

Lena Gushman

A

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Joint

Inspired by untrue events

1.

Lena Gushman did not suffer fools gladly. Since men were usually fools, it was only natural that she was exclusively attracted to women.

Her first sexual relationship with a girl was in her freshman year of college, once all of her high school insecurities began to subside. Harriet Nakamura was a rough, tough rugby player with close-cropped black hair, small, perky breasts, a big, muscular ass, and a mildly sarcastic demeanor. She had been the one who asked out Lena as the two were leaving their advanced physics class. "So what do you say?" Harriet reached down and brushed a loose strand of Lena's curly black hair behind Lena's ear; at a well-built 5'8, she was a full six inches taller than Lena. "You know you want to give me a chance. I see the way you've been looking at me."

Their relationship did not begin as a very sexual one. Over coffees at the student union, they realized they shared the same taste in movies, books, and post-ironic memes. That soon changed. Within weeks, Lena would wake up most mornings to the glorious sensation of Harriet's long, expressive tongue teasing and massaging her clitoris. Lena, whose clear skin had a dark gold undertone, would rest her tiny hands on Harriet's broad, light brown shoulders. "Ohhhh."

At 20, Lena's life was finally almost perfect. Her high GPA and test scores during high school had landed her a full ride at the university, where she had so far scored at or near the top of her physics and mathematics classes. She figured she would eventually go to one of the country's top physics grad schools, but that would come later. For now, Lena would focus on what she had with Harriet.

Encouraged by Harriet, who worshipped every inch of her, Lena felt that her body was almost perfect too. She had long, slender arms and legs, narrow but adequate hips, a head of dark, curly hair that reached halfway down her neck (trimmed at one point for a rebellious pixie cut), dark brown eyes, and thin, expressive eyebrows. The only thing that didn't fit were her soft, DD breasts, which Lena was holding in her hands as Harriet pleased her. Her breasts and overexcitable brown nipples had always been too big for her small, thin frame. Indeed, they were one of the main reasons she felt that men were usually fools. She couldn't count how many slack-jawed nerds, jocks, and even professors had come on to her while staring at them. Why were men (and even some women) so obsessed with the big balls of fat hanging from her torso? Lena hated to be seen as a sexual object by those with male privilege, so she always enjoyed telling those leering assholes that she was a lesbian.

Still, she didn't want to disappoint Harriet with what she was going to say. "Harriet," said Lena. Harriet's face, which bore a slight sheen of sweat, looked up from Lena's mound. "I'm thinking of getting breast reduction surgery. Would you... how would that make you feel."

After looking surprised for a moment, Harriet got on the bed next to Lena. "Lena, I'll support you 100%." Lena had previously confided in Harriet about the objectification she had experienced because of her ample bosom, so Harriet was sympathetic to her choice. They hugged, and Lena inhaled Harriet's slightly musky scent. For a moment, she thought she saw Harriet eyeing her sweaty breasts.

2.

The student health plan only recommended one plastic surgeon, who she would have to pay out of pocket. On the day of the surgery, she sat in his fluorescent-lit waiting room for what felt like hours. Then a tired, deeply unsexy nurse ushered her into the operating room.

"Are you ready, Lena?" Dr. Oleg Glaugurm had a faint foreign accent that she could not place. His bizarre-looking walrus moustache disappeared as he put on his surgical mask. "You must be sure you are prepared for the consequences."

"Yes," Lena whispered nervously. When Dr. Glaugurm had outlined the procedure to her, which he described in rapid-fire technical language as a "mammary/bodily deamplification and recalibration," she had felt confident enough in her own scientific knowledge to agree that it was acceptable. After all, Dr. Glaugurm had only received positive reviews online (though some of them had a suspicious number of smiley faces and exclamation points). At this late moment, though, doubt was creeping in for reasons that Lena could not quite articulate.

"Do not worry, my dear." Dr. Glaugurm may have been smiling behind his surgical mask. "Just count backwards from ten."

3.

"Are you ready to see them?" asked Lena.

Harriet nodded eagerly.

Lena took off her shirt and then started unrolling the bandages around her golden torso. They were both impressed by Dr. Glaugurm's work. Although Lena's breasts were now a very reasonable B cup, neither of them could see any scars, even on her dark nipples, which Dr. Glaugurm had entered as part of the surgery.

"Very nice!" said Harriet.

The room was somewhat chilly, so Lena's nipples had become erect. "Oops," she laughed nervously, covering them with her hands. "Looks like the girls are still excitable."

"Don't be ashamed in front of me," said Harriet, pulling Lena's hands away. She brushed the side of Lena's nipple. Lena felt a twinge of pleasure. "Can I take 'em for a test drive?"

"Oh, okay!"

Harriet began by kissing Lena deeply. She slowly worked her way down to Lena's breasts, eventually tonguing and then sucking on her brown nipples. "Oh, God!" said Lena. Though a little nipple play had always been pleasurable, Harriet's expert servicing had brought her to the brink of an orgasm. "Keep going!" Her tiny fingers tightened on Harriet's shoulders.

Harriet suddenly stood up and spat. "What the hell?"

Lena looked down at her nipples and saw that something was dripping from them. "Is that... milk?"

"No," said Harriet. She reached down and swiped her finger across Lena's sensitive nipple, then sucked on her finger. Lena shuddered with pleasure. "It's some kind of... honeyed drink." After a second, she returned to Lena's breasts. "And I want more of it."

Before Lena could ask what was happening or suggest they return to the doctor, Harriet was suckling on her nipple. The indescribable ecstasy Lena felt left her unable to move.

"Ohhh... Oh!"

Her mind was momentarily empty of anything but carnal desire. She came twice before Harriet finally withdrew her grinning face from Lena's nipple.

4.

"I have to go to the doctor, Harriet. The surgery must have gone wrong."

Lena and Harriet were sitting together in the back of their advanced physics class. Under their desks, Harriet slyly rubbed her foot against Lena's shin. "Relax, babe," said Harriet. "You said some postoperative leakage is to be expected. So that's all that was." Since their rendezvous last night, Harriet had seemed very relaxed. Almost too relaxed in Lena's opinion. And something about Harriet's face looked slightly different. Was she wearing blue contact lenses?

"I'm serious!" Lena's frustration was compounded by the fact that she was having a hard time following her professor's lecture. Why were these concepts suddenly so difficult for her to understand?

"Oh my gosh!" Lena looked down and realized that two dark spots were forming on the front of her shirt. She was embarrassed to feel wetness in her panties, too. "I'm leaking again! I have to get out of here."

"Let's go to the bathroom," said Harriet.

Inside the stall, Lena took off her shirt and unhooked her new B cup bra. Why were her breasts straining against it? "Are these bigger than they were yesterday?" she asked Harriet.

"Never mind that," said Harriet. She unbuttoned her plaid shirt, revealing breasts that also seemed strangely larger than they had in the past. They also had pink nipples, which Lena didn't remember Harriet possessing.

"Harriet... have you been, uh, working out or something?" asked Lena as Harriet's eager face approached her leaking nipples.

"No more than usual," said Harriet before darting her long tongue at Lena's areola. Again, the pleasure was so intense that it swallowed Lena up. The wet spot in her panties seemed to be running down her leg.

"Please, God, keep sucking!"

5.

"I need to call Dr. Glau... whatever," said Lena as she stared into her bedroom mirror at her naked body. This fourth morning after the surgery, she couldn't even fit her throbbing, golden breasts into her old DD cup bras. They were still leaking that honeyed fluid, which Lena had taken to secretly tasting from time to time. It was very sweet and good. She giggled and then froze. "Why am I laughing?"

Lately, she had found herself laughing at everything. Maybe it had something to do with the increased sensitivity of her nipples and her vagina. Looking down, she noticed that her labia seemed fuller and juicier than it had in the past. She moved a finger toward her hunger and then pulled it away. "Have to... concentrate." She strained to ignore the gathering moisture.

Her hips had widened too. When she tried to fit into her old pants, they split along the seams. Yesterday, she had been reduced to wearing an old skirt from her days on the high school color guard. While it had once draped below her knees, it now barely reached the bottom of her curving thighs. Today, she wasn't even sure if that dress could fit. She swore she had been 5'2, but now she had to be at least 5'8.

She turned around and examined her enormous, honey-colored ass. It had expanded along with her hips and thighs, and closer inspection revealed that it was as solidly muscular as Harriet's. In fact, now that she stopped to think about it, almost everything had expanded. She walked closer to the mirror and felt her face. Her lips, once sensibly thin, had fattened and softened. Her eyes had always been large, but now they seemed like something out of an anime. Her thick, curly hair, which had once stopped midway down her neck, now reached all the way to her upper back. Even her eyebrows had thickened. Indeed, the only thing that hadn't thickened was her midsection. She slapped her muscular stomach like a drum. Somehow, even as body fat had collected in her breasts, legs, and ass, it had grown leaner and stronger looking.

She moved her hands back to her chest. "What is happening?" Lately, she had found it hard to hold a thought for more than about five minutes. After yesterday's linear algebra class, when she had started leaking after the professor asked her a question and she had run out of the room, she had decided to remain in her apartment for the time being.

While holding her breasts and contemplating her options, she slowly brought one of them to her face and started licking her nipple. "Tastes yummy," she said with a giggle, feeling

pleasure in two places. She froze once more. "Goddamn it. Not again. HARRIET! I need you to drain me."

Harriet appeared in the doorway. Over the past few days, she had changed too. Her breasts had grown beyond the limits of her masculine wardrobe, settling at an FF cup. Her ass, already huge and muscular, had grown as well. Though Lena had somehow gotten taller, Harriet had, if anything, grown more than Lena. She now towered over Lena at 6'2 in bare feet. Her physical appearance had changed in other ways as well. Though she had once had slightly round, Japanese physical features, her bright blue eyes were now framed by a long, almost Germanic face. Her skin had lightened into a pinkish hue dotted by freckles in places.

To accommodate her growth, Harriet was wearing one of her old kimonos, which now barely reached the top of her thick, powerful thighs. She had changed in other ways too. While she had once been sarcastic and aggressive at times, lately, she had become almost unnaturally accommodating and sweet. She must have dyed her close-cropped black hair, too. It was now a striking shade of blonde.

"I have an idea," said Harriet, sitting down on the bed beside Lena and placing her hands beneath Lena's pendulous, swaying mammaries.

"You're gonna call Dr. G... Dr. Gallonboob?"

"No," said Harriet with a titter. Drawing her face close to Lena's, she began french kissing her. While still kissing Lena, Harriet reached down and started stimulating Lena's smooth, moist vagina with one hand and tweaking her excitable brown nipple with the other. The physical sensation was so intense that Lena couldn't think. She came three times before Harriet withdrew her face and hands.

"Dr. G..." Lena couldn't remember her doctor's name. She couldn't remember much of anything about herself, actually. Had she really been studying science? She was a much bigger fan of people and stuff. People are fun and sexy. She grinned and reached down towards her own vagina.

"*Pass auf,*" said Harriet, grabbing Lena's wrist and bringing it towards her own massive right tit, which seemed curiously damp. Harriet restrained a moan of pleasure. "I've grown... large on you, *Fraulein*." She brought Lena's other hand to her other tit. "And now I want you to grow larger on me." She opened her kimono, revealing two heaving breasts

that were leaking the same honeyed substance Lena had been leaking. "Please... They are *aching* to be emptied."

As Lena sucked on Harriet's humongous tits, she felt herself growing. Her legs seemed to be lengthening and reshaping themselves. Her warm, leaking breasts surged out against Harriet's open legs, reaching WW proportions. Her nipples expanded and darkened, reaching the size of thumbs. She felt her curly black hair tumbling further down her back, giggling as it tickled the top of her rapidly ballooning ass.

"Tastes yummy," she said, unable to think of anything else. Her mind was a blank.

"I think we need something else," said Harriet. She scooted wide-eyed Lena onto her lap. Harriet felt Lena's wet pubic hair bristling against her stomach. Harriet looked down and saw that her own nipples had enlarged as well. They were leaking even more fluid onto Lena's enormous breasts, which were pressed and parted slightly against her midsection. Her own blond hair had lengthened as well, and her own once-clear mind could no longer focus on anything but the sexual. She brushed one of Lena's long brown tresses behind her pierced ear. "We need dick, Lena."

"Dick is... gross," said Lena instinctively. But as soon as Harriet had said it, Harriet felt Lena's labia expand slightly and her thickening pubic hair grow more wet. Her breasts' fluid production also increased. Lena's plump, red lips were slightly parted, and a trail of drool that began to collect at the side of her mouth. "So big and meaty and smelly. Pumpin' my wet, hungry pussy. Eww." Lena's eyes dulled further. Harriet felt Lena's boobs expand a big against her. Without realizing it, Lena began making sucking noises with her mouth. "Want... drink you."

Harriet gave Lena a knowing smile, then pushed up her right teat towards Lena. Lena drank from it some more. Her legs, ass, breasts, and unintelligent eyes expanded even more. By the time Lena was finished, her golden, almost shimmering body must have measured 6'3 with a thin, muscular waist, extremely wide hips, and leaky ZZZs. Her thick mane of dark, curly hair was long enough to reach the top of her shins.

Lena giggled and burped. "So good," said Lena, resting her head against Harriet's massive, thrumming bosom.

When both of them had recovered enough to speak some more, Harriet said, "Dr. Glau- Dr. Longdick told me we need cock. Tasty cock gonna plug up the leak," she said in a singsongy Southern accent.

“Gimme,” said Lena. She started involuntarily making sucking noises again. Harriet felt Lena’s wet labia opening and closing against her. She even thought she felt Lena’s asshole pucker on her thigh. “I need it.”

“Of course you do,” said Dr. Glaugurm, emerging from behind the bedroom door.

“Yayy!!” Harriet jumped up from the bed and clapped. Her long, blonde hair and gigantic breasts bounced up and down.

“And I could give it to you now,” said Dr. Glaugurm, unzipping his pants to reveal a large uncircumcised dick.

From her position sitting on the bed, Lena’s enormous eyes widened further. “Tastes yummy?” Her labia was opening and closing even faster, and she could feel warmth surging in her breasts. “Need... drained soon.”

“Well, that’s why I’m here,” said Dr. Glaugurm, walking over to Lena and guiding his cock between her plump lips. She moaned and began to suck. Lena’s tongue had lengthened and thickened too, and was now prehensile. It enwrapped his shaft, stroking it while she stimulated his glans using her strong, sensitive throat muscles.

“But I’ve got a long-term proposition as well,” continued Dr. Glaugurm as Lena serviced him. “I didn’t anticipate what would happen to you, Harriet. I only saw what could be done with Lena’s body. But.... oooh... But I think we can make something work.”

“Yayy!!” said Harriet. She bounded over to Dr. Glaugurm and wrapped her long and still muscular arms around him. He felt her ample breasts pressing against his back and her sturdy legs mash against his own. “You’re my hero.”

“Not quite,” he said, guiding her by hand until she stood directly over Lena’s sucking form. Harriet’s vagina, which only had a thin strip of blonde pubic hair, was dripping so heavily that a pool formed on Lena’s shining golden back. Dr. Glaugurm held up Harriet’s right breast and drank from it. She gasped with pleasure. “I’m your boss.”

No one at the university had ever seen anything like Gush's. An invitation-only private club on the outskirts of town, it had initially attracted scrutiny and skepticism from the administration because of the number of students, faculty and staff who were visiting it. Soon after Dean Johnson had been spotted emerging from it one weekend evening, however, the university took all necessary steps to shut down their investigation. Though there was a critical story about the administration's actions in the student newspaper, everyone in town soon forgot what they had ever held against Gush's.

"Can I take yer order?" said Harriet in a Southern accent voice to the table of three frat boys at the beginning of her shift. They had heard about the staff at Gush's. This one was dressed in a valkyrie costume that barely concealed her enormous breasts and shapely, muscular legs.

"I'll have a beer," said one of them.

"Uh... can I take yer order?" Harriet only knew how to respond to one order - the only order people ever placed at Gush's. Truthfully, she couldn't stop thinking about how their cocks would feel sliding inside her. She wasn't smart enough to hope they couldn't see the wet spot rapidly forming in her panties.

"Steve, you idiot... We'll have the Gush, madam. I'll have regular, Steve will have front of house Gush, and Justin here will have back of house Gush."

"You don't have to make me feel bad, Crandall," said Steve.

"Okay!" Harriet was relieved that she didn't have to think. She led the three of them to the bar. Crandall, who was walking directly behind her, guessed that the Valkyrie with the redneck accent had to be at least 6'6. He casually reached out and, lifting her skirt, stuck his finger between her large, pink asscheeks, which glistened in the bar light.

"Oooh!" She stopped and looked back with a titter. "That tickles!" She grabbed his wrist and rubbed it seductively. "But you wanted Gush! And there ain't no line 'cuz y'all are so early!"

"Crandall, what the hell?" Steve asked as they kept walking. "That's sexual assault."

"Chill out," said Crandall. "They're into it here. Trust me."

They reached the bar. At the center of the bar, Lena was stationed where the tap would normally stand. She had to be easily 7 feet tall. She had a luxurious mane of curly, black hair

that reached the floor, swollen purple lips, gigantic brown eyes, and massive, golden breasts that hung down to the level of someone sitting at the bar. Crandall noticed that her breasts were leaking. "Gush?" she asked. He grabbed her right nipple, which was the size of a fist, and began lapping at it. It tasted so sweet that he could hardly bring himself to break away, though he knew from rumors around town that he shouldn't have too much of the stuff at one time.

Lena moaned as Crandall withdrew his lips from her nipple. "Bite?" she asked with a plaintive look in her eyes. He softly nipped her areola. They could hear a strange, wet snapping sound from the other side of the bar. Lena couldn't stop moaning.

"He wants front of house," said Harriet, pointing at Steve. Before Steve knew what was happening, the Valkyrie had picked him up and placed him on the other side of the bar. Steve, who was only 5'7, looked up from Lena's navel past her massive breasts to her smiling, angelic face. He could hear the snapping sound from her labia, which was expanding and contracting hungrily. "Get on," she said, pointing to a small platform in front of her. He mounted it and, unzipping his pants, mounted her.

As Steve entered Lena, her forested, sweet-smelling labia contracted and expanded along the shaft of his penis, even reaching down as far as his balls. Whereas Lena herself was clearly inarticulate, the lips of her pussy almost seemed to be reciting a love poem. He groaned. "Suck me," said Lena, pulling down her left breast to his face. He began to lap at her huge, sensitive nipple. Lena loudly came twice before Steve came with a shudder. "Go again?" asked Lena. Against all odds, Steve felt himself harden again inside Lena's warmth. "What are you?" he asked.

"I'm Gush!" she giggled, causing her colossal tits to bounce a little.

"Way to go, Steve," said Crandall as Steve began thrusting again. Crandall, who was sitting on a barstool a few feet from Lena, was little drunk off of whatever had been in her titty.

"What about me?" asked Justin, who was often a little sullen when everyone else was feeling happy. "I ordered back of house."

"C'mon," said the redneck Valkyrie. She dashed with him to the bathroom, which was directly behind the bar. She led him into a stall, where there was a glory hole the size of a manhole. On the other side, he could see Lena's perfect, golden ass, which was framed by the two parted sheets of her curly, black hair. It was making a faint puckering sound.

"Is she farting?" he asked Harriet.

"No. Her booty is just hungry," Harriet giggled. She unzipped Justin's pants for him and lovingly stroked his penis, which instantly came to attention "There we go, darlin'." She guided his throbbing shaft into Lena's expanding and contracting anus.

On the other side of the bar, Lena's expression changed. Her eyes widened further then rolled back in her head. "Ooooooohhhhhhhhhhh...." Steve felt her labia begin moving more rapidly up and down his shaft. "Soooo goood."

Crandall noticed that Lena's breasts were leaking a red fluid. "Is that blood?" asked Crandall to no one in particular.

"Naww!" said the Valkyrie, who had returned from the bathroom. She skipped over to Crandall and rested her bosom on his shoulders. "She makes that stuff when she's happy! You should taste it."

Lena's expression changed again. Her eyes, no longer in the back of her head, were fixed on a point in the middle distance. It could have been Crandall's imagination, but her breasts seemed to be slowly expanding. "Ooohhhhhhhhhhhhh," she said. She started making involuntary sucking noises with her lips.

"Gush needs me," Harriet cried. With a single bound, she jumped from the barroom floor to the bar. Crandall looked up and saw that Harriet's polka dot panties were dripping. "C'mon, your turn again," said Harriet with a laugh. Reaching down from the bar, she easily pulled Crandall to his feet and directed him to Lena's dripping left breast. Crandall started lapping at her massive nipple in earnest. It was the sweetest red wine he had ever tasted. His mind began to cloud over.

Harriet opened up the top of her Valkyrie costume and revealed her two heaving, pink breasts, which had begun to leak. She knelt a bit and angled her right breast towards Lena's sucking lips. "Tastes yummy," she said, stroking Lena's hair.

Lena stared at the breast. Drool was running down her face. "Gimme."