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Chapter 6 picks up immediately where Chapter 5 left off.

## Four of a Kind

### Chapter 6

“Oh, um,” I blushed. “Yeah, I guess so. But I don’t want to get so big that I won’t be able to have sex with you, in case we ever figure out how to make that happen.”

“Don’t worry about that,” she said with a devilish grin. “It’s like I said before: there’s no such thing as too big. I definitely wouldn’t mind any additions you might want to make.”

I shot her a look.

“Not that I have any complaints! Your cock is beautiful, Erica. I wouldn’t have spent so much time with it in my mouth if I didn’t think so.”

“That is a pretty good point,” I conceded.

“I’m just saying that bigger is always better. Didn’t you say that yourself?”

“Well, yeah. I guess you’ve got me there.”

“I’m almost done pumping—why don’t you go turn off the pump and help me get these cups off, and then maybe we can do something about your...dimensions.”

I knew Beth was trying to distract me from her bizarre ramblings, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t working. I grinned and practically jumped off the bed, my huge erection slapping against my stomach. I turned off the impressive milker and unsealed the cups from Beth’s boobs.

Her nipples were hugely swollen from the pumping, and still dribbling a small amount of milk. There was nothing I wanted more than to suck those beautiful, ebony teats.

“Mmmm, thanks Erica. Now, if you drink straight from the source, it should be a little more effective. And faster. What do you say?”

I didn’t even respond before latching onto one of Beth’s thick nipples. It was like sucking a short, fat cock the things were so big. But so much better, obviously.

“Oh! Wait, not too hard! I can’t cum, remember! Take it slow.”

Reluctantly I heeded Beth’s warning. Instead of teasing her sensitive tit with my mouth, like I would if we were going to have sex, I started sucking on her nipple like a child does. I wasn’t running my

tongue around her areola, or playfully biting, or anything like that. Just sucking rhythmically, my eyes closed, letting the warm, sweet milk pour down my throat. I felt an incomparable sense of calm wash over me, and a feeling of safety. There was a profound feeling of maternal comfort that I couldn't resist. I had never felt so content in my life.

"Ohhhh, switch to another breast, Erica. That one's getting too sensitive."

I dutifully switched from her lower left breast to her lower right one. Steadily I worked my way counter-clockwise around the massive clover of jugs, until I finally drank my fill of Beth's divine tit-milk. I pulled my face off her bust, and laid next to her, allowing Beth to nuzzle her head in the crook of my shoulder.

"That felt so nice," she said, in a sleepy, quiet voice. "I love the feeling when someone drains my tits. It's such a relief."

"I wish I could suckle like that all the time," I responded.

"Well, we can work on that," she said with a smile.

We snuggled contentedly like that for a couple of minutes, but then I felt the effects of Beth's lactation taking over my body. It was so much faster than when I'd had it out of the fridge.

I groaned with pleasure. "I think I'm about to start growing."

Beth perked up then, sitting up to watch my body start to change.

"I want to feel it," she said, and she gripped my rod with both hands, to enjoy the sensation of my male parts swelling in her grasp.

My heart throbbed in my chest, and I felt hot all over, but especially in my groin. I cried out as a powerful electric shock went through my dick, and it surged more than three inches in the blink of an eye. It receded slightly then, losing maybe a third of the growth that had just occurred. I was left panting while my cock throbbed, standing up from my body all on its own.

After twenty seconds of calm, another paralyzing shock electrified my member, and it surged massively in size before giving up a portion of its gains. My body convulsed with each of these sudden growth pulses, and I let out animal screams.

The first two pulses alone had brought me to a solid fifteen inches, and Beth was wide-eyed, riveted to the sight of my expanding organ. The pulses continued, each one coming about twenty or thirty seconds apart, leaving me breathless and my senses overwhelmed. The pulses also resulted in more growth each time. The increase in rate of change was subtle at first, but became obvious soon after.

I had sat up against the headboard of the bed, with my enormously heavy pole resting on the mattress, between my legs. The midpoint of my prick was half again thicker than my thigh and down past my knees—and the pulses were still coming. My cock, like during my earlier growth spurts, was smaller at the root and gradually widened towards the midpoint, but this time it didn't narrow again towards the head. In fact, the glans was now a bit bigger than my actual head. It was steel-hard like before, but it was so heavy that there was no way for it to keep pointing upwards, which is why it was

splayed out between my legs—but this pushed each of my balls to the sides of my shaft. Each one was about twice the size of a soccer ball, and rested partially on top of my thighs.

The shocks were now accompanied by growth surges of six inches or more. By the time I finally stopped expanding, the head of my cock was actually extending beyond the foot of the bed and my testicles were the size of large medicine balls. My cock probably weighed more than I did at this point—it was certainly longer than I was tall, and its circumference was substantially more than my waist's. Now that I wasn't being subjected to intense jolts of stimulation, I was able to calm down and really take in my breathtaking size. I rubbed what section of my shaft I could reach, and tried lifting it with my arms. It was to no avail. I was, for the moment, trapped sitting on the bed thanks to the weight of my own dick. That knowledge, and the sight of my rod, sent my arousal through the roof. Immediately, thick semen started oozing from the head of my member—so much that I could hear it hitting the floor with loud wet splats and plops.

“Wow, you did even better than I expected,” Beth said, marveling at my wood even more than I was.

She got up off the bed and walked slowly to the foot of it, and my throbbing, drooling cock-head. I was still pumping my hands up and down the base of my shaft, but my eyes were locked on Beth and her two entrancing racks, which wobbled and jiggled as she moved. She trailed her fingers along my cock as she went, and I was surprised at just how sensitive my towering fuck-pole was despite its massive size. Finally she arrived at the foot of the bed, and the eight or ten inches that my hard-on projected beyond it. She knelt down in my spreading puddle of pre on the floor. I felt her hands move across my glans.

“Oh Jesus, Erica, your cum tastes even better than before!”

My back arched and my eyes rolled up while Beth scooped up the girl-cum that was leaking out of my penis, even the slightest brush of her hands sending pulses of ecstasy down my rod. My cock flexed involuntarily each time; my body yearned to fuck something, anything. I had never been more lustful in my life. All I could think about was getting off.

While Beth tended to me, I ran my hands all over my body—every inch of me was a pulsating erogenous zone, and all physical sensations were heightened to the point of intense sexual pleasure. As my fingers brushed past my nipples, I felt something wet.

Puzzled, I looked down and saw white fluid leaking from both my nipples—which were now massive, easily three inches long and thick as my thumb.

“Beth!” I could only speak in something between a moan and a scream.

The sounds of her licking and slurping my jizz stopped momentarily. She stood up, popping back into view. “Mmm, yes Erica? What does my sexy dickgirl want?”

“I think I'm lactating!” I panted, still exploring my incredibly sensitive, hugely enlarged nipples. They were rock hard—far harder than any nipples I had ever felt. Aside from being scaled up in size, they looked normal, but they were so rigidly erect that it almost felt like I had two small dicks sticking out of my chest.

Beth looked puzzled by my exclamation, and got back on the bed. She straddled my cock as she did, crawling on all fours towards me. All four of her gargantuan breasts dragged along my shaft.

“Ohhh fuck!” I moaned, my cock flexing so hard that it actually lifted off the bed despite its significant weight. “Oh fuck, oh fuck Beth! I’m gonna cum!”

She leaned her head down and kissed my shaft, still straddling my cock on all fours. That was the last straw; I erupted.

I actually saw stars when it happened, fireworks of color exploding across my vision. The pleasure was so intense that I couldn’t even move—every muscle in my body was fully tensed, and I just grunted and moaned as rope after rope of hermaphrodite spunk travelled down the length of my shaft. I could actually *feel* it, each thick pulse of jizz traveling the six-plus feet of my prick. As huge as I was, the pressure was incredible, and each spurt was almost painful, so pressurized as it surged through my pole.

My eyes were closed tight the whole time, so I only saw the aftermath, but Beth would later tell me that each individual surge was probably in excess of eight fluid ounces, and I shot them with such pressure and velocity that they hit the far wall and splattered all over the room, even onto the ceiling. That wasn’t the most extraordinary part, though.

“Erica! Erica what the fuck?!”

Apparently Beth had been yelling for a while, but I hadn’t been able to hear her while I was still cumming. Only after I finished—which felt like it took hours—was I able to parse any stimuli other than my own ecstasy.

“Ugh...wha? What’s wrong?” I asked, groggy as any hungover morning.

“What the hell is this stuff?”

I looked down from the ceiling to her, and realized that she was splattered with what looked like jizz. Not in the huge volumes that were now coating most of the room, but in more normally-sized strands of sticky white fluid. It didn’t make any sense.

“Erica, is this cum?” she asked, and it seemed like a silly question. She was now sitting upright on my cock, and examining the viscous ropes that were all over her face, hands, arms, and chest.

“I have no idea what just happened,” I said, sweating and still breathing heavy. “But it sure looks like cum. What’s the big deal? It’s just jizz.”

“It came out of your *tits*, Erica.”

I stared blankly, dumbfounded.

“Are you listening to me? This stuff shot of your nipples when you came.” She paused then, lifting a hand to her face, wiping some of the stuff off and tasting it cautiously. She gulped, and couldn’t suppress a satisfied smile at the taste. “Yup, that’s definitely your cum, Erica. How in the hell did you just shoot spunk out of your tits?”

I looked down at my breasts and realized that they were still splattered with some of the thick milky fluid. I tasted some of it myself, and had to agree with Beth.

“Holy hell, that *is* cum,” I said, marveling at the taste. “How is this possible?”

“I was asking you that!” Beth said, exasperated.

I shrugged. “I have no earthly idea. I thought all this weird shit was your area of expertise.”

“Not *this*,” she rebutted. “I’ve never seen this happen to anyone before. But then again, I’ve never seen any hermaphrodites other than my sister—and now you. It’s never happened to her, but not everyone is affected the same way by my milk. I guess it just...interacted with something unique in you.”

Intrigued, I felt up my tits—they felt a littler firmer maybe, but it was hard to tell. When I squeezed them, though, I saw a little leftover girl sperm ooze out from the tips of my nipples. The feeling was incredible; this was something I could get used to.

“Let me try something,” Beth said, and then got on all fours again and crawled up to me.

“Jesus your tits feel good on my cock,” I said, pre-cum oozing from my cock once again. It didn’t matter that I had just finished cumming—my cock and balls were far beyond any normal human capabilities. Now on the lookout, I also noticed that my tits had started dripping pre-cum of their own. The amount from each was more like what I would expect from a normal man’s penis.

Once Beth was in front of me, she sat up (again straddling my prick) and promptly latched onto my left tit. I let out an exhilarated moan—it was just like someone sucking my cock. My nipples were long enough now that she could really go to town, and I felt another orgasm beginning to build. I grabbed her by the hair and pumped her head vigorously up and down my engorged teat.

She spent the next five minutes giving me an erotic experience that was completely new. What brought everything to a head—forgive the pun—was when she started stroking my other nipple with her free hand and grinding her slick cunt on my throbbing mega-dick. Everything went off at once—both my tits and my throbbing member spraying more than two dozen ropes of thick dickgirl juice. This time the sensory overload was expected, so I was able to maintain some awareness while my body was wracked with pleasure. So I was able to hear Beth this time when she screamed.

“Oh God Erica *yes!*”

Just as my orgasm was winding down, she unlatched from my breast, her lips smeared with my cum, and let out that climactic proclamation. Her body shuddered and she started grinding on my cock even more fiercely.

I knew this was wrong—we had been trying to avoid her having an orgasm—but at the same time I loved it. All I wanted to do in that moment was make Beth cum over and over again. That desire grew even stronger as I watched her four tits start to swell before my eyes. It happened quickly, and it wasn’t dramatic, but it *was* noticeable. The incredible eroticism of that sight gave tremendous power to my last two spurts, and we held each other tightly, both cumming intensely.

We spent a while in that embrace—both of us breathing hard, slick with sweat and our various juices, exhausted and content. Eventually Beth swung her leg over my rod and sat down on the bed next to me.

“Fuck,” she sighed.

"I'm sorry babe," I said, putting my hand on her shoulder. "I didn't mean to make you cum."

She put her hand on mine, but looked off into space. "It's not your fault Erica. I knew what would happen if I kept humping you like that. I just couldn't resist. Ugh. This is going to take some getting used to."

She sounded mildly frustrated, which was altogether much better than I had feared.

"So you're not too upset?" I asked.

"No, it's not that bad. I came twice in a row, but that shouldn't even amount to a full cup-size. No use crying over spilt milk."

I tried to hold in a laugh and snorted instead. Beth glared at me.

We both burst out laughing.

"You really have to choose your words more carefully," I said, still chuckling slightly.

"I guess so!" She rubbed her hands over her modestly-improved bosom. "Still, you got my point. It's not a disaster. Not yet, anyway. I just have to get a handle on this and make sure it stops happening."

Beth looked me up and down for a moment. "Can you even move with that thing?" she asked, pointing to my cock, which was still fiercely hard and hanging over the foot of the bed.

"Not really," I admitted. "But I'm still enjoying it. I just hope these don't go back to normal when all the excess swelling goes down," I said, stroking my nipples.

"Really? It isn't weird?"

"No, it's definitely weird. But it's *way* worth it," I said with a grin. "It's like having three cocks! Three times the orgasm. I've never been this sensitive up top; it's amazing."

Beth shook her head in amusement. "Well, I have no idea if you'll stay that way, but for the record I hope you do, too. That was...really fun. I didn't think there was anything so freaky that I hadn't seen it already."

I snorted. "It's just too bad my tits are so small," I said.

"They're not small!" Beth protested. "You're, what, a D-cup?"

"A large C," I said.

"Still, compared to normal women, you're not small at all."

"I think we're both well past comparing ourselves to what's normal," I chided. "It's always that way though, isn't it? I want to have huge tits, and yours are growing too much! The grass is always greener on the other side," I sighed.

"Wait, Erica, I just remembered—I think we have some of my sister's cum in the freezer!"

"Really?" I asked, my hopes rising. "Her cum can make girl's tits bigger, right?"

Beth nodded. “But I don’t know if it’s a good idea to give it to you while you’re like this,” she said, motioning to my freakish fuck-piston. She then drew closer to me, and kissed me on the neck. “So why don’t we take care of this first.”

She leaned in and kissed me deeply, and proceeded to give me the best night of my life.

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