

Chapter 2

As Mike slowly drifted out of sleep, his groggy mind struggled to put together the details of where he was and how he had gotten there, impeded by the fact that he was unwilling to open his eyes yet. He was lying in a warm, soft bed, with cool air blowing gently across his face, the only part of him exposed above the covers. That wasn't right, though. He had only moved in yesterday, and hadn't had a chance to get his air conditioning fixed yet. The thought of air conditioning made him remember Delia's invitation to come cool off at her house. Dimly, a part of him realized that that must be where he was, but once he remembered Delia, his location became a distant concern.

As his mind fixed on her, his memories of the previous day began falling into place like puzzle pieces. Her introduction at his new house. Walking over to her place. Chatting over lemonade in the kitchen. Taking her up on her offer to shower. And the sex. The mind-blowing lovemaking that brought him to an earth-shattering orgasm orders of magnitude beyond what he would have believed possible. And speaking of impossible Mama Delia - he couldn't help adding that title when thinking of her in this context - had *grown* during their bedroom escapades. Her thighs had swollen until each one individually dwarfed both of his combined, her hips and ass had grown to match, and her breasts had become big enough for him to rest his entire body between them.

Had all of that really happened? It seemed so fantastical that it could only have been a dream, but the whole scene was too vibrant in his mind. With no choice left but to resort to desperate measures to continue his investigation, Mike blearily opened his eyes and looked around the room. Unfortunately, he found himself alone, which meant that there was no easy immediate answer to the questions swirling in his mind about Delia's growth. As his awareness of his surroundings grew, however, he did take in a few things of note.

While Delia no longer lay in bed with him, at some point while he slept, she had retrieved the clothes she had washed for him and folded them neatly on the bed next to him. He also found a couple of clues as to her whereabouts - a soft clattering sound from elsewhere in the house, and the smell of bacon wafting into the room. It seemed that his hostess was making breakfast.

At that thought, his stomach let out an emphatic rumble, and Mike realized that last night he had gotten so caught up in and then exhausted by having sex with Mama Delia that he'd entirely skipped dinner. That thought, along with his stomach's insistent growling, was enough to banish the last of the fog from his mind and get him up and moving. He dressed in a hurry and made his way to the kitchen.

There he found Delia cooking up a feast. Pancakes and bacon shared space in one large frying pan, while eggs were scrambling in another. She had also apparently returned to her original proportions. If her boobs were still the gargantuan size they had reached the

previous night, he would easily have been able to see them sticking out to her sides despite her having her back directly to him as she faced the stove. That position granted Mike a clear view of her hips, thighs, and ass, all of which were back to their generous but humanly possible shapes and sizes. She was wearing a similar dress to the one he'd first seen her in yesterday afternoon, though with a different pattern.

As he observed her, he noticed that Delia was standing somewhat awkwardly far from the stove, leaning over slightly and reaching out her arm to push the eggs around the pan with a spatula. Maybe she was trying to avoid getting popped with bacon grease he thought idly.

Hearing him approach, Delia spoke up. "You've got good timing, hon. Everything's just about ready." As she turned from the stove to start transferring food onto two waiting plates, he caught a glimpse of her profile and immediately realized that his initial assessment was way off. She hadn't returned to her original shape at all. Her breasts, butt, hips, hips and thighs were indeed all back to the same size at which he'd initially seen them. But they had been replaced by her belly, which had transformed from a soft, gentle curve to a taut, round globe protruding from her abdomen. Living up to her title now more than ever, Mama Delia was clearly heavily pregnant.

Mike made his way on shaky legs to the table and collapsed into a chair. This was what he got for letting his dick do the thinking. He knew he should have insisted on using a condom! She'd even basically told him that this was why she didn't want to, but he'd gone along with it anyway. He'd just sunk basically all of his savings into his new house, how was he supposed to afford a baby?

But then he felt a core of resolve firming up under the panic. He would figure this out. He had to. No way was he going to be a deadbeat. "It'll be okay," he said, ostensibly to reassure Delia, but mostly for his own benefit. "The timing isn't great, but I can pick up a side gig to help cover expenses until I can bounce back from buying the house. That'll help make up for any time I have to take off during the day to go with you to appointments. And then-

In his spiral, Mike hadn't noticed that Delia had finished serving up their portions and made her way over to join him until the clink of plates on the table interrupted his stream of consciousness. He turned his head slightly and saw her facing him across the table with a small, soothing smile.

"Hey," she said, "I'm not actually pregnant."

This thoroughly derailed Mike's train of thought, which hadn't been sitting very firmly on the tracks to begin with. An awkward "What?" was all the reply he could manage.

"Eat," Delia told him, instead of answering.

"Huh?" The sudden change in topic kept Mike completely off balance and precluded any more coherent response.

"I'm going to explain everything, but it's a lot to take in. You need to calm down, and some breakfast will help. Eat."

Mike looked down at his plate. The food looked amazing. The bacon glistened, the pancakes were thick and fluffy, and the eggs were perfectly done, neither runny nor dry. After staring for a moment with his mind still spinning, he shrugged and picked up the knife and fork that Delia had set on the edges of the plate. He was still starving, after all. If he was going to have his mind blown, it might as well be on a full stomach.

As Mike dug in, Delia joined him, albeit at a somewhat more reserved pace, and for a time there was silence except for the clinking of silverware on plates. The food tasted as wonderful as it looked, and the simple pleasure of it did help settle Mike's thoughts. After a while, he felt ready to ask between bites "So you're not pregnant?"

"No," Delia replied, setting down her knife and fork. She knew she'd be too busy talking for a while to eat much.

Now that he had the opportunity and the capacity to ask questions, they came tumbling out in a torrent. "Then why do you look like you're eight months in? How is that possible when you didn't look pregnant at all yesterday? And what was all that last night? Who are you, really?"

"You know *who* I am. I'm Mama Delia," she said with a smile that carried just a hint of the sensuality she'd displayed when saying those words the previous night. "What you were too polite or too afraid to ask, is *what* am I?" Mama Delia leaned back and folded her hands on top of her belly, her expression growing more serious. "I've been called a lot of things over the years, most of which probably wouldn't ring any bells for you unless you're a big mythology and folklore buff. The term that would probably give you the best idea is fertility spirit. Or maybe fertility goddess if you're feeling grandiose, but I've never really gone in for that." She paused for a moment, looking at Mike slightly expectantly. "This is the part where you're supposed to object that magic and spirits and goddesses aren't real, and this must all be some sort of elaborate trick."

Mike slowly shook his head. "I won't tell you that that didn't cross my mind, but between last night and," he made a circular gesture at Mama Delia's belly with his fork, "this, I've seen enough that I'm at least willing to entertain the idea."

"Good," she said, smiling at him again, "you're handling this pretty well. Back to your original questions, then, about how everything you've seen is possible. The short answer is that my physical body exists to serve my purpose, so it can change to a certain extent to better express and fulfill that purpose."

"I'm not sure I follow."

"That's fair, it's a bit abstract. I think it would help if I explained a bit more about that purpose I mentioned. And that ties back to this," Mama Delia said, gently rubbing her belly.

“What I told you was true, I’m not actually pregnant. There’s no baby in here. Instead, what I’m carrying is potential.”

“Potential?” Mike asked, “The potential for what?”

“Fertility. *Life*. I myself cannot actually get pregnant and bear children. But I can help others do so when they are struggling. The act of intercourse creates the potential for conception. What I do is store that potential and gift it to those who need it.”

“So I’m essentially going to be a sperm donor?”

“Not exactly. What I do isn’t a physical process like the artificial insemination techniques your scientists have developed. While you did provide quite an impressive amount of seed, that’s not what I’m holding. I convert it into a sort of energy. When I help people conceive, their children will be theirs by blood as well as birth. You merely provided me with what I need to give them the push they need.”

“Okay, I guess that explains the not-quite-pregnancy part. But what about last night? You grew in front of my eyes! Your boobs and hips were huge!”

“It’s like I said. When I am actively serving my purpose, my body changes to best express that purpose. What better symbols of fertility are there? It’s also to better fulfill my purpose. Did my changes not spur you to provide an even greater load?”

Mike couldn’t argue with that. “Fulfilling your purpose. That’s why my balls grew too, isn’t it? Bigger loads, more life energy or whatever.”

“Exactly right, honey. I can’t change my partners as much as myself, but that part’s important.”

He sat in silence for a while, working his way through the sizable plate of food in front of him. Despite how delicious it was, though, he paid it little attention. His mind was occupied with processing everything he’d been told.

So. His neighbor was a fertility goddess. Sure, she said she preferred “spirit,” but after what he’d experienced the night before, she more than deserved the grander title in his book. Twenty-four hours ago, he would have dismissed the idea as impossible, but a lot had happened in those hours. Even so, he felt his mind trying to come up with rational, scientific explanations for his experiences, but none fit as well as the one Delia had just given. Had she drugged him? No, she’d had an explanation for what he’d seen before he’d even mentioned any of the details to her. No drug he’d ever heard of produced hallucinations consistent enough to be predicted like that. Some sort of inflatable prosthetics? No, the weight and texture of Mama Delia’s massive curves had been perfectly realistic in a way that no silicone balloon could match. At that memory of the sensory experience of Mama Delia’s enhanced body, Mike felt a stirring of arousal and forcibly redirected his mind. Process earth-shaking revelations about the fundamental laws of the universe now. Get horny later.

Did this mean there were other magical beings out there? Wizards, demons, fairies, vampires? Maybe. Delia would likely know. And he'd have plenty of time to ask her. He'd bought his new house planning to stay there, and his new discovery about his neighbor hadn't changed that plan. Should it? What would living next door to a fertility goddess actually be like? She'd been nothing but kind to him so far, and quite a bit more than kind on one notable occasion. Would she want him to provide her with more... What had she called it? Potential? Would she want him to give her more potential on a regular basis? Mike found himself hoping that she would. The experience of having sex with Mama Delia had been like nothing could have imagined. The thought of getting to repeat it even once, much less consistently, was almost more than he dared to hope for. Almost.

As he reached out his fork to spear another bite of food, he felt it clink against the plate. Snapping back to his surroundings, he looked down and realized that he'd completely finished the breakfast Delia had served him. He looked back up to find his host looking across the table at him with a small smile on her lips.

"How are you doing?" she asked him.

"I'm... good," Mike said slowly. "You were right, it was a lot to take in, and I'm sure I'll have more questions later, but you haven't given me any reason not to trust you, and it sounds like you're doing something really wonderful for people who need it, so for now, I'm good."

"Good," Delia said softly. "And how was breakfast?"

"Amazing, thank you."

"Need any more?"

"No way, I'm stuffed."

"Not too stuffed, I hope," Delia said with a smirk, "being 'pregnant' always makes me ravenous."

Mike looked down at her plate and noticed that there was still quite a bit of food left on it. "You didn't eat that much," he remarked.

"That's not the kind of hunger I'm talking about." Her smirk grew devious. "Mama Delia's ready for seconds."

Mike's heart jumped into his throat. Even when he'd contemplated the possibility of Mama Delia wanting to be with him again, he'd never imagined it would be the morning after their first time. She must not be kidding about the effect that being "pregnant" had on her.

Mama Delia stood up from the table, careful as any pregnant woman not to bump her belly despite the lack of an actual child inside it, and held out her hand to him, palm up. "Are you ready?" she asked. "It's okay if the answer is no. You've been through a lot, mentally, physically, and sexually. Aroused as I am, I wouldn't blame you if you need some time, and if that's the case, then I'll be fine."

Wordlessly, Mike rose from his chair, looked at Mama Delia for a moment, then slowly but decisively lifted his hand and laid it on top of the one she was holding outstretched. She gave him a smile that was gentler, but not devoid of sexuality, then turned and led him out of the kitchen, down the hallway, and back to her bedroom, neither releasing their grip the whole way there.

As soon as they were both fully into the room, Mama Delia stopped and backed up into Mike, pressing herself against him. Acting on instinct, he finally let go of her hand and wrapped his arms around her, stroking her perfectly round stomach. As his hands glided over the fabric of her dress, he couldn't quite reach all the way around to the front, but he made a valiant effort to explore as much as was possible.

At his touch, Mama Delia melted into him. As curvaceous as she was, even before any changes to the parts of her currently making contact, it was impressive how close she could press to his more angular form. Her arms reached back, one heading down to let her hand run along the outside of his thigh, the other climbing up to press against his cheek. Her head tilted to the side, and Mike took the hint and began kissing his way down her neck to where it joined her shoulder and then back up again. At his kiss, she moaned and leaned back still harder against him.

They remained in that position for a while. Mike's hands wandered down to Mama Delia's hips and up to her breasts, but always found their way back to her gloriously, if not actually, pregnant belly. His mouth delicately kissed and nibbled its way around the side and nape of her neck. In turn, Mama Delia rolled her hips, slowly grinding her generous ass back against Mike's stiffening cock.

Eventually, Mama Delia pulled away slightly, and her hands left Mike's body for the hem of her dress. "I need to feel you against me, skin to skin," she said, removing the dress in one smooth motion and turning to face Mike.

His first direct view of Mama Delia in her current shape did not disappoint. Her body was, of course, as gorgeous as ever. Perfectly smooth golden brown skin, curves to die for, and all of that was now accentuated by a gloriously swollen belly. It stuck out towards him as though straining to close the gap between them, with her belly button protruding just a bit farther still. Even in its new expanse, her skin was still flawless, unmarred by any stretch marks, with only a subtle vertical line running down the middle of her belly to vary the even tone. Her belly hung slightly downwards, even Mama Delia's miraculous body unable to deny the effects of gravity on the magnitude of energy, of life, that she was carrying within. Despite not actually being pregnant, her body was going all out to pretend it was, with droplets of milk already beginning to form on the ends of her nipples.

Snapping himself out of marveling at Mama Delia's body, Mike remembered her words and quickly undressed before stepping over and pressing himself back against her.

It seemed like her enormous belly should have made an awkward obstacle, but as they both leaned over it to press their lips together, Mike found that instead, it created opportunities. The space it forced them to keep between themselves gave him room to feel his way around its sides and top and up to her breasts, squeezing them to squirt streams of milk against his now-bare chest.

As their kissing and groping grew more intense, Mike felt bold enough to snake a hand down along her side and then around her soft thigh to where it met its twin, seeking what lay between. With a twist of his body to allow him to reach farther around Mama Delia's massive belly, he found what he was looking for, his fingers brushing against the soft, wet velvet of her pussy lips.

"Mmm," she purred before breaking their kiss to be able to speak. "What are you doing down there? Do you want to make Mama Delia feel good?"

"Yes, Mama Delia," came Mike's automatic response.

"You like making me feel good don't you? I saw the way you acted last night, thrusting up into me and playing with my clit. Mama Delia's a giver, but you like to give too, huh?"

"Yes, Mama Delia."

"Hmmm," she said in teasing deliberation, "well, far be it from me to keep you from enjoying yourself." She stepped backwards away from him and lay back on the bed. Sliding away from the edge to give him room to join her, she spread her legs wide, presenting herself to him. "Come have a taste."

Scarcely able to believe the invitation he'd been given, Mike stepped forward. His eagerness to accept Mama Delia's offer warred with the awe he felt at the opportunity to taste her most intimate and sacred place, resulting in him setting a pace that was certainly not slow, but also not as rushed as one particular part of him wished it might have been. He climbed onto the bed and crouched on all fours between Mama Delia's legs, lowering his face toward her glistening sex.

But just before he reached it, she slammed her thighs shut around his head, halting his progress. This close, her scent was overwhelming, burning through his brain, the need to reach her consuming him entirely. Too focused on his goal to consider why she might have stopped him, Mike was just considering whether he might be able to stick his tongue out far enough to tickle her clit when he heard her speak. Her voice was muffled by the soft flesh covering his ears, but he was just able to make out her words.

"I'm not against letting you indulge, but Mama Delia's still the one running this show, hon, and I've just thought of the perfect way to make sure you remember that."

Mike felt his pillowy prison begin to shift as Mama Delia threw her weight to the side. Soft as her thighs were, they still managed to keep a tight grip on his head, giving him no

choice but to move with her as she rolled fully over, executing a move that was equal parts Kama Sutra and WWE. When they came to rest, they had switched positions. Mike now lay on his back with Mama Delia on her hands and knees above him. From there, she finally loosened her grip on his head, allowing it to flop back to the mattress from where it had hung suspended between her thighs. Relieved of her burden, she pushed herself up with her hands and leaned back into an upright position, sitting with her weight on his upper chest.

“There we go. You’ve been nice and patient while Mama Delia got comfortable. And in Mama Delia’s house, good, patient boys get rewarded.” With that, she shifted forward, finally granting him the access she’d been teasing him with as she pressed her lower lips to his upper ones.

As she buried his face in her pussy, Mike’s world dissolved into bliss. Her taste was amazing, sweet, but with enough muskiness to be wonderfully natural. The position she’d chosen was also perfect. Her thighs flanked his head to either side. Down below his chin, her ass rested against the top of his chest. And above him, her belly dangled, filling his field of vision with the physical manifestation of both her divine purpose and the single most extraordinary sexual experience of his life. At least so far. It was hard for Mike to imagine how even Mama Delia could top the previous night, but he had to admit that she was off to a pretty good start. He was completely surrounded by her, engulfed in her presence, and he couldn’t think of anywhere he’d rather be.

As soon as he was able, Mike eagerly began exploring Mama Delia’s pussy with his lips and tongue. He started off by kissing his way around the plush softness of her outer lips, returning her teasing with some of his own before diving into the main course. His excitement wouldn’t let him keep that up for long, and he soon moved on to her alluring center. He kissed his way down her lips and lapped his way back up, pausing to delve deep into her opening with his tongue, desperate to reach the source of her delectable nectar.

As delicious as she was, even the taste of her juices couldn’t match what Mike felt at the soft moans and gasps that drifted down from above. They slid into his ears like silk, delivering him the satisfaction of knowing that he was delivering pleasure to the most magnificent woman he’d ever seen, pleasure that she couldn’t contain and had to express. He needed more, and he knew just where to get it.

He brought his hands up to the outside of Mama Delia’s thighs, partly to nudge her into a better position and partly just to enjoy the softness of her body. As he shifted her hips down, he moved his mouth up near the top of her folds until it settled on her clit, and Mike went to work.

He circled with his tongue, keeping the pressure indirect at first so as not to be immediately overwhelming. “Mmmm,” came a low, soft moan from above him, and Mama Delia’s hips began to gently rock. Once he’d built a rhythm, he started to occasionally cut

directly across the circle he'd established, sending up jolts of pleasure that hinted at what was to come. His circling motion meant that these direct attacks could and did come from any direction, making the sensation of them unpredictable enough that each one prompted a small jerk from Mama Delia that interrupted her slow swaying and a gasp of breath that cut through her languid moans.

As this erratic pattern continued, Mike and Mama Delia's actions built on each other. Her pleasure mounted, causing her moans and the motion of her hips to intensify. These escalating displays of arousal prompted him to increase the vigor of his tongue-lashing, which, in turn, drove her wilder still.

Better yet, Mama Delia's voice and her motions were not the only way her body displayed her mounting lust; she was also starting to grow. Mike's hands roamed across her hips and thighs, feeling them swell under his grip as their inner surfaces pressed closer around his face. Her ass expanded out across his chest, covering more and more of it every time she rocked backwards. Her breasts bulged until Mike could see them peeking out around the sides of her massive belly even from his low vantage point. That belly remained the same size, though. He knew what Mama Delia needed to make that grow, and he was eager to give it to her... once he finished what he'd started.

That finish line wasn't far off. "Oh, Mike!" gasped Mama Delia, "Good boy!" Her hands tangled themselves in his hair and pressed his face further into her crotch. Taking his cue, Mike ceased his circling and began to flick his tongue directly up and down across her clit. "Ohhh, YES!!!" she screamed, "Just like that!" Her hip movements had progressed from gentle rocking to frantic humping, riding his face as vigorously as she had his dick the night before. Both of their motions continued to speed up, spurring each other on to go faster and faster, each responding eagerly to the urging of the other.

This escalation continued until Mama Delia's panting breaths gave way to several sharp gasps before her thighs once again clamped shut around Mike's head. This time, however, instead of keeping him away from her, they seemed to hungrily draw him in, assisted by the pressure of her hands on the back of his head. His world went silent and still for an endless moment as her muscles locked up, her breath caught in her throat, and her soft flesh muffled any sound that might have reached his ears. The only motion was the unceasing flicking of his tongue, determined to make her climax as intense and long-lasting as possible.

Finally, the tension broke and Mama Delia let out a wordless cry and bent forward, curling around her engorged midsection. As the wave of her climax washed over her, so did another growth spurt, her body seeming to convert arousal directly into expansion. Mike felt her growing thighs press further around his head despite her not gripping him any tighter,

and saw her boobs surge forward more than could be explained by her shift in posture. As she shook and shuddered with aftershocks, her swelling body jiggled its way outwards.

Finally finished riding out her climax, Mama Delia unclenched her thighs and released Mike, pulling his head back to halt his licking. "Okay, honey, okay," she said, "Whoo, that was incredible."

"Thank you, Mama Delia."

"I feel like I should be the one thanking you," she laughed. "As amazing as that was, though, I think it's time for the main event." She rose up out of her sitting position onto her knees, taking her weight off of Mike's chest, and then fell forward onto all fours.

He slid out from under her and then sat up and turned to look at her. It was a spectacular sight. Her swollen breasts hung down far enough to brush against the sheets, dribbling milk as they gently swayed. Her belly dangled nearly as far, leaving just enough room that she wasn't resting on it. She gave an enticing waggle of her enlarged hips, now easily twice as wide as Mike's whole body, and her massive ass continued swaying well after her actual motion had stopped.

"Wow, you don't even need a minute?" he asked.

"I told you, being like this," she said, reaching a hand down to caress her "pregnant" belly, "always makes me insatiable. But that doesn't mean that you shouldn't try to sate me."

Not needing to be told twice, Mike eagerly approached and lined himself up with her pussy. He'd intended to tease her a bit by rubbing his head over her entrance, but Mama Delia was evidently done with warmups. As soon as she felt him brush against her, she thrust backwards, engulfing him fully in a single movement. The sheer mass of her expanded rump gave it enough force that it nearly knocked him back out of her, but he reacted instinctually, tightening his core and pushing himself back forward, his very body rebelling against the idea of being forced out of her heavenly hole. She groaned in satisfaction as she filled herself with him.

He took a moment to settle in and reacclimate to the bliss he remembered from the night before. As he did so, her walls clenched and rippled around him, and in response, he felt his shaft harden and thicken and his balls twitch. The message was clear - Mama Delia needed him. And he wasn't going to keep her waiting.

He began to thrust, withdrawing and then sliding back in. His oral efforts had been well appreciated, and he moved practically without friction, effortlessly gliding in and out. As he pushed forward, he didn't stop when he made contact. Mama Delia's enlarged thighs and ass were huge and soft. Mike took a firm grip on her hips and pushed himself into them, his pelvis sinking in like laying on a mattress, straining to touch her deepest reaches before withdrawing.

Those deep, powerful thrusts demanded focus and control, and as a result Mike's motions were firm, but not especially fast. He'd intended to build up speed as they went on, but once again, Mama Delia had plans of her own. After a few thrusts, she began to slam against him as he entered her, bouncing him back out before he could pause at his apex to strain for that small bit of extra depth. Again, she had expressed herself perfectly without words. *Faster*, she told him, and he rushed to obey.

The room quickly filled with the sound of Mike's hips slapping against Mama Delia's engorged ass, which jiggled and rippled with each contact. "There you go, baby!" she groaned, "Just like that! Fuck your Mama hard and fast!" she instructed him enthusiastically.

"Yes! Mama! Delia!" Mike responded, punctuating each word with another thrust.

This sex was different from what they'd had last night. While that had eventually built up to be quite vigorous, it had overall been slower, more sensual. They had taken their time and focused on giving and receiving pleasure. What they were doing now was faster, rougher. Put simply, last night, they had made love, but now, they were fucking. While it was still immensely pleasurable, Mama Delia clearly had a goal in mind, and her every word and action urged him to rush to meet it. And what Mama Delia wanted, Mike was happy to give her. His body agreed, his shaft continuing to swell slightly inside of her, and his balls growing as well. They were the size of lemons now, and showed no inclination to stop.

The couple's motions continued to intensify, hips meeting with greater and greater force and frequency. Despite the constantly increasing pace, she was always precisely in sync with his motions, never falling behind or racing ahead. Instead she constantly met his thrusts at the most perfect, balanced point, far enough forward to allow him to build up as much speed as possible without letting him overextend and lose momentum.

Though Mike wasn't as far past his usual point of no return as Mama Delia had pushed him last night, their frantic fucking soon pulled him over the edge. He groaned as he reached his peak and resumed his original pace, switching back from rapid thrusts to pushing himself in as deep and hard as possible. His forward motions were timed to line up with the gushes of cum erupting from his tip, ensuring that every drop was released as close to her womb as possible. What his orgasm lacked in mind-melting intensity, it made up for in duration. His testicles had engorged with seed for Mama Delia, and they were determined to offer all of it to her. For her part, she accepted it eagerly. She continued her synchronized counter-thrusting, helping to draw him in as deep as possible. Her pussy writhed and squeezed, milking him for all he was worth. And her belly. That glorious belly. The previous night it had waited to grow, at least long enough that he hadn't noticed any change before passing out. Tonight, however, it displayed no such patience. With every spurt it surged outwards, ripples running along its massive expanse as Mike pumped it fuller and fuller. While Mama Delia's breasts and hips had continued to grow slightly as they fucked, her belly

now outpaced them by far, swelling at a pace that Mike had a hard time believing, even knowing about her gift of growth and seeing it in front of his face.

After what had to have been nearly two full minutes, his jets of cum finally slowed and then stopped. As he came back to his senses, Mike saw that Mama Delia's faux-pregnant belly now pressed firmly against the bed. Her hands and knees still made contact too, but much of the pressure had been taken off of them, and her weight rested largely on her belly, causing it to bulge out to the sides.

As he stopped to admire his handiwork, he noticed something else, something wrong. Despite the conclusion of his orgasm, his dick hadn't subsided at all, it was still rock hard inside Mama Delia's pussy. And his arousal had barely subsided either, the curious effect she had on him allowing to stay above his usual limit without continuing to climax.

He tried to pull out to figure out what was going on, but Mama Delia, who had paused while he did, slammed back against him before he could escape. As her hips crashed into him, her pussy clenched around his length, as though trying to pull him back in. Her sudden motion startled him into stopping his retreat, and she took advantage of his stillness to begin thrusting back against him once more. "Please, baby!" she begged "I need you! Please keep fucking me!"

The pleading tone was a surprise, unlike anything he had heard from her before. But she was still who she was, and she had made a request of him. To that, he could have only one response.

"Yes, Mama Delia," he said, and began thrusting into her once more.

"Oh, thank you, honey, good boy! You always treat your Mama right. I told you, when I'm like this, I'm insatiable." Her voice was a curious mix of devilish and desperate. The small part of Mike's mind that wasn't completely focused on his actions or the sensations he was experiencing contemplated what "insatiable" might mean for someone like her. He found himself excited and also a little scared at the thought. That fear was a distant, tiny sensation though, barely noticeable next to the all-consuming need to satisfy the goddess before him and indulge in the sensory delights she offered in the process.

As they built up a rhythm again, Mike noticed that their motions had been altered by Mama Delia's growth. In their first round of the day, they had engaged in the typical forward and back thrusting normally expected for doggy style. Now that Mama Delia's weight rested largely on her belly, however, that had been transformed into more of a rocking motion. As Mike's hips crashed into her huge, cushy ass, the transferred momentum sent her tilting forward before she rolled back into him, propelled as much by her center of gravity reasserting itself as by any intentional movement. The effect was like fucking on top of a built-in yoga ball. It did somewhat limit their speed, preventing them from achieving the same frantic pace they had reached before, but the novelty of the motion was exciting, and the

idea that Mama Delia was so full of potential life, that he had pumped her so full of it, that the very motion of their bodies had to change to accommodate it was even more so.

That excitement drove Mike's arousal to new heights. Combined with the indescribable feeling of thrusting into Mama Delia's inhumanly perfect pussy while watching her already huge hips and breasts continue to inch outwards, it wasn't long before he felt himself building towards a second orgasm. Far from having shrunk down after they emptied out their first load, Mike's balls had continued to swell. They were the size of baseballs now, and they practically trembled as they prepared to deliver their second, brewing up more seed right up to the last moment.

As though she could sense him approaching the edge, Mama Delia put some extra force into her next few rocks backwards and moaned out to him "Yes baby, fill me *uuupp!*" sending him crashing over the edge. With the extra buildup, his second climax was nearly as intense as the one he had experienced the previous night, and the increased capacity of his engorged balls ensured that its duration was even longer than the one that immediately preceded it. He could feel them clenching, pumping spurt after geysering spurt into Mama Delia's womb, which eagerly drank up every drop, ensuring that none seeped out from her pussy despite the incredible volume and force. Each eruption sent pleasure crashing over him like a wave, something incomprehensibly vast and yet somehow contained in his comparatively small and fragile body.

As Mike emptied himself into Mama Delia, her belly grew once again. With her weight already resting on it, there was nowhere for it, and her, to go but up. Her expansion rapidly lifted the rest of her body higher and higher off of the bed, with Mike following to avoid being pulled out of her. His knees straightened until, by the time he was finally empty, he was standing fully upright. Looking down, he could see that, despite her being slightly taller than him, the angle at which she lay on top of her own stomach actually left her feet dangling slightly above the surface of the bed.

Arousing as that sight was, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen so engorged with his own cum that she literally couldn't reach the ground, Mike was well past his usual limits. There was no way he could have kept going, except that he could feel her need as if it was his own. It raged desperately, demanding more, so much more. Mama Delia was far from done, and so, so was he.

He barely paused for a single breath before picking back up where he had left off, his hips resuming their rhythmic slams against Mama Delia's enormous, plush thighs and ass. Even setting aside his lack of any noticeable refractory period, the amount of energetic fucking he'd engaged in so far should have left his muscles trembling and his lungs gasping for air. But Mama Delia needed him, and he couldn't let her down. That wasn't a motivational thought so much as it seemed to be a fundamental law of the universe. His body could

sooner float up to the ceiling against the pull of gravity than give in to something as petty as exhaustion before she was satisfied.

The new position prompted by Mama Delia's growth once again shifted the feeling and rhythm of their motion. Now that neither her feet nor her hands could reach the bed, the sensation of fucking on top of a yoga ball was heightened further as she rolled back and forth freely on top of her own belly. Without a solid anchor point, she also couldn't thrust back into him like she had been. Her unrelenting arousal still prompted motion from her, rolls of her hips that shifted her angle around him, causing incredible variations in pressure and friction. But the force of their thrusts now had to come entirely from Mike, and he was happy to provide it. He reached out for her massive hips, having to spread his arms a surprising distance apart to reach his targets. His hands sunk deep into her soft flesh as he took hold and began to pull her back into him in time with his thrusts, straining for harder impacts and deeper penetration.

It took him a moment to get a feel for the right rhythm. Maneuvering Mama Delia in her vastly expanded state was a somewhat unwieldy process. Her mass was so great and his handholds were so soft that there was a delay between his motions and hers. It took a moment after he started pulling her towards himself for her to actually reverse course and start moving backwards, and he could stop pulling well before she crashed into him and let her make the rest of the journey on pure momentum. When she did finally make contact, the combination of her enlarged assets, his forward thrusting, and the rolling freedom of motion offered by her position suspended on top of her belly created a sort of trampoline effect, bouncing her off of him and starting the process over again.

Mike was up to the challenge, though, and it wasn't long before he'd gotten the hang of it. The new movements they settled into were slower than their previous rounds, but even more forceful and certainly no less enjoyable. Mike's arousal hadn't really subsided at all after his last orgasm, and it only continued to build as he rolled Mama Delia into his hips, only for her to bounce off and then roll back again. The novel motion, along with her rounded shape, sent a thought drifting through Mike's head that he was bouncing her on his dick like a rubber ball. It was equal parts ridiculous and arousing, and it prompted him to intensify his efforts.

Driven by his increased motion and the enthusiastic rolling of Mama Delia's hips, Mike soon reached his third climax. As he did, his legs tensed, launching him forwards. Given the enormous size of Mama Delia's belly, however, she had no way to move with him other than to roll up farther onto it. With his cock buried deep inside her, Mike had no choice but to go with her, his feet lifting fully off the bed as they rolled forward together. Even when the momentum of his final powerful thrust was played out and they rocked backwards, he

remained suspended atop her. The growth from his first few spurts, delivered while they rolled forward and back, had been enough to lift him up fully, and he was still going strong.

His arousal was now far past even the heights he had achieved the previous night. Electric currents of pleasure raced through his whole body, their magnitude too great to be contained to his usual erogenous zones. His position, upright behind Mama Delia and hanging onto her hips, had become awkward without solid footing, but his mind was too consumed by pleasure for the thought of adjusting to even occur to him. Even the edges of his vision darkened, so overwhelming and all-consuming was the sensory input that it began to override any other sources as his hips bucked and bucked, emptying his twitching balls that had reached the size of cantaloupes. As he did, her belly continued to grow, lifting them noticeably higher on spurts of spunk that her pussy eagerly accepted and converted into the ineffable energy needed to create life.

While his orgasm eventually subsided, Mama Delia's burning need did not, so Mike quickly got back to work. He laid himself down across her body, allowing her to support him while he did what she needed him to do. He paused briefly to marvel at the fact that, in this position, her massively expanded ass covered most of his torso. Then he wrapped his arms around her to anchor himself, sliding them between her enormous breasts and even more massive belly, and began humping, continuing his efforts to sate the insatiable. As he did, she rocked her hips in time with his motions, doing what she could to welcome him in deeper despite her lack of leverage and the cumbersome bulk of her enormous ass. She egged him on further with her moans and cries and, when she could muster the coherence, an occasional word of encouragement or approval.

The growth of Mama Delia's massive belly, and their resulting change of position, had once again drastically altered the experience of fucking her. At its current gargantuan size, Mama Delia's belly had more softness and give to it, and with their combined weight pressing down, its sides bulged up around them, rising higher than their backs and giving the impression of being almost totally surrounded by it. Where before he had compared their motions to having sex on top of a yoga ball, now he thought it was more like being on a water bed as their bodies sloshed and rolled atop her impossible "pregnancy." Or at least, it reminded him of what he imagined a water bed would be like. They'd gone out of style before Mike had been born. Mama Delia had hinted that she'd been around a long time, she was probably there for their heyday. Maybe he'd ask her about them. He realized his mind was wandering deliriously, perhaps trying to escape the sensory overload he was experiencing. Its intensity was certainly intimidating, but it was all pleasure, not something to be feared. Mike fought to focus on it, to embrace it rather than run from it.

That was easier said than done though, as their fucking went on and on, his arousal and pleasure growing by the moment. The human mind and nervous system could only

process so much. He had exceeded that limit some time ago, and his own determination and Mama Delia's magic, impressive as they both were, could only carry him so far past it.

On his fourth orgasm, his vision blacked out entirely, the mounting pleasure tearing away his ability to cling to the sight of Mama Delia's perfection. On the fifth his mind went as well, and by the time he came to, he had already started fucking his way toward a sixth. That pattern continued for a span of time that Mike couldn't even begin to guess at. The periods of lucidity between climaxes grew shorter and hazier. His and Mama Delia's motions grew gradually more intense. They hadn't particularly been holding back before, but as they kept going they managed to eke that much more speed and force out of their bodies.

After what could have been years for all Mike knew, he felt something change. The rate at which his arousal was building increased dramatically; he could feel it rushing through his body like a physical force. His balls, now hanging most of the way down his legs and the size of large watermelons, roiled and raged like the ocean in a hurricane, continuing to swell by the moment. His hearing faded out, and his vision started to darken. His fading mind realized what was about to happen – their lovemaking was reaching its true climax. All those that had come before, as literally mindblowing as they had been, had only been shadows of the real thing. He welcomed it, embraced it, surrendered to it, and just as it was about to sweep him under and wash away his awareness, the sheer force of it shattered all the barriers and limits that had been taking him away during his previous peaks.

Suddenly, the world around him, which at this point consisted almost entirely of Mama Delia's enormously expanded form, was clearer than it had ever been. Every sense was heightened, and time itself seemed to slow down to allow his mind to take it all in. He could see depths of her beauty that, as lovely as he had always found her, had previously eluded him. He could hear their breaths gasping in sync and their hearts pounding in time with each other. Most of all, he felt. Felt the smoothness of her skin, slick with sweat and other fluids as it slid against his own. Felt the paradoxically firm softness of her pussy as his massively swollen cock rammed into it to the base. Felt the inhuman levels of pleasure coursing through him, down to his bones and the core of his being.

With senses he didn't even have names for, he could feel echoes of the magnitude of *her* arousal and pleasure, which somehow dwarfed even his own while pushing to give him some hint at what she was experiencing. In that crystalline, infinite instant, while he teetered on the precipice, he felt their very souls strain to make contact, and when they did, he grasped the barest flicker of comprehension of the divine essence of the being that had accepted him into herself.

When that connection was made, Mike felt something inside himself snap and he released. His seed flowed into her not in jets or spurts, but in one continuous deluge the likes of which he had never imagined. As it did, the connection they had established, which had

seemed so tenuous, became an unbreakable bond. She was sharing herself with him and he was sharing himself with her on every possible level - physical, biological, mental, spiritual - and that exchange could not be severed or interrupted. They hung like that, mortal and something more, reaching across the bridge between themselves, between their incomprehensibly disparate existences, clinging to a connection that seemed at once impossible and yet so natural, so right, that it was also inevitable. Their bodies cried out at the intensity of the experience, Mike in wordless, agonizing ecstasy, and Mama Delia in a language that had not been spoken in lifetimes, yet the meaning of which was clearer to Mike than any words he'd ever heard - *Yes! By all the gods YES!!! GIVE IT ALL TO ME!!!!*

Though it seemed impossible that something so perfect and so enormous could ever end, eventually it did. The last drops of cum dribbled out of his tip and into her warm, waiting pussy, which accepted them as eagerly as it had the geyser that had preceded them. Mike's perfect awareness gradually dimmed down to its usual levels. His sense of the connection between them faded as well, but not completely, and the bond itself remained. He had accepted a part of her into himself, and she had done the same for him. What exactly that meant, he couldn't begin to fathom, nor, at that moment did he need to. He knew that it had happened, and that was wondrous enough. He lay on top of her, basking in that knowledge along with his afterglow, reveling in a sense of peace unlike anything he had felt before.

As that also eventually faded, he blinked and lifted his head up to take stock of their situation. Mama Delia's growth had eclipsed anything she had achieved the night before. Her hips, thighs, ass, and breasts were bigger, true, though not to an incredible degree. Her belly, though, dominated them all. In fact, it was so big that he couldn't even see its full size. Its expanse stretched up above their heads and nearly to the ceiling, shrouding them in darkness as it blocked out almost all the light in the room. After marveling for a moment at what they had accomplished together, a thought occurred to Mike.

"Um. Mama Delia?" he asked.

"Mmmm," she moaned, not having moved past the basking phase herself. "Yes, baby?"

"Well, not that I'm in a hurry to leave or anything, but we are going to need to get out of here eventually. How are we supposed to do that?"

"Don't you worry about that. The people who need my help will know where to find me, and once I give them my gift-" she rubbed a hand gently across the slope of her belly that stretched out above her, then corrected herself "*our* gift, this will all get a lot more... manageable. For now, just relax. You were amazing, honey. You've earned some rest."

Pacified by her words, Mike laid himself back down atop the plush pillow of his partner, still fully sheathed inside her, and sighed contentedly. As his mind began to drift, the last thought that floated through it was *It's good to be home*.