

# Unbirthing With Tits

By *MirandasDream*

**Premise:** In a world where the human body is a bit more stretchy than ours, a pair of lovers get in a bit over their heads with a shared business venture.

**Contains:** Unbirthing, merging, fusion, multiple breasts, hyper sized cocks and tits, stretching, goo gals mentioned, transformation into cum.

## Story:

“Hey Marcus?” Randa felt an unstoppable smile rise to her face at the sign of her boyfriend coming into the room. They’d started this small time business together, using their compatible abilities of a... well to put it politely for Marcus, liquifier, and herself as a purifier, giving customers different levels of treatment for what ailed them. Having experienced Marcus’ skills at liquefying first hand she could attest to just how stress relieving and frankly ‘scratching that special somewhere nice and deep’ and with a boyfriend like Marcus, she didn’t mind sharing.

“Hi Randa.” He gave her that wonderful lopsided smile that never failed to melt her heart. Her eyes drifted over his brown hair. That scruffy face she was going to make him shave... some time soon... That wonderful t-shirt she’d bought him... for anywhere *other* than work. “I Find Your Lack of Faith Disturbing” just wasn’t the message they needed. Not in their opening few months anyway.

Then again, most people didn’t see the shirt anyway. Beneath the belt, well....

Her boyfriend was hung, even for a hyper. Randa did her best to not drool as she saw those amazing balls, each the size of beach balls, and that was before he filled them up, and his cock. His COCK. Oh Gawd... and she was drooling. It was as long as she was tall, and even with her at a measly 4’8”, that was still a lot of cock.

And then she saw who Marcus was bringing in. Her mouth hung open as he shook both their hands one last time to do the handoff to her and left the room.

“You’ve gotta be kidding me.” Randa looked from one shockingly busty brunette in front of her to the other even bustier blonde. She had seen some huge women in her life, especially after that movie about the superheroine whose bust size related to her strength, Wonder-Power-Female or something, but these two were in their own league entirely! One of them had tits down to her thighs, with her even standing up straight! They were obviously augmented, their fullness resulting in an impossible, quivering teardrop but, ultimately they just looked gigantic. The other woman, however, was even more absurd.

Her taut, perfectly spherical curves projected out from her chest in such a way that they dominated her entire appearance, Randa wondered if they were more than half the otherwise slight woman's weight.

"You're a purifier," Ms. Brunette Tear-Drops glanced from Randa's hair to... what had just this morning been a perfectly respectable pair of C-cups. "...right?"

Randa ran a hand through her own corn-silk blonde hair. Unlike Ms. Blonde Mega Spheres, her color was natural and a signifier that she was of a rare breed, purifiers. Assuming she could fit someone into her womb, *or any other orifice*, she could hold them inside of her until they were 'purified' and pulled into her womb through the rest of her body, if they weren't in there already, and then give birth to them again. While some people found the process highly erotic and would pay almost any price to experience it recreationally, others used it for its more cosmetic effects. A trained and experienced purifier, and Randa was certainly at least one of those things, could even 'program in' what was being purified. While she couldn't add anything to people, she could remove things within certain limits.

She'd first discovered it in high school when she'd walked in on her own blonde mother gobbling up her best friend and her best friend's mother at once. Once Randa had gotten past the idea of effectively eating people for money, she had embraced the identity wholeheartedly. Soon, guys and gals alike had lined up to be stuffed inside of her in one way or another. It was how she had paid for college, which had in turn gotten her the degree that now hung on the wall certifying that she was a fully trained and certified purifier. It was why she and Marcus had a floor-spanning apartment in San Fran.

"We just want to shave a few years off," an unmistakable Minnesota accent slipped from the sandy haired brunette's lips. She looked like she was in her late forties so Randa was sure 'a few' would be more than ten and then there were those big, fake, tear-drop tits to contend with. Usually stuff like that broke down in a purifying but, she had heard of others having... issues when it came to *wanting* something a client possessed and, boy, did she ever want them.

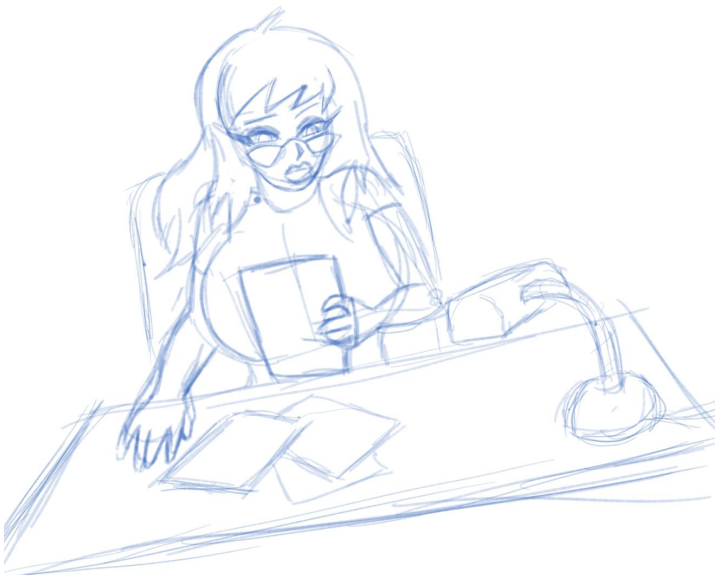
*Sometimes I don't always feel as pretty as the women that come in here, and Marcus spends so much time talking to them, looking at them. If I could be even a little bit hyper big like him?* It was such an irrational want, too. She was constantly fluctuating in size, and then having to run it off, from all the purification she had to do for work, enormous implants like that would only exacerbate her expansion.

"Maybe... nineteen *jahre*?" The other woman mused, one hand idly bouncing her massive, body-defining boobs in her lap. Her hair was such a bright blonde, its lustre the unmistakable result of platinum bleaching. Just who were these women?

"So, like, take nineteen years off or..." Randa tried to tear her eyes away from those massive spheres... again... and failed.

"We'd both like to *be* nineteen again." The sandy haired woman explained, passing over the clipboard with her filled out forms around her massive spherical breasts, Randa automatically took it and glanced over it while absently taking one from Ms. Bleach Blonde as well.

"Chelsea and... Beshi?" Randa glanced between the two, getting a nod from each. "It looks like you two are both



offering the same... bonus..." A bonus was something that could be agreed to be traded from one woman up to the purifier. If they were both in agreement, it wouldn't just be purified away, but actually become part of Randa's body. She glanced up in shock at the two massive chests in front of her. She felt a thrill and then shock as the full reality hit her. "You've GOTTA be kidding."

"Well, yeah, what gal doesn't want a bit more up top?" Ms. Minnesota, Chelsea, shrugged, her fake breasts so huge and firm they didn't even jiggle.

"And we're gonna lose them during purification anyway..." Beshi scratched the side of her left breast. *Could she even reach her own nipples?* Randa wasn't sure.

"But... both of you, on the same day..." Randa sighed. The pay was good for a de-aging procedure, and she wanted to buy a new tablet. "Ok, but this is going to take some serious stretching."

Both women gave her a grin that did not settle Randa's nerves in the slightest. "Oh, and we'd both like to use your pussy as our entrance."

"Are you... sure?" Randa carefully put her jaw back in place, both from how she had just been limbering up, and because of what was possibly the most insane part of this all. "My pussy?"

"Yeah!" Both women enthused, leaning forward. *Ye gawds above and below, that cleavage!*

Stripping naked, she encouraged Beshi, the bigger of the two in more ways than one, to do the same. Beshi hesitated, her mind taking a moment to translate it, before looking to Chelsea who carefully explained and covered by gently reminding her that anything artificial would be lost in the purification anyway. She knew how much Beshi's language trouble with English sometimes got to her, it was her third language but still a struggle. *If I could, I'd offer up some of my skills in English for some of hers in other language just to help her... Now that gives me an idea.*

Soon, Randa had her small back against a wall and a panting, hungry Beshi licking at her lower lips. "Ohhhh, wh-what are you doing?"

"Making enjoyable for us both." Beshi's German accent shined as brightly as her smile from between Randa's legs. Randa couldn't stop the moans from pouring fourth as Beshi started inserting finger after finger until she had a whole fist inside of Randa's pussy. Beshi began pushing her fist back and forth, twisting at the wrist to start to loosen up the tiny blonde woman she wanted so desperately inside of while she licked and nibbled at Randa's clit.

"M-more lube!" Randa felt herself beg, gesturing weekly to the thick bottle shew knew was inside the cabinet nearby.



"Ha, you're plenty wet in here, just stretch!" Beshi said, giving a quick nibble to Randa's clit before using both fists to stretch the opening wide enough to fit her head into. She hefted the diminutive woman up and dove in. Randa found her plump ass sitting on Beshi's boobshelf with seemingly no way to get down. Beshi drew her shoulders up and pushed her elbows out to try to open Randa wider.

Randa twisted at the waist, struggling. "You've gotta be kidding me! What was I thinking?" Randa gave one tight drum of a breast a spank. She could feel Beshi pushing her fingers against Randa's tight, yielding inner walls. Ten little digits, and one stretched pussy. Randa could feel her mind melting. *Mama never told me it was like this...*

Inch by inch, Beshi stretched her bigger, fitting her shoulders deeper, wiggling them back and forth to crawl further inside Randa's special place. *Oh quit squirming... or squirm more and finish me off!* Randa could feel it all, every inch of Beshi body going deeper and deeper inside her pussy, and then those fingers found the walls of her womb. Having a hyper boyfriend, she knew what came next, but not so tactically, not with such earnest, and so many, digits. One finger at a time Beshi slipped inside her most inner of walls, pulling them apart, fitting her whole fist, then two, inside Randa's inner womb.

Slowly, surely, Beshi's breasts started to push inside of Randa's pussy. "I'm never fitting those inside of me!"

"Can and will!" Came Beshi's voice from INSIDE Randa's pussy, pushing the diminutive woman through another wonderfully softening orgasm as Beshi forced her way further inside. For not the first time in her career as a purifier, and lover of a hyper endowed man like Marcus, Randa gave thanks that to her orgasms were incredibly relaxing rather than causing her to tense up, and letting her stretch even further around her guest.

Randa gasped and struggled, weakly trying to stretch as far as she could as Beshi started pushing her massive tits inside of her. With a scream of painful pleasure, stretched out as Beshi did the impossible, Randa came harder than she thought she ever had before. Beshi had impossibly fit both of her tits, shoulders and arms inside of Randa's overburdened womb. "You... fucking... slut!"

"You have no idea." Chelsea chimed in, drawing Randa's attention for the first time since Beshi had started her grand entrance.

Randa, panting, looked down, past the huge dome of her belly Beshi half occupied, past the blonde's stunning ass, and uttered, "you've gotta be kidding!"

Beneath her, and beneath Beshi, was Chelsea, lying on her back, those huge spheres of tits in the air, nipples bare and hard, and face hidden as she ate out Beshi in a way that would make the most seasoned of muff divers proud.

"What do you think you're doing?" Randa cried out as she watched helplessly as Chelsea began stretching out Beshi's pussy just as Beshi had just done to the beleaguered purifier.

"Oh it was just so hot watching you two I couldn't help myself."

"And what, you're going to climb inside of her too??" She'd meant it as a joke, an incredulous, upset, over stressed joke.

“Oh, that sounds like a sexy idea!” Chelsea’s grin was briefly visible before, much as Beshi had used both arms to stretch out Randa’s pussy, Chelsea began stretching the German’s pussy incredibly wide, driving the woman inside Randa’s pussy to squeal in her own pained pleased orgasm, and push the purifier over the top again.

“Ohhhhh Fuck that feels good!” Randa gasped before looking down between her own breasts and craned her neck to see around her own Beshi filled belly to see Chelsea pushing her incredible orbs deep into Beshi’s pussy. “NO, you twits! I’ve never had two people inside me at once! I don’t even know what’ll happen if I purified two at once! I’m not sure I can hold one of you anyway, let alone both!”

Undeterred, the two women kept pushing, wiggling, thrusting and stretching Randa out, her stomach growing larger and larger by the moment as the two women continued their filling of her belly. Her ass and shoulders were on the ground, her back arched, now that Beshi wasn’t holding her up, her belly a tight dome reaching up to the height of her nearby desk. Already, her belly was bigger than her own upper body, and would have reached further forward than her own knees had she not been on her back. Just as Randa’s womb finally began to adjust to the incredible breasts of Beshi and her upper torso, she hit Chelsea’s double spheres that domed Beshi’s belly. “Ohhhh, you two are stretching me so big! H-how do you think you’re both going to fit? Ohhhh please! I’m... I’m cumming again!” She moaned and felt herself cum, and was fairly certain she felt Beshi cum as well. “Ok, fine, but I have both your agreements that you accept whatever comes of this!”

They both gave their verbal acceptance. Inch by curvy inch, the two busty women pushed themselves deeper and deeper inside of Randa until with a final push, a foot, Randa could no longer keep track of who’s, gave her clit a squeeze between two toes before pulling inside of her pussy.

As per her training, her pussy squeezed shut and she settled to the floor. Gasping, she tried to stand and groaned as her knees gave out at the two women who, as far as she could tell, were continuing to have sex and play with their massive tits inside of her, and one inside the other. Feeling the tremors of the two women’s orgasm inside her and even feeling her own racking orgasms flustering her already overtaxed brain, she gasped and found a comfortable spot before passing out.

“It’s the damn bachelorette party all over again,” passing over her lips as her eyes slid shut. “Marcus is never letting me live this one down.”

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Groaning. That’s what woke her up. Someone groaning. At first she thought it was her own groaning. She certainly *felt* like groaning. The two women inside her, one of whom was inside the other, were obviously still masturbating and fucking around inside her, though she could tell they were a lot softer than they had been when she fell asleep.

When she glanced up to the old analog clock on the wall to check how long she’d been out, *at least two hours!*, she caught sight of her boyfriend.

Or more specifically, the sight of his cock.

Earlier, Marcus had come in and she’d found herself nearly overwhelmed with desire for the love of her life and his huge cock. Now, however he was currently thicker around than her waist, and his balls were were almost the size of her stomach, which could only mean one of two things.

“Marcus, are you happy to see me, or is that a woman in your balls.” Randa cast a specific look complete with arched eyebrow and let her eyes focus directly at the imprint of two large spheres, easily as big as either set of the two women currently in her womb.

“Well...” Marcus, her boyfriend, lover and business partner rubbed the back of his neck and looked away sheepishly. “She got tired of waiting, and she has this Cuban accent. She’d already filled out her form and offered to... well...”

“Step into our *other* waiting room.” Randa finished, gesturing to his huge balls.

“She stretched out my cock so big going in.” He groaned, one hand gliding down the huge shaft that currently rested, half hard, atop his incredibly full balls. It was wider than Randa’s hips, the tip leaking cum. She’d never seen his balls so full before. “She offered to pay extra for the ‘cum challenge’ and, well...”

“And you’ve got a backlog of new games to get.” Randa clarified. She wanted to pout, she really did... but the newest Farcry game had been crying out for her attention since it was announced months ago. That and that cock just looked so yummy. “Think she’ll pass?”

“I’m having trouble keeping her in as is...” Marcus groaned as his cock got that much harder.

Randa licked her lips. “Mmmm, ok, but pussy this time.”

“Oh?” Marcus arched an eyebrow. Lately they’d been experimenting with filling her up in other ways. As a Grade A purifier, it didn’t seem to matter which door they filled her up with, as the results always seemed to be the same after he’d churned up the gals in his balls to so many gallons of cum. Randa’s stretchy amazing body would just filter them like normal and reform the person in her womb. Anal had been a recent favorite, especially for problem customers.

“Mhmm...” Randa gave him a devilish smirk from atop her massive belly, giving her own ass a slap of invitation. “I’ve got something special.”

“Don’t you already have someone in there. You look...” He hesitated. One did not their girlfriend they looked fat. Ever. “...kinda full.”

“Given how crazy this day has been, let’s test my limits.” She purred. *Besides, she internally reasoned, if anything goes wrong he can just shove all four of us into his balls and be the hard worker for a change! Wouldn’t be the first time HE had more than one woman in those balls.*

Marcus laboriously made his way around behind his curvy, short girlfriend, as she certainly wasn’t moving given the ponderous load in her womb. He sat the tip of his cock against her pussy, and murmured to her. In response, she stretched her legs back towards him and he took ahold of her ankles and got ready. With a quick, hard shove, a cock head bigger than her head was shoved through her tight pussy lips. She squealed as he stretched her pussy out, feeling it keep a perfect, wet seal around his huge cock.

“More!” She commanded.

Marcus let go of one ankle long enough to snap a salute, before grabbing ahold of her ankles again and pulling once more, only to encounter something he wasn’t expecting.

“Is that...”

“Another pussy?” Randa gave him the most innocent look in the world.

“You didn’t spontaneously-” her laugh interrupted his question and it clicked for Marcus. “Gosh, Randa, you haven’t churned her up yet?”

“Nu-uh. Too big.” Randa sighed happily, feeling Beshi inside of her moving about, knowing the bottled German blonde inside of her was surprised to suddenly have a monster cock sharing her womb space. “But a good solid fucking should help. So chop-chop!”

He rolled his eyes, but could feel his balls churning up the tanned Cuban woman with the monster tits inside him, or was she doing the backstroke? He couldn’t tell. Carefully, he began pulling back on his girlfriend’s ankles until the second pussy stretched around his cock head again. He could feel the customer’s hands on his cock from inside his girlfriend’s womb, beckoning him deeper inside her own womb where he met with...

“Is that a third pussy!?” Marcus physically stopped, staring down at his girlfriend’s lovely ass, as if he could see through her puckered asshole and directly into her womb.

“Yeah, those doofuses decided to try being a Russian doll or something DURING the insertion process.”

“Have you ever had two people in there at once?” Somehow missing that he had been intending to cum a third woman in this whole time.

“Nope!” Randa sighed happily feeling the two women inside her squirm, one not quite yet impaled on her boyfriend’s cock, the other stretched further by cock than she probably ever had been before. “And no idea what’ll happen either. So, get to fuckin’!”

Her slight southern accent getting deeper had always been a warning sign for Marcus, and he promptly shoved forward with his hips, not even bothering to grab his girlfriend’s ankles. She groaned through gritted teeth as her belly became overstuffed with cock and woman... *and woman* again. The two women inside her seemed to be losing their minds at the monster cock penetrating both of them and it took her a moment to settle down enough to speak.

“So how is it, fucking three women at once with one monster cock?”

“F-fuck!” was her boyfriend’s intelligent response.

“Oh hurry up and fuck my brains out so you can tell me properly.” Randa good-naturedly ribbed him, tickling his abs with her toes. He got the hint and grabbed her ankles and began to saw back and forth, careful to never pull out of any of the three women he was fucking, but to bring them right to the edge, their three pussies pulled tight together by the large mushroom head of his cock before plunging deeper inside them. He felt first one woman, the brunette with the Minnesota accent he’d checked in, her womb was stretching like a condom around his cock. When he reached the point of being halfway into his girlfriend, he felt the next woman, the German blonde’s womb start stretching around his cock still stretching out the brunette inside her. And then as he plunged ‘balls deep’ into his girlfriend, felt it stretch out even HER monster belly.

The whole fantasy of it all, fucking three women at once with a fourth twisting and turning and churning in his balls was driving him crazy. And from the moans and cries from his girlfriend, and both women inside of her, they were loving it just as much.

There was a brief moment, when the cubanita inside of him's breasts were pressed against his balls from the inside, and he could feel both sets of the monster tits inside Randa's womb pushing back, and all six tits were crammed together and he almost lost it.

Not one to give up so easy, or so early, he forced the boiling cum back down, clenched his balls and *really* churned up the woman inside them until she was one with his cum. Nothing but gallons and gallons of wonderful, delicious cum.

And that was it. That had hit his limit.

If he'd had the wherewithal to look at the clock, he'd have noted he'd made it a solid fifteen minutes of fucking three women at once while a fourth got herself off a half dozen times inside his balls. He didn't though, nor the ability to count the myriad of amazing orgasms the trio he was fucking had shared, the orgasms seeming to pass like waves from one end of the woman pyramid down and up through them, over and over again.

He'd missed all that. Though he would watch the footage later... Over and over...

Instead, he hit his limit, clenched his balls, and roared as he blasted approximately 12 gallons of cum into his girlfriend, into the blonde Beshi inside her, and into the brunette Chelsea inside her. He could feel Chelsea shake as she orgasmed probably one of the best in her life before losing cohesion. Beshi trembled around his cock as she felt herself filled with gallons of cum, of the now purifying Chelsea, and feet after cubic feet of cock and she too lost control of her form and cried out in orgasm one last time before also churning up.

Randa, for her part, simply came her brains out, the 'middle name forgetting' kind of orgasm, as she felt three women inside her, and her boyfriend's monster cock filling her drove her wild and she'd later admit this was about the time she blacked out.

Marcus, for his part, was a perfect gentlemen and made sure his balls were good an empty, that all of Arlen (he later had to look up her name on the form she'd filled out) had left his balls and made it into Randa's waiting, purifying womb.

"D-damn, it's the bachelorette party all over again," he giggled at his own joke before realizing his girlfriend was lost to the world for a bit.

Carefully pulling out, he didn't want any of their customers' liquid form spilling out, he walked over and found a blanket and pillow. Putting the pillow atop his girlfriend's boobs perky D-cups, he let the diminutive blonde with her huge belly fall asleep the moment her head hit the pillow. He carefully covered her with the warm quilted blanket before tiptoeing out of the room.

Settling into his receptionist chair, especially designed to cup and hold his balls with built in massagers, and taking a few tries to put his monster cock in the canal it tended to sit in, *had it gotten bigger?* Marcus settle down for an afternoon of taking calls and rescheduling appointments until his girlfriend was done with her purification process.



He absently tried to remember if he had told her what Arlen had wanted. Or if Randa had even he remembered to set the parameters for the two women inside of her already.

“Oh well...”

~

“Marcus?!”

Marcus jolted out of his seat, immediately regretting it as his balls took a second to follow him up. He’d closed up two hours ago and had been browsing Amazonian for the best deals on the games this bonus was sure to net him when he’d heard the surprised cry of his girlfriend.

He’d been intending to check on her... an hour ago... as she was usually done by now, but then again she’d never done two at once, let alone three before.

Bowlegged-ly, though he was happy to notice his cock had gone back down to it’s usual thickness, he ran into the backroom where he’d left her to find that indeed, she had maneuvered herself onto the birthing pool area, and was ‘giving birth’ to the purified customer. Though he could immediately spot several problems.

“Everything ok, dear?” He carefully asked, laying a hand on her shoulder. The look she shot him could have curdled milk.

“What part of this looks ok?!” Randa gestured at the six tits that now dominated her torso. Each was as large as an averaging of the three monster boobed woman that had gone inside of her this morning, and each were the tight spheroid shape the women’ six massively fake tits had been, apparently a blend of the silly string from Chelsea and the silicone from the other two.

Further, instead of three women coming out of her womb, either one at a time or what Marcus had expected was a ‘mad dash to the exit’ of all three trying to push past each other and exiting together, instead only a single beautiful woman was ever so carefully, lovingly even, crawling out of his girlfriend’s pussy, already free up to her waist.

The woman gave him a toothy smile, all teeth, no gums, and tilted her head to the side. Her hair was dark, having gotten rid of the two dye jobs the cubanita and German had both had to blonde, giving the new woman a more auburn tone that reminded Marcus of rich autumn leaves swirling around her face. While her breasts weren’t even as large as the nipples of the three women that had gone into Randa, they were still pleasing handfuls, rising high and perky on her chest. He recognized them as his girlfriend’s plump D’s and realized that must have been their bonus, to essentially trade tits with her. Her butt, as it slipped out of the still angrily muttering girlfriend of Marcus, was perfectly shaped, neither too big or too little, and perfectly curving into gorgeous thighs and calves.

“Oh my.” The woman had a lovely mixed accent, putting a very lady like hand to her lips to cover her gasp of astonishment as she looked in the mirror. “This is just, *magnifique!*”

“Uh...” Marcus hesitated while his girlfriend pouted. “Are you... three? Ok?”

“More than ok, *hermoso*. Beshi and Chelsea had been more or less expecting this. Arlen joining us was a surprise, but a welcome one. We all got along famously before, and together we’re just having a, how you say... blast!”

“I... I’m not sure what to say.” Marcus bit his lip before feeling a smack on his hip from his still flat on her curvy butt girlfriend.

“Well I’m *sicher*.” The woman gave him a beaming smile. “I, or we, speak four languages now, and have the combined intellect of all of us and oh it’s just wonderful. It’s everything we ever wanted.”

“Sooooo, you’re satisfied?” Marcus and Randa shared one look. If they had that on tape-

“I am 100% satisfied and will be telling my friends.” The new woman, or women, beamed a smile at the duo as she said exactly what needed to be said, as if it’d been rehearsed, before adding, “ALL my very *BUSTY* friends.”

And with that she flounced out without a stitch of clothing, not that any of her old outfits would have fit her anyway, she seemed proud enough that she didn’t care who saw her like this.

Turning his attention back to his girlfriend before the door had even swung shut, he helped her stand on trembling legs, her six monster tits wobbling and swinging back and forth on her slight frame. “This is a disaster.” Randa fretted, biting her bottom lip and staring into her cleavage. “I forgot to set the exit protocol and now I’ve got these six monsters and it feels like they’re growing so one of them must have had those silly string implants and... and...”

“Look on the bright side.” Marcus did what he did best, well, second best. He’d already done what he was best at earlier today. Instead, he tried to make her laugh. “You can now be the tittyfuck queen and actually fuck my cock with those!”

“Oh ha. Ha.” She scrunched up her nose and stared up at her 6’4” boyfriend. “And Ha.”

“You worried about the six tits?”

“Not really. If it’s a problem, I can take a trip through your balls and you can churn me up good.”

“Oh well if that’s what you want...” Marcus did his best sad puppy look which got her finally laughing.

“Ok, you’re right, I’m not getting rid of them quite yet. I really do want to take them for a spin and decide if I’m keeping them first. Now help me to the futon and get me something to drink.” She



gestured in the general direction of their kitchenette. "Get the lube while you're up, I really want to try a six-tit-fuck."

"Your wish is my command!" Marcus dashed to the supply closet as Randa called after him.

"And wipe that smirk off your face so I know when it's my tits making you smile!"