

# Dolled Up:

An Erotic Novel

By Near N. Far

## Chapter 1

“Oh GOD! Lina, your pussy feels unbelievable!” Bryan was shouting so loud that I worried the neighbors could hear. Or, I would have been worried if I weren’t completely engrossed in the pleasure of the moment right there with him.

“Bry, you are filling me up! Your cock is *incredible!*!” I could feel myself slurring the words a bit, but I didn’t give a shit. My husband’s seven inch, rock-hard dick was stirring my insides, and it just felt incredible. I was so wet that his dick was sliding around inside with practically zero friction. I rocked my hips back and forth and gazed down at him from my position on top.

God, was he hot. To anyone else, he might just be an average looking guy, but his slightly pudgy stomach, smattering of chest hair, tousled blonde locks, and lazily overgrown beard were my vision of an Adonis. Especially when he was in the midst of rearranging my internal organs with his cock.

“Oooh, I’m getting close!” he cried out, shutting his eyes and clenching his jaw.

I had a decision to make.

When I first threw him down on the bed and began unfastening his pants, my intent had been to practice a couple new spells. Of course, in the heat of the moment, I sort of got more than a little carried away and my whole spellcrafting plan had gone to the wayside with my inhibitions.

What can I say, I’m a bit of a cock-whore. Good dick drives me wild. And Bry’s dick is always good.

But there I was, grinding on top of his cock with him gritting and getting ready to pump me full of cum, and the plan came flooding back into my mind. The spells.

I leaned my body forward and felt every inch of him slide slowly out of me before his rigid member emerged and plopped against the lips of my pussy. The sensation nearly drove me to lean back and let him plunge back up into me, but I held firm in my resolve.

“Aww...” Bryan bemoaned the sudden stoppage.

“I know you’re about to come, babe,” I cooed in an attempt to placate him. “And you will. Trust me. I just want to try something I think you’ll really like.”

He opened his eyes and looked directly into mine. With a sly grin he said, “Then I’m sure I will.”

Taking my cue, I rolled over off of him and stretched out to grab my phone from the nightstand.

“Ah,” he said with sudden understanding in his voice, “more magic stuff, huh?”

“Hey, I thought you *liked* my ‘magic stuff’!” I said a bit more indignantly than I had intended. His tone hadn’t been dismissive, so I instantly felt a little bad about how harsh my response had come out.

Bryan, being the guy he was, just brushed right past my response and just smiled. “I *do* like your magic stuff. So whatcha got in store, huh? Didn’t know you were practicing sexy magic.”

“Well,” I teased with a glance up from my phone, simultaneously trying to keep the mood from slipping away and locate the proper pdf in my mess of downloads, “I was wondering if you wanted to blow your load all up in my insides like normal...”

“Or...?” he played along.

“Or if you wanted me to give you one hell of a titfuck and you could cover my massive tits in a flood of spooge?”

Bryan’s face took on a puzzled look. I couldn’t really fault him.

I’ve never been what you would describe as “busty.” In fact, I’ve been pretty well cursed with a wooden plank of a chest. I always made up for it in other ways. My ass is pure perfection, for one. And my ravenous cock-lust tends to help me find ways to keep things interesting. Apparently guys dig a chick with an oral fixation, so that’s a bonus.

Regardless, my flat chest never really proved much of a hindrance in my romantic life. I’ve never been super self-conscious about it. It’s just how I am.

But Bryan... my dearest husband Bryan... he’s absolutely a boob guy. Always has been. Always will be.

It’s never been an issue in our relationship, though. He watches his fair share of busty bimbos getting railed in his favorite porn clips, but when it comes to our sex life together, he finds ways to enjoy our carnal conjunction despite what some would see as my shortcomings. So, we’ve discussed his preferences and such at length as a matter of healthy communication, but it’s not once caused any real friction between us. I know he has loads of sexual fantasies that I’m not exactly a fit for, but they’re just fantasies. I can still “bring it” in bed.

While I’ve never been bothered by any of this, a thought *had* occurred to me. I’ve been working on practicing my witchcraft lately, and I wanted to see if there was anything fun that I could find in the way of spells to really have some wild antics in the bedroom. Spice things up with a little black magic.

And boy, did I hit the jackpot. I found two perfect spells. One for him. One for me. And now that I’d managed to drag myself off his intoxicating dick and pull up the spell book on my phone, I was ready to give these new tricks a test.

“I asked you,” I rephrased the question, just slowly enough to tip my hand that I was playing with him, “do you want to cum all over my big ol’ titties?”

His face continued to contort before his eyes grew wide and realization seemed to dawn on him.

“There’s a spell for that?!”

“Sure is,” I said with a smile.

I held my phone up with my left hand so that I could read the incantation, and, with my right, I made the exact finger motions shown in the spell’s diagram. Then it was just a matter of holding the desired results in my mind’s eye.

“Here we go,” I said to Bryan with a wink before reciting the incantation carefully.

“Myu-nii-haa-teh-ann... myu-nii-haa-teh-ann...”

Bryan watched on, practically drooling as he stared a hole in the tawny flesh of my breast.

The next few seconds were agonizing. I held my breath, and I’m almost positive he was holding his. I’d tried dozens of simple spells over the past few weeks, gradually building my confidence in my witchcraft, but this was my first body-modification spell. I had no reference for what to expect.

Mercifully, the spell was fast to begin its work.

It began with a tingling in my flesh. Almost like the pins and needles you feel when a limb falls asleep, but far less intense and honestly, a good bit more pleasurable. I could feel that tingle in my nipples and areolas, quickly spreading outward from there.

"I think it's starting to work," I said to Bryan, unable to hide the glee in my voice.

He said nothing in response, but he licked and bit his lips in anticipation.

As the tingling spread throughout the entirety of my chest, a cozy warmth began to follow, creeping into my skin and penetrating deeper into my core, the heat in me rising steadily. Then there was the pressure.

"Oh," I let out the sound involuntarily as the sensation of tightness appeared very suddenly in my breasts. Bryan leaned in closer at that cue.

Finally, the growth began. It was almost imperceptible at first, the faintest glimmer of movement as my skin bowed outward at the slowest of speeds.

"It's working!" Bryan exclaimed. I should've expected his level of enthusiasm for growing breasts, but it came as a surprise even to me. "They're getting bigger!"

"They are, but let's not get too worked up," I tried to temper his excitement. I knew how big my breasts would grow thanks to the spell, but I was beginning to fear I may have oversold what I was going for. I didn't want to disappoint him after all this build-up. As long as they got big enough to squeeze them around his cock, he'd be happy, provided I kept his expectations reigned in.

Still, my breasts kept growing. The tingling, the warmth, the pressure, all of it remained, growing ever stronger at a slow, but steady pace. My tiny bumps of breasts were advancing outward, directly toward my breast obsessed husband's gawking face.

"How does it feel?" Bryan asked, still transfixed.

"Like..." I searched for the right words to express the bizarrely erotic sensations, "like there's a pair of bigger breasts already inside me, under the skin, and they're fighting their way out of me. Slowly. Assuredly. It's like I *know* that my tits are about to get bigger. I can feel them getting bigger, and I can just feel the *push* as they keep growing."

"Can I feel?" he asked, holding up a hand but holding himself back until he had my blessing.

"Knock yourself out, stud," I said.

It felt like the moment the words left my mouth, his hands were both already on my developing mammarys, my erect nipples pressing into the skin of his palms as his fingers actually sank lightly into the billowing flesh of my tits. *Holy shit*, I thought to myself, *I have enough boob for him to actually GRAB!*

By that point, they were legitimately boobs. No more "mosquito bites" or "flat stacks" for me. Thanks to the spell, my girls were wandering their way into the earliest stretches of the alphabet for the first time.

"What do you think? Maybe up to a B cup?" I asked the expert.

"Lina, you're easily a full B, maybe even a C cup, now."

He gave a few good squeezes, each of which caused me to shudder from the sensation. Apparently the growth caused a heightened sensitivity, as well as its own host of feelings playing through my body.

“And you’re growing faster,” he added with a smile.

I looked down, and where his hands were latched onto my chest, I could see the soft pudges of breast flesh peeking from between his fingers, expanding outward still. Growing. Bryan was right. It was happening at a steadily increasing pace.

“There we are,” I said, smiling down at my growing tits as my husband fondled them happily. “Now we’re getting somewhere!”

My breasts, now that I actually had true breasts, were getting large enough to fully fill up Bryan’s hands as he played and squeezed. There was no way that any of my tiny, sad little bras would even manage to close, let alone contain the respectable bust I had gained in just the past few moments.

After another few electrifying seconds of sensation, I felt the growth finally begin to abate. My chest had grown to the size I had envisioned while casting the spell, a satisfying, perky set of tittyfuck-able D-cup boobs. Looking down at them, I could see actual cleavage between the mounds that Bryan still held tight as he flexed his fingers, pressing them deep into the pliable flesh. I was so excited! I could actually fulfill one of my crazy, sex-crazed husband’s fetishes myself, instead of just sucking him off while some actress did it on his phone.

A quick check of his own growth indicated that he was as hopelessly enthralled by my surprise as I’d anticipated. His cock was still fully erect and twitching in the air, eager for my tits’ embrace.

“You ready for a real life tittyfuck?” I asked him in my best breathy, sensuous seduction voice.

“I cannot express to you how much I am ready,” he said, still fixated on playing with my new toys. I needed him to stop so I could move on to the next part of my plan, but his hands just felt so good on my sensitive tits that I wanted it to last forever. First the feelings of the growth, but then his ceaseless squeezing and teasing. It was driving me wild. I had to stay focused.

To start, I pushed him firmly in the center of his chest so that he fell back onto the bed. Then I stood up, struggling to balance with my newly altered center of mass. The wobbling of my expanded breasts was both intoxicating and a bit unwieldy. Once stabilized, I grabbed his legs and dragged them off the bed, turning him ninety degrees so that his upright mast was standing at attention right at the edge of the mattress.

“One more thing before we begin,” I said to him as I grabbed my phone once more and scrolled to the next spell. The one I picked just for me.

Visualize, hand motion, incantation.

“Tah-hof-yuu-reh... tah-hof-yuu-reh...”

The moment I was finished with the recitation, Bryan spoke up, “So, what did you have in mind for...”

The second he stopped speaking, I knew it had begun. He was feeling the effects already. I could even see it beginning to work. His dick began to twitch more noticeably, and I could already tell his scrotum was filling.

“Are... are my balls getting bigger?” he stammered, a look of confusion and pleasure mixing across his face.

“How does it feel?” I asked in response to his own question.

“Like... I really, REALLY need to cum...” he said, biting his lip again.

“Well, let’s fix that, shall we?”

I wasted no time diving to my knees at the edge of the bed. By the time I got my new D’s wrapped around his dick, his testicles were nearing the size of clementines in his increasingly taut sack. He was producing a ton of extra semen. Just as intended.

With a quick grab of the lube bottle from the bedside table, I slathered my new tits up and plopped them together with my hands, sandwiching that incredible cock of his right between them. Deep in my cleavage—it still blew my mind that I had cleavage—I could feel the hard, throbbing heat of him. Using my hands, I began rubbing my tits up and down furiously, his glans barely emerging from the ravine before vanishing again as I lifted my chest back up.

It felt like I was rubbing him for ages, but it couldn’t have gone on for more than a minute or two. The swelling of his scrotum was nearly up to the size of a pair of softballs and was already dying down when I could see the signs that he was getting close. He grabbed at the bedsheets with both hands, arched his back, tensed his abs and glutes, kicked lightly with his left foot, and let out a low moan.

He was there.

“Oh god, Lina! I’m cumming! I’m CUMMING!”

Bingo.

To say that the semen increase spell was a success might be underselling it a bit. Even with his cock buried in my cleavage, long spurting ropes of thick cum blasted out, landing across my chest, neck, face, and shoulders. As he twitched and gasped, more and more shots of cum erupted from him and plastered me, him, and the bed. A few even managed to splatter the wall and ceiling. He came for a solid minute, his balls contracting and squeezing out every last drop of his sweet and salty nectar.

After the shock of the initial blasts, I pulled back just enough to his spraying cock emerge from my tits so that I could lean down and latch on with my lips, taking his manhood fully into my mouth and throat. Still, he twitched and blasted shot after shot of the sticky cum down my throat and into my belly. I must have swallowed a quart by the time he was finished. And that’s on top of the half gallon or more that he painted the bedroom with.

Once I could be sure the flood had stopped, I let his softening self fall out of my mouth, and I began to fish in the nightstand for a handkerchief to begin the clean-up process.

“Lin, that was unbelievable,” Bryan said from his prone position, his voice a bit groggy from the post-coital stupor.

“Agreed,” I said, not sure what else to add.

“So, are those spells permanent?” he continued.

“No, I didn’t envision them that way,” I answered as I began to wipe cum from my shoulders.

“Magic is awesome,” he mused. “Why don’t you use it more?”

“Well, for one, it’s dangerous if you’re not careful,” I answered, playing back the essays I’d already read, myself. “And two, it can create an over-reliance. Magic should be tempered with respect for the arts.”

I was so focused on cleaning the cum off of myself that I failed to notice that he'd picked up my phone and was scrolling as I spoke. It was his recitation that alerted me.

"Rah... noz... hyu... met..."

"Bry, what are you..." I saw him holding the phone and making the telltale gesture in his other hand as he read off the screen.

"No!" I cried, but he finished the incantation.

"Rah-noz-hyu-met!" he said with a smile toward me.

"What are you doing?!" I shouted, more sternly than I intended, but my sweet, dumb husband had just rattled off a magical spell with absolutely zero experience. "What spell was that?"

"Relax," he chided playfully with a smile, "just helping you with the cleanup."

Immediately, I felt the handkerchief I was holding tug as globules of semen pulled at it, separating themselves from the cloth and floating into the air. Around the room, the many stains from his ejaculation were doing the same, all rising up from their resting places to swirl in the open air around him.

"What spell?" I asked again. "What did you envision?"

"Envision?" he asked just as I felt a churning in my gut and the slithering sensation of a stomach full of his cum worked its way up and out of my esophagus like a gummy worm's ghost. The long coil of semen came up into my mouth and out past my lips, nearly gagging me as it came.

"Oh, god, I'm so sorry," Bryan apologized as I doubled over while more of his spunk pulled itself back out of me.

"Wha... gack... what did yo—ough!" I tried to get my words out, but they were blocked by the cum backflow.

Bryan finally realized what I was attempting to ask and said, "I didn't envision anything! I swear! It was just a mess clean-up spell on your phone!"

*Oh no.* He didn't realize it, but I had a good inkling of what was about to happen. I would've warned him, had I not been unswallowing the massive amount of cum I'd just guzzled.

Then my suspicions were confirmed. The swirling masses of cum all coalesced into a series of long cords as they spiraled in the air around the tip of Bryan's cock. He watched on with concern in his eyes, glancing back and forth between the cum spiral and me. The cleanup spell was working, but without an envisioned effect, it was doing its best with no direction.

"Babe," he asked nervously, "what's going to happen?"

I looked at him with as much sympathy as I could muster with cum still slithering out of my throat, and I gave him a helpless shrug. He was about to learn why you don't practice witchcraft without properly learning the techniques first.

The mess was being put back where it came from. Then the cum spiral darted straight for the tip of his semi-flaccid cock.