

Love and Uncertainty

Ensuring no one was incidentally around to peer inside, you enter your apartment on the ground floor. After a long day of work you're finally home. Situated on the outskirts of town, the small one bedroom apartment was all you and your girlfriend could afford.

Dropping your keys into the bowl on the kitchen counter you take a deep breath, savoring the flowery aroma that humidly dominated the air. You can't get enough of that smell. The kitchen counter separated the kitchen from the living room. "Unfortunate", you thought to yourself at that time, that there was only space for either a dining room or a living room but not both.

"Welcome home, honey!" The familiar, muffled voice of your significant other greets you. She was always in the living room as of late through no fault of her own, a sickness kept her bound. You made sure no one was incidentally around to peer inside your apartment.

"I got a brochure today in the mail," you casually respond, "for that Hyper Assistance Center located not too far from here."

The distance didn't matter.

"You're not thinking of sending me away, are you?"

You weren't.

"I just want you to know that I'm always here for you, and I want what's best for you, and I want you to know that there are options out there."

"I know, I'm just... so scared."

"I know, honey, I love you."

"I love you, too."

The iconic growl of an empty stomach alerts you to your hunger.

"Wow I'm starving. Are you hungry? There's this new Mexican place that opened up, I hear good things about their empanadas. I could get some for you..." You trail off.

"You know I can't... anymore." Her responses were always muffled.

Muffled. Fuzzy. Everything about life has been awashed with uncertainty and anxiety. Inescapable, dominating confusion. All you knew was to go to work, come home, take care of your girlfriend, sleep, go to work. You've shut off all social life in light of her disease.

“Right, right.” You respond. “All you can tolerate is...” “ You trail off again.

From the kitchen you unabashedly eye your girlfriend’s milky white breasts, admiring the taut skin, the beads of sweat that decorate them, and the rivers of veins that ran beneath. You walk over and grab a handful of breast flesh in your tired fingers.

“Eeep! Your hands are cold!” A yelp of surprise from your girlfriend, still muffled. You trace your hand from the top of her breast to the bottom and estimate the distance traveled along the curve to be about five or six meters. As massive as ever, the breasts dominated the thin frame of your girlfriend... and the living room. From wall to wall and nearly floor to ceiling it was nothing but your girlfriend’s breasts.

You start kneading the breasts. Squeezing them. Kissing and licking them. Soft moans respond in kind. You grab and fondle the pillow sized nipple, a nipple so large it’s taken your whole arm (among other things) with ease.

“Hehe, is it time for *my* dinner?” She asks.

You play with her tits a little bit more before undressing. Lining yourself up you plunge your cock deep into her cleavage and experience a tit-fuck of impossible proportions. The hot embrace of sweaty breast flesh envelops you as you thrust yourself towards your girlfriend’s head, somewhere in the cleavage. Without long you feel a pair of big soft lips envelop the head of your penis. A long wet tongue dances along your shaft expertly massaging your phallus. Your body jerks involuntarily from the sheer pleasure, thrusting more cock down her throat in the process. “Was she ever this good at sucking cock?” You wonder silently.

She cums before you do. She cums so easily now. You wonder how often she masturbates given the lack of anything else she can do. She continues sucking you off. A long time passes before your body finally clenches in anticipation. You can feel it so distinctly, as if your consciousness encompassed nothing but the thick surge of cum passing through your dick. So distinctly you feel it, how your cock deforms and stretches to accommodate each impossibly sized load that passes through it, you wonder how you’ve never noticed before. After that surge there is another. And another. The feeling of bliss and release floods your brain and you see stars and gasp for breath as you cum again and again. The greedy, wet slurping sounds of sucking and swallowing join your own moaning and grunting as a duet of sexual noise.

How long has it finally been? You pull away and notice the sounds are different now. It is of wet flesh separating from wet flesh, the vacuum noise of sticky cum parting, the plopping and dripping of liquids and the gasping of air. You finish your load over her tits. It sounds like hitting a latex balloon.

Without waiting long you dive back into your girlfriend’s bosom. Cum and sweat lubricate your entire body and easily you glide to her in the dark of the cleavage. You two embrace in a long passionate kiss. You feel yourself getting hard again.

“They won’t let us do this, you know.” Your girlfriend says. With the both of you in her cleavage, you finally hear her voice unmuffled. “If I was sent away I mean.”

“I know.” You respond, you give her a kiss as you begin fucking her tits again. “I just want what’s best for you.”

