

#2

Homegrown Housewife

by Choker Guy

laugh about it if your existence depends on it," you try to apologise.

"Sure, I get it. Sorry I got you all riled up. So what's up with you these days? Develop any superpowers yet?" You just shoot him a confused look, not having a clue what he's getting at. "I mean, superheroes are always either people who were down on their luck or just generally average guys, totally inconspicuous. You actually meet the requirements for that job at least!" You won't make the same mistake twice and laugh along this time, responding that he can kindly go fuck himself when he's not busy. Both of you laughing it off, he continues to ask. "Seriously though, aside from the difficult employment situation, how are you doing?"

"There isn't really much to tell," you shrug. "Had a weird dream tonight, or rather... around noon, just before you came by. I don't usually dream much. So yeah, nothing noteworthy, really," you try to move on, but Dave presses the matter of the dream. Maybe you shouldn't have brought it up, you hate talking about these things. People always put too much thought into what something as simple as a dream is worth. Most likely it's just a random assortment of images in a dozing, unconscious and unsorted situation. But then again, a silly conversation is better than silence. So you explain all about the weird, creepy atmosphere of this room you were in, and about the mysterious glob of liquid.

Dave puts on a puzzled face. "I see. Based on my analysis, I can say with relative certainty that this dream means... you're a closet homosexual." You give him a light punch on the arm. How creative, didn't see that coming at all. "Seriously though, it's just a dream. I dream all kinds of crazy, random shit, that probably just happens to you more rarely."

"Well, that's exactly what I said, you kept pushing the issue," you counter, and you both agree it was really kind of pointless to elaborate on. He stays for quite a while and you chat about all kinds of things. Him having a job, a well-paying, stable one at that, is definitely a bit of a sore subject, and you can tell he tries to correct himself often when he realises he's about to mention work, salaries or colleagues. It does cut down on conversational material a lot, but you both manage just fine, being long-time friends. Some of his stories revolve around how he's been out of luck when it comes to women lately, though you're not sure if he's telling you that just so you'll feel better. It's not like you're more successful in that regard, but at least there's somebody to share your suffering with you. You end up talking about that topic a lot once you both realise that.

Having woken up quite late, it gets dark outside sooner than you had imagined. That fact isn't lost on Dave, who subsequently has to excuse himself; he has a lot to take care of. You know he just has to get his shit together before heading to work tomorrow, but it's nice of him to avoid the issue anyway. Both of you say your goodbyes and he takes his leave. Damn, where did the day go? It's late in the evening and you literally did nothing. You're barely even dressed, you just threw on a pair of baggy pants and a dirty t-shirt. Days like this aren't uncommon lately. Sometimes you wish you'd receive some guidance. Some event that tears you out of this monotony and uncertainty and jumpstarts you into achieving *something*.

But no omnipotent entity is listening tonight, so it turns out to be just another one of those days. Not wanting to go to bed directly, you decide you could use a shower; Dave seemed to keep his distance while he was here and perhaps your smell was the cause of that. Afterwards, you find you still have some energy to expel on good old-fashioned porn to, uh, cleanse your

system with the help of a gorgeous Japanese girl's hips undulating on screen. Your enthusiastic, spontaneous performance means another shower is in order then before you finally hit the sack.

Day 2

Today, you're surprisingly awakened by the sun, of all things. Shit, you forgot to close the blinds. Clearly not ready to face another soul-eating, depressing day of inaction, you walk over to the window and block that nasty, pesky sun from getting inside. Time for some half-hearted dozing, maybe you'll manage to fall asleep for a bit longer. Laying down on your bed, you're grateful for some more rest that'll hopefully inspired a more productive phase.

You're in a clear, white room. It has a very clinical feel to it; white tiles on the floor, white tiles on the walls, white tiles on the ceiling. Yet it's somehow brightly lit, even though there are no windows, and no detectable light source to be found. There's one distinguishable feature in the room, and it's not even really a part of it; a large glob, levitating in the centre.

This again, really? Now that's becoming suspicious. Although you already did all the work the last time you were here – well, in your dream, you weren't *really* here – you make sure to search every tile, every nook and cranny again, just to ascertain that it's still the same room. After a few minutes of thorough checking, you come to the conclusion that it is.

That means your objective is the weird spherical mass in the centre of the room. Last time, Dave kept you from it, but if your senses are worth anything, it shouldn't be as late as yesterday, so no chance of him barging in. Nonetheless, your curiosity gets to you, and you can't resist observing the orb further. Like the rest of the room, it looks just like last time.

Unceremoniously, you give it a careful prod. By no fault of yours, it doesn't stop at that though. The mass that just seemed almost as liquid as water has turned into a sticky, thick mixture, its viscosity like napalm, but its temperature just the opposite – ice cold. Reflexively, you pull back your arm, which is a big mistake. The substance gripping your right hand is still connected to the whole orb behind. With its changed properties, now a more rigid mass, your pulling on the front end of the sphere acts like a slingshot when your arm reaches the end of its range; the orb swings over your elbow and lands square on your right shoulder, splashing into you and gripping your form tightly. Cold enveloping you, and your right side apparently frozen, nothing hinders the alien substance from spreading over your body. Attempts at stopping it turn futile, and only serves to add some to your other hand, where it can spread further.

As it creeps across you and you're helpless to watch the events unfold, it strikes you as remarkable that the goo seems keen on reaching your chest. It flows in that direction from all parts of your body, both from the left and the right; some of the fluid on your hands even tries to reach your belly directly instead of flowing up your arms. Regardless of its curious properties and your suppressed panic, the fact that it's making progress is undeniable, and soon it has reached its goal, the very centre of your body. For a minute, it seems to just pool there, forming once again a sizeable orb, before it suddenly and surprisingly pulls back just to smash into you a second later, enveloping your heart with one mighty thrust that serves to not only conquer your body, but also to shatter your dream world.

You wake up – *squeak* – with a start, jumping up in your bed. Weird déjà vu, just like

yesterday, you are startled awake. But hold on, what was that sound? You lower your head and feel clingy, tight fabric rubbing and sticking against your skin as you shift positions. Finally, your eyes come to identify what it is that's causing your discomfort and the odd noise you heard: a full-body latex catsuit!

What the fuck?! Tight rubber is stretching all across your body, ending only at your wrists, ankles, and upon touching there, your neck. Everything but the very end of your limbs and your head is encased in skin-tight latex. Your breathing quickens; it doesn't seem like a dangerous situation but it's creeping you out regardless. How did that things get here? And why? Those are likely questions you won't easily find the answers to, so instead you just lie in bed and try to calm your breathing for a start. When you manage to, you make another curious observation, which is that this catsuit has the exact same colour as the glob from your dream did. That weird, liquid mass with the purple-pink hue...

You're ripped out of these thoughts when you notice your left hand suddenly turning liquid. Shock paralyses you for a good minute, as you watch more and more of your left arm being assimilated into purple-pink goo, nearly reaching your shoulder by now. What the fuck what the fuck *what the fuck!* This can't be happening, this must still be part of the dream... but it feels so different. What's happening is impossible, but you don't feel like you're in a dream, it all seems quite real to you. Fuck, why is this happening to you? You're just some average guy, you didn't do anything but sleep. How you wish you hadn't closed the blinds and gone to bed again. The feelings coursing through you are indescribable. The only word that comes into your head is "weird", which perfectly encapsulates this whole event, besides other front runners such as "devastating", "nerve-wracking" and "HOLY FUCK MY BODY IS TURNING INTO GOO".

As you're rambling about the implications, you notice that this last statement isn't true anymore; the liquid is retreating, your arm regenerating. You're turning back into a man, thank fucking Christ. Immediately, you drop back on your pillow in relief. The same questions shoot through your brain again and again. But eventually, the outcome was a return to your original form... Was that coincidence? When your thoughts drift back to the purple-ish goo, your fingers start liquidising again, but this time you don't panic, you know you can turn back. The transformation started as soon as you thought about the goo, concentrated on it.

Testing your hypothesis, you concentrate on yourself, Alex, the average guy who's a little down on his luck. Indeed, your hand is solid in a matter of seconds. This is messed up. So you can turn from goo into person, and from person into goo... You don't want to find out what happens if you finish the transformation, so first and foremost you try to be careful with your thoughts and observant of your body. As long as your head and brain are intact, you should be okay. The next question would be what the limits are?

No other way than to try. You consider changes that wouldn't affect you greatly, something that, if you couldn't reverse it, you'd still be okay with. Well, you wouldn't miss a toe that much. So you sit up, look at your right foot, and concentrate on somebody who was born without the big toe on his right foot. Indeed, your toe disappears, leaving an asymmetrical picture of your feet behind. Unbelievable! While you're starting to ponder the implications and possibilities, you realise you should try and ameliorate your recent handicap before you

get carried away. With trained ease, your big toe returns to you as if it had never left.

Time to try something bigger. Who doesn't dream of a more impressive physique? You certainly did, but never had the conviction to hit the gym. Alright, this is *the* opportunity you waited for. Before your inner eye stands a muscular hunk of a man. Biceps bulging, thighs like a professional cyclist. Not a steroid-ridden, bumbling idiot stereotype, just somebody who's worked hard and dedicated a lot of time to honing his body. Once again, the process starts in your fingertips and arms, which take on definition and size. Your pectorals grow a lot, almost to the point of looking ridiculous, until your belly catches up, and is naturally shifting to a defined six-pack. Your legs develop just as you imagined them, thick and strong. You feel like you could jump up small buildings with calves like these.

There you are. You walk into the bathroom next to your bed to check yourself out in the full-length mirror there. The sight is stunning. Muscle-packed from head to toe, even your face has taken on a more rugged, strong appearance. Yet it's undeniably your body, and nobody should have any trouble identifying you. What's more, the latex suit seems to have stretched to fit your form, there's not a dent or tear anywhere in the fabric that you can see. This is probably something you should've thought about before, but looks like you lucked out this time. You can say that again, just look at this body. With a figure like this, you'll have no trouble chatting up women – well, not in your imagination at least.

But what are you going to do next? You're really comfortable in this form... you can't imagine coming up with anything better. Maybe testing your muscles' functionality would be a good idea; they look fantastic, but what if they're all hot air? ***CRASH*** Alright, you may want to replace that chair. And get a broom to take care of the glass shards from the ceiling lamp. After that little experiment, it's probably fair to say that these muscles are quite close to "real", by your standards. You can't wait to show Dave, you think to yourself as you clean up the mess. An idea strikes you.

To start, you're transforming yourself back to your normal form. A few minutes later, and you're there. Next, you pick up your phone – you really didn't want to crush it with your uncontrolled grip strength – and text Dave that he definitely needs to come by after work. He writes you back, briefly stating that, if you think he absolutely has to, he will, but that he'll stop by a little later today, probably sometime in the evening. Until then, you play around with your new magic suit – yes, you realise how stupid that sounds – and don't really accomplish much. Funny how some things just *never* change.

Eventually, the sun's nearly set, and the annoyingly loud buzz of the doorbell makes you jump despite expecting your visitor. Showtime. You've taken more care not to break things after the first incident and cleaned up enough that Dave shouldn't notice anything odd. As he arrives at your doorstep, he just stares at you, frozen in place. Oops, you forgot you're greeting him in a transparent, purple latex catsuit, with nothing but your underwear beneath it. That could count as "odd", couldn't it?

"That's a good look for you," he quips, a disconcerted tone to his voice. Apprehensively, he enters your apartment, never really breaking eye contact with you or your body. You do your best to stifle a laugh and retain your composure, but for reasons wholly different to Dave's.

“Thanks!” You beam at him. “It’s not just a style choice though, this thing has powers that you wouldn’t believe,” you praise the catsuit with conviction. Dave is more than unsettled now, and eyes you suspiciously.

“Is this some sort of hidden camera gag?” he asks while turning around and scanning your apartment. “If so, I don’t really get it. Aren’t I supposed to be the one looking silly in a prank like that?”

“Oh, so you don’t believe me?” you counter confidently. Of course he shakes his head and mockingly emits a short burst of air. He seems to think you’re wasting his time after a long day at work. Well, then it’s about time for the big reveal, you think.

You close your eyes to concentrate. Dave can’t stay quiet. “You taking a nap? Is that the power? ‘The suit of spontaneous fatigue’? If it is, it seems to work, because I sure am tired of this shit.” Just a moment later, he’s as silent as the grave. Before his eyes takes place exactly the transformation you practiced hours earlier. Your whole body changes on the spot, once again leaving behind rugged, defined abs where before there was an unfit, slightly bulging belly.

“Still want to check for a hidden camera?” you tease back. Dave’s still in awe, but quickly shakes off his paralysis and begins touching you somewhat inappropriately, for your tastes. “Hey, come on, man, you were the one making gay jokes just 24 hours ago.” He clearly suspects some kind of trick and is looking to find some kind of device that’s doing this. Technically, he’s already found it, bright purple that it is, but he doesn’t think that’s possible, of course.

“Okay okay, you can stop that now,” you swat his hands away after having had enough. “Look, I’ll show you something else.” Again you concentrate after taking a seat, this time to try removing your right foot. It works, and Dave is no less nonplussed than he was at the first change. You offer him your stump leg to confirm it’s not a visual illusion. After he checked, you regrow your foot and let him touch that too. Seeing him still furrowing eyebrows at these developments, you figure one more display can’t hurt.

Your thoughts drift back to the glob of liquid that seemingly started all this. Reliably, your hands start turning into goo again, which finally shakes Dave out of his incredulous stupor. You think you’ve got a pretty good laugh out of him, all things considered.

“Fucking hell dude, be careful, your arms are turning liquid!” He still can’t believe it, making you laugh a little. You want to concentrate on turning back, but Dave cuts in, asking you how you can laugh at something like that, and how he’s legitimately freaking out here. His bickering is preventing you from focussing and you start getting seriously aggravated.

“Goddamn man, will you shut up for just a second?” you blurt out, perhaps more forcefully than you intended. It works, however, and you get the calm that you needed for just a few seconds to concentrate your thoughts to turn back into average Alex. “Sorry I snapped there. But don’t freak out like that, I need to concentrate for this stuff.” He seems grumpy for a second, but understands that it’s a potentially serious situation.

After the first doubts and disputes have simmered down, he gets as excited as you did this morning. Questions just flow out of his mouth like a waterfall, most of which are simply met

with shrugs on your behalf. After all, you don't know that much about this thing yourself; neither how nor why it works, nor where it came from, except "The Dream World", which sounds about as cheesy as you could imagine. Sadly, it's all you have to go on, and it's exactly what you're telling your friend.

"So," he starts, "you haven't found any limits to this thing yet? Like you had a wish that made it overheat and burst into a thousand pieces?" You both share a laugh, and you state the obvious. Everything seems fine so far. "Man, just *think* what you could do with this thing!" he marvels. "You could go out with a chick – it doesn't even have to be a hot one – and after a few dates, tell her you're into this latex thing and try to get her to wear this suit. Then you just tell her to imagine a complete and utter sexpot in her early twenties, with a body like a surfer's and an ass like a peach. She'd become this complete nympho who—"

Once again, you step in, quite loudly, and tell him to stop his rantings. Out of fear, you remove the bodysuit entirely; good to know the zippers work without issue.

"Think about what you're saying before you get started on these tangents! If I hadn't paid attention, think about what could have happened!" He just gives you a quizzical look, completely unaware of what you're upset about, so you spell it out for him. "You could have turned me into a complete bimbo, man. And how would I turn back then, huh? If my brain was all cocks and candy?"

"Shit dude, I'm sorry," he apologises. "This all came so suddenly, how in hell do you expect me to keep all of this straight in my head? Come on, put it back on, try some crazy stuff that doesn't hurt you or anything. Like four legs and shit, let's go!" Even though you were angry at him a second ago, you have to laugh at his enthusiasm. For the remainder of the already short evening, you try all kinds of crazy forms, taking great care to leave your cognitive faculties intact. You don't know if it can even change anything about that part of you, but if the suit can transform you into a liquid, you're afraid to think about what else it's capable of.

Dave eventually takes his leave again, having been astonished for hours, probably not even realising that it's nearly midnight... which leaves you on your own again. Not quite ready for bed yet, you continue experimenting a little, mostly on things you wouldn't want to have an audience for. Indeed, even your private parts can be manipulated with this suit, as you discover. The ladies – they're still not even tangibly real, but that never stopped you – are going to be grateful for your newfound endurance, you're sure. Major experimentation with the male physique is quite a tiring practice though, as you find out when you, inevitably and unprepared, fall asleep at some point during your busy night.

Day 3

Once again, the sun mercilessly wakes you. These damn blinds, you always forget about them; you need to get electric ones that run on a timer. You try to simply continue dozing a little, but the light shining into the room is just too pesky, can't find any rest like this. You're just about to stand up and walk over to the windows when you realise you can't.

You tear your eyes open in shock at your apparent paralysis. A few times more, you try to move your legs, but your efforts are

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futile. Sitting up, which requires quite an amount of energy, reveals that your thighs and calves are strapped together. In other words, you can't extend your legs at all, your feet are invariably resting against your butt.

Your attention shifts to your head next. You hadn't really noticed, but there's a female voice talking to you constantly. She sounds sexy... Hold on, that doesn't matter now! Concentrate. Clearly, you're wearing headphones, your senses have recovered enough to tell you that much. Instinctively, you just want to shake your head around until they fall off, now that you're listening to what you're actually being told. But they don't budge an inch. You notice that your head is covered in straps; on your forehead, the back of your head, under your chin. Naming every strap would be impossible, but the inevitable outcome is: those headphones stay on.

Examining your arms doesn't give you that much hope either; they're cuffed behind your back. Searching for the zippers eventually reveals that they're currently between your legs; the line goes up to your crotch and from there towards your back and all the way up to finally end between your shoulder blades.

From your current position, you can't reach the twin zippers. With some effort, you manage to stretch your arms long enough to guide the cuffs below your legs and have your hands in front of your body. Don't listen to the headphones, don't listen to the headphones. It's becoming harder and harder, and you can feel parts of your body starting to shift shape.

Anyway, focus and you'll get out of this. With your arms in front, you're a bit more versatile at least. You grab the zipper and move it towards your expanding butt. Now you have to get your hands behind you again. It's an arduous task, but you manage.

texture, displaying me for the whole world. It is a shameful fetish of mine, but I would not dare take it off, unless my husband wishes me to. If he does not want other men to see my body and lust after me, that is his right to command me. My husband is allowed dominion over my body. When it comes to what I really want, kneeling before my husband is my first priority. Voicing my own desires is selfish, but making my pussy wet and available is my first duty as his wife.

If he decides to use me as his fucktoy, that's a great honour. I can cook and I can clean, and I will do everything to make his house and my body presentable for him, but ultimately, I'm a vessel for his cum. When he decides that he wants to have children and how many, pregnancy is a burden I will wear with pride. My body belongs to my husband, and so does my mind. ♪

♪ Ohayo! My name is Ayumi. I am a 23-year-old Japanese girl and a nymph... nymphomaniac. Please excuse my poor English. I came to America to find a strong, loving man to marry and nurture me.

Years of sexual frustration have made me a nymphomaniac. I hope that a husband with a thick cock will finally be able to fulfill my desires, so I could only orgasm around his engorged meat. A sex addict like me has difficulties suppressing her urges, but I would never betray my husband.

I would follow every one of his orders obediently. To be a faithful wife that pleases her husband is my dream. All I would ask is that he bestows his cock upon my body regularly and strongly. Every time he would enter me, I would go crazy with pleasure, losing control of my sensitive body. I hope that my body will be seen as desirable in this country. I am told my bountiful breasts and tight, pink pussy will make men lust after me, and nothing would please me more than that being true.

It could be vital to *find a strong husband and suck his manly cock*—retaining your identity, so you don't care about the effort required.

Behind your back, you grab hold of the zipper once again, pulling it up further, roughly reaching the middle of your back. Looking down, you realise you made a grave mistake; you haven't unzipped the suit at all! Feeling the zipper in your hand again, you realise that the texture is different than yesterday. Somebody must have taped the two zippers together! So while you were thinking about *kneeling before your husband*—taking one of the zippers and undoing it, you just pulled up both and accomplished absolutely nothing...

Exhausted, you break down on the bed. Your head angled down, you see sizeable tits already adorning your lithe body. As a last resort, you give the handcuffs as firm a pull as you can manage, but it's pointless. You have no energy left, no escape plan. In your desolation, your head is empty except for the (your?) echoing, beautiful female voice.

Ohayo! My name is Ayumi. I am a 23-year-old Japanese girl and a... nymphomaniac. Your lips, sat on a shifting face to reflect your femininity and Japanese heritage, are moving on their own.

Years of sexual frustration have made me a nymphomaniac. I hope that a husband with a thick cock will finally be able to fulfill my desires, so I could only orgasm with him. Your own shrinking, engorged meat is heating up considerably, and oozing precum.

I would follow every one of his orders obediently. To be a faithful wife that pleases her husband is my dream. You wish a man would come by to *bestow his cock upon your body.*

Every time he would enter me, I would go

I hope to find a strong husband and suck his manly cock, if he finds my feminine lips alluring enough. His pleasure would be my utmost desire.

Often, I am wearing my latex catsuit. I relish its tight embrace and shiny, transparent texture, displaying me for the whole world. It is a shameful fetish of mine, but I would not dare take it off, unless my husband wishes me to. If he does not want other men to see my body and lust after me, that is his right to command me. My husband is allowed dominion over my body. When it comes to what I really want, kneeling before my husband is my first priority. Voicing my own desires is selfish, but making my pussy wet and available is my first duty as his wife.

If he decides to use me as his fucktoy, that's a great honour. I can cook and I can clean, and I will do everything to make his house and my body presentable for him, but ultimately, I'm a vessel for his cum. When he decides that he wants to have children and how many, pregnancy is a burden I will wear with pride. My body belongs to my husband, and so does my mind. ♪

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crazy with pleasure, losing control of my sensitive body. Your lips send a shiver through you while speaking.

I am told my bountiful breasts and tight, pink pussy will make men lust after me. Your chest swells, and your engorged meat finishes reforming into your true genital, a fat, sensitive clit, sitting between luscious, swollen labia. Slowly, you're approaching the perfect, real 'you'.

Often, I am wearing my latex catsuit. I relish its tight embrace and shiny, transparent texture, displaying me for the whole world. Another shiver runs through you, the latex rubbing over your skin almost as delicious as being penetrated by your lover, its tight fit sealing in your arousal.

My husband is allowed dominion over my body. When it comes to what I really want, kneeling before my husband is my first priority. Voicing my own desires is selfish, but making my pussy wet and available is my first duty as his wife. As if on command, your pussy soaks your panties thoroughly. If he decides to use me as his fucktoy, that's a great honour. And you're all ready to accept it. I will do everything to make his home and my body presentable for him, but ultimately, I'm a vessel for his cum. When he decides that he wants to have children and how many, pregnancy is a burden I will wear with pride. My body belongs to my husband, and so does my mind.

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Ohayo! My name is Ayumi. I am a 23-year-old Japanese girl and... your thoughts and the voice merge, the sound from the headphones constantly entering your ear, while your brain does nothing but converting tone into thought. Any old ideas are physically driven out of your head, as your brain re-moulds, leaving nothing but a blank canvas to be painted with the cum of your husband. Only a few universal truths remain.

You're Ayumi-chan. You came to America to still your unending hunger for cock, hoping that devoting yourself to a husband would enable you to experience the ultimate pleasure of being a wife. When you finally get married, you will use every waking minute to serve your husband, and spend every sleeping minute dreaming of him. Despite your sexual appetite, you wouldn't dream of sleeping with somebody else; your devotion to your husband will be complete. It

shames you that the feel of latex arouses you so greatly; you hope your future husband will learn to accept your flaws – like your awkward E-cup breasts and inappropriately tan skin – and you will try to overshadow them with doubled servitude. A loving man that will remove your insecurities over these shortcomings, and perhaps even come to enjoy them. Because your husband's pleasure is your first priority. Your body must belong to your husband, and so does your mind. The mantra-induced trance is overpowering, your eyes unfocused, but you groggily notice somebody entering your room. The figure approaches your unmoving form.

You feel strong arms embrace your body, making your pussy twitch. Piece by piece, one restraint after another comes off. Your body is freed of its shackles, and the two melodic voices in your head, reciting the same truths, are reduced to one. As your eyes drift up, a handsome young man looks back at you, and you shyly avert his gaze immediately after meeting it.

“Who are you?” he asks. “Are you okay?”

“I-I'm Ayumi,” you murmur quietly. He waits a second to see whether you elaborate, but you don't dare speak up before this man unprompted.

“Well, it's nice to meet you, Ayumi. That's a beautiful name by the way.” Your belly heats up, increasing the pressure on your gushing slit between your legs. “Hmm, you look okay at least. Well, quite beautiful actually.” What is this man doing? You continue to stare at the floor, smiling but also slightly ashamed. His compliments humble you. “What I meant to say is, you don't look hurt at first glance. What happened, how did you get here?”

Now that you first consider these questions, you come up short on answers. Actually, you realise, you have no idea about anything short-term. How you got here, why you got here, what you were doing or who brought you here. You come to America to find a husband, but you don't quite remember your arrival, or how you ended up here, in this random apartment, although the style does feel familiar and pleasant.

Under tears, you apologise that you do not know the answer to his questions, and throw yourself into his chest. Perhaps this man will be able to help you sort out your story; he may even end your search for a husband early. His arms wrap around your shoulders once more.

“There there,” he calms you, “there's no need to be upset. I'm David. Look, you seem like a nice girl, but if you have no clue how you got here, basically know nothing but your name, maybe it would be best to have a doctor look at you, or go to the police.” The police? But you didn't do anything wrong! Of course, you have no idea where all your papers are... you had them when you landed, how else would you have gotten through the checkpoints, but you can't for the life of you remember where you left them now. Same thing with a hospital, they'll want to see papers. This man seems trustworthy though. If you play your cards right, you're certain that he'll help you.

“Oh David-san,” you cry in a shaky voice, “you're so kind, though you don't even know me. Can't I stay with you for a while? I'm so scared, I couldn't bear to be interrogated by the police right now.” You do your best to use your feminine wiles to convince him. Some teary eye contact, a lot of hugging and heavy breathing. Never would you have thought that you let it come to this, you'd never considered yourself to be a girl like that. But your fate in this country

depends on it, and if he is the one... then your actions are hardly immoral, are they?

“Damn Ayumi, you’re putting me on the spot here,” you lower your head in apology, “I could get into a lot of trouble by letting you live with me. Do you even have any papers?”

“N-not right now, I don’t know where I have them. I entered this country legally, I swear, I just can’t remember anything but who I am!” Again, you try to push out a few more tears, although they’re at least partly real. David’s resilience seems to crumble at your pitiful sight, he’s letting out a deep breath.

“Fine, you can tag along and stay the night, but I can’t keep you in my apartment indefinitely, understand?” You’re overjoyed. Enthusiastically, you nod, but in the back of your head you already formulate a plan. It’s quite simple; make yourself useful, prove your worth and he’ll find you impossible to resist. Oh, how happy you’ll make David.

Day 7

You’ve secured a place in David’s apartment; now you need to secure a place for you inside his heart. He has been more critical of your stay with him for pretty much every day after the first one, but he’d been especially insistent before he left for work today. All your stories and hints that you hope to find a decent husband have fallen on deaf ears with him. You started cooking for him and cleaning his apartment quite early on, but it hasn’t convinced him to show more leniency yet. Well, you can sort of understand why; you know you can do much more to please him.

That explains why you’re currently standing at the stove, your body covered by nothing but a flimsy apron that could drop off by a light pull on a barely tightened knot, like a gift for David to unwrap. Getting yourself to take off the catsuit was tough... you’d grown so accustomed to it, the way it makes you feel. You’ll just put it back on later. Anyway, before you, a steak and some green beans are currently sizzling in a pan, surrounded by plenty of butter. This greasy, fatty cuisine will take some getting used to, but that’s how David said he liked it. Hopefully, you’ll be able to befriend some married women to share recipes with at some point. They could be a big help in introducing you to local tastes, as long as David wants to stick to those. It’s important that he stays healthy and... and virile, he didn’t actually ask for the green beans, those sprung from your concern. Just as you’re emptying the pan onto the plates, you hear a key turn in the front door and feel juices running down your legs in response.

As a welcome gift, you make sure to stand sideways, looking towards the door, baring your entire nude right side. David enters, not seeing you at first, shuffling about and closing the door behind him. When he finally does turn around again, his eyes meet yours directly, and then his start to wander considerably. His mouth agape, he flat out drops his coat on the floor. This is starting off nicely.

“Oh, you’re home. Good evening, David-san, I hope you had a pleasant day at work,” you beam at him. “I just finished making us dinner. A steak, just as you like it, with some green beans on the side, and just some of the beans for me. Are you hungry?” He’s barely able to reply coherently, just muttering a weak “...eh...” and nodding. You giggle at his scatterbrained demeanour and put the filled plates on the table. Well, yours isn’t all that full, but a petite 5’2” girl like you doesn’t need any more than that. In fact, you feel full enough after just a few bites,

which you try to pick out in a cute and ladylike manner, in case David's watching. And you know he is, he's still barely touched his steak.

"It's going to get cold," you remind him with a flushed smile, honoured that your appearance can stir such a reaction from him. Your reminder actually shakes him out of his absentminded reverie, and he starts eating. Apparently you did a good job trying to emulate local dishes, once he's had a taste, he wolfs down the steak in no time, though he sneaks in a glance or two in your direction, making you quietly giggle again. Although you've had a tiny serving compared to his, both of you finish eating at roughly the same time, chatting a bit about David's work and other such matters. Actually, you're mostly listening, you're just fascinated by his work ethic, and he's so funny too! These last few days, you asked him a lot about his work and his life, trying to figure out whether he would make a suitable man to dedicate yourself to. A conclusion was quickly reached: marrying this man would be a dream.

That's why you can't tear your eyes off him while he talks about work. He said he's in middle management, leading one of the many teams at the big company he works at. It's not the most impressive position, but it's respectable and it was evident that David cares a lot about his job. Promotions are a tricky thing at the firm, but he believes he has good chances during the next round. If things pan out as you imagined them, he would easily be able to sustain you both, so you could be left to care for the house. When he finishes one of his stories, he starts addressing you directly, which takes you out of your thoughts.

"Listen Ayumi, don't take my surprise as I came home as anything but genuine exhilaration, but you can't just stand half-naked in plain sight from the apartment door. What if I had brought along a colleague?" Your cheeks burn in embarrassment. A simple-minded woman like you almost endangered the career of your loved one! You intended this to improve your chances, not stand in between you two. Hastily, you try to recover. In a rush, you tiptoe over to David and sit down on his lap.

"I-I'm so sorry. I hadn't thought at all, I just wanted to make you happy. Do you... do you intend to punish me?" You get off his lap and spread yourself over it, face down, resting your belly on his thighs. "I swear I'll never dishonour you again, but if you deem a punishment appropriate, I will subject myself to your will." There, you wait. At first it seems like David's not going to do anything, but half a minute later, you feel a light pull on the knot tying your apron together, just like you'd planned. Acting embarrassed, you jump up and try concealing your massive breasts and gushing pussy with your dainty hands.

"D-David-san! Your mind is so perverted," you scold him, but your blushing cheeks are more than obvious. "Besides, your appreciative gaze is hardly a punishment," you quietly throw in there. Without a word, he pulls your left arm down, both revealing your breasts and bringing you even closer to him once more. Both hands now held straight down in front of your juicy sex, your arms push into the sides of your breasts – totally by circumstance and entirely unintentional – which does a terrific job of enhancing their profile. Your body as delicate as it is, David's head nearly reaches your neck even when he's sitting and you're standing up. Carefully, he leans forward, never breaking eye contact even as his lips part and suck in one of your protruding, erect, sensitive nipples.

A quiet moan escapes with your breath, as your knees turn into pudding. You've never felt like

this before; maybe you found what you sought. When he tries to go for your pussy, you're brave enough to fend off his advances. Marriage comes first, and the wait will only make it so much better when you're finally entering your union. Instead, David doesn't give up, but the man that he is, grabs you by the shoulders and lowers you to your knees. This, you don't resist.

Perfectly understanding his wishes, you take *your* place between his legs and envelop his *engorged meat* with your *alluring* lips. The next moan to fill the room is his, but you're by no means displeased with the situation. This actually gets you going much more. Serving and servicing your future husband, splayed on your knees before him, beneath him. It's like you're spiritually connected; the greater his pleasure, the greater your own.

Which puts you into a position where you're more than willing to go the extra mile. David does his part and gently rests his hand on your head. He isn't pushing you, just encouraging. Not like you need it, but it still gives you a warm, fuzzy feeling. To return the favour, you try – and it's not easy, David's length shocked you when you first laid eyes on it – to thrust yourself deeper onto his thick cock. Battling with your throat, you manage to insert it after a couple attempts, but gag quickly, requiring you to detach as you cough and sputter around his penis. He gives you a slightly disapproving look from above. Rightly so, as it's your job to take his cock properly, but you hope he'll understand that this is due to your lack of experience, and that he'll have the opportunity to train and mould you to his preferences.

Regardless of your fate, you get right back in to make good on your pledge to service him faithfully. During your next advance, you suck his rod in even deeper, and keep it in your throat for a few seconds. Staring deep into David's eyes, you're rewarded with an approving smile, and then it happens. Powerful surges race through your body, your belly twitching in reaction, but you still keep David's cock inside you. Feelings you never felt before rush through you and culminate in your already flowing juices to unleash in one waterfall of girlcum, crashing onto the wooden floor audibly. It's clear now: You are destined to serve this man. Only one thing is clearer.

You want more.

So you find yourself bobbing up and down David's length with renewed energy, your throat much more eager to hug the intruder tightly, helped by the post-orgasmic numbness you feel all over. Nothing can stand in the way of you bestowing heavenly bliss upon this man, and you'll pull out all the stops to achieve it.

Now that your throat is more adept at taking punishment – although you would prefer to call it something entirely different – you can turn your attention to other matters. Like your tongue being rather lazy so far. Willing to change that, you go wild with it right away. It's swirling all around his cock, tending to every sensitive spot; your experiment shows that little David quite enjoys being licked across the underside. You make a mental note to look up techniques and tips on how to pleasure your man online once you finish.

You don't want to consider this exchange to end at all, but it seems David's approaching his finale. Greatly anticipating what's to come, you want to finish him off memorably, surprising and teasing him by detaching at first. After only a brief moment of eye contact – David looking back at you with furrowed eyebrows and a completely unbelieving expression – you never

stop looking at him when you point his dick upwards, lick all the way up his scrotum and the underside of his shaft, until you arrive at the glans, teasing it with the tip of your tongue a few times, before wolfing down his cock, impaling yourself on it with one quick, sharp thrust down and using your throat to massage it to completion.

No man could have kept his rod dry after a performance like that, and similarly, David is declaring his disbelief by shouting at various deities and by absolutely emptying himself inside of you. David's love is entering your mouth at high speed and you're not prepared. Yet you manage to only spill the first two strings down the corners of your mouth, forming a tight seal afterwards to prevent more from exiting you.

Unsure what David would prefer you do with it – and given that you love its texture and taste – you keep it in your mouth, tilt your head back a little, and slowly part your lips to proudly present your man with his seed. Silently, he smiles at your submissive display and gently pushes your chin up, until your mouth closes again and even further, angling your head further and further upwards. The message is clear: he expects you to swallow. Loving nothing more than to permanently take care of David's jizz, you gulp it down in quite a few strained gulps. It's the first time you have to – and want to – swallow this thick, creamy substance, and it proves much more difficult to achieve than you had expected. Then again, most desirable things do.

When you've got it all down, you look back at David and open your mouth proudly, demonstrating that you swallowed it all. You don't revel in your accomplishment for long though, because he has a little black box set on his left thigh. It looks... it looks like a box from a jeweller's. You're almost willing to run away out of anxiety, but David sees your nervous expression and nods at you encouragingly. Opening it excruciatingly slowly, your heart having halted work for a good minute now, it lies before you. What you had feared, what you had hoped for. A ring.

In celebration, you jump up, box in hand, unable to stifle a scream, your upbringing and demure, collected demeanour forgotten for a brief moment. Excitedly, you shove the box plus ring back into David's hand, and hold out your own, fingers spread and shaking. Him shoving that most special of rings on your finger almost feels better than him shoving his cock down your throat just minutes earlier.

"So I take it you wi—hmphg!" before he can make one of his smug remarks, you kiss it right out of him and don't break up your locked lips for a good half hour, a lovely post-engagement make-out session.

You made it. David will finally make you a woman.

Day 46

With little more than a month to plan the wedding, your days have been more stressful than usual, that's for sure. David has been an absolute dream, unsurprisingly. Whatever your wishes, whatever your expectations, he's been providing words of assurance, money, and patience in equal measure, never getting discouraged by your girly wedding insanity. He *is* the one, there's no doubt about it.

Besides the wedding itself, it wasn't like you had the rest of your day for yourself. Reasonably,

David explained to you that it would make a bad impression if all his friends and colleagues got to meet his bride for the first time after the ceremony, seeing their friend getting married to a complete stranger. Instead, he hoped that they'd attend the wedding of two of their friends, and introductions went quite well, you think. You met as many people during the last 30 days or so than you did over the course of your entire life, being a rather shy and withdrawn girl. Everybody was so welcoming though, and you took special care bonding with the women who were married; both to keep up with how to make your husband happy, and to ensure you always get to hear the latest gossip. David isn't around 24/7 after all!

Some of them were even nice enough to take care of you on your big day, and are now doting around you, fixing your dress everywhere, checking your makeup, your nails, your hair, every spot on your body is under stringent examination. Good, David should only get the very best, especially on this day of all days. They even introduced you to contraception ahead of your big day, but a topic like that is best left private. So you subject yourself to the pinching and prodding of every inch of your body, as well as your luxurious dress.

It's been tough to choose one. The bane of a girl's life. Naturally, you want David to see as much of you as possible, to know the score he made, or at least to let him think he did. At the same time, you need to preserve your modesty before all of his friends and family. Once again you miss the familiarity of your cosy latex catsuit, but the exhilaration over the biggest day of your life far outshines the absence of rubber on your body. In the end, you did go with a rather revealing dress, at least up top. It's strapless, held up by the sheer tightness of it, which serves to only highlight your already enormous cleavage a great deal. You've always thought of your breasts as disgraceful, fat udders, but David seems to like that more than anything. And today, you're there just for him.

Last finishing touches being done on you, sprays, needles and powders doing one last lap around your body, you're finally ready for him. One last time, you look in the mirror as a lonely woman, inspecting your entire form with a critical eye to the last detail. No glaring fault can be seen though, your bridesmaids and personnel have done an impeccable job. You never thought you were capable of such beauty, the tight dress smoothing your form into a pronounced hourglass, your makeup making your face appear flawlessly elegant and noble, and your hair perfecting the look by following a similarly graceful theme. Any man would be lucky to have you, but not as lucky as you are to have found him.

It's time. Your knees are pudding, but you're asked to come out and get ready to walk down the aisle regardless. You had worried about that moment; your father is back in Japan, so who'll accompany you? Out of all the people you got to know, you've still only known them for about a month. The decision was made that you would take that walk on your own. After all, you've thrown yourself into servitude to your man by your own desire and maybe it's a good thing your most special walk should symbolise that.

The church doors open. All eyes are on you. You're sure you see heartfelt smiles and probably some lustful, envious glances direct towards you, but your own sight is set on your very-soon-to-be husband. He's standing at the altar, similarly transfixed on you, relishing your sight. You can't blame him, but he's quite a looker himself. You can't believe a man like that would make you his wife... but he will, in a matter of minutes.

This short aisle is all that's keeping you from your ultimate dream. This brief distance certainly feels a lot longer though, and you wish you could just run into David's arms and have him carry you out of here without all the holdup. But this is *the* day and you won't allow anything other than perfection, so you compose yourself, take in a deep breath and continue your slow, graceful walk. David clearly notices your nervous hyperventilation and smiles at you, which only weakens your knees further. You've said it too often, but it really is that true; it all feels like a dream.

Now you're standing right in front of him, his smile persisting. He takes your dainty hands into his own, large ones and you're in heaven. The priest next to you is reciting his passages but you don't even hear him. You doubt David does. You're both in your own little world right now, not even the large crowd of guests can pull you out of it. Only when the priest poses a prompt that requires David's response are you torn out of your reverie.

"I, David, take you, Ayumi, to be my wife. I promise to be true to you in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health. I will love you and honour you all the days of my life." He delivers his part confidently and powerfully. You swallow heavily, nervous that you will make a mistake. One last breath to calm your shaky vocal cords and off you go.

"I, Ayumi, take you, David, to be my husband. I promise to be true to you in good times and in bad, in sickness and in health. I will love you and honour you all the days of my life." You made it. Practicing it all day while you were being pampered by your bridesmaids has paid off, and nothing can stand in the way of your happiness now. Again, the priest's words just pass you by as this tremendous pressure is taken off you, instilling newfound confidence. Before you can gather your thoughts again, it's time to exchange rings.

You hold your hand out for David, and he takes it gently, threading your delicate finger through the beautiful ring. Just like last time, during his rather unconventional proposal, you have to do your utmost to maintain your composure. Unlike last time, you actually manage to, although you really thought your legs would give in for one brief moment. That ring hugging your finger... it's the most delightful sensation you have experienced yet. The only thing more heavenly than that feeling is the knowledge that you will feel it there for the rest of your life, eternally reminding you of how happy you can make your man.

Before you get carried away, the priest ends his next exhortation and awaits your reaction. Cautiously, you take David's hand and gently push the ring down his finger, struggling a little to get it far enough down with your petite, feminine hands. With a little effort, you manage well enough, and both of you are now bound. Then, the priest says the words you've been waiting to hear all day, and your whole life.

"I hereby declare you husband and wife. You may now kiss the bride."

And kiss he does. He embraces you and plants his lips lovingly on yours. The hard part is over, you found your man and you made him yours. Now come the duties as his wife. They're already intrinsic part of your nature, so there's not a worry to be found in your head.

David breaks the kiss under resounding applause. Now that most of the pressure is off your chest – amusingly literally, but mostly figuratively speaking – you notice all the genuinely happy faces in the crowd, countless people congratulating you, most of them barely knowing

you, some of them seeing you for the first time in their lives. It really is quite an achievement, and you certainly feel like the luckiest girl in the world right now.

The festivities are grand, there's no other word to describe them. Everybody has a magnificent time – most of all you, you're willing to bet – the cake you had ordered was crafted to your every specification and tastes absolutely delicious, the music is good, the people are nice, the alcohol is flowing, and even you indulge in a little, even though you usually don't drink. Not that you'd need it, but refusing in a social situation – on a day like this! – would be unseemly. David and you are inseparable all day; you've put so much work into courting him, yet today you doubtlessly cling to his arm and hips more than you ever did.

Preparations seemed to be unending, but the ceremony and celebrations fly past in no time. Before you know it, you are lying in David's arms, shuffling slowly and comfortably over the dance floor together in a nearly empty room, quiet and soft music accompanying your trance-like swaying. Even with such a glorious ceremony behind you, this may just be the best part of your day. Just you and David, calm and relaxing together, yet still reminded of your recent commitment by your gorgeous wedding dress and his handsome suit. Oh my, now that you look at it, he dropped some cake on his chest. It's hard to see, already rubbed in a little. You chuckle at his clumsiness, looks like you have laundry to do tomorrow.

Night becomes midnight and David hints that maybe it's time for husband and bride to retire as well and conclude the phenomenal party. You agree, it's rather late by now and everybody left already. You don't want this time to end, but are well-aware that it sadly has to. That also means the very last tradition is waiting for you, the one that will truly make a woman out of you.

Your apartment – yes, it's yours now, too – isn't far from the room you rented for the celebration. Both of you are comfortable walking there, the atmosphere of the cold night being a very special kind of romantic. With how much skin your dress exposes, it doesn't take long before you start shivering, it has gotten *really* late. Of course, David takes notice, and gentleman that he is, takes off his coat and lays it softly around your shoulders. Hugging him closely helps against the cold as well, and your walk through the night becomes very enjoyable and calming.

Before long, you arrive at the building and go up to your room. As you exit the elevator, David can't resist. He let you leave first, and now startles you from behind by abruptly swooping up your legs. Instinctively, your arms wrap around his neck and you both share a long, romantic gaze until he starts walking you to your room. Your dream just became a fairy tale.

Just like in a movie, step after step, you approach the door separating you from your marital bed. David awkwardly reaches around with just one arm, having to hold you with the other, while he's patting every one of his pockets for his keys. He's so cute, the way he's panicking. You can tell that he's nervous because he wants to make this night a special, memorable one. He needn't worry that much, he's on the right track. And at the same time nervous enough to forget that he gave you the keys not long ago.

While David frantically pats his pockets like percussion, you sneakily slip the keys from your purse in between your puppies, and tap his shoulder. You arch your back, grinning widely.

“Looking for something?” you tease him. Immediately, his gaze is directed towards your cleavage and his anxiety is relieved right away when he sees you fooling around with him. There’s some more fooling around to be done though, so David retrieves the key from the narrow valley on your chest and hastily fumbles the door open, overcome with anticipation. The apartment now spread out before you, David runs to the bedroom and throws you onto the mattress, making you squeal and laugh at the same time.

When you regain your balance and look up at David, his jacket, shirt and tie have already come off, and he’s furiously fiddling with his belt now, unable to restrain his excitement. Eventually, that belt comes off too, and you’re both reunited in what will soon become your marital bed.

David takes great care to ease you into it, although you yourself are hardly able to wait any longer. Still, it goes to show what a caring husband he is. Heart fluttering, you make out for a good twenty minutes, with just enough light teasing from your man that your juices start flowing, or rather overflowing. Then, he finally makes a commitment. Pulling off his more than strained underwear reveals his massive erection, already poking you in the thigh. Your husband lets it rest on top of your mound, making you go crazy. He’s looking right in your eyes, but you’re squirming so much you can hardly concentrate on him.

Without a word, David pulls his hips back, and then slowly pushes them forward again. He enters you ever more deeply, your mouth now a constant “O”, fascinated and overwhelmed by the pleasure of feeling your man inside you. Just then, during his slow first thrust, he meets some resistance, and as it gives way, a little drop of blood trickles down his cock. Your hymen is broken, and David has proof that you were unsoiled when you pledged yourself to him. All that remains now that you’ve given your husband your virginity, is to give your whole self to him, starting today. When David bottoms out, his pelvis pressed tightly against your ass, your legs inch upwards and around him, trapping him in your bridal embrace.

He pulls back again, and you let him. Your legs follow his body, not giving him any space to escape. At some point though, they have to open up; you are just too small and David’s length too impressive for your legs to follow his hips all the way back. In a quicker thrust this time, the cock you just praised enters you to the hilt a second time. On his way back, you use your legs to aid his push again, and let out your first moan. It feels good. It feels natural.

That way, you quickly set into a rhythm. David pulls away, nearly exiting you, your legs open up, you breathe out. David thrusts in again, your legs catching his hips in a flash and pressing him to you even harder, you breathe in with a squeal, sounding shocked and pleased at every push inside you. Every iteration progressively increases in volume and speed, until David’s thrusts become so hard that your moans are accompanied by the slapping of his thighs against your tight, firm ass. Regardless, your vocal chords still demand the most attention in the room. David goes to great length to make sure you’re getting the most out of this very special moment together. Constantly, he brushes a strand of hair out of your face so you can see your gorgeous man take care of you, caressing you, making you squirm under his touch. His fingers feel electric against your cheek.

Not quite as electric as his magnificent, pulsing cock feels against your freshly deflowered pussy though. At first, it was a little painful. Then again, David’s attention and love can make the most painful sensation feel pleasurable. By now however, it’s physically addictive, that’s

how good it feels. Your mind drifts to your pussy completely, as if any blood flow and nerve ending to and in your brain is disconnected, to more fully appreciate the pure love pulsing in your snatch right now... indeed, not just sliding and massaging, but actually pulsing noticeably. With your attention focussed so thoroughly, you feel every vein slipping past every single nerve ending inside you. Yes, his dick is starting to quiver inside you, you know it is. You know it from your tryst during your proposal, when you'd felt bad for cooking nude. Know it from that time you were asking for that really expensive, elaborate wedding cake. That time you needed him to stay up late on a Tuesday to pick out decorations. The imported high heels. Gold-lettered invitations.

Huh, now that you think about it, you really know your way about David's cock already. That was all with your mouth though, to keep yourself pure for your wedding night. That is about to come to an end, as your slit is suddenly hit by a heat spike you were completely unprepared for, your husband's sperm invading you, which finally shoots you over the edge. You dig your finely made nails into David's chest just as he crushes yours in his grip, moving your scream of exhilaration even higher in pitch as you both cum your hearts out. Your fluids start a tug of war, David's trying to force their way in, and yours shooting out so violently as your body is thrown into shakes and tremors. The end result is a thoroughly soaked bed sheet, plain and simple. You make a mental note to clean them tomorrow; another item for the laundry on top of David's jacket.

Thoughts of domestic duty aside, you're deeply grateful that David leaves his cock inside you for the moment, and that it keeps its stiffness. Being filled like this is a fantastic feeling on its own, even when the act itself is over. David's head is placed on your heaving chest, pressing down on it warmly and licking one of your nipples playfully in the afterglow. Your dress serves as more of a corset now. While it was something of an obstacle during sex, you would give anything to have a repeat of this wedding night, in this wedding dress, for your first time.

David gives your nipple one last intimate kiss before he turns his head to you. "I love you, my dear wife," he smirks. You know it's meant in jest, talking like that, but it warms your heart regardless.

"And I love you, my dear husband," you play along, speaking truthfully.

Day 62

Another morning, another set of duties. It's a workday, so the morning is quite a simple, reliable routine. David's still in bed, he needs his strength in the office, to make a good impression on the employees he oversees, and more importantly on his superiors. Having silently snuck out of bed, you open the dresser just as stealthily, taking out a clean shirt you ironed just yesterday afternoon, along with the rest of a complete set of clothes, which you cautiously lay out for him.

Then, it's off to the kitchen, where you can relax a little more, not having to sneak around your strong, sleeping bear. As you both agreed now, it's fine to cook nude in the morning. Little chance of a visitor coming by then. Even for the afternoon's, David has come around to your way of thinking. Eye candy sure is appreciated, and what are you if not that? You've decided to keep it simple; if David brings somebody home, he'll call beforehand.

So you're in front of the stove, where you belong and spend most of your time. Where you can make your man happy. Well, one of two places where you can do that, actually. Or any place, if he's feeling adventurous, but you're drifting off. As always, you're only wearing your open-back apron with your purple catsuit underneath. It's translucent and only serves to enhance your body that is already quite a gift. You think of it as your second skin, really, so it's like you're naked, to you anyway. Eggs and some bacon are sizzling in front of you, covered in a heap of butter and oil. Just the way David likes it.

Speaking of the devil, he's currently prodding your ass with his trident. In this case, it only has a single point though. A sharp, but playful smack rolls across your butt cheeks. You giggle at David massaging your bountiful behind. In reaction, you can't help but moan. Your body is so sensitive, you're pudding in David's hands.

"Hmm, that smells delicious," he whispers into your ear. You twitch a little, a hint of an orgasm shooting through you. "Both you and the food," he quips, before gently biting your earlobe. "Looks to me like you forgot an ingredient though. And let's get this restraining thing out of the way."

David's hand speeds between your thighs, grabs as much of your catsuit as it can, and just tears it open at the crotch. The zipper would've been easier, but apparently that wasn't what he wanted. Whatever the case, he gets what he wants now, your pussy already receiving his impressive cock, your moans muffled inside David's mouth. Just like the dress code, this has become something of a ritual, your good morning fuck. Anything for your husband. And you're not coming out empty-handed, David always makes sure of that.

"I love you," you murmur while thinking about how lucky you are. Your husband continues exerting himself behind you, going at it quite forcefully. Every part of him is busy, his cock pistoning in and out of your snatch, his mouth caressed by your lovely lips, his hands mashing your ample tits together. You're quite occupied yourself, being the target of these ministrations, with one hand stroking your man's hair, the other tending to the eggs frying on the stove. If you can't get those eggs right, what use are you?

At least you'll always be good enough to catch your husband's semen, which is exactly what you do right now. Until David has another idea. In rapid succession, he pulls out of you, snatches one of the pans, and ejaculates right on it. His entire load lands on one of your two breakfast meals. Satisfied, he sets the pan back on the stove, nodding to you as if to signal that you know to take care of the kitchen duties. "You eat like a bird, honey, just making sure you get your protein," he quips from behind.

Calming your breathing, you take a last look at the food in front of you before deciding that it's about ready. You empty both pans onto separate plates, paying attention not to spill any of the plentiful fluids adorning yours. Half-naked, you traipse over to the table, setting both plates down, and take a seat yourself. David doesn't even touch his food, but rather has you transfixed in his gaze, smiling.

Catching his drift, you start eating, putting on a reluctant, disgusted face. Outside the bedroom you're still a lady. On the inside though, your heart is racing, your sex lubricating. Even with its translucent appearance, the sheer amount of semen makes it clearly visible every step of

the way to your mouth. You shove it in and start chewing your egg with its slimy condiment. You try your best to highlight your furrowed eyebrows, and to force the corners of your mouth down, while hiding the shivers going through you when the salty substance hits your tongue. David seems content with your compliance and starts eating, himself, suddenly turning nonchalant, as if what you did were completely normal. The feeling overtakes you that maybe this wasn't your last baby batter breakfast... Good.

Day 72

When David ripped your catsuit a while back, you were shocked. The feeling was like a physical pain, as if he'd torn at your very skin. After you'd seen how it looked then, you had to throw it out, it was unsalvageable. You don't know why it bothers you so much, days later, it was just a catsuit. You got a new one, black and opaque. Its special feature is another zipper, this one right across your chest. Oh, the fun David and you had, breaking that baby in. Honestly, you like this one much better anyway.

But that's not too important right now, because you're not wearing it. In fact, you're not wearing anything but whipped cream on your nipples, with one cherry each on top, and one sitting on your belly button. Some of your friends – those that know David and you don't know each other that long and don't judge – had clued you into the fact that it's actually David's birthday soon; namely today. It was a pleasant surprise, because it gives you another opportunity to make yourself useful.

It's roughly 6 PM, and you hear keys turning in the lock. Lights are dimmed, some candles burning, your makeup and hair impeccable. Everything's ready for the man of the hour. Outside the door, you hear bags and coats hit the floor, shoes being kicked to the side. Any moment now. Indeed, likely in confusion over your absence, David heads right for the bedroom, where he's stopped right in the doorway.

"Happy birthday. Care for some cake?" you ask lasciviously, poking a finger into the whipped cream atop your tits and licking it off. With your other hand, you touch yourself between your spread legs, and likewise spread your beautiful, fat labia. "If you put out this fire, you may just be granted a wish."

David doesn't have to be asked twice. His shirt is off before you finished that last sentence. Before you can blink another time, he's on top of you and you can't hold back a giggle. Immediately, David's lips are clamping down on your nipples, you couldn't ask for more. The last weeks after your wedding have been the height of depravity, your life has been pretty evenly divided between chores and sex. You'd think you'd be sore and tired, but if anything, your body got more sensitive every day, and you're feeling that now.

Just his sucking, as enthusiastic as it may be, would never be more than light foreplay for anybody else. But here you are, shuddering through your first orgasm under the loving display put on by your husband. You melt in this man's arms, between his lips, on his cock. You're bound together, like his cock entering your pussy now. Every time feels like the first, with your mind shutting down completely and your body taking over. Your fire is getting put out alright, three and four times over.

Quite literally so, as David is just now shooting his load inside you, coating the walls of your

love canal translucent white and your snatch is dripping his cum while you're both resting, him still lying on top of you. He gets closer to your ear, still out of breath.

"Are you on the pill?" He demanded you take it, so obviously you did. You nod.

"Well," he begins, "perhaps you can drop that."

Day 89

The last two weeks have been strewn with calls to your doctor and research online to check up on behaviour after getting off the pill. Every day you wait for ovulation but it doesn't quite want to come. You've heard and read countless times now that irregularities can range from weeks to months, and you know that you're far from having to worry, but that doesn't mean you don't. Maybe something *is* wrong.

Your sexual hunger – already a wonder to behold – has increased manifold, and David has got a taste of that. There's been no tolerance for games, except to get him going again. But when there's semen to be had, it goes directly to your womb, no exceptions. Lifting up your legs after every creampie, always hopeful, always patient. When you don't ovulate, what point is there though? You've burned through enough pregnancy tests to warrant renting a plastics factory for a month maybe, to cut down on costs. None of them showed you the desired result, of course.

To keep your mind off things, you've done more work around the house than usual. It doesn't hurt to do your job properly anyway, and keeping yourself occupied is a nice side effect. It brought you to the nastiest corners of the apartment, the elusive ones between cupboards, desks and other furniture, that are often overlooked. By lazy wives, that is, but you're not one of those.

It's also brought you to the one place you aren't allowed, staring at the door right now. David's little home office. Imagine how that must look, since you're not allowed in and can't clean it at all. David's perfect, you can't get enough of him, but he's not one for tidying. That's what you're for. So, you reason, if that's what you're for, then there can't be anything wrong with going in, right? Keeping the apartment clean is one of your foremost duties, and it won't be clean if the office is a mess. He probably has his own system of sorting things, so you'll take care not to move things around... but some vacuuming and scrubbing could hardly do any harm, could it?

Of course not, and even if David does find out and gets upset, you've got your wifely means. You'd eyed the maid costume from that sketchy store around the corner for some time. It's designated as a left over Halloween costume – doubtlessly fashioned for some cheap harlot to get nailed by a stranger in – but you imagine you'll get quite a lot of use out of it at home, if you'd spend some of your allowance on it. Regularly starting to wear it, when one day you *happen* to take a little longer with your chores as David comes home, just when you need to clean beneath the couch. His pants will tear before he can *think* "keep out of my office".

Entirely accidentally, and by pure circumstance, the office door bursts open, much to your amazement. Better step inside to see what caused that ruckus. What you see is pretty much what you had expected – chaos. There's really no other word for it, folders lie open, usually empty because all the papers they contained are flying loosely across the room, even on some

of the furniture, due to lack of space on the floor, apparently. What's more, he left on his computer. So wasteful! Then again, he earns the money and that's not for you to question. Going through with what you'd planned, you leave to bring the vacuum cleaner, wondering why you thought the room would look at all different from what you've seen, and why you didn't bring it along in the first place.

Somebody who's never cleaning up around his home would never know how much work it is, especially if you have to do it for two, *especially* when you're technically not allowed inside some of the rooms. Your policy of "no shifting things around" has to be broken within the first seconds of turning the vacuum cleaner on. You'd vacuum important documents! Simply going with the easiest solution is to make some piles close to the area where the documents were originally found, all sorted by position. That gives you a little more room to maneuver. Ugh, all these fast food crumbs. Once your marriage settles, you'll make David eat a few dishes from your home. Those are much healthier, and make a lot smaller messes. He'll be the talk of the office too, you've already picked up on some of Robert's more... odd friends who seem to love anything you say and do for some reason, except when you revel in the joys of being a housewife. Anyway, time to get back to the business on hand, the office has seen enough vacuuming for... the rest of the year, if David has his way, you suppose. The windows could use a little scrubbing. Looks less like noon and more like sunset in here. There aren't that many to begin with, so the task is finished quite quickly, and to great effect. The room probably hasn't been this bright since it was first built.

While your work ethic has uplifted you quite a bit, and you proudly examine your work. But during the clean-up, your eyes kept darting to the monitor that was still on. At first glance, there was nothing more than the desktop, but there were a few minimised windows, one of which looked very suspicious to you. Why would he watch a video in his office? You really shouldn't, but it's so hard to resist. As a wife, you've got such an easy life and so little keep your tiny mind occupied with; that's the whole reason for your addiction gossip, because what else is there to talk about? Besides, David told you not to enter the office, but the monitor is visible from outside when the door's open. So technically, you could risk a glance without breaking his rules.

Having found reason enough to investigate, you sneakily hop over, more goofing around than any serious attempt at stealth. You'll be alone in the apartment for quite some time, work isn't over until the afternoon at the earliest. Clicking on the icon in the taskbar brings up the window and shows you where he left off. Precisely at a blonde, tattooed and bathed in makeup, getting railed from behind by some muscular hunk. He... David... *your husband* owns porn! Not just owns it, but watches it too! You knew it from the beginning, you're inadequate for him. Your cow tits are already humiliating as they are, but apparently they aren't enough to sate your man's desires at an E cup.

You're shocked by this discovery. Judging by the clock in the corner of the computer display, you guess you must be standing there for a good half hour now, your eyes filled with tears, staring at the whore whose body you can't match. After a while longer, you force yourself, tear yourself away from the monitor and slam the office door shut behind you, vowing to honour David's rules from now on. There's still a lot of work to do around the place, and you'll have to think about what to cook. Maybe something a little cheaper today.

Day 112

Lately, you've been really stressed, and it showed on David too. Right now, you're in some rich folks' mansion, cleaning rooms so large you could host small countries inside. It hasn't been easy, and the experience is undoubtedly shameful, doing work outside your home, but you've been saving up some money. Since babysitting and cleaning is all a good wife knows to do, you've been tending the houses of others in your spare time, without David's knowledge. Your reputation has become quite a good one. Some of your friends had put in a good word and referred some clients, and you did the rest. People in this country don't have a work ethic, you find, so it's not been very challenging to get ahead.

Nonetheless, your workday comes to an end. Politely, you exchange goodbyes with your employer, collect your day's pay – needless to mention that this happens under the table – and you can head back home. On your way there, you quickly stop by a supermarket and pick up something you can make in a hurry, won't be too long before David gets home too. You find some spaghetti with a bunch of easy-to-make crap on top and sprint over to the register.

You get home before David does, luckily. Right away, you stuff your clothes into the laundry, make sure to neatly set down your shoes next to the door, to avoid arousing suspicion; you're such a neat person, it wouldn't be like you to just kick off your shoes and leave them anywhere. David does that, and you're there to tidy up, but nobody does your tidying for you, obviously. You quickly slip into your apron and get to cooking. Sooner than you expected, you hear keys turning in the door. You were just in time.

It doesn't take long for him to drop all his baggage and divert his attention to you. Strong arms wrap around your hips, making you smile and push your butt back against your husband's crotch. He lays his head on your shoulder from behind, taking a look at what's on the stove.

"Spaghetti again?" he asks in a quiet, scolding tone. Dread flows through your veins. It's hard to imagine a worse insult than to question your skills around the home. What else do you have? "Now that I think about it, I haven't seen you in a new outfit in a while now. Not that interested in your allowance anymore, are we?" You try to stifle the tears and give him a forced smile.

"S-sorry. The store's selection isn't that good this time of year, and I wouldn't want to waste your money. Have patience for a month or two, and I'll be wearing twice as many, twice as beautiful clothes, just for you." You turn around to give him a kiss, which he takes on unmoving lips. The past few days have been like this a lot, but you're doing your best to play it off.

Hearing a zipper being undone behind you, you spread your legs a little and grab the edge of the kitchen counter to give you better footing. The fucking hasn't changed at all. Except... except that it keeps feeling better every time. If this goes on, you'll lose your mind one day. There'd been a couple of days where you had a mind to visit David during his lunch break wearing nothing but a trench coat and a whole lot of nothing underneath. So far you resisted, but the idea has been stuck in your head since then.

"Careful stud, the food's gonna take a while. Maybe take it a little slower today?" you advise him pragmatically, although you prefer it fast yourself. He heeds your advice though and slows his thrusts a little, which is a delightful sensation in its own right. Your time together was spent with creampie left and right, nothing changed there, but your meals were still cum-enhanced,

the only time that you still waste semen. On the topic of childbearing, you finally ovulated last week, to your great excitement! All your pregnancy tests still returned negative results, but few couples get pregnant on their first try.

The spaghetti are about ready, and you do your best to turn down the heat of the stove while dealing with your own. You grab a nearby sieve and dump the spaghetti inside, waiting a couple seconds for all the water to pour out.

“Almost ready now,” you announce to David, who speeds up his efforts in reaction. You separate your meals on two separate plates, yours much smaller than his, and before you can put some sauce on top, your noodles have already been taken care of in terms of topping. Well, it’s your favourite anyway.

So you leave all the sauce you bought for David, and you both head over to the table to eat your meals. He’s clearly not excited about it – in stark contrast to you, your apron already dripping wet down there – but he doesn’t look nearly as pouty as he did when he first came in. You take a first bite and can’t help but moan, receiving at least a little smile from David, which he can’t hide.

Day 125

You’re nervous. You saved up for just this, but you’re nervous. You told David you’d spend the night at a friend’s place, one of the rare occasions that happens, especially on a Tuesday. He didn’t bat an eye. The table you’re lying on is cold and uncomfortable, just like you feel right now. Markings are all over the front of your torso, like you’re a piece of meat. Lines below your tits, in between, above, even on your arm pits, like a sexy, grotesque instruction manual.

Consultations have been intense, your anxiety in the air so thick it could have been cut by a knife. You’ve made your priorities clear, but it was hard to even get the words out of your mouth. Long, awkward pauses made up the vast majority of the conversation, even the doctor was hesitant to tell you something, worried he may cut you off or tell you something you may not want to hear. What an impression you must make on him, like some uppity, rich housewife who thinks she owns the world. It’s almost as embarrassing as the reason for your being here in the first place.

“So... the most important thing... yeah, the most important thing is definitely my children,” you started off. The doctor started answering right away, which threw you off, since you weren’t finished, but he’s sensitive enough to notice that this is very difficult for you. “No no, I don’t have children yet... not just yet. But I want to. So, uh, if you tell me there will be some problems then I can’t do this at all, not at all, no. The milk flow definitely can’t be hurt, that’s, yeah, that’s definitely not possible.”

You’ve been stammering like that for longer than you care to admit, but after the doctor had patiently and kindly endured all your rantings, he alleviated any worries you had, saying that you came to the right place, and that he never damaged a woman’s milk ducts before. Apparently, quite a few made that request. He doesn’t want to prod, but in his eyes, many of them were worried about keeping their husbands, and looked to please them, more than themselves. Knowing that your concerns are shared by many other women goes a long way

of relaxing you as well. You feel at ease around this doctor after the first consultation already, but you'd need a couple more, and have made good use of them.

Now you're here, you actually decided to go through with this. You scratched the bottom of the barrel for every dollar you could find and in just over a month, jobbing and saving your allowance, plus some earlier savings have proven enough. Those knockers don't come cheap, but maybe... maybe you won't just buy implants, you'll buy your husband's undivided love.

The doctor comes in, together with a team of nurses and assistants. You're pretty sure some of them give you scolding looks, like you're some common whore. Well, you will be soon, you figure. Once again, your specifications are being run through by the doctor, and you're listening with one ear. Taking extra care with your milk ducts, making your tits look just a little fake, but not too much, and expanding them by roughly one size, which would leave you at an F cup. The doctor warns you of potential back problems, but since you hope to spend a lot more time lying on it, you're not too concerned.

That concludes the introduction. Seconds later, you're being put under by a judgemental nurse and you lose your eyesight.

Day 126

Groggily, you wake up. The room you're in is quite dark. You're hooked up to beeping machines, but otherwise alone. Actually, the room isn't exactly dark, you're just looking at the window. Dim lights are quietly buzzing above, barely illuminating the room. An alarm clock informs you it's a little past midnight. You aren't awake for long, sleep grasps you once more, keeping you under for good this time.

The next morning, your senses are much clearer, much to your dismay, actually. You're painfully aware of your hunger and thirst. The same clock you vaguely remember from the long night before tells you it's 9 AM. Probably shouldn't take much longer until somebody notices you're awake. You don't want to be a burden on the nurses, they already seem rather displeased with you... You can't blame them, you'd probably think the same about somebody like you.

Indeed, a nurse shows up not 20 minutes after you finally regained consciousness. With her mask off, she seems a lot nicer. "Ah, you're awake. I hope you had a good night's sleep." You smile at her and nod, thanking her. "We're sorry that you've been out all day, we overdid it a little on the anaesthesia. That shouldn't cause any problems, it just kept you out of commission a lot longer, is all," she says in her bubbly, cheerful demeanour. She must have had the day off yesterday. She correctly predicts that you must be starving and you're left with a pleasant enough meal, considering it's a small clinic. Pecking at it a little more than sates your hunger, and you're soon reunited with the nice caretaker.

"Alright, then let's get to the matter at hand. Any discomfort... up there?" she asks hesitantly. You don't really know how severe it is, and what's normal in such a case. There's definitely noticeable soreness, but you wouldn't say it's outright painful.

"Discomfort, yeah, definitely. I don't think it's that bad though." You give them a testing, careful prod and hiss a little at the feeling. "Ouch, won't do that again," you laugh it off. The nurse joins in, relieved that you're taking it well.

“No worries, that’s completely normal. Your breasts will likely be sore for a day or two, and we’ll schedule a post-op check in a week, just to make sure the implants sit right and you’re getting used to them. The doctor told me to tell you that there’s been no complications and no unintended damage to your tissue whatsoever, so they are guaranteed to be fully functional. If there’s nothing else you need us to do, and if you feel up to speed, you can get home any time you want.” That was a lot to take in, but all of it good news. She reiterates that you need a lot of rest and not to strain yourself too much for the week before she helps you up. You just want to go home before David does.

That’s not very hard, since the clinic is less than an hour’s drive, and the formalities are quickly taken care of. After all is said and done, you step through your apartment door roughly at noon. Passing a mirror while unloading all your things – mostly a mountain of brochures and ads you’d been handed on your way out – you realise that you are a *mess*. Not all that surprising, given that you’ve slept for roughly 18 hours and then went straight home without once seeing a bathroom from inside.

Greeting David looking like this is unacceptable, so that’s your first course of action. To take care of this particular challenge, you do the full program, including a long bath, a fresh coat of paint for your nails as well as your face. Getting your hair untangled isn’t easy either, but after a long and arduous process of beautification, you’re finally presentable for your husband again. At this point, it’s easily past 2 PM, and you know you don’t have that much time. Still, you take a good glance at your new form in the mirror, that much you have to do.

They’re a work of art. That thought may come abrupt, but it’s the first thing that enters your head as you lift your hair out of the way. They don’t look like that whore’s on David’s computer, like somebody pushed two volleyballs into your tits, but if anything, yours look more real than they did before the operation. Firm, definitely, and protruding on their own, but still with a light, natural-looking sag to them, still a noticeable teardrop, not an absurd spherical shape.

Before you fall in love with yourself though, you make some food in advance. You’d stopped by the store on your way home and got something good; you’ll prepare it so you just need to heat it up a little for it to be done whenever the two of you finish up. It takes quite some time to get ready, but it’ll be worth his reaction. You’ve revelled in your own sight, and David will have the element of surprise added. You can’t wait to see his face.

Luckily, you won’t have to wait long, you can hear somebody barging into the apartment, apparently having just gone through a particularly stressful day at work. He wouldn’t normally make such a ruckus. Looks like you picked the right day to do this. You’re in the bedroom, quickly pulling up the zippers on your new catsuit and making some final adjustments before posing on the bed. In search of you, David soon finds you perched on the mattress, clearly awaiting him.

Now, the catsuit is tight and form-fitting, and you can definitely make out a questioning glance of his, he’s clearly puzzled by something. But it seems he doesn’t quite catch on yet. You bought the suit before your operation, so your breasts are squeezed in there the tightest, so David’s gaze is mostly directed at them. For him to really appreciate your new rack, you think a closer look is in order. Crooking your finger, you beckon David over and after a couple seconds of dreamy paralysis, he’s on top of you.

Grabbing his wrist, you lead his hand right to your sore breasts. It's clear in his eyes that he notices a change now, and can't wait to get a good look. This new catsuit is a blessing, with its special zipper. David grabs it and slowly, very slowly pulls it to the side, more and more of your chest being touched by the cold air. They were squeezed in so tightly and are so perky now that they fall out entirely on their own when David pulls the zipper completely open. Now there's no doubt anymore, he knows what you did.

He stares for a moment before convulsing a little. Did he... did he just cream his pants? Your cheeks blush fire truck red and you can barely hold back the giggling. You feel warm inside. Loved. You help your husband undo his belt, which he's struggling with in his embarrassment. His painfully rigid cock is indeed smeared white in some places, but still looks more than ready to go.

David grabs your shoulders and positions himself over your belly. His cock placed between your breasts, he starts thrusting. It's amazing, without any help, your breasts are firm enough to titfuck him! Regardless, you push them together from the sides to really envelop David's length in the entirety of your now even more massive titflesh. His cock is hidden entirely between your tight valley, only ever peeking out at full thrust. To make even better use of your body as a cocksleeve, you open your mouth and allow David in whenever he comes close. Despite having just cum in his pants, it doesn't take him long to bless you with his semen, some landing in your mouth, some around your lips, a little on your nose and one large glob on your eyes, the rest just dripping down your cheeks and forehead. You don't think you've ever seen David cum this hard.

Your libido is healthy already, but the coming days – weeks even! – are utter depravity that Greek mythology would be embarrassed by. While you've usually had your extra nutritious morning breakfast and a good night fuck, you're easily up to three encounters plus the breakfast bonus per day. To realise that, you actually did take some time out of your schedule and visited David during lunch break quite often. His bosses can't stop singing his praises, and he soon gets his promotion. You're so proud of your man... and you can't help but feel that you played a part in it too, finding fulfillment in your role as his wife.

Most importantly, all that fucking has consequences of course, in the best way possible. One day, late at night, you wake up because you feel the need to pee. Perhaps you ingested a few "beverages" too many, but you can't help it, it's Oral October, David told you, and traditions are meant to be honoured. Spotting a left over pregnancy test that you apparently prepared but forgot to take earlier, you figure you could just go for it. When it turns out positive, you think you're still drowsy from your sleep. You take out another, and another, and after peeing out the last drop of water in your body, you're certain. You'll carry David's child. Perhaps you'll even get twins! Your mind is racing with fantasies already. If you get a boy, you'll teach him to be strong, but caring, just like his father. Doing well in school, getting a decent career and marrying a loving, obedient wife will set him up for happiness. If you get a girl, you'll teach her how to be a good wife, to cook and clean, and how to make her husband's happiness her own, just like you know it. When you tell David, he's as exhilarated as you. At first, you were hesitant to wake him, but once he hears the news he jumps up and embraces you so tightly it hurts. He's such a good man. You drift off though, while he talks about a bunch of things you'll both have to take care of, like finances and stuff, which you don't have a mind for.

Actually, you don't have a mind for much lately. You don't know what it is, but you're just so much more scatterbrained all of a sudden. Constantly, you have to write things down so you don't forget them, but even writing gets a lot harder. Standing at the register is becoming a real challenge when you're doing groceries, and some dishes and spices are turning out to be really hard to pronounce! It's so strange, you can't explain it. Whatever's brought on this change, you wonder while stroking your fake tits through your latex catsuit, you welcome it. David doesn't need those vapid whores on his screen anymore.

He already has one at home.

THE END