

## Chapter 13 - Aftermath

There were sounds of people talking and crying and screaming, but I didn't pay it any mind. I was in a realm of soft round pink clouds which comforted me warmly. Soft music played and my entire body, my existential being, was vibrating to the frequency of orgasmic truth and I felt lighter than I had ever felt in my life. Flashes of everything that had happened over the past few months, since I met the doctor and all of this began, popped up like mirages when I became cognizant of visual sensations again. My eyes weren't open, at least not physically, but my mind's eye was starting to imagine and remember it all again. My fiery and kind of bitchy boss Lucy was there. She was always a bombshell and when she started hitting on me I could barely contain myself. My cubicle neighbor and kind-of girlfriend Trish appeared. She was so small and thin but now she was a top heavy hourglass dream when it all kicked off. My boss's secretary and my fellow captive, Valentina, had always been a voluptuous and sexy person but she went over the deep end. Seeing her grow so huge and ultimately even growing a cock was crazy and I don't think I will ever get that image out of my head.

Last but not least the doctor herself. When I met her she was a mysterious worker at the drug store who was hiding breasts almost double the size of her head. Then she started telling me everything I wanted to hear and next thing I know I pop a few pills and it has been a roller coaster since. She kind of went off the deep end in her own way and... In the end everyone came to see me and... Well we were all having sex until...

"I think he might be waking up. For *real* this time." A muffled voice interrupted my dreaming. The feelings of pleasure and orgasm faded slowly. They were replaced with aches and pains over the entirety of my body and I felt heavy. My whole body felt so heavy and raw and exhausted. I could feel my arms and legs, but couldn't move them. My stomach and abs were almost screaming in pain. I could feel my eyes and throat. So dry. I was starving on top of it all. What was happening to me?

"Remember what I said. Just follow the plan we set out and everything will be alright. This is a good thing." Another voice said as I tried to reach up a hand to rub my eyes. My arms were too heavy and I just started blinking as brilliant light poured into my eyes, almost blinding me. The sound of a beeping became apparent and I looked around and the girls were all there. Well, everyone except the doctor.

"Where... am I?" I said through dried cracked lips feeling my tongue move which was like sandpaper on raw brick. The brightness became less intense and the feminine shapes began to come into focus. The shape on the left, it was Trish I think, leaned in.

"You are in a special office that Lucy set up so you would be OK. You're OK now. You're safe. Just take it easy, baby." She said leaning in. I blinked and smiled in her general direction. She was calm and collected and extremely happy to see me. She put a hand on my knee with a hopeful expression on her face and whispered one more time. "You're ok, baby."

I scanned from her to the right side of my bed where Valnetina was sitting. She was still extremely busty, but she wasn't in a wheelchair any more. It looked like she could move around on her own.

"We survived. I won't ever forget what you did for me down there. Thank you." She said as clean red curls danced on her shoulders. I smiled and shook my head to say 'no big deal'. I was beginning to be able to move my hands and arms again and flexed my fingers into fists and started rolling my wrists around on my lap while looking up. Standing at the foot of the bed, hands on hips and nodding with a wry smile was my boss, Lucy. She was large, but not as big as she became down in the dungeon. Her clothes were tight as ever and she put on a smug expression.

"You have me to thank for pulling you out of there, buddy boy. You owe me. But that is a story for another time. How are you feeling?" She asked in her curt way. I tried to move my arms and legs and slowly, they were taking a while to react.

"I think I'm going to be fine. My body is so sore. How long have I been asleep?" I ventured while still working my shoulders and trying to regain control of my extremities. All the ladies looked at each other nervously and ultimately all gazes fell onto Lucy who rolled her eyes. She leaned forward putting her outstretched arms on the footboard of the hospital bed. Her cleavage hung low and her breasts were glorious as ever. I could feel blood begin to move towards my lower half paired with significant pain and soreness.

"It's been more than a month, big boy. The fact that you are still sore speaks to the extreme stress you have been put through. There might be permanent damage, but we will see." She said matter-of-factly.

"A month?" I said straining quickly and being gently implored to give up and lay back. I wasn't going anywhere.

"I was under for a week, they said." Valentina admitted wrapping her arms around her stomach and rocking back and forth a bit. Her arms were completely hidden by her considerable bust, the largest of the three of them by far. "When I heard you were still unconscious I was so scared, but you woke up."

"Lucy has been consulting with the best doctors about your condition. You are being taken care of, and in the long run, a month isn't that much. You were down in that dungeon for that long and more." Trish said trying to be supportive while recounting the facts. I couldn't believe it on one hand, but on the other had no choice but to.

"What doctors? Where are they? What are they saying?" I said trying to keep the panic in my voice from breaking too hard. The girls looked up to Lucy who crossed her arms under her chest nodding at them. I stared down my boss and was immediately filled with fear and regret. "Did

we... Did I... kill? Doctor Cuunis? Where is she?" I was regaining a little bit more control in my arms and legs and began to stir. The more control I regained the clearer the soreness and pain came through. Trish's lip began to quiver and Valentina looked away. Lucy's furrowed brow was paired with a mouth that became a straight line across her face.

"I can't handle this right now. Not again." Valentina said and stood up. Her breasts were nearly down to her waist, but not as overfull and voluminous as they were when she was wheeled down into the dungeon. She was wearing a cute pink blouse that hung loose over her chest like someone threw a stylish curtain on top of a pair of big slightly deflated beach balls. "I'm glad you are alright. I will come and visit you, alright? Stay strong for us all. We need you." She said to me and leaned in and kissed me on the forehead. In the process, her breasts dragged across my whole torso and weighed down on me. The stinging sensation that was the threat of an erection became stronger. She climbed back off the bed and hoisted herself up back to her balanced position and said her goodbyes to the others and left the room.

"I will walk her to her car. You guys, uh, talk a bit." Trish said and leaned in and kissed me on the cheek. Her breasts weren't so big that they dragged across me like Valentina, but they pressed in soft against my own chest. The warm flannel fabric of the brown and beige one-piece turned blouse she wore was nice. She stepped back and nodded to Lucy and followed her friend. "Wait up, Val. I'll go with you!" I couldn't help but watch her still huge butt bounce and sway in the tight brown plaid pencil-skirt she wore actually bumping against the door frame as she left. My eye contact refocused on the woman before me

"What is actually going on here, Lucy? Thank you for all of this. But what am I supposed to do here? I've been out for a month and clearly I am missing something. What aren't you guys telling me?" I felt my heart rate increasing as I said the words.

"Everything that happened down there was nobody's fault except that silly doctor's. What was the last thing you remember?" Lucy said coolly shutting the door to the room and locking it. She pulled down the little shade over the reinforced rectangular window after watching Val and Trish get in the elevator and disappear. From behind her hourglass figure was as glorious as ever. Her skirt was short and tight and her ass was so squished in it that the bottoms of her cheeks peeked out. Her pantyline was clear as day and the vertical stripes of the dark gray garment were all stretched out of proportion following the lines of her curves beautifully. She wore a gray jacket as well which was fitted to her perfectly, but couldn't button up in the front. She turned around and the white blouse she wore was barely enough to contain her chest, buttons were pulling apart revealing soft supple flesh beneath.

"Honestly, the orgasm. I had the orgasm when you were, well, helping me have sex with the doctor and when I came I saw her go flying and I have been experiencing that orgasm ever since. I don't really remember what happened after that." I said. My body remembered the experience as well and I felt myself getting hard.

She walked towards me and took off her coat. She had to have been braless because her

nipples were prominent and poking out obscenely. I hadn't noticed because the jacket just managed to reach around in front of them enough to obscure how much they stood out. I could see the outlines of her areola as well. Lucy looked down at the sheet when she was beside the bed and there was a third, smaller leg, extended down past my knees. And it was getting thicker and starting to perk up. Lucy licked her lips and took a deep breath sitting down besides me.

"You have been having that orgasm? The whole time?" She asked incredulously.

"Yeah, I heard voices and stuff, but when I started to feel my eyes and how achey my body was the orgasm finally ended." I said plainly.

"It has been a month, man. That is insane." Lucy said, but also paused a moment thinking about what that would be like, intrigued. "I see. Well in any case, the doctor ended up in that huge tank of, well, all of your semen." I shuddered recalling the weeks trapped down there orgasming endlessly being used. My cock continued to thicken and rise slowly, pulling more sheet along with it. Lucy glanced at it trying to stay focused.

"And then what happened? Did she drown in it? I killed her, didn't I? We killed her." I said getting nervous again. Lucy shook her head.

"She didn't die, but she was in there a while. I mean you saw me, right? I am still more than a few inches taller than I had been my whole adult life. And, well, the other benefits as well. Not all of it is permanent, Trish is more normal and Valentina is finally mobile again. We are all getting better. Even some of your effects have waned a bit. Look." She said, wrapping her hand around the sheet covering my cock and giving it a nice shake. "You were like, multiple feet long when we found you. More cock than man. It was terrifying." She said still staring down at my dick jerking it off very slowly giving it squeezes in her grip feeling its softness thicken and harden. It was a big penis, but around a twelve, maybe fifteen inches or so at a glance.

"So she is alive then?" I asked and leaned back a bit as the soreness and pain of my body slipped into the background as she stroked me tenderly through the sheet.

"She was taken away. Disappeared." Lucy said with a dead-serious expression looking me in the eyes. "Once you guys were on your way to the car, I went back down to see what became of her and it looked like she had managed to pull herself up on the side of the tank, coughing up cum, but alive. We had to get out of there and they needed help carrying you and we all left." Lucy explained. Her nipples were getting harder and she was jerking me off faster like it was just a casual part of our interactions now. She was spreading her legs and her panties had a wet spot on them.

"Did you go back? How do you know she is alive? Did you call the cops? She kidnapped us!" I blurted.

"I did go back. Once you were all safe at Trish's place, I told them I was going back to see if

she was alive or not and to do just that and call the cops.” She said pulling the sheet back and letting my cock out. Distracted from the story she commented on my penis. “Most of the scarring is gone and it’s actually really soft again. Look.” She was right. I had been abused down there and was worried my dick would be ruined, but it was looking better. A bit bruised, but not ugly, at least to me. My balls were also a normal size, comparatively. A big sack with a ball that could fit comfortably in each hand bounced gently as she jerked me. “Does it hurt?” She said quietly.

“Not too much. It feels good actually. Familiar.” I said.

“I’ve been coming up here almost every day to relieve you. All of us have. You didn’t drink or eat so you were hooked up to an iv and drained them like juice boxes. You had erections more often than you didn’t and your balls were swelling up and it looked painful. We *had* to do something. You understand.” She said slowly, throwing a leg onto the bed and sitting between my legs, adding another hand to jerk me off. She jiggled and bounced while she kept talking. “Let me know when you are close, alright?”

“Sure. Thanks. It feels good.” I said.

“So I went back there and looked for her. I thought she had fallen back in and reached around in there, but she wasn’t anywhere to be found. Following trails of semen was meaningless at that point, everything was covered in the stuff, so I started looking around. That place is a lot bigger than it looks and there were paths that went further down and so many rooms. Filled with equipment and tools and machines. I don’t even know. I couldn’t find her. Her car was still in the parking lot, still is actually, and I just locked the door and have been going back to check once and a while and see if there is any sign of her being there.” She said, She went back to one hand and began to unbutton her blouse, shaking her head in disbelief at the story. “It’s unreal.”

“Did you call the police? Anyone?” I said and grunted as she leaned down and licked my cock up and down before wrapping her breasts around it.

“You guys were both under contract. Trish and I were the ones who were breaking and entering. How could I call the cops? We made it out alive. She is attached to some huge pharmaceutical company that no doubt has lawyers for days, man. Call the police. Don’t be ridiculous.” She said disappointed at me before plunging down and sucking hot and wet on the head of my dick still cushioning me with her big soft beautiful breasts. That felt good. Her tongue was working like magic. It felt like it wrapped around my entire shaft. She moved it so quickly and expertly.

“I... I get it now. Fuck. I’m almost... Almost...” I managed before I saw her eyes roll up in her head as she sucked the cum from my balls using my dick like a big thick straw. It felt amazing, like an orgasm was *supposed* to feel like. But she was on another level with this blowjob. I didn’t stand a chance against techniques like that. Her tongue slithered around me and in conjunction with her lips coaxed more and more from me as she drank it down casually. Expertly and with practiced ease. I had stopped cumming for a bit and she waited patiently sucking until she was

satisfied she got enough and finally let me go. Her tongue ran over her lips and I was taken aback by how big it was. Has it always been so *long*? A junkie's smile ran across her face and she swallowed the rest of the sticky goodness making sure none of it was wasted.

"So good. Yours is really the best of the best, my boy." She said and looked back at me putting a hand on my chest rubbing me gently. I was completely nude I realized as she savored my flavor. "That feel better? I could only *imagine* the pressure you have been under. You are safe now. And finally awake. Thank goodness." She smiled and I felt uneasy as she patted my chest and tousled my hair a bit. She threw the sheet back over my cock and stood up beginning to wrestle with the buttons to get her shirt back on.

"It did feel good, thanks. So what is going to happen with me? Will I just go on with my life as normal then?" I said as the orgasm faded along with my erection, the tent slowly sinking back down.

"You can do almost anything you want now, darling. I will keep paying your salary and you can come and go to work as you please. For now just rest. When you are feeling up to it I will bring you all the mail you have been missing. I will grab your phone and stuff. I've been taking care of your bills while you were under. Your family and all that would probably like to hear from you. We told them you had a medical emergency and were in private care for the time being." Lucy said calmly while pulling out a compact and dabbing her lip with a towel before reapplying some lipstick.

"Th... Thanks I guess. Well, uh..." I stammered, unable to process it all so quickly.

"Don't worry. We will take care of you. Just rest and you will get back on your feet. The girls will come and see you soon. As long as you let us take care of that cock of yours, you are basically set for life." She smiled while picking up her coat. "How do I look?"

"You look great. Take care. You mean as long as I let you guys suck my dick you will keep... paying... my salary?" I said piecing it together.

"Simple as that, baby. We were all addicted to you and that god semen of yours. Something about the medicine you took just makes you insatiable. I will do almost anything you want as long as you give me a taste of that every day or two. I won't lie. It keeps me feeling young and bouncy and I love that as well. What do you say?" She held out a hand for a shake. I stared down at it remembering how all this began. Agreements, contracts, hand shakes. It was all the same. But she just wanted to suck me off and would pay me a handsome salary to do it. Who the heck was I to spit on that deal? I shook.

"Alright. Yeah. And thanks for covering my mail and stuff and talking to my family. I appreciate it." She smiled and sat on the bed beside me putting a hand on my thigh.

"Big guy, we have all been through a lot, you more than any of us. Just get your rest and we will

be in to check on you. Once you are feeling better we will help you get all your affairs in order and get back to living a normal life again. It will be normal again. Trust me. And we are all trying to get there again. Now rest.” She said and her voice was pure kindness. Like a mother’s.

“I... thanks again. For saving me. Saving us all. I’m going to sleep now. I’m still so sore. My body aches so badly.” I said trying to stretch a bit, unable to fully move more than shifting around slightly.

“Good boy. I have some business to take care of, but I will be back later on tonight. I will make sure that a very very light lunch is brought up to you. We need to wean you off of this IV before you start running around and doing anything silly. Get your stomach ready for solid food again.” She smiled. “Although I personally prefer a *liquid* diet.” She winked at me and tickled my cock a bit while she stood up. “Rest well.” Were the last words she said before she left the room locking it behind her. I took a deep breath and sleep came all too easily for me as I went under again and dreamed a delightful dream.

Lucy went down the stairs and walked down that familiar dank hallway. It still stank of pure sexual expression although it had been hosed down weeks ago. The old piping had been backed up from the countless gallons of thick sticky cum they were being forced to handle. Thank goodness this place had hot running water, she thought as the smell of the place alone made her horny against her will.

She could hear the gentle beeping of servers and electronic equipment as her heels sent clicking echos ahead of her warning the sole inhabitant of the underground lair. The clinic had been ‘undergoing renovations’ for the last three weeks and was completely surrounded by a pipework network of scaffolds wrapped in obscuring tarps. For all intents and purposes the clinic didn’t exist anymore and that was how Lucy wanted it.

“You’re... Finally back.” A hoarse voice rang from the far end of the tunnel.

“Well if I don’t come down here and hose you off once a day that would be cruel, wouldn’t it?” She said, setting down her bag on the desk and walking over to the hose hookup. She twisted the spigot handle with loud rusty squeaks and saw the excess begin to spray from the barely connected metal sprayer on the end of the line.

“Is he awake yet?” The barely human form said writhing and wriggling desperately as the water began to splash against it. Lucy frowned looking at the state of the poor doctor, even months after everything went down. She was massive. Like a super sexualized version of those people from ‘my 600 pound life’, but worse. Each of her breasts were double the size of her body before the incident and she was stuck sitting on a huge tarp laid down on the ground. Her ass was almost as big as her breasts and her gut was massive as well. She was taller, but had gained so much weight you could barely recognize her save for those red glasses and a messy scraggly bob cut. Her vulva and pussy lips were obscene and her cock was still more than two feet long laying in a pool of pussy juice and old cum.

“Close your eyes, Dr.” Lucy smiled as she sprayed Dr. Cuunis in the face, doing a thorough job of it. She had to get all those nooks and crannies or else she would end up getting rashes and such. It was gross and Lucy didn’t typically get very close if she didn’t have to. “Believe it or not, he did.” She said casually. The doctor’s expression livened up considerably as she used all her effort to lift one of her massive arms up so her custodian could clean under them. “He is in better shape than I thought and still tastes as delicious as ever.”

“And his size? Condition? Tell me everything you learned.” The doctor said, flapping her jowls with excitement in a demanding tone. Lucy shot the sprayer at her face to cool her down a bit before continuing the routine.

“You are in no position to be making demands, and fate has turned you into as much a monster on the outside as you have always been on the inside. He’s fine. He’s shrinking, but it has slowed considerably. Those golden balls still fill up like balloons after two days or so and need constant attention.” She mused, focus going soft as dopamine flowed just thinking about it. The doctor paused and waited, but her custodian didn’t break free from the reverie.

“You girls will be addicted to it forever. Forever. Mark my words. But that is good news. This is better than I anticipated.” The doctor mused taking it in.

“He complained about how sore he was. Said his body hurt a lot.” Lucy added.

“I see. That makes sense. But was it from the medication or the treatment? I will need to work on that.”

“If I give you the chance.” Lucy snapped and turned off the water to punctuate the point. Michelle’s bloated face frowned impatiently. “Which reminds me, doctor. Now that he is awake, and you aren’t an easily convictable murderer, we can move forward with my proposal. Have you given it thought?” The water snapped back on and the spray down continued.

“Well, I don’t have much of a choice. And the threats and blackmail you are hanging over my head if I *don’t* sign it are equally devastating.” The doctor sighed and wriggled trying to fight for some control of motion helplessly just like her situation with the shrewd business woman before her.

“After you explained the situation with your parent company, you can easily be made into as tragic a victim as any of us. I use my funds to take them down and you are free as a bird. At least once you can walk again. Hah.” Lucy smiled, staring poisonous daggers at her quarry.

“All I want to do is continue my work.” She said, “Without threat. Without fear. Without boundaries. All the ones with the money just set boundaries, afraid of consequences. Afraid of *progress*.” She hissed and Lucy knew she had her in the palm of her hands.



“I want the same thing. And while they may *look* like boundaries, we just need to be cautious of a few things and you will have exactly what you want. And *more*.” Lucy offered. Michelle sighed, rolling her eyes and looking away and admitted to herself she was trapped and the best way out *for now* was with Lucy.

“I can’t manipulate a pen or anything. What do you want me to do in the meantime?” She said,

“Let’s just shake on it, then.” Lucy shut off the water and walked up to the poor misshapen doctor taking wet steps through the slowly draining sluice. She reached up her hand and smiled. Michelle stretched and used all her might to shift her body enough to grasp the woman’s hand. Michelle had a fleshy baseball glove of a paw compared to the dainty sexy fingers of her soon to be partner. That would change soon enough, Michelle mused, and their hands clasped.

“I can’t talk you into making the profit share a bit more reasonable?” Michelle said looking out the corner of her eye since that was the only vector Lucy could approach around the mounds of breast, ass, belly, and rolls of fat close enough to reach and shake. Lucy smiled and shook her head no.

“We went over this before, Michelle. Leave the business side to me and you will live a very comfortable life and be able to do anything you want.” Lucy countered without budging an inch.

“Then I guess I accept the terms. I don’t want to be left down here to rot.” Michelle half frowned as they shook.

“We’re in business.”

-The End of Book 1: Experimental Medicine-

Look forward to the next installment in the ‘Dr. Cuunis Trilogy: Book 2: Experimental Business.