

Since the day she married Peter, Kristen had been living her dream life. She was dedicated to her wonderful husband with whom she had a beautiful daughter. He worked hard to provide for them and she worked hard to provide for him, with a clean house and a hot meal when he came home from work. Their love for one another had only grown over time.

These past couple years, however, had been... rough. Peter had gotten obsessed over his latest hobby. The marketing for it was everywhere and preyed on people's insecurities: body modifications were the latest craze. "Bigger, faster, stronger." Or in her husband's case, "bigger, bigger, bigger." Kristen wasn't to blame. She would act satisfied in the bedroom even on days when she wasn't. There was nothing unusual about their sex life. Maybe, in hindsight, she should not have complimented the feel of his new cock when Peter had his first upgrade. Longer, thicker, patented vibro-action and stay-hard technology... that was the best week of her life. But Peter kept falling for ads of newer, better mods. You couldn't simply revert upgrades so telling him he had made a mistake, that she got more pain than pleasure from the monster between his legs would only destroy their marriage. So, every night, and most of the day, she'd smile and take it in her husband's choice of hole like a good wife, hoping that, at least, this was as bad as it was going to get. That's what she told herself four mods ago anyway. Things were bad now. Really bad.

The Gigatron2K mod was the size of a wine bottle, the vibro-action was like a jack-hammer, the high-efficiency sperm converter allowed Peter to constant produce ridiculous amounts. This particular model had blood-hydraulic pump action. "No more tiring yourself moving a girl up and down your magnificent rod" the ad said.

It had become routine: Her husband would come back from work. It didn't matter if he was exhausted, the Gigatron2k wasn't. He would sit in his chair, she would bring him his dinner and, alternating between her constantly sore holes, she would sit on the top of the biological monstrosity and wait for him to force her down to the hilt where she would spend the entire evening, night and morning suffering the intense pain of her organs shifting to accommodate the flesh-like mass. He'd watch TV and eventually fall asleep still holding her down her on the gut-punching, stirring thing between his leg. The sperm-converter was left on and pushed a liter of real jizz inside her every 20 minutes like clockwork. Depending on the orifice he chose, she would have her womb packed almost to explosion or spending the later part of the night swallowing backwash cum to keep it from staining the carpet after a long trip through her digestive system. Neither options were particularly pleasant.

When he would wake up in the morning he turned off the piston with a neural command like it was just a natural function of his body and took over manually. Paul would fuck her for a couple hours before dislodging her in the shower to contain the resulting cum-flood. Then, he was off to work, and she had about 6 hours to clean herself inside out, tidy up the house and get dinner ready.

She dreaded weekends the most. 60 hours of brutal ass-fucking, womb-fucking and throat-fucking in various order. Mondays were food leftover days. She wouldn't have a chance to cook because she couldn't manage to start walking again until Tuesday.

Her sweet Peter's mind had become so corrupted by the BodMod marketing campaign, he thought he was doing this for her, confusing her screams of pain for screams of joy, her passing out from agony for passing out from cumming so much. Truth is, she hadn't enjoyed herself once since the StallionXL+ a year and a half ago.

Kristen was doing dishes when the sound of the door opening gave her that daily shiver of impending cavity destruction. Her loving husband was home and she supposedly couldn't wait to jump on his manly love-pole. He joined her in the kitchen, that usually meant the first half of the evening would be spent being pinned against the counter. She had stop bothering with clothes and only had an apron on from her earlier cooking. After a few minutes of talking about their days with Kristen struggling to remain conscious from the cock piston hammering her ass, Peter produced a piece of paper he slapped on the counter for her to look at.

"Check this out, Honey, whaddaya think, huh?" It was yet another body mod. The Leviathan3K. "They say it's the best one so far. It's 5 inches longer, and a full inch thicker and they really ramped up the converter efficiency. I'll be able to produce twice as much love juice for my honey bunny. Check out the shaft there's all these bumps and ribbing so you can really feel it in there."

"I don't want you to go through all this for me, sweetie. I like you just the way you are" Kristen said, grinding her teeth. This new model would surely kill her, then again, that's what she thought of the last three.

"You know I'd do anything for my honey-pie. I want to fuck you as hard as I love you."

They didn't speak of it again until the next morning. Kristen woke up sore and bloated, she couldn't see the battering ram still plowing away at her throbbing red genitals over her giant cum belly. This was a typical morning. After another few loads of gut-stretching sperm, Peter left her catatonic on the shower floor, proud of having fully satisfied his wife once again, like a real man. Before he left he told her something that didn't register to Kristen until later that morning. It sounded a little bit like this:

"Oh honey, my friend Adam from work is getting the Leviathan3k upgrade, too. We both have a lot of vacation time accumulated and he's been pretty lonely since his wife left him, so I told him he could spend the next few weeks with us. He'll get to try his BodMod and you'll get to double your pleasure. So anyway, get two meals ready please."

Kristen went in panic mode. What was he thinking? The new mod?! A few weeks?! She didn't want to do this but it had been an idea she struggled with for months now. She was going to need help.



"Hey, sweetheart"

Hailey was where she usually was, laying down on her bed listening to loud music, kicking her feet and wearing that skirt Kristen kept telling her was too short.

"Hailey!"

Hailey looked back at her mom with an arrogant face-scrunching. "What?"

"I just want to talk. How is it going with Chad?"

"It's fine, mom! Why do you care all of a sudden? You hate Chad."

"Does he still have his original... you know."

"OMG, mom! Yes, he's not crazy like dad."

"Hailey watch your mouth! Your father is ... You know everyone is doing it these days. Soon your boyfriend will come home with an enhanced penis and then what? You'll cry because it hurts you? He'll leave you on the spot! I was just going to suggest you get a little bit of practice is all."

"Holy shit, mom, you want me to sleep with dad so he leaves you alone!?"

"Hailey, what the hell is wrong with you? Not your father, his friend Adam from work. You remember him. He put his hand on your leg at dinner. If I remember right, you let him."

"I've had it with this crazy family! Chad is going to ditch his bitch-of-a-roommate any day now and I'm moving in with him for sure!"

"Hailey please. Just do this one thing for me."

"Fuck you, mom! Have fun with Adam."

"Honey, your new and improved husband is here!"

"Peter, hi, I take it the surgery went well? Who is this?" Kristen wasn't talking about Adam. She hoped Adam wouldn't come after all, but he did. There was another man with them that she had never seen before.

"Oh that's Rob. We met him at the clinic. He was getting a Leviathan3k mod too. We're like the three cockskeeters! He is in between jobs right now so I told him he can join us for the 6-week sexothon. The cockskeeters gave themselves a three-way high-five before moving in towards Kristen for their three-way brochette.

Kristen was slowly backing away from the incoming pleasure squad, dreading the moment her still-gaping ass would hit the wall and stop her from backing farther. She only had one play left: "Errr... Hailey! Hailey said she really wants to see you again, Adam. I told her about the upgrade and she got super excited."

"Oh shit, really? She in her room? Sorry, guys, looks like I'll be having my own sexathon upstairs."

Kristen pushed her luck: "It's also her dream to participate in a three-way but I wasn't supposed to tell anyone. I just saw how handsome Rob was and I bet she'd love to have you both. She's also really into this rape fantasy so you know the drill: no means yes" Rob actually looked like a dirty homeless man they found under a bridge but the compliment worked.

"I don't mind if you don't mind, buddy" the bushy-beard stranger told Adam.

"Bah, what the heck, It'll be nice to have someone to talk to for the next 6 weeks"

They both headed up the stairs leaving Peter looking defeated. "Guys, what happened to the three cockskeeters?"

"There's a hole left for you, Pete"

"Dude gross, she's my daughter"

"You can't tell from behind!" Adam chanted like a jingle as he disappeared up the stairs.

Peter stayed pensive for a minute then looked at his wife, big-eyed. Kristen smiled and gave him a nod of approbation. He smiled back and ran upstairs like an excited kid that just got a new game console. "Guys, save me the ass!"

Kristen was left alone downstairs. It looked like she was going to have a vacation of her own. There would be a lot of food to prepare, though; producing all that sperm was hungry work.