidedly stronger than hers.

I always have to take the lead. I know it's what has to happen now, but I'm all in my head about my sexual needs versus her emotional needs with all the pressure of the treatments and infertility. In the end, I come closest to broaching the topic when I retire to bed that night.

"I'm off to get some sleep," I say to her as she scrolls away on her phone. "Unless you had something else you wanted to do first..."

She casually answers, "Night. Love you."

She turns her head up for our customary peck on the lips, and a part of me dies. I'm torn between the knowledge that I should be open with her about what I want like a grown-ass adult and the need to prove to both her and myself that I don't need constant sexual contact to be content. I go to bed fantasizing about her shapelier behind and breasts and wishing I could be spanking her or grabbing her while she puts her own hands on me.

Saturday is a very similar story.

Three days isn't a full week, but it feels like I've left the oasis and stumbled right back into the fucking desert. Sunday morning, I take off the gloves and put one of her favorite moves to work.

When I wake up, Addie still snoozes away next to me. I roll over to look at her. The features of her face are so soft as she slumbers. Her long hair lies around and partially across her face in a tangle.

Slowly, beneath the sheets, I inch my hand over until I feel the worn, baggy shirt she sleeps in. I press in and feel her breast beneath the fabric. There's more for my fingers to grasp as I give a squeeze. She really has gained some noteworthy size in the past week or so. Dr. Grof's treatment regimen may be unproven, but I can't say I hate the side effects.

I move my hand from her tender breast to her side. I follow the gentle curve of her body until I reach the striking outward flare of her wide hips. My hand scuttles along on its fingers like a crab exploring a rolling dune on the beach. When it reaches her butt just below the bottom of her shirt, I place my palm flat against the nearest cheek and give another squeeze.

Like her breast, her ass really has put on some mass, but it's not nearly as remarkable given how much she was working with already.

A hint of a smile dances on her lips as I feel around. She's told me before how much she enjoys waking up to me feeling her up. I don't do it often, but whenever I do, it generally leads to a fun romp to start the day. A pang of guilt flashes in my mind. I know Addie enjoys this, but I'm only resorting to it in hopes of taking care of my own needs. Am I really that selfish?

"Hey," she says. Her eyes remain closed, and she lets out a gentle sigh of contentment.

"Hey yourself," I say, trying to get myself out of my own head.

"You still like my butt even though it's getting bigger?" she asks chipperly.

I continue to feel and massage her cheek. My fingertips edge up under her panties. It's a little trickier than other times I've done it. They're conspicuously tight with all the added volume filling them out.

"I'd still love your butt if it tripled in size."

I leave off the detail that I'd love it *even more* if it did so.

"That's good to know. The doctor *did* say I should expect to keep gaining weight as the treatment goes."

"Noted," I say smoothly, like I haven't been thinking about her tits and ass blowing up at least three times daily since the follow-up. What can I say? I like bold curves.

Addie rolls over a quarter turn and brings her own hand out toward me. She fumbles around the mattress until she finds a fold in my boxers.

"There's the good stuff," she giggles. Her fingers paw at my underwear until they find the opening at the front and invite themselves inside. The instant she makes contact with my semi-erect member, my blood rushes to it.

"Mmmm, yeah..." she says as she gently runs her fingers along my hardening shaft before grabbing me tightly. It's exactly what I wanted out of this wake up call.

But somehow, it's not as satisfying as I expect. It's not that it isn't pleasurable. Her touch is exquisite, and the promise of sexual intimacy after three days of dropping hints is more so. Even so, as her fingers brush and fondle my bits, my attention is on the soft buttock gripped in my palm. I'm astonished to find that all I want in my moment of triumph is to indulge in her body more than my own gratification.

"What's wrong?" she asks. Her hand remains at my dick, but she pauses her work.

"Hm?"

"You seem distracted. Is something bothering you?"

Damn. I finally manage to get what I want, and it's not what I want. And I'm so wrapped up in the strangeness of the mental whiplash that I'm at risk of blowing it.

"Just enjoying your body," I cover. I adjust the positioning of my hand so that I can encompass as much of her enormous buttock as possible and grab hold. My fingers sink in, and I give the mass of tissue a decisive jiggle. The feel of that motion in my hand sends a pulse into my cock. I feel myself twitch.

"Mmm. I'll say. Your enjoyment is pretty evident," Addie coos as she grips me tightly once more. It's not right, though.

It takes a substantial force of will to pry my hand away from her ass, but I tell myself that there's another prize to be had. My digits cooperate at that reassurance and release their hold. In a fluid motion, I pull out from under her panties and slide beneath her tee. Across the satin soft flesh of her lovely belly, I pass like the shadow of a bird soaring overhead. When nearly the full length of my arm is beneath her top, I alight on the enlarged mound of her right breast. Her shy nipple makes it almost impossible to sense against my palm, but I gingerly drag my fingers around the gentle curves, barely making contact. Millimeters at a time, I tighten the radius of the path I trace. Eventually I feel the little divot and press my index finger in, working it counterclockwise until that little bud emerges.

"There we are," I whisper.

Addie continues her own stroking and lets out a soft whimper of arousal. The sound of her delicate moan is too much. I can't hold out. Feeling her bigger body isn't enough. Isn't what I crave.

“I want to see your body. All of it,” I say breathlessly, removing my hand from her breast.

“What?”

She withdraws her hand and props herself up in bed enough to look directly at me. She simply stares.

“I’d... like to see your body.”

“You can touch it all you want,” she suggests.

“I know I can touch it. I’ve been enjoying touching it for the past few minutes.”

“I noticed,” she giggles nervously.

“I know you’re shy about... showing off,” I begin in an attempt to calm her nerves. Sex is always under covers and always at my urging. She enjoys the act, but she refuses to own it. To own her sexuality. Her mind-blowing body. “But you really do have a figure that could *kill* under the right circumstances.”

“If I sat on your face, maybe.”

Her expression is a miasma of apprehension and worry and amusement. She’s second guessing every word out of my mouth and hers.

“I’d be willing to go out that way, honest,” I attempt to ease the tensions arising between us. She giggles again, so it seems to work.

“Well, I’d be crushed if you died from me sitting on you.”

“I think *I’d* be the one getting crushed in that scenario.”

We lie there looking at each other for a long moment. I don’t care that she’s ceased touching me or that I’ve ceased touching her. Right now, to gaze upon her glory is all my heart desires. I don’t know why, but it is. It defies explanation.

“You’re serious?” she pries, finally.

“I am. Please?”

I give her exaggerated puppy dog eyes and quiver my lip.

“More than you want a hand job?”

I nod.

“What about a blowjob? Sixty-nine?”

“More than either.”

“Any other position you could want?”

“I want the whole show.”

It’s true. For three days, I’ve longed to join her in bed again, but now that she’s offering up a blank check, this is all I hope for.

“Fine,” she says, setting her features in a look of defiant acquiescence, “but just a quick look.”

“I’ll take it.”

“One minute.”

She vanishes beneath the covers and the lump of her form erupts into a thrashing ball of unseen limbs.

“You okay under there, Addie?”

“I’m good!” her muffled voice calls from beneath. She sounds out of breath.

Out of curiosity and some concern, I lift the edge of the covers. Before I can see anything, she grabs the edge and slams it down tight. I don’t think I could pry it back open if I tried.

After a minute, Addie resurfaces. Her long hair is a frizzy mess, and she clutches the covers against her chest. Suddenly, she lifts the covers up, and I’m treated to her fully nude form, stretched out in bed under the tent of sheeting. Her wide hips create an appealing field of shallow hills. A small, maintained forest of hair fills the pubic delta at the head of the valley between her thighs. Further north, her bigger-than-normal breasts lay relaxed. Gravity urges them subtly toward either side of her torso, so that her puffy pink nipples face away from one another. The one I managed to coax out of hiding has vanished again.

Then, two seconds later, she slams the covers back down.

“There, you got your look,” she says, clearly knowing she’s reneged on the spirit of our agreement. She gives a grin that tells me to be happy with what I got.

I’m not.

“I think we both know that’s not what I meant.”

“You said you would take a quick look. You got a quick look.”

“I was hoping I could have a quick look that would include seeing ‘all of it’ like I said.”

“You saw all of it. Let’s get back to the good stuff.”

She reaches out for my cock, but I stick to my guns. My standing philosophy has always been to encourage Addie any time she gives an indication of a preferred decision. She makes so few that I want nothing more than to encourage the ones she does. This is different, though. I decide to just be honest about my motives and hope it works.

“When I started feeling you up this morning, it was because I wanted to get busy with you.”

“Then get busy!”

She reaches for my stick again, but I gently intercept her hand, taking it between mine.

“That’s what I *thought* I wanted, but I was wrong.”

“Now you’re really making me nervous.”

“I know, Addie. I’m sorry. I don’t want to make you nervous. What I want is to help you see how perfect you are.”

“I’ve gained ten pounds in a week,” she scoffs.

“And you look all the better for it.”

“Sure.”

“You do! Really. I would love nothing more than to just see you stand up and twirl around so I can fully admire every square inch of your flawless curves. Your killer ass. Your beautiful tits. Your sexy tummy. Your insane thighs.”

“Stop!”

She flushes and pulls the covers’ edge up past the end of her nose. Her eyes clench shut as she shakes her head back and forth.

I quietly reach over, take the covers, and slowly pull them down. She doesn’t fight it.

Her nose emerges from behind the shroud. Then her narrow lips. Then her delicate chin. Then her neck and shoulders. Then her collarbone and tops of her breasts.

I halt before revealing her nipples for all the me to see.

“What’s so scary about showing off what you’ve got? Wanting to keep it a secret for the wedding night? I think we’ve already burned that bridge.”

She inhales a shallow breath through her nose.

“I just feel silly.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know. I just do. It feels weird to be like ‘Ooh, look at how hot I am. Worship my sexy body.’”

“I don’t think it’s silly. I really do want to look at how hot you are. More than I’ve ever wanted anything. Obviously, I won’t make you if you really don’t want to. I just don’t want you to worry about looking silly or think I’ll make fun of you or anything. You’re my everything.”

Her eyes glisten to the point that I worry she’s about to start crying. Instead, she blinks away the mistiness and sets her lips. Her hands grab mine and she covers them. In one swift motion, she throws them off herself and bolts upright from the bed.

“Well?”

She stands a few feet away, arms thrown wide like a gameshow presenter. Her hips sway left and right slightly as she adjusts her posture to favor one foot then the other. Her face shows a nominal smile, but her misgivings are clearly visible in her eyes.

“Wow...”

I can think of nothing else to say to her. My eyes drink in every inch from the top of her brunette head down to her little toes. In between, they trace the elegant flow of her silhouette, like a fine vase. Every little curve is exactly where it should be as her body tapers down, explodes outward at her hips, then cinches back in as her legs reach their conclusions.

“Is this what you wanted?”

“It... it really is...”

“Should I...?”

She slowly turns with trepidation. Her eyes look to mine for a sign of approval. I nod eagerly, and her shoulders visibly relax. She turns away leisurely. As she reaches the quarter turn mark, I’m struck by how far her breasts and ass visibly extend from her. The former, admittedly, is significantly less pronounced than the latter, but still impressive.

The way her rump flexes and bobs with her tiny steps... the way her breasts quake the tiniest amount... it’s hypnotic. Ten pounds seems like a lot of weight, and yet, in a vacuum, it feels like such an insignificant gain. Seeing it all distributed expertly to those two already phenomenal regions of her body, though, I think ten pounds is a divine measurement.

Addie finishes her turn and stands facing away from me. Her immense buttocks create a pair of crescents along the lower reaches where they overhang her generously proportioned thighs. The most diminutive little dot of light shines through between them, just below the lips of her pussy.

After a few moments, my fiancée spins back around. While her face carries less worry now, no one would mistake her for confident.

“Happy now?” she asks bluntly.

“Addie, I can’t tell you how happy it makes me to bask in the perfection of your body.”

“Well, I’m flattered, even if you’re way wrong.”

“About what?”

“My body being perfect.”

“It is perfect as far as I’m concerned.”

“You’re just saying it because you have to.”

“I’m really not.”

“The extra weight doesn’t bother you?”

She cups her breasts and rocks her fingers so that the flesh she holds sways tantalizingly. Even seeing her explore her changed body like this is driving me wild. How can she not see how amazing this all is?

“If anything, you look even better for it.”

She smiles.

“You done gawking at me? Shall we resume?”

I don’t want to stop admiring her body, but I can tell she’s ready to return to the relative security of the covers.

“One more second,” I urge, taking in every last detail of her body that I can while I’ve got the opportunity. Finally, I release her from my gaze. “You’re good.”

She dives back onto the bed, but she doesn’t immediately reach for the covers as I expect. She lounges atop them, instead.

“Your turn,” she says, giving a little “go on” flick of her fingers.

I’m caught off guard. This is different.

“Hm?”

“I said, ‘It’s your turn.’ Go on and give me my show, now.”

This possibility never occurred to me. It’s more forward of a move than I would expect from Addie, for one. I suppose she could be looking to tease me a little for making her stand on display. Or maybe there’s no ulterior motive at play. Maybe Addie wants to check out my body the same way I checked hers out. Either way, I’m quick to obey. Need to encourage that decisiveness, after all.

“Yes, ma’am!”

I fling the covers off myself and stand next to the bed.

“Forgetting something?”

She waggles a finger at my boxers where I’ve pitched quite the tent after her alluring exhibition.

“Sorry,” I apologize as I strip away the thin fabric and show off what I’ve got.

Addie fixates on my jutting member. Her gaze wanders up and down a bit, but she keeps coming back to the cock. She makes a show of licking her lips. It’s a sexy tease on her part, I’ll concede, but I take the moment to steal another few looks at her as she lays on her side. Any opportunity to admire those growing curves of her impeccable physique is one I will accept happily.

“Ahem.”

She motions for me to turn around. I’m loathe to give up more time to admire her, but fair is fair, after all. I comply with her instruction, and my erection throbs as it sinks in that she just gave me another bit of direct instruction. As excited as I am when she sticks up for her own wants, I’ve never exactly gotten off on it. This is new.

When I finally turn back, I’m greeted by her still lying out in the open in broad daylight. I’m not upset to have another good look.

“Now that all the ogling is done, you feel up to that sixty-nine I mentioned earlier?”

“Perhaps,” I attempt to play it cool.

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

Another round of sixty-nine is enticing. As strong as this urge is to fixate on her form for as long as possible, I'd be insane to turn down a second offer like this in a row. Still, one downside springs to mind.

“It got awfully hot under the covers, last time.”

“Then I guess we better stay on top of them,” she breathes, patting the mattress beside her.

I hop to and lay out on the bed. She clambers atop me, and I feel the familiar moist heat of her breath as she takes me into her mouth. Ahead of me, clear as day, her enlarged ass lowers down at my face. I tremble in awe at the combined sensory overload of feeling her suck me off as her ass eclipses everything else in the world from my view.

I raise my head and place my lips to her pussy. After seeing her heavenly body, it's time to offer up as much pleasure as I can in return.

## Chapter 4: Changes

I lie in bed on my back. The white paint of the ceiling has all sorts of tiny imperfections I've never noticed before now. There are a whole host of little dips and bumps in the otherwise uniform texture. As the ceiling fan rotates, faint shadows spin around the room. This causes the imperfections to cast flickering shadows that blink in and out of existence several times per second and draw the eye.

My chest rises and falls sharply as I struggle to catch my breath. Addie lies next to me, quietly snoozing after our morning romp. The beautiful moments we just shared replay in my head again and again.

The most prominent of these memories is a stretch toward the finish where I came damn close to suffocation. With my face buried beneath Addie's backside, her oral efforts were enough to make me come. Simultaneously, my own tongue work brought her around. As she expertly sucked the cum from my cock, my face was slammed over and over as she bounced her hips in pleasure. In the heaviest of the throes, she dropped the full weight of her expanded ass down so that her dripping pussy covered my mouth and nose. The seal was air-tight as her soft, coarse hair of her muff drove into my chin. She let my throbbing member fall from her mouth and screamed at a volume I've rarely heard from her. I didn't let up, though. I continued to lap at her sopping folds, tasting her beautiful flavors as she was driven mad from the endeavor. How I did it on one breath, I can't say.

Finally, Addie managed to roll off of me and collapse on her side of the bed. She was out cold in minutes, leaving me here, staring at the ceiling, breathing in the remaining scent of the juices that coat my face, and wondering what the fuck just happened to me.

I wanted nothing more than to have sex of some sort again. I went out of my way to get things started this morning, even pulling out the ol' butt massage move. It was as dependable as ever, but when she was eager to touch and suck me, my brain decided what I *really* wanted was to look at her body. Just look. At least, just looking is where it started, I think to myself as my nose is filled with the aroma of pussy.

The experience—seeing her growing body in all its glory and watching her begin to accept herself as an honest-to-god stunner—was electrifying, but I’m baffled. It was such a bizarre quirk of my thoughts. I’m not a look-don’t-touch kind of guy, as much as I really do like looking. To tell her I wanted to hold off on sixty-nine so I could look at her first... What was that?

It was hot, is what it was. Still, it was like somebody else had the wheel for a second. Like I wasn’t in total control of my mind.

Above me, my little audience of onlooking ceiling shadows continue to dance and flicker as I recuperate and ruminate. The thoughts take me back to Addie’s sudden willingness to wrest control of our foreplay and order *me* around when we were spinning and showing off to one another. That wasn’t like her, either. Addie’s not the “in control” type in the bedroom. Or outside it.

Something’s changing. In me. In her. In us.

And it’s more than her swelling body.

( Y )

I find the following days easier to power through without feeling a constant need for sex. The farther I get from Sunday, the more the strange feelings fall away into a memory. Maybe this week and a half of limited sex has been enough to hard reset my brain. Hell, maybe that’s why I was so hung up on the looking versus fucking thing to begin with. My brain hadn’t yet recalibrated after our long stint of trying for a pregnancy. It has, now, though. I’m like a new man.

Life returns to normal, for the most part, throughout the week. We go to work. We eat dinner. We chill in the living room and scroll our phones as a sitcom we’ve watched ten times through streams on TV. We run errands during the evenings—buying groceries, dropping off some old clutter at a thrift shop, and shopping for new clothes that can fit Addie’s still-growing curves. The latter, of course, means lots of second guessing outfit selections or debating at length whether certain choices are flattering enough for a purchase.

That's how I find myself at her favorite affordable clothing shop on Thursday evening. Addie just went shopping for better-fitting clothes by herself on Sunday, but, true to form, she couldn't settle on anything. Now, she's out of time. If she doesn't pick at least a few new tops, bottoms, and undies today, she runs the risk of outgrowing everything she's got. Naturally, she needs my help to make the decisions, for... some reason I've never quite gathered. I'm terrible at clothes shopping. It's why I've worn the same basic collared-shirt-and-light-slacks combo for years.

I'm sinking into an upholstered chair that is simultaneously too soft and far too rigid to get comfortable. In front of me, Addie emerges repeatedly from a stall with a privacy door that ends a full foot above the floor. She models outfit after outfit, demanding my input on each one. I tell her every time that she looks incredible, which she does. I don't think she trusts me to be free of bias, though. For ninety percent of the items, she insists she's putting them back, claiming they make her look fat or doughy or shapeless. The occasional article isn't exactly a winning fit, but the vast majority of them look all the better for being wrapped around her awe-inspiring dimensions. For a select few articles, she mournfully agrees with my assessment but insists the item is uncomfortable or too expensive. Comfort is important, and the cost is certainly a concern, given it's possible she'll just outgrow it soon enough. The side effects of this treatment could end up being hell on the wallet.

Despite being invited to gaze upon her majesty for over an hour of try-ons, boredom begins to set in. The buzz I felt on Sunday doesn't return, nor does the agonizing need to behold her body. As far as I can tell, it really has been worked out of my system. Instead, my mind drifts to work or a random news article I read recently or a fictional argument I might have with some hypothetical future acquaintance. Then my fiancée prances out in another flowy top or tight-fitting pair of jeans or a long skirt, and I'm back in the moment long enough to get told I'm wrong when I say something looks amazing. After that, it's back in to select another item and the entire sequence repeats itself once more.

When we first started dating, I found this sort of thing grating. Now, it's just another little quirk of hers that makes her who she is. I know she'll find at least one or two items to settle on that make her moderately happy. That's why she brought me. Though she fights my

opinion, tooth and nail, she does listen to what I have to say. My approval is just what it takes for her to admit she likes something. It just sucks we have to spend an hour going through the motions and separating the wheat from the chaff to get those couple items she'll inevitably settle on.

"Psst," she calls after a while from behind the short door, pulling me away from my thoughts. It dawns on me that she took a while to change this time. Longer than any prior item, by a good margin. Her hand extends above the door, wildly flailing in what I have to assume is an attempted "come here" gesture. I push myself up from the chair and nearly collapse forward. My ass has gone to sleep. Hobbling over as quick as I can, I arrive at the door, and Addie whispers from inside.

"Is that you, Clay?"

"No, it's a peeping Tom, here for a show," I respond sarcastically.

"I guess you got it, then?"

Her voice is an attempt at "sultry," overtaken by nerves.

The knob turns and a crack opens between the door and frame. I catch a heart-stopping sight. Once the gap reaches a few inches, the room's wall mirror reflects Addie's body in profile. She pulls at the door carefully, dressed in pastel pink bit of lingerie.

It's some kind of bustier, I believe. Honestly, I'm not too great with lingerie styles. Maybe it's a variation on a corset? It's all just "lingerie" to me. Whatever it is, it wraps around her midsection snug enough to push her growing breasts up into the sheer, lacy cups of the thing, which she threatens to overflow. Her bust has clearly gained more size since I got my good look Sunday morning. Each breast puffs like a well-baked loaf of bread, though they slosh in their confines like decidedly unbaked dough.

At the opposite end of the thing, the flare of her hips and buttocks explodes out from its narrowest point near her waist. She wears her own comfortable but increasingly too-small cotton panties. The waist and leg holes bite into the bubbling flesh of her lower half. Around them, four shining satin straps in the same understated pink of the lingerie dangle around her sizeable thighs. Garter straps, I think they're called.

Without a second's delay, I'm lying back in our bed as she touches my erection, offering carnal satisfaction on a silver platter while my brain rages with desperation at my need to drink in her body. Whatever that thing was, it's not out of my system. I'm right back in it. Drowning. That need. That hold on my psyche. It's as strong as it was four days ago. Stronger, actually.

Before she can get the door open all the way, words slip past my lips. They're the closest I can come to a coherent response.

"Holy shit..."

Her forehead and eyes peek around as she speaks to me. In her reflection, the twin domes of her tits are compressed, extruding further from the pink cups. She leans into the door like it's a shield, sandwiching her bigger chest between it and the rest of her body. I adore the way they squish like that.

"What? Oh."

She follows my gaze to the mirror. I can't look away from it, despite her face being inches from my own. Her neck cranes to look past me and check for others in the changing area. Seeing we're alone, she steps into the narrow opening between door and frame to give me the full effect of this new surprise try-on.

"What do you think?" she asks, unable to grab my attention. It's not a big deal. I'm having my own difficulties with eye contact right now.

Getting the full picture, it's apparent just how much swelling has been hidden under her baggy, comfortable day clothes. I'm astonished she's managed to make her existing clothes work this long. As for the item at hand, the sexy pink number could be painted on her body, it fits so well. Every curve is shown off in all its radiance. She adjusts her posture in a way that screams out how needlessly self-conscious she feels. Every little shift causes the garter straps to slide across her milky white thighs and settle in a new position. She holds the door's edge so tightly that her knuckles turn white. Her other arm crosses her midsection at an angle, like a futile attempt to shield herself from my gaze. Mission failed spectacularly.

I swear, it's like I can see the beams of holy light radiating off her body, like god rays stabbing from behind cloud cover. Except these clouds are bigger, softer, more rounded than

anything I've ever seen drift across the sky. It feels like my eyes will tear up if I look directly at her for too long. How is she this gorgeous? How am I with someone this gorgeous?

"Clay?" she prompts with a hint of irritation.

My eyes crawl their way back up to her face where I find hers staring at me, eyebrows raised. Her gaze continues to periodically dart about the room before returning to me. She thrusts her chin forward with a further lift of her brows and widening of her eyes. I've not responded to her request for input.

"Sorry," I shake myself out of the fog as much as I can. I blink my eyes once, twice, then a third time, pressing the lids together and scrunching my face. No matter what I do, whether my eyes are open or closed, her wide hips, propped-up breasts, and adorably shy expression float in front of me. It's like she's been burned into my retinas. "I spaced out a little for a second."

Afraid to let myself look at her, I focus on the line where the dressing room's baseboard meets the lavender-gray drywall. Those same imperfections in the texturing are present at the bottom of the wall, just like on our bedroom ceiling. Suddenly, they vanish as my field of vision is filled with two tossing humps of boob, slammed together around a central split of cleavage and eager to spill from the sheer pink fabric holding them back. I wish they would. To see them in all their pure glory, nude and unhindered and bigger than ever...

"Are you feeling okay?"

The space between myself and Addie's breasts is suddenly taken up by her face. It carries an expression of concern. She's stooped forward to look up at me. The door stands wide just behind her. I guess her worry has overridden her apprehension.

"Clay! Seriously, are you alright? You're scaring me."

"I'm... yeah, I'm fine. Sorry," I stammer the most reassuring response I can manage, but the truth is I have no idea if I'm okay. Four days, I've been fine, but suddenly she surprises me with her body poured into this piece of lingerie that only amplifies the curves she's been growing with the fertility treatments. Now I'm a dumbstruck mess all over again. Worse, even.

It's not a lack of sex, either. Our last go was Sunday, and that yearning I struggled with before has been practically nonexistent. This is a whole other thing, and I'm a little worried.

It's like a switch flipping in my thoughts. *A brain tumor wouldn't cause such a weird fixation*, I tell myself. I'm purely guessing, of course, but it's terrifying to think otherwise, so that's where I land.

"You're sure you're okay?" Addie presses the issue, clearly as convinced as I am that everything is fine.

"Yeah. Really."

I don't look at her. I turn my head and instead find a spot where the carpet pile has been pulled from years of wear.

"Well, what do you think?"

As she asks again, she hastily retreats to the safety and privacy of the dressing room, pulling the door back most of the way. I can tell I'll be able to see most all of her if I look up again, so I don't.

"Honestly... you look amazing," I say, knowing that my refusal to look can't be doing much to support those words.

"I know it's a lot. I shouldn't get it, should I? It was just over there on the clearance rack, and part of me thought it could be... fun... after how you were wanting a show the other day... I'll probably put it back..."

"No!" I blurt with more aggression than I intend. My eyes lock onto hers. I don't let them wander. I fix my attention on the twin hazel pools of her irises, let myself sink into the darkness of her pupils. They're wide in the low light of this shop. Those eyes of hers have a sudden flash of what I can only assume is fear. I'm scaring her. I'm scaring me. What the fuck is going on?

"I'm so sorry, Addie. I didn't mean to say that so loud," my voice shakes and my lips tremble as they come together. My throat and mouth go instantly dry. I try to swallow, but the discomfort sticks in my esophagus.

I have trouble reading her expression. With a laser focus on her eyes, they're all I have to go on. In them, I see the glittering of wateriness. The lid of her left wavers before she blinks both and the threat of tears is briefly banished.

"Do you like it or not?" she asks firmly.

“I do. I can’t tell you how much I do. Honest.”

“You’re not even looking at it.”

Eyes. Only eyes.

She looks behind me again. I don’t so much as let my focus drop to her nose.

“I... I don’t think I can.”

“What are you ta—”

Her voice cuts off as a woman walks behind me. Addie shuts the door hard enough that those of the neighboring rooms rattle on their hinges.

I’m free.

My thoughts return to normal. More accurately, my thoughts turn to what an asshole I just was to my incredible fiancée. My mantra from last week plays again in my head.

*I’m not enough of an asshole to put my sexual gratification above her feelings.*

This isn’t that though. This whole bizarre episode, I wasn’t overcome with a need to have sex with Addie like that stretch. I was overcome with the experience of just... looking at her body. Just like Sunday morning, but worse. Maybe that’s not the right word. More intense? That feels right.

A few minutes later, Addie emerges from her dressing room in the same casual outfit she wore into the store. She tosses a load of folded clothes onto the cart waiting nearby. A sign hanging from the thing instructs shoppers to “Place unwanted items here.”

With a pang of guilt, I notice the gentle pink material of the lingerie in with the other items she’s put back. I don’t mention it. I’ve fucked up enough already. Why dig the hole deeper?

Ultimately, Addie ends up with a handful of basic but bigger bras, a new dress, three pairs of jeans, four pairs of standard panties, and two new tops. All of them are lovely, and the dress and tops have plenty of flow to them to allow for further side effects.

We leave the shop and get into the car without a word. The silence continues until we’re halfway home. That’s the point that I decide I have to clear the air. It’s also the moment Addie settles on the same.

“What was wrong with you back there?” she asks before I can speak. The hurt and confusion in her voice hit me like a hammer to my chest.

“I—” I can’t answer her. I don’t even know where to begin. I’m relieved that she seems to be more concerned than angry, but that only reminds me that I’m equally as concerned.

“You what? We’re going to get married, Clay. We’re trying to have a family together. Talk to me. Please.”

I have to tell her.

“I know this is going to sound weird. It *was* weird.”

I lick my lips and suck at my teeth for a few seconds, piecing my words together.

“When I saw you in that lingerie. With your body... your *unbelievable* body... it was like looking into the sun.”

She huffs out her nose and turns to look at me. I keep my focus on the road.

“Did it look that bad on me?” she asks.

“No. God no. It looked awesome. Like you were glowing. I’m actually really sad you didn’t buy it.”

“Why didn’t you say something, then?”

“I did!”

“But you wouldn’t look at me! You were acting like it was physically painful to see me wearing lingerie! I thought you would’ve been excited!”

Our voices continue to raise over one another with every volley of our exchange. This can’t keep escalating, so I drop my volume back down to a speaking level. I pour my heart out, explaining every little detail of the moment in the hope that she’ll understand or maybe I will. I lay it all out: my eyes watering, how it was just like a more powerful version of whatever came over me on Sunday, the difficulty of looking away, the way she seemed ringed by a halo of light, the need to lock eyes just to keep my wits about me, the way her growing proportions only made it harder, the overwhelming need to just... gaze upon her. The more I say, the crazier I sound to myself. It’s made worse by the fact that everything is totally normal right now, the tension between us aside, of course. My thoughts are my own. I can picture her in that sexy thing, and it’s a turn-on, but nothing more. I’m not a zombie like I was at the dressing room.

When I finish my speech, she doesn't say anything for a few long minutes. I'm prepared for the absolute worst, but when she responds, it's something I couldn't have predicted.

"I shoulda bought that lingerie, huh?"

The laughter bursts out of me. Whether it's the sudden cutting of tension or the spot-on comedic timing of her answer, I can't say. Whichever it is, I'm caught by a laughing fit so immediate and intense that I fight to safely pull the car to the side of the road before I cause a wreck. As my chest-wracking guffaws slowly wind down, I realize Addie is laughing just as hard as I am.

Once I'm calm enough to speak again, I say to her, "Yeah, it's a shame you left the lingerie behind..."

"Do you think we should be worried about this? Whatever's happening to you?"

Her worry is back. And so is mine. I reach over and cup my hand on her thigh, feeling the softness of her body beneath the thick material of her sweatpants. I'm sure this pair fit much more loosely just a week ago.

"Whether we should be or not, I'm worried. It's weird," I say. Admitting my fears loosens a portion of the knot that's been tying up my insides since the dressing rooms. Since Sunday, really.

"Is it... Do you..." she keeps attempting a question, but each time, she stops short and screws up her face as she searches for the right words. It's like she doesn't even know what she wants to know.

She turns all around in her seat, checking our surroundings. I've brought the car to a stop in front of a stretch of car lots. This time of the evening, no one's around. There's minimal traffic running by us on the road. She nods, evidently pleased with what she's seen.

Then her palm is thrust in my face.

"What are you doing?" I laugh, pulling away from her hand.

"Nothing?" she asks, pulling back.

"Huh?"

"You don't feel anything?"

"No," I say, a nervous smile taking control of my face.

“What about now?”

This time, she holds her arm out so that everything from her wrist to her elbow is right in front of my eyes.

“Does that make you feel like you’re losing control?”

“No, it doesn’t.”

I see what she’s doing. It feels absurd, but there’s a certain brilliance in testing the limits of whatever this is, assuming it wasn’t just a one-off psychological episode of some kind. *Two-off*, I correct in my head, thinking back to Sunday.

“Trying again. This time it’s gonna be rough. You ready?”

“Probably not,” I giggle.

“Alright, what about THIS?”

She hikes her t-shirt up so that her tummy and belly button are visible in the two inch band of space between top and bottoms.

“Nothing,” I shake my head. I let my eyes wander curiously down to the curve of her hip, thigh, and butt, or as much of it as I can see with her sitting in the car like this. Nothing seizes control of my motor function. Nothing burns my eyes out of my skull. Maybe it was all just—

“Now?”

Her entire torso from ribs to waist is now on display. She furtively scans the outside to ensure nobody is walking on the sidewalk or something.

“I think we can safely say that whatever it was is officially—”

She pulls the shirt up further. The band and lower cups of her plain beige bra are visible beneath the bunching of cloth in her grip. Whether due to her increased size or the jostling of her pulling her shirt up or perhaps some combination of the two, the underwear has shifted enough that the tiniest little line of cleavage and underboob peaks from beneath the band. It’s a strip of barely a few millimeters of her expanded chest.

But it’s enough.

The rest of the world fades out as my attention is sucked into that miniscule glimpse at her perfection. I hear nothing but my heart beating in my ears. My hands feel cold. A tingle races up my spine.

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

A body this impeccable deserves to be beheld. Deserves to be revered. Deserves to be worshipped.

Like a light switch being flipped as someone leaves a room, it's gone. Addie has lowered her shirt again. I'm staring at a faded, cracked image of the Jaws film poster on black cotton instead of her body. My mind is my own. It occurs to me that I'm boring a hole in her with my eyes, so I pull my thoughts back to the present and look at her. Her face isn't filled with the concern I expect to find. Her look is something else. Intrigue? Curiosity? No. It's something else. Something I rarely see on her.

It's confidence.

"So, that's interesting..." she says with a ghost of a smile.

## Chapter 5: Forces

“You’re sure about this?” Addie’s voice drifts from behind the bathroom door.

“Yes, I’m sure. We need to get to the bottom of whatever’s going on with me. And you look phenomenal in that lingerie.”

I *am* sure. After our little experiment in the car, Addie and I returned to the store and bought the lingerie she previously left behind. We were both curious what a full look at her growing body in that thing would do to my brain.

This weird fixation on her curves is digging into me, and I want to know more about it. Otherwise, I’m going to drive myself nuts and be totally unable to sleep. I have to know. I have to see what I’m dealing with. It’s probably something I should see a professional about. A psychologist, maybe. But what do I tell them? “I really like looking at my wife’s body.” No, I need more information if I’m going to sort this out. Experimentation is key.

“Besides,” I add, still lying on my side, stretched across the bed, wearing only my boxers, “this was your idea. Don’t back out on me now!”

It’s true. She was the one who suggested we get home and see what we could find out about my developing mental pitfall. That was right after I agreed with her suggestion of going back for the lingerie. Having caught an all-too-short peek at her in it back at the shop, I wasn’t saying no to that idea, no matter what. Had they closed their doors already, I would’ve probably pushed for us to break in.

I cannot wait to see her in that scandalous pink outfit. Specifically, to see her *bursting out of* that scandalous pink outfit. She’s grown so much from these treatments, and it’s such a great look on her.

Hinges creak as her fingertips creep around the edge of the bathroom door. She pushes it open at an agonizingly slow pace before then drawing it back as far as she pushed it.

“You’re absolutely sure? One hundred percent?”

The shade of confidence that overcame her in the car is gone again. Her voice wavers like the door on its hinges and creaks nearly as much. The Addie I know so well isn’t gone, after all.

“Couldn’t be more certain. Get out here!”

That does it. The creaking of the door turns to a high whine as the white panel swings forward. Once its arc is fully realized, Addie stands in the open doorway, wearing only the same pink lingerie I first saw her wearing a few short hours ago and a pair of skimpy, almost-matching undies that I’ve never seen on her. It seems she picked up more than just the lingerie when we stopped back at the store. She’s getting sneaky *and* showing serious initiative. It’s a good look on her. Almost as good a look as the lingerie.

The way her hips flare impressively out to the sides from the lower edge of the pink bustier-thing while her plush thighs explode from the containment of the new lacy panties is perfection. Tiny scalloped lace frills bite into the soft flesh of her upper legs just enough to show me how truly supple they are.

At the top, she’s still threatening to overflow the lingerie as her once-modest breasts have evidently taken on an awe-inspiring—and frankly daunting—quest to rival her lower body’s proportions. With the way the lingerie pinches her at the middle, she is the definition of an “hourglass” figure.

And one-by-one, I feel the grains of my willpower—and probably sanity—slipping past one another and through that hourglass. I don’t fight it this time. Having experienced it thrice now, I know what to expect. Still, I’m unprepared.

My extremities go numb. At least, I think they go numb. My attention is pulled toward her with a force greater than any black hole’s gravity. No other sensory input matters if it is unrelated to Addie in this moment. With her before me, my vision dims until she is all I see, wreathed by a tiny sliver of the bathroom light shining behind her like a saint’s halo. She could be an angel—no, a goddess rendered in flesh—descended from heaven in this moment to whisk me away to an eternity of rapture. I’m ready to go.

“Clay?!”

Addie’s voice booms and shakes me out of my trance. All I can see is her face, inches away from my own. It’s filled with concern and bemusement in equal measure.

“There you are. Are you okay? You weren’t responding.”

Her words are muffled, like she's speaking from far away. Gradually, everything fades in around us. I'm still on the bed. Past her head, I can see the bedroom. Nothing has changed.

"How long was I out?" I ask.

"Only like a few seconds," she answers quietly, taking a step back. Her lethally oversized curves come thundering back into my vision as she does. "I asked what you thought, and you were just... staring... at..."

Her words trail off, or maybe my attention does. Everything falls away again. My eyes, my mind, my soul—everything that is me is bound to her figure. The subtle way her flesh creases where her thigh meets her groin at the boundary of her underwear. The horizon of her hip, flexing with her gentle motion. The violent sloshing of her imprisoned breasts. The beckoning depths of her shadowy cleavage. The narrow space between her thighs and covered pussy and the way it forms a beautiful triangle, ever shifting in its dimensions, eventually closing up as her legs are brought together.

I want to be there, at that pussy. The hidden flower of this heavenly body, its nectar hidden away from the world, calls to me. Suddenly, these new panties are a pox upon my existence. They stand between me and my idol, the object of my all. I want to remove them, to strip her down and lap at her holy waters, to worship at her altar, to feel her incredible thighs wrapped around my head. She *deserves* to be worshipped and glorified for all that she is. I *need* to worship and glorify her.

"Lost you again."

Addie is back in my face, and reality closes in once more.

"That was... that..."

I don't know how to describe what I just felt. It began as the same intensive focus on her body, but it shifted, morphed. I was thinking of her not as my fiancée, but some abstract concept of holy perfection. I suppose the sensation wasn't as much new as it was more intense and focused than any time that's come before. It was like my brain lost all rationality, all grip on the real world. I was consumed. Possessed.

“Intense?” Addie finishes my thought for me. I’m glad. I don’t know that I can. I don’t know that I want to. What are the implications of suddenly deifying your partner? It’s got to be a known mental condition, right? Maybe I *have* developed a brain tumor of some kind.

“Yeah, very intense...”

I lay it all out for Addie, explaining every nuance of what I’m experiencing, every detail, no matter how strange or concerning. I do so while clutching my eyes tight for a few moments, then while turned away from her. As long as her body isn’t in my field of vision, I’m fine. With great care, I explain, even down to the primal calling I felt pulling me to go down on her. She chuckled at that part, but only for a second. I can tell this is making her worry. It’s making me worry, too.

“I want to try it one more time,” I say to her when I’ve finished relaying the hallucination or whatever it was.

“Do you think it’s a good idea?”

“Probably not. But I feel like I’m understanding it more with each go, as weird as that might sound. It’s making sense to me, a little at a time.”

“It sounds like it’s getting worse, a little at a time. You just told me you heard my vagina calling out and commanding you to worship me.”

“Not literally. It was this feeling I had, but as strange as that is, it’s like that was the key to understanding what’s going on in my brain.”

“What if you have a stroke or something?”

“I’ll go out happy?” I joke. I’m not looking directly at Addie, but I can feel the lack of mirth radiating from her. Her earlier confidence and amusement at whatever has overcome my mind is gone. She has fully sunk into the depths of anxiety. It’s probably the correct outlook on all this. There’s no chance I could make a case that *I’m* the rational one between the two of us.

“Okay, bad joke,” I attempt to smooth over my ill-timed go at lightening the mood. “But I’m serious. There’s something to whatever this is that I know I can get to. I just need time to adjust to it. Every single time, the sensation seems to evolve. It’s refining into what it really is. I know that’s cryptic as hell, but it’s the only way I can describe it.”

“We can do it one more time, but I’m snapping you out of it if you start to turn into a puddle of eyes and drool again.”

“No! I need you to let this play out. I have to know what it is.”

She’s quiet. I guess she’s thinking it over. I break the tension with one more stab at levity.

“And I wasn’t drooling.”

“You weren’t far from it.”

“Okay, if I start drooling, you can snap me out of it. Deal?”

After another pause, Addie agrees.

“Deal. But only if we can set a time limit. I don’t want to watch you turn into a zombie for the rest of the night.”

That seems like a nice, rational stance in all this.

“How about five minutes? If I’m still totally lost at that point, you have my permission to bring me back.”

“Okay. I can do that.”

I turn back over, and Addie has already moved back a few paces so that she’s fully visible in the center of the room. The second I see her, I’m right back where I was—metaphorically cowed before her majesty. That same calling from last time is there in the dark nooks of my mind. My insides are ripped apart into two opposing camps. One wants nothing more than to grab those accursed panties keeping me from her hallowed ground. The other scolds me for even considering something as blasphemous as removing a garment from her body that she herself deemed worthy to wear.

I don’t know how long I stare at her, but slowly, I feel the real me begin to sneak back into my headspace. Neural pathways seem to bridge and unlock a joint consciousness within me, both this new me and the true me, standing as one. The thoughts of worship and perfection remain, but they’re relegated to thoughts and desires as my rational self pushes back against them. With more control over my eyes, I look her up and down, ensuring I’ve taken in the full impact of this new lingerie and her enhanced body shape. My gorgeous Lady Adora is flawless.

The thought of my fiancée as some sort of goddess seems so clearly overblown to me now, like it's seeped into my consciousness and been repelled by the me that resides there. It's not gone, but it's been quelled, pushed back. The desire to worship and praise her remains, but it no longer holds sway over me. It merely tempts me from a distant place in my psyche. I'm, for the most part, myself again.

"You are so... perfect," I feel myself say. The surprise I feel at the ability to form a coherent sentence shakes me further from my stupor, like when you wake yourself from a dream by uttering a nonsense phrase aloud.

"It's so good to hear you say that. To say anything, honestly."

"It's good to say something," I reply, feeling the words waft from between my lips.

"Still feel like my vagina is calling to you?"

"I do, but not literally. And I don't see you as a literal goddess anymore."

"Hm... I feel like we're backpedaling a little..."

She laughs at her own jest. I feel my body chuckle a little, as well.

"I'm not fully myself. There's still something here," I say. "But I'm more in control than I was any of the previous times."

"Can you look away without me forcing you to?"

"I can. I don't want to, but I can."

"Can you?"

Her tone says she's not convinced. I don't know that I am, either. I slowly pull my focus from her body to the space next to her. To the wall behind her. To the bed. Just like that, I've looked away. I want desperately to look back, but I don't have to.

I've tamed the beast. Or the beast has fully merged with me. I'm not sure which.

"Okay, I'm feeling a lot better about all this, now," Addie says.

"Me too," I agree, swinging my eyes back around to her grandeur.

"I still think you should see a doctor."

"Probably," I say, wondering just how awkward it would be to relay all of this to a medical professional. Secretly, I tell myself that I'll go, but only if this gets worse. For now, it's mostly passed. I think. I hope.

Addie seems satisfied with my noncommittal answer, and she quickly moves away from the topic.

“Well, now that you can speak, what do you think? Of the lingerie, I mean.”

I can’t help myself. The feral desire, stuck in my soul like a splinter, forces its way out in my answer.

“I think I want to rip those panties down and give you what you deserve.”

“And what would that be?” she asks, her face turning red as she begins to curl in on herself shyly. Her true, coy self is keeping her from registering my possibly troubling answer.

“You deserve to be,” the word “worshipped” very nearly leaves my mouth, but I catch myself in time, “pleasured. I want to use my tongue to give you that. What I’m saying is I want to go down on you, if you’re amenable to such a thing. / want to, I mean. The real me. Not whatever this new thing is.”

I flash a smile, attempting to radiate the confidence that I can’t quite muster. This thing in me is still there, as much as I want to deny it. It’s just... subtle. So are sunburns after the first day or two, but that’s when you start to see just how much you’ve been cooked.

Addie smiles and steps forward, those wide hips and thighs swaying as her constrained breasts bounce in time. Their vigor makes me wonder how long this lingerie will remain viable if her size keeps increasing. It’s a problem I’m willing to address at a later date.

When she’s a few steps away from the bed and from me, Addie reaches down, hooks her thumbs through the waist of her panties, and shimmies them down. They are so snug against her plump thighs that a pinched ring of flesh follows as they lower, springing back outward as they move past. Up above, I stare straight into the welcoming crevasse of her cleavage as she bends forward.

My eyes only dwell on her cleavage and panties for so long, though, as I feel that force in me turning my gaze, not wholly against my will, toward her exposed bush. I long for that garden and the font of delicious waters that can flow from within, with just the right amount of ministrations from the pious. From me.

“Is this what’s been calling to you?” Addie teases. It strikes me as odd that she’s so quickly shifted from concern to mischief, but if we’re going to just move forward, I can’t see a reason to dwell on the matter.

“I need to bury my face in there, right now.”

I hear my own word choice. Need. Not want.

“Good,” she says from above. She’s so close I can smell her incredible scent as thighs and pubis are most of what I see over the bed’s edge. “I can’t wait.”

Somewhere inside, I realize it’s out of character for her to so readily show off to me like this or to play along so confidently. Something is changing in Addie, as well. There’s an eagerness that keeps showing itself here and there, like the thing clawing at my own psyche. I can sense that confidence from the experiment in the car again, hesitantly peeking out.

She places both hands on the mattress and crawls toward me until we lie together on the bed. I reach around and place one hand on her buttock. I give the firm, massaging squeeze she always enjoys. This time is no different. She closes her eyes and inhales sharply. The rise of her breasts in their cups tempts my vision downward, but I fix on her face and eyes. Not because I fear the consequences of straying from them, but because I wish to see her expression of pleasure. Because I have to know that what I’m doing is satisfying her in the way she warrants. If I’m going to worship, I must worship properly and reverently.

“May I?” I ask quietly. I don’t elaborate. I don’t need to. Those hazel eyes of hers open tenderly, and she gives me a barely-visible nod.

My hand leaves her behind, and I push myself up onto all fours, crawling away from her visage on my pilgrimage to the sacred oasis. Addie rolls her hips and shoulders to ease her way down onto her back. She pulls both pillows into a wedge-shaped support and lays her head and neck down on them, reclined. She would look right at home at a Bacchanal, servants feeding her grapes and fanning her.

When I reach her feet, I look up, across the plains of her tummy and beyond the daunting ridge of her swollen breasts, pushed a little up and back toward her clavicle by the lingerie and the position. She shoots me a relaxed smile from her place on high.

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

Her legs extend toward me, narrowing from her broad thighs into the slender but fit calves and ankles at my front. Like the doors to an illustrious cathedral, her feet pull apart, followed by every inch of the legs behind them. Her knees bend and draw them toward her even as she splays herself wide.

There, in the center, is my aim. My desire. My place of adulation. With her thighs fully parted, her bare labia are on display beneath the neatly groomed pubic thicket. This is where I belong. This is where I'm needed.

With another look at her smiling face, I extend my arms, letting the palms of my hands slide across the comforter and through the angled archways beneath her legs. Only days ago, she would be hidden beneath that same covering, hiding herself from a world that could neither see nor care that she was exposed. Now, she rests openly, inviting me into her temple where I will lay prostrate and let my love and adoration for my Lady Adora be carried through my tongue.

Once my arms are fully extended and my chest is against the floor that is the mattress, I'm barely more than an inch from her. The strong aroma arrests me, and my mouth begins to water. I bring my forearms up and hook them around her thighs. Now that they surround me like the walls of an ancient cathedral looming over the rows of pews between them, I fully appreciate their growth over these past days. They are grander than ever they have been, and I am small, laid low between them.

With my hands placed on her hips, I push upward, until my fingers slide into the narrow gap between the bustier's satiny pink and the softness of her stomach. Beneath that lies her womb, devoid of offspring and the root cause of her changes. While I hope beyond hope that the procedure is having the desired effect on her fertility, I cannot help but marvel at what it's done for her outward shape.

I plunge my head forward. My mouth, nose, and chin land on her shores, and my tongue dips into her sacred, flowing waters.

"Mmmmm... god, yes...."

Addie moans as I make first contact between the tip of my tongue and her buzzing, swollen clitoris. I trace along the edges of its hood, feeling the soft nub push aside as I circle

it. The vibrations in the bed and the tugging at the cover beneath me tell of Addie's curling toes and clutching at the comforter. Her stifled groans and whimpers sing of my fitting tribute to her majesty.

As much as I enjoy going down on my fiancée, this time is wildly different from all the others. I don't faceplant into her pussy and motorboat her labia. I don't flail my tongue around wildly, even though history has shown that we both love it when I do so. No, this time, I keep myself moving at a measured pace. My tongue leisurely meanders around her folds and nooks, returning to the opening of her hole or her little button up above it. I trace carefully and deliberately, and she writhes and squirms and twitches as I do so. To think that my little tongue is doing such magnificent things to this creature of perfection!

Pouring this pleasure into her does wonders for me, as well. Lying flat between her legs, my own legs tuck in to bring my ass up into the air, just an inch or two. My cock is rock hard and straining, searching for a path to escape my boxers. As my tongue works, so, too, do my hips, driving my throbbing manhood downward, stabbing into nothing at all. After the first few thrusts, my cock head finds the gap between the cotton panels and is free. The feel of the room's cool air against my hot, rigid member only makes me harder.

My cock yearns to be buried in Addie's muff, or at least her mouth, since penetration is still off-limits. The rest of me couldn't care less. As long as she's happily wriggling around at the tip of my dancing tongue, I need no further pleasures. Her satisfaction is my aim and sole obsession in this moment.

While making perhaps my twentieth pass around her vaginal opening and tasting her bittersweet waters, I feel her thighs press inward around my head. It's the same sign I've gotten so many times before. She's drawing close to hallowed ecstasy. I flatten my tongue and move it up to run it at a tormenting pace past her clit. As each individual bump of my tastebuds massages her gingerly, her pelvis quakes beneath me, those walls of her thighs narrow and clamp around me, and her moans turn to shrill, carnal screams.

Something in me awaits her final moment when she pushes me away from her as the pleasure turns overwhelming, but it doesn't come. Instead, I suddenly feel both of her hands press against the back of my head. With great force, she drives me into her. My mouth and

nose are buried deep in her wetness as I do my best to interpret this command of hers handed down so unexpectedly. My tongue does what it's been doing, only I don't slow down. I don't stop. I don't hesitate. The need for air grows dire, but I push down the burning in my lungs. I do as Addie wishes, and I drive her well beyond the cliffs of orgasm.

Hearing the booming sounds from her as I press on drives my own pleasure. My hips buck faster and faster until I realize I've already reached the zenith, blasting cum onto the comforter below me as we crest the waves in tandem. I pull my face back and suck in a fresh breath of air.

After some time, we lie on the bed, more or less at one another's side. The soiled covers sit in a crumpled heap in the floor at the foot of the bed. Addie's arm wraps around my shoulders. Her fingers drum pleasantly one after the other in a rhythmic pattern.

"Thank you for that," she mutters softly. Her face forms a radiant smile.

"Of course," I reply. Her scent still fills my nostrils. Her taste lingers on my lips and tongue. I couldn't be happier to have given her that. She deserves it, as beautiful and divine as she is.

"That wasn't..." she pauses, clearly gathering her thoughts before finishing her thought. "That wasn't this... thing that's in your brain, right? You wanted to do that? You, you. Not you that feels my vagina calling out to you?"

I don't know how to answer her. I did want that. Every second of it was everything I yearned for. Still, I can't honestly say this unknowable force in my head wasn't pulling strings.

"It's still there, but it doesn't control me. No part of that was done against my will."

I'm staring into the middle distance past her, so I know these words are mine alone. It's the truth.

"That's good to hear. Feeling like you're back in full control then?"

"Not even a little..." I say, my own lips twisting into a wide smile.

## Chapter 6: Measurements

I've convinced myself it's over. Whatever was fucking with my head is finished, and things will go back to normal. Is it wishful thinking? Possibly. Probably. It has to be over, though. Has to. Whatever that was.

After I've "worshipped" Addie, we lay here in bed for a while, together. She starts getting chills—at least more vocally than I do—and asks me to retrieve some fresh sheets. I'm more than happy to oblige.

Throwing those unsullied blankets over her enhanced body has that haze drifting back into my mind. She lies outstretched before me in all her glory. Innocent. Flawless. Delectable. A brief vision of my fiancée as some lounging royal consort in ancient Egypt flashes before my eyes. I'm no more than a humble servant, unworthy to fan her as she rests. Then I blink, and she's safely bundled under the warmth of the sheets.

We're back to ourselves.

I'm Clay, standing at the foot of our bed, nude and covered in the aftermath of sex, smelling heavily of it. She's Addie, exhausted from a quaking orgasm inflicted by my oral ministrations. The choice before me is one between having a refreshing shower and climbing back to her side. It's a difficult choice, but the looming knowledge that I've got work in the morning forces my hand.

Flipping up the corner of the clean sheets, I spend a second cleaning up my mess of semen with an old washcloth. I feel foolish for not thinking to clean it up before throwing the new sheets down, but no real harm seems to have come of it. Addie's dozing, so I let her keep on until I come back from my shower. I can change out the fitted sheet at that point to eliminate the last of it.

The whole time I work at wiping up, I think about how strange it is for me to just explode onto the bed like that. Oral or vaginal stimulation has always been needed for me in the past. Just recently, I reaffirmed my difficulty even working myself over by hand. This time, though, my body released of its own accord while I went down on Addie.

I'm not worried about being premature or anything else of that sort. There's no doubt in my mind what I experienced was a deserved orgasm. To say that I was in ecstasy in that moment would be a gross understatement. "Divine bliss" seems more apt.

It's just unusual that it would happen. I'll call it one more mark in the "What's up with my brain?" column.

The shower is pleasant. I heat the water until I can barely see through the swirling steam, and I purify my skin as I bask in it. As water dissolves and carries away the remnants of Addie's fluids dried against my face, however, her scent is vaporized and begins to permeate the shower interior. My sinuses fill with her perfect unique flavor. I brace for a loss of consciousness and control, but nothing.

I'm fine.

No visions. No impossibly strong desires overwriting my nervous system. Just me, washing the sex off and reliving the beautiful memory of devoted cunnilingus. The whole time, I wait and wait for something to change. For my brain to snap back like a rubber band pulled until some microscopic imperfection in its surface turns into a full tear. Nothing happens.

I shower as if life were perfectly normal. It's somehow more unsettling.

Once I'm clean, I return to the bed to find Addie has changed into her pajamas and swapped the fitted sheet for me. She lies bundled under the sheets so that no slack exists for me. I climb alongside her and enjoy the cool breeze from the ceiling fan on my steam-roasted body. I drift off to dreams that are filled with quickly forgotten vagaries concerning her changing body and an elaborate, esoteric ritual on my part.

I awake on Friday, having reclaimed my share of the sheets in the night. I'm refreshed and wondering if I was overthinking and overreacting to everything the day before. It's Addie's relatively innocent "Feeling okay?" that sets me back to worry. I don't answer her, because I don't know what to say. Don't know if I *am* feeling okay. When I kiss her goodbye before leaving, she asks again. I suppose it would be wise to gather an answer to this quandary.

My internet browsing is often punctuated by a handful of ads for "mental health" companies that seem pretty shady. A quick perusal on my lunch break turns up one free service that seems relatively well received and offers text chatting and "sex addiction" advice.

After confirming it isn't some religious recruitment group in disguise, I take advantage of it while eating a burger in my car.

The text conversation is stilted and awkward, but the counselor assures me it's perfectly healthy to have a "powerful sexual attraction" (her words) to my partner, as long as it's not interfering with my daily responsibilities. At that, I make a note that work has been painfully normal today. I guess I shouldn't worry. She goes to great lengths to reassure me that my "problem" could be stress related, given the fertility treatments. That's plausible, I suppose.

I thank her for the consult. She insists I should use their service again if my situation changes. The nagging thought that I've misrepresented the problem sticks with me, though. What if this *is* worse than she thinks. What if it's worse than *I* think?

*As long as it's not interfering with my daily responsibilities.*

I think the line over in my head a few times, committing it to memory.

*I'm not enough of an asshole to put my sexual gratification above her feelings.*

I seem to be collecting mantras these days.

When work is done, I find a text from Addie. On its own, that's nothing out of the ordinary. The content of the message is unusual, though.

"You like my new shape, huh?"

No complaint from me, but it's awfully forward for her. She's more of the "Oh god! Please don't compliment me!" sort. Always has been.

Intrigued, I decide to see where the rabbit hole goes. The whole time, I monitor my mental state, ready to shut things down if I feel my consciousness going sideways again.

"I DO like your new shape. You look amazing with your thicker thighs and bigger tits," I type out before thinking better of it and deleting the message. I go through a few iterations before settling on, "I've ALWAYS liked your shape. New 'enhancements' included." No immediate response. No shock there.

I drive home listening to my playlist on shuffle. Well into the trip, a text notification comes through my car's center console. Setting it to play aloud, I'm treated to Addie's words filtered through a dry, lifeless voice with questionable pronunciation. The message is loud and clear, regardless.

“Good, because I’m still getting bigger. When you get home, you can tell me what you think.”

Decisive. Commanding. Confident.

Who is this Addie? Maybe my insistence on worshipping her has instilled some well-deserved self-assurance. Maybe it’s hormonal changes from the fertility treatment. If the stress of this all can change my mental state, I’m sure the actual physiological alterations could cause havoc with hers. Not that I have a problem with decisive Addie. Far from it.

I force myself to keep it close to the speed limit as I rush home to examine these changes she mentioned.

At home, I find her in a plush bathrobe of mine. I never use it. Neither does she. Yet here she is, standing in the living room in that black and blue striped robe, tied loosely at the waist. The narrow blade of exposed skin that drops from her soft neck sinks low enough that I’m sure she’s wearing at most a bra and panties beneath the thing. A bead of sweat slides down the back of my neck.

“H-hey,” I greet her, setting my things down cautiously. I feel like an infant gazelle in a nature documentary, and I’ve just caught sight of the predator through the grass.

“Hey.”

Her tone is unwavering. This isn’t like her at all.

“This is a surprise,” I say, taking a measured step closer.

“How so?” she asks. She’s not really asking, despite her phrasing. Her voice is ordering. She waits for my answer, eyes fixed on me. “Not expecting an angel to be waiting for you at home?”

Her demeanor breaks. She laughs a little, eyes cast down. The tension in the room dissipates in an instant.

“Sorry. I’m not very good at this kind of thing.”

I don’t know what kind of things she means, but I feel she might, conversely, be a bit *too* good.

My withheld breath falls out of me all at once.

“Don’t apologize. I was caught off guard. That’s all. This is... pretty sexy. Are you just wearing underwear under that robe?”

“Yeah. Some of the new ones I got yesterday. They fit a little better.”

I swallow hard.

“Oh yeah?”

My hollow attempt at nonchalance crumbles instantly. I may as well have said “Can I see your bra?”

No matter. It works all the same.

“Yeah.”

Addie slips her fingertips into the loose knot at the front of the robe and slowly drags the ends of the tie past each other. The robe falls open an inch. Then more as she takes it in her hands and pulls it open like the curtains over a sunlit window. The bra and panty pair are a matching hue of maroon with black lace roses accenting them. They fit marginally better than the panties and lingerie she wore the night before. She still needs a size up at least, judging by the bulging flesh at her hips and breasts. But she’s right about these fitting better.

She unveils this marvel, and the phantom grabs hold of me once more. It’s subtle, like the latter part of yesterday evening. It steers my gaze and whispers into my ear and urges my actions, rather than dance me around like a helpless marionette. I’m not rid of it, and there’s no way this is stress. Who knows if I will ever be fully myself again? But I’m not afraid. If anything, I want to listen when it tells me to run my eyes over every bit of soft flesh, every contour of bulging breast.

“This is an F cup,” Addie says while I occupy my attention with her body.

When her words finally filter through to my comprehension, I feel my mouth return speech, but it’s like someone else is speaking through me. My mind has more important things to deal with than something as pedestrian as conversation.

“Weren’t you a C cup?” my mouth says independent of thought.

“I was,” Addie answers. “About two weeks ago.”

I feel something in me attempt to do math, but there’s so much more I’d rather think about. Like how heavy those breasts would be with my face buried in her cleavage. Or how those

panties would feel against my face if I lay my head between her legs. Or how much bigger she might yet get.

“You’ve grown fast.”

That’s as close as I get to a meaningful calculation.

“Three cup sizes in fifteen days, although I think I’m still a little big for this one.”

How deeply would my fingers sink if I plunged them into those doughy mounds of breast flesh? How soft are her thighs now? I felt them just last night as she clamped them tight around my head. Are they actually softer less than twenty-four hours later?

Somewhere beyond these thoughts, the numbers “three” and “fifteen” register silently. She has blown up. In such an exceptional way, too.

“You don’t think it’s too much? You still like it? Like me?”

“Of course I do,” I say, stepping closer. My fingers twitch as they beg to be placed against her warm, pliable skin. These enlarged breasts are the perfect size and shape for me to take one in each hand and hold them, fingers splayed to encompass their breadth. Does this angel before me need assistance hefting the weight of her supple burdens? Would she do me the honor of accepting such aid?

“Do you... want to help me with something?” she asks.

Is she reading my mind? Is she going to ask it?

I inhale sharply.

“I would be happy to help you,” I say, already reaching forward with my palms upturned. I’m prepared to hold up these heavy breasts if she deems it my burden to bear.

As I bend my knee and lower myself before her, something is placed in my hand. It’s a tape measure. A flexible one, already unspooled as she drapes it across my palms. I wasn’t aware she owned one. It feels like something a seamstress would have. Then again, I don’t have a full mental inventory of Addie’s possessions. Why shouldn’t she own a tape measure.

“While this is a decidedly better fit than what I wore last night, I think I need a better handle on my size.”

She hooks her thumb under the right strap of the bra and gives it a few outward tugs. The field of flesh roils and quakes. The storm swell crests the dam.

Am I understanding her?

“You want me... to measure you?”

“If you don’t mind? I thought you would be okay getting up close again.”

She shifts her stance in a way that sends a tremor through those swollen breasts.

“I’d... I’d be honored.”

My fingers curl around the tape measure, clutching it tight. Addie has given me a task. I won’t disappoint her.

Letting the length of the thing slide through my fingers, I let out the slack and hold it by the ends. I take one more long step, and I tower over her five-foot-four-inches. It’s only about nine inches difference, but it feels wrong to be above her. It’s not my proper place.

She lets my bulky bathrobe slide from her shoulders. It lands around her ankles in a heap. A sudden thought tells me I should be there in its place. On the ground where she could step over or onto me at her whim.

I bring my arms up to place the tape behind her. Dropping slowly to one knee, my eyeline lowers until I’m face-to-face with the abyss of her cleavage, elevated and exaggerated by the snug padding of the bra. Turning my face up, I see her looking down at me from above her twin peaks. Slowly, I wrap the measure around, drawing it tight against the band of the bra.

No, this isn’t right. She realizes it, too.

“I think I’ll need to take this off,” she says in a near-whisper, pinching together the clasps until they unhook. “That way we get an accurate measurement, right?”

She releases the bra’s wings. They spring wide with enough force they could be trying to fly. The cups drop. Her breasts relax. The bra hangs limply from her shoulders.

“That’s better,” she says, letting the garment hang there, obstructing my view of her chest. “You can take it off the rest of the way.”

That commanding quality is back. Her expression is unsure, though. I know that look of Addie’s. She wants to take it back now that she’s said it. No need. I’m happy to obey this order. I’m happy to obey any order she gives.

I release the tape from one hand and let it hang from the other. My fingers brush against the straps where they pass over her shoulders. It takes the gentlest touch to nudge them out

and forward. Friction puts up a meager fight before giving in and letting the thing fall forward. She drops her arms to her sides and lets it land between my knees and her feet. Her nude chest now stretches before me. I could throw my head forward and dive into the space between her hanging breasts. It would be too much, though. Too self-gratifying.

I have a task to do.

The tape is in hand once more. I bring it up and around. The soft flesh of her back and sides resists as I pull the length snug.

“Straight line. Over the nipples.”

Her direction is to-the-point. Firm, not bossy. I still fall over myself to ensure I’m following it to the letter. To be given any sort of assignment by my formerly indecisive Addie—particularly one that brings me so close to the majesty of her growing body—is simply an opportunity I can’t squander.

I ensure the tape is aligned with her pale, puffy nipples, right at the foremost points of her breasts. Her near-invisible areolas show faintly above and below the off-white strip of vinyl/cloth/whatever the tape is made from. The measure pulls taut as the end passes one number after the next. Forty-nine. Forty-eight. Drawing closer to the truth of her size. Forty-seven. Forty-six. It goes on until I’ve pulled it as tight as seems reasonable.

“Not too tight,” she instructs. I loosen again until the flesh no longer bulges from above and beneath the tape. She nods down to me with approval.

Forty-two and three quarter inches. Just a hair past. Forty-three, to be safe.

I announce the number.

“Now the under bust. Where the band goes.”

This is my chance to lift these weights. The way I wanted. The way I need. To feel her newfound immensity bearing down on me.

I repeat the process with the tape, using the backs of my hands to shift the mass of her breasts upward ever so tenderly against gravity’s pull. Were I the size of an insect, their weight could crush and end me. It would be a glorious close to my story. I’m not, though. I carry out my charge.

“Thirty-six inches,” I tell her. I sit back on my legs. She now towers above me. It feels right.

She does quick math on her fingers and proclaims the result.

“36G. That’s my new size.”

I gaze upon her, barely registering the words.

“I was a 34C before the treatments. It’s a lot of gaining. Even my band size is bigger. My hips are wider, too.”

I’ve noticed. How could I not? Her thighs, ass, hips, even her tummy. She’s filling out. Growing fertile, is the hope. Whether she is or not, she’s awe-inspiring. That’s certain.

“Should I measure your hips?”

“You may.”

I scurry about, just as I did before. This time, the tape threatens to dig into those supple expanses. I’m careful not to pull it too tight.

The result is a tantalizing fifty-one inches. I don’t know her previous measurement, but it’s an impressive number of its own accord.

“Now the waist.”

Thirty six inches.

Her full measurements are forty-three, thirty-six, fifty-one. She recites them. I drop back to my knees and repeat after her like I’m singing a hymn.

“Forty-three. Thirty-six. Fifty-one. Forty-three. Thirty-six. Fifty-one.”

She grins down as I extol her in song.

She’s perfection.

And still growing. Just as my mind wanders to the possibilities of how big she could grow, she speaks again from on high.

“Do you want to... ‘worship’ me again?”

I do. Goddess, I do.

“Yes.”

“Really?”

She leans forward. Her breasts hang heavy above me. Those hazel eyes bore into me, making me feel insignificant. Lesser. But valued, as a queen might value a loyal subject. I’m hers fully.

“Really.”

“Then go fetch me a bra that fits, and you may worship me,” she says, laying her hand on my shoulder and giving me an innocent smile.

The phantom commands me to obey. No creature possessing a body like hers could be anything short of divine. And who am I to shirk a divine mandate?

“Which one?” I ask, scrambling to my feet, prepared to bolt to the bedroom.

“Whichever is best. But you’ll need to buy one.”

“Buy one?”

“I don’t have any G cup bras. I’m surprised that’s my size. I’ve really grown a lot.”

I nod along.

“Buy me one. Maybe two. At the store. Her Treasures, to be specific. That place in the mall. I want a good, sexy one. Something flattering. Something you want to see me wearing.”

The rational part of my brain is puzzled over why she would send me to pick out her bra. It’s also reeling at the thought of wandering into a lingerie store alone as a guy. Her Treasures is nothing but bras, thongs, teddies, and negligees.

My objections pale against the desire to obey. To please. To worship.

“I’ll do that,” I agree.

“Good,” she smiles. “I’ll be waiting.”

She reaches down and retrieves the bra and robe, covering herself back up.

Like that, the spell is broken and the phantom is gone. But the desire to do right by her is far from gone. Addie has found some sort of domineering streak buried inside her—whether it’s hormones or just good old self-esteem—and there’s no way in hell I’m letting that flounder.

“I’m on it,” I say, adding, “I love you.”

“I love you, too. Pick some good bras.”

“I will.”

( Y )

“Anything else?” the girl in Her Treasures asks at the register. The look on her face isn’t as judgmental or sneering as I feared it might be. My drive here was dominated by worry over how creepy I would come off. Thinking about it, they must see a fair number of guys buying lingerie for girlfriends or wives. Or fiancées. Those guys aren’t typically sent directly by said girlfriends or wives, I’d wager.

“I’m good, thanks,” I reply.

She puts the three bras into a black paper bag with a hot red lipstick logo plastered on the side. Nice and conspicuous. Good thing this is less embarrassing than I feared.

The store is busy. It’s Friday afternoon, so that’s no surprise. Most of the other shoppers are women and girls, either alone or in small groups, with a few guy-girl couples. Those guys look much more reluctant to be here than I am.

I spent longer than I wanted making my selections. Then one of the two I found didn’t come in a 36G, so I swapped it for two others.

The final haul consists of a sky blue satin thing with a deeply purple border, a black plunging bra with straps that crisscross over the cups, and a hot pink and black one with sheer cups. I picture my Addie’s perfect body in each of them as register girl removes the hangers and places them delicately into the bag. Addie’s breasts will fit well into the cups, nestled without being squished to the point of overflow. A shame, in a way. I love that effect.

But I was given specific instructions, and I’m not budging from that path. *Bring me a bra that fits.*

“These for your girlfriend?” register girl makes casual chatter as she takes my card.

“Fiancée,” I answer.

“Treating her like a princess?” she smiles, but the question feels like an accusation or demand. “You’d better be treating her like a princess,” is what I hear beneath the words.

It’s innocuous enough, but the comment is so closely tied to Addie’s nickname from that game in college that I have to look the girl over until I’m confident we don’t know each other. I shake it off.

“Like a goddess,” I answer as she returns my card, the receipt, and the bras.

“Lucky lady.”

“Lucky me,” I respond, pumping my eyebrows as I leave the store, pleased with how well this went.

( Y )

“I’m home!” I call into the quiet when I return. Addie must be in the bedroom. My brain runs wild with the possibilities of what I’ll find there.

“Find something good?”

Her voice calls softly from down the hall. The bedroom. I was right.

“A few things, I think.”

As I make my way to her, preparing for the phantom to grip me once more, I sift through the bag in my hands, reaching for the black strappy bra. It seems like the right selection for this moment. At least, it’s the one I’m most excited to see on her.

When I round the doorway, I find Addie standing in the middle of the room. She’s fully nude, save the same panties as before. The effect is instant. I’m in her hold once more.

The bag of bras fall to my feet. Even the black one I’d already taken out.

“Pick that up,” she says sweetly.

I do as I’m told, feeling all blood rush to my cock.

“Put it on me.”

She turns around and allows me to slide the straps around her arms and over her shoulders like a servant prepping a noble lady. I take great care in fastening each little hook. Around front, she hefts and shifts and repositions her breasts into the thing.

When she turns around, I see the depths of her cleavage and the milky white cliffs of boob to either side of it. They’re framed beautifully in the window of plunging lines and overlapping straps. It couldn’t fit her better. Nothing bulges or overflows. The straps and band are snug without digging in. Her larger breasts are perfectly held in place. They somehow look more immense in this fitting garment.

“You did well,” she praises. My heart lifts at that. “Now you may undress and lie on the bed.”

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

I tear my clothes off in record time. The bed shakes violently as I throw myself on top of the covers. My cock is fully stiff as Addie strips off her panties. She steps closer to the bed, crawling up onto it. She moves forward on all fours, coming directly toward me.

I can't wait to bury my face in the straps and cleavage inching my way. With her crawling, those weights hang beautifully, still cradled in their new lingerie. How can it be real that I will make love to this creature? Worship her?

Then she pauses. Smiles mischievously. Turns.

Her enormous thighs and ass back toward me, wobbling with the movement. She straddles my chest, and her legs widen to reveal her wide open pussy. It's different. Shaven. Clean. Pure.

From up ahead, her voice finds me.

“Are you ready to... worship?”

“Yes, goddess.”

## Chapter 7: Rituals

Our sixty-nine session is exquisite. Licking and lapping at Addie’s dripping, heavenly pussy is all I want. It’s all I *need*. Her oversized ass cheeks engulf my face while I work my tongue raw to deliver her pleasure. Somewhere beyond the ass and thighs that make up my known world, her new, bigger breasts rest heavily against me, the satin-like padding of the bra I selected sandwiched between our flesh. The soft, wet warmth of her mouth wraps around my cock.

I manage to hang on long enough to drive her to orgasm. Her muffled screams turn to maximum suction as I erupt into her mouth and throat.

We collapse on the bed immediately after, both panting, spent. After a few moments, she turns around so that her head is next to mine and pulls the covers over her. The moment her figure is hidden away, the phantom in my consciousness retreats until it is summoned again. Addie smiles with her lips and eyes alike, placing a hand on my chest. Her breasts deform against my arm as she leans against me. My brain tells me they’re growing right now. I can feel them swell and expand against the lingerie in real time.

It’s just my imagination, though. Wishful thinking. Still, it’s delightful to imagine her Gs outgrowing those narrow black straps that cross her cleavage, flesh bubbling out through the gaps, forcing them wider until... *snap*.

The thought is hot. Really hot. Same for her massive ass widening until dropping her pussy on my face involves some level of mortal risk.

Glancing down, though, my cock doesn’t stir. It lies flopped against my leg, limp. It’s an impressive length for being soft—by my own low-bar standards, anyway. I don’t think I’ve noticed myself looking so long before. Not that the dick I’m looking at would be considered “long” by most. Or that the difference is near as noteworthy as Addie’s changes. Besides, I’m certain it’s some sort of exhausted, half-mast situation, the result of having just blasted a huge load and now dwelling on thoughts of Addie’s expanding figure.

*Forty-three. Thirty-six. Fifty-one.*

It’ll take a while for me to recover to a point of getting it fully up again.

“That was a lovely session,” Addie’s voice coos to me from her place curled at my side. I turn to look at the top of her head, the only part of her I can see outside her blanket cocoon.

“It was. It really was.”

“I don’t tell you enough how much I love when you go down on me.”

“Same. Though, I think you were the one doing most of the ‘going down,’” I chuckle, revisiting the image of her ass and pussy as they eclipsed the world and lowered on my face.

“Well, your handsome face was sort of asking for me to have a seat. Hmm-hmm.”

Her little giggle is adorable. It puts me further at ease. I smile to no one in particular as her face and breasts all nuzzle against me.

“I love you, Clay.”

Her words are slow, spaced apart. She’s drifting to sleep.

I’m not far behind.

“I love you, too, Addie.”

Slowly, contentedly, lovingly... we fall into our dreams. Mine are filled with growing curves and beckoning pussy.

( Y )

Our worship becomes a regular occurrence over the following days. We repeat the process again on Saturday. Then during both morning and evening on Sunday—fittingly, I would argue, considering the day’s importance to local churches. While all the little families dress up nice and head in for their hymns and sermons, I worship at the altar of Addie.

We take a break on Monday, but Tuesday’s session is one that Addie herself starts. The moment she gets home from work, she answers my general question of “How was your day?” with a sexually charged “Not bad, but I could really go for some ‘worship’ about now.”

Those two syllables: wor-ship. That’s all that needs to slip past her lips before I feel myself threaten to engorge. The mere promise of planting my lips on hers is enough to have me pitching a tent.

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

I admit it felt odd when I first started thinking of going down on her as “worship.” More so now that she’s using the phrase herself. In the moment on Friday night, I was in awe of her measurements and the way she fit into the bra I’d just fetched. As hot as it was for her to ask if I was ready to worship her, it was strange. Not like her. Hot, certainly, but not like her.

This very idea of worshipping her pussy. Of treating her as my personal goddess. It’s all something that was borne from this mysterious presence in me. The phantom in my mind. It’s not Addie. Not the Addie I’ve known for so long, I mean.

It’s a massive turn-on, though, so I put any concerns aside and make like the good little zealot I am. I sing my goddess’s praises all with a dance of my tongue. Any apprehensions about her adoption of the phantom’s lingo are put out of mind.

We go another full day without sex on Wednesday, but Thursday and Friday both see marathon sessions involving more sixty-nine, face-sitting, and a fair amount of me crawling on hands and knees up to her open-legged majesty.

Each time, the phantom reliably takes hold as I see her naked body. Even when she’s just in lingerie or partially undressed, the presence makes itself known. The exact ratio of exposed flesh is one I’ve yet to realize, but it’s not a lot. And Addie now has a plentiful supply of flesh to be exposed. By now, the phantom feels like a part of me that’s always been there. The integration with my “normal” self is nearing completion to a degree that it hardly registers as something odd when I feel it. It’s the way I am now. The way I will be. For a while. Maybe forever. Who can say? I may as well come to terms with it.

Addie’s gained another twelve pounds over the last week. That translates to two inches in her hips and another inch in her overbust, putting her at an H cup. We learn all of this during what she’s decided will be a new weekly pre-worship tradition: the measuring.

On Saturday morning, she stands on the scale, notes her weight, then steps out of the master bathroom, fully nude, arms extended casually at her sides. She’s like an archangel approaching, wreathed in holy rays from the vanity lighting. Her plush thighs rock and ripple subtly from the motion of walking across the bedroom. I sit on my knees in the floor, clutching the same tape measure from the last measuring and wearing only my boxers. My cock tugs at the plaid cotton fabric, unable to break loose.

“Measure me,” Addie commands gently. This new Addie. This sexually assured beauty standing before me. This goddess who has descended to Earth. She’s materialized in a way that I feel like she’s always been here. I know it’s untrue, though. I’ve watched over a few weeks as her body has filled out and her apprehensions and anxieties have melted away, at least when we’re in the context of the bedroom. Any other time of day, she’s more like her same old self, but more self-assured. Not to the level of commanding her lowly devotee, however.

I go through the motions as before until we arrive at her new increased measurements. An inscrutable look crosses her features. Disappointment? Disbelief? Confusion? We both knew that the fertility treatments would run a risk of weight gain. That she’s still growing isn’t a shock. Or it shouldn’t be.

“I’m going to need a new set of clothes at the rate I’m gaining weight. New jeans. New bras. My dresses should be fine for a while. They might fit a little tighter around my...” she pauses to run her hands slowly across her bare breasts then reaches back to cup her ample buttocks, “wider portions...”

“Do you want me to go buy them for you?” I ask, nervous at the thought of having to pick out an entire wardrobe on my own. At the same time, the prospect excites me. The chance to select the garb that will adorn such a flawless figure? It would be an honor.

She has something else in mind, however. With a certainty she’s still growing into, Addie gently shuts down my offer.

“No. You did fine with the bras. More than fine. They’re lovely. Sexy. Perfect.”

I smile at the encouragement from her. Some distant voice in my mind asks why I’m being patted like a good dog for running a simple errand for my fiancée, but I’m too enraptured to pay it any heed. My goddess has praised my performance.

“The wardrobe upgrade can wait. There’s something I *do* want you to do for me now, though,” she says. As the words leave her lips, she bends forward at the waist. Her breasts dangle heavily beneath her, flaunting their heft inches from my face. As much as I wish to fall forward into that free-flowing cleavage, I turn my eyes up to hers as she lifts my chin with an index finger. We’re so close that I can make out the individual lashes that surround her hazel

eyes. She blinks slowly, and it's like agony waiting for those pools of beauty to reopen. At my lower periphery, a smile spreads across her lips, which also appear to have plumped up just the tiniest amount.

“What would you ask of me?”

My phrasing sounds both bizarrely formal and far too casual to be directed at this immaculate creature.

“Remove your boxers and lie down on the bed.”

“Of course.”

Her wish is granted as expediently as I am able. Boxers fly past my rigid mast and off my legs. A second later, my naked body is starfished sideways across our bed, atop both sheets and comforter. Addie stands at my feet, looking down on her waiting disciple. My eyes fix on the curve of her body, following lines from her heavy tits down to her insanely thin waist and back out to the hips that refuse to stop widening. Her own gaze locks on my rigid meat staff in all its under-average glory.

“Measure,” she orders again, lightly tossing the tape measure I abandoned in my hurry to the bed. It flops across my thighs, brushing against the underside of my swollen shaft.

I'm surprised. That she would be so focused on me feels odd. It's a wrinkle in the dynamic we've crafted over the past week. Not wholly unwelcome, but unexpected for my part. My body exists only for her enjoyment. If my goddess chooses to extract that enjoyment by means of this new ritual, then I will observe it.

“O-okay...” I quietly accede, picking up the measure.

The mattress creaks and tilts into a newly formed gravity well as Addie sits her massive behind down. Her curvaceous figure towers above my prostrate body. I factually know it's a trick of perspective and, perhaps, my phantom's own mental trickery, but she seems to loom larger than ever.

She adds no further input, instead silently watching me run the tape through my fingers as I search for the end. When I reach it, I stretch the tape out, bringing the zero to the base of my cock and letting the rest slide deftly between thumb and index finger. When I arrive at the tip, I've begun to soften slightly. My attention has been turned to my own tackle, rather than

my goddess's form, and the banal act of measuring out my measly four inches isn't exactly what the phantom craves in this moment. We can agree on that.

Even without being fully stiff, I'm struck when the tape arrives at its destination reading nearly five inches. It's been years since I measured myself, but I was thorough back then. When you're in college and helplessly nervous about what girls will think, you make sure the numbers are right. Especially when they come out to something as unimpressive as four inches. It's the whole reason I've gone to extensive lengths to ensure my foreplay and oral skills are up to snuff—all to account for my lack of extensive lengths.

Five inches isn't going to set the world on fire, but it's a full inch longer than I was at my rock hardest years ago. Maybe the old tape measure I used wasn't accurate? Maybe *this* tape measure isn't as accurate? Unlikely with how flawlessly that bra cradled Addie's bosom last week. Those numbers weren't off. Not a bit. Maybe I've grown since last measuring? It's possible, I suppose. Looking at myself so closely now, things do appear more "impressive" than I'm used to. Could be my imagination running wild after seeing the unexpected result.

Then Addie's hefty breasts drop into my vision like heavy storm clouds rolling across the sky. Her shy nipples are visibly erect and beginning to emerge from their reclusive homes at the center of her areolas. They appear darker than their usual milky pink hue. A hint of reddish coloration has crept into them. It's not a chocolatey darkening like I'd expect from pregnancy or lactation. It's just that her nipples and areolas appear more... prominent. I'm not complaining about that. To the contrary, I file a reminder to add some suckling into the rotation of our worship rituals, assuming she will permit it. Perhaps once she's done inspecting my cock.

Above the swaying tits, her face looks down at the number on the tape. She smiles again. This time, it's mischievous. Less tender.

"I knew it," she says. Her hot breath wafts down over my dick. The sensation, coupled with the enticing sight of those glorious masses of flesh hanging above me prompt further rigidity.

"Ooh," she lets out a cooing sound. Interest, it seems. That, or hunger... "Looks like you're even bigger still."

I force my gaze back to the tape I still hold idly next to my member. I'm up to almost six inches. Less than a quarter inch shy of the line. There's no doubt I'm bigger than before. Bigger than I was a week ago, even.

I'm growing, too.

My eyes dart to the arc of Addie's backside. The pressure of sitting on the bed has forced the flesh of her lower half outward so that her form is reminiscent of a shortened version of an old glass thermometer, perfectly round at the bottom and narrower above. Her upper half arches lower so that her nipples come tantalizingly close to brushing against my bare skin. Those tits eclipse my view of my own cock.

How can this be Addie? She's so busty. So bottom-heavy. Much more so than she's ever been. An impossible hourglass figure befitting such an angelic presence. My brain tells me it's the treatments. Tells me it's all normal.

But *I'm* not supposed to grow. I've had no fertility treatments. How is my dick half again as long as it's ever been in such a short time? It feels wrong to be alarmed, given it's the dream of countless guys to wake up and suddenly have gained two inches in length, but to see it before my eyes...

"How?"

It's all I can say. All I can ask. All I need to know.

"I don't know," Addie replies, still focused on my meat more than the rest of me. "But I knew you felt bigger in my mouth the last few times you've worshipped me."

"You knew?"

"I suspected. There's been more for me to... enjoy..."

Her marvelous, hanging melons lower with an adjustment of her position, still blocking my view. They droop until they rest heavily on my lower abdomen. As impressive as their size and curvature is, their weight and softness are the true marvels. They're like marshmallows—delicate and plush—but with a heft that echoes the power of these features. Behind them, I feel the unseen grip of her fingers clench around my shaft, one by one.

Pinky.

Ring.

Middle.

Index.

All four digits coil around the rigid heat of my piece, turning it back inward so that I can truly feel it myself. So I can feel how much of my blood has rushed there at the sight of her bolder curves. The pulse of my heartbeat slams against the light pressure of her hand. The head of my cock, however, remains exposed to the cool breeze blown by the ceiling fan above us.

“Definitely larger,” she muses, glancing at me from the corner of her eye before lustfully returning to the prize in her grasp. “You don’t fit in my hand anymore.”

“Barely.”

“Enough.”

She shifts her position again. Her breasts wobble and jiggle, dragging across my stomach, revealing her hold on me like the opening act of a stage play. The leading man is turning red in the face under the gaze of this divine creature who holds him in hand.

I can’t disagree with her assessment of my growth. It’s enough. Enough to be obvious. Enough to have me at a respectable size. Enough to fill her fingers with a little length to spare. It’s only my cockhead that remains free of my goddess’s grip, but it’s something.

“W-why am I growing?” I ask, feeling my mind reel from possible explanations. Of which, I can produce exactly zero. This is recent growth. Though it’s not a lot of size, it’s noteworthy as a spontaneous change. The kind of thing I would see a doctor about. Of course, I could say the same of Addie’s changes if they weren’t being caused by a doctor’s treatments.

“Why *are* you growing?” Addie’s voice conveys less curiosity than it does amusement. She licks her lips almost imperceptibly and adds, “And will it keep happening?”

Then she descends on me like the God of the Old Testament did upon the pharaoh of Egypt. Well, not exactly like that. Hers is a plague of suction.

Those plump, soft lips surround me at the base as every inch of her tongue caresses and cradles the underside of my cock.

Any worry in my mind about the growth is pushed aside. If my goddess appreciates my offering, then I am thankful it is a bountiful one.

( Y )

As another week goes by, I monitor my growth carefully. It's as incremental as Addie's, but there's no denying it. My dick is getting bigger. Both longer and girthier. The length is far simpler to empirically track. The girth is drawn more from my personal gut feeling, more than anything. I try twice, but holding the tape around myself is tricky without help and without being fully stiff. Try as I might, it's not easy to get there without Addie's body directly before my eyes. An accurate measurement isn't happening without a struggle. With concrete evidence of my increasing length, I decide a circumference record isn't all that needed.

With that Saturday worship session kicking off the way it did, I've decided I don't care why I'm growing. Maybe something about the treatment is affecting me. Hormones in her saliva? In her other secretions? I've certainly been partaking of my fair share lately. Drinking of the holy waters.

Whatever the explanation, it's no longer a concern. It probably should be, but if Addie is pleased with more to enjoy, then so am I. And oh! There is so much more to enjoy. I'm pushing seven inches flaccid now. During the Friday measurement session, I see that I've reached the milestone of eight inches when fully erect! The growth is sticking around, and it's picking up speed.

That's true for both of us.

She's an impressive forty-six, thirty-six, fifty-six.

The new strappy bra I bought now looks thoroughly outclassed by the force of Addie's high tide of boob. Waters of pale flesh swell at the garment, forcing their way through exactly the way I once pictured it happening. The padded walls do their best to stem the flow of jiggling mass, but it sloshes strikingly with every single step as she walks, doing its best to overflow. I can see it even through her t-shirts, clear as can be. Those are getting significantly tighter, too, after all. The thin layers of cotton can only hide so much when they're stretched to their absolute limit.

On the occasion that she opts for a dress, any neckline becomes a plunging one. Every length becomes “knee” length. The exception is her single, rarely used cocktail dress which was already an “above knee” dress, thanks to her explosive lower body. Now, with an extra nine inches of hip and buttocks crammed into it, it’s more of a teddy than a dress.

The rest of her clothes—bras, panties, jeans, shorts, skirts—aren’t faring well, either. It’s well past time for a new clothing run, but she’s been putting off the trip she alluded to last Friday. Between our now-daily worship sessions, and a set of sudden work deadlines for us, she’s not had the time. I try to remind her this morning as I watch her struggle to slide denim past the rolling acreage of her milky thighs, and she laughs it off. There’s a part of me that wonders if she’s delaying on purpose. Not out of indecision like she would have a month ago, but out of mischief.

She knows I watch her in the mornings. I’ve shifted my routine to ensure I’m awake for her walk from the shower to the dresser. She used to cover up with a towel and do her best to keep it in place as she shimmied her way into her panties, barely willing to be seen even in her underwear. Now, she parades past, the towel wrapping her hair being the only one in play, pretending she doesn’t feel my gaze follow her. The second that embiggened body of hers slips through the bathroom door, I’m hers. My cock is ready and eager to be offered up in sacrifice. My mouth salivates at the thought of her juices on my tongue and lips. My eyes stick to every curve as she bends forward to become something of a mushroom cloud of soft, billowing perfection. Narrow ankles and calves stretch up into widening thighs and are crowned by the awe-inspiring ass that heralds my end. Then my attention darts to her chest, swaying hypnotically just beyond the display as she fights helplessly against her undersized panties. It takes her some time with the added struggle. Every extra second is enough to tantalize and taunt me.

From time to time, I catch an errant smile on her plumping lips. A gleam in her eye. She knows what she’s doing. / know what she’s doing. I’m all but certain she knows I know what she’s doing.

Then she’s off to work like nothing’s happened. The phantom releases my consciousness the moment that radiant body is covered again.

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

When Addie and I are together—whether it’s cooking, chatting, relaxing, driving, strolling around the neighborhood—life is as it should be. We’re a young couple going about our routine, hoping that an experimental fertility treatment comes through for us to start a family. Addie’s more comfortable making decisions, if only to the degree that she now semi-often suggests options for food or entertainment to which I eagerly agree. Otherwise, nothing is out of the ordinary.

When those clothes come off late in the evening, though...

Everything changes.

I am a devoted follower of the Goddess Adora. Humbly, I throw myself before her and pray that she will lower herself to receive what pleasures I can offer her.

She’s a picture of divinity, growing more fertile by the day as inches pile upon inches.

And every time, she accepts my offering.

And when she sees fit to offer me a commandment, I accept the charge and do what I can to ensure she is satisfied to the extent of my mortal capabilities.

That is the pact by which I worship my Goddess Adora. That is the pact by which I now live.

## Chapter 8: Scriptures

“Let me see that?” Addie asks.

She means the remote. I hold it limp in my hand as I idly scroll through viewing options with no real intention of picking one soon.

Her request isn't a command. Or a commandment, as I tend to think of her bedroom instructions these days. No, this is just what it seems: a gentle request from my lovely fiancée. A barrier has steadily been erected between our lives inside and outside the daily worship sessions. The dynamic present there has remained *only* there. The stark separation isn't intentional. It just... is.

I toss Addie the remote, which she catches, more or less. It's closer to a flinching dodge than anything so assured as the word “catch” would imply. The length of matte black plastic ends up in her hand by the end of it, at least. That's Addie, for you. Not the kind of person to confidently snatch something out of the air, whether she's expecting it to be thrown her direction or not. I love her all the more for it.

“Great catch, Princess,” I say before I can think better of it. She hates that nickname. I never use it except in measured circumstances, but just now, I let it fly. I brace for an imminent souring of her mood.

Instead, she dismissively throws me a “yeah, yeah...” followed by, “I did my best with such a lackluster throw.”

Nothing. Last month, she was an exasperated mess when I teased her with that despised moniker. She begged me to stop. Now, I get barely an acknowledgement, not that I was looking for a real response. It slipped out. It does on occasion. Never with such little fanfare, though.

I watch her curiously as she begins to flick through the streaming options. Within seconds, she puts on a new sitcom. *As Four Us*. I haven't heard of it. Judging from the limited list of episodes on offer, it's brand new. A few weeks old, at most. It's got something to do with two couples moving in together. I don't really care. The sitcom itself is unimportant. What's

messing with my head is the fact that, with no outside input, Addie has proactively asked for the remote and settled on a new show to watch. All in the span of maybe two minutes.

That never happens.

It's always a lengthy hearing in which we make no progress toward a decision, followed by settling on one of the same six shows we've seen beginning-to-end more than a dozen times already. That or random YouTube vids. Comfort TV. Low-thought options. No real decisions.

On top of the total disregard for her hated nickname, it's concerning. No, that's too strong of a word. "Unsettling" is a better way to describe it. More than her dimensions seems to be changing. How rapidly have these other shifts stacked up? What else has been changing, unnoticed? What have I missed while I've fixed my attention on her swelling breasts and widening butt?

She lays the remote down on the arm of the recliner and settles into her spot. It's a big, cushy chair. Wide enough that she jokingly asked if I minded her bringing her "mini couch" along when we moved in together. It's not *that* oversized. Or it wasn't. Now, it's very nearly undersized. Her lower half spans from arm to arm, filling the entire plush seat of the thing. Crossing her arms takes a few awkward attempts as her bigger chest resists attempts to be withheld. The end result is a pose involving one arm loosely held across her abdomen and the other on the arm of the recliner. Relaxed yet focused as she watches the sitcom's moderately entertaining pilot episode play out on the screen across the room.

I don't watch it. I watch Addie. Or whoever Addie has become. The casual decisiveness. The confidence. The general air of being totally comfortable with who she is. It's a good look.

The ill-fitting clothing she still hasn't bothered to replace. That's a good look, too.

"What?" she asks. The screwed-up smile on her face paints a picture of amusement and incredulity. It's perfectly innocent.

"You're different," I respond, hoping it doesn't sound as pointed as I think it does now that it's out in the world and not just a thought in my head.

Her eyes dart away, back to the three-quarters of a living room on TV. One of the two wives is panicked over the tandem dinner parties the household has promised. Addie's eyes return

to me quickly. Her smile is more dismissive now, like she's willing me to play along. To not push the issue.

"Of course I'm different!" she gives an abrupt shimmy of her shoulders, causing her thighs to slide around noticeably beneath her as her chest undulates in the too-small bra and t-shirt that constrain it. I feel minimal response from my body. That kind of jiggle has proven to be an instant "on" switch for me lately, but—as hot as she is with her new proportions and as unbelievable as they look in motion—the most my loins can muster is an understated "whoa."

"Physically, yes, but I mean—"

"That reminds me!" she interrupts again, jumping up from the chair with more wobbling. Is she intentionally avoiding this conversation? Or is she just flitting from thought to thought? *That* certainly wouldn't be unlike her.

Prancing across the room, she fishes through a plastic shopping bag on our catch-all table next to the door. "I picked this up on my lunch break. I thought it could be fun."

With a flick of her arm, a deep violet rectangular form careens through the air and lands in my lap with a sharp *smack*. I'm suddenly relieved that my little guy is asleep on the job. That impact could've done some damage, otherwise.

The mystery projectile is a notebook with a lovely binding. Velvety material—perhaps actual velvet—adorns most of the front and back covers, as well as the spine. Faux—I assume—gold leaf accents run along the perimeter of the thing, with a large black placard in the center. There are no words or title there, only space to add your own.

I look to Addie for elaboration, but she gives only a silent nod that conveys "take a closer look."

Flipping open the cover, my suspicions are confirmed. The tome is a lusciously bound notebook or journal. There's no way it was a cheap one, either. The parchment-colored pages—all of them, with their lux gilded edges—are blank, apart from horizontal rule lines to enter whatever the owner wishes.

*I thought it could be fun.* The way she said those words helps my mind slot the pieces into place.

“For measurements?” I ask, already knowing the answer.

“With *both of us* changing so rapidly now, I thought it would be good to start tracking things.”

“So you can show the doctor next month. That makes sense.”

“Sure,” she says flatly enough to emphasize how little she agrees with my assessment. “But also so we can just... watch the numbers go up.”

She’s really getting into this whole worship thing. I can’t deny it’s a hot idea. With the weekly measuring session every Saturday, it makes sense to have somewhere we can record her measurements. *Our measurements*, I guess. My thoughts drift to my member, nearly doubled in length at last measure (and still unusually calm during this discussion of Addie’s growing curves).

“I’m game,” I say, placing the book on the couch cushion next to me.

“Then maybe we should go add the first entry.”

It’s Tuesday. We just measured on Saturday, same as the last few weeks. I guess the book is something new. It makes a good excuse to break from our schedule. Every day is a day of worship for the Holy Church of the Goddess Adora, after all. Why wait for Saturday mass to indulge in her radiance?

I don’t dwell on her eager deviation from an established routine. It’s just one more thing that’s changed about Addie. Another small thing in a long list of many other small things. Along with the couple obvious *big* things...

In a split second, the new journal is in my hand, and I’m following Addie down the hallway toward our bedroom-turned-holy-sanctuary. Even seconds away from seeing her body in all its new glory, I’m concerned that I’m still fully flaccid. Ever since we noticed my own changes, it’s become much easier to stay conscious of my current arousal state. When I’m hard, it’s a *noticeable* situation as my pants and boxers grow uncomfortable in the bat of an eye.

What’s happening to me? Could daily worship sessions have finally taken a toll on my libido? Has my phantom just wandered off? A clouded miasma swirls in my head, a potent mixture of anxiety and uncertainty and anticipation.

When I walk through the open doorway, Addie's t-shirt is already flying across the room, and her hands claw at the strained fasteners at the front of her jeans. The soft, milky flesh of her back is bisected by the biting band of her bra. Neurons begin to fire. Those massive hips sway and wiggle as she dances herself down to only underwear.

The phantom has gone nowhere. He's back in a flash with a death grip on the wheel, slamming both feet down on the accelerator. My pants grow tight enough that I begin to envy Addie and the insanely undersized panties from which her ass cheeks now explode. They seem almost roomy by comparison.

"I think we should begin with *your* measurements," Addie says, now turned toward me. Her eyes fix on the bulge at my crotch. Mine fix on the weighty forms of her bra-bound breasts. The phantom and I both know that we'll be blessed with the opportunity to touch those heavenly spheres during the measuring. For now, it seems too profane to consider touching this goddess. Not before I've sated her whims.

"Should I undress now, Goddess?"

"Please do. We need access, after all."

Belt buckle. Button. Zipper. As my own denim cage is flung open, the still-restrictive cotton of my boxers is now all that stands between my cock and my Adora.

"Those too."

I don't reply. I only *comply*.

Hooking the elastic waist, I drag them down past my rigid rod, casting them down into the floor around my ankles. A mangled, discarded ring of blue textile with maroon pinstripes now lies below my goddess's engorged holy scepter, for which I am her trusted bearer.

"You've grown more."

"So have you," I point out, still staring into the void of her cleavage, barely held back by delicate lace. My words are bitter. Responding to her with such frankness tastes of blasphemy.

She doesn't remark on my possible insolence. She only smiles with obvious hunger as she casts her gaze downward. Her posture is stooped so that her view of my manhood is unobstructed by the mounds that would otherwise hide it.

“The tape is in the usual place.”

She doesn't command me to fetch it. She relays nothing more than that simple statement. Why would she need to? I know what she desires, and she can trust me to act upon that desire. I prance to the dresser where the same tape measure is folded neatly back upon itself so that it's easily scooped into hand.

My brain tricks itself into believing I can feel the warmth of her bosom still burned into the flexible thing. It's been days since we last used it. The rational part of me knows it's impossible. The phantom, however, whispers thoughts of Addie's searing holy light. It tells me her radiance is so absolute that anything that has been touched by her plush form will forever carry a memory of that contact.

I think I believe the phantom.

Moving to the edge of our bed, I sit and repeat the quite familiar process of measuring my cock.

“Nine and a half inches,” I announce. She's right about my growth. I was at eight only a few days ago. Coming from four inches at full mast, it's no wonder my pants were so stifling. I'll need to invest in some roomier boxers. Soon.

“Quite the bounty,” she says, stepping closer with the small violet journal jutting upward from her cleavage. I never saw her tuck it there, but it's a delightful place for it. She stops and bends almost ninety degrees forward. Gravity pulls at her godly goods, resisted only by bra straps under so much tension they appear to vibrate. “You should record it.”

I gaze upon her tits. Then at the book. Then up to her eyes. The look there tells me to take the journal. She won't wait long.

My fingers clutch the faintly fuzzy texture of the cover and pull. It's wedged tight between the impressive weights that hold it. I pull harder and the flesh shifts. The journal budes. As it comes free, that split of cleavage seals back like nothing was ever there. Like it could swallow me up and look the same. The idea of burying my extended cock in there and letting it disappear from the world occurs to me. Of course, I would only accept such a pleasure if my goddess willed it.

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

The book's cover is warm against my hands. Truly warm, unlike the measuring tape that held a memory of warmth. This relic was kissed by her expansive assets only a second ago. I run my fingertips along the front cover slowly. It's soft, but nowhere near the softness she possesses.

The spine still creaks as I flip to the first page. Over a dozen rows of untouched lines call for an entry.

My goddess clears her throat, pulling my attention. Before I can reach her face, I spy an ink pen, lost in her cleavage right where the book was. It looks like the mast of a ship already lost below a churning sea. Again, I never saw her put it there. I urge the phantom not to suggest that the goddess has materialized these items via omnipotence. I would have no power to deny the claim.

The pen slides out with another focused tug. It, too, feels enticingly warm in my grip as I add my name, the date, and the entry "Length 9 ½ inches" in its luxurious, easily flowing metallic gold ink. It's fittingly opulent as my handwriting dries into the page.

We repeat the process for my girth: largely unchanged from Saturday's four and seven eighths inches.

Then the bra comes off for her chest measurements: up to a mind-boggling 57G. There's a poetic satisfaction in that, seven being the oft-cited "holy" number and G, of course, standing for "Goddess."

Her waist is unchanged at 36 inches, but her hips have bloomed up to 58 inches. Two inches of gain in three days! It's not an unusual spike in growth based on the past few weeks of measuring, but she'll reach inhuman proportions before long if it keeps up! Already has, if I'm honest. She's been shaped like a being of divine grace for a while now.

Topless. Hands resting on flared hips. Posture favoring her left leg a little more than the right. She lords over me as I record her numbers like a scribe in a monastery. Having completed the first verse of this new scripture of the Holy Church of the Goddess Adora, I blow lightly on the ink, close the book, and place it on the bedside table along with the pen.

"We've both grown a good deal," she says.

“We have,” I agree as my eyes wander aimlessly from hip to hip to waist to breast to breast to eyes and back down to repeat the circuit as long as she permits me. She doesn’t interrupt, letting me get lost wandering her hills and valleys. It’s gorgeous country in which to get lost.

Finally, she breaks my adoration by speaking again. I faithfully return my lusty gaze to hers.

“What do you really think of my new shape?” There’s a sincerity to her tone that is unmatched by the knowing mischief in her eyes and almost-imperceptibly upturned smile, sandwiched between lips just a little fuller than they were. She knows exactly what I think. I’ve taken every opportunity to make that known during our daily sessions. She wants me to vocalize it once more for nothing more than her own enjoyment. But if not for her enjoyment, why am I here?

“My Adora. My Goddess Adora. My inspiration and aspiration. There are no words that exist in any mortal tongue which would serve to rightly relay my feelings on your growing body. I want only to worship your curvature. To feel the mighty immensity of your perfection weigh down on me as I endeavor to provide you with even a hollow semblance of the pleasures which you deserve. To be permitted even to lay eyes upon this divine form you call a body is an honor of which I am unworthy.”

What is this? It’s unrehearsed. It’s unlike me. These words, wherever they come from, aren’t mine. But they’re not untrue. Far from it. They are precisely how I feel. Or is it how the phantom feels or makes me feel? Is there a reason to consider the distinction anymore? All that matters is she is faultless, and I am unworthy. Yet she sees fit to humor my mortal opinions.

“Quite flattering,” she chuckles. My eyes dare only drift down as far as the upper reaches of her hanging breasts, where the flesh shudders lightly from the laughter. “Well, my little ‘unworthy’ worshipper... if you could ask anything of your goddess... if you could *pray* for one little blessing in this moment...”

She bends down again so that her pendulous breasts and sharp, smiling face fill my vision in near equal parts.

“What would you pray for?”

What *would* I pray for? She's my goddess. Of course I would pray to her. But what could I possibly ask of her? She already allows me to trace my tongue along the sweetness of her lips as I lie prostrate in the valley between her thighs. She will, on occasion, perform godly works of pleasure upon this lowly disciple with her hands. She even graces me with the glorious sensations of her tongue upon my scepter.

What more could I pray for?

"Well?" she asks again, still bent before me. Staring into the blinding divinity of her chest, I have an idea.

"I would... like..."

"That doesn't sound like a prayer to me," she says with mock derision.

"I beg your forgiveness. I have been profanely informal in your presence, my goddess."

"You are forgiven, for I am a merciful goddess."

Her voice is so cheerfully amused. Whether she's playing along or truly taken with this idea of being my deity, I couldn't possibly say, even outside the murkiness of the phantom's hold. It's of no consequence, either way.

I push my body forward, landing on the bedroom carpet with my knees. The coarse fibers dig into my skin with a gnawing discomfort. Addie stands upright and takes two quick steps backward. Gazing up, she truly feels like a divine presence on high, looking down at her creation from above massive clouds of supple flesh.

"My dearest Goddess Adora," I begin, averting my gaze and bowing my head, eyes clenched tight. It occurs to me that the phantom would have fought terribly to prevent me from willingly turning from her countenance when this all began. Perhaps even the phantom understands I must show proper respect to my goddess if I have a chance of receiving a blessing from her. "I pray to you, asking humbly, that your holiness would deign to bless this simple follower with the wonder of feeling your grand bosom wrapped around my cock."

"A titty fuck. That is what you would ask of your goddess?"

"Yes, Goddess. Your breasts have grown so grand in these recent days. Your cleavage is alluring and inviting. It tempts me. Would you consider bestowing such a generous gift as this upon my unworthy self?"

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

Silence. It stretches long enough that I grow curious whether she is waiting for me to lift my head and look at her once more. But I don't dare. I only lower myself further in a show of submission to her will.

Eventually, I feel her presence move. Fabric audibly slides against skin. The bed frame creaks behind me. Only then does she speak.

“I will consider your request, but you must first... make me a suitable offering.”

This time, I can feel the buzz of her waiting. I open my eyes and stand to face the bed. She lies there nude, her infinite glory fully exposed.

“Happily, my goddess!”

I leap onto the bed and settle into the space between those thighs where I put my tongue to immediate work. My offering is meager. It is pitiful. But it is all I have to offer her.

For long minutes, I give her what pleasure I can give. I lick and swirl and suckle and slide and more. Her delectable taste is only heightened by whatever hormonal changes this fertility treatment is causing to rage within her. Up, beyond the rolling meadow of her tummy and the mountainous peaks of her breasts, a hallowed moan echoes down to my ears. It would appear the goddess is enjoying my worship.

As we grow more frenzied, she eventually interrupts with a call for me to listen.

“Clay?”

I stop and emerge from her folds, inhaling fresh oxygen through the thickness of her scent.

“Yes, Goddess?”

“There is something else I would like to have added to the scriptures.”

“Another measurement?”

I can think of nothing else. All of the physical changes have been marked. Sure, things are clearly going on inside our heads. Our behavior has changed. Anyone could see that, phantom or no. But how do you track behavioral change? What does she have in mind?

“Yes. I would like to measure... your stamina.”

That could mean any number of things. I look to her, still unclear. She doesn't elaborate. She only commands.

“Take a deep breath.”

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

I do as she says. The moment my lungs are full, my face is driven into her pussy with such sudden force that I haven't the reflexes to resist. Not that I would want to.

She holds both hands, open palms, against the back of my head, driving me into her sacred spring. The hold is so firm, so unyielding, that my nose and mouth are both held tight against her, no hope to draw breath. I could pull away. I know she would allow me, but that would be going against her will. It's unacceptable unless I've no other option.

Her voice is muffled with my ears pressed against her thighs, but I hear the measured counting. "One. Two. Three. Four." Every second, she counts. Whether she is watching a clock or just estimating the count, I don't question. My Goddess is measuring my stamina. This is a challenge handed down from her to me. It's unstated, but I know it. Bring her to the crest of pleasure before I run out of air. Or last as long as I can. That, she will measure and add to the scriptures.

I accept.

"Seven."

My actions reach a fever pitch. I rapidly grind my face against her, letting my tongue dip into her deepest nooks and using my lip and nose equally to massage her clitoris.

"Nine. Ten."

Her leviathan thighs on either side quake and close in, squeezing my head with great force. Old videos of strong women crushing watermelons in my exact position enter my thoughts. It would be no difficult thing for a goddess to do as much.

"Fourteen. Fifteen."

Faster. Harder. She begins to thrash her pelvis around as I fight against hypoxia. I lose track of her counting. Every ounce of my focus is on this offering of mine. If I can succeed, if I can show her I'm anywhere near worthy, maybe she will grace me with an answer to my prayer.

At last, the drowned, distant cry of Adora's orgasm sounds, like a chorus of angels singing on high. Thighs clench. Hands push harder. Lungs burn. Tongue continues. White spots float in my vision.

Then she releases me. I fly back with a deep inhalation of merciful air. My goddess pants, exhausted before me. A rare glimpse of her with a suggestion of mortality.

I sit back on my hands, taking in the miraculous sight. Waiting. Still praying.

She breathlessly remarks, “Fifty-seven seconds. Well done. Be sure to add it to the book.”

“I shall, Goddess.”

I don’t reach for the book. I simply sit back, my legs somehow under both myself and one of her legs. It’s an uncomfortable position, but correcting it would disturb her post-coital bliss.

“Waiting for an answer to your prayer?” she finally asks, nonchalant.

“I... I am, Goddess. Respectfully.”

She looks down at my enlarged, erect cock. *Her* cock. Hers to do with as she pleases. It’s now only erect in the presence of her magnanimity, after all. For me alone, it’s become powerless.

“Your offering has pleased your goddess.”

The words come so slowly. I hang on them.

“But no. I will not bless your cock with my breasts. Not at this time.”

I should feel disappointed. I should feel betrayed or toyed with.

All I feel, though, is happiness that she has given me her answer. She has responded to my prayer, even if it’s not the answer I wished for.

“However,” she continues. She holds out the book and pen. “Once you have recorded your time in the scriptures... I will drink of your seed.”

While it’s not what I prayed for, who would decline when a goddess offers such a thing?

“It is yours to drink, Goddess.”

## Chapter 9: Powers

The story of our lives over the next few weeks is spoken in short, unsurprising sentences. The nouns and verbs are the same as ever, punctuated by the commas and exclamation points of our daily worship sessions.

Those, too, continue largely unchanged. The phantom and I ogle. Addie lays down her divine decrees. Measurements are recorded. I drink of her waters and offer my devotion and meager pleasures. She entertains my prayers. Most of them are prayers for a chance to feel her growing bosom envelop my own growing part. It's beginning to feel like an obsession. She considers my requests thoughtfully—whether truly sincerely, I couldn't say—but each time, she declines with a glimmer in her eye and a smile perched on her lips. Instead she reciprocates my offerings with her hands or mouth, assuming I haven't cum into the bedsheets as I lap at her pussy. That happens more frequently as the days pass. She seems unbothered by it. I know I am. We just change the sheets and carry on with our evening afterward.

Despite the constant denial of my prayers, I remain faithfully devoted. But I find myself wanting to feel the soft depths of her cleavage more than ever. I continue to pray every time. I can only hope she will grant me this one divine gift when she sees fit.

The aftermath of a session is always pleasant. Despite her teasing and domineering, we typically spend the following hour or two lying in bed, holding one another beneath the covers. As long as I don't allow myself to glimpse her heavenly body, I'm content to lie there beside my fiancée as we tell one another how in love we are and how happy we are with our life. She asks often whether I'm still enjoying our sex life, whether I'm still enjoying her. One night, she utters the unspoken implication aloud: "Am I taking this too far?"

"Not at all," I say with a smile and a gentle kiss on her lips.

"Tell me if I do?"

"The very second."

I mean it. I will tell her. But the thought of Addie taking this too far seems absurd. Like a world-renowned chef asking diners to let him know if he takes his menu too far. She's an

artist at the top of her game right now. I'm bursting with anticipation to discover what she does next.

After my reassurance, she holds me tightly. I hold her back. We drift to sleep together.

Though our routine stands mostly unchanged, the same cannot be said of our bodies. The exact rate of growth varies wildly from day to day, but it's *always* a real, measurable gain. Her ass, hips, and breasts continue to balloon, while my dick grows longer and thicker. Buying roomier clothes becomes a regular Saturday outing, at least for the first few weeks. As we approach the next appointment with Dr. Grof, we're both getting into sizes that defy locally sourced clothing options.

Even when flaccid, my dick and balls—it turns out they're growing, too!—become bulky enough that I start buying significantly oversized boxers and pants. Forgetting a belt is no longer an option. To have the faintest chance at stuffing my junk down into an article of clothing, I've got to go with waist measurements far beyond my actual size. It's the only way I've found to ensure enough room in the crotch without going with custom-made.

Meanwhile, Addie goes through every size of t-shirt, pants, bra, and panties she can find. Her wardrobe refreshes progress from lengthy try-on sessions to multi-store excursions throughout the mall and half the downtown boutiques. No one place has half of what she needs in the sizes she needs. A brief reprieve arrives in the form of a local plus-size shop that has everything but panties that can properly fit her colossal hips and thighs. By the time we discover the place, though, she gets a week of wear out of their biggest sizes before reaching dimensions that yield an apologetic shrug and plenty of incognito stares from the store's two employees.

Four weeks after Addie brought home the journal and our daily measurements began, the next appointment is a day away. We've hit entirely new levels of both size and desperation. I now resort to freeballing in oversized sweatpants. They're comfortable and roomy, and they don't become an issue unless I get hard. Thankfully—and somewhat troublingly—I don't really have to worry about that when I'm out. My inability to rouse my sleeping serpent without direct visual on Addie's body has gone nowhere. Instead, it's intensified. While I

wholeheartedly appreciate the insane curves my fiancée has gained, it's hard to so much as picture her nude anymore when I'm not looking directly at her unclothed form.

It's like the phantom has been toiling away beneath my notice. He's erected walls and dug channels, bifurcating my consciousness. One half is the mundane, everyday me that loves and lives with Addie happily. The other is the submissive religious zealot that worships the Goddess Adora nightly, watching his cock grow to a foot in length and as big around as his own wrist all while she grows, too.

"Hey there!" Addie says happily. She steps through the front door of our home at an awkward angle to avoid catching herself on the doorframe. After one leg is in, the other follows in a measured step. She's getting good at maneuvering her new body.

"Hey, yourself!" I greet her without looking up from my phone.

I'm sprawled out on the couch. Work was exhausting, and I've had no energy for anything but vegging since I arrived home. A new video from one of my favorite YouTubers plays on TV, but I've barely paid it any attention.

Addie dumps her purse near the door and parks herself in the middle of the living room at the edge of my vision.

"You look comfortable."

I laugh lightly and shrug.

"I am."

She laughs back. After a thoughtful pause, she says, "I... uh... may have a situation..."

Her standard sweats and tee combo have been traded out for a full-length sky-blue dress. It's one she bought on our last Saturday shopping trip three days ago. She's had better luck finding plus-size dresses that have enough room to accommodate her curves. Anything meant to be fully form-fitting is out of the question these days. This blue dress was a tight fit that day, but now, she's all but exploding out of the thing.

The lower half of the dress pulls at its own seams. It stretches taut over her tree-trunk thighs and huge behind. I can easily make out every detail of her panty line where it bites into her hips and slight stomach pudge. Even the shadowy divot of her bellybutton is clearly visible through the dress.

The overlapped fabric of the neckline has been driven apart into a shockingly deep plunge. Her dark rift of cleavage divides the milky-white hillocks of her breasts as they overflow both the dress and the bra hardly concealed beneath it. She's well outgrown the bras I purchased at her instruction weeks ago. This one is an unexciting fleshy-beige color but has a gorgeous white lace around the edges. Even that delicate lace has been shoved aside and folded over by the excess of flesh. The saucy pink edges of her areolas tease from the edges of the garment.

"You left the house wearing that?" I ask, already feeling the guiding hand of the phantom as my gaze lingers on the scandalous amount of breast meat on display.

"It was tight, but I was able to make it through the day," she sighs. She rests both hands on the wide slopes of her hips. "I drove in, sat in my stupid little corner of the building, and did my work. Hardly anyone was there today with all the summer vacations going on."

I don't say a word. I'm transfixed by the dancing flesh on display before me. Sixty-five inches was her overbust measurement last night. We've given up on calculating cup sizes. They don't seem to have much relevance at these dimensions. The one she's overflowing is a P-cup she found at the boutique. How could anyone think this was an appropriate work outfit?

"I wasn't 'on display' or anything. All this... escaping. It's... recent."

At that, my attention is successfully pulled away from her breasts.

"Recent? Like it happened since you left for work?"

"It happened since I got out of the car!"

My head spins. She went from "tight but okay for work" to looking like a burlesque dancer halfway through a routine in the minute it took her to come into the house. That can't be right. Maybe something slipped? She turned in an odd way that caused the spillage. The dress pulled itself crooked as she climbed out of the car. A million possible explanations flit through my mind. There's no way she grew enough to explode out of her clothes that quickly.

There's no way.

There's no way.

There's no way.

“You seem to be having the same problem,” she says. Her voice is different this time. It’s lower. More subtle. Teasing. Taunting.

I feel the tug at my inner thigh just as she says something. I’m getting hard. The triangular view of her massive jugs is enough to awaken the serpent. In my lap, the grey material of my sweats writhes and bulges. My member traces a path down my leg, swelling and pulsating. The soft rubbing of my own hot flesh alerts me to its rapid progression from soft to rigid. A sudden heaving flex of my cock is accompanied by a jerk at the fabric.

It yearns to break free. It yearns for the goddess. We’re one and the same, my cock and I. The phantom, my cock, and I. We are all one entity, and Addie’s revealing growth spurt, whatever its cause, is enough to make that entity hers and only hers.

I am ready to serve my goddess.

My sweatpants become a circus tent of grey material, hoisted high on the central pole of my dick. The cool air of the living room rushes in and brushes against the base of my shaft and swollen sack. This tent I’ve erected pulls my waistband up and away from my body. The gap between my body and my clothing is a few inches wide at least.

Addie watches with hunger and anticipation in her eyes as I change into her worshipper.

“I don’t know why we keep denying it. This fertility treatment is doing things to me. To us. I don’t know how. I don’t know. It just is. This hold I’ve got over you. My bigger curves. Your bigger dick. It’s all this treatment.”

She doesn’t sound incredulous or uncertain. She sounds more sure of herself than I have ever heard her. She’s been thinking about this a lot. That much is clear. She’s just vocalizing what she’s already hashed out in her head.

Addie steps forward, tugging at her painted-on dress.

“While I was getting out of the car, all I could think about was the fact that you were in the house, ready to bow down and worship me and praise me and treat me like your goddess.”

The hem of the dress rises past the widest portion of her thighs and exposes her panties, all but engulfed by the soft body around and inside them. The outline of her pussy is plainly visible through the garment. Its purple fibers are darkened by the dampness of her juices.

My mouth salivates.

“I wanted nothing more than to come in here and make you do exactly what I tell you to do and receive only your undying gratitude for having you do it. That and the pleasure of your offerings...”

“I want nothing more than to make those offerings, Goddess,” I say. I gaze up at her from my place on the couch like a devotee in a pew looking up at the stained-glass depiction of my deity behind the altar.

“Good.”

Getting her dress up over the mounds on her chest takes a few hearty tugs. Each one causes mind-numbing ripples of movement to run through those incredible, soft, heavy tits. A familiar pang of desire stabs through me as I imagine them wrapped around my own immensity. Perhaps I can pray for such a gift once she’s had her way with me.

“With every step I took closer to the door—closer to my cathedral and my meek little subject—I felt myself radiate power. Size. I felt my clothes tighten. My threads creak.”

With a snap, her outclassed bra is flung across the room, and her nipples are fully exposed, erect, and no longer tucked away shyly.

“I could feel myself becoming the goddess I’m meant to be. The goddess you *need* me to be.”

My personal deity. Adora, Goddess of Fertility.

In my present state, it makes total sense that she would physically grow into her role as goddess. How absurd would it be if she didn’t? For a being of such divine might to occupy an Earthly vessel, it would have to be shaped in a way that could properly contain her glory.

She bends forward and peels down her underwear. Her inner thighs are slick with her own wetness as the fabric slides past.

“I need to rearrange a bit,” she continues, now nude. “And you need to remove those. They offend your goddess...”

She flicks dismissively at my pants. A small dark spot has formed where the tip of my cock strains hard against the clothing. I jump up into an awkward crouching-standing position and strip them away. I must do as my goddess commands.

While I struggle to pull myself free of the pants, Addie pays me no mind. Instead, she's busy pulling aside the storage ottoman and coffee table. She drags her chair across the living room floor with a dull roar of wood on wood with only a cheap rug in between.

Pants torn free and shirt thrown off for good measure, I stand before my goddess. Whatever her aims with the furniture, she finishes and turns back to me. Her eyes trace my body up and down, dawdling happily at the cock that projects a foot from my pelvis and bounces anticipatorily at an upward tilt.

"Sit," she commands, letting herself drop into her chair, now positioned so that it sits directly opposite of and faces the couch. Nothing else stands between the two of us. I obey her word, letting my weight fall to the couch behind me. My testicles ache, but I'm unsure if it's the impact or a burning desire to release seed for my goddess.

"You look very hard, my little pious one."

Her voice has taken on the distinct timbre of my goddess: powerful and commanding. It's a voice I'm happy to obey, lest I be smote where I sit.

"I am very hard, my goddess," I echo her wording and cadence.

"How hard are you? I wish for you to tell me."

"I'm..." I search for the proper words, but my brain is filled with larger-than-lifesize images of her naked form, wedged tightly between the arms of her chair. She adjusts her posture, and her right thigh balloons upward. A portion of the soft flesh flows up onto the arm. Was it just the shift in position, or did she grow again right before my eyes?

"I asked you how hard you are," she says, clearing her throat.

I've allowed my goddess's body to distract me from her command. It was a foolish mistake.

"I'm sorry, Goddess. Please forgive me."

She looks on, unblinking. Her expression is solemn and impossible to read.

I bring a hand to the shaft of my cock near the base. My fingers are barely unable to meet as I wrap them around the circumference. The meat is hot against my palm and pulses every second or so.

"What do you feel?" she asks, the edge in her voice softened again.

"It's hot. Rigid."

“Look at the breasts of your goddess. I know you enjoy that.”

She leans forward so that her lap is nearly filled with her tits. They lie smushed onto the tops of her thighs. Her nipples are just high enough to still show. Her cleavage is inviting. Enticing. I want my cock to be in that warm embrace. It would be an experience after which I could die fulfilled.

As I gawk, I throb again. I didn't think my cock could feel any harder than it already did, but as my blood pumps southward, it becomes so hard it could surely shatter diamonds. My balls tighten as my seed begs to be handed over for my goddess's consumption. Never have I experienced anything like this.

How can I be this erect?

It's a stupid question.

I know exactly how. Seeing the inhumanly proportioned creature seated across from me, I know this is all her doing. Whatever power she's come to possess—whatever power allowed her body to instantaneously plump itself up to the extent it was bursting from her clothing—that same power is letting her hold sway over my thoughts and actions. My desires. My size! She really *has* become a goddess...

“Looking at my breasts seems to have quite an effect on you. Are you thinking about fucking them again?” she coos, staring at my reddening, straining column. With every twitch, it swings back, nearly slamming against my naked torso before returning to its forward position. Every time it does so, I could swear it's a few millimeters longer...

“Yes, Goddess.”

“Now tell me, one last time. What do you feel?”

“Heat like I've never felt before. And a... pressure... inside me. Like something powerful is being poured directly into my groin and changing me. Hardening me. Lengthening me. Swelling my balls until I can't possibly keep all this cum contained inside them.”

The words tumble from my mouth. Though I couldn't pretend to understand what her hold over me is, I can absolutely describe it. Because it is the will of my Goddess Adora. It is all that I know.

“Go on...”

Her eyes remain locked onto the purple-red head of my pole, but her knees begin to move. They part. Her thighs part. She pushes her massive ass forward and leans back into the chair. She reclines enough to lift her legs above the arms, hanging them over the sides of the recliner.

I don't dare stop speaking, as much as I want to dive into the fertile valley opening before me.

"My cock yearns for your touch, Goddess. Your... softness. Your lips and tongue. Your fingertips. Your cleavage."

"Not my pussy?" she parts her labia with two fingers, revealing a perfect picture of glistening pink. Thin bands of orange evening sun break through the pulled shades behind me. Her wetness shines in that light as it wanders across her rolling hills.

Another throb causes me to twitch again. This time, the thing does slam into my own naked flesh with a meaty *plap*. The force of the impact nearly shakes me out of my trance, but I fight to stay in it. I don't want to come back to the real world. My goddess doesn't want me to come back to the real world. For now, I am in her realm. Her heavenly kingdom.

"You can tell me if you want to slide your cock into this dripping... waiting... pussy..."

As she teases me, she slides her ring and index fingers down into her folds, spreading the flesh there wide so that every bit of her holiness is on display. I try to think back to a time, weeks ago, when I was sliding my below-average cock into that tight, velvety pussy of hers... It feels like another me. I guess it was, in a way. It was another her, too.

"I can't, Goddess. We... can't. The doctor said not until after the treatments..."

"Hmm... I suppose you're right..."

Her fingers continue to explore. The tip of her middle finger comes down on the little swollen bulb of her clit. She presses gently and moves that finger in a slow, tight circle. Watching it causes the ache in my balls to bloom into full-body pain. Maybe it's more of a pressure. I don't know. It's like my very soul is fighting to break free of my immobile body, crying out for me to get up and fuck her.

"It's really too bad you can't slide that massive rod into me. Assuming you could fit, that is..." her eyes flit up to mine for a moment. I don't meet her gaze. Instead, I watch every little

motion her fingers make at her enticing opening. They slide down and her middle finger curls inward, pressing its way inside. With an adjustment, her ring finger joins it. Then her pointer. All three fingers slide happily into her pussy. Deeper and deeper until they're all three buried to the first knuckle. She slides them back out and in. And then does it again. She inhales slowly through her nose and lets out a moan so low it registers more as a vibration.

“Yeah...” she says, not stopping. “I think you’d have *plenty* of room...”

How can she do this to me? She knows I can’t. *We* can’t. But my goddess wants it. I can’t disobey her. I can’t ignore her.

*Throb. Smack. Throb. Smack.*

My cock bucks so hard it’s becoming a chore to maintain my grip around the base. I swear it wasn’t this girthy a moment ago...

“May I offer my goddess pleasure with my tongue, instead?” I say meekly, hoping I can end this awful dilemma. I want to do *something* to her fertile body. Lick her. Rub her. Squeeze her. Caress her.

I just can’t *fuck* her... It’s for the good of her own fertility treatments...

“No. You may sit there and look upon my glory and feel that rod grow hard enough to be worthy of fucking this body.”

I clamp my lips.

“Actually, no,” she adds. The look on her face tells me she just had a wicked idea. “Come here.”

I stand up, taking care where I swing my branch. It juts from me like the prow of a ship sailing to the promised land as I approach my seated goddess. It feels so wrong to stand over her like this. Despite our relative positions, her presence is still one of immense authority.

She turns her head in a measured rotation. My shaft floats near her eye level. Her tongue traces her lips like she’s contemplating my taste. Another twitch causes me to bounce, tugging at my core muscles as my cock falls back into place. She follows the motion so closely that her head nods with it.

“Give me your hand,” she commands.

I hold out my left hand, fingers gently extended like I'm expecting a handshake. The truth is I have no idea what I expect. It's certainly not for her plunge her fingers into herself once more before bringing them up to my waiting hand. A thin strand of her juices stretches from pussy to fingers for the first few inches of the arc before it breaks. When her hand meets mine, she caresses my palm, rubbing her plentiful fluids onto my skin. The wetness sends a tingle through my loins and up the back of my neck. My mouth salivates of its own accord. I want to lap up those waters right now.

"Return to your place," she says as she finishes smearing her own wetness onto me. I turn my palm upward to avoid the precious nectar dripping to the floor. Another sliver of sunlight catches my hand, reflecting off the juices there.

Once seated, I receive my next commandment.

"Rub yourself with it. Pleasure yourself for me."

I hesitantly bring my slippery hand to my shaft again. Just before I make contact, I look to her. Her brow is set, and her eyes watch, wanting.

Touching myself... masturbating... it's not my thing. It just feels... unrewarding. Flashes of the first week of no sex flicker around my thoughts. I couldn't bring myself to do it then, when I needed a release so desperately.

But I need one worse, now.

More than that, my fertility goddess has commanded it. What I want is irrelevant.

When skin meets skin, the contact is so smooth and slick from her juices that it barely feels like I'm touching myself. It's nothing like being inside her, but it's somehow as close as I can get right now. I grip as far around myself as I can manage and bring my closed fingers up toward the head. My goddess watches and touches herself again. As I reach the top, I loosen my grip and let the inner curve of my thumb linger at the edge of my cockhead. The wetness lets me slide right over it with only the slightest hint of friction. It feels so electrifying that another throbbing twitch jerks my cock free of my hold, and I have to reclaim my grip. It's like trying to break a wild mustang, but it feels so good. I don't want to stop, to my own surprise.

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

In her chair, my goddess giggles to herself with a tender laugh that conveys satisfaction, rather than bemusement.

I continue my stroking. The sensation is dizzying. So much wonderful, buzzing pleasure. From my own touch. And a liberal application of her holy waters.

My goddess continues to touch herself, now filling her cavity with her own fingers as she wiggles a finger on her clit. She's watching the show and getting herself off. I have a duty to give her what she needs.

Bringing in both hands, I work them up and down my pole, stroking my head and shaft simultaneously. With another wild twitch, I actually feel the taut skin of my member pulse and swell outward under the almost frictionless slick of lubrication.

I just grew! Noticeably grew. From the look in her eyes, she saw it. The smile on her lips widens. I keep my hands moving as the yearning in me screams for release. If this is her powers causing me to grow here and now, then so be it. Let me grow for her. Let me grow for my fertility goddess.

With the hand not stroking and filling, she takes a full grip of breast flesh. Her fingers dig into it, carving deep channels where they plunge into the soft expanse. I watch it, but I don't long to feel myself in her cleavage. No, this pleasure right now, slathering her nectar up and down my member as I grow into the form she desires... it's all I want for me. All I want is what she wants.

Then the bubbling flesh between her fingers bulges outward, driving her grip wider. Her breast just surged larger. My brain imagines what it would feel like for that to happen with me buried to the hilt in her cleavage, and my cock grows again. My testicles contract and the muscles in my pelvis and core alike burn. Seeing her rapid growth while feeling my own... it's enough to send me over the edge. I announce my arrival with a shout.

“Goddess! I'm cumming!”

My hands jerk up and down. Spasms more than strokes.

My balls scream. My cock pulses. My eyes close. My head flies back against the couch. My jaw clenches.

But I don't cum. My body goes through all the motions, but I don't release a drop of semen. My mast flops around wildly in the air as I frantically slide my hands up and down. A feral grunting escapes my lips as my toes curl and my legs kick.

“Having trouble my little devotee?”

I open my eyes. My goddess is no longer touching herself. She no longer grabs at her breast. No, she sits perched at the edge of the chair, posture forward, hands on the arms and feet on the floor. She's perched like a raptor ready to dive on a field mouse.

“I... I can't... Why can't... Why!? Why can't I...”

“Oh...” she coos, “why can't you cum?” And then, in a blink, she's right here on the floor below me. I don't know if she leapt or dove or somehow teleported with these new powers of hers for all I know. Maybe she's omnipresent, both sitting in the chair and kneeling before my place on the couch all at once...

It feels wrong to see her knelt before me like this. Our positions should be reversed, but it's the least of my present concerns.

My eyes meet hers. I can't get a word out. Not one. My body contorts in this never-ending hell of an orgasm. Or is it heaven? Pleasure without end in sight. Pleasure without release. Pleasure for my goddess.

“I think,” she says, placing her hands on my thighs and bringing her lips to the head of my swaying cock, “you *can* cum.”

And as she says it, I know it. I can cum. I can.

“I can, Goddess.”

“Cum for your goddess. *Cum now.*”

Her hot breath on my dick is too much. Her words and command release whatever seal is in place.

I'm cumming. Finally, I'm cumming.

Opening her jaws wide, she plunges down and takes every one of my thirteen or fourteen or however many inches into her mouth and throat.

And I unload every last drop of my offering into her as I scream to the heavens.

## Chapter 10: Treatments

“We’re getting married.”

Addie’s tone is confident and matter-of-fact. It catches me a little off guard, but I roll with it.

I turn to her, smiling, and say, “I know.” We’re in bed, under the covers now that the worship has ended. The night is still young, but the session was long and exhausting. She lies on her back, staring up at the ceiling. Her breasts lie beneath the sheets and comforter, creating a mountain range that rises and falls with every breath. The mountains have shrunk considerably from the gains that began two hours ago. I have too, for that matter. Back to a “measly” sub-eleven inches. Currently shielded from Addie’s true radiance, my serpent lies limp against my thigh, as exhausted from the evening’s events as either of us.

Addie’s brow is set, but in the evening shadows of the bedroom, the rest of her features are soft. It’s certainty on her mind, not concern.

“No, I mean it,” she reiterates.

The mountains shift in a quake that could move the foundations of Earth and heaven alike. Slowly, fighting the boundless weights atop her form, Addie turns to face me, lying on her side. Those warm, heavy breasts spill forward and flow over my arm, pinning it to the mattress. My loins don’t even consider stirring. I’m convinced I could motorboat her new, massive tits, sinking both hands into the pillowy flesh, and I’d still be limp as a rope if I couldn’t lay my eyes on them.

She continues, “Tomorrow’s the follow-up with Dr. Grof. I don’t want to get over-confident, but given the outward results of the treatments, I can’t see a way it hasn’t worked.”

I nod, taking pleasure in the heft of her mounds against me and processing her words carefully. It seems a tad careless to assume the results before the appointment, but she’s not wrong that *something* has been happening to her body. And mine.

“Since our little... fertility problem was the reason for holding off on the wedding, I think we should set a date.”

My heart beats in my ears. Setting a date is a huge step forward for us. I'm ecstatic. She can undoubtedly see the ear-to-ear grin on my face at her words.

But reality lurks at the back of my mind, sneering.

"Aren't you worried setting a date might be jinxing things?"

"You think the treatments haven't worked?"

Her voice rises. She shifts her posture again. The swell of flesh on my arm wobbles. A nipple hardens and pokes against my own skin. Reacting to the sudden emotional rush, I assume.

"I'm not saying that." I'm careful to keep my tone level, calm. Not out of fear. I just don't want to quash this decisive optimism. Though, I don't think I really possess that kind of power over Addie. Certainly not now if I ever did. "If you want to set a date, I say let's absolutely do it. Nothing would be more amazing. Except maybe how you'll look with that body squeezed into a wedding dress."

The thought of her oversized rack undulating at the top of a white gown is intoxicating. It's fittingly divine.

"Shit. Didn't even think about that..." she snaps from her reverie for a moment, dragging me out of my own. "If I go with something from a boutique, it'll cost double or more from all the adjustments I'll need."

"Didn't Brittney offer to make you one. Could take her up on it."

"Yeah, but then we'd be looking at another year before the wedding."

"Were you thinking less?"

She sighs, then says, "I want us to move forward as soon as possible. I'm ready to be married. Ready to start our family."

She's fired up. Her excitement builds with each sentence. I can feel it in the pokiness against my arm.

"I'm ready for all of that, too," I agree. "But we should make sure we do this right. It's been a while since we talked wedding specifics, and at the time, we were looking at a decent sized event. That takes planning, Addie."

“I don’t care about all of that. I really don’t anymore. I just want us to get married. Soon. I don’t know, two months from now or so if that’s doable. It feels doable.”

“So no big wedding?”

“No big wedding.”

“No dress?” I wince at the disappointment evident in my voice.

“No, I still want a dress. Maybe Brittney would give me a good rate on adjustments.”

My spirits lift a little.

“You’re going to need a *lot* of adjustments.”

“Brittney’s a good friend,” Addie chuckles.

It’s true that Brittney and Sean have been our main couple friends, but we haven’t been hanging out nearly as much the past couple months with all the treatments and worship.

“Does she know how... different... you look?”

“Does Sean know how different *you* look?” her finger trails along my flaccid cock. It’s electrifying, but there’s not a hint of physical response from my body.

“I’m not planning to have him adjust my wedding boxers.”

“Okay. I get your point. I’ll message Brittney tomorrow. Maybe we can hang out after the appointment. Get drinks or something like old times.”

“Good plan.”

We lie in bed for a bit, contented. In my head, I happily consider the thought of finally wedding Addie. It feels right. We’re finally getting married. I don’t really believe in the whole “manifesting” thing, but I can’t see a confident step forward like this hurting our chances at getting good news tomorrow.

Then I realize.

“Did you say ‘two months?’” I whisper, struggling to fathom how we’ll make even a small wedding happen in that time.

Beside me, my goddess—my future wife—slumbers, snoring faintly.

( Y )

“What do you mean? Like the results aren’t as good as they could be?” Addie demands of a rather uncomfortable looking Dr. Grof.

The man dabs sweat from his worn forehead with a crumpled paper napkin before he realizes it’s not a handkerchief. His face flashes a look of embarrassment as he tosses it into the overfilled wastebin next to his disheveled desk.

“I’m sorry to say, Miss, uh... Miss Stillman—”

“Stillwater. My name is Addie Stillwater,” she corrects him, a fire burning in her words like I’ve never seen. Not anger. Disbelief.

I sit in the leather upholstered chair beside her, staring at nothing in particular. I’m adrift in a sea of my own thoughts. The insanity of exploring Addie’s powers over both our bodies, the elation of moving forward with our wedding plans, the heartbreak of the poor results we’ve just received... my thoughts have twisted into a knot inside my skull.

“Apologies, Miss Stillwater,” the doctor mutters, shuffling frantically through the papers on his desk and doing his best to keep Addie’s folder from intermingling with the rest. “But your results are inconclusive at best.”

“Does *this* look inconclusive to you?” Addie leans forward and waves her hands at the cleavage and melon-sized tits threatening to spill out of her dress. Her chair leans with her, the ample flesh of her ass and thighs wedged tightly into the wooden frame. “Cause, personally, I think it’s having quite an effect! I was nowhere near this size two months ago!”

I watch nervously as she threatens the cowering man with what I know to be omnipotent wrath. I’ve never seen Addie like this. It’s a little scary.

“I understand that you’ve seen significant side effects. I did warn you about the possibility of weight gain at the beginning of—”

“Are you saying I got all the side effects of your treatments, but I’m still infertile? That’s what it sounds like to me. Clay, is that what you heard?”

I look to her and silently nod, lest I, too, incur her wrath.

“I’m not saying you’re still infertile. Not at all,” the doctor says, waving his hands and papers in front of him defensively. “You weren’t infertile to begin with. It was just a matter of

your physiology. The treatments are working. Just... they're working very slowly. Frankly, I'm as surprised by these results as you are."

He waves the folder in front of his face.

"So... what? I need another round of treatments? Is that it? Done."

These treatments are expensive. We don't exactly have money to keep throwing it at this. Certainly not if we're about to throw a wedding. We'll need to dip into our limited savings. But it's her call. It was hers to begin with, but this time she's making it without my prodding. She's not standing up for what she wants. She's demanding it. The part of me that isn't scared is proud.

"Well," the doctor groans, "it's a little more complicated than that. You *could* begin trying to conceive now." My ears perk up at the possibility of a normal sex life while the doctor goes on. "It's possible you could, though your odds are still pretty slim. Again, according to these results. To ensure you get the outcome you're looking for, I would recommend a more intense treatment regimen. That means double treatments. Today, and again in one month."

"So just one extra treatment?" Addie clarifies. "I was already expecting another possible round today."

"Three extra." The doctor holds up his bony index, middle, and ring fingers for emphasis. "A double treatment today, and a double treatment in four weeks."

I know it's going to be expensive, but I prepare my words of encouragement for Addie.

It doesn't seem she needs them, however.

"Done. Let me sign whatever I need to so we can do this."

She throws her weight back into the chair cradling her oversized bottom. The motion causes her breasts to dance in her dress. Her eyes are locked on the cowed doctor. She doesn't so much as turn my direction. Why would a deity seek the input of their devoted?

"Very well," the doctor says, nervously digging into a drawer and shuffling more papers. In the process, he knocks several others off his desk.

( Y )

“You feel... fertile?” I ask trepidatiously as we drive away from the doctor’s office.

It took another three hours for Addie to get her double round of treatment. I looked up from my seat in the waiting room to see her emerge through the door to the patient rooms like an angel descending on the sun’s rays through parted clouds. Something about the new treatments has her positively glowing.

“Fertile and ready to be wedded and bedded,” she says with not a hint of sarcasm.

My serpent rests in my lap, coiled and sleeping, unaware of the goddess’s call. Despite the lack of stiffening, I squirm in my seat and readjust myself through my sweatpants and pinching boxers. The thought of going commando felt wrong for the doctor’s visit. Sweats were bad enough.

“Well, let’s hope those tubes of yours are getting their shit together after these extra treatments.”

There’s a pause.

“I should’ve thought about the expense. In the moment, I just...”

Her tone is sincere and apologetic. Suddenly changed from the seriousness of a moment before.

“You went with your gut. I’m happy to see it. Decisiveness is a damn good look on you,” I say and mean it. “This is what you want for yourself and for us. It’s what I want. We’ll figure out the rest. The important thing is doing what’s right.”

She smiles as we continue homeward for a quick dinner. After that, we’re meeting Brittney and Sean for drinks.

( Y )

Catching up with our friends is awkward at first. They know about the treatments, and I gather Addie has at least mentioned her gains to Brittney over text. Still, the slack jaws and bugging eyes on their heads—not to mention a half dozen others around the bar—remind me Addie’s rocking a body that’s far from normal for those who haven’t been worshipping it faithfully every day for weeks.

When we get to the corner booth they've claimed for our little hang-out, I have to join the others in shoving the heavy wooden table to one side. It's the only way for Addie to fit without her armfuls flowing up and onto the tabletop. Even with Sean and myself sandwiched between faux leather padding and glossy, varnished oak, Addie still barely fits. The not-flat-by-any-means Brittney beside her sits awkwardly far from the surface where her drink rests, but she does her best to go with it.

After the initial pleasantries die down, Brittney is the first to state the obvious.

"Pardon my saying so, but *Jesus Christ Addie!* You've gone from 'Apple Bottom' to an hourglass that has to be some kind of record."

As she speaks, her eyes are fixed on the near-endless cleavage my fiancée is displaying. Addie doesn't so much as flinch at the reference to her old, detested nickname. If anything, she looks pleased with the attention. In the back of my mind, I feel a flash of irritation and wonder if the phantom is unhappy at the thought of adding more devotees to our little congregation or if I'm just plain old jealous.

"Yeah, I've gained some weight from the treatments," Addie says plainly. Weeks ago, I couldn't have imagined her uttering those words without her cheeks flushing crimson. Right now, it's only our friends turning red.

"Did all that weight come from a fucking porn star?" Sean chuckles, taking another deep sip from his rum and coke. The clumsy and crass remark is par for the course from my high school bestie. Addie and I both know it's yet another of his unfunny jokes. He makes them precisely because he knows they embarrass her. They used to, at least.

"Why do you ask, Sean? Think I've got the curves for a little public exhibition? You wanting tickets?"

Sean nearly chokes on his drink as Addie leans forward and tugs at the edge of her neckline so that the goods jiggle enticingly. Even with the amount of flesh on display, my own body fails to react to the show. The same is unlikely true around the busy bar. More than a couple of heads turn to catch a glimpse. I can't blame them. Who wouldn't want to gaze upon her? Too bad the Holy Church of the Goddess Adora isn't looking for new converts.

The conversation goes on for hours, with all of us catching up as Sean does his absolute best to walk back the previous joke. This is complicated by the fact that he seems utterly incapable of refraining from further jokes, jabs, and comments throughout the evening. The more he drinks, the clumsier his efforts get, and Addie seems thrilled to let him keep digging his hole.

Eventually, Addie brings up the wedding. She announces the specific date. It's almost exactly two months away in June—which is news to me—and she asks Brittney about making adjustments to a dress she hasn't yet bought. Brittney, of course, agrees with tipsy enthusiasm, and she insists on doing the work for free no matter how hard we push back. After the added expense of more treatments, the savings will be a big relief.

"I'm gonna run to the restroom," I announce at the next lull, excusing myself as the girls go on with their wedding chatter and Sean heads to the bar for another round of drinks. Walking through the throng of bodies standing and dancing around one another in the late evening excitement, I'm acutely aware of my dire state of underdress.

When we left the house, I insisted to Addie I was fine to wear my sweats. "I'll be sitting at a booth the whole time," I scoffed. She warned me I'd be on display with my new size, especially since I was doing away with the unbearable boxers. I was already on display when I was stuffing my tackle into jeans, but it feels more real now that there's only a single, loose layer separating me from the rest of the bar. I feel exposed, not that I've got a more discrete option. Damn past me and his reckless abandon.

Scanning the crowd, I tell myself no one is gawking at my schlong. They don't know I've got a near footlong dangling down there with a set of balls to match.

Is that woman at the bar trying to sneak a glance? What about that guy standing by the door? Pretty sure he's tilting his head to look.

I shake it off and push through the crowd. I know I'm imagining things.

When I emerge from the restroom, I'm startled by a sudden presence behind me. It's Addie.

She leans in so that her breath is hot on my ear and whispers, "Ever since the doctor's office, I've been *dying* for tonight's worship." The sweet smell of Daiquiris lingers on her words.

Twin payloads of soft, barely contained flesh press firmly against my upper back. The weight is enough to nearly send me stumbling forward through the narrow hall that bends back toward the bar's main space.

Something about it all feels off. Addie's taller than she should be. She's not wearing heels. She pretty much never wears heels. But her breasts are pushed against me too high. The way she leans in to whisper in my ear is all wrong. She must be nearly as tall as I am. She's always been short. Shorter than me, at the very least.

I guess it wouldn't be the strangest physical change either of us has undergone through this process.

"Is the goddess in need of her disciple's rod?" I whisper back over my shoulder with a mischievous grin. I've little occasion to tease Addie these days. Her newfound confidence means it's all shrugged off like raindrops from a moving windshield. It's incredible to finally see my fiancée comfortable in her own skin, but part of me misses our old dynamic, if only a bit. Maybe it's just familiar, while everything around us—and within us—is changing rapidly. Maybe it's the couple drinks I've had. Or maybe I'm scrambling for a modicum of control in a relationship where I've been recast in the role of "happily subjugated follower."

Whatever the reason, it doesn't work. My goddess does not suffer insolence, after all.

"The goddess will use *her* holy scepter when and as she pleases. Do not think you command it, mortal," she hisses playfully into my ear. A chill runs down my spine as the phantom wakes in my brain at just her words. "Now, is my scepter... ready?"

"R-ready?" I question, but her meaning is clear.

In the quiet darkness of the empty hallway, her arm wraps around my chest and pulls me against her own. Between us, her massive rack swells rapidly the way it did last night. This time, though, the growth is even faster. The billowing flesh does its best to pry us back apart. She holds me tight, making me feel her nipples harden and push against my back, even through both our outfits. Those two firm points slowly drag upward toward my shoulders. Her arm's grip shifts at my torso. She's getting taller. And... stronger, it seems. Though I notice no change to her musculature, her hold on me grows tighter by the second. She has no intention of letting me go.

All the while, the fabric of my sweats stirs. A tickle at my inner thigh alerts me to my own growth. Addie is exerting her will over my body once more. My still-soft cock slowly trails a path southward. It passes the middle of my thigh, making for my knee as it snakes down the right leg of my pants. A lurid heat emits from it, growing stronger with the steady increase. Its girth likewise expands, filling more and more of the limited empty space remaining.

“Do not make your goddess ask again,” Addie whispers, pulling me so hard into her swelling tits that I feel dangerously close to being swallowed up by her cleavage. The nail of her index finger drags across my collarbone. Though my shirt lies between it and my bare flesh, I feel she could cut into me if she only pressed a little more. “Is. My. Scepter... *Ready?*”

At that final word, all blood leaves my brain. It’s like the phantom has pulled a lever that flushes it all straight down into my cock. The heat at my crotch erupts like a volcano. I feel like an ancient islander, wondering if the goddess is angry or displeased as fire threatens to consume me.

At my goddess’s whim, I am rock hard without a single instance of build-up. I didn’t need to see her body this time. I’m not sure I even needed to feel it the way I can right now as it dwarfs me from behind. My full mast tugs hard at the sweatpants strapping it down. Every muscle in my pelvis clenches, and the goddess’s scepter flings itself madly upward. I’m a little surprised the act doesn’t cause it to rip through the cloth.

I’m compelled to answer her fully this time.

“Yes, Goddess. Your scepter is ready.”

“Then, come,” she utters. Though the phantom somehow knows it’s not what she means, I feel my heavy, swollen testicles clench at the word “come.” My body wants to obey her will, for my goddess is all powerful, and I exist only to serve her.

Behind me, I hear the heavy groan of the men’s room door on its hinges. Then the arm of my goddess drags me, not unwilling, into the single-occupant room. In a whirling, spinning thrust, I find myself with my back pressed against the cold tile of the far wall. My goddess latches the door and turns to me, flashing a glistening white smile.

She towers over me, both mentally and physically, as she stands a foot taller than her typical 5’4”. It could be more. Her nails, pristine and—I could swear—sharper than normal,

vanish as she hooks her fingers into her dress and peels it away from her bulging breasts. The landslides of flesh cascade forward, hardly needing the help to break free. Though they hang down past her navel, they are firm and round, like even gravity itself dares not lay a hand on them. Their immensity blocks my view of her entire torso. Even her pink areolas are bigger, now greater in diameter than my palms. Her hard nipples are as big as the tips of my pinky.

Below, the deep green of her dress strains against the swell of thighs, hips, and ass that have overfilled its lower reaches. She's grown significantly all over. The seams of her garment creak as she takes two effortless steps and crosses the distance between us.

"Your goddess will have her scepter now," she says as she rips down my pants and frees a cock that stands nearly vertically. The head is maroon and throbbing above my own navel. The sheer size is mind-boggling. It's almost as big as my forearm. A yearning, blue vein coils its way around and down the member like a carved decoration. From the tip, a clear drop of precum wells up and trails down the underside. Before it can get far, Adora traces a finger up my shaft, wiping up the fluid, and promptly sucks it clean with her plump lips. At the same time, she stoops to wrap the fingers of her other hand firmly around the lower portion of the shaft.

The glint in her eye as she stares down at my dick makes me feel like I'm not even there. Like she no longer needs me. Why would the goddess need a scepter-bearer now that she holds the scepter.

"Pray to your Goddess," she commands without lifting her head. Her face is so close to my cock that I feel the heat of every word caress my aching head.

With my eyes locked on the hanging orbs of flesh before me, I pray a prayer very much like the others I've prayed so many times.

"Oh, Great Goddess Adora, I pray you will bless me with the undeserved sensation of your holy breast on my profane, mortal member."

She doesn't look me in the eye. Instead, she moves closer until her cleavage hovers less than an inch from the cock stabbing up from her closed hand. The wait is unbearable. All I want is for her to answer my prayer. All I want is this blessing from my goddess. It's been a long time since she's given me a titfuck. It's outrageous, given how perfect her tits are now.

Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

It feels like she's growing them as much to taunt me as to become her true divine shape. Have I not been her faithful servant? Will she not grant me this one modest request?

I shake the blasphemous thoughts from my mind and await her response.

Before the response arrives, the bathroom door rattles as someone tries the handle.

"In use!" my goddess shouts. A possessive fury fills her words and shakes the walls. This room and all within it is her holy domain in this moment. For a non-believer to attempt to intrude... it's unthinkable.

The rattling stops and doesn't restart.

"Your goddess has decided," she says more quietly. She looks nowhere but her holy scepter. I can't bring myself to draw a breath. "She has decided to... *not* grant this prayer."

"Yes, goddess," I say, eyes lowered in humility at her decision.

"Now, my little worshipper, *release* your blessed seed."

And I do.

## Chapter 11: Revelations

My goddess drains *her* seed from *her* holy scepter. The first forceful blast erupts from the slit in my dome, and she takes me into the very same mouth that issues each of her blessed commandments. With this new, bigger cock, I anticipate a struggle to fit even the pulsing purple head past her divine lips. Instead, she opens her jaw wider than I've ever seen and takes nearly half my length past her lips and tongue and well into her throat. The sensations are impossible to comprehend.

My heartbeat thumps through the coiled vein tracing along my length. In near perfect harmony with that beat, the soft, slick strength of her tongue dances and caresses me. My pelvic muscles spasm, and the forearm-sized dick attempts to buck and flail while held fast in her maw. Each jerking motion unleashes more of my voluminous offering into the depths of her holy body.

All I can manage is to lean my full weight against the cold tile, staring as this heaven-sent being effortlessly sucks down every ounce of semen I've got inside me. The suction could pull a demon from my very soul.

Heaven and Earth swirl as I cum longer and more intensely than ever before. Once, in another life, my cock was a meager four inches long. Now, I feel every millimeter of my new length as each globule of seed is rocketed from balls to head to the throat of my goddess. Only her words pull me back to what is *somehow* my reality, as impossible as it seems. I wasn't even aware my member had left her mouth.

"Is that all you can muster for you goddess?" she coos.

She cradles my empty balls in one hand as her fingers jostle them. The other hand firmly grips the base of my absurd shaft. Her fingertips are unable to meet around its current circumference. No longer does my length vanish beyond those lustrous lips. Instead, I arc half-limp through the air—a rainbow of flesh spanning from my body to my goddess. The head hovers less than an inch from her flawless right cheek. Her breath is hot and intoxicating as it swirls past my waning rigidity.

“I’m...” my voice cracks. My throat is dry. I clear it and try again. “I’m so sorry, Goddess Adora. I-I think I’m spent.”

“Spoken like the impudent mortal you are.”

Her head tilts upward, eyes locking onto mine, searing me with displeasure. Some part of my rational mind whispers feebly. *I can’t help it if you’ve drained me. That’s all I’ve got to give.*

But the phantom is deeply saddened by the prospect my goddess down. Physical limitations be damned. The phantom’s desires and my own are the same. We are one.

I turn my focus to the deep cleavage between the watermelon-sized breasts hanging before my spent cock. I will myself to get hard for her. To carry on. To muster one more offering in the hope she’ll be pleased. Or at least less displeased...

But what I can or cannot urge my body to accomplish is irrelevant.

“You will get hard for your goddess.”

Her words are all it takes. My blood rushes to fully engorge her scepter. The change from flaccid to rock-hard is so close to instantaneous I feel the wind on my member as it springs upright.

“You will produce more seed for your goddess.”

My testicles pulse and ache and swell with another sizeable offering. What do my body’s capabilities matter in the face of a deity’s power and will?

In a few seconds, my little balls are a pair of plums in her grasp. She massages them gently as her lips draw to the head of my cock.

“You will fill your goddess’s belly until she has been sated. You are *spent* when—and only when—your goddess is sated.”

My cock disappears down her throat again.

My eruption is immediate, and it arrives with more force, more volume than before. She sucks it all down without a hint of slowing.

Goddess Adora drains me a second time, then once more before we finally leave the restroom. She releases whatever hold she has found over my body, and that familiar switch flips. The phantom recedes back into the depths of my unconscious mind, melds into my being once more, leaving me here with my gentle, loving fiancée. With our divine bond faded,

we both rapidly return to “normal” sizes. However, normal—in my mind—now means nothing more than “able to fit into our clothes, albeit with difficulty.”

We leave the restroom and rejoin Brittney and Sean at the table. The looks we both receive from the thinning crowd aren’t in my head this time. Of that, I’m certain.

It’s now the only thing I know with certainty.

( Y )

After our temporary conversion of the bar bathroom into the world’s newest—and certainly least appealing—Holy Church of the Goddess Adora, our routine returns to normal (by current standards). After work each day, we return home and conduct our evening worship and scripture recordings. Leading up to the last appointment, the numbers had begun to plateau a bit. Over the following week, however, they climb once more and faster than before.

Her overbust leaves the upper sixties and soars on pure, angelic wings into the seventies. Then the eighties. Addie’s nipples change, as well. Her puffy, pink areolas slowly darken to a deeper hue before approaching an almost-mocha. The new, rich coloring is accompanied by fully erect nipples at all hours. Since her shy nipples first began to emerge during her moments of greatest arousal, they’ve made regular appearances during worship sessions. Now, though, it’s a different story. Morning to night, day after day, her nipples grow into larger points, visible even through her increasingly desperate clothing solutions.

The same holds true for my dick, her holy scepter. Most sessions, she anoints it with her hallowed fluids as it swells to sizes and levels of rigidity well into what must be record-setting territory. Then it shrinks back down in the aftermath of cuddling in bed, though never to the exact size it was before. Every day, an inch or more is added to its length, and the girth builds in equal proportion.

One full week past the double treatment, I am sixteen inches when flaccid. When I pull on my sweats I have to tuck it carefully down alongside my right leg. I’ve started buying a bigger size of sweats, too. My waist and legs haven’t changed even a little. I simply need extra room

for the girth of it. When I go erect, it's as thick as my arm and tall enough to lean forward and kiss. I haven't done so, but if the goddess wished it during worship...

Some evenings, she provides me with her blessed lubricants and commands me to stroke it for her. Some, she does the stroking herself. Invariably, it ends in a minutes-long session of my divinely swollen balls being drained of a gallon of semen over the course of three to four lengthy orgasms. Without fail, the goddess drinks it down. Nothing is missed. Nothing is wasted.

Once or twice, she looks up at me as she drinks it down. Her eyes meet mine and linger in a way that feels blasphemous. It's like glimpsing a hint at the true form of the goddess, not the indirect manifestations created to ease mortal comprehension. As she stares into my soul, her lips seal tight around my spasming cock, pulling rope after rope from the depths of my balls. Then, in that split second, I see a spark of lust in those hazel pools. She goes until she has devoured my offering to the fullest possible extent. She gets what she wants, and she wants it all.

( Y )

By the start of week two, her measurements are a staggering 83-38-81. Her mighty breasts having outpaced her hips and ass at long last. Even her waist grows slowly, and her pudgy of tummy fat builds into a more rotund belly, not that hardly any of it is visible past her pendulous orbs. She doesn't bother stepping on the scale anymore. It was struggling to keep up with her weight weeks ago. Now, she can't see it.

With all the added inches comes the biggest change: Addie's run out of clothing options. That Monday, a frustrated growling and grunting wakes me from blissful, worship-induced slumber. I wipe the sleep from my eyes to find Addie doubled over at the dresser in the dim morning light. Her full moon of an ass and thighs eclipse the rest of her body. The grumbling continues as pair after pair of panties is thrown over shoulder into the floor where they join countless others. It's shocking to see weeks and now months of purchases discarded so casually. But I know she's searching for a pair that *might* have a chance at fitting her backside.

It's no small feat.

“There you are,” she finally hisses. From the other side of her enormous rear emerges the rest of her: the massive globes that are her breasts—impossibly perky for their immensity—and the torso, head, and arms attached to them like afterthoughts. In her hands, she hoists a pair of large bikini-cut panties. Dark purple and speckled with dozens of shimmering gold polka-dots. It’s a brand new pair I don’t believe she’s worn yet. “These have *got* to fit...”

She folds at the waist again, lowering the underwear down to her feet. Her flexibility and balance are almost supernatural, given the astonishing volume of flesh she throws around through such a simple act. I don’t move from my place in bed. I simply observe as she slides one leg after another through the garment and tugs hard on the elastic waistband. It’s smooth sailing until the purple panties cross the border of her knees to the rolling prairies of her immense, soft thighs. Addie yanks, adjusts, and yanks again at the thin fabric. The underwear inches its way over pale flesh that explodes from beneath it. She wills it to traverse the remaining distance over her mid-thighs and around her ass, but even a goddess like her is impotent in this moment.

Addie whips the panties from her lower body and hurls them against the far wall of the bedroom. Her shoulders drop.

“These are brand new!”

Her whispered grumbling elevates to a sudden raised voice. Realizing her volume, she recoils and whirls around to find me quietly admiring her nudity.

“Did I wake you up?” she asks, resuming hushed tones and shoving irritation aside. She takes a few steps over and sits beside my legs. The mattress compresses, and I slide downhill until our bodies touch, only a thin bedsheet between us. The classic grid-like illustrations of gravity wells pop into my mind. Her heavenly body has grown so immense that it deforms space and time, pulling me in.

“I woke up on my own,” I lie. She’s already flustered at the unfitting clothes. No need to fuel a sense of guilt.

She looks down at me with a half-hearted smile that tells me she sees through the fib but won’t press the matter.

“Trouble finding something to wear?” I ask rhetorically.

She crosses her arms beneath the landslide of flesh at her chest. Her head hangs, chin nearly landing in the up-thrust cleavage.

“I have nothing left that I can fit into. Nothing. Forget finding something modest.”

“Did it happen since yesterday?”

She was able to wear a dress yesterday, if you allow very generous usage of the word “wear.”

“Basically,” she continues, eyes fixed on a distant point in the floor. “The pair I wore yesterday were way too tight. Then...”

I recall her spectacular rump exploding through the shredding seams of buttercup-yellow panties as she performed her new standard miracle of growing both of our bodies temporarily larger. Those panties never stood a chance against her divine might. Neither did the dress.

“Do you have *anything* left?”

“Not a single thing. I have no clothes left that can make me decent for work.”

The matter of no fitting clothing has me so wrapped up that the concept of dressing for work slipped my mind.

“You’re... you’re going to have to call out,” I say, still processing the words as I speak them. “Probably for several days. Maybe longer. You can’t go in naked. And I don’t know where we’ll find something that fits you now...”

“I’ll have to work from home because of all... this.”

She uncrosses her arms and waves them over her body, causing all manner of exaggerated jiggling. Months ago, Addie would’ve been in tears over something like this. She’s clearly upset now, but it’s frustration. Rather understandable frustration.

“Didn’t they do away with all the work from home stuff?”

“Pretty much. They only allow it for ‘special circumstances.’ It’s a long shot, but maybe.”

“I’d call this special circumstances. Besides, it seems like the options are that or quit. Or maybe medical leave? This is because of a treatment, after all.”

“An elective one. But maybe they’d buy that. I definitely don’t want to quit. I actually *like* this job.”

“Can’t hurt to ask, then. You sure aren’t going in like this, and ordering new stuff is pretty much done as a viable option.”

I nod to indicate the piles of tossed panties around the room, some with tags still attached. She sighs heavily. “Agreed.”

I look at my fiancée, at this unbelievable fertility goddess she’s become in just a few months. It’s surreal. It’s perfect. It’s impossible. It’s who she’s meant to be. It’s someone else entirely. It’s her true self. All these thoughts play in my mind like a masterful symphony. Their dissonant tones clash but are quickly swirled into a harmonious amalgam at the will of my mental phantom.

A phantom who has been utterly complacent for the last few minutes, I realize. Despite witnessing Addie’s new body in all its glory, there’s no hand seizing hold of the wheel. No foot on the gas pedal. No blood-draining erection.

The phantom is still there. I feel its presence. It’s so familiar now that I wonder if there was ever a time when this phantom *wasn’t* a part of me. I factually know it’s a recent development, but it feels like it’s been there forever.

Yet somehow, it’s gotten lazy.

Fearing some awful side effect of my transformation, I parade my eyes across the subtle arch of Addie’s lower back where it flares outward to her bubble butt. I linger on those little arcs where the buttocks first distinguish themselves from her torso, then on the crease where her nearest plush thigh folds up against her hip. I take in her soft stomach, what little of it is still visible between her thighs and the overspill of her breasts. I see only the softness of its side, nestled in the shadow of her tits. Her navel is nowhere to be seen. Even gawking at her chest yields no result. The rich color and tantalizing rigidity of her nipples, resting at the centers of dinner plate areolas, does nothing. I picture my behemoth cock being surrounded and devoured by that cleavage, by those tits. I’ve fruitlessly prayed so many times now for that exact experience, to the point I can scarcely recall what a titfuck from

Addie feels like, not to mention actual sex. I have trouble even picturing that now. Still, playing any of these scenes in my head does nothing.

“You okay? You’re spacing out on me.”

Addie pulls my thoughts back to the present, back to the world outside my mind and the phantom’s sudden lackadaisical handling of my arousal.

“Sorry. Just... trying to think of a solution for clothes.”

“For me, I hope. *You’re* still able to wear your pants.”

“Only just!” I protest, getting caught up in my own deflection. My thoughts return to the behemoth resting between my leg and Addie’s bulk. I shove it out of mind again and scramble for an actual solution to present her. I’m the one who started this lie, after all. “Could Brittney come up with something adjustable maybe? I know she’s about to start on your wedding dress—”

“My dress!” Addie springs up from the bed. The mattress decompresses and nearly launches me. “I have to return it! There’s no way she can make it fit me like this! I’m growing too fast! I hope she hasn’t started... I hope I can actually return it...”

After Brittney agreed to handle dress tailoring, Addie settled on one and had it shipped straight to her for adjustments. I don’t think she’s sent measurements yet. She’s made a few comments about waiting until the growth plateaus again, but I personally doubt it will. Surely Brittney hasn’t started work on the dress without measurements, not that I know much about the alteration process. I just assume you need actual measurements for it.

“Maybe you should call work first, then call Brittney about the dress,” I offer up.

Addie stops her pacing. Her eyes dart around the room.

“It’s on your night stand.” I jerk my head toward the small bedside stand where her phone rests. She mouths the words “thank you,” and bounces her way over to the device. She scoops the thing up and drops thunderously onto the bed, scrolling through her contacts. I scramble away, barely avoiding the new black hole.

It’s time to get up for my own safety.

( Y )

By the middle of the third week, Addie is all set for working from home. Her supervisor wouldn't say anything directly, but evidently HR was having frequent, tense meetings about how best to address her changes. They were thrilled to have an easy out, as far as she could tell. The phone call to request working from home lasted about fifteen minutes.

On the growth front, I've reached a whopping 21 inches flaccid and 26 when erect. That's before Addie does any of her size boosting during worship. She's getting quite good at that, too. She can grow me big enough that the blood flow to my rod makes me dizzy. And that takes less than a second.

Her own measurements are a mind-boggling 91-39-88. Much more growth, and we'll need a longer tape measure. The one we've been using only goes to 96 inches.

When I first see the 91 and realize how little room is left on the tape, I drop the thing from around her bust. It catches on her left nipple—now the size of my thumb past the last knuckle. My fiancée's bust is nearing eight feet of circumference! Her tits are bigger around than I am tall. By almost two feet!

My thoughts swim through a sea of soft flesh as I record the new scriptures.

"Goddess, your dimensions... They're..." I can't find the proper words to describe her. Every syllable I turn over in my mind feels inadequate, bordering on heresy. *Amazing*, I think. *Perhaps 'incredible.'* The phantom digs its claws into my grey matter, and my soul winces from my impudence.

"The word you're looking for is 'immaculate,'" my goddess says. I nod, nearly headbutting my own massive cock in the process. The phantom leaves me alone this time. No problem with that descriptor. Evidently, the blessing of the goddess herself is enough, as well it should be.

She turns away and leaves me standing alone behind my tree trunk of a phallus—her ever-growing holy scepter. The pulsating head hovers a few inches in front of my chin. Its heat blasts my face with every heavy beat of my heart. Boiling blood races through its engorged tissues. For something so dear to my goddess, it's remarkably reminiscent of the fires of hell.

"Is my little worshipper ready to see his goddess Adora in her new holy vestments?"

Again, I nod.

She lifts her new robes from the mattress and slips her arms through the proper openings. The thin, pristine white textile falls into place around her body. The way she moves her arms, dips, and twirls herself into the clothing with all those curves... it's... immaculate. She's right. No other word will suffice. Of course it wouldn't. She's a goddess. She's *my* goddess.

When it's on, she whirls around, folding it over her front and tugging at the glittering gold belt around her waist. All I can see of the tie are the ends she holds in her delicate hands. The rest is lost beneath the loosely-clothed masses of her freshly measured breasts. All ninety-one inches of their circumference.

"Well? Gaze upon your goddess."

I do. It takes eons to look upon every part of her. There's far too much to take in at once, like trying to comprehend the infinite vastness of space itself.

This new robe is one of three. All were hand-crafted by Brittney and dropped off earlier. After Addie's call last week, Brittney took "finding fitting clothing" as a personal challenge to her sewing skills and creativity. Addie spent the interim wrapped in spare bedsheets or open bathrobes.

These new vestments, though, are far more befitting of a goddess than those makeshift coverings. The fact that Brittney cranked three of them out in just a few days feels like she, too, has worked miracles. The gentle folds of white accentuate each of my goddess's curves. Despite being properly clothed for the first time in days, she looks more sensual, more on-display than ever before. Brittney described the clothing as a robe, but, to me, it's reminiscent of a toga or tunic from something like *Clash of the Titans*. Fittingly deific.

The deep V at the front reveals a wide expanse of her porcelain flesh, divided by a dark ravine of never-ending cleavage. The rich mocha of her areolas peeks from the edges. The rest of them, nipples included, are still visible beneath the thin white cloth. Over the front of her curves, the robe's halves spill like majestic waterfalls before disappearing into the void of her underboob. There, it is cinched by the gold belt around her waist, hidden by the spherical masses along with the rest of her upper body, save her head and shoulders.

Below the tie, the robe flairs wide, driven outward by hips and thighs that nearly mirror the curves of her other half. The delicate fabric's hem drapes lightly just above her knees where it wafts in a breeze I neither see nor feel. The mirroring of her upper and lower curves gives her body a wide "figure eight" silhouette, and this new garment dreamt up by Brittney highlights its full glory. That that woman crafted such a perfect article for my goddess using only the holy scriptures—a few measurements—given to her... it baffles. It calls to mind Noah and the construction of the ark.

The goddess towers over me, having boosted her height for the present worship session. She does for most sessions these days. It makes me feel humble, powerless, in such an intoxicating way, especially combined with the very literal control she wields over my body.

The ceiling fan's white blades circle slowly behind her, ringing her in the warm golden-white glow of its light. It creates a fluttering halo all around her brunette locks and gives her an ethereal, otherworldly quality. There's no way she can exist on this mortal plane of the universe.

It feels bizarre to even consider living on the same plane of existence as my goddess. She is so beautiful. Her presence is terrifying and reassuring all at once. It's a familiar presence. Far too familiar. This new form of hers, this true aspect of the goddess that stands smiling above me, admiring the rod I hold for her...

I know this form. I know this deity.

Though I've not thought of it as a deity. I had no word for it, so I came up with the best I could: a phantom. *My* phantom.

For weeks. For months. This all-powerful form of the Goddess Adora has been with me. In me. Steering. Controlling. Directly from within my own mind. Now, she has revealed herself—her full glory—unto me. Tears of comprehension and fear well at the edge of my vision.

"My Goddess!" I cry out as the awe overwhelms me.

I drop to my hands and knees, straddling my own cock.

"Yes, my servant. You see me now as I truly am."

“I do. I do, Goddess Adora. I do,” I snivel into the floor beside my cockhead. It begins leaking substantial precum beside me. Clear beads grow and drip down the flesh onto the carpet.

“Then why do you *insult* me by allowing *my seed* to be cast onto the ground?”

Her voice booms all around me like a thunderclap. It rings in my head. It echoes in my soul. It reverberates through every nerve ending of my body. Every cell.

I am nothing without her, it tells me. For she is in every aspect of my being. She always has been. I exist at her whim. I am her servant. I am her creation.

“I am so sorry, Goddess Adora! Please! Please forgive me!”

I spring to my knees and cradle my cock so that the dribbling precum builds at my urethral opening. It’s a temporary solution, given the volume emerging.

The goddess deigns to lower herself to my level. Even on her knees, she looks down prodigious cleavage at me. I am so small. But her scepter is mighty. Mightier than I. By holding it for her, I know my greater purpose.

“I will collect your offering. Do. Not. Let it disappoint me, mortal.”

“No, G-Goddess. N-no. I won’t. I-it won’t. I p-promise,” I mutter, shaking my head in a feeble attempt to show the depths of my sincerity.

“You’d better not. I intend to—”

*BRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMM. BRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMM. BRRRRRRMMMMMMMM.*

The vibration of her phone buzzes from the nightstand. It cuts through the room. Through our cathedral.

“Ignore that,” she booms, turning my gaze from the device and back to her with a single finger on my chin.

“Y-yes, Goddess.”

*BRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMM. BRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMM. BRRRRRRMMMMMMMM.*

“As I was saying, I intend to collect a *substantial* offering today. Do n—”

*BRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMM. BRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMM. BRRRRRRMMMMMMMM.*

The vibration stops for a far-too-brief moment then resumes immediately. Whoever it is, they’re insistent.

We try to continue, but the interruption persists.

Then, in a flash, the holy aura surrounding Adora fades. I see her as she is. Beautiful and wonderful, but not divine. Yet she's my goddess. My mind spins in a fog I hadn't noticed. This is wrong. It's all wrong. Adora's—no, Addie's—look of godly authority is replaced by irritation and an eyeroll.

"Fine..." she huffs, getting up from the floor, and leaving me there with my rigid cock. A cock that begins to shrink and soften. Sudden clarity blasts through my mind.

My issues and concerns with the phantom—what I now see as some godly alter ego—were based in misunderstanding. No longer getting hard at the sight of her body, getting hard despite her being clothed, having zero control over my own arousal or attention, cumming multiple times upon command regardless of stamina.

None of these things were a result of the phantom's control or lack thereof. There has been no phantom, after all. My body and its functions exist at the sole discretion of the Goddess Adora: my size, my arousal, my erections, my orgasms. All of it.

And now I see the truth, or slivers of it. Addie and Adora. My fiancée and my goddess. They're separate but not. This presence lives in her like it lives in me.

Across the room, Addie, no longer possessed or inhabited—or however it works—by the Goddess Adora, picks up the phone. Her answer is curt but far less intense than the Goddess's tone would be.

"Yes?"

There's a long pause as someone on the other end relays a lengthy amount of information. It's concerning information, given the look in Addie's eyes.

"What do you mean by 'problem?'"

She nods slowly then scratches at her scalp. The woman on the phone is so clearly my Addie. I can't comprehend how I just saw her as a deity. She still looks the part with her robe and inhuman curves, but something about this sudden release of control has left me more clear-headed than my usual post-worship state. The phantom. The goddess. She didn't fade into my subconscious as normal. She simply vanished. Gone. I haven't orgasmed this time. Maybe that plays a part? My brain reels. This release isn't the bliss of cuddling and

reassurance I know. I feel like I've jumped from a plane. The ground whirls, rising at a staggering pace, but I have a reliable parachute. My insides flutter, but I'm in control.

Addie huffs again and tosses her phone onto the bed. She plants her fists on her hillside hips and looks up at the ceiling. Her breasts rise and fall with measured breaths despite their size and weight.

"Everything okay?" I ask. Me, not her mortal servant. Not the keeper of her scepter. Clay. Her fiancé.

Addie turns to me with a sideways grimace.

"That was the doctor."

"*The* doctor? What time is it? Shouldn't his office be closed?"

"Apparently this was important enough to stay late."

"Ominous..."

"Yeah."

"So... you want to fill me in?"

"Don't know."

"What do you mean, don't know?"

"He wouldn't say."

"It was important enough for him to stay late, but not enough to say what it was? What *did* he tell you?"

She drops her shoulders, and they vanish behind mountainous tits. Her brow furrows.

"He's found a 'problem' with my test results. He needs me to come in first thing tomorrow."

"Problem?"

She shrugs.

"No... other information then?"

"Not life threatening," she says with a look that mirrors my own thoughts. That's somehow less reassuring. "Other than that, nothing."

We sit in the uncomfortable anxiety filling the room. Minutes of silence go by. Then she breaks it.

"You were preparing my offering?"

## Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

Her eyes lock onto mine, and my fiancée is gone. In her place is my personal fertility goddess. My Goddess Adora.

At my lap, my cock engorges. Her holy scepter.

I'm no longer troubled by thoughts of Dr. Grof's call or what it could mean. I'm no longer troubled by anything.

I have no thoughts beyond pleasing her, for I am her faithful worshipper.

I exist only for my Goddess.

## Chapter 12: Secrets

“A signature?”

“Yep. Well, a couple signatures. But yeah.”

“He called *after hours* and wanted you to come in *first thing in the morning* just so you could sign a form he forgot?”

“Yeah, I was pretty pissed.”

“Pissed? I’d have taken a swing at the guy! We’ve been panicking since he called last night! I mean... what the fuck?! He’s a doctor! Doesn’t he know crazy stuff like that stresses people to the max?! He’s gonna give someone a heart attack!”

Addie remains silent on the other end of the call. I lean forward against the steering wheel. The faux leather is cool against my heated skin. My irritation is boiling over, and it’s got my blood pressure soaring. I force myself to exhale slowly. I inhale back in through my nose and repeat the cycle until I’m sure I’m not on the verge of an aneurysm.

I wanted so badly to be there with Addie this morning, but I couldn’t justify calling out of work for something that could’ve been—and evidently was—literally nothing to worry about. She texted me a few minutes ago saying everything was okay, and I immediately stepped away for a break. I headed out to the car and called her for the details. To say they’ve been frustrating would be quite an understatement.

When I finally speak again, I take care to keep my volume and tone measured and calm. “Sorry, Addie. I didn’t mean to yell. I’m glad it wasn’t a big deal. That’s honestly a relief. I don’t know about you, but I didn’t sleep well after that cryptic call.”

“That was pretty scary, wasn’t it.”

“A little. ‘There’s been a problem.’” I add the last bit in an exaggerated mockery of Dr. Grof.

“Well, it turned out to be nothing. Just a clerical error.”

“I guess I should be relieved, not furious.”

“Most people would be, yes,” she giggles lightly and the lead weight in my chest dissolves at the sound.

“That’s just so... weird. Why the late call? Why was it so urgent for you to come in? Your next appointment is like a week away, anyway. Was it HIPAA stuff or something?”

Something doesn’t add up. Needing her to come in. Staying late just to call about a couple of missed signatures.

Dr. Grof’s never struck me as the most organized person. Maybe it was signatures on some major legal documents. It just feels off, not that I don’t trust Addie. I don’t think she’s hiding something, necessarily. How is she so blasé about this?

I just don’t know.

“I think it was pretty important stuff. Maybe it was HIPAA. I wasn’t really sure. It was called ‘Patient Information’ something...”

Addie pauses just long enough to signal the other shoe’s approach. It drops as expected.

“But there was one more thing he needed to talk to me about.”

That lead weight in my chest rematerializes so fast it reminds me of the goddess Adora and her sway over my body. But this is good old-fashioned, all-natural stress brought on by life and Addie. No omnipotence needed.

“What was the other thing?” I press her.

“You’re not going to like it.”

“I don’t like *this*, either...”

“Well...” Another long pause. I mentally brace. “Now through the final appointment...”

What could it possibly be to make her drag this out so long? My thoughts race with possibilities in the spaces between her words. Somehow, despite my brain conjuring dozens of awful possibilities, the reality still blindsides me.

“...no sex.”

It takes a few seconds for my lagging neurons to catch up. I feel like a record skipped in my head.

“W-we haven’t been having sex for months. Am I missing something?”

“We haven’t been having vaginal intercourse.”

“You make it sound so sexy,” I joke. It’s an attempt to keep the stress and confusion at bay as I try to determine where this is heading. Addie gives a faint pity laugh and continues.

“This time, it’s a full embargo. No sex, period. No penetrative sex, same as we’ve been doing, but no oral or anything else.”

“So... nothing? No blowjobs, no handjobs, no... titfucks?” The last one hurts a little to vocalize. Nearly every worship session, Addie instructs me to pray to her. I guess, technically, the goddess instructs her worshipper to pray. After last night’s revelation of my phantom’s true nature, I’m wondering whether the couple who engage in nightly worship sessions are two entirely different entities from the two having this conversation. Regardless, every time I pray, it’s for Addie—or the Goddess Adora, technically—to wrap her immense, soft pillows of breasts around my dick until I explode. That new, incredible cleavage of hers is simply unbelievable, and I want desperately to feel it’s warmth surround me. That desire persists even as her faithful follower, boob lust so powerful it transcends omnipotent influence. Every time we have our worship, there’s more boob, more cleavage. More dick, even. I’m getting more sensitive by the day. Every time, I pray for that titfuck because I know it will be more perfect than it would’ve been just a day before. I want it more each prayer. Every time, though, the prayer is declined, often with a smile. The Goddess has kept me waiting, and she’s enjoyed my growing desperation.

I at least get to cum every session. Multiple times, multiple gallons, even. But only ever on the goddess’s terms. Me calling the shots during sex is a thing of the distant past. I struggle to even remember what it’s like to get what I want in bed. With this latest news, I fear my prayers will forever go unanswered...

“Sorry, Clay. Doctor’s orders. He was supposed to tell us last time, but he forgot.”

I guess that could explain the urgency, since we’re basically a week out already. Still, why couldn’t it just be a phone call?

“This guy sure forgets a lot of stuff. Are we *sure* we can trust him?”

“Little late for that, isn’t it?”

She’s got a point, there.

I sigh. In the weeks following Addie’s very first round of fertility treatments, I struggled to cope with an end to daily sex in the hopes of a pregnancy... Like the Clay that worships the goddess every night, the Clay from back then feels like someone else completely. Someone

who was so obsessed with his own satisfaction he was almost ready to “resort” to masturbation while his fiancée struggled with anxieties over the procedures she was going through... That jerk had to come up with a mantra just to be a decent partner to Addie.

*I’m not enough of an asshole to put my sexual gratification over her feelings.*

Maybe present Clay isn’t so different from that jackass, after all. The mantra still echoes guiltily in my head. I’m still sweating the thought of showing restraint. We both want to start a family, but Addie *needs* this. These treatments are just as much for her mental health as they are for her physical health. It’s easy to see her as this ultra-confident, ultra-hourglass, ultra-domineering fertility goddess, but less than a year ago, she was my shy, indecisive fiancée who would—and did—spiral at something as nonsensical as being called “princess.”

If the success of these treatments depends on us cutting out all sex, then that’s what we’ll do. There’s nothing more to discuss on the matter, and I tell her as much.

“I appreciate you being so understanding about it. We can still do our nightly worship sessions, but I guess it’ll just be taking measurements.”

“I think I can manage that.”

I *know* I can manage it. I have no choice. The goddess controls every aspect of my body anymore. My size, my arousal, my orgasms: all of them are completely and utterly under her control. If she says “no sex,” then there will be no sex.

But I also *want* to manage it. For Addie.

“I love you, Clay.”

“I love you, too.”

“See you when you get home!”

“See you then.”

I hang up and sit in the car a few more minutes before heading back in to work.

( Y )

Going eight days with only the barest essentials of our worship sessions starts off fine. We retire to the cathedral of the bedroom and both disrobe—literally, in the case of my goddess.

She's wearing the new garments around the house when I arrive. What else would she wear? Nothing else fits anymore.

I stopped for a longer tape measure on my way home. Even so, it's a struggle to get it around her body without help. But I prove victorious in the end, wrapping my arms around her imposing curves and pressing my face deep into the squish of a massive wall of sideboob just to be able to toss the tape to myself. She stands there solemnly as I do so. When I bring the ends together with a tug, I see my goddess has added a full two inches to both her overbust and her hips, putting the measurements at ninety-three and ninety inches, respectively.

"You're on track to surpass a one hundred inch bust before your next treatments, Goddess Adora," I say to her. I'm beaming with pride as I scrawl the new entry into the now well-worn book of scriptures. These numbers belong to my own personal goddess. A deity for one. For me.

Below this newest scripture, only one empty line of space remains on this page before we must turn to the next. It will be the latest of many pages to be filled with evidence of how far both of us have come throughout our changes, and it will be filled in only a moment, as it's now time to measure myself.

My own gains are far less dramatic than my goddess's. I've added only three quarters of an inch to my flaccid length. That brings me to just under the line at twenty-one inches. I feel a touch of disappointment. Bizarre, considering that would've been an almost twenty percent gain in another life. I let my member drop, and the head hangs comfortably past my knees.

I announce the result and look to the goddess towering over me. Her powers are needed to measure its erect length. I don't say it. There's no need. She's all too aware. Without a word, the edge of her puffed-up lips angles upward. Her eyes drop to her scepter. My perception of the room swirls momentarily as a tenth of my blood rushes where she wishes it. I angle my posture backward to avoid being smacked by the thing as it springs to attention. The bulbous horizon of the head meets me at my eye level.

The measurement is quick. Over twelve and a half inches in girth at the meatiest portion. A diameter of just over four inches—what was once my full erect length. No, it was the length of another Clay’s member. Now, four inches is a footnote. One more measurement for my goddess’s holy scepter. A wholly different thing, it’s become.

I hold the tape, outstretched, against the surface of the shaft facing my body. The tape trails from base to bulb. At the top, I note the length as twenty-eight inches. Less than an inch of soft length has translated to two further inches when hard. *It’s unbelievable*, whispers the old me.

I relay the number to my goddess, taking a bit of pride in the scepter on her behalf.

“Twenty-eight?” she questions with a flat frown. Her look of displeasure catches me off guard. I realize my unexpected disappointment moments before must’ve been the goddess’s influence.

“Y-yes, Goddess Adora. Are you not pleased with your scepter?”

She pauses, adjusts her posture. Her landslide of a chest shudders violently. The wavering abyss of her cleavage calls to me as it dances. I put it out of mind.

“Measure again,” she orders.

I don’t question her. I never do. Never would.

I run my fingers along the tape, trailing from base to tip. It reads the same. Twenty-eight inches.

Then a sudden hot tightness in the scepter causes me to wince, not in pain but pleasure. It’s the recently familiar feeling of my body conforming to my goddess’s desires.

She watches with the same cold expression of expectation.

“T-twenty-nine,” I say with trepidation as the fleshy fist of a cockhead rises to the next mark.

“Again.” Her voice is stern. Unyielding.

“Thirty.”

“Again.”

“Thirty-one. No, thirty-two.” The growth doesn’t cease. “Thirty-three.”

It increases also in girth. The shining, pulsating flesh of the rod struggles to contain the swell of rigid cock meat within. Even the testicles below hang heavier. The swell of what was once my scrotum presses hot against my inner thighs. I widen my stance to make room. Her scepter now towers over my head, just as she herself does. I'm acutely aware of its weight and the muscles I have to flex to keep both it and myself upright.

Then the growth stops.

Swallowing to ease my dry throat, I utter the final measurement.

"Thirty-seven inches, Goddess Adora."

"And?"

I wrap the tape around its center once more.

"Nearly nineteen inches of girth."

She smiles and kneels before me. Her eyes are not far below my own, even though she's barely boosted her height tonight. An outstretched hand cradles the testicles hanging below. The heat they emit is reflected by her tender grip. Her fingers dance and shuffle the swollen orbs in their sack. I take the moment to waltz my gaze across her bosom, standing before me in all its glory. So close to me. So close to her scepter.

"This is a good start to your offering of seed," she says, bobbing her hand to admire the weight there.

"Beg pardon, my goddess? Aren't offerings... now forbidden?"

"They are. For one week."

"Then I'm afraid I don't follow."

"You will save this seed for your goddess. For that week. It belongs to me. Is that clear?"

"Of course, Goddess! I couldn't spill your seed even if I wished it."

A blazing scowl meets my eyes, and I course correct.

"Th-though I would *never* wish it. I s-swear. I swear to you."

"I should hope not." She stands up, and I suddenly feel like a bug under a bootheel. "For this offering of seed is not yours. It is not some mortal's. It is *mine*. It belongs only to your goddess."

I swallow again, but the dryness in my throat sticks with me this time.

“You will save each and every drop of my seed. You will hold it for me until this week has ended, until I can claim my offering. That is the will of Goddess Adora.”

She turns away and dons her robe. As she cinches the golden belt, her scepter softens once more, though its boosted size does not shrink first as usual. Instead, it retains its length and girth. It lowers until it drapes over the testicles, a pair of plums, and hangs down to the middle of my shins like a near fully formed third leg.

“Your goddess has issued a commandment, mortal,” Adora barks.

It’s not a question. It doesn’t need to be. There is only one response.

“Yes, Goddess Adora. I will follow your will.”

( Y )

When I wake the next morning, my size is unchanged. The same isn’t true of my testicles, though. They’re marginally larger, and the pressure within them is incredible. I’d call it uncomfortable, but it’s more like *forceful*. *Powerful*, maybe. I feel the physical weight of the semen the goddess has created within me. I feel the weight of its importance to her, as well.

Given the state of my equipment, I’ve finally arrived at the same obstacle Addie reached days ago. There’s no way I can go to work. I’d look like I’m smuggling a pair of baseballs and a bat down my sweats. I don’t have an awesome supervisor like Addie, though. My boss is a hard-ass. I’ve got ten days of sick time to cover my “sudden medical emergency” before I get a call from HR for an “unfun conversation,” as the boss puts it. Fucking Derrick.

Thus, the week until the next double treatment passes by.

Addie works from home on the weekdays. I hang around the house running numbers and trying to see how long we can hold out on just our savings and her paycheck. With some creative reworking of things, we’ll make it, provided this isn’t a permanent change to my body.

Each day that goes by, though, has me wondering just how temporary it is. Within a few days, I’m having to reach down and hoist my limp python just so I don’t risk stepping on it. It’s not that constant of a problem, however, since my softball-sized testicles make it difficult

to sit or walk for long periods. My days slowly become a lot of lying in bed or on the couch, punctuated by occasional trips to the restroom or the kitchen for food.

Our abridged worship sessions continue as well. Both our measurements climb, but mine now take center stage. My goddess swells by a reasonably steady couple of inches every day. My length grows at an increasing rate. First, it's another two inches of flaccid length. Then it's four. Then seven. By the sixth day, the edges of my vision darken as the goddess wills her scepter to harden. There's scarcely enough blood to fuel both it and myself at the same time. It's like I'm losing my humanity. Like I'm little more than the vessel for my goddess's seed.

And what a store of seed it's become!

I now find myself at the threshold of the next treatment. Lying in bed where I've been for ninety percent of the day, my bent legs cradle the velour backpack that is my scrotum. It's huge and pulses in time with my heartbeat, each throb shedding enough heat to fry an egg. I might be exaggerating, but it can't be by much. My serpent is now an anaconda or maybe the other one. The ancient snake. Titanoboa. My Titanoboa cock trails over my thigh and across the mattress. It's a full-time trip hazard when I walk. The easiest solution has been to toss it over my shoulder, not that hauling the combined weight of this hose and my cum-filled sack is "easy."

I finish recording the night's numbers. The goddess is now at 111 inches overbust and 107 at her hips. I'm an inhuman five feet, four inches of rigid length, not much less when soft. With the scriptures recorded, Goddess Adora lies peacefully across my lap, her head resting on the mound of inflated flesh where her growing offering of seed is stored. To call this the world's worst case of blueballs would be a disservice. I have a burning desire to release this load of semen outside of worship, but it will happen only when and where the goddess wills.

She trails a finger along the seam in the sack's underside and whispers, not to me, but to her seed.

"Tomorrow is the day... the time for you to come home... We'll be together soon..."

The cooing and teasing continues, though I feel like a spectator at this point. I've gone from bearer of the scepter to "hanger-on." The Goddess Adora needs her scepter and her seed, not some mortal worshipper...

“Pray to your goddess one more time,” she coos. It’s a full few seconds before I realize she’s talking to me and not her sacred store.

“Goddess?”

“I said pray to your goddess. One more time before tomorrow.”

My first thought is how desperately I crave the feeling of that heavenly cleavage swallowing her scepter, or as much of it as possible. When erect, it’s now almost as tall as I am. Even with my goddess’s bust taking up half the bed and swallowing one side of my body, her cleavage is not six feet deep. She’s been pouring whatever power she wields over our bodies directly into this scepter that lies draped over the bed and into the sack of seed on which she rests.

I think back to all the times I’ve called the shots. All the times I’ve initiated sex. All the times we’ve done my preferred position. All the times I’ve led the way. All the times I’ve gotten what I want.

This won’t be one of those. I’ve come to terms with that. I no longer hold that power or *any* power. It’s been stripped away, leaving behind this meek mortal, beholden to a higher being. To a goddess.

I couldn’t have a release even if she decided to grant my normal prayer. It’s forbidden.

No sex, period. Not until after the treatment.

The restriction on vaginal sex is understandable. Even insisting she not ingest any semen makes sense. But no handjobs or titfucks? That part doesn’t make sense to me. The mere fact that I’m still thinking about this despite my goddess’s words causes a sort of vertigo in the logic center of my brain. It doesn’t matter if it makes sense. I obey and trust Goddess Adora.

And the goddess is saving this seed for tomorrow. For after her treatment.

For the future.

For *our* future.

For *our* family.

With this realization, my response comes easily.

“I pray, Goddess Adora, for nothing.”

Her head turns against the massive scrotum. The brush of her flowing locks creates a playful tickle of pleasure through the many overtaxed nerve endings. One of her gorgeous hazel eyes peeks out through a gap in the brunette curtain.

“You pray... for...”

“For nothing. These treatments you’ve undergone—that you’re still undergoing—they’re all for the purpose of making both our prayers come true. And yes, they’ve been expensive. And they’ve had some truly... *wild* side effects. But that doesn’t matter. Because they’re worth it. This is what we want. It’s what *you* want. And it’s time we stop giving a damn about what *I* want. I’ve gotten plenty of what I want. My whole life. And I’ve got you. And I’m going to have a family with you. I know it.”

She smiles, and a wetness sparkles in her eye.

“I pray for nothing, because I already have everything. I already have you. I already have my Addie.” As I utter her name, I feel the veil of the goddess lift, and I’m me once more.

“I love you, Clay,” she says, the well of moisture finally cresting into a rolling tear. She is herself, as well.

“I love you, Addie. More than anything.”

She adjusts her position, taking care not to crush me beneath her size, and lies next to me, placing her arm across my chest. I’m sure she’s nodded off when she suddenly speaks quietly.

“Clay... about tomorrow...”

“Nervous about the hopefully final round of treatment?”

She doesn’t reply for a while. Eventually, she mutters a simple, “Yeah.”

I hug her as best as I can, and we drift off to sleep as Clay and Addie.

( Y )

When I wake, I’m alone in bed. The light streaming in through the window is vibrant enough I’m certain we’ve missed the morning appointment. Given the behemoth coiled next to me under the covers, I wonder if Addie left on her own without waking me. Neither of us is exactly

discreet these days, but I feel like I'd be inviting indecent exposure charges just by walking outside.

Then the door opens. Addie walks in, wearing her white goddess robe. Her hair and makeup are done up in a way I haven't seen in years. Lipstick, eyeshadow, mascara. Brunette curls and waves that cascade over the pale, fleshy hillsides below.

She's radiant, lovely.

"You should get ready," she says gently as I rub the sleep from my eyes.

"Actually," I say, hardly stirring from my place in bed, "it's probably best if I sit this one out, given..." I gesture at the long lump beside me and the mound between my legs.

"I think you'll want to be present for this one." She smiles brightly and bats her eyes.

Something's up. What's her game? Is the goddess up to something? She hasn't taken hold of my mind and body, if so. I'm still just Clay. Well, Clay plus giant dick and balls. Unless I've finally grown unable to tell the difference between my two selves...

"Is he chickening out? Cold feet? I knew it," Sean's voice calls out. Panic sizzles my nerves. Nobody can be here. I'm not decent. I'm *miles* from decent. I grab a handful of cover and do my best to ensure I'm fully concealed.

"Relax," Addie reassures, placing a hand on my shoulder. My mind slows closer to normal speeds, and I realize the voice was coming from her breasts. Sensing my confusion, she produces her phone, showing Sean and Brittney on a video call. They're wearing a formal suit and dress, respectively. Brittney's own hair and makeup have been done up nicely.

From our end, the camera is clearly deactivated, and I can breathe again.

"What's going on?"

I am lost. Utterly lost.

"You haven't told him?" Brittney asks, not bothering to look directly into the camera, given the lack of visual on this end.

"I was getting to it!" Addie squeals.

I look at her with what I hope is a proportional expression of confusion. She locks eyes with me and drops her shoulders. Her own eyes soften further.

“What’s going on? Did you already go to the appointment?” I ask. The clock on the wall tells me it’s set to happen in minutes. She hasn’t gone, but she’s going to miss it.

What the hell is going on?

“I’ve been keeping a little secret... There’s no appointment today,” she finally says. Her face displays a baffling mixture of apology and glee. She begins to lower herself toward the mattress’s edge but stops as her behind brushes against my enormous dick. Instead, she bends forward and leans on the mattress with her arms supporting her. All I see of her is her head, shoulders, and vision-eclipsing breasts.

“Addie, you’re starting to worry me. What secret? What aren’t you telling me?”

“I got ordained, dude! It was her idea!” Sean yells from the unseen phone. Addie rolls her eyes. I’m still not following.

“I’ll start with the emergency call from Dr. Grof,” Addie says. “It was more than just some missed signatures.”

That makes sense. That whole thing didn’t add up.

“What was it really? Is anything wrong?” I ask, starting the arduous process of getting up from the bed.

“Well, he’s going to end up with a malpractice suit if he doesn’t fix his organization problems... But no. Nothing’s wrong with the treatments. Nothing’s wrong with me.”

I recall the scattered folders, the disheveled piles of paper, the general state of disarray of the man’s desk. She’s right about his organization, but what does that have to do with the late-night call?

“So what was the emergency?”

Addie fights to hold back both tears and a smile. Finally, the words burst out of her with immense force.

“The treatments worked! They worked, Clay! I can get pregnant! Like, right away!”

“How about we wait for at least a few minutes, Addie!” Brittney shouts from the phone.

“What?” I ask. “They worked? I mean... of course they worked! Look at you! Look at *me*! But what... What?!”

“He mixed up a bunch of his test results. That’s what the call was. Total clerical clusterfuck! The treatments have been working from the beginning. I’m actually the most astonishing case he’s ever had! When he said I needed more treatments, that I needed double treatments... he was dead wrong. I was already in fertility overdrive!”

It’s a lot to take in.

“Then... we’re going... we can...”

“Yep! We can start a family!”

“Then what about... no sex for a week? What about the appointment today? What about my massive cock and balls? Saving up all your seed?”

“Still here, by the way!” Brittney cries out, and my cheeks flush red.

“The no sex thing was a little bit of a lie... Sorry.”

“What? A lie? Why?”

“Please don’t be upset. I thought it would make for a fun honeymoon.”

“Honey... moon?”

“That’s right, Mr. Groom!” Sean shouts. “I said I got ordained, remember?”

“So... we’re...”

“Getting married!” Addie bursts. “I set it all up as a surprise. I moved the date up and convinced Sean to get ordained. I figured we wouldn’t be doing a big ceremony like this.”

She gestures to our distorted forms. Probably a safe assumption, I must admit.

“You organized an entire wedding ceremony in secret? On your own?”

“Yeah. I’ve actually been worried you’d find out. Or that you’d be upset about it. I’ve been planning it since the emergency appointment.”

“That’s a lot of planning in a week...”

“Not really. It’ll just be a quick thing over video. We don’t have to go anywhere. You don’t even have to get dressed.”

“Not sure I could...” I mutter, hefting my firehose of a penis in my arms as I stand from the bed. Then a thought occurs to me.

“Is it even legal to get married over the phone?”

“The short answer is,” Sean chimes in, “only in certain places. Luckily, this is one of them.”

Under Her Influence – Near N. Far

“Well?” Addie asks, extending her hand toward me. She looks positively divine. Not like an all-powerful deity with me as her powerless servant. No, like a bride on her wedding day.

I reach out and clasp her hand.

“Let’s get married!” I say. My insides flutter.

Addie smiles back at me. The real Addie. The fertility goddess who has taken charge over so much of our lives lately is nowhere to be seen. It’s just me and my fiancée. No—it’s just me and my bride.

And, thanks to the incompetence of a very disorganized fertility doctor, both of our colossal bodies.

“Alright!” Sean pipes up from the phone. “Let’s get you two married!”

“Let’s!” I say.

“And make it a quick ceremony,” Addie adds slyly, her eyes darting to the seed-swollen sack in my lap. “I have urgent plans.”

An electrifying current runs through my groin, and it pulses, grows. More seed to be sown.

I may have been hasty in thinking it was just me and Addie. Standing beside me, my fiancée is replaced by the familiar presence of Goddess Adora. Within myself lies naught more than a mere mortal worshipper ready to carry out the will of my goddess.

A deity and her follower, getting married at last...

## Chapter 13: Vows

“I do.”

The words fall from my lips. They feel as right as anything in my life ever has. The warmth and kindness of Addie’s eyes embrace and comfort me. I return as much confidence as I can under the circumstances. It’s not nerves. No, I’m finally wedding the love of my life. That’s the easiest thing in the world.

What makes it difficult to project confidence in this moment is my total lack of clothing below my waist. The nice button-down shirt I dug up in a hurry lies scrunched at the bottom where it’s displaced by the massive log of flesh protruding from me. Addie still wears one of the gorgeous robes crafted for her by Brittney.

Her phone stands on an old tripod for the ceremony (angled upward to ensure we can look our friends in the eye after today). To ensure everything is legal, the officiant must see both parties they are marrying. Sean was clear on that. He’s really done his homework, and I have to admit I’m impressed. It’s unlike him to take something this seriously. More in keeping with his expected behavior, he asked us about a dozen times if we were “sure it’s safe” before he would remove his hands from his eyes and face the camera.

“And do you, Adora Stillwater, take Clayton Odell as your lawfully wedded husband?” he continues.

My body clenches involuntarily at the utterance of Addie’s full name. Anymore, I associate it more with the presence of the goddess than with my fiancée. Hearing another human being speak the deity’s name has my brain doing cartwheels even without a controlling hand on the wheel. I remind myself it’s Addie’s actual name. Sean is our friend and officiant, not some heretical preacher. Besides, the goddess isn’t here—discounting her constant quiet presence lingering in the folds of my mind. No, she vanished again after revealing herself for a brief moment. When Addie referenced having “plans” for after the ceremony, the goddess was there, in her eyes and in my mind, but she flickered away once her intentions were clear: the instant Sean says I “may kiss the bride,” the honeymoon begins. That one sentence was all it took for me to understand as much.

I can't wait.

"I do," Addie says.

"Do you have the rings?" Sean asks.

We produce the wedding bands we've had lying in wait for far too long. Under Sean's direction, I slide Addie's onto her finger. It fits well, despite all the weight she's gained. Every pound has settled in other, curvier locales around her body. Addie then places a band on my finger, smiling sweetly the whole time.

"I believe the couple have prepared their own vows?" Sean continues, chuckling a little after he says it.

"Uh..."

I haven't. I didn't even know I was getting married today until minutes ago, and my friend's clearly having some fun with that knowledge. His shit-eating grin is enough to confirm that.

"We didn't write vows, but I think we can come up with something," Addie says, disregarding Sean's jest. She takes my hands in hers and reassures me. "It's okay, Clay. I'll go first."

I nod, thoughts racing about what I could possibly say to do justice to the depths of my love for this woman. I'm so distracted by it all that I miss the first few words of Addie's vows. I silently chastise myself for missing arguably the most important thing she's ever said to me and focus up.

"...first met you. You're a kind person. You're a loving person. You're a reliable person. I'm... not. That's no big secret. I've spent my whole life struggling to make even the simplest of decisions. Just figuring out what I want to eat for dinner or watch on TV... Such stupid little choices would leave me paralyzed, unable to just... vocalize my wants. Clay, you've been there every time, willing to make those decisions. And always, it's a selfless decision made with my own interests in mind. You give a voice to my needs and wants."

That long-past month of selfish wallowing fades into my thoughts. The weeks of self-pity over not getting the sex I wanted—I'm ashamed of the person I was. I didn't guilt her into sex or anything, but I wasn't too far from considering it. I fight off the twisting in my gut and

remind myself how much I've changed since then. How much I've learned about putting Addie's needs first.

"Having you there by my side and looking out for me..." her vows continue, "It gave me the confidence to finally know what I want. The confidence to stand up and *say* what I want. And what I want—more than *anything*—is to spend the rest of my life with you at my side. As my husband. I want to start a family of our own. We both know that's only going to be possible thanks to the sacrifices you've made: the hours you've worked, the savings you've spent, the side effects you've endured."

Endured isn't the word I would choose. As insane as this experience has been. *As insane as it is*, I've loved every second of every single daily worship session. Every moment of no control. Every ounce of subservience. With the goddess letting me have free reign of mind in this moment, I know without question that I've truly loved serving as Addie's mortal plaything.

And like that, I have the kernel around which I can build my vows.

"Through everything," Addie finishes, fighting to hold back the tears welling in her eyes, "you've been so... so phenomenal to me. Better than I... than I could possibly deserve. Truly. I... I love you, Clay. And I will always... love you."

Her fingers grip mine tighter. I fight back tears of my own. I manage to mouth "I love you, too," as we stand there quietly. Sean finally breaks us free of the silence.

"And now Clay..." he prompts.

Yeah. And now Clay. I clear my throat and wade headlong into my vows with only a rough idea of what I'm about to say. I hope it's profound.

"A-Addie," my voice is harsh and dry. I clear my throat and start again. "A stupid game once gave you the nickname 'Princess.' You *hated* it. *Loathed* it. You hated it so much your face would turn cherry red anytime someone said it. I used to tease you every now and then. I'd say things like 'There's my princess' or 'I love you, princess.' It was fun teasing you. You would get so flustered, and it was adorable. But now, I can't stand the thought of calling you princess. It's all wrong. Because you're not my princess."

Her eyebrows scrunch in confusion. The motion releases a single tear from the build-up she's held back. It travels halfway down her cheek, marring her mascara faintly.

I press on with my vows.

“Don’t get me wrong. You’re exceptional to the point of rivaling royalty. You are, Addie. You’re worthy of your very own kingdom of followers. But more than that, you’re worthy of *worship*.”

The confusion deepens. She’s not sure where I’m going with this. Perhaps she worries what I might say in front of our friends, but she need not fear. I know this is not the time or place to talk about lapping at her holy waters or offerings of my sacred seed. That’s not what I had in mind, anyway.

“I have watched these last few months as you’ve stopped being a girl who was so terrified of the spotlight she couldn’t make a single decision for herself. It didn’t matter how small. The very thought of opening up to another person, of letting your voice be heard, of being *seen*... it was like the most horrific idea you could think of. That girl, that Addie, I’ve watched in awe as she’s become a woman who knows what she wants, who *fight*s for what she wants, who puts herself through intense medical treatments to get what she wants, who is willing to tell me what she wants. Tell me what *I* want...”

I pause to take in the beauty of my bride once more. To admire just how incredible she is.

“Addie, you aren’t my princess. Screw that stupid game and the girls that forced you to play it against your will. I was wrong to come up with that dumb nickname.”

She laughs.

“I don’t look to you as royalty. I look to you as my inspiration. As a model for the kind of person I want to be. As a person I truly, utterly want to follow to the end of this life and into the next one. You’re my life *and* my afterlife. Addie, I look to you as... I look to you as my goddess. And I love you with all my soul. With all my devotion.”

She snuffles, and more tears roll down her cheeks. Her left hand leaves mine to wipe them away.

“I love you, Clay.”

“I love you, Addie.”

With our vows complete, Sean resumes his duties.

“If there is anyone among us who can present sound reason why these two people should not be permitted to wed, please speak now. Brittney, you got anything?”

Addie and I both chuckle despite getting choked up. Brittney laughs, as well.

“Very well, then. Maybe against my better judgment, I now pronounce you husband and wife.”

That’s it. Addie and I are officially married. We’re finally married.

“You may now kiss the—”

“Thanks, Sean!” Addie waves at the phone with one hand as she ends the call with the other. She shoves the tripod lightly so that it topples to the floor. Her hungry eyes then turn toward me. My newly christened goddess Addie has been overcome by Goddess Adora once more. Or has given herself over. Or has taken hold of her powers. Or however it works. Whatever *it* truly is...

The goddess takes hold of me, as well.

“You heard him, mortal.”

She steps forward, her hundred-plus-inch bust shaking at each footfall. Her stature grows. Her nipples stab out behind the thin white robe failing to conceal them. Her cleavage deepens further. Her hips and thighs widen. Her belly swells. Her lips plump. Her hair lengthens. Her eyes shine. Her silhouette gives off a fiery luminance that has nothing to do with the ceiling fan this time. She has her own holy aura.

“We may... kiss,” she finishes, savoring each syllable. She’s intent on far more than kissing. That much is evident.

Every step she takes has me taking an equal step backward. Her scepter drags across the carpet after me, thousands of soft fibers caressing its underside. The sensation is wonderful and sensual, but it stirs nothing in my loins. Only the will of Goddess Adora may harden it.

At last, the edge of the bed touches against the inflated scrotum hanging heavily behind my legs. I’ve nowhere left to retreat but onto the altar for my sacrificial offering. From the resumed pulsing of the beachball-sized testicles, I can surmise she desires quite a substantial offering. In just these few seconds, they’ve filled with more volume than any single day over the past week. With the way my goddess has emptied the seed from me and

refilled me multiple times in a single session, I've been able to produce volumes of seed I never would've thought possible. The weight I carry now, though... This is enough to drown a lesser being. For Goddess Adora, I worry if it will be near enough to satisfy her.

Using the six-foot mass of her scepter as a counterbalance, I lower my rear toward the bed, taking care where everything goes.

"What do you think you are doing?" her voice thunders, and the lights in the room dim momentarily, both the lightbulbs as well as the sun shining through the windows.

"I'm s-sorry, Goddess!" I wimper, standing fully upright. She still towers over me in a way that makes me feel like the lesser being I am. "I meant no offense! What would you have your servant do?"

"You will stand there, and I will recline. You will attend to *me*. Is that clear?"

"Of course, Goddess."

As she trots past, the deep V of her robe's neckline widens and deepens. The two halves of the garment are forced aside by the billowing flesh that was already barely contained within. The golden line tied around her midsection slips as her belly advances, hoisting her bust and plotting a course through the very deepest depths of her cleavage. As quickly as it's rounding out, it would still take minutes of growth to part the globes of flesh that hide it. That is, assuming those globes weren't also expanding in volume.

This immensity of stacked flesh undulates like the billowing clouds of heaven as it grows and sidles past me toward the bed. I drag my own colossal burdens back to make room for my goddess. I look up at her, but all I see is a heart-shaped lower body, shrouded in darkness by the overhang of her magnificent breasts. A remnant of robe drapes from each one. The garment is fully untied at this point, its halves held in place by only the fist-sized nipples that dig into them seeking freedom.

Then the flesh before me shifts and lowers. Thighs and buttocks descend. Legs spread. Gravity parts her breasts and draws them to either side as she lies flat. Her robe gives up its struggle and is consumed by the flesh now resting atop it.

Our bed creaks concerningly as an unfathomable weight comes to rest on it. The shrill screeching of metal-on-metal rings out. The nuts and bolts holding the frame together cry.

They, too, are hopelessly overpowered by the goddess. The bed's aluminum legs bend outward. The box spring crunches. Not even our marital bed can escape transformation by this divine power. It now angles up away from me. The foot has dropped to barely an inch above the floor.

Goddess Adora's full glory engulfs the thing. Her mountainous breasts have parted to reveal a sexy mound of belly. It's not the rounded form of pregnancy, but the healthy midsection of a fertility goddess—a fruitful womb, ready for seed to be sown.

Between her legs, her perfect pussy lies waiting. It is cleanly shaven as always, lips swollen and juices flowing freely to dampen the sheets below. Over her belly and from under her right breast, a single hand emerges. It inches toward her valley and parts it to reveal the glistening pink flower within. Her clit has blown up to the size of a grape and throbs visibly.

“Drink,” her voice echoes from the walls and ceiling. She speaks not from her lips, but from the depths of reality itself. I have no choice but to obey.

Maneuvering the sack of seed I carry, I pull my body between thighs that could crush me if the goddess so chose. Their silk-soft skin presses against my shoulders as I wedge into the narrowing gap that leads to my destination. Ahead, her belly and the twin domes of her breasts loom, obscuring her head and shoulders along with the majority of the bed's headboard.

For the first time in weeks, I lower my lips to her holy sanctum. Even before the week-long embargo on physical acts of worship, our sessions had taken a greater focus on her imbibing of sacred seed. It's been too long since I last lapped at these streams.

My tongue extends and first touches the wet pink of her pussy just below her clit. The familiar sweet, acidic tang washes over my tastebuds. I breathe in her floral scent, and it penetrates my lungs. She releases her folds and retracts her hand, leaving me to worship alone here in the Holy Church of the Goddess Adora where two lovers were just wed. But that wedding is over, and this hallowed space is once more a place of worship and devotion.

I pucker my lips around her engorged nub and suckle as I flick my tongue across it. When I feel her thighs begin to quiver from pleasure, a lightness overtakes me. The thought that a lowly servant like myself may generate real pleasure for a goddess, for my goddess... it brings

more tears to my eyes. I continue on her clit for a few moments before pulling away. My head eases back until the suction of my lips creates a *pop!* and we separate.

Making my pilgrimage south, I run my tongue throughout, savoring every drop of her waters I can find. Then I plunge it into her opening, exploring the twists and turns of her soft cavern. It, too, is flooded by her arousal.

The longer I keep at it, the more my lower half is weighed down by the swelling sack there. Her seed continues to multiply as the time approaches to release it. It's not something I need or want. It's not my place, after all. But something inside me knows. It *feels* the goddess's need, acts on it.

Despite the immense pleasure I take in seeing to Goddess Adora, in worshipping her, in following her commandment to drink faithfully to the letter, the passionate pounding of my heart spares not an ounce of blood for my own loins, for her rod. Not without the will of the goddess intervening.

I care not for breath, except to inhale her intoxicating aroma. I care not for fatigue, except to ensure it does not limit me. I care not for time, except to pray I have enough to make this last. From beyond the peaks of her chest come occasional moans of contentment. Alongside the periodic quakes of her thigh canyon, those moans confirm my success at worshipping her. That is all I care for.

Eventually, she places a hand on my head and issues another commandment.

“Back onto your feet, mortal.”

“Myef goffessf,” I mouth into her hallowed grounds.

Only my devotion to her will allows me to leave her unfulfilled. With great reluctance, I back away, taking her offer-in-waiting with me. The split-second my feet contact the floor, I'm nearly thrown backward. The titanic tower of meat attached to me springs to life, growing rigid, straightening, standing bolt upright as it arcs from my groin. Coming from its previously meandering, coiled position at my feet, the thing sends me reeling to the side as it pops up as violently as an airline emergency slide. It would be more like one only if they were filled with red-hot steel, rather than air. Fully engorged, her scepter is larger than the rest of me. Were it not for the vaulted ceiling in her cathedral, it would have punched clean through.

The familiar dizziness flings my mind in circles until the reallocation of blood settles. Slowly, I regain my senses and find my balance with this thing erupting from my body—helped significantly by the thirty or more pounds of counterweight at its base.

“What would you have your servant do now, Goddess?”

That booming voice speaks again, assaulting my consciousness, at once harsh and lovely.

“You have done well. Your faith has proven strong, and your devotion to your goddess is seen. She has seen fit to answer your prayers with a blessing.”

A blessing? My prayers? Does she mean? Is it possible? After so many times, I’ve stopped letting myself hope.

“Goddess, do you mean...”

“I do.”

Her scepter lowers with measured grace. It does not soften. It does not diminish. Its form simply adjusts so that it no longer thrusts vertically toward Goddess Adora’s domain. It lowers like a castle’s weighty drawbridge and comes to rest directly in my goddess’s cleavage, nestling against the soft warmth of her breasts.

The domes of plush flesh cradle and embrace the log as it settles into place. It stretches from my groin at the foot of the bed—itsself tilted on the verge of collapse—over her hallowed pussy and through the canyon of her cleavage. The head points up above the remaining visible sliver of the padded headboard. Over her ridge of breast, the goddess’s hands emerge. Her fingers splay wide like the rays of twin suns. They curl and interlace above the shaft just before the flare of the beating cockhead. In a blink, her hands pull downward, bringing much of the colossal pillar into the dark depths between the east and west peaks of her tits.

That very first sensation, that embrace as the heat of the scepter meets voluminous flesh is like the first drop of water after wandering the desert. To be followed by this sudden pull into a proper titfuck by the goddess’s globes is akin to leaving the arid dunes and diving from a cliffside into a glacial pool. With feet upon feet of length, the number of nerve endings has multiplied beyond rationale, and each one of them is set ablaze with sensations I’ve prayed to experience but never dreamed I would.

I have no doubt the goddess chose to have it this way, to be able to inflict untold pleasures on me in this moment. It's the same reason she has built this endless supply of seed within me for over a week. There were no doctor's orders. It was all a ruse. No, this—every single aspect of this day, this act, this moment—is exactly as Goddess Adora wills it.

“Will you stand there motionless when your goddess has answered your prayers?” she asks.

“N-no, Goddess!” I sputter.

I swing my hips forward until my thighs bump against the fallen end of the mattress. The testicles behind and below are so weighty that inertia keeps them mostly stationary. I then swing backward, but the grip of flesh on flesh on flesh adds enough friction that those huge hillocks of boob undulate toward me as I do, pulled along with the scepter's retreat. I push forward again, and everything shifts back toward the head of the bed. There's a flash of fear that I could cause a fleshy landslide and suffocate my goddess, but I instantly feel foolish for thinking she could be endangered by such trivial matters. Just one of her breasts could crush a mortal like myself, grind me into nothing. She has nothing to fear.

“Goddess, I'm trying my best, but the friction...” I bite off the rest of my words. To utter a complaint to Goddess Adora after such a blessing? It's blasphemous. She would be right to strike me down for such insolence.

Instead, I'm stricken by an unexpected reply.

“Allow me to alleviate your struggles.”

With a gentle push from below, the scepter rises like a sub surfacing.

“Step back. Then slide it directly ahead.”

I do as she commands, backing up while marveling at the ease of maneuvering such a thing. A single twist of my lower body, and it swings deftly like the boom on a yacht. Only divine intervention could do this.

Once I've reversed until its length hovers, pulsating, over the space between us, I know her intent. Pleasure shakes my loins. An unmistakable wetness kisses the bulb at the end. Large rivulets of precum slide down the underside. One drips onto the carpet.

“Do not delay, lest you waste your goddess's gift.”

“At once, Goddess!”

I wrap my hands around the meaty battering ram to assist my aim. The length alone means the slightest adjustment leads to it wavering significantly. With focus, though, I steady the thing and line up my advance. Then I step forward. It weaves around with each step, but keep it pointed directly at the gates of her underboob.

When flesh again meets flesh, the slickness of the ample precum allows it to slide between those glorious masses, practically free of all friction. Every inch slides in as the squeeze of her breasts runs along every nerve ending, electrifying my body and urging me to drive the scepter forward faster, to experience *more* impossible pleasure more quickly. I give in to the urge knowing I have Goddess Adora’s blessing. I leap forward as much as my heavy body can and plunge the rod’s length all the way. A cool rush of air meets the tip. I’ve reached the other side and come clear out it. A rumbling chuckle from the goddess accompanies the shock of her silky tongue’s tip running up the final few inches of the underside. It pauses to sensuously lap up the latest emissions of precum.

Her tongue leaves the head, and I know her wish. I am to thrust. This time, the miraculous font from her scepter provides ample lubrication. Sliding is effortless. In and out, back and forth.

She brings her arms under those heavy breasts and lifts. The force of their hold is multiplied five-fold. It causes a serious brushing of skin against the flare of her scepter’s head. My knees buckle as I pull back, and I catch myself only by grabbing onto her thighs where they rest at the edge of the bed. To my left and right, her long, long legs pour over the end like waterfalls of porcelain. Both feet rest flat on the carpet, though her head lies at the headboard somewhere beyond the domed mountains and their chocolatey areola peaks. Her godly stature has surpassed the size of the bed. That I can cover the same distance with this scepter... it baffles as I pant, clutching handfuls of soft inner thighs, spread wide beneath the foothills of her mounts.

“Is this too much to handle, little mortal?”

It is. It truly is.

“N-no, G-goddess!” I lie, trembling. I need to stand back up.

I steel my body and resume pumping. The real Clay, somewhere buried deep, is ready to cum, is so overcome by this divine act he can't fathom going on without unleashing a torrent of semen. One more millimeter of motion. One more nerve ending teased by her tits' embrace. That's all it will take to unleash the great flood onto the world.

The mortal worshipper Clay, however, is in control now, and he will follow his goddess's whims and thrust away until she is ready for him to do something else. He wouldn't dare allow her seed to fall anywhere but within her womb where it is destined. Where she wishes it.

One more thrust and the scepter throbs and bucks. The dufflebag of seed shifting below me tightens. It is ready to lose every drop. The goddess feels this and releases her breasts, letting them fall to the sides. Her scepter is no longer held in that velvet-soft vice.

"That twitch wasn't a thought of release, was it, mortal?"

"N... no, Goddess." I would never consider it, but my body is that of a mortal man, lowly and weak and unworthy. Pleasure leads to certain outcomes, and this is pleasure beyond any man's comprehension.

"Did you enjoy your blessing?"

"I d-did, Goddess..."

*Did?* Is it already over? Disappointment bubbles but is quelled by my devotion to the goddess's will.

"Good."

She pushes herself upright. Her breasts roll forward. Her fingertips push me out from her cleavage and back as she rights her body. With a firm hold on her scepter, she guides me backward. She leads me until I stand, the shaft resting on her shoulder. Its head hovers an inch from her own. Dozens of waving hairs glisten in the morning light. They brush faintly against the pulsing, hot flesh. Another clenching wave of pleasure lifts it from her shoulder, but her light grip eases it back.

Goddess Adora gazes into me as she holds the thing motionless with one wrapped set of fingers that can scarcely reach halfway around its girth. All the while, the fingers of her other hand trail up and down the scepter's length. They meander alongside and over the thumping,

winding vein there. They pause at the tip to wipe up another drop of precum. She spreads it across her fingertips to allow them to dance the whole way again without the scourge of friction. Every pass, she pauses at the ridge of the head and flicks it so that the sack between my legs contracts and slams against my libido's growing restlessness.

The seed feels her call. It wishes to leave behind this vulgar mortal prison and join with the goddess in a final holy union.

“Still, you do not think of release?”

Two fingers circle the urethral slit and caress the frenulum below. How can a mortal stand firm against such pleasures? From a goddess, no less?

“Hnnng... N-n-no, G-g-godd-dess...” I stutter. My voice cracks and wavers. My knees shake and my legs quiver. My toes curl and grip at the carpet.

“You. May. Not. Release.”

*I wouldn't think of it, Goddess, I say in my head. Verbally, all that emerges is “W-wah... Eth... Th... K-k... G... G-gd... Sssss...”*

There's a stabbing pain in the side of my head. I realize it's from clenching my jaw, grinding my teeth into one another. I order the muscles there to relax, but they don't respond.

Her teasing persists. The tightening in my loins is a pressure like nothing I've ever felt. I fear my body may rend itself apart fighting like this. The cum-filled sack jumps and bounces as the muscles above scream for an end. For any end.

For release.

“Here,” Goddess Adora whispers, ceasing her torment.

She releases her hold and beckons me toward her. She turns to the side and kneels. With gentle touches and pushes, I'm guided past her and onto the bed. Rather, the scepter is guided, and I rush along behind to avoid being dragged. As I bring up my knee, she hoists the testicles in her hands.

Ultimately, she directs me onto my back. Her scepter again juts toward the heavens, perpendicular to my prone form. Then it does something I certainly don't expect: it lowers. This is not like before, when its angle was adjusted. No, this time, it truly does shrink. Six feet

reduce to five, to four, to three. Its girth also diminishes, but not in proportion. It remains thick and powerful, more so by virtue of its smaller stature.

By the end, Goddess Adora stares down a spire the length of one of my arms, with a thickness more akin to my calf. The base of this obelisk meets my pelvis where the same oversized sack of seed remains, throbbing and unchanged. With substantially less mass in the shaft and head, the balls now look positively absurd. Like they don't belong to this reality.

The few seconds of shrinking have offered a merciful reprieve from the onslaught of sensation. Though I do not know her reasons, I accept it happily. Then my confusion is dispelled, as she steps onto the bed, head drawing dangerously close to the ceiling above. She has to weave around the ceiling fan's blades. Careful step after careful step, she moves to stand over me. One leg is planted to my left. The other to my right. Her thighs and breasts hover over me like storm clouds threatening a prairie town, casting me in shadow.

Will I survive what comes next? Should I seek shelter?

"Are you ready to feel your goddess's true power? Are you ready to join our bodies in holy union?"

Her intent is as I thought. She plans to, at last, mount her scepter. It is time.

"I am ready, Goddess Adora! I am ready!"

Tears stream from the corners of my eyes as I speak. The glory of this moment is too much to handle. I cannot fathom joining her. How could this mortal possibly deserve such a thing?

Then her body drops. Her knees bend, and her thighs pivot too smoothly for their size. Her pussy, so high above even the two feet of her scepter's present form, plummets down toward the head, ready to welcome it inside her. I throw my head to the side and slam my eyes closed. I can't look. It's too much. I focus all my will on withstanding the sensations that will engulf that rod any second.

Instead, what arrives is the hot, wet gliding of her angelic lips along the underside of the shaft. I open my eyes as she moves back up, letting herself slide and grind against it all the way. I feel her heartbeat through her swollen clit as it presses against her scepter.

Taking the tip gingerly in one hand, she drops and lifts her body over and over again. It shouldn't be possible for that much mass to move so deftly, but I look on in awe as it does.

Repeatedly. The breasts above me rise and fall, threatening to end me with each drop, but stopping just above me before lifting again.

Every pass of my goddess's slick opening along the rod causes another expectant clutching of my groin. One drop brings her bounding cheeks within inches of the swollen sack below her. The breeze from this alone makes my own thighs quake involuntarily.

"Hnnng..." a grunt eeks from my throat.

"Did you just utter something, mortal?"

As her teasing words drip over me like bitter honey, she continues sliding and grinding. She works her scepter like a dancer making do with a three-foot stripper pole. To imagine her in such an Earthly, human guise turns my stomach, so I shove the image aside.

"N-noth... n-nothing, Goddess," I reply, gritting my teeth. My legs shake again. I can't take it. I'm too weak. No human has the willpower or muscle strength to hold back such a torrent.

"Do not lie to me."

"I w-would n-n-not, G-goddess. C-could not-t."

She continues inflicting these pleasures on me all while her divine font of holy seed seeks to erupt from me like a volcano. As a profane, imperfect vessel, how can I be expected to endure this? Is it truly a failing if my flesh can withstand no more? Would the goddess forgive my weakness if I released here and now?

More importantly, would I forgive myself? *Could* I forgive myself?

No. I couldn't.

I clench every muscle from toe to brow until I fear I'll cramp.

"Nnn. Nnn... Hnnnnn..."

I can't help the grunting. Every pass of her opening. Every caress of her fingertips as she cradles and rubs the flare of the head. Every throb of her bead.

"Address your goddess properly, now. Out with it."

She drops slowly this time and doesn't rise. With my eyes shut tight, I feel the shadow of her over me. I risk a glimpse and find her stooped over my miniscule form, peering down with an unfamiliar expression. Furrowed brows and twisted grin lend her an ominous look. Is this bemusement? For a flash, I see my goddess as a lustful succubus, toying with her prey, but

the stab of guilt slams into me immediately. How dare I? My goddess has every right to use me as she wishes. She is no thing of the underworld!

But it doesn't matter. I can bear no more. My body is failing.

"I can't hear you?" she pushes.

"P-pl..."

"Speak!"

"P-please... p-p-please..."

"Please?"

"P-please, G-goddess-s-s... P-ple-please..."

"You test my patience, mortal."

"P-please, l-l-let..."

"SPEAK!"

The floor trembles. The walls rattle. The lights dim again. I feel that syllable in my sternum. The vibrations plink my ribcage like a decrepit xylophone. Inside, my lungs have their last vestiges of breath knocked from them.

"PLEEEEEEEAAAAAAAASSSSSSSSSSSE LET ME RELEASE, GODDESS!"

I all but scream my words. Silence follows. Neither of us moves. Neither of us speaks. For several long seconds, the world stands in limbo.

It is Goddess Adora who first breaks the still quiet.

"Very well."

She stands a final time. Between my legs, the load of seed gurgles in the pounding testicles, demanding release. It beats at the walls of its prison from inside. The mound of velvety flesh swells again as it does. The mass of it rolls over my thighs and engulfs my knees. The scepter's presence alone prevents it from swallowing up more of my body. That lone pillar of meat parts the wall of scrotum like the Red Sea.

From above, a gentle voice wafts down to me. It's not Goddess Adora. Nor is it Addie. I can only hear it as a true marriage of the two. Love and authority in equal measure. I am both her husband and her worshipper. All our conflicting selves reach a nexus and become one. The

goddess's presence is in each of us. Then, it's gone as unknowably as it arrived. We are left here as only Clay and Addie, husband and wife. United in mind, spirit...

“Granted.”

... and body.

Her full form plunges down on my cock for the first time in several long months. My mind and world are blown apart all at once. The heat of her pussy burns like a kiln as she grips me so tightly. As every bit of me slides into her, her insides are split apart, filled to breaking with the dick she has crafted as her ideal plaything. It feels like it's growing again, getting thicker, longer. I can't be certain, though. All I know is that every little inch of Addie's pussy wraps my tentpole of a member as she impales herself on its upper two thirds, driving her body down onto the girthsome spire.

“Fffffffffffff-UCK!” we cry in unison.

My balls contract, and my feet attempt to kick but fail. They're weighed down by the mound that has buried them. Every pulse shakes my legs below and blasts a quart of hot batter into the woman sitting cowgirl atop me. I'm acutely aware of the silky skin of Addie's giant ass, stopped so that it rests barely touching my sack. Every pump of my body causes our flesh to softly brush there. The electric sensation only drives me to blast again.

Addie releases a wavering moan as I continue to explode. I grit and groan myself, gripping fruitlessly at the carpet beside me.

For an eternity, I am whisked away to the afterlife—never-ending bliss in a world apart from this one. It's pain and relief and a great emptiness as the semen that's weighed me down for a week leaves me as fast as it can, travelling into my now-fertile wife.

Above me, her inhuman breasts deform where her knees and thighs thrust up into their undersides. They flow over to her left and right where they threaten to smother my arms on the floor. The part in her cleavage is just enough to reveal an immense bulge there in her abdomen. At first, I assume it to be my cock, having speared her insides, but I watch in amazement as her pudge burbles outward. Then again. And again. Each contraction, each blast from my cum cannon into her causes her midsection to inflate by millimeters. She's literally being filled out by my torrent of seed.

“Keep it coming, Clay! Give me all of it! Every. Last. Drop! Don’t you dare stop cumming until you’ve offered up all that cum! It’s all for me! Mine! Impregnate the shit out of your wife! DO IT!”

“My goddess!” I shout as another blast shoots forth to join the rest.

“Yes!” Addie screams. She rocks on the balls of her feet rhythmically in time with the pulses of cream filling her. “Fill up your fertility goddess! Fill me with *MY* seed!”

For the first time in ages, hearing both of us call her my goddess feels like something we’re just... doing. It’s not a compulsion. It’s not a spell. It’s not a possession.

It’s a newlywed husband and wife doing their absolute damndest to get pregnant on their honeymoon.

And I have to admit: it’s an *incredible* turn-on.

## Epilogue: Headlines

It's been almost eight months now since my surprise wedding day, and things are still normalizing. After our explosive return to “vaginal intercourse,” the wife and I collapsed into exhausted sleep there on the floor. Then we proceeded to wake up for three more goes before the day was done. I don't think I've ever been so worn out and dehydrated in my entire life...

Addie hasn't shown even a hint of divine power since that moment of union. Whatever snapped in us then... I think it was the goddess releasing her hold over both of us. We've talked about it a lot since then. Addie even revealed she herself felt like the presence had taken hold of her since the treatments started. Like she, too, was an unwilling vessel. Well, unwilling at first. She quickly came to like the ways the goddess changed her. The ways the goddess changed me. I can't blame her. I did, too.

Also regarding changes, we're both significantly smaller now than we were at the wedding. Our bodies started shrinking by that afternoon, but the reversion has since plateaued well before hitting our old sizes. Thankfully, we still lost enough mass to make things simpler. I'm down to a more-than-respectable twelve inches soft, fourteen hard. My girth is once more on the order of “big dick energy” as opposed to “third leg energy.”

Addie's chest, thighs, and butt all dropped substantially. Part of me is a touch disappointed, but another part of me is just less fearful of crushing, suffocation, and the like. She's able to wear bras again, though they're specially ordered. It's not easy to find brands that offer a 40Q. Her hips now sit at a favorite-chair-filling and face-engulfing sixty-two inches around.

She still works from home with occasional days in the office. I'm sure HR is sweating every time she's scheduled to come in. On my end, I've returned to work with minimal fallout from the ordeal, which is great, considering the other bit of news.

Addie's belly is growing again. Majorly. Apparently getting bizarre fertility treatments and then pumping yourself full of gallons upon gallons of magically generated semen will stick a bun in one's oven. Who knew?

We're both ecstatic to finally be starting a family as husband and wife.

Our daily life is much like pre-treatment times, plus frequent check-ups with her OB/GYN. We don't have daily romps anymore, though the pregnancy libido has her horned up and insisting on me plowing her or eating her out at least a few times a week. I happily oblige, of course.

When we do get busy, we often break out our new favorite roleplay: fertility goddess and worshipper. She's quite adept at playing the part of the all-mighty deity. And god do I love playing the part of the pious follower! She commands me to drink of her holy waters or pray for my darkest desires. I make her a holy offering. She has a definite preference to receive those orally, usually as she lies on top of me.

We've even broken out the old book of scriptures on occasion, just to see where we stand now in comparison

Honestly, whatever it was that made all this crazy shit happen... I don't really care anymore, because life is perfect because of it.

Then the bombshell drops.

"Whoa," Addie says under her breath. She's wedged into her chair like always.

"What's up?" I ask from my spot on the couch.

"Brittney just sent me a link. Look."

She leans forward—no easy feat with the beachball of a belly she sports. With some difficulty, she thrusts out her arm, phone screen turned to face me. On it is the front page of a local news station website. Bold text reads: First Day of Trial for Fugitive Cult Leader. It's an attention-grabber, for sure, but I don't really see why it's more noteworthy than any other insane headline these days.

Then the video below begins to play.

News anchor Trish Banler appears, sitting behind her familiar wooden desk. She stares into the camera, straight blonde hair framing her face in flawless symmetry. Beside her, a framed graphic overlay shows a photograph of a haggard man in an orange jumpsuit. Two police officers escort him up the courthouse stairs downtown as he looks back over his shoulder. Despite the grizzled appearance, it's unmistakably the face of Dr. Grof.

My gut sinks. We haven't seen him since Addie went in for that emergency mix-up appointment. We tried a few times to schedule a follow-up, but our calls never went through. This would explain a few things.

Trish shuffles a handful of papers without looking at them and speaks in her crisp, neutral accent.

“Our top story tonight: Today marked the beginning of the trial for Harper L. Kraft, arrested eight months ago. Mr. Kraft was wanted in three other states for identity theft, fraud, tax evasion, and criminal malpractice. Local authorities were tipped off to his whereabouts here in our city where he was operating an unlicensed fertility clinic under the alias of Dr. Harmon Grof. Authorities allege this clinic, like his previous establishments, was being used as a front for a bizarre religious cult that worships an ancient fertility goddess.”

I glance up and raise an eyebrow to Addie. She nods toward the device. I try to refocus on Trish's news story, but her words are drowned out by the deafening mix of new information flying loudly around my head.

Dr. Grof is on trial for criminal malpractice. Dr. Grof isn't even Dr. Grof. Dr. Grof isn't even a doctor!

The phrases “front for a religious cult” and “ancient fertility goddess” bash against the inside of my skull as the months prior to our wedding replay there.

The goddess... was Addie being used as some kind of... vessel for this goddess?

I shut my eyes tight and open them again, doing my best to pay attention to Trish's words.

“...seemingly tipped off just before authorities arrived. All records were destroyed, along with all supposed medical equipment. Authorities are asking any women who were seeing Mr. Kraft for fertility treatments to please contact the number—”

Addie abruptly withdraws the device, leaving the page with a quick tap. My ears ring from the whirlwind of thoughts. Again, I turn to my wonderful, exceedingly pregnant wife as her curves overflow her favorite chair. Her face lacks any hint of the shock, concern, horror, and more I expect to see there. Instead, she appears calm to the point of Zen.

“Awful, right?” she asks.

“Uh... yeah. Are you okay? That's one *hell* of a way to—”

“I’m fine,” she answers flatly. “I just hope they’re able to find those poor patients of his...”

I shake my head, grappling with what she’s saying to me. At the same time, Addie laboriously works her varied collection of curves up onto her feet. She pants like she’s just finished a marathon once she’s vertical.

“Now,” she says sternly, taking care to ensure my eyes meet hers before continuing, “I think your goddess... is in need of worship, mortal.”

Above me, her swollen, milk-filled breasts perch atop her pregnant belly, creating an enticing trifecta. She cocks her hips to the side as she stabilizes her posture.

Then she turns away and waddles slowly toward the bedroom. The sight of her enormous buttocks swaying and sliding past one another is so alluring that I’m following after her before I realize I’ve stood up.

“Yes, Goddess Adora.”

THE END