

Command Mode

Jemma was sprawled over the couch enjoying a relaxing Friday night. Loose fitting pajamas were draped over her slender body like baggy cotton wrapping paper. Beneath the matching plaid top and bottoms rested her naked body, the soft fabric tickling her nipples playfully each time she drew breath. The sound of the garage door opening alerted her to Jack's return home from work.

"Happy Friday!" she called out hearing him walk through the kitchen.

"And happy Friday to you," he said cheerfully, standing behind the couch to wrap his arms around her. Each of her breasts was cupped in his hands before receiving gentle squeezes, a greeting Jemma had grown accustomed to.

"Wasting no time, I see," Jemma giggled. His touch was always something she enjoyed, in more ways than one.

"I've been thinking about what I was going to do to you all day while I was at work..." Jack hummed, hefting her generous D cups again. "And I came up with a few ideas."

Each of her nipples hardened against his palms and Jemma could feel her core temperature rising. Their sex life was incredible and Jack's spontaneity was partially to thank. "Mmmm... What'd you have in mind...?" Jemma cooed. His hands felt extra strong on her body today. If there was one thing she enjoyed, it was being manhandled by her husband.

"I was thinking maybe you could do anything I say," Jack told her firmly, a slight snicker of confidence in his voice.

"Oooohh...! I *love* when I have to do whatever you say," Jemma squirmed. Memories of their past roleplays were starting to make her wet under her pajama bottoms. Being submissive to Jack gave her a chance to let go and not have to make any decisions; she was perfectly all right playing the role of his personal sex toy for a night and always relished the opportunity.

"Actually, I had something a tad different in mind for this time."

"Hmm? How so?" Jemma asked. His hands had stopped their kneading, sliding up her chest before coming to rest on her shoulders.

The sensation of Jack leaning closer behind her was exhilarating and chills ran down her spine when he breathed hotly into her ear before commanding softly, "Come."

"*AAUUGH!!*" Jemma cried out loudly. It had come on fast as lightning, a wave of heat crashing over her loins like a wrecking ball. She quickly fell away from his hands and doubled over. "*Hah... H-Hah...*" Jemma panted, a spontaneous orgasm pulsing its way through her body like electricity.

Jack stood over her shaking form, smiling at his handy work. It had only taken a single word, but at his command, Jemma had come instantly. Soon the effects wore off and the pleasure ebbed away to leave her out of breath with a thin layer of perspiration on her brow.

"J-Jack..." she moaned, "Where...*mmmmm*...where the *hell* did that come from?? I-I just orgasmed...out of nowhere! God, I don't think I've ever come so hard in my life!"

“You like it?”

“Like it? I’m fucking seeing spots!” Jemma exclaimed. “How in the world did you--”

“Come.”

“*AHHHHH OOOH, GOD!!!*” Jemma yelled, again doubling over in a fit of gasps and pleased cries. One of her hands shot to her throbbing pussy soaking her pajama bottoms, pressing against it firmly as if to help calm it down. “W-W-What...the hell...is this...?” she tried to ask between strained gasps for air.

Jack was at her side, sitting next to her on the couch. She felt him gently push her onto her back, her shaking body giving itself to his every whim. As he crawled on top and laid over Jemma, he could see the pleading filling her eyes. She wanted more.

“J-Jack...” she moaned, “What is going on...? How are you...”

He hushed her with a chuckle. The sight of his wife already looking so exasperated before they he had even gotten started was like a work of art. “Just a little trick I learned. I can make you orgasm just by telling you to, among--”

“D-Do...it...again...” she begged.

“--among other things,” Jack finished.

Jemma’s eyes lit up. “Mmmmm what kind of things?”

Placing his hands on Jemma’s chest, much to her pleasure, he firmly commanded, “Grow.”

“Mmmmmmm...” A warmth spread over her bust. It encompassed her body like a hot bath. Though when she felt Jack’s hands starting to press harder into her chest, her eyes shot down to see the front of her pajamas filling upward.

“M-My boobs!” she gasped, watching as they bloated larger and larger against Jack’s hands. His fingers sank into the flannel like memory foam, her tits engorging beyond the size of her head in only a matter of seconds. “Jack... What in the w-world...are you...*nnnnngh*...” Jemma’s words trailed off, her mind not caring so much in the face of the overwhelming pleasure of her skin stretching.

Despite the enthralling sense of growth, she was aware of another change occurring in her body. The waistband of her bottoms was coiling around her hips as her thighs raised off the couch. Jack’s own pelvis was lifted along with it. “M-My ass too??” she moaned, her hands sliding down her waist to feel the bulging cheeks of her rear rippling out her sides. “I can feel...my e-entire body...*growing!*”

“*Swell.*”

“*AhhhhhhhhHHHHH!!!*” Jemma exclaimed loudly as an accelerated amount of growth piled onto her. Within seconds her mammaries bloated to basketball sizes, her quickening gasps muffled by an onslaught of heaving cleavage smashing into her face. The front of her shirt stretched taut, riding up her tummy to accompany the enlarged bosom within. Below, her ass continued its own growth. Her waistband had been forced halfway down her butt and was cutting into a rear as wide as two watermelons like a belt.

“J-Jack...!” she cried out, her clothes constricting her as soft flesh threatened to envelop her face and overflow her sleeves.

“Stop...” Jack said calmly. When her growth ceased, leaving her body like a wobbling voluptuous hourglass, Jemma tried to speak but Jack hardly gave her time to breathe. He stood up and said, “Stand.”

“M-Mmm...” Jemma whimpered, the stress her pajamas were exerted on her body causing immense pleasure. She stood before Jack, clothes filled to the brim with heaving curves.

“Come.”

“Ahh! AHH!! AAHHHH!!” Jemma screamed, falling to her knees heavily as her arms wrapped around her bust to hug it into herself, causing seams to pop along her sides. Visible shaking made her body ripple for the length of a minute before the orgasm dissipated, leaving her sweaty and groping thumb-sized nipples. “Jack...” she begged, “I-I don’t know...how much more...I can...t-take...”

He ignored her pleas, a clear plan in mind. “Burst out of your top.”

“J-J-Jaaaaaack!!” Jemma’s eyes bulged wide as her tits took on an incredible growth. They grew with such speed her arms were flung open before she could tighten her grip. Within only moments her pajama top was overflowing with tightening tit flesh at every corner. “N-NNGHH!!” she groaned, helpless to her breasts’ mission to beat her top.

SHHHRRRIIP!!

Her shirt split down the middle to release a wave of pale skin into her lap. Looking on in disbelief, Jemma could hardly breathe at the sight of her body. Nipples the size of her fists throbbed on their fronts, quivering and begging for a touch of a tongue.

“Stand up and turn around.”

Jemma nodded, helplessly heaving her beachball tits into the air before turning her back to him.

“Bend over and slip your bottoms down.”

“M-MMMMM...” Jemma whimpered again, having to release her breasts. They hung off her front like pendulums, bouncing against each other as she bent at the hips. Her fingers had trouble gripping her overstretched waistband digging into her ass but finally managed to grip it and slide them down.

Revealing a sopping pussy between two plump thighs, Jack said, “Freeze.”

Jemma stopped, unable to move with her pants halfway down her legs. Shivering with anticipation, she was hardly able to imagine the sight presented to Jack. When his finger ran over the length of her crotch she would have collapsed had he not told her to stay.

“Puff up,” he demanded.

“O-OooohhhhhhHHH...” Jemma groaned, feeling her pussy push and squirm against her thighs. Each of her lips swelled slightly and became plump like thumbs.

“Puff up,” Jack said again, a finger tracing between her legs.

“OOOOHHHHH...”

Jemma quaked with pleasure as her pussy swelled immensely between her wet thighs. Her hands clenched, dropping her bottoms to the ground at the feeling of her crotch engorging like two small balloons. They slid and pushed against each other, smashed between her thighs and forcing her legs apart. She could feel her puffy lips swelling behind her like a dripping pillow. It felt as though she were trying to hold two hot, slippery water balloons between her plump legs. When Jack's entire hand slid into the lips of her puffed-up pussy she nearly fainted.

"Now grow until you can't stand it."

"O-OOOOH GOD... I-I...*GOD!!*" Still frozen in place, Jemma's curves bloated in every direction. Her breasts billowed from her sides and quickly reached the floor in their mammoth globe-like sizes. Behind her, her ass grew like a balloon hooked to an air compressor. It fought for space with her glistening pussy as skin slipped and squeaked.

"S-SO BIG! *JAAAAACK!!*" Jemma screamed, her body beginning to shake. The weight of her body was quickly becoming too much for her to take. Over the wall of ass, Jack could see Jemma was slowly falling to the floor from the weight of her udders.

Finally, with a great *FWOOMP!!*, Jemma gave in to her body and fell forward. She landed on top of her breasts with arms outstretched, each like a circular bean bag jiggling with her gasping weight. Their height required her to kneel, presenting a rear end engulfing her own thighs and reaching to her calves. Spreading her cheeks was a pussy the size of half a watermelon, showing shiny and pink. It was a sight Jack had to appreciate for a moment.

The moment was fleeting, however; there was still much he wanted to do. When Jemma felt his hands sink into her hips to position himself behind her engorged pussy, she shuddered with excitement and wondered what could possibly come next.

"W-What...now...*master?*" she moaned softly.

"Fill with milk."