

Unexplained Additions

By Mich Throw

I pushed Diane back onto the couch, undoing the buttons of her shirt with one hand while holding her head with the other, our lips interlocked, noses pushing into each other, breath mixing in the air. I didn't doubt that she could feel my erection on her hip through both of our jeans and was rewarded with one of her hands slipping around to my crotch to give it a tweak. I almost came in my pants right there.

Her shirt was now off and her small and firm breasts were exposed to the air, as she had apparently gone braless. Temporarily separating our mouths, I half knelt and started kneading her tits with both of my hands while grinding my groin into hers. As her back arched, half in pleasure and half in anticipation, she brought her own hands to my fly, undoing it with the slip of a button and a quick zip. My erect cock was exposed, nearly jutting through my boxers. "Oh, we are ready to go, aren't we?" Diane gasped. I stopped all contact with her for a moment to wriggle out of my pants and let them lie with my shirt on the floor while she removed her own lower garments. We both were completely nude, holding still there for a moment, looking at each other's eyes.

Then the moment was over, and we fell onto each other. I consider myself lucky as I slipped into her slick vagina; I was too enamored with her at that moment to pay much attention to accuracy. But I got right in. It wasn't the tightest fit, but that was good; I didn't want to come too quickly. A simple back and forth motion is what got us started, but it quickly evolved into more elaborate play as I found what hit her well and what didn't. Moans quickly turned into groans turned into gasps of pleasure, and as I found her spot, Diane shuddered beneath me, then began to cry out as her orgasm built until it erupted in a scream. I couldn't hold back anymore and my back straightened, tensing like an iron rod as I came deep and hard, our eyes never leaving each other.

Afterward, when we had moved to my bed, she revealed to me a secret. "You're the first guy that made me come, Patrick."

"I bet you tell every guy that," I said, half-jokingly. She looked up, back into my eyes, and gave me a funny look.

"No. This time was different." She looked down at her chest and flicked an erect nipple. "In more ways than one..."

"What do you mean by that?" I said, curious. Seeing her touch herself was getting me hard again, and I could feel my dick tingling.

"Oh, nothing," she said. "Forget about it. Aren't you glad I went on the Pill?"

I smiled. This was the first time I had ever been with a girl who was on birth control. "Oh, yeah. No more condoms for me."

And, while talking about a million other small things, we drifted off to sleep, her in my arms. At that moment, I didn't doubt that we were made for each other.

My alarm clock woke us up.

"Oh, shit," Diane said, nearly falling out of bed. "My first class starts in fifteen minutes! I'm going to be late!" She jumped into her pants and threw on her shirt, fumbling with the buttons. I started to follow her lead.

"Hey," I said, while looking through my drawers for an unwrinkled shirt, "what are you doing later today, because I'm not working tonight."

Halfway through her shirt, she looked up at me with a sly smile. "Why do you ask? Hoping for a repeat performance?"

"Maybe," I said, mock shy.

The shirt now completely buttoned, she was looking at her chest oddly again. Was the button-up tighter this morning than yesterday? But Diane shrugged and gave me a peck on the cheek.

"We'll see, if you make us dinner." With that, she rushed to the door.

"I'll hold you to that!" I called after her. Smiling and shaking my head, I went to the bathroom for my morning relief. My penis was still feeling weird. "Did I work you a little too much last night, little guy?" I asked it. There was no reply.

As I peed, I couldn't help but imagine what would happen that night. It would only be the second time having sex together, but already I was feeling comfortable with her. Maybe Diane would be interested in trying something different for both of us. Not that we needed it; I felt perfectly fine with the old missionary style, as long as it was fine with her.

Diane wasn't only smart, but she was hot, too, with the way that her chestnut brown hair fell in waves down her back, her smooth waist filled out slightly for her hips, her boobs, while not big, weren't too small, and seemed really sensitive. *Her boobs... the blouse must have been that small yesterday and I was just too horny to notice*, I thought. Although, now that I thought about it, she wouldn't just be hot if she had bigger ones—she would be smokin'. With a C-cup... or a D...

I realized at this point that I had long run out of urine and was now standing there with a boner in my hands. A nice fat one. "Shit," I thought, "did I get turned on that much by one little fantasy?" Figuring that it was early enough to not impact plans for that night, I quickly relieved my other problem into the toilet. It wasn't hard at all; I just pictured Diane straddling me naked and I went as quick as you please.

"Just don't make this a habit," I told my cock, "or we might have a serious problem forming." And, with that, I gathered up my own notebooks and headed to campus.

Images of Diane kept slipping into my head all day, but that was to be expected, what with the plans for that night. And I wasn't let down, either. We had barely finished dinner when she was all over me, this time leading *me* to the bedroom. It felt like my rod was going to burst out of my pants, and I was relieved that there wasn't much foreplay tonight. Again I blindly slid it into her, and experienced a moment of panic when I was sure that I had accidentally put it, somehow, in the wrong hole. She was so much *tighter*, than the night before. But the smile she had comforted me and I forgot all about it as we started to make our motions.

We came at the same time again.

We laid there, tired but completely happy, her head on my chest as I ran my fingers through her hair. She looked up into my eyes and asked it. "Do my boobs look bigger to you?"

"I don't know," I said playfully. "Let me ask them." I let my hand drop to her chest, expecting the small B-cup that I had chased after for those months. Instead I found a handful.

Diane must have seen my eyebrows furrow and gave a little nod. "I thought so. I noticed it this morning, but they seemed even bigger just now."

"This is weird," I said, running my hand around the boob's edge, where it met her ribs, and then letting a finger travel up to tweak her nipple. Diane gave a little gasp and a shiver. I laughed. "Feels that nice, does it?" I asked. She nodded.

"They've always been a little sensitive, but I noticed some stronger feelings, too."

"Well," I said, "I've heard of girls getting bigger when they go on the Pill."

"But I've been on it for months," she said, "and I know that they weren't this big yesterday. You know... before we..." she trailed off. But I got her meaning, and laughed again.

"You think that us having sex is making your boobs grow bigger?"

She sat up, the covers falling off of both of us. "Don't laugh! It's the only thing that's changed in these past two days!" She got out of bed, and I watched her cute ass as she bent over and picked something up. It was her bra, and she continued to speak as she put it on. "I wore this on Saturday and it fit perfectly. When I wore it today for school it felt pretty tight. And now..." She turned around and I saw what she meant. That thing wasn't just tight on her, she was overflowing the cups, soft pillows of breast flesh squishing over and around the seams. I couldn't help but grow erect.

"I'll prove it to you!" she suddenly exclaimed, and pulled the bra over her head before she jumped onto the bed and sat right down on my cock.

"Unh," I grunted. "You're really tight all of a sudden!" Way tighter than before, but so slick that she still slid right over me. I let out a breath of air when she suddenly started to rock back and forth on my rod.

"I..." she gasped, "noticed... that... too!" Her eyes bunched up and she began breathing extremely heavily at her sexual exertions, which turned into uncontrolled gasps. As she orgasmed, I suddenly saw it this time: how her breasts went from jiggling to bouncing with her motions. My eyes wide, I reached up and started kneading them as I had the night before. When she started to scream from her second orgasm, and I felt them start to stretch beneath my palms, I couldn't help but come with her, and this time felt something of my own; her pussy suddenly felt *tighter*, and I felt my shaft sink even *deeper* into her. I was growing, too, but I was too distracted by Diane. As she came a third and (with a hiccup) fourth time, her breasts went from being big to being huge, and, instead of bouncing with her movements, they started to swing.

Her rocking slowed, partly because she could feel my cock getting soft, partly due to her own exhaustion, I could tell. As she slowly leaned forward into my arms, she looked at me with a small smile on her beautiful face. "See?" she asked softly. "I was right." And, with that, we drifted off to sleep again.

I woke up sometime around noon, having no morning classes, and she was gone. There was a note on the counter.

Have a 10:30, had to borrow one of your shirts, sorry. See you this afternoon! Love Di

Still in shock, I ate a bowl of cereal, not even dressed. As I stumbled into the bathroom to take a shower, I caught myself in the mirror. "Holy shit," I thought, "it *is* bigger." My dick seemed to be hanging down a few more inches than it previously had, bouncing around with every step I took. "Fuck," I thought. "Every time I come in her, my dick gets bigger, and every time I make her come, her tits get bigger? **AND SHE'S COMING BACK OVER?**" The thought of my

girlfriend with enormous breasts made me instantly hard. And boy, was I hard. I could fit two hands around this new, scaled-up cock. It had to be about ten inches long.

Getting into the shower, I tried to ignore my raging erection, but it was nearly impossible. It seemed that the bigger it got the harder it was to make it go away. If I had only known.

I was trying to push all thoughts of Diane from my head so that I wouldn't be forced to jack myself off when I heard the bathroom door open. "Hello?" I called out, immediately failing as I hoped, desperately, that it was her. I wasn't disappointed.

Diane's small hand appeared around the edge of the shower curtain, and she pulled it open enough to slip through, clothes and all. I was amazed at how she looked. I had figured she had taken one of my t-shirts, but she had gone with another button-up—well, more like half-buttoned; she had managed to get all but the top three done. "Hey," she said, a sly look on her face. "Let's see if we can ruin this shirt." She pushed me down until I was pretty much sitting in the tub, and I got a bird's eye view of cleavage canyon. With one hand she held me down, and with the other she pushed her now soaked jeans and panties off. She grinned at my erection, "Oh, yes, we're a big boy now. But you'll be bigger before your next class." Then she slowly lowered herself onto my cock.

It was way tighter than I remembered, and I could tell by the look on her face that she was surprised, too. "Is it too much?" I asked, but Diane got a devilish smile.

"It can never be too much!" she said with relish.

I couldn't complain. She was so tight I thought I was going to shoot right then and there, and I could tell, from her gasps and squeals, that she was about to go, too. It was a matter of moments before she came for the first time. I tried to hold off, my hips shaking, but in just a moment I came, too. As my dick spasmed and my spine arched I watched, eyes wide, as my shirt got even tighter across Diane's chest, breast flesh bulging under the widening spaces between buttons.

Somewhat disappointed at my own lack of stamina, I started to pull out of her, but Diane ground herself back down onto me, shaking her head. "I said we're wrecking this shirt!" she nearly yelled, and, surprised both at her and my dick, I grew hard in an instant. She pushed herself against me harder, grunting and groaning loudly as she orgasmed yet again. Her efforts were rewarded with a button popping and some skin spilling out of the shirt. Suddenly *again* she came, and the shirt was ruined as a fifth button gave up, opening enough of the shirt for her breasts to completely fall out, head-sized teardrops slapping against her tight tummy. As her hands came up to grab them, I lost myself a second time and felt her get even tighter as my magically-growing dick felt the effects.

This time I was sure that we were done, but, as I was pulling out, she jerked down and grabbed the base of my cock (which was a lot thicker than I remembered, too) and started pushing me back inside of her. "I don't want to hurt you!" I said, but she was shaking her head again.

"No! More! I need more!" And I knew that I could give it as I felt myself get hard a third time.

It would take another few orgasms from both of us before, at last, Diane went limp against me, completely out of energy. Her boobs were mashed between, water still pouring from the showerhead to gleam on her shiny skin, and when she let out a gentle snore I realized she had fallen asleep, just like that.

Tentatively I lifted Diane up and out of the bathtub and wrapped a towel around her prone form as best I could. I then carried her to the bed and laid her to sleep.

I don't know how big they were, but in the space of about an hour her breasts had grown from a G-cup to bigger than volleyballs. Glancing at the clock, I saw that I had class in half an hour, and jumped into some boxers-briefs. That was where I stopped. I looked like a pair of socks were hiding in my boxers. "Holy shit," I whispered. "How much did *I* grow?" Slipping back out of them, I was amazed to see what appeared to be my penis flop out. It hung more than half the way down my thigh. I was scared to get a boner (I didn't know if I could make it go away), but I couldn't help it. As I watched it slowly puff up, higher and higher, I distantly wondered where all the blood was coming from.

Finally my dick reached full mast and, resisting the urge to masturbate wildly, I looked for something to measure it against. In a flash I realized that, if I sat down and put my elbow at my penis' base, my erection was pretty much the length of my forearm, with its head almost reaching the knuckles of my clenched fist. I was stupefied. Stroking it with my hands, I couldn't even imagine what it was like for Diane to have that monster inside of her.

Then another hand came into view and stroked my pulsing, rock-hard flesh. I looked up to see Diane's face gazing at my member in wonder. I thought quickly. "No," I said, "No no. We can't have sex."

"Don't worry," Diane breathed, leaning in so that her massive bust was pushing against the base of my cock. "I wouldn't want you to miss class. Just a little present to remind you to come back." And with that, she pulled my dick to her mouth and opened her lips. Unsurprisingly, she couldn't fit even the head into her mouth, but she sure made it interesting. Sucking, then licking, moving her tongue all over the sensitive tip, it was little wonder that I came within minutes. In a surprise move, Diane didn't spit out my cum, but swallowed all of it (and there was a pretty good amount considering how much sex I had just had). My balls tingled in pleasure.

Diane swallowed a final time, then ran her tongue along her teeth and grinned at me. "There. Now you're ready."

I didn't feel ready. How was I supposed to go to class with what looked like, well, a giant cock in my pants? Let alone school, how about work? School I could sit and hide it. Work I was a cook. That involves lots of standing and moving around.

With these thoughts in my head, I stuffed my dick back into my boxers (did it feel tighter? No, now I was just being paranoid. I had been watching it, and there had been no growth from the BJ), and pulled on my jeans. Shit. A huge lump at my groin stuck way out. I couldn't imagine it being more obvious. Well, I guess it would have to do. If any of my friends asked, I guessed I could show them, and anyone else wouldn't really matter, now would they?

Turning back around, I saw that Diane had found one of my old shirts. Normally too big for me, when she put it on, it didn't cover her stomach. Her boobs pulled too much of it up. She had also put her panties back on (by now dry), and was attempting to pull on her jeans, but they seemed too small. She couldn't get them over her hips. More changes, undoubtedly. Glancing at the clock, I saw that I didn't have time to stick around and had to dash off to school. I hoped that everything would be okay. I didn't even consider what would happen when I got back.

At this point, I can't really remember what those few hours at school were like. I think I got a number of weird stares, but that was it. Maybe people thought it was some stupid joke or something, I don't really know. But I couldn't get Diane off of my mind. It was like some addiction. I knew it could only lead somewhere bad, but I had to have more sex. And maybe a

few more blowjobs, since the last one had seemed to go so well. By the end of the block period I had completely forgotten about work. I drove straight home.

I was turning the handle to the door when it was suddenly jerked out of my grasp. A wild hand grabbed me by the groin and pulled me inside. Before I knew it, my pants were on the ground and Diane's mouth was on my cock again.

"Did you even go to class?" I asked, amazed.

She nodded, which gave me a strange feeling, and then pulled herself away for enough time to gasp out "Couldn't concentrate, craved your cum!" before diving back at me. I was amazed, but hardly surprised; I had craved the exact opposite. I noted that she had given up on her jeans, and must have driven to her apartment to pick up some of those workout sweatpants before class. I couldn't tell from that angle, but her butt did seem a little bigger...

And then, I was coming, right into her mouth. A lot. She sucked down every drop while I felt my balls tingle again. My balls... I reached down and felt them, just as they finished their own growth. They seemed to be double or even triple their usual (although not so usual any more) size, now about the size of pingpong balls. "Shit," I breathed, and then heard Diane moaning. I looked over only to see her eyes rolled up in the back of her head, her hands kneading her butt through the now tight sweatpants. "Shit," I said, more firmly. *So when we have sex, her tits grow, and my dick grows, and when she blows me, my balls grow, and her ass grows?* And SHIT, there had been loads of semen in that last one. It had felt like a cup, at least. Was it my newer, more productive balls?

Diane was on my dick again, making little mewling noises as she sucked and licked up its length. "No!" I said, and tried to push her away.

"Yes!" she said right back, her eyes shining as she looked up at me, plaintive. "I need it, Patrick! I love it, and I need it, and I want to be even bigger! And after a few more of these, more sex!"

It was even harder to resist coming this time, and I came again, what felt like buckets. I actually saw her stomach start to distend a little as she swallowed and swallowed. "Shit, shit, shit," I moaned, all while feeling the best pleasure ever. And it was even better, not only knowing the next would be the best yet, but each time would push us a little further past probability, past the point of being useful. That was all the more exciting.

For each mouthful that Diane swallowed, I felt my testicles swell a little bit more, and I knew that, if the rate of semen was to continue, it would only be an exponential growth. By now they were the size of pool balls, by the end of the next time... I was distracted from my already somewhat clouded musings from the sound of threads creaking. Diane's sweatpants were reaching their limit, trying to contain her now huge (and growing) asset. And Diane didn't slow down. Come to think of it, I didn't, either. My boner didn't even start going limp this time. However, Diane was thinking (somehow), and started to lead me away from the front door where we had stood for two full blowjobs now. Her mouth never leaving the top of my dick, we slowly made our way to the couch. I thought it was odd how my balls kept slapping against my knees, but I was in for a surprise when I almost sat down on them. They were hanging a lot lower than they ever had before.

And I came again.

The scientific part of me wanted to measure how much I was coming each time, to test the growth and see how much it affected both of us, but the other side didn't care. I had a foot and a half long penis, giant sperm-producing testicles, a girlfriend with the biggest natural breasts on a

thin woman I had ever seen plus a giant, sexy backside, and all four of these could get even bigger and better, and would, soon. And I was in ecstasy.

With my balls now propped up onto the couch, I could see them piling up underneath my shaft. They were definitely getting big. But what was getting really huge was Diane's ass. Before all of this her measurements had been 30-24-34, just about perfect in the world's eyes, but now her breasts were huge, and her ass must have been 60 inches around, at least. The sweatpants were pulling apart at the seams, revealing more flesh than ever before, her panties visibly strained underneath them, panty lines everywhere. In fact, the measurement on her waist was probably different, now, too, as I saw her stomach puff out more from all of the cum she was swallowing. She had a little pot belly going, and it looked like it was already taking a toll, little love handles forming over her waistline.

"One more!" she mumbled, and was sucking at me again. I couldn't do anything but grab onto the seat cushions and give in. I squeezed my eyes shut from the pleasure/pain mixed with any sexual act, and was startled when I felt a hand grab onto my testicles and start to slowly massage them. With a final "Shit!" I came again, this time for more than a minute, pumping everything I had into Diane's waiting mouth. But, in this instance, it was different; when I normally came it went in spurts, but this was more of a constant, like a faucet or hose. No sooner had I started than her sweatpants gave way, and her extremely tight panties soon followed. My balls steadily swelled, filling in my lap, as Diane's posterior grew and grew and grew, until it looked like she had the butt of a 300 pound woman.

On second thought, not just the butt.

As I watched, her stomach grew bigger and bigger, more full from my cum than anything else. And so did the rest of her, acting as if she had been eating like this for weeks. Those love handles grew thicker and fatter, forming a flat tire. Her skinny arms grew softer and thicker. Even her face filled out as I watched.

Finally I was spent, and she stood up and did a little spin to see all of her assets. My cantaloupe balls and her three-foot-wide hips. "What do you think, Patrick? Do I need any other changes?"

I couldn't resist. "Well, I have to say, your boobs sure look like they got left behind in the race."

"Oh, really," she purred, and leaned in close. "You'll have to fix that, won't you?"

I woke up in a daze, my clouded mind only beset by the strange feelings all around me. I was on the floor. As I stood up, I almost fell forward from the momentum of something heavy in my pockets. No, wait, I was naked.

I looked down and realized that my balls were the forward momentum. They were the size of... I don't even know. Globes. Globes you find in a second grade classroom, more than a foot wide, each. I would either have to walk extremely bowlegged for the rest of my life, or push them out front and lean way back. I tried this, but tripped and fell on my balls. What did I trip on? It was connected to... fuck. It was my penis. The thing hung to the ground, thicker than my arm. It was at least four feet long, and it wasn't even erect. What the fuck did we do? Exasperated, I leaned against the wall. It was much softer than expected...

"Hey, gorgeous." The voice was muffled, and I couldn't place the source.

"Diane?" I called out. "Is this you?"

There was a giggle. "Yep! It's all me, baby."

"Which part?"

"You'll have to find out!"

Confused and somewhat frightened, I don't know what came over me, but I got a hardon. The biggest one ever. Slowly, majestically, my penis stretched out before me, finally coming to rest at seven feet. I don't know how my pelvis supported it. Overwhelmed by the pleasure a mere erection gave me, I fell backwards, and my throbbing dick brushed up against the warm flesh of my girlfriend. That was too much. I came buckets all over both of us, semen gushing out like a firehose.

"Oh, no," I heard Diane call, "Don't waste it!" And then I saw, at the end of that enormous piece of human, a giant, thick knee, and then a very, very fat calf, and finally a dainty foot. This wall was her butt cheek. Walking around it (holding my organs), I made my way to the front of my girlfriend. She was so amazingly... fat. And I loved it. Portions of her reached from the floor to the ceiling. Her giant tummy was taut and round and nearly did the same, her giant, deep belly-button entrancing me. Resting upon it, no, nearly overreaching it were her breasts, behemoth things, her nipples wider and longer than possible. And, above it all, sat her happy little face.

"What happened?" I asked. She grinned back.

"Oh, I *thought* you sort of blacked out! The fun we had! I can't count the number of times either of us came. But we came a lot!"

"And... you like it?" I stammered, incredulous.

"Well," she responded, her multiple chins creasing as she shot me a playful look. "Don't you?"

I looked around. My living room was in shambles. The couch was apparently crushed. The carpet was covered in my bodily fluids, my own penis resting in some of it. My girlfriend was probably the fattest person alive, or at least had the best measurements ever imagined. And I realized... that I wanted more.

"Are you ready for round two?" I asked back.

"I was getting hungry, anyway," she said through a grin. And Diane opened her mouth wide...