

## **Commission #4 – The Technique**

### **Chapter 1**

My name is Jasmine, Jaz for short, a lot has changed in my life in the past 16 weeks. I needed to write this all down to make sure that someone would read it one day and make sure that someone would hear my story before... Well, we'll get there.

It all started 17 weeks ago at the office. I work in the HR department of a big corporate company, we deal in distribution and logistics, thoroughly boring stuff but the pay is good. Another day and I found myself wanting to just get up and leave. My life was passing me by, I was a hard worker and thanks to some connections I managed to get into this great paying job, but I'd been here for only a few months but already at 20 I felt left out, most of my friends were out partying, sleeping with a new guy every weekend, the dirty stories they would tell me excited me. I wanted some of that. But alas, here I was, I'd secured a decent job for life but what life was that? A boring one. I needed something to spice my life up, something to really change things up, break the cycle I already found myself in. Browsing online I came across an ad, one of those really cheesy ones. "Change your life forever, NOW!" Not sure why but the ad struck a nerve and I clicked it. The shady site opened, and I thought, why not read it at least? What harm could it do?

The site described numerous ways of meditating, focusing on life from a new lens, opening your third eye to the world and all that crap. This website offered a one time class that would help you understand and get more out of life. There was a timer, 60 seconds, counting down. A marketing ploy no doubt. I reread it all again and the timer had 20 seconds left. In what seemed like a dumb move at the time, I clicked sign up. I gave them my card details and enrolled in the class.

To my surprise the site didn't scam me, they didn't empty my bank account but rather they sent an email with a video attachment. It was an hour long but came with the incredibly fake marketing slogan: "The best 60 minutes of your life, guaranteed"

I finished up at work and headed home to give this video a watch. Grabbing some food on the way home I immediately open the video when I get home. A gentleman appears on the screen and tells me to get naked. What the fuck, right? Again, not even sure why at this point, I followed the instructions. So here I sat in my living room on a Wednesday evening, butt ass naked and watching a guy green screened into a temple scene talk to me about meditation.

He proceeded to talk for about 30 minutes about how the world works, how to think and he kept referencing the "Technique of Happiness." He then guided me through meditation for the last 30 minutes. He seemed entirely normal but said that at the end it was vitally important that you snap your fingers. He said that for this to work I would need to do this every other day for at least four weeks. A quick snap later and the video ends. The way the

guy spoke about it seemed like it would be this instantaneous spell that would just work as soon as I snapped my fingers, and my life would be different. Unsurprising, nothing happened. I got dressed and continued my evening.

Fixated on the technique, I did it every other day as suggested. I didn't really notice much difference, but I did feel slightly happier, maybe? Probably the placebo effect. Fast forward two weeks and I notice something. I am much hornier than usual, I didn't know why but I felt the need to masturbate more. Every week turned into every other day, usually after my meditation but at the three-week mark, I found myself needing daily relief. I continued the meditation; I passed the four-week mark and didn't feel the need to stop so I kept going.

At six weeks my libido was starting to get out of control, I needed to masturbate twice a day, sometimes three, my fingers were not enough so I had bought some toys to help. My desire was getting the better of me, my need for release and satisfaction starting to corrupt my mind, the urge to pleasure myself was steadily increasing. Thanks to my work I hadn't even had a chance to meet anyone so there I was, single and masturbating like crazy. It was over this next week that things started to change...

I was at work, losing focus as my rising horniness was taking over my thoughts. Ever minute of every hour I was thinking about sex, orgasming and filling the void of pleasure within me. The morning was going so slowly, it was torture, after each email I needed to take 10 seconds to calm myself, it was a fruitless endeavor. I couldn't hold it anymore, I needed relief, so I headed to the bathroom. Unfortunately, I didn't have a toy with me but until a few weeks ago I had never used one before. Trembling with excitement, lust and fear of being caught I slip into a stall and lower my hands into my pants. At this point I realise for the first time something is different. I feel different. I remember pulling down my trousers and pants and looking at my shaved mound. It looked puffy? Bigger? Engorged? Timidly I touched it and it felt like I was struck by lightning. The feeling was immense, so much more sensitive than normal. I had never been able to orgasm multiple times, always entered a refractory period but this time was different. I stayed in the stall for 30 minutes, I lost count how many times I came.

The following weeks it only got worse and worse. Hornier and hornier, I would take a toy into work, sneaking it into my bag and spending my lunch breaks masturbating. The fear of getting caught slowly leaving my mind, turning to excitement almost. I don't know how I didn't see it at that point. I continued my meditation, every day an hour long. I received an email from the website. A second class was available, Double the price but promised the best results yet for less time. Obviously, I bought it and watched the video.

The guy was back, and I talked through how to take the "Technique of happiness" to the next level. Instead of needing to meditate for an hour and snapping my finger, it was now just a case of snapping my finger after thinking of a codeword. The codeword needed to be "Linked" through mediation but after two weeks it would be just as effective to think of that word and snap my finger.

I was so down the rabbit hole I did it without question and you know what? It fucking worked.

Weeks and weeks went by, it was about 12 weeks since I started the class when I started to really struggle in my day-to-day life. I was still often masturbating to try and calm myself

down, I was now up to four-five times a day, usually twice in work. My pussy was becoming a nuisance, I was having to go out of my way to hide it. It had grown massive, bigger than anything I was able to find online that was real. My lips bulged obscenely, and it took real effort to hide it. It looked like I was smuggling something down there. If I didn't attempt to hide them, you could easily see the biggest camel toe on the planet right there, on my crotch.

One day we had a new intern join the team. His office cubical was next to mine so I was assigned to showing him the ropes. No big deal I thought, wrong, dead wrong. He was 22 and took good care of himself, he clearly worked out because his forearms were bulging out of his shirt, as were his pecs. I couldn't take my eyes off him. I remember thinking how screwed I was. From first sight I felt my heart rate speed up, I could feel that familiar tingling. I had a whole eight hours with him.

I don't know how I came across; it couldn't have been that bad because he didn't run. The shift ran quite quickly because I had to show him so much and we didn't really have time for idle chatter, I barely even got his name, come to think about it. My boss was so driven to get him up to speed that we both felt the pressure and worked through our lunches. That night, the second I got into the house until the moment I fell asleep I was working myself to play catch up. I lost count of how many times I did cum, thinking about Alex, but it was enough to get me to fall asleep.

The next day Alex spent the morning with another member of the team. Lunch time rolled around, and I made a mad dash to the toilet to pleasure myself and try to stem the rising lust within me. During the last turn I bumped into Alex who was carrying some food. The food flew out of his hands, and he fell backwards to the floor. His lunch ruined, my gasp of shock filled the hallway and I looked down at him, his eyeline wasn't meeting mine, his gaze landed lower, much lower. This lit a fire within me, and I felt myself become even more turned on, somehow. My panties soaked. I remember looking at him like he was a piece of meat, and I was very hungry. My brain or just my crippling shyness when it came to sex meant I ran onward to the toilets to furiously masturbate, I don't think I even said sorry to Alex.

Over the next few weeks, we talked more but still, the hunger to touch myself was getting the better of me often than not. I am now needing to masturbate eight-ten times a day, I can't last the day without at least three in working hours. Today is around week 16 since I watched the video, my pussy now is impossible to hide in anything I own, I can't go out in public. I have been working at home for the past few days, I just told my boss I am sick, but I can still work from home. It isn't a permanent fix but for now it's working. I've noticed that the rest of my clothes are fitting a bit snugger. My boobs are starting to overflow my bra's. My C cup bra looks tiny compared to my now, at a guess, F cups. My hips have gotten wider too, I find myself catching myself on doorways, I am not used to their size. I looked in the mirror and that is what prompted me to write this. I needed to document the extreme changes I've gone under, I need to see if the meditation *is* the reason, I have to test this theo-

\*Knock knock\*

The knocking at the door startles me.

“Who is that?” I nervously say under my breath, looking up from my diary. I open the door gingerly and peer through the gap. It’s Alex.

*Fuck.*

## **Chapter 2**

“Alex? What the hell are you doing here?” I say desperately. My heart is beating rapidly already, just seeing him here at my doorstep. *Fuck.*

“Linda said you were sick, so I thought I’d bring you some soup.” He smiles at me.

*That smile...*

“Thanks, er, hand it here...” I say weakly.

“Oh, sure, I don’t mind... coming in and helping you, if you are that sick.”

*Shit... I can’t resist...*

I open the door, stand tall, take a deep breath and puff out my chest. With my hands on my hips, I stare right at Alex, I survey his body. *I want him.* Before he can react, I reach out and grab him by his shirt and yank him into my house. I throw him against the wall and throw myself at him. He is trying to keep modest and hold onto the soup as he tries to pull back. I snatch the soup out of his hand and throw it down the hall, towards the front door. *That’s tomorrow’s problem.*

I grab his left hand and place it on my hip, the electricity from his touch causes me to moan deeply into his mouth. *This is it.* I grab his right hand, whilst still aggressively making out with him. I take it slowly down my side towards my waiting pussy. *If I were to go any faster, I would surely explode.* His hand now following my hip to my plump lips. *So close.*

His hand makes contact, my over sensitive labia explode with sensation. I finally break the kiss and my head rocks backward, I let out a scream. *Fffuuucck.* Orgasm rocks my body as my legs start to wobble, powerful wave after wave sweeps over my body. I start to fall but Alex, ever the gentleman, saves me.

A few moments pass as I lay limply in his arms. I finally open my eyes once more and look deep into his.

“What happened to you?” He asks, puzzled.

“I don’t know, I don’t care, I *need* you.” I plead.

I try to be the aggressor, but my lack of energy lets me down, thankfully Alex takes the hint and picks me up. My breathing quickens as he carries me to the bedroom with my navigation. *There is something so fucking hot about being carried to my room by someone that wants one thing.*

He throws me onto the bed and examines my body.

“You have changed... I’ve been so busy that I’ve not noticed... you look amazing.” For the first time I notice the fire in his eyes and his hard cock which is snaked down his left thigh. *Looks big.*

“Can’t say that I’ve ever noticed *this*.” My second wind kicking in, I lunge to his hard cock. “I need this in me, I need you to fuck me.”

Alex doesn’t need to be told twice, quickly removing his clothes. I take the time to observe his body. *I’m so wet.* I take my turn and slowly expose my body, Alex the first person to see my new body. My large boobs rest heavily on my chest and my wide hips balance out my figure. It takes me some time to get my panties off, every movement against my inflated labia causes me to moan and pause.

“I have never seen anything like that...ever...” Alex trails off.

“Do you like it? It’s so fucking sensitive, its so big and soft. I need your cock in it, now.” I command.

He slowly takes his hard cock and parts my plump lips and enters me. I orgasm twice on the first insertion.

“Holy fuck, its amazing” He moans aloud.

He starts thrusting and within 30 seconds I am completely spent, thankfully so is he. My huge pussy milking his hard cock dry. His seed filling me, too lost in passion to care we both fall asleep on the side of the bed.

The next few weeks fly by. I continue to meditate, thankfully working from home is working well enough for me that I am able to make a business case to stay at home. Alex would’ve liked to have me be in work with him, but he understands why I can’t go to work anymore, or go outside at all really.

I have grown more.

A lot more.

Over the few weeks since me and Alex had sex, I have started to notice that my boobs are now even bigger than before, steadily approaching H cups. My hips have grown more, gone is my curve less frame and now I have huge hips which support my massive ass. I would be more upset about this, but Alex loves it. Finally, my pussy defies all biology. My lips are now so big that I can’t even wear any clothes on my lower half. My lips protrude outward from my crotch, it looks as though two balloons are being pressed together. Alex loves it, he worships it, much to my glee. Something about being wanted really does get me going. Speaking of Alex, he has effectively moved in with me. He helps my increased libido, thankfully he has the stamina of a stallion.

Another few weeks pass, I am now around a J cup, I have no bra’s anymore that can contain my huge breasts. There is no point in buying any bra’s as I am just continuously getting

bigger and bigger, all over. I've noticed Alex has spent more time rubbing my belly, which now is pooching out slightly. *It can't be growing too, right?*

Another week of meditation, bigger still. I am now 100% sure that my meditation is causing me to grow. The finger snaps every other day is now causing me to expand into a curvy goddess. *I'll stop... one day...*

Something new though is that my belly is now bigger, my stomach is rounding out, I understand that I've been stuck at home for a few months now, but something doesn't seem right. *I think I'll order a pregnancy test to be delivered...*

A few short hours later, "Pregnant", I read the test multiple times, I took six, all positive. My hand slides down to the growing bump. *I've got to stop my meditation.*

### **Chapter 3**

Alex was over the moon, took it very well, I was so relieved. I managed to stop my daily routine of thinking of my linked codeword and snapping my fingers. Yet I was still growing, Alex said it was probably due to the pregnancy. I didn't think I was *that* far along yet, but I was carrying big. I looked like I was approaching six months already, by my count I was only around ten weeks along.

Day after day, I wake up, bigger and bigger. My tits still growing, my ass growing, and my bump is starting to take centre stage. It starts to rest on my hyper inflated pussy lips when I am sitting down. *The feeling is very arousing.*

A few weeks pass again, and I am riding Alex, winded by my huge belly now sticking out further than my ... K? L cup tits? They feel amazing, slapping against my huge bump as it crashes down on Alex. My sex drive has increased more if you can believe it. I managed to get Alex to work from home too and we are so productive we get a pass. We are so productive because we need to be so that we can screw each other's brains out.

Five months later...

"Baaabe! I need your help." I call out into the house. Alex quickly enters the room.

"Ye-" He freezes.

"What?" I ask dumbly.

Before him I stand, a goddess of fertility, hugely pregnant and massively curvy, my belly looks like an overinflated beach ball. My huge leaky breasts, now in the final stretches of the alphabet no doubt, rest heavily on top of the firm orb. My wide motherly hips flare out wildly to be able to offer support to the huge bump that is being carried on my torso. I see his erection come back, *we only fucked 30 minutes ago.*

"Are you just going to stand there?" I gesture at him to come toward me.

Over the past two months I realised that I am still growing, I've been using my meditation power to accelerate the growth, Subconscious at first. In the past two weeks I have given in. I want to get bigger; I want to see how big I can get. I've even tried meditating using the code word more, but it doesn't seem to make any difference. *No matter, I am still growing...*

Alex's hands start to rub and explore my huge body as he leads me back to the bed. I heavily crash onto it, causing the bed to audibly groan. I take up a large area of the top of the bed with my sheer mass alone. Huge and rising above the surface of the bed is my huge belly. So round and firm, my body strains the springs of the mattress. His hands feel so good rubbing and groping its expanse. Every lingering touch causes my pussy to tingle. I join in, reaching as much of my massive belly, the size is turning me on at this point. *I am so fucking huge...* I let out a moan. Alex looks at me and sees the desire on my face, he slowly starts to stroke his dick, unable to resist my massive form.

"Stroke for me..."

His speed increases and I reach out to pull him toward me.

"Take a seat..." With a swift tug I sit him down on top of my belly. It is so large and firm that it can support his entire weight.

Alex is still stroking, I bring my arms to the side of my humongous tits and push them together. Brought together they now cover the lower half of Alex's torso. Milk dribbling out of my long and thick nipples.

"Fuck my tits..." I lewdly command.

Alex starts to thrust into my monstrous cleavage, each thrust causes a ripple throughout my body, sending shockwaves of pleasure throughout.

"You love my massive body don't you..."

Alex nods.

"Tell me..."

"I love your huge body."

"More... I need to hear more..."

"I love your huge body. It's so big Jaz, you are a goddess, a fertility one, so fucking big and sexy... I want to fuck you all the time, how can I resist these massive tits, wide hips and gargantuan belly. I want to fuck you..."

Smiling, I push him off me gently, a small frown appears as his throbbing cock leaves my cleavage. I move to lay on my side and expose my massive lips to Alex. My massive pussy is now so large that each labia looks like basketball, the huge soft folds of my womanhood are now obscenely lewd masses that cannot be contained, cannot be hidden and are so sensitive.

“We have to be quick; the doctor is coming soon.” Alex warns.

“You have plenty of time to fuck me before she arrives.” I sternly reply, “Now fuck me!” I command. *Pregnancy cravings are real.*

Alex’s hands roam my body and make their way to my huge tits. Massively round and heavy, they are perched atop my belly. He squeezes them which causes a torrent of milk to start leaking out from them. Alex starts to kiss them alongside his groping. I reach for his dick; I can’t get enough. I never thought my sex drive could get this high, always wanting his dick in me. Now that I am a shut in, and he works from home that can be achieved. *I wonder if he wants me to get bigger?*

I concentrate and stare at Alex. With a quick snap of my fingers, I break out into a smile.

“I need to get bigger Alex; I need to get bigger now!”

I feel his hard rod press into my belly.

“Someone likes that idea huh?” I start to gyrate my hips, causing my belly to rub against his hard member.

“You want me *even bigger?*” I tuts, “What a greedy fucking boy you are” I mockingly say. “I want to get bigger too. I want to keep growing.” Once again, I think of my codeword and snap my fingers, I know it won’t do anything, but I am so desperate to get bigger, I have to try. I let out a flurry of snaps and stare deep into Alex’s eyes.

“Can you fucking imagine? I am so *fucking huge* already.” I moan, feeling him start to grind his cock against my belly, his hands groping at my massive tits.

“Imagine this *bigger.*” I slap the side of my taut belly, it’s slap echoes into the room along with the moan that escapes my lips.

Alex grunts as he continues to rub his hard cock against my belly, the soft fatty top layer yielding to his grinding.

“You should put that cock somewhere useful”

Alex takes the hint and moves my belly out of the way and finds my hugely expanded and wet pussy.

“Take me Alex, fuck me again, make me bigger with your cum.”

Alex obliges and slowly inserts his cock into my opening. Screaming out as my extremely sensitive pussy is slowly being worked.

“Fuck my huge pussy...” I manage to scream out before the first orgasm takes hold.

He continues to thrust and my second one comes almost immediately. Alex freezes in place and looks at my face and then down to my mountainous belly resting on its side.

“Do you really want to get bigger?” He asks, timidly.



I nod, still trying to catch my breath.

He snaps his fingers and I feel a stirring within me. *I'm... growing...*

My body starts to get tighter; it feels like I am pushing outwards. Moaning, I look at Alex.

“You weren’t the only person to sign up for that course you know” he winks.