

Yuri's Antiques: The Masterpiece\ #5

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This story was an attempt at practicing 2nd person perspective and a tg theme. If that isn't your style, you've been forewarned.

If you are still here, please continue reading and enjoy!

The piece was massive -- far larger than anything you thought Marcie was going to actually buy. She claimed it was a steal, a meager Benjamin when other comparably sized works would sell for tens to hundreds of Benjamins. Regardless, it was still insanely large -- you had let her decorate the interior of the house, but couldn't fathom why she got something so large and expensive with their limited budget -- the ink drawn masterpiece was nearly as tall as the wall and almost as long as your six person dining room table.

"Look, I know it's a lot, but it's a wonderful discussion piece and there's so much to look at! You could just get lost in it!" Marcie beamed, trying her best to win you back over. She had been pushing hard to convince you to upgrade the interior. You had both been in it for over three years, and she wanted to update the look a bit. She had eventually sold you on a budget of her choice and free reign so long as she limited your help. The past year had been rough, you had been laid off at first and each interview fell flat. You couldn't carry the same appeal through a screen for interview as you could in person -- your confident mannerisms dissipated as they traveled through the digital nexus. It had been ten months and you weren't sure that you could recover that confidence again. Failure after failure seemed to haunt you like a poltergeist.

Yuri was his name -- the antique dealer that Marcie had apparently bought the piece from. If had any shred of that confidence left, you'd promptly take the masterpiece back and demand a full refund from the man. Marcie told you that it had captivated here -- almost like hypnosis as she was traveling in the store. Yuri had stirred her from her stare and promptly presented an analysis of the masterpiece like a seasoned purveyor of such things.

The masterpiece was apocalyptic. Yet, not in the conventional modern western idea of it. It was revelatory, a revelation piece that would unveil truth about individuals. When a person was enthralled by its intricate details, it was in the process of awakening the thrall to the truth of themselves. The branches would guide the partaking of its curiosities to discover something long slumbering within themselves.

And you had to agree to an extent -- it was truly a masterpiece, something actually worthy of that grand title. At a glance, from a distance, there was a behemoth of a tree, much like Yggdrasil itself. Its branches and roots wrapped and moved like pythons over the space of the canvas, each guiding the eye to a new theme; a new plane of existence. Not only was there

much to behold, but each sector of the painting had an explosion of color that countered the muted earth tones of the bark. The tree alone, with its explosion of color acting as a sort of wondrous crown adorning the branches.

But a closer inspection unveiled fine details -- a seemingly infinite amount of minor things, of people practicing their comings and goings, a tidy and miniscule hustle and bustle. The tree was embedded with the works of man, street signs, lamp posts, cars, rice terraces, protests, sports, skyscrapers, farmers farming, nomads wandering, people celebrating and weeping, ancient ruins, and more -- if it had ever been built by human hands or crossed the imagination of a homo sapien, like a comet in the sky even once, it found immortalization in the dark, bold lines of the artists' ink pen. You had to agree -- it was sort of living, breathing labyrinth that reached out with inky gentle fingers and beckoned you to lose yourself in its intricacies.

Yet to even attempt to zoom back out from the details was to recognize the more moderately sized images, compiled of those minor little human activities, that they themselves contributed to the structure of the grand tree. Larger human forms could be made out in the abstract, their forms a concoction of a myriad of other things.

Realizing the draw, the aura of power and attraction it had, like vines attempting to seize your eyes, you shake yourself free. Yet, even as you break free, it takes a moment for reality to find you. Everything was a moving blur that slowly worked itself back to a realignment of sorts. You focused on yourself first, taking stock like Descartes, before tethering yourself to your wife.

Your inventory reveals nothing new, just a reminder of the fat you accumulated over the past year -- nearly thirty extra pounds of weight. Food had been your primary comforter rather than the missus. Talking with Marcie was to enter a confrontation with your inner beasts and the constant strife of the year had worn you down to the point where such a conflict was the last thing you wanted. Chips on the other hand did not attempt to challenge you nor your demons, but to simply placate them for the time being. Appeasement was preferable to war.

Marcie, however, had thrived during their struggles of the past year. She took the extra time working from home had given her to improve her skills in cooking, to exercise more, and to pursue new hobbies in literature and writing -- she had even gotten published in a few online outlets! You were a yin and yang of sorts. She had found herself a success in the face of the struggle and thrived. Marcie exuded a greater beauty than the day you were married. You, however, were the inverse of this truth. Repeated failure in the face of trials had desecrated your body, leaving you fat, balding, depressed, and bereft of purpose and ambition. You were left rudderless in a storm.

Marcie had settled into a near daily fitness regimen which had left her abs marvelous -- like smooth rolling hills over a plain. Unfortunately, those wondrous hills were hidden beneath the shell of her lime tank top. Each of her legs were incredibly strong, yet somehow retained their feminine features and ran up to her hips which were still wonderfully wide and it all worked together to give her a backside that made many of her friends jealous. You had to admit that it was one of your favorite things about her body -- besides her piercingly pale blue eyes that could

convey cerulean pools of affection or icy glacial daggers when you had said something stupid or upsetting.

From her legs, you raised your eyes to her chest where her small breasts hung snugly within her sports bra. They were noticeable, yes, but they had been a sore point for her throughout much of her teen years. You had always told her that you loved her for who she was -- mind and body as they were. Yet, Marcie had always felt that breasts were the most prominent indicator of one's femininity, and the lack of such a clear indicator had taken her significant time to work through.

Finally, you brought your eyes to rest on the profile of her wonderfully petite face. Its delicate form had only made those cerulean pools feel even larger. Her nose was quite feminine and she had a smile that was undeniably warm and comforting. All she had to do was flash a quick, genuine smile and anyone's problems would simply melt away. It was her nuclear option when you both in a fight -- you couldn't stay mad in the midst of such authentic joy despite the conflict. This was the superpower that ultimately drew her to you, and yet its magic felt as if it was no longer effective as the year lurched on for you.

Yet, as you beheld her, Marcie was none the wiser. She was fully enamored by the cornucopia of life bursting before her. You snapped, yelled, and yet nothing registered to her. She was fully engaged, eyes focusing in and out, zooming back and forth, navigating the trails that led her only deeper into the forest. She was gone.

Defeated for the moment, you took one last look at yourself, repulsed by what the quarantine had formed you into, and returned your gaze to the decorative masterpiece. It felt new, fresh, different somehow -- like it had opted to reorganize itself into something wholly new, yet still unchanged. It felt alive.

You turned your eyes back to the great tree and a similar feeling soon embraced you, one of feeling lost, yet of also, paradoxically, of being found. Your senses now feel foreign, yet familiar. The shape of the tree is still there with its blossoming fountains of color contrasted against the lichen hues of the bark of the tree. The minor details were still there, but you were certain that they had undergone a mild transition. That road sign had certainly said 'Exit 3' and not 'Exit 43'. The cars had been primarily shades of blue and not red had they not? Had the tulips become daisies or was that always the truth? Was the past truth or was the present truth?

And as your mind reeled from the chaos of impossible changes and alterations, running without concern or care along the highways of the arbor maze, you couldn't help but feel the gentle touch of invisible tendrils seizing your eyes. Slowly, you worked your way through the maze, much as you were prone to do on the diner menus while you waited for food. You felt lost, yet strangely fully aware of your journey through the maze. It felt like chaos, yet ordered.

You weren't sure how long you were lost for. No matter how you try, you can't shake yourself free or even close your eyes to refresh them. They were an uncompliant student as your reason attempted to be the educator. Out of the periphery, reality itself had seemingly melted away. The dining table was no longer a conception in your mind. To think of the thing would be to try and pull material out of vapor. Even your Marcie was gone -- only you and the masterpiece

existed. Reality was nothing beyond just the bizarre visual dance between you and your non-sentient partner.

The choreography was simple -- eyes to the obelisk that was being revered by people, then to the orchards and its seeming miles of nourishing fruits, to the prison like structure on the opposite end of the image, and then to visually inhale the crimson that seeped from everywhere. To inhale the red was to get lost in its dizzying embrace only to come back to the obelisk. That was his dance. Obelisk. Orchard. Prison. Red storm. Obelisk. Orchard. Prison. Red storm.

[illegible]

The longer you engage in the ballet, the more erotic the images seem to become. The red was no longer dizzying because of the violence of its fury, but rather it was hot, like silk sheets rolling in mad passion in on themselves. The prison ceased to be a prison but mutated into a

crib. No longer had hardened looking criminals fill it, but jovial infants. The orchard was no longer ripe with oranges, apples, pomegranates, and more, but budding breasts hung from their branches. Then there was the obelisk. That object of affection and devotion had slowly morphed into something phallic in nature during their dance. Further, the people beneath it in worship were no mere people, but beautiful visages of Venus herself in various incarnations.

Your eyes couldn't break away, no matter how much you tried. The dance was like a ritual. No longer did it feel like the graceful swaying and movement of the start, but now it was deep, primal, aggressive, and driving. Phallus. Breasts. Crib. Heat. Those movements are a visual mantra -- some obtuse incantation that feels wholly unnatural and yet comfortably normal. Fear was present, but only for the briefest of flashes, like dark lightening flashing across your mind as its storm passed and retreated to some foreign place. You can feel the tendrils soothing your

It was unbearably hot. Unconsciously, your arms begin to disrobe yourself, almost like you were nothing more than a marionette guided by an army of masterful hands. Each muscle, strung up to the thousand hands of an invisible genius. Your sweat pools and coalesces as beads on your skin, running like passionate rivers along the topography of your form. Each new crescendo of those roiling waves of red brought a new heat wave. Hotter and hotter. You can feel seeping into your bones and an arousal ignites with fury deep within. The color oozed eroticism. You can feel your mind drowning in it. Then, drowning became saturation, which in turn became a marinade.

Yet, each time that red wave would hit, your eyes would gasp for fresh air only to take in the obelisk-turned-phallus before you. It was an object to be adored, worshipped. Your jaw unlocks and drool begins to form. A foreign yearning from that arousing flame flares up from deep within. You long to be one of the women in the painting, deep within the throes of her phallus worship. Wanton lust wells up inside you like spring, waiting to explode forth as a geyser just like the incarnations before you.

To behold the obelisk was to being the tribal dance once more. The breasts ballooned before you. They were the fruits of these vines -- of various shapes, sizes, and forms -- each pleasantly delightful and desirable. Oh, to be one of the trees, presenting your own fruits for adoration and consumption. Your hands move once more, the invisible strings still exerting their perfect skill. They had removed your clothing long ago and now they found your chest. It was already soft from the dereliction of the past year, but now they had at least felt good.

The puppet master guided your hands and fingers with exquisite detail while your eyes remained fix, prisoners of the dance. Your fingers caress your chest, rolling with gentle and deft grace, dragging across each pectoral in their own supporting dance. You feel your nipples for the first time, hardened and stiff, a silent, seemingly impossible breeze pirouettes across them. It feels delightful, as if it is the first time they've partaken of touch, like the sense had been denied to them for their entire existence.

Your hands continue their graceful movements, yet still rigid in their adherence to the unknowable choreography woven by your invisible master. Now your fingers join the pirouettes

and take a brief moment to seize and twist your newly discovered sensory center. Each tweak presents a brief, seamless lift and then a resulting drop that leaves a slight ripple on your chest as you feel the weight shift.

And so the dance of your hands continues. They grace the curvature of what you know for certain are breasts forming, those feminine features that that woman you knew had been so envious of. Your hands sashay back and forth, giving a deep embrace of the flesh before lifting into the air and plunging with precision to your new breasts sensitive tips. They tweak, twist, lift, drop, and the ripple. Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Ripple.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Ripple.

The ripple feels heavier this time. You can't see what happening, but it feels meaningful. It is no longer the brief jiggle of your previously masculine accumulations, but something delightfully satisfying.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Ripple.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Ripple.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Ripple.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Ripple.

Bigger this time. Fuller. More satisfying is that ripple. You can feel it tug on you, like a gentle anchor.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Ripple.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Ripple.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Ripple.

The tweak feels exponentially more satisfying this time. Your vocal chords emit a soft moan. Your voice is no longer what it was. It oozes a sweet smokiness. Strawberries enveloped by campfire. The ripple pulls harder.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Ripple.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Sway.

The changes feel as if they are gaining momentum, just your breasts are. The ripple has become a jiggling, a swaying, like individuals on a pendulum granted some freedom to move. Each tweak elicits a deeper, more primal moan. The images of the painting come in and out of focus, yet they progression is still there. Obelisk. Orchard. Prison. Red. Phallus. Breasts. Crib. Heat.

Embrace. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Sway.

Embrace. Heft. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Sway.

Embrace. Heft. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Sway.

Embrace. Heft. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Sway.

Embrace. Heft. Sashay. Lift. Plunge. Tweak, Twist. Lift. Drop. Sway.

They feel enormous now, shaming that girl you used to know. You have yet to drink in what your chest has become, but it feels wonderful, powerful, feminine. They were easily armfuls, their weight pulled on your back. Yet, as the thought of back pain crept to the forefront of your mind, the tendrils seized your shoulders and back, rubbing them, massaging them, and then retreating, leaving behind strengthened and reinforced mounds to assist in proudly presenting your billboard sign of your new sex.

The blur of the images came back into focus on the crib. Children. Reproduction. Were you meant to breed? You couldn't help but ponder the thought as you continued your dance. To have a babe nursing from you, to lactate, to take the aesthetic of your chest and also make it functional. But then there was the act beginning the reproduction process. The seduction of a male, the worship of his obelisk and letting it explore the fruits of your orchard and the probe your innermost being.

The heat only exacerbates the feelings within you. Your hands change their movement, one slithers slowly down your stomach -- taut, flat, no smooth mountains like that other, but a gentle valley down the middle pointing to a land overflowing with honey. Your hand discovers that wondrous land and your form is rewarded with a surge of energy, it pulsates through you, crackling at the tips of your breasts where the puppet master promptly brings your opposite hand to. Now, your fingers, guided by their sightless strings engage in a deep massage, a new dance of your flesh.

Sensation courses over you, the sights have sounds and begin to allegro, picking up in pace and fury. The honey land is being tilled furiously by your hand while its opposite nurtures your breasts, giving the crackling points of energy a moment of release. Your sweetly smokey moans join the bass line of the orchestra. Faster and faster they move until you feel the waters recede from the shore, a tsunami of pleasure is on the horizon.

For a moment, you realize the strings are gone and your eyes are closed, you've been given autonomy only to become ensnared with the pleasure. You can't stop. You won't stop. The wave looms large, you can feel it coming. It crashes and sweeps away everything of what was with it. You are this now. A goddess. There are but ruins left of who came before and they tell little of who he was. As the waters of pleasure overwhelm you, the tendrils release their grip. Your eyes come back into focus.

You behold the masterpiece once more. The minor details are still there, deeply erotic and embedded within the bark of the tree. Yet, the moderate, human like shapes that the roots, branches, and vines made are now clearer and you rest on one, rather two.

She is there, beatify and you recognize her has you. Her ass itself is far larger than that girl you used to know. She is on her knees, presenting her backside to the viewer, letting them drink in her feminine folds. Following her up the backside, her hair is long, braided in a long French braid. You immediately become aware of your own hair, pulled tight on your scalp and hanging long down your back, touching the incline that goes on to make up your rear. You instinctively know that this is your leash, for the man to pull you with and you grant you mind a moment to wander in lust.

Your eyes return to the depiction of you within the masterpiece. You look up to your lover, that same look of worship and desire that the patrons of the phallic obelisk had in their tiny eyes. Your tongue runs along the ridges of his member, taking time to inhale his scent. As you continue your ascension up the image, behold your lover. Masculinity embodied in the flesh. Enormous, powerful, strong, rough, and yet gentle and loyal. The tree makes out the details and he is gorgeous, a demigod to match your own feminine pseudo-divinity.

Slowly, you can sense reality begin to bleed back in like ink on water; it globs and wisps back into focus and there he stands, your counterpart. You finally feel free of the masterpiece, but you yearn deep inside for him to possess and ensnare you. The desire propels you to embrace him, to run your smooth, delicate hands against the wonders of the topography of his muscles. They cut sharply, steeply incline and decline, they are simply wondrous. Your eyes drink him in. His chest is large, like a grand mountain face that exudes strength. His core something to behold, a collection of small canyons with rivulets that guide your eyes to the object of your desire. Its enormous, thick, and semi ready. Your hand caresses his testes, your mouth drools.

The touch of his hands stirs you from the spell he unknowingly put you under. Your eyes shoot to his. Piercing pale blue eyes, deep cerulean pools that convey a deep hot passion for you. They break for you to take in your form and you seize the opportunity to finally inventory yourself. And yet, there isn't much to see -- your enormous breasts, each easily as large as his head, capable of smoothing him in the great canyon that is your cleavage, obscure the rest of you. Looking through the deep crevasse between your breasts, you can catch a glimpse of your perfectly smooth stomach and the ridge line where your new sex resides.

His hands handle your bosom with gentle, yet firm care. His mouth finds your nipples and you let out a gasp before forcing your hand to the back of his head. His tongue swirls, its own little dance that kindles that red hot fire deep within your loins. Your spare hand quickly finds its home and begins its attentive care to your sex. You bring your mouth next to his ear, exhale deeply next to and let out a slow, low moan which he promptly returns with a grunt before breaking free of your hand.

He looks at you briefly, your dear husband Marcus, as he pushes you gently on the shoulders. You bite your lower lip, shooting him an erotic grin. You don't resist, you have wanted this since you saw him towering over you in the masterpiece. He is enormous and you take a moment to be thankful for such a gift that you get to enjoy regularly. As your hand continues to care for your own loins, your other finds his quickly hardening shaft and rubs it. You take in its soft strength, you feel it get harder and stronger in your hands.

You present it over your face, looking up deeply at him, smiling for a moment for letting your tongue free and running it his full length. Easily eight inches and satisfyingly thick. Your nose drinks in his musk, allowing it to drive you even more mad with heat. As your tongue approaches the tip, your mouth unlocks and takes him in, tongue dancing on the tip. He lets out an appreciative, and pleasure filled moan. His hand finds the back of your head and push you further down.

Your throat relaxes, allowing him more access to your mouth, tongue continuing its dance down his shaft. No longer needing to stroke him, your hand moves to massage the delicate fruit hanging from his obelisk. Soon, he let you free and your mouth took over for your hand, tongue massage, tasting, salivating over the fruit that would soon fill you. And again, you brought your tongue back up the shaft, mouth enclosing on him and moving back and forth. You can feel your chest move with your head, swaying gently and with mass as you show him your devotion. And he is very much appreciative of your service.

But soon, he breaks free from your mouth and you know the next. You heft your enormous breasts, presenting them as an offering to him. You spit and prepare your chest for his enormous erection. He wastes no time and plunges deep into the canyon of your titflesh. The head of his obelisk appears every now and then, you reward it with a quick lick before furiously running your breasts up and down his shaft. You let them drop and take him back in your mouth again, loving the taste.

He has other ideas and grabs your leash, pulling you up to him. He guides you to the couch where he lays down and presents himself to you. You mount him, looking at him. He drinks in your chest, hands exploring and massaging them. You swear you feel them get even larger as he smothers his face between them. Each breast dwarfing his head. For a moment, he is lost in your chest and your confident he is in a kind of bliss, high on your femininity.

You seize your opportunity, grabbing his manhood and positioning your womanhood above it, slowly descending, feeling it stretch you in the most satisfying of ways. You moan once more, eyes closed, biting lower lip, as you take him in. Slowly, you begin to move your hips, rising and falling on him. You can feel your ass quake with each downward thrust, you take pleasure in how erotic you must look in that moment.

As you move up and down, you keep him smother in your chest. His tongue blindly explores the exteriors of your breasts. His moans send a pleasurable vibration as his rough hands massage the soft flesh. Yet, none of it compares to the feeling of impaling yourself on him. You can feel yourself get lost in the haze of pleasure. You relent your hold on his head for but a moment and he takes the opportunity to counter you and take control.

You first feel his hands seize your ass, digging deeply into the soft flesh. Now he is guiding you, hefting you up and down, ramming himself into you. You can't help but let out even louder moans as you fall forward, breasts collapsing on his face. He quickly takes you, pushing your hands around his shoulders to his neck as he swings his weight forward, standing up, with himself still buried deep within you and he pumps furiously.

You're getting fucked and you love it. You squeeze him tight, hanging on as his legs furious thrust into you. You can feel your enormous chest attempt to ooze out from the sides of your embrace, unable to compress themselves any further. All you can do is moan and whisper, 'Fuck yes,' into his ear.

He then deftly handles you. In that moment, you are aware of how small you are compared to him. He pops you off of him and spins you. Your head comes face to face with his member once more and you waste no time in claiming your prize. It tastes decadent. His tongue brilliantly navigates your feminine folds, driving you even more mad with lust.

You don't know how long you're suspended like that. It may have been moments, or minutes, you can't tell. You were too busy pleasing him to care about anything else. But he moved you once more, bending you over that dining room table. Your chest spills across its smooth, cold surface driving you mad. You can feel your ass on display, a billboard advertising to your loving what to do next. Your juices march down your legs which already feel weak from the pleasure. He teases you at first, his manhood running between the canyon formed by your enormous ass. Then the tip would appear for a moment, rubbing its way over your soft mound, taking in your juices. It would slightly enter, and then dart back out.

'Fuck me,' is all you can breathe out. He teases no longer and plunges himself in you. Your eyes go wide at the sensation, feeling stretched again, in a whole new way. His hand takes your leash and pulls you back, your head raised. He keeps pulling until your tits, yes, your tits on full display, bouncing madly as he keeps thrusting into you. His fingers find your mouth and you instinctively suck on them, desperately wanting the real thing, but satisfied with the substitute while he continues his lovemaking with.

Every now and then, those fingers would leave your mouth and smack you from behind, you gasp, whimper, and moan at the pain, relishing in his strength and your submissiveness. And he fucks you like for what feels like a blissful entirety. Your chest bouncing wildly, his free hand roaming your form, mouth, ass, chest, pussy, sowing wonderfully maddening pleasure with each new visit.

Again, you feel the waters recede, farther this time than last time. The wave is on the horizon, a behemoth. You don't even know if you'll survive when it hits, but you're willing to risk it. You lean into him even harder, matching his thrusts. One of your hands paws at your chest, massaging the nipple, anything to make the wave hit harder and faster.

Then it hits and washes everything away with it. You scream out, 'Fuck yes!' as your legs shake and buckle. He keeps you upright as he passionately continues. You feel your vaginal lips clamp down on him and erupt in their own torrent, that well spring of lust deep within you finally breaking free. You pant, the pleasure taking an unforeseen toll on you.

And then you hear him grunt as you continue to push back on him. 'Fill me,' is all you can moan out. Your hand continues to massage your chest as his thrusts pick up pace. He finishes, and you can feel the seed of those delicate fruits fill you. The visage of the crib flashes across your mind and you know what this one means. It has finally happened, and you wouldn't have it any

other way.

You feel weak and he carries you back to the couch, to hold you. You gaze over to the masterpiece once more. You can now see yourself and your husband in all the different positions on the tree. Whatever it was, when he brought it home, it drove you mad with lust. Perhaps because he was doing interior decorating for you? You don't know why, but you are thoroughly satisfied.

He stirs and gets up, turns off the cameras. You just now noticed them. You were so busy in your lovemaking that you had forgotten all about them. When you lost your job, you decided to film yourself and then each other. He loved the idea and the money you made was insane. You both found ways to thrive while being trapped inside. They were there when he took you while making dinner, those times in the shower, the morning wake up sex, and now the most passionate sex you have ever had. They'll be there when your pregnant and horny, when your chest gets even bigger, and when your enormous. You smile, excited for what the future holds.

But for now, you rest, satisfied as you wait for the seed to take hold and blossom within you. And, as that happens, Marcus will continue to renovate the house. You can't wait to have guests over again and show them that wonderful masterpiece.