

Nurturing Neighbor

Chapter 1

Mike hauled another box off the truck and let it thud down on top of the one he'd already loaded onto the dolly, leaving only two still sitting in the back of the rented moving truck that had been crammed full just that morning. Pausing, he wiped sweat off his forehead onto the sleeve of his already thoroughly-stained t-shirt. *I guess this beats trying to move in the snow or the rain*, he thought, *but damn, why'd it have to be this hot?* Turning to look at his new house, he reminded himself that all the effort would be worth it. Sure, it might not look like much. It was small, but as a single guy, he didn't need much room. The paint was cracking here and there, and there were a few other cosmetic issues, but nothing a bit of extra effort couldn't fix. But it was in good enough shape that it wouldn't need any major expensive repairs, and it was situated in an older neighborhood that managed to come off as vintage rather than run-down, his own house notwithstanding. Even better, it had one quality that made up for any minor headaches - it was his. He was finally a homeowner. No more paying rent to greedy landlords - he'd finally graduated to paying interest to a greedy bank.

Chuckling quietly at his own dry humor, he tilted the dolly onto its wheels and rolled it up the front walkway, bumping up the steps and over the threshold into his new home. As he entered, he was once again violently reminded of the most grating issue with the house - the air conditioning was out. While the interior didn't have the glaring sun beating down on him, it was still oppressively stuffy despite the wobbly ceiling fan in his living room struggling valiantly to create some semblance of air flow. Pressing on despite the heat, he dropped the box marked "kitchen" in the narrow galley kitchen and the one marked "bedroom" in the cramped bedroom where his mattress was leaning against the wall, waiting to be placed on a bed frame that still needed to be reassembled. The friend who'd helped him haul in the larger furniture pieces that morning had long since had to leave for a shift at work, and he'd been hauling boxes solo all afternoon.

With the end in sight, Mike hustled back out to the truck as quickly as he could manage after a long day of working in sweltering temperatures. He heaved the last two boxes onto the dolly and carted them inside, leaving the door open to catch any feeble breeze that might wander in. He scanned the areas he could see from the entrance, mostly the living room and kitchen, noting the piles of boxes containing his relatively few possessions that would still undoubtedly take an unreasonable amount of time to unpack.

He was just considering taking a break to make a run to a convenience store for some cold drinks to stock the fridge that the previous owners had mercifully left behind when he heard a tapping sound from the doorway and a rich, feminine voice saying "Knock knock!"

Mike turned around and what little moisture was left in his mouth went dry. Standing in his recently-acquired doorway was a goddess of a woman. It was hard to judge with her standing a step down on his modest porch, but she seemed tall, potentially taller than his own respectable height. Waves of thick, deep brown hair framed a heart-shaped face containing lush lips and sparkling, honey-brown eyes. She had a curvaceous figure, with heavy, full breasts hanging above the soft curve of her belly, which protruded slightly above her broad hips. She wore a light sundress that didn't hug her curves too tightly, but also did little to hide them - although given how impressive they were, Mike wasn't sure a trenchcoat would have been up to that task. Below the hem of her dress, her shapely calves were wrapped in leather straps that extended up from the sandals on her feet. Her golden brown skin glowed in the late afternoon sun.

Mike blinked. His mind, already sluggish from a hard day's work, struggled to take in the vision he found before him and formulate an appropriate reply at the same time. In the absence of any coherent thought, he found himself blurting out a response to her words that was so ingrained that, on some level, it was practically a reflex. "Who's there?"

The woman let out a bright laugh, surprised, but genuine. "I'm Delia," she said, extending her hand, "Sorry I didn't have a punchline ready, you caught me a bit off guard. Although if you want to try again now that I'm expecting it, I've got a great one about yodeling."

Mike laughed back, partially at what she'd said, but also out of relief that she appeared to find his addled response amusing rather than off-putting. He nodded to Delia, unable to completely resist a glance at the tantalizing hint of cleavage peeking out from the neckline of her dress as he did so, although he hoped that he had at least kept it brief enough that she wouldn't notice. "I might take you up on that sometime. I'm Mike," he introduced himself. "Sorry for not shaking your hand, but I've just finished moving boxes all day in this heat, and I wouldn't want to get you all sweaty."

"Now what kind of neighbor would I be if I let a little sweat keep me from welcoming you properly?" Delia asked, cocking out her hip and planting a fist on it, while leaving her other hand stubbornly extended.

He smiled and shook his head before wiping his palm off on his jeans as best he could and finally taking the offered hand. Delia's skin was luxuriously soft, and her grip was gentle but with a surprising hint of strength. The part of Mike's mind that was still marveling at her beauty couldn't help but wonder how that grip might feel applied to certain other extremities. With some difficulty, he suppressed those thoughts before they could develop into a noticeable and embarrassing reaction, although his pulse remained a bit faster than it should have been considering the breather he'd had since hauling in the last of the boxes.

Wanting to keep the conversation flowing instead of just staring, Mike asked the obvious question. "So, you live around here?"

"Right next door actually," Delia said, pointing off to her left. Mike's mind called up the image of the house next to his in that direction, which he'd noticed on his many trips to the moving truck and back. It looked almost as nice as the woman who lived in it, with robin's egg blue paint, clean white trim, and a lush flower garden out front that somehow didn't seem to have suffered at all in the heat.

"You have a beautiful home," he told her.

"Aw, that's sweet of you. Yours is-"

"Charming?" he interrupted to save her the struggle of coming up with a compliment for his slightly dilapidated house. "Quaint? One of those other words my realtor used to say it's a bit of a wreck in a nice way?"

"No, it's not that bad, is it?"

"It definitely needs some work," said Mike, reaching out to pick at a corner of peeling wallpaper with his fingernail, "but a bit of elbow grease will do it some wonders. Though I don't know that it'll ever hold a candle to yours."

"Oh, stop," she said, waving her hand playfully. "So, a do-it-yourselfer, huh? I like that. It's good to put some effort into making something yours." There was an odd expression on Delia's face as she said that, a slightly more intent set to her eyes that vanished so quickly that Mike dismissed it as his imagination.

"I'd offer to let you come in out of the heat," Mike said, "but I'm afraid it wouldn't do much good. The A/C is one of the things on this fixer-upper that needs fixing up."

"Oh no! In this weather? You must be boiling." Delia bit her lip for a moment as though thinking something over. "You said you just finished bringing in your boxes, right? Why don't you take a little break and come cool off over at my house before you start unpacking? I'd hate to see you overdo it in this heat."

"I appreciate the offer, but I wouldn't want to intrude. I'm basically a stranger to you."

"Oh, don't worry about intruding," Delia waved her hand, dismissing the idea, "I'm big on hospitality. And how are you supposed to stop being a stranger if we don't spend time getting to know each other?" Seeing Mike continue to hesitate, she added in an enticing voice, "I've got a pitcher of lemonade in the fridge I made this morning."

With that, the last vestiges of Mike's resistance crumbled. "I guess I can't argue with that. You don't take no for an answer do you?"

Delia's full lips spread into a broad smile and she backed away from the doorway to give him room to exit, then turned and started down the front path, asking "Now who would want to say no to little old me?" Mike stepped out and quickly locked his front door before hurrying to catch up with her, though not so fast that he missed the opportunity to check out

her backside on the way. Even through her loose, flowing dress, he could tell it was impressive. Not wanting to get caught ogling her ass, he stepped up next to her as they turned from the front path onto the sidewalk. "So," he asked, "how long have you lived here?"

"Oh it's been quite a long time now," she said with a faraway look in her eye, as though she was looking back through the years.

Feeling emboldened by the positive tone of their interactions so far, Mike decided to risk a more personal compliment than the ones he'd directed at her house. "You're not old enough for it to have been all that long."

She let out another enthusiastic laugh, the same one from his knock knock joke at the beginning of their conversation. "Oh, I'm gonna have to watch out for you," she said playfully. "And you better watch out yourself. Flattery will get you everywhere. As for my age, you might be surprised." Delia's last remark was accompanied by a wry smirk as they stepped up onto her porch and she opened the door of her home.

The inside of Delia's house proved to be as well-kept as the outside. Everything was spotlessly clean and in its proper place. She had decorated with a retro 50's aesthetic that managed to be fun but not overly kitschy. Most importantly, the promised air conditioning was working beautifully, a draft of blissfully cool air dancing across Mike's face as he stepped in the door. He paused for a moment after closing the door behind him to shut out the heat and closed his eyes to let it wash over him.

"Divine, isn't it?" Delia said.

"Pure heaven," Mike replied, opening his eyes again to watch his beautiful neighbor as she led him into the kitchen.

"Have a seat," she said, "I'll get you some of that lemonade I mentioned."

Mike went to sit down in a chair at the kitchen table before noticing the cloth upholstery on their cushions. He considered how much sweat he was still soaked in and then opted instead for one of the vinyl-topped barstools lining the kitchen island. His perch afforded him an excellent view of Delia as she bent over to retrieve the pitcher from the fridge, and the already positive opinion of her butt that he'd formed on the way over ticked up another couple of notches as her bent posture caused the fabric of her dress to hug it more tightly for a moment. If there was anything about her that wasn't drop-dead gorgeous, he had yet to see it.

As she stood up to grab a glass for his drink, he quickly averted his gaze, pretending to have been admiring the decor. It really was quite nice, but it couldn't hold his attention like the woman who had selected it.

Soon she passed his glass of lemonade across the counter and settled down onto the barstool next to him, and they began to chat. The conversation flowed easily. Delia was a very friendly woman, and Mike got the impression that she was a genuinely caring person,

wanting to know about him and taking an interest in his responses. He also worked in some more light flirtation, which Delia continued to be receptive to.

The lemonade was quite good, but Mike did his best to pace himself, not wanting the conversation to end, and fearing that once the drink was gone, he would start running out of excuses not to return to his own stifling home full of still-packed boxes and devoid of the remarkably pleasant company that Delia offered. Eventually, however, Mike swigged down the last sip and felt the weight of responsibility return to him.

"I've really enjoyed meeting you Delia, and I'd love to do this again some time, but I really should be getting back. I've got a lot of boxes to unpack, and it won't all get done tonight, but I'd like to at least take care of a few essentials before I turn in."

"Hopefully it's at least cooled off a bit over there," said Delia, peering out the window where the afternoon had shifted to evening and the sun had mostly, but not entirely, sunk below the horizon. She chewed on her lip for a moment, thinking. "You must feel just awful after working all day in that heat, but now that the sun's down and the heavy lifting is mostly done, it shouldn't be so bad. Tell you what, why don't you take a shower here, and I can give your clothes a quick wash? I'm sure you'll feel like a new man, and all that unpacking won't seem so bad when you're all fresh and clean."

A shower did sound amazing. Mike's sweat had mostly dried, except for a few stubbornly damp patches on his clothes, but it had left him feeling uncomfortably sticky. On a baser level, he also couldn't ignore that the most beautiful woman he could remember seeing had just invited him to undress in her house. Another, more rational part of his mind recoiled with nervousness at the thought and reminded him that they had only just met. "Oh, I wouldn't want to intrude any longer..." Mike waffled.

Delia held up a hand to stop him. "Now what did I say about that? I wouldn't have offered if I didn't want you to take me up on it."

"I guess that's fair. If you're sure..."

"Absolutely."

"Well then, lead the way."

She led him down a hallway, but when she opened a door, it did not lead into the bathroom Mike expected, but a bedroom instead. Delia nodded to a door on the left wall and said "Bathroom's over there. Just leave your clothes on the floor in here and I'll come get them when I hear the shower start running."

"Thanks," Mike responded, and she closed the door behind her, leaving him alone in what he was realizing was her bedroom. The room was decorated with soft colors and fabrics, from the rug on the floor, to the curtains over the windows, to the blankets on the large, plush bed.

Mike abruptly realized he'd been staring around blankly and snapped himself out of his stupor. He started undressing and trying to mentally talk himself down from his nerves. Yes, Delia was an incredibly beautiful woman. Yes, she'd been friendly and even a bit flirtatious towards him. Yes, she'd taken him to her bedroom and told him to get naked. But she was just being hospitable, right? They'd only just met. Nothing was going to happen.

His chat with himself didn't have much of an effect, but there was nothing to do but press on, so once he was completely undressed, he stepped into the bathroom and closed the door firmly, not wanting to invite any mishaps. He turned the shower on, but left the temperature fairly cool, both due to the hot day he'd had and for other reasons. The water felt amazing running over him, and did more to calm him down than his mental pep talk had. He emerged a few minutes later feeling much better and smelling lightly of Delia's flowery body wash and fruit-scented shampoo. He grabbed a fluffy white towel from a shelf and dried himself off. Using her comb seemed like a step too far for even Delia's hospitality, so he arranged his hair the best he could with his fingers, leaving it somewhat tousled.

Satisfied that he was as presentable as he could make himself with the resources at his disposal, Mike wrapped his towel around his waist and stepped out of the bathroom. He was immediately glad that he hadn't delayed putting the towel on, as Delia was sitting on the edge of her bed, waiting for him. His heart leapt into his throat and he began fighting to keep himself calm, keenly aware of how flimsy his only covering was.

Delia appeared not to notice his distress and patted the bed next to herself. "Sit down," she said, "Your clothes still have a while to go in the wash, so why don't we chat a bit longer while we wait for them?"

Mike swallowed. "Sure. Why not?" It wasn't an unreasonable idea. Nothing had really changed between their earlier conversation and now. And it would have been even weirder if he just stood naked in the bathroom until his clothes were clean and dry. Still, it couldn't escape him that he was about to sit on a stunning woman's bed right next to her wearing only a towel.

He walked over to the bed and sat down, shifting his towel so that the gap between the two ends sat a bit farther to the side under the guise of holding it closed while sitting down. He made sure to sit a couple of feet away from Delia trying not to push any boundaries, but she immediately scooted over, closing most of the distance, then leaned in closer still. "Now, what shall we talk about?" she asked. The light, friendly tone from their earlier conversation was gone now, replaced by a thin veneer of teasing over blatant sensuality, and her body language had adjusted to match.

Between the tone of her voice, her demeanor, and the generous eyeful of cleavage Mike got when she leaned over, he never stood a chance. He felt his body begin reacting immediately. "Delia, I..." he stammered.

She laughed, a sultry one completely different from her earlier mirth, and it made his pulse pound harder. "Oh don't be nervous, Mike, I'm sure some *big* topic will *come up*." She glanced down to his lap where his cock was rapidly beginning to tent the towel upwards.

"Speak of the devil."

"I'm sorry!" Mike said frantically "I just... you..."

"Oh no need to apologize, sweetie," she said. Her voice was still seductive, but some of her more caring aspect was mixed in at seeing his mounting distress. "You've had a *long, hard* day. Let Mama Delia take care of you." She reached her arms out to encircle him and pulled him into a kiss and an embrace at the same time.

Delia's lips were unbelievably soft, and despite how forward she'd been, the kiss was gentle and loving. She pressed herself against him in waves, gradually increasing and decreasing the pressure but never pushing hard enough to be rough or lightly enough to be tentative. She was a steady, calming presence, and Mike found himself drawn in by her. His arms came up to return her hug, sliding around her because he found that he wanted to touch her, but not exerting pressure and letting her continue to set the pace.

They stayed like that for a while, holding each other gently and exploring each other's lips through small, slow shifts in position and pressure. The last of Mike's nervousness melted away under her calming touch. This beautiful woman was interested in him, *wanted* him. That wasn't alarming, it was exciting.

As if sensing his excitement, Delia's kiss began to heat up. She leaned in farther and hugged him closer pressing their lips together more firmly. Her mouth opened and her tongue began to dance along his lips. One of her hands slid up to the back of his head to better press his mouth against hers, and the other began to rub up and down his back. Mike took his cue from her. His tongue came out to meet hers, and he allowed his hands to roam over her body. They wandered up to the back of her neck, then down to the small of her back before sliding out to her sides and moving up them.

Encouraged by the small "mmm" she made through their kiss when he brushed the sides of her breasts, Mike slid a hand between Delia and himself and began to softly massage the breast that wasn't pressed between them by their position sitting side by side on the bed and leaning towards each other. The feeling of it in his hand was amazing, plush, and full, and soft. Now that he'd gotten a good feel, he could tell she wasn't wearing a bra, which made their rounded shape, with obvious weight but no real sag, even more impressive, especially given their large size.

She let him continue groping for a while, letting out little moans through their pressed lips before finally breaking the kiss. For a moment Mike's worry returned, concerned that he had misread the situation and gone too far, but Delia's smile as she pulled away soothed him again.

“So, you like them?” she asked, bringing her hands up to cup and teasingly squeeze her heavy breasts.

“They’re amazing,” he responded through breathing somewhat heavier than when they started.

“Then why don’t we let you get a little more closely acquainted with them?” She lifted her hands up behind her neck, undoing a couple of buttons holding the back of her dress closed. Bringing her arms back down, she slid them out of her sleeves and let the top of her dress fall into her lap.

Delia’s boobs were everything he could have hoped for. Their size, enough to fill his hands and then some, fit perfectly on her curvaceous frame. Their full, round shapes sat heavily on her chest without drooping towards her stomach. Each was topped with a nipple the width of his fingertip, a slightly darker shade of brown than the skin surrounding it.

Mike sat staring at them for a moment, mesmerized, before slowly leaning toward the closer one, his mouth beginning to open. He caught himself before he got there and looked up at Delia’s face without leaning away. “May I?”

She smiled broadly. “Go right ahead, hon,” she said, lifting the breast he’d targeted towards his mouth.

He closed the rest of the gap, pressing gentle kisses against her boob starting at the top, then working his way around the sides. Whether it was the lack of fabric in the way, or the fact that he was using his mouth instead of his hand, Delia’s boob somehow felt even more amazing now than when he’d grabbed the other one a minute ago. Mike’s kisses gradually circled closer to the nipple before finally latching on. Spurred on by the small, satisfied noises coming from Delia, he put his whole focus into teasing her nipple with his mouth. He pressed it between his lips, sucked it into his mouth, circled it with his tongue, and gently nibbled it with his teeth.

As wonderful as it was, Mike’s enjoyment was somewhat dulled by the awkward position he had to use to reach Delia’s breast with his mouth. As they were still sitting side by side on the bed, he had to hunch over to make contact, and it wasn’t the most comfortable thing he’d ever done.

Noticing his discomfort, Delia spoke up. “Here, I’ve got a better idea.” She slid away from him, towards the head of the bed, leaving most of its length to Mike. “Lay your head down in my lap. That should be easier.”

Mike happily complied, rolling onto his back and swinging his legs up onto the bed, letting his head rest on Delia’s soft thighs. At this motion, the towel that had been valiantly covering his growing erection this whole time finally came loose, letting his dick stick proudly up into the air from his new supine position like a flagpole rising from the ground.

“Oh my, you are enjoying this!” Delia said, taking in the sight with a sultry grin. “Don’t you worry. Like I told you, Mama Delia’s going to take *good* care of you.” She leaned down slightly, the same motion allowing her to reach his cock with her hand and bringing her nipple within easy reach of his mouth. He latched back on as her fingers began feeling their way around his length. He twitched at her touch, and she didn’t keep him waiting long before she circled him in her grasp and began slowly stroking.

Her fingers and palm proved to be as soft as the rest of her skin as they slid their way smoothly up and down his shaft. Her grip was gentle, but still exerted a pleasurable pressure. Every few strokes, as her hand reached the top, she would slide her thumb up and over his sensitive head, giving an extra jolt of pleasure that caused his muscles to tense and his hips to buck slightly.

With his mouth, he redoubled his efforts on her nipple, trying to return some of the pleasure that she was giving to him, though he had a hard time believing that he could come close to truly matching her. Delia’s delicate but firm touch was like nothing he’d ever experienced, and he closed his eyes and savored every second of it.

After a short while, a sweet, rich flavor crossed Mike’s tongue. He almost didn’t notice between the pleasure of the handjob he was receiving and his enjoyment of Delia’s magnificent boob, but the taste was too intriguing to miss entirely. Without breaking his mouth’s hold on her nipple, he opened his eyes and tilted his head to catch a glimpse of her other one, and saw his suspicions confirmed. Small, white droplets were forming on Delia’s nipple and beginning to slowly drip down the curve of her breast. She noticed him looking and gave him a warm smile. “Drink up, big boy. It’s all for you.”

In all the time he’d been in her house, Mike hadn’t noticed any indication that Delia had a baby around, but he wasn’t in the mood to question such a delicious gift. He closed his eyes again and focused on sucking as much creamy milk from Delia’s breast as it would give. As he sucked more forcefully and her nipple swelled and stiffened in his mouth, the flow of milk increased from a drip to a trickle to a flood, until he was gulping it down as fast as he could to keep up. He did so greedily, with steadily more frequent and enthusiastic *mmms* and *aaahs* from Delia to encourage him along.

Suddenly, the pressure of Delia’s hand disappeared from Mike’s cock. He opened his eyes again to see why she had stopped when they were both enjoying themselves so much. As he did, he saw her head tilted back in pleasure, her own eyes closed, and her bottom lip caught between her teeth. The hand with which she’d been jerking him off had reached up to cup the breast not currently occupied by his mouth, and was giving it a languid squeeze. At first he assumed that she was just enjoying herself, getting lost in her own pleasure. Not that he could begrudge her that. It gave him no small sense of satisfaction to have induced such a state in this goddess of a woman.

He should have realized, however, that her pleasure came from caring for him, not from selfish indulgence. The boob she was fondling was engorged with the same milk flow that was currently gushing down his throat, but without his suction to draw it out. As such, when she grabbed it, milk squirted out between her fingers and around the sides of her palm, and when she pulled her cupped hand away, it was carrying a generous palmful of milk. She slowly swung her arm over him, a few drops splashing across his torso until her hand rested over his dick. With her position carefully set, she tilted her palm, allowing its contents to dribble down over his length, moving her hand slightly this way and that to make sure all sides got a good covering.

She then rewarded him for his suckling efforts by finally wrapping her fingers back around his cock and resuming her heavenly stroking. The wetness from her milk provided a slipperiness that added a whole new dimension of sensation, along with the now steadily increasing speed and intensity of her movements. Mike tensed and twitched, and his eyes once again slammed shut as he renewed his sucking that had slackened slightly while he watched Delia harvest and then lubricate him with her own breast milk. As he closed his eyes, the thought briefly crossed his mind that when he'd looked up at her, she hadn't seemed to be leaning down quite as far as she had when they started, yet he wasn't having to tilt his head any farther to reach her nipple. He quickly dismissed it as a trick of perspective and returned his attention to his suckling.

Her grip around his girth became more firm, though somehow still retaining the gentleness that made it so appealing. At the same time, she also gradually leaned forward, pressing more of her breast against his face, and pushing his head deeper into her plush thigh. The pressure around both his heads steadily increased, and inevitably he felt a corresponding pressure rising up from within to respond to it. He held out as long as he could, wanting to prolong the mounting pleasure as much as possible. He could feel the orgasm building up in his balls and working its way up his shaft as the pressure from Delia's boob expanded across his face.

Finally, when he was covered from the bridge of his nose to the bottom of his chin with the flesh of her breast and his excited breaths hissed in and out of his nostrils through the little space left to them, he could resist it no longer. His cock twitched, Delia's strokes sped up just a bit more, and he came as hard as he ever had. When the wave of pleasure broke over him, Mike's eyes snapped open, and he realized that, while he'd had them closed, he had misinterpreted his situation. Delia had not, in fact, been leaning closer to him to press her bosom across his face. Instead, her breasts had, incredibly, miraculously, been *growing*, larger and larger from the already impressive size they had started at. Delia was sitting up perfectly straight, and her boob had lost none of its wonderful, round, full shape,

but Mike was pretty sure that if his head hadn't been in the way, it would have rested in her lap.

Still locked in the throes of his orgasm, he was of course confused by what had happened, but the part of him that wanted a rational explanation was far back in his mind at the moment. Mostly, he found that his partner's new proportions had only enhanced her already considerable beauty in his eyes. She had always been gorgeous, but had now ascended beyond that, to a state for which he didn't even have words. All he knew was that she was the most beautiful and erotic sight she had ever seen, and the fact that she had achieved this appearance in a matter of minutes only made her more wondrous. As his gaze took her in and he appreciated her new form, his pleasure intensified from the already mountainous peak at which it had started, as though a second orgasm had been stacked on top of the first and he was experiencing both at the same time. His back arched, lifting his hips off the bed, but Delia kept pace with him, maintaining her hold on his dick and stroking for all she was worth, determined to help him wring as much pleasure out of the experience as possible. His suction on her nipple intensified further, her milk spraying down his throat as his own arced through the air to land on his lover's engorging breasts.

After what felt like both an instant and an eternity, Mike collapsed back on the bed, his orgasm dwindling to small aftershocks that caused his hips and cock to twitch and left his mind in a haze. Once it fully subsided, and Mike lay in her lap lightly panting, Delia leaned back to allow him to breathe more freely and grabbed the discarded towel. She gently, lovingly wiped up the few drops of jizz that had fallen across his chest and stomach, then the dribble streaming across the head of his cock, before finally turning her attention to herself and cleaning up the bulk of the load that had landed on her massive breasts.

Setting the sticky towel aside, she murmured "Come here," and nudged Mike up off her lap and farther onto the bed. He rolled towards the center and she stood up and allowed her dress to fall the rest of the way off of her before following. As they moved, Mike noticed that Delia's breasts were not the only part of her that had grown. Her hips and thighs had also expanded, becoming more plush and plump than even their original enticing shape. As they lay on their sides facing each other, their bodies pressed together and their arms wrapped around each other, he couldn't help but wonder how her miraculous growth was possible. Part of him wanted to ask right away, but another part wanted to simply enjoy the moment a little longer. As Delia, who was lying slightly higher on the bed than he was, leaned over and kissed the top of his forehead, the latter part won out, and the two of them settled into contented silence.

They lay that way as time seemed to lose all meaning. It could have been seconds or hours, but Mike guessed it was somewhere in between. Their hands gently stroked each other's backs and sides, and occasionally their eyes would meet and they would brush their

lips together. Eventually Mike was brought back to the present moment by the realization that there was a growing pressure against his chest. It was subtle and slow, which was why it took him a while to notice, but with each inhale, Delia's expansive breasts pressed up against him a little more, and with each exhale, they didn't retreat quite as far. She was still growing.

As he recognized what was happening, Mike felt himself begin to stir. After the orgasm he'd just had, he wouldn't have expected to be able to even think about attempting another any time soon, but his new neighbor's effect on him was undeniable. His roaming hands grew more forceful, pulling Delia's bountiful body against his, as well as more adventurous, creeping down to squeeze her hips, thighs, and ass, all of which he could feel slowly surging with growth as well. His kisses followed suit, pressing more firmly against her lips before trailing along her jaw and down her neck.

As his actions grew more amorous, his cock started to truly stiffen and exert some pressure of its own, pushing against Delia's thick thighs before sliding its way in between them. Being enveloped like that only spurred Mike on further. His hands had now restricted their movements to the backs of her thighs and her soft, round butt, pressing her firmly against him to drive his dick farther into her legs' embrace. For her part, Delia leaned into it, pressing her gentle but considerable weight against Mike, continuing to embrace him and allowing him to explore as he wished.

He needed little encouragement, and began slowly rocking his hips back and forth, thrusting against the smooth, pliant skin wrapped around his member. Once he'd established a rhythm, Mike began moving his whole body with his thrusts. With each one, he inched his way higher, moving his way up Delia's sizable thighs. Along the way, Delia gave her legs an occasional shift, adding an extra layer of delicious friction to his movements. As he approached his ultimate goal, he began to feel warmth, then wetness, then at last the velvety sensation of Delia's lips sliding along the top of his shaft.

Before he could truly enjoy it, however, she spoke up. "Mmmm, what's that you've found, you naughty boy?" she teased, "Are you sure you're ready for that?"

By this point, having been pressed against Delia's impossibly voluptuous and still growing body for quite some time, and even thrusting against her, Mike's need to finally fully join with Delia was an all-consuming force. "Yes! Please, yes!" he managed to gasp in desperation.

"Oh, I do like the politeness, but you're still missing something. Yes, what?"

Even Mike's lust-addled mind took only a moment to realize what she wanted from him, and he was happy to give it to her. "Yes, Mama Delia."

"*Mmm*," she moaned, "good boy! Now lay back. Mama Delia's gonna take *such* good care of you."

Reluctant to withdraw from her thighs and pull away from her entrance, but eager to comply with her instructions, Mike slowly rolled away from her and onto his back, his cock standing painfully hard above him, throbbing in time with his racing pulse. Thankfully, Mama Delia didn't make him wait long. She hefted herself up to a kneeling position, then swung one massive thigh over his legs to straddle him, her knees resting beside his own on the bed. Her freshly-grown assets clearly had significant weight to them, and it took her some effort to move them, but she didn't really struggle. She must have been stronger than she looked.

Given that his first glimpse of her expanded figure had been with his head sandwiched between her breast and thigh, and they'd gone straight from that position to a face to face embrace, this was the first time he'd had a vantage point from which he could truly appreciate the changes she'd undergone. And appreciate them he did.

Her body had been gorgeous to start with, but now it was nothing short of unbelievable. She had the same beautiful, heart-shaped face with full, soft lips, and waves of dark brown hair, now slightly tousled by their activities, but all that now sat above a pair of boobs that rivaled watermelons in size. Even whatever magic Mama Delia possessed couldn't entirely ignore the effects of gravity, as they did hang noticeably heavier than they had before, but they were still remarkably round, and, Mike knew, incredibly soft. They were crowned with deep brown areolas the size of his palm, in the centers of which sat nipples as thick as his thumbs tipped with tiny droplets of delicious white milk. What little he could see of her belly under her massive breasts was soft, and gently curving, attractive enough in its own right, but his gaze was quickly drawn to her hips, which flared out dramatically from a waist that now seemed slender in comparison. Her hips and thighs were nearly as wide as her breasts and nearly as soft too. They dwarfed his own legs lying between them by an order of magnitude. The impression she gave resembled nothing so much as the type of ancient fertility goddess statue you might see in a museum, and Mike fully intended to worship her like one.

As she worked her way forwards to line their hips up together, her entire body swayed and jiggled enticingly. Despite his already painful level of arousal Mike's dick managed to harden even further at the sight. It caused him to wince, but could not drag his eyes away from her. Finally, Mama Delia's opening was lined up with his tip. Despite every nerve in his body screaming at him to pull her down onto himself and begin fucking her for all he was worth, some rational corner of his brain reminded him that they were missing something important in this scenario.

"Do you have a condom?" he asked, tearing his eyes away from the perfect form hovering above him to look for a nightstand or something that might have what they needed.

“A condom?” she repeated incredulously. She leaned down over him, her tremendous breasts squashing themselves across most of his torso, and reached out to place a hand on his jaw and direct his gaze back to her face. “Honey, I thought you understood by now. I’m Mama Delia. Now how can I be a mama if we use one of those?” With those words, she lowered her immense hips and slowly took him inside her, inch by inch, until she had fully seated herself in one smooth motion. As she slid along his length, his uncomfortable arousal flipped like a switch into pleasure, and the relief of that transformation hit him like a drug. His mind was suddenly floating in a cloud of warm bliss. The thought of protection that was so urgent only seconds ago now seemed completely ridiculous. The touch of the skin on his shaft and head directly against her innermost walls seemed right on a level so fundamental that it must have been a natural law of the universe. How could he need protection from this? It was the most perfect thing he’d ever experienced.

He came back to himself slightly, though still wrapped in euphoria, and his eyes focused loosely in his dreamlike state on Mama Delia’s golden brown ones. In taking him inside herself, Mama Delia had formed a connection between them that was more than merely physical, and it ran so deep that from that glance, he knew instinctually that she sensed his comprehension. But she still asked, her voice gentle and loving with just a hint of a sensuous undertone, “Do you understand now?”

This time there was no hesitation. The words fell from his mouth as soon as she finished speaking. “Yes, Mama Delia.”

“Good boy,” she purred, the words alone intensifying his pleasure. Then she pushed herself back upright to her full, considerable height and began to ride him.

The sensation of Mama Delia’s pussy moving along his length was like nothing Mike had ever experienced. She was incredibly wet, her movements sliding her up and down effortlessly, but her dripping slickness did nothing to dull his ability to feel her. Every fold and bump rubbing on his cock was as apparent to him as if he was staring at them through a magnifying glass. Maybe it was her grip. She was tight enough that her walls firmly embraced him starting at his very tip, but as his head flared out to the full width of his shaft, that pressure remained constant, never so tight as to feel constricting or provoke any discomfort. It was as though she was opening up to welcome him in, then clenching back up as she pulled up off of him to repeat the process on the next pump.

Her movements were still gentle and slow, but even so, the effect was nothing short of heavenly, and he found himself becoming more enamored with this woman with every bounce. He couldn’t get enough of her, of her loving demeanor, of her kind, beautiful face, of her narcotic cunt, or of her unbelievably voluptuous body.

As he called his own attention to her figure, he realized that her growth had accelerated, to the point where he could actually see her breasts engorging larger even as

they swayed with her movements, and her hips and thighs doing the same as they lifted off of him and settled back down. Eager to experience her growth as fully as possible, he reached his hands out and began sliding his hands up her thighs, around her hips, and up past her waist to cup and heft her gigantic boobs. He could scarcely believe the weight of them, or how Mama Delia was able to move in spite of it. He also felt wetness, as her milk had started flowing in earnest again, running in streams down the underside of her chest and beginning to drip down onto him.

Having given him a moment to acclimate and begin truly enjoying the experience, Mama Delia intensified her movements. She did go slightly faster, but mostly became more forceful, her hips slamming down on Mike's with slaps that rang throughout the room. The weight of her crashing down on him was intense, even overwhelming, but in a way that inspired awe rather than fear or pain. She was a force of nature, and he was just along for the ride. Mama Delia made sure of that. He tried to thrust his own hips up to meet her, but somehow she always seemed to sense his intentions and adjust her pace to interrupt him, pinning his hips back to the bed with her own before he could achieve any real momentum.

As she bounced on top of him, his already immense arousal intensified further. He felt simultaneously as though he should have cum long ago, and also like he had a ways to go before he could, as though Mama Delia had somehow raised the ceiling he would need to reach to get there. His cock strained and swelled inside her, filling her more completely as her pussy hungrily welcomed the additional size. Between his thighs, his balls churned and roiled, and as he shifted his legs, he realized that they were growing too, desperately producing semen to offer up to the vision above him.

Whether through some mystical means or simply through the massive ass bouncing above them, Mama Delia seemed to sense their growth as well. She leaned back, supporting herself with one arm while the other reached behind her to grasp and fondle his swollen scrotum. A languid smile spread across her face as she felt his size.

"Mmm mm, you are very eager to give me what I need, aren't you? Is that it? Are you brewing up a big, fresh load of seed for Mama Delia?"

"Yes, Mama Delia," Mike gasped as the combination of her groping hand and pounding pussy sent waves of pleasure through his whole body.

"Good boy," she praised him, the call and response having lost none of its mind-melting effect on him despite how instinctual it had become. "Don't worry, you'll get to give me *all* of it. But for now, we're going to keep enjoying ourselves."

"Yes, Mama Delia."

She released his balls, now supporting herself with both hands. The prodigious mass of her breasts, now approaching the size of yoga balls, carried them out to her sides, where they bounced weightily with her motions. Her new, reclining position had adjusted the motion

of her hips so that she wasn't so much bouncing up and down as she was thrusting forward and up and then pulling back. This meant that Mama Delia's pussy was angled back with her as well, while Mike's dick still strained to stand straight up, causing his head to drag back and forth against the textured patch of her G-spot on her front wall as it slid in and out, eliciting moans from her as it did and making her throw her head back with pleasure.

The altered angle also gave Mike a better view of the point where their bodies joined, or more specifically the point just above and in front of where they joined. He reached his hand down and quickly found the nub of Mama Delia's clit, rubbing circles around it with his thumb. With her head tilted back, she hadn't seen him coming, and it seemed to be the first time he'd managed to catch her off guard since they'd met in her bedroom. She gasped and her hips jerked and shuddered before she was able to regain control and resume her rhythm.

She looked down at him and said with a smile, "Well that was cheeky, wasn't it? Wanted to help your Mama feel good?"

"Yes, Mama Delia."

"Good boy. I love that you want to take care of your Mama. I'm supposed to be the one taking care of you... but there's nothing wrong with enjoying myself while I do it, is there?"

"Ye- no, Mama Delia."

She laughed at his slip and then closed her eyes to enjoy his rubbing. She let him continue for a while, and having something to focus on other than the heavenly feeling of her pussy engulfing his cock helped him slow the building pleasure that was pushing him inexorably towards orgasm, although not by that much given that what he was focusing on instead was the body of a woman who was practically a living wet dream.

But Mama Delia wasn't willing to let even such a small delay continue for long. She gently grasped his wrist and set his hand back at his side, then braced both hands on the bed behind her before pushing off and letting her momentum carry her until she was leaning over him. The push she'd given herself let her move quickly enough that her gargantuan breasts couldn't overcome their own inertia and meet in the middle before crashing to the bed on either side of Mike. With their bulk out of the way, she was able to lean in and kiss Mike tenderly on the lips. "You're such a good boy for wanting to take care of your Mama," she said, "But I'm here to take care of you, and that's exactly what I intend to do. Understand?"

"Yes, Mama Delia," he responded, "Thank you, Mama Delia."

"Oh, good boy." Somehow, despite the weight of breasts that were by now about the size of bean bag chairs, she was able to lift up her torso to let them finally collide with a heavy slap. With strain in her voice for the first time as she held them suspended, she

instructed Mike to “Get your arms up so you can hold them away from your face. I’m gonna have to set these down to move like I need to, but I don’t want to smother you.”

“Yes, Mama Delia,” he said quickly, getting his hands under her enormous right breast to help guide it as she set it down and preparing to protect his air supply. As she leaned forward, he was, with considerable effort, able to direct its descent so that the thick, dripping nipple was in reach of his mouth, and he eagerly latched on as it settled on his face.

Though Mama Delia’s voice was somewhat muffled by his new blanket of breast, he heard her laugh as she felt what he was doing. “Still thirsty, huh? Well drink up while Mama Delia takes care of you. This is all for you, honey.”

Mike wasn’t sure if he could have lifted her boob away from his face far enough to allow him to speak, so he merely complied instead of giving his habitual response, drinking down the deluge of milk that poured out as soon as he applied the slightest suction. Its sweetness was its own simple pleasure that only enhanced everything else he was experiencing, rather than getting lost in it.

Covered as he was in Mama Delia’s all-encompassing bosom, Mike couldn’t see what she was doing, but he could sure as hell feel it. Now that she was being supported by her own enormous boobs instead of hefting them around, she had much more freedom to move, and she was making use of it. She had resumed bouncing on his cock, setting a pace much faster than any she had previously used. Her meaty hips, thighs, and butt slammed down on him repeatedly, their own texture turning what could have been a destructive force into a comforting softness. Mama Delia also intensified her efforts with her pussy. The muscles in her walls contracted in rhythms and rolls, one moment squeezing his whole shaft in a tight embrace, the next sending a wave of pressure from his base to his tip and back.

The assault of pleasure was a whole new level above even the amazing sensations he’d experienced up to now. Whatever effect Mama Delia had on him that had allowed him to hold out this long was reaching its limit. Her delicious milk, the blanketing softness of her breasts, the bouncing of her hips, and the clutch of her pussy were combining to drive him closer and closer to the edge. His balls churned violently preparing to unleash the torrent they had whipped up for the goddess writhing atop him.

Despite the forces working against him, Mike strained with all his will to hold out for just an instant longer, doing everything in his power to prolong this unearthly experience. He suckled on the nipple in his mouth, groped the massive boob covering his face with his arms even as they held it at bay enough for him to breathe, and bucked his hips up every time Mama Delia’s massive ones crashed down on him, driving himself that much deeper inside her, determined to experience everything happening to him as fully as possible.

Then, from around the wall of breast, he heard Mama Delia's voice implore him. "Come on baby, let go for me! Breed your mama!" Milk gushed. Hips slapped. Walls clenched. And he was powerless to do anything but obey.

His back arched. His muscles tightened like steel cables. And his engorged balls contracted and began pumping out their load. She stopped bouncing and instead ground her hips down on him, ensuring that every drop was delivered right to the entrance of her womb. Her pussy squeezed and milked his shaft. Spurt after spurt of semen fired up into her with force that Mike wouldn't have believed possible that morning. And Mama Delia took it all eagerly.

"Yes, honey fill me up, fill up your Mama!"

His hips shook with every spurt. His every nerve was on fire with pleasure. His world narrowed to Mama Delia's pussy, his cock jolting inside it, and his balls squeezing and pouring cum through his shaft and up into her.

He couldn't have said how long he remained frozen like that, twitching and spurting inside Mama Delia while she wriggled on top of him and encouraged him to keep going. He could have sworn that his balls were still producing cum while he was still actively pumping it out, making the most of the golden opportunity presented to them. All he knew was that it was the longest and most intense orgasm he, or quite possibly anyone, had ever experienced.

So high were the heights that he'd reached that it didn't simply end like a normal orgasm, like shutting off a faucet. He had a much longer way down to go than usual, and it took a correspondingly longer time to get there. His pleasure gradually waned, letting him down gently from his peak, back to the levels he had become used to before tonight, and eventually back to a state of rest disturbed only by the occasional trembling aftershock. When he could finally trust his muscles to respond to his commands again, he hefted aside the enormous breast that he had clutched and suckled through the conclusion of their lovemaking and lay gasping for air as he recovered.

As Mike came back down to Earth, he stared up at the woman who'd sent him to heaven. Mama Delia smiled back down at him, her eyes shining with love and pride. "Oh, baby, you were such a good boy for Mama Delia. You did such a good job." Mike merely stared up at her in wonder, unable to voice any of the thoughts beginning to race their way through his mind. Who was this woman? *What* was she? And how could he spend as much time with her as possible?

As though sensing his questions, Mama Delia continued. "Sssshh sh sh. You've had a long, hard day, honey. Rest now. Mama Delia's got you." As she said this, she wrapped her arms around him and rolled onto her side, bringing him with her as she did so. Given their

starting position, this resulted in him coming to rest between her massive boobs, with the lower one serving his mattress and pillow and the upper as a weighted blanket.

At her words, Mike realized that he was, in fact, exhausted. Apparently, experiencing sexual pleasure beyond the realms of mortal possibility could really take it out of a guy. His thoughts began to fade into nothingness, and his eyes slid inexorably closed. He could hear Mama Delia murmuring to him. "Relax, honey. You've been such a good boy. Mama Delia's got you. Don't you worry about a thing." As he drifted off, the last thing Mike was aware of was Mama Delia's body against his own, and her belly slowly beginning to press against his.