

Challenge Accepted

Contains: Massive BE, unstoppable forces, a "god"parent, and the end of the world

This was not what I planned to release next, but I wanted something out before the end of the year (although moderation might take some time...)

(All characters are fictional, only characters 18+ perform sexual activities)

I was there when the fate of the world was decided. I stood and watched as it was all destroyed knowing there was no way for me to stop it.

To understand how everything went down, I guess I'll have to start with my aunt. Cindy Knight, my aunt, is a person who can be kind, affectionate, and far too obstinate and determined for the good of herself and the people around her. While I call her my aunt, we aren't really blood-related, more like a godmother. Still, she and I have been living together for 12 years now, ever since both my parents died in a car crash when I was 8.

Aunt Cindy has a wonderful figure ... as, uh, my friends have said many times. She has a more bottom-heavy shape to herself but has large enough breasts that she might be considered more of an hourglass. Honestly, I think that's up for determination. She stands at a decent 5'9" with light brown hair and nice green eyes. Her meaty/doughy body does hide the fact that she has some surprisingly strong legs. It all happened because one time someone told Cindy that "she couldn't run a marathon with a body like that."

Long story short, she did. Somehow. It was like she was so determined to prove them wrong that reality just gave up.

And that's my aunt's greatest flaw, that she takes everything as a literal challenge. We had to stop watching the discovery channel because she kept trying things every time she was warned not to do it at home. We're very lucky she didn't watch anything with explosions. VERY.

And that brings us around to the beginning of the end. It was a warm spring day and Aunt Cindy and I were at the mall chatting and not really paying any attention. She was saying, "I can't believe you haven't had a girlfriend yet, Matt," when she bumped into someone.

While I will never condone Cindy's following actions, it was this woman who would set off the series of events to end the world. When both parties had regained some of their bearings. This other woman looked like a bony mess or maybe just a starved runway model. She was shorter than my aunt and was 100% a goth chick of some kind. This woman's hair was clearly dyed black with a single streak of blue and she had a number of piercings over her face. Said face was now in a hate-filled scowl as if my aunt was the only offending party and somehow her MILFy body was to blame.

"You bitch!" yelled the obnoxious goth girl, generating a number of looks because, of course, we

were in the middle of a mall.

Aunt Cindy visibly breathed in through her nose at the audacity, but her voice was relatively calm when she replied, "I'm sorry, I'd like to not make a scene."

The other woman bristled at the words, "I walked into your fucking tits, you big-busted cow!"

As I said earlier, my aunt could possibly be defined as an hourglass, so I could kinda see what the jerk was saying. Looking at the woman's flat chest again, it was clear she was just jealous. Either way, this REALLY riled Aunt Cindy.

"What did you call me," asked Cindy with a voice of ice.

"A cow, you dumb bovine! God, why don't you fucking motorboat the world with those meat sacks, you slut!"

Uh oh. With those words, I visibly paled. What had been a shouting match had turned into a challenge. One directed at the undisputed queen of challenges, my aunt. I guess I could have stepped in but, as far as I know, once words leave someone's mouth, they are pretty difficult to shove back in again.

"Maybe I will!" yelled Cindy, fire in her eyes as she grabbed me by the arm, "We're going home. NOW."

Well, it didn't take long for my aunt to start looking up breast enhancing supplements online. Within a week, she had obtained five different types of pills and ointments to try. I never found out if this was the case or not, but I'm pretty sure each and every one was a scam. Unfortunately, reality seems to have a way of bending around Aunt Cindy's desires. Now just two weeks after the challenge was raised, she was two cup sizes larger. She told me herself quite proudly. I personally had to stop myself from showing her how I was feeling with a cold shower after that.

This was not enough for my aunt, she couldn't just grow a couple of sizes a week, oh no no no! If she wanted to motorboat the Earth she would need to get bigger, faster.

"I can't wait for millennia, Matt!" Aunt Cindy declared that day, "I've got other things to do!"

Despite her words, she spent most of the rest of the week studying other forms of breast expansion. And by studying I mean looking at porn. Through her infinite wisdom, she narrowed her options down to "Green Beam," "Nanites," and "Magic" of which I really had to convince her option 3 was a big no go. In the interim, my aunt had gained another 4 cup sizes making her truly gigantic.

At this point, I thought that maybe the challenge would be impossible. It is with great regret that I must admit I was mistaken.

Just two days later, my aunt had found the solution. She called me down from my room where I had been telling my friends that it would probably be a good idea to get out of town for a while,

considering my escalating aunt. When I arrived she dropped the first bit of news on me.

"I figured it out! In two weeks we're going to take a nice sailing trip to a small island where I am going to make that skinny bitch eat her words!" she said triumphantly.

I gave her a nice round of applause while trying desperately not to look down from her face.

"Well, that's not the only reason I called you down today, Matt. Recently I've been having some... issues that I need your help with."

I hadn't seen Cindy this shy before. Normally she was such a force of nature that I just got swept along with her. Of course, I asked her what I needed to do to help.

"Well, along with the growing, the supplements may have had some unforeseen side effects. BUT! Um ... in the end this will all work out soooooooooo ... oh, fine. Look, I need you to help milk me."

With a great tug, Aunt Cindy pulled her strained shirt over her head, leaving my eyes bulging at her suddenly naked, incredibly large melons. Yeah... definitely melons. From the tips leaked droplets of milk that the dark T-shirt she had been wearing hid surprisingly well. I also suddenly questioned how she managed to get a T-shirt her size, considering how massive she was. I guess I'm going to have to chalk this one up to my aunt's seemingly endless luck.

I'm not going to go into detail about what happened next. I will say that it was one of the most enjoyable experiences I've ever had and that I may have let some of that joy escape in liquid form. New pants were in order for both of us after that.

The next two weeks were a wet-dream. Thrice a day, my aunt would call me down to expel the increasingly copious amounts of milk from her growing chest. Each tit, I mean, breast (*ahem*) was consuming her torso, pushing outward and managing to creep down her thighs. By the time it was all over I was finding myself doing laundry every other day just to keep up with the piles of soiled clothes.

It had only been 5 weeks, just a couple of days over a month since the challenge was issued, and now the world would end. Cindy had rented a boat and sped the two of us out to a small-ish island where already I could see a small building among the trees. It stood on a set of eight stilts and held up by a layer of thick metal.

When we arrived, I was surprised to find three other women on the island, to which Aunt Cindy just giggled, "They're some of my friends who want to see me conquer yet another challenge."

I would eventually get to know these girls well, but I didn't at the time. There was a short redhead with oversized jugs, a tall black woman of an hourglass shape, and a cute glasses wearing, dark-haired Asian with an unusually large bosom. My aunt just leaned down to me and said, "I know you like them," giving me the shivers.

The five of us proceeded to the platform where I got a better look at the building. It looked less

like a house and more of a miniaturized industrial complex. Nanites? I still don't know, but whatever it was, it worked.

My aunt hooked herself in and the machine started up. A large hole in the center of the plate let her dangle her breasts through and as the system got into action, the space between her massive mammaries and the ground became smaller and smaller. Quite quickly, contact was made, then just as quickly, the platform began to rise as the size of Cindy's breasts applied enough pressure to lift the whole construction.

So I and the other three girls stood and watched as we picked up speed, the trees on the island falling one by one to the onslaught. Then the sounds of splashing as water made contact. Eventually, we were raised high enough that the landscape around us seemed to shrink and the city that had once been my home was destroyed.

Did I feel remorse? Undoubtedly, but when against a force of nature like my aunt, I honestly felt it inevitable. The other girls were doing surprisingly well, only the Asian girl fainted, and even then I think it might have been from pleasure. She sure seemed to be smiling to me.

Within a day, Aunt Cindy had motorboated the entire Earth, then crushed it with the gravity of her planet-sized tits. With her goal reached, she had turned off the machine. When I saw her she smiled at me and I couldn't help but give a weak smile back.

"I think that went really well! Showed that goth weirdo what for!"

I could only agree but, of course, I had to wonder what we were doing now.

"Silly boy! I produce incredible amounts of milk, you guys can survive on that alone. I told you it would come into play! Besides, now you've got a paradise where you're the only boy with a set of large-chested beauties while standing ON a large-chested beauty. Don't worry, I've got plenty of life left in my tank!"

I thought for a moment right then before I came up with the right words to say. "Well, I don't think you can live forever though. You're going to die eventually," I said to her while staring directly into her eyes.

Those eyes gleamed right back at me, and with a wolfish smile she said, "Is that a challenge, Matt? Because I just thought you should know I'm the queen of challenges."

Then with force she stated, "I NEVER LOSE."