

Clive drummed his fingers on the steering wheel as he waited to circle the passenger pick-up lane. The two terminal, twelve gate airport was slowly getting outgrown by the nearby towns. It certainly was not designed to handle the level of traffic that now surged through its winding, circular roadway on a regular basis. Finally though, he was able to get to the curb.

He glanced in the rear view mirror and rubbed his pointed jaw with its weeks old growth. A shave before leaving probably would have been prudent. It kind of looked like he had been out in the woods for the last two weeks. Zippering his on-the-snug-side jacket, he got out of his old Beamer.

Diane, back from two weeks with her family in Greece, was already moving his way. She was dressed for comfort and her dark hair was a wild mass of curls that bobbed as she strode quickly towards him. A well-worn duffle bag bounced against her prominent hip as she wheeled a moderately-large suitcase on the other side. Her round face beamed as she caught his face in the crowd. Just as it had since they met five years ago, seeing her smile made his heart flutter.

“Hey, you,” she said pulling him into a fierce hug. “Feels like forever since I got to hold you.”

“Same,” he said as he ran his hand over her hair. “Dinner before we get home or...?”

“I want a shower before we go do anything. I love my family dearly, but I am much too American now to deal with BO of that magnitude.”

He put the suitcase in the trunk. “Can understand that. We're both there next month, right?”

“For Lucia's wedding, yes,” she responded when they both sat down.

“At least it'll be spring by then.”

“Oh, true. You've not seen the vineyards in bloom yet, have you?”

“I don't think so,” he said shifting into drive and pulling back into the tangle of traffic.

They exchanged other small talk while fighting to escape the airport. She leaned into him as they

got onto the highway. “Love you, just so you know.”

“I love you, too.” There was not much about his wife he did not love. Her outlook on life had kept them afloat through hard times. Her voice was like a silver bell. She looked positively amazing, even in sweatpants and a hoodie. Her radiant olive skin had hints of freckles. Her flared hips gave her body a huggable pear shape. Her thick, powerful legs made it look like she still belonged on the volleyball court. On top of that, she was also wicked intelligent, had killer instincts for business, and was driven to succeed.

So much so that, when she went for her MBA, she had invitations. When she graduated, she did so with the highest GPA ever seen in her program. When she went after a board position with the company her parents' co-founded, it was hers in a year. In short, she brooked no nonsense and he was very happy to support her ambition.

Because, the truth was, as much of an a-type personality she was publicly, she loved letting him run the show at home. She knew that as much as her super boss persona turned him on, he got real pleasure out of being the dominant. Coming home used to mean peeling off her tailored suit and putting on nothing but a collar and an apron over her lingerie.

Now though, she was traveling a lot for work, as was he, so quite often one was getting home as the other was leaving. They probably not slept in the same bed for more than a week consecutively in the last six months and probably not for more than two months all told. Time for sex was even more scarce, but he planned to fix that tonight.

“Dee, can I tie you-”

“Honey, I was hoping we could-”

“You go first,” she said as her hand moved to his thigh.

“Well, uh, I got some new rope and I was hoping to test it out tonight.”

“Oh? I was actually going to ask if you wouldn't mind if I drove tonight.”

“What do you mean by that?”

Her hand slid to the inside of his leg, her fingertips brushing sensitive skin through his jeans. “I wanted to play a bit. Just me, my hands, and your cock.”

He started to respond and then paused to think. “You know what? Sure. Pleasure me.”

She grabbed his crotch. “I don't think you understand. I'm in charge tonight and all I want is throbbing, turgid toy to play with.”

Despite himself, he was getting hard. “Ah, I see. Well, what's in it for me?”

“Besides me edging you until you explode all over me from the sheer weight of your arousal?”

“Well, yes, besides that.”

“You'll have to see, it's a surprise.”

They were silent for a beat, while Diane rubbed his crotch until he rose to full mast. Just as he began to strain against his pant leg, she stopped and then leaned over. “Well, love? What'll it be?”

“I guess I'm curious enough to see where this is going. Can I have--”

“A safeword? Of course, I know how this works.”

“Just wanted to check, I know you sometimes don't want one.”

“Oh, we'll be doing that soon enough,” she leaning over and nibbling his her. As she did, her fingers undid the button on his pants and her hand slipped into his boxers. Her fingertips were cold against his blood-swollen member, but that only served to intensify the touch. She worked his shaft slowly, gripping it tight between her thumb and knuckle as she moved along his five inch length.

“Is that good, my cock toy?”

“Mmm, yes mistress.”

She kept up her steady pace until Clive began to groan and a wet spot started to spread overcharge jeans. That was when she turned her attention to her phone. She began to confirm dates leading up to her sister's wedding, though she did not release her grip on Clive.

“Am I not coming?” He said, glancing over.

“Didn't you hear me?” She said rolling her eyes. “I said I was going to edge you until you burst from sheer pleasure. This is just the start, love.”

Clive gulped, but his cock throbbed at the idea.

His wife kept her hand around his dick as she continued to talk about the rest of her trip. After a few minutes, he got used to the strange situation as the contact grew familiar. He stopped thinking about the fact that he was inches away from driving with his cock out and began to engage with Diane's more mundane conversation. It was not until they pulled off the highway and her griped tightened once more than his mind fixated once more on the stimulation.

This time, she pulled him out of his underwear. As she stroked him, he could feel his pulse pounding along his length almost at once. It was like his cock had become a piston as blood slammed against his tip. His pre-cum began to bead much sooner. A little bit even rolled down the underside over Diane's fingers. She let go of him for the first time in an hour to lick the sticky fluid off.

“Oh yes, this is going to be wonderful,” she said before gripping him tightly once more.

Clive was still rock hard when they got home a few minutes later. His cock a deep red as it throbbed every other second. Diane tucked him back in his pants and told him to get her bag. She was going to go ahead and grab a shower. The water was running by time he got into their apartment. As he closed the door, he could hear Diane moaning from the bathroom. The sounds of his wife's pleasure only heightened his own arousal. He could hear his pulse now, his heartbeat pounding in his ears. His

cock was throbbing like crazy as blood pumped harder, causing him to rub against his jeans. The simulation became a cycle so intense that he started to feel light headed and had to sit down.

His hands wandered to his lap. He rubbed his erection through his pants, rolling his shaft back and forth against his thigh. He could feel pre-cum coating his boxers and leg. He started bucking slightly as he mashed harder and squeezed his eyes closed. The haze of pleasure was so all consuming that he did not realize that Diane's moans had ceased.

A hand grabbed his wrist and his eyes snapped open. Diane stood naked over him, a pout on her face. There was something different about her, something he could not put his finger on, but she felt sexier. Maybe it was how her wet hair hung over her face. Maybe it was just seeing her naked for the first time in weeks. It could even just have just been how already out of his mind horny he was. Whatever it was, it felt like she had stolen his breath.

“Now now, my pet,” she said as she grabbed his other wrist as well and pulling both hands away. Had she always been this strong? “We can't have you coming just yet, especially without my permission.”

Her gaze moved to the side and she grinned. She reached over and grabbed the duo of handcuffs that he had used on her last time. Claspng them around his wrists, she fixed the other ends to the beams in the couch arms.

Kneeling, she undid the button on his pants and pulled them down. His cock sprang up through the opening in his boxers. His skin was so red it was almost purple. He seemed bigger than ever before. She gripped the waistband of his boxers and pulled them off as well.

“Stay right there, love, I'll be right back.”

She vanished back into their bedroom, leaving him alone and restrained with the most powerful erection he had ever experienced. Watching it twitch with his heartbeat was almost as good as using his

hands. It felt like an hour passed before she returned, wrapped in a emerald green silk robe. There were hints of lace trimmed underwear beneath it. In her hand was a what appeared to be a slightly used tube of lotion.

“This,” she said as she squeezed out a small drop onto her fingertip. “Is a cream made from several ingredients rumored to be blessed by Grecian gods. Of note, oats by Apollo and water by Aphrodite. It is said that anyone who has it rubbed into their skin will be like a god in bed.”

She dabbed a little on each cheek before rubbing it in. As it faded into her skin, her face seemed to shimmer. Her cheekbones and nose shifted. Her face becoming less round and more like a classical statue. There was a brief flicker of gold in her eyes. “As you can guess, I might have used it a little to make sure it worked. It has, um, made showers interesting,” she added with a blush.

“So that’s what you meant by playing with me. You want to see what it does to me, right?”

“Oh, absolutely! I've only used little dabs and I want to see what changes a more...thorough application can bring about. Now, let's get playing.”

Kneeling once more, she squirted a dollop on her hand. The cream was sharply cool on his cock as she gripped him. The feeling was so intense, he was sure that he was going to orgasm as his balls began to twitch. Surprisingly though, as she worked the cream into his skin, the feeling of being about to blow lessened. That is not to say that the pleasure was any less, if anything it was even more enjoyable than ever before, as his pulse began to race like he was running, but it no longer felt that he was burning up.

Diane's fingertips felt like velvet as they dragged along his length towards the end. Pre-cum bubbled from the tip, the flow filling her circled fingers. There was pulse and his mushroom shaped head rose out of her grasp. All of a sudden, it looked more like she was cupping a strawberry. When she slid back down, it felt like her grip was being forced apart as her digits slipped past each other. It also felt like it took her longer for the heel of her hand to reach his pelvis. He could tell he was

unquestionably bigger as the heel of her hand pressed into his pelvis after nearly seven seconds.

A grin spread over her face as she gripped his length with a second hand. He had always been happy with his average measurements but seeing both her hands wrapped around him made him shudder. There was a big twitch and a gout of pale fluid rolled down over her fingers.

“Dee, I-”

“You can't come yet, love.” She squeezed him tight, making him wince a little. “Sorry! I...I'm still not used to how sensitive this makes you.”

“It's okay...I'll try to keep from coming.”

She flexed her grip around him, egging the growth out of him. As his head rose above her upper hand, her fingertips slipped from her her thumb. With a couple inches of extra length, she dragged her double handed grip up. Each finger passing over the edge of his head sent a shock up his spine. She continued to work him until the lubrication began to fade.

“Are you....satisfied?”

She released him and put her sticky finger to her face as she hummed and looked off to the side. This gave Clive a chance to see just how much the cream had made him grow. He could not believe the cock rising from between his legs was attached to him. It looked like it should have been attached to some Adonis-like porn star guy.

“Actually, no. I'm not satisfied. Although I think I might have an idea to fix that.”

Pouring a little more cream over him so that it would run down his shaft with the flow of pre-cum, she got up and went back to the bedroom. Unable to do anything else but watch as the cream slowly rolled down his shaft to pool at the base. In what seemed to be an impossibility, the mass began to sink into his skin. As it did, the base of his cock spread while the fat on his pelvis melted away. A chill wave

rushed over his legs and torso, he knew more changes were coming.

However, it was then Diane returned and his attention was pulled back to her. She had a simple metal ring in her grasp. It looked like one from the shower curtain and Clive moaned as he realized what she was going to do. It was a tight fit over his head, but easily slipped down his shaft to rest at his base. She nodded and poured yet more cream into both hands.

Her fingers went back to rubbing the cream and cum into his skin. The spreading from before began once more until his girth struggled with the ring. Almost at once, veins began to rise along his length as his pounding pulse pumped in blood that had nowhere to go.

He was swelling rapidly now, his dimensions increasing visibly with each passing second. He was groaning almost consistently, his mind blank aside from the feeling of Diane's fingers on his dick. He tried to put words to the sensations, but it was like his body had become a balloon. Over and over, he was constantly getting close to his limit. Only for the air to be let out and then pumped back into his further stretched surface.

Even through the stimulation, he worried what would happen when he could stretch no more. He worried his body would not hold up to that titanic release. It already felt like his heart was trying to hammer out of his chest and his nerves were on fire.

Everything was twitching now. His hips were bucking off the sofa of their own accord as every scrap of muscle in his body contracted over and over again thanks to the utterly mind overwhelming sensations from his crotch.

Then, that overwhelming stimulation was gone. His cock twitched alone, without Diane's fingers on him.

“What's...what's going on?” He said as he blinked and tried to focus. He sucked drool off his face as he fought to lift his head from the sofa's back. His cock came into view as he became more aware



and Clive gasped. Beet red, with veins that had to be thicker than his pinky, his cock was wider and longer than he thought was possible. It had to be more than a foot long!

“You're also bigger around than a baseball bat now, love. I just checked.”

He pulled his gaze away from his impossible manhood to look at his wife. Her eyes sparkled with wonder and a huge smile was lighting up her face.

“It's simply amazing, isn't it!”

“Amazing? Dee, I have a tree trunk between my legs! How the fuck am I even supposed to go to work, much less have sex with you?”

“Oh, I'm not worried about sex,” she said, holding up the barely half empty tube. “I'm sure when the time comes, this will do the trick. Now, why don't we play more?”

“More? Dee, can't I just come so we can snuggle like normal people?”

“Normal people?” She straddled him, her huge, muscular ass resting on his massive pole. “Love, you wanted to tie me down and shove ice cubes inside me while you dripped hot wax on my nipples. We're not normal people.”

“I didn't say--”

“You wanted to tie me up, right? That's where we usually end up when rope's involved.” She slid along part of his length, coaxing a groan and another gout of pre-cum out of him “Or there's also more physical torture, like this.” She continued to rub against him, her anus sliding over his tortured blood vessels.

“All right, all right. I—ah!—I get what you're saying.”

She leaned into his chest, rising off his shaft and pressing her modest bust into him. “So I can continue?”

“Whatever, makes you happy,” he said through clenched teeth as a wave of pleasure crashed over him and his length quivered. The swinging weight alone was enough to stimulate him and his erection got even more impossibly hard. It felt like his pre-cum was flowing constantly now, as if the overwhelming pleasure had made him spring a leak.

She dismounted and poured lots of cream into her hands. Rubbing them together, she started to softly knead his balls. They began to grow almost at once, their volume inflating as they absorbed the apparently blessed cream. Throbbing veins rose from under his skin, thickening and coiling around his sack. The bigger they got, the faster they grew, as there was more and more surface area. They felt like plums as they began to push against his thighs. They felt even bigger a moment later when they made him spread his legs wider.

Through all of this, his massive cock was starting to go down from not being directly stimulated. It began to bend under its own weight, draping over her shoulder. As the flow of pre-cum began to drip on her back, she stripped off the robe and threw it to the side. She started moaning as the liquid cascaded down over her bra strap and between her butt cheeks.

“I...never knew you wanted...that,” Clive said between gasps as she continued to fondle him.

“I’ve always loved you coming on my face.”

“Is that really the same as what’s happening now?”

She did not reply. Instead she nipped his cock and moaned loudly as she nodded. The contact was like a bolt of lightning and Clive's balls clenched as they pumped a huge gout of pre-cum out of his impossible manhood. Diane climbed out from under him and smiled broadly as she wiped the spunk off her back and slurped it down. “Okay, I think I'm ready to let you cum now.”

“A-are you now?”

“Yup, and I know just how I'm going to do it.”

She grabbed something from out of view, an egg-shaped object a little bigger than her hand. She poured more cream inside of it, using up most of the tube while inflating the thing to a size similar to her head. The egg seemed to jiggle as she held it under the end of his cock. She pushed down on his pole, sinking his head into the egg. The moment of contact was both soft and so very cold. Then, he was inside. She licked her lips as she inched the silicone toy down his length.

Exposed to so much of the lotion, his girth began to increase almost at once. He thickened with each throbbing pulse until the egg's opening was tight against the middle of his cock. Although rivulets of cream ran down either side of his thickening raphe, most of the egg's contents were sealed within.

Diane pushed from either side of the egg and Clive gasped when he realized the sides were ribbed. She caressed him slowly, her hands drifting up and down the length of the egg. Clive groaned as overwhelming stimulation gripped his mind once more. This time however, it felt like something was different. With each rapid beat of his heart, there was less fluid in the egg and it felt like he was slightly bigger over all. All the while, a pressure built in his pelvis as every one of the deferred orgasms began to boil inside.

He began to buck once more and the couch was actually creaking. Just how much had he grown? He looked to Diane for a hint, but she only smiled as she sped up. The middle of his shaft was growing wider. The silicone was starting to tear. There was a loud ping as his girth finally outgrew the ring. That only seemed to accelerate the odd feeling of growth as the veins on his cock rose to even greater prominence. He surged longer, pulling the egg tight to his cock and causing Diane to scramble backwards.

“Oh yes, this is it, this is what I wanted to see!”

She got to her feet and his head was even with her collarbone as she resumed stroking him through the egg. The silicone was starting to turn transparent as it was pushed to its limits. He felt his balls

contract once more. He strained against his restraints as his hips flexed upwards. The first burst of cum was almost unnoticeable, seeming more like the cream than release.

His next spasm was not so subtle.

With a twitch that pulled him out of Diane's grasp, his body let loose a burst that tore through the egg and showered his wife with his spunk. There was a third, weaker stream of cum before he felt his mind start to clear and his pulse began to slacken. Exhausted and spent, he was ready to pass out. Diane however, apparently had other plans.

She was moaning as she rubbed the fruits of her torturous labor into her chest and neck. There was a straining noise as her bust began to swell. Within seconds she was overflowing the small cups and showed no signs of stopping. Gripping either side of the gore, she tore the bra apart at the clasps, letting them dramatically swing free. They grew past her ribs towards her navel in a moment. They likely would surpass her waist if they kept this up.

Not even bothering to kneel, she wrapped her pulsing boobs around his half turgid shaft where the remnants of the egg remained. The combined feeling of the ribbing and her growing against him was enough to coax Clive's cock back to life as blood began to pump into his impossible dick once more.

He was not even hard before the pre-cum began to flow again. She lapped it up eagerly, her moans growing more emphatic. There were staccato pops as she managed to wrap her lips around his fist-sized head. She kept pushing and gulping down his pre. Slowly, her mouth grew large enough to envelop him and the rest of her followed. Within moments, her body had sized up from just under six feet to what was probably closer to eight.

Too tall to comfortably bend over and suck him off, she once more knelt between his legs. Her bust was so expansive that she did not even need to hold her tits up to wrap around his shaft. With her hands freed up, the squelching sound of her fingers toying with her snatch filled the room.

As her lips pushed the remains of the silicone pussy down his shaft, he realized just how much more plush her lips had become. He tried to focus to see how else she was changing, but his attention was riveted on her mass of black curls. They grew like vines as they cascaded over her shoulders and down her back.

He felt his head slip into her throat and that seemed to set him off. A sudden powerful throb was followed by a rush of sensation. A moment later, she made appreciative gulping noises and increased her tempo. Beyond sensitive from a second orgasm, Clive's eyes rolled into the back of his head as his wife continued to work his cock and progressively swallow more of it.

Clive was so overwhelmed, he began to see feeling. Like a TV out of tune, the world became static. As his brain recoiled from the stimulus, the snow resolved into waves. At first, the alternating waves did not make any sense, but eventually he figured it out. Chiefly, there was Diane's growth against him, her relentless blow job, and his own growth. Each of those waves seemed to sync up. Grabbing onto them, he fought to get control of his mind. The snow returned, fading in and out on the cycle of the waves.

Diane came back into view, a little larger than before but not massive either. It still gave him an idea of how much he had likely changed as well. He flexed to break the handcuffs and was rewarded with two tangs as the cuffs on his wrists popped open. Hands much bigger than he expected came up, fingers much thicker tangled in her hair.

They moved in frantic union now, his massive balls colliding with her throat as he thrust up into her face. She was probably equally at the edge of awareness from how she was just constantly moaning around his girth. It was not long before his breathing was ragged. Once more, he began to throb. Diane shoved her face down his length, her lips brushing his base. Pump after pump of cum traveled up his shaft and into his wife. Presumably, she was eager to swallow it all.

Sure that she was about to grow further, he tightened his grip on her and heaved himself to his feet, pulling her up in the process. She let go of his cock with a wet pop and glanced up at him through her lashes. Already her body was beginning to glow and twitch. “Oh? Is my god ready to bless me? Are you going to fuck me now, love?”

“More? Dee, this is insane! We aren't going to even fit out the door, much less in our cars!”

“Oh you worry too much! It's mostly temporary.”

“Based on what?”

“Based on my experiments! Love, I was even bigger than this just a few days ago.”

“Bigger? Than this?”

She struggled to her feet as another surge of growth pushed her bustline past her considerably widened hips. “Don't you want to pin me down under the weight of my own endowments? Have me bent over and resting on my tits at the perfect height for you to thrust into the me with all your might?”

Clive looked away, even as his cock throbbed and dribbled at the thought.

Diane nuzzled his shaft. “Why wait for another chance? Why not do me into your sex goddess right now?”

Despite himself, Clive scooped up his impossible wife and carried her into bed. He had wanted to fuck all night and who was he to turn down an invitation to do just that? And who knew? Maybe he would get into being this big, this strong, and this horny. Actually, he was pretty sure he was already in love.