

# Either Or

by sexhammer40k

Inspired by illustrations by [Aya Shobon](#) and [starbimilk](#). (Links go to Gelbooru.)

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Hi. My name is Amy. Amy Dirschl.

This is the story of how my life got flipped, turned upside-

Wait, *shit*. That's the Fresh Prince of Bel-Air. (I've been watching reruns. Fuck off.)

I've actually been watching lots of reruns, lately. At least, between my mind-blowing masturbation sessions and... Well, I'm getting ahead of myself, now aren't I?

Let me just start at the beginning and go from there.

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How the hell I got partnered with the little dweeb, I don't know. Assigned partners *suck*. Jean, one of my friends, got into a fight with her partner because he kept being a perv in the hallway after class. She kicked him in the nuts and told him she'd rather fail than be his partner. The teacher came out and gave them both a detention (since she didn't see what had happened) and, Jean told me later, promised to assign both of them a different partner.

*Perfect*, I thought. *All I have to do is get into a fight with I'm-trying-to-bring-goth-back Mandy, and we'll be able to swap partners for sure! A day or two of detention would be totally worth it.*

So when Mandy met up with me on the way to the buses, I was just *itching* for an excuse.

To be perfectly honest, I don't even *remember* what she said initially. But it was something about who would do what, and I bitched about wanting to do the other thing. Mandy agreed to switch without putting up a fight. So I lied and said I wasn't good at computers (I'm no genius, but I can make a slideshow. Seriously, who can't?) so she'd have to type it up after I got all the information. *That* got a reaction, as now Mandy was annoyed at why I had wanted to do that part in the first place.

So I said some shit, and pretty soon we were screaming at each other on the school steps. I knew it had to get physical before a teacher would do anything, so when Mandy called me a cunt, I kicked her in hers.

To be perfectly honest, I forgot the shoes I was wearing had a kinda pointy tip. They weren't heels or anything, just flat bottoms. But they were supposed to *look* like heels, while still being practical enough to wear around school. Therefore: hard plastic pointy tip.

Mandy went down clutching her groin and within maybe 10 minutes I was in the principle's office and Mandy was on the way to the hospital. I got a two month suspension and was told that if I *ever* did something like that again I could be expelled. The only reason I wasn't being expelled *right now* was because I had no history of serious violence and claimed that I meant to kicker her, *sure*, but didn't mean to send her to the hospital. The principal was still mighty pissed, and so were my parents.

I didn't really care, though, because I already had good enough grades to graduate, even if it would be with Ds or Es in a few classes. But I could *technically* get my diploma if I never went to school again, so long as I didn't get in trouble for truancy. So... honestly being suspended wasn't that bad. I could just blow off the homework I was assigned and still be mostly fine. I'd probably have to do *some* of it, if only so that it looked like I was doing something to my parents.

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I was at home, maybe three weeks later, actually doing a token amount of homework, when I heard someone knock at the door.

To be perfectly honest, being grounded was the worst part of this situation. My parents had taken my car keys away and if I called a ride, I'd be in hot shit when they saw the purchase in my history. I'd tried it anyway a couple of times, and they'd actually gone so far as to take my cell *and* the modem with them when they went to work and told me if I kept it up, they'd take the cable box, too.

I paid cash for the bus a few times, but that sucked, so I usually just stayed home and dicked around online. I poked at social media, I watched dumb videos, I even looked at porn. But at this point, I was bored with everything. I browsed fashion websites, tried stupid DIY makeup tricks and "life hacks", and scrolled through endless pages of clothes and jewelry sales looking for anything that would pique my interest.

With any luck, the person who had just knocked at the door was the delivery guy dropping off the new black top I had ordered. I was bored of doing algebra right now anyway, and trying on one of the outfits that was on the way would be fun, hopefully.

I made my way downstairs and opened the door. There was no one there, but there was a manila envelope propped up against the side of the door. My enthusiasm stirring, I picked it up to see who it was addressed to. I'd be in hot shit if I opened my parents' package, after all. However, the package was completely blank save for one bar code. There was a place where there might have *used* to have been a label, but it looked like it had been ripped off.

I took a picture of both sides of the package to prove that I hadn't taken the labels off after opening it or anything, and then felt it up. It was padded with bubble wrap and there was some paper inside. But there was *also* some sort of jewelry. From the feel of it, it was a large heart-shape, maybe as long as my thumb, with something pointing straight down from the tip of it. There were a few other bits in there too: three rings, and what seemed to be a pearl necklace. Feeling the heart-thing again, it *almost* felt like it was *dick shaped*.

"What the *fuck*?" I said aloud. There was no way this belonged to my parents. Maybe Jean had found something perverted online and was pranking me with it? That would explain the missing label.

I tore it open and dumped the contents out on the kitchen table.

Sure enough, a thumb-sized golden dick made a heavy clack as it hit the table. The rings and stuff clattered around it, and a piece of folded up parchment landed on top.

And when I say parchment, I mean *parchment*. It was *way* thicker than normal printer paper, even glossy photo paper. It was folded inwards in thirds on all four sides, making the parchment one ninth of its previous size and giving it a pocket inside of itself. If I had been *thinking*, I might have avoided the trap, but I was so curious that I unfolded the parchment without a thought to caution.

The inside of the parchment was completely covered in crazy looking symbols, circles within circles, and triangles within triangles, but also several charts and graphs. It *looked* like it was supposed to be some ancient mystic thing, but there were also some *clearly* modern graphs, with completely legible labels on the axis and equations next to them. My brain still fresh from my algebra homework, I recognized some of these equations as quadratic and cubic inequalities. There was some trig shit thrown in too, with some waves and circles denoted with  $\sin(x)$  and  $\cos(x)$  and shit like that.

Completely forgetting about the jewelry, I wanted to put this up as a poster in my room. It looked *sick* in a magi-punk sort of way. Unfolded, it would certainly be big enough to make a poster. The only problem was that the last flap was stuck. I tried to unfold it, but it seemed stuck to itself around the inner fold, as if all of the other pages folded on top of it had caused it to stick to itself.

I tried pulling from the top of the flap, but it was stuck tight. I gently put my fingers inside the outer gap of the paper, and worked them towards the center. Looking inside the part I could see, there was plenty more crazy symbols and funky graphs hidden under the fold. In fact, on the bottom sheet, I could see diagrams of the human body in that old style where they're naked inside a circle and there are two views of their arms and legs at different angles superimposed over each other. Leonardo DaVinci, maybe? The diagrams looked weirdly proportioned since they were on the inside of the bottom fold and therefore upside down. But I thought nothing of it and kept right on trying to peel the parchment apart.

I finally had my hand right up next to the inner seal. I braced the paper on the tabletop, got a good grip, and pulled. I wasn't as worried about ripping it as I normally would have been since it was so thick, almost like super thin hide or something. I gave it a good tug, but it didn't want to budge. I pulled harder, but still nothing. I tried giving it a brief hard yank, and that succeeded in getting up part of the corner. *Oh, of course! It's sticky, so if I pull gently it's just going to stretch. Makes sense*, I thought.

So I gave it a hard yank. Which was the biggest mistake I've ever made in my life.

The parchment came free, and a huge cloud of purple powder was thrown into the air.

I staggered backwards, coughing and unable to see. I tried blinking my eyes, but my vision was filled with purple haze. Through the haze, it looked like there were bright lights shining from the kitchen table. I tried to catch my breath, but my lungs burned and my entire body began to feel warm. There was a tightness in my chest and I clutched at my heart. My lungs felt like they were being constricted, like I was drowning under water and I was trying to breathe liquid to no avail.

I collapsed to my knees, gasping for breath as my vision filled completely with pink to the point that I could see nothing else. I *could*, however, see brilliant golden light shining upwards from a flat surface in front of me. The kitchen table.

Desperate for breath and not knowing what else to do, I forced myself upright as my vision began to swim. I started to get tunnel vision as I looked at the table before me. I could see nothing other than the glowing jewelry and the black lettering on the parchment. Everything else was solid pink.

I staggered forwards and grabbed at the parchment. I couldn't actually see it, only the black lettering written on it. I picked it up and tried to tear it. I don't know why I thought to do that, but I tried it. My strength was failing and I was unable to do so, however. I collapsed forward onto the tabletop and groped for the scattered jewelry.

I don't know what I thought I was going to accomplish. Holding both a handful of jewelry and the parchment, I looked at them through the pink haze and tunnel vision constricting down to a point. I threw them away as hard as I could and did what I could to hurl myself out of the kitchen. I stumbled through the dining room and tripped over the tile in front of the front door. I landed in a heap on the living room carpet. I tried to get up but couldn't. I wasn't sure where the front door was, but I tried crawling forwards. I don't know how far I got before blackness overtook me.

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I woke up with a gasp, a crushing sensation coming from my groin.

The first thing I saw was Mandy standing over me, grinning down at me with a cruel expression on her face as I was propped up against the side of the couch in my own living room.

My hands were behind me and seemed to be held in place by what felt like tape.

The *second* thing I saw was the gigantic penis that was attached to my groin.

"What the *fuck?*" I exclaimed. I could *see* the huge member, maybe eight or so inches long that was attached to my crotch. I could *feel* Mandy's foot crushing it into the center. It hurt, but... also felt slightly pleasurable? It was as if the pressure was scratching an itch even while it hurt me. Mainly it was the rough carpet pressing into the sensitive head, but the new sensations were all jumbled up and it was hard to make sense of them.

My jeans were unzipped, and my panties were bunched up below the huge dick, pressing into it from the bottom. The zipper of my jeans was pressed uncomfortably into the pubic hairs around its base. And then there were the balls. Each testicle was larger than my fist and the scrotum seemed to be very loose, able to contain testicles at *least* twice their size before it would have been tight. Is that normal? Hell if I know. *I don't normally have a dick!* Of course I've seen them before, but... let's be honest, here, I wasn't exactly paying that close attention to the scrotum.

The scrotum was bulging out to either side of the dick shaft, since that was presently being stamped into the carpet by Mandy's shoe. The pressure on the scrotum was making the pubic hairs pull uncomfortably on the zipper of my jeans, which were also pressing into the balls, causing further discomfort.

There were huge dick veins running up and down the length of the monster trouser snake, and I could see how Mandy's foot was causing higher blood pressure below it and lower pressure above it, since the dick tip looked unusually small and pale (from what I knew of dicks), and there were hardly any veins visible up there.

The *third* thing I noticed were my boobs. They were uncomfortably tight in my bra. Looking down at them, I could see them bulging out of my cups. I had recently graduated from C cups to D cups, but *these*... these were on a whole other level. These were maybe E or F cups? And they were so *soft!* I had been rather firm before, but now my breasts felt like large water balloons attached to my chest. There was *no way* that I would have a good shape if I didn't have a bra on.

I tried to get away, to stand up, but I found an additional thing: Someone standing on your dick meant that your hips weren't going *anywhere*.

"Owww!" yelped as my dick felt like it was going to be ripped off of my crotch quite painfully. "What- ow! What the fuck is happening? What the fuck is this?" I demanded. If the pain and discomfort hadn't been so real, so tangible, so *sharp* and sobering, I would have thought for sure that I was dreaming.

Mandy laughed. I swear I was watching some campy movie and she was playing the supervillan, because that was exactly what her laugh sounded like. It was long and cruel, high pitched at first but getting low and rumbley towards the end there, and definitely more drawn out and gasping than that of any sane person.

Once she was done cackling to herself, Mandy smirked down at me. "What's *happening* is revenge, bitch. I had to get fucking *stitches* because of you." My blank stare suddenly enraged Mandy. She suddenly applied a *great* deal of weight to my dick, which mashed it into the carpet way harder than before and really hurt.

"Ow ow ow! I'm sorry! Please! I'm sorry! Stop! Ow!"

"Oh, *now* you're sorry? *Now* you're fucking sorry? Do you even know what you did to me? I had to get fucking *stitches* on my *cunt!*"

"Really?" I asked without thinking.

"Yes, fucking really. The right side of my pussy is probably going to have a scar for the rest of my life! I couldn't fucking *piss* for a week without excruciating pain, and it still burned for another week! And in my rage-fueled pain, I did *a little bit of reading*. And now that I'm as healed up as I'm going to get... *now you're* going to be *oh, so fucking sorry*. *Now you're* gonna be sorry for the rest of your miserable life!"

"What does *that* mean?" I demanded.

Mandy scoffed. "I *means* that you're cursed now. Forever!" Mandy let lose another cackle. Whatever fucked up movie this was was a B-movie *at best*. Mandy chuckled a bit at my perplexed expression. "Oh, I *could* undo the curse, if I wanted to. I could just tell the boys who donated that fine dick of yours that the deal is off, release the fertility spirits that are bound to you now, and you could go *right* back to living a normal life. There'd *probably* be some side effects, but they do surgeries like that all the time, y'know? And your little cunt is still *there*, so it wouldn't even be that hard. Of course, if they were to cut into you *right now*, they'd probably get shredded by the demons. So, y'know, I wouldn't recommend trying to get any kind of surgery until *after* I release you." Mandy smirked again. "Of course, I have no intention of doing so any time soon." Mandy held up a finger. "But never say never, as the saying goes." She put her hands behind her back and leaned in to gloat in my face. "Maybe when you're *forty* I'll be feeling generous."

I just glared at her.

"So, tell me. Do you like what you see? You're not done growing, not by *any* stretch of the imagination, but this is a good start, don't you think? I'll see about getting you a breast pump, because -" Another cackle. "- *boy* are you going to need them. I'm sure you can work out what to do with that giant dick, though. Say, before I forget, do you have a favorite piece of jewelry? Or some little trinket you carry around all the time? I need to give you a fulcrum, or you'll have zero control whatsoever. And while that might be fun for a little while, I also need to bind some spells on it so that no one *actually* notices your changes, since growing huge boobs and a huge dick overnight isn't exactly normal."

I immediately thought of the little heart necklace that Jean had gotten me in 4<sup>th</sup> grade as part of a two-piece BFF set. I didn't exactly wear it anymore, since it was a little childish, but I still had it in my jewelry box. It was the only piece with sentimental value. Not that I'd tell *this* crazy bitch about it.

Mandy looked down at my member under her shoe.

“So? What do you think? How does it feel having the libido of five guys, huh? Pretty intense?” Mandy eased up on the pressure and slid her foot up and down the semi-flacid shaft. The sole of her shoe gripped the skin, though, pulling it up and down as she stroked the dick with her foot. My new dick *twitched* at the sensation. Between her shoe and the carpet... it felt kinda good.

But I didn't *want* it to, dammit! “Stop that! Get off of me!” I protested. I struggled in vain against the tape binding my arms together behind my back.

“Aww, what's the matter?” Mandy mockingly cooed. “Does me stomping your dick into the carpet feel *good* or something?” Mandy ground her foot back and forth and grinned as I grimaced. The head of the dick was now fully engorged, and the sensation of the carpet below it felt... *stimulating*, to say the least. But it was also pretty painful. My dick twitched several times before Mandy abruptly removed her foot.

I gasped in relief as my dick sprung up into the air. It protruded from my groin at perhaps a 45° angle from the ground (maybe 90° from the plane of my belly) but then curved downwards in the air so that the tip was pointed forward horizontally to the ground. Even *I* didn't realize that dicks could *droop* like that.

“**STAY**,” Mandy ordered. Her voice came out super deep and ethereal, sounding like a demon was speaking with her mouth. And I found, no matter how much I wanted to get up and run away or to punch Mandy in her stupid face, that I couldn't move. I was totally frozen in place, only able to look around, but unable to so much as struggle.

Now the panic *really* started to set in. Adrenaline began to pump through my veins, and my penis reacted accordingly as my blood flow was needed elsewhere. I watched as it grew flaccid and drooped down to the floor and started to shrink. The foreskin began to cover the tip as it shrunk under 6 inches, and it was only then that I realized that I wasn't sure if this penis was circumcised or not. I wasn't really sure how *I could* be, but I also wasn't sure how I could have grown a giant dick after almost choking to death on some pink powder, so... yeah.

“Aww. Is your dick scared of me? Does he not want to come out and play?” Mandy cooed. “Maybe I'm scaring him, hmm?” Mandy turned around and, as if I was some little kid she were comforting, sat down next to me on the carpet to my left. “C'mon, little guy, don't be scared. I wanna watch you **GROW**.”

I *felt* something when she said that in that demonic voice of hers. My dick immediately quit shrinking and throbbed in place several times. The proportions seemed to change a bit, like it was getting thicker and wrinklier. The foreskin grew and completely covered the tip, making it look very much uncircumcised, now. Nevertheless, it was soon completely flaccid at about four inches in length, and rested atop my balls, which were pushed up a bit because of my jeans.

“Oh, you're no fun,” Mandy pouted. “C'mon, you stupid dick! **GROW!**” My dick twitched again, and I could feel it changing. It thickened up and the foreskin got even wrinklier. As it grew in girth and wrinklyness, it also elongated to about 6 inches in length. It twitched a couple of times, and looked like it was going to get erect once or twice, but my heart was pounding with fight-or-flight too strongly for much of anything to happen.

Mandy frowned. “Maybe I'm not doing this right?” she asked no one in particular. “Lets try this, then. **YOUR NUTS WILL GROW TO BE THE SIZE OF YOUR HEAD.**”

With an electric *jolt*, I looked on in horror as my testicles began to expand.

They surged forwards at first, but then the growth slowed to a more sedate rate. It looked like their were two tiny balloons attached to my groin that were slowly inflating. Only they *weren't* balloons, they were *testicles*, and I could *feel them*.

I watched in abject horror, and Mandy watched in sly satisfaction as my nuts slowly inflated. It took over a minute before I realized something: my scrotum wasn't growing with them. I really started to panic then, as my

nuts slowly ballooned outwards, filling my little sack. My scrotum tensed up at that, and my dick shifted, flopping back onto my stomach as my ever-growing nuts pushed it out of the way. My scrotum was being pinched painfully in the zipper of my jeans, and pubic hairs were being strained in the zipper as well.

In about another minute and a half, my scrotum was clearly stretched over my nuts, which were now the size of small grapefruits. My whole scrotum looked like a deflated dodge ball that was being stretched out. I was breathing heavily, practically panting, since the pain at the base of my cock and balls was quite intense due to my jeans.

“Mandy, please stop this!” I begged. “It hurts! It’s pinching in my zipper! Please! Ow! Ah-ha-howw!” I squirmed in place, trying to relieve the pain, but only making it sharper when I moved.

My testicles continued to grow, and my scrotum pulled ever tighter.

“Please, Mandy! My scrotum isn’t stretching! Please! Make it stop or I’ll fucking pop! Ow! Please, Mandy! Stop this!”

I looked over at Mandy and saw that she had her right hand down the front of her pants and her left up under her shirt, playing with her little B cup breast.

“What the *fuck*, Mandy! You’re a fucking *pervert*! Ow! Stop jerking off and help me! I’m go- ow! - I’m going to fucking explode in a shower of blood and gore, you freak! Ow, fuck! Helloooo? Earth to Mandy!”

“Oh, shut up, Amy,” Mandy said. “You ruined my buzz.” She pulled her hands out from under her clothes, and her right hand’s middle finger was glistening. “And yeah, I can see the problem. As much as I wouldn’t mind seeing you explode in a tidal wave of cum... **YOUR SCROTUM CAN ACCOMMODATE NUTS OF ANY SIZE.** Happy now?”

And just like that, my scrotum loosened up, and I breathed a sigh of relief. It wasn’t the fix I had had in mind, but at least it relieved most of the pain, so there was that.

My dick was now totally eclipsed by my colossal nutsack. Now that my balls weren’t in danger of bursting out of my scrotum, I had to admit that the growth felt kinda good. Each testicle felt warm and tingly all the way through. And they were so *huge* and *weighty*! Their own weight pressing down on them felt... it was uncomfortable, but felt good at the same time. It was like some sort of forbidden pleasure. I wanted to squeeze them, but knew that it would hurt if I did.

And *oh gawd* did I want to squeeze them! I don’t really know where that line of thought came from, but my nuts looked like big throbbing water balloons, and I wanted to squish them until they popped. *What the fuck?* I thought at myself. *Where the fuck are these crazy thoughts coming from?*

My huge nuts were starting to feel really good. So good that my dick started to respond as my nuts slowly grew to the size of my head.

When my scrotum loosened, my nuts had been able to sag down and lay on the carpet, allowing my little dick to be visible once more. It was still about 6 inches long, and the foreskin completely hid the head where it rested atop my scrotum. It was so wrinkly with skin, in fact, that it was barely distinguishable from the rest of my scrotum. Or at least it would have been if my scrotum wasn’t stretched down on account of the weight of my huge nuts.

But now my dick was twitching and starting to engorge just a little bit. It pulsed and squirmed to about 8 inches in length before the foreskin even began to grow taught. As it grew towards 10 inches, it began to rise from my lap, twitching with every heartbeat. The sight of my engorging dick alone was enough to make me horny now. As it grew to 12 inches, the foreskin began to pull back from my cockhead.

“Mmmm... that’s what I wanted to see...” Mandy moaned, fingering herself again.

*What would it feel like to shove this massive dick into Mandy’s tight little slit?* I wondered. *Fucking split her in half with my monstrous member! I could burry myself to the hilt as she screamed and screamed for mercy. What would it feel like to cum inside her until I was empty?* I wasn’t sure, but I was sure that it would feel amazing. I

imagined Mandy sitting on top of my massive pole as I continued to engorge, filling her completely and rearranging her internal organs with my excessive endowment. My new dick *twitched* in response.

I shook my head, trying to clear the intrusive image. *Where were these thoughts even coming from?* I wished desperately that this was all some horrible dream, but even with my eyes closed I could still feel the meaty balls attached to my groin and the thickening phallus that was now towering and twitching above them.

I opened my eyes.

My dick was now about 14 inches long and completely erect. The head had pulled out of the foreskin and was glistening in the air. The head was the size of a small orange, just a bit smaller than my fist, and looked almost like a big mushroom with a wide stem, since the shaft of my dick was about as wide as my wrist.

I felt a wave of pleasure as it throbbed, and muscles I didn't know I had clenched, causing the head to swell and it to lift upwards momentarily before drooping again to being about a 45° angle with the floor. I clenched again, and got it to raise itself to nearly 60° from the floor. It sort of listed a little to the side a bit, but as soon as I unclenched, it drooped back down and forwards again.

Whenever I clenched, my dick head in particular swelled, becoming much more firm and protruded from my shaft much more prominently on all sides. It also became significantly more sensitive, to the point that I could practically *feel* the air currents gently blowing on it.

My nuts were really starting to feel full by now. The dull ache from before was becoming a constant throb and a *pressure*. Before they had felt like a balloon slowly expanding as they grew, but now they felt like a canister and the pressure inside was slowly being increased.

I instinctively wanted to relieve this pressure, but didn't really know how. Oh, don't get me wrong, I had an *idea* or two, but I was kinda tied up at the moment.

"*Please, Mandy. Make this stop! Turn me back to normal and let me wake up from this nightmare!*" I begged. I really couldn't do anything else, and the pressure in my huge balls was clouding my mind. It was difficult to think about anything else.

Mandy moaned next to me and hoisted her middle finger up into her slit. She held it there for several seconds with her eyes closed as she orgasmed.

She was wearing a black tube top and black shorts. Her legs... went on for miles... were thin and *honestly* not that long. I shook my head to clear the sexual image of her bare legs from my mind. She wore black sneakers with pink and white beads on the laces here and there. Underneath her tube top, her small B cup breasts were nipping out hard. I could even see the nipple of her right breast inside her bra, nevermind her left that she was groping under her bra. Her straight black hair was cut flat at the middle of her neck and was swaying back and forth as she rocked in orgasmic bliss. She was wearing eyeliner and had darkened lashes, too, making her red lipstick really pop. It must have been a good brand, too, because it wasn't smearing even as she bit her bottom lip in pleasure. I noticed that she was wearing earrings that appeared to be an irregular lump of gold with some complex symbol (or set of symbols, it was hard to tell) stamped into the center of it.

I was wearing my stretchy jeans but was barefoot since I hadn't gone anywhere today. I also wore a sky blue t-shirt and... I realized something! My breasts! My breasts were back to their original size! Or... maybe they were a bit smaller actually, since my bra seemed to be a little loose, now that I thought about it. My joy that my chest's growth had been undone was replaced with worry that my boobs were going to shrink away. Mandy wasn't turning me into a *boy*, was she? I... I don't think I could handle being a boy. I mean... no periods would be nice, but... I liked being a girl, dammit! I *liked* strutting my stuff in school and posting even modest pictures online and getting tons of upvotes. I wasn't wearing any makeup today other than a little skin purifier lotion I had applied this morning... but what if I was never able to wear makeup again? I *liked* wearing makeup and looking pretty and... and...!

I tried to calm down, since I could always like... be a drag queen or become transgendered or something.

But how stupid would it be to have to become transgendered just to *go back* to being a *girl*? It would take so *long*! And it would probably *suck* getting the surgeries and hormone treatments and whatever... AND IT WAS

ALL MANDY'S FAULT!

*I'm gonna kill this bitch!* I snarled internally. *Well, first I'm gonna make her fix me and then I'm going to kill her.*

I leaned back and then rocked forwards, pushing with my shoulders and arms as best as I could, and headbutted Mandy in the face. Well, the side of the face, since she was sitting next to me, but I made sure to twist my head to get her nose.

"Ow!" Mandy exclaimed, falling over as I landed on top of her. Since she was on my left and had her right hand down her shorts, I was sort of pinning her arm in place. She got her left arm out of her top without too much difficulty and clutched her nose.

I did what I could to roll over onto my front, a prospect made difficult and pleasurable by my newly acquired appendage, and lay on top of her. Her bony elbow was stabbing me in the tit and my cock was bent sideways uncomfortably, but I managed to shimmy my way up her and brought my head back for another attack.

I headbutted her a second time, and Mandy again cried out in pain. However, her left arm was already there, and she put it up to block me from hitting her a third time.

"Ow, you stupid bitch! **GET OFF OF ME!**" she demanded. Without even thinking, I rolled off of her. I went cross-eyed as my dick was nearly bent in half and my balls were nearly crushed by my sudden roll.

When I stopped involuntarily rolling, I was laying at Mandy's feet, and was actually close to the tile floor of the front hallway. I tried shimmying my way towards the front door, and by now my dick was thankfully lowering it's mast, but my balls were still absolutely massive and shimmying along my front was squishing them repeatedly. It felt kinda good, but my heart was pounding so much that I wasn't thinking about sex.

I made it half way down the hall when agony erupted from my dick. "AH!" I yelled as Mandy stomped down on my dick and held me in place with it.

"Alright, bitch," Mandy sneered. "I was gonna fuck you up, maybe enjoy the show for a while, and then leave you to rot, but *now* I'm *really* gonna fuck you up." With my dick still pinned in place by her weight, Mandy hauled back with her left foot and kicked me in the balls.

My world exploded into agony and I screamed and passed out.

\* \* \*

I woke up blearily, and was immediately met by an intense ache in my groin. Calling it "an ache", though, was like calling the Amazon "a river". It was true, but it did *nothing* to convey the *magnitude* of the thing. My *entire abdomen* was clenched into knots based on how much my nuts hurt. I was actually a little nauseous because of it. If I thought menstrual cramps were bad before, *holy shit*. This was like that, only *drawn out*.

*Fuck me* did my nuts hurt!

I came to propped up next to the couch again. Mandy was nowhere to be seen, but there was a single piece of black electrical tape over each of my legs, as if taping me to the floor. Even though the tape was about as wide as duct tape, there was *no way* that a single piece of tape could hold my legs. Not a chance. You can't tape something to *carpet* and expect it to hold.

I pulled experimentally, and, sure enough, with a slight effort and a little stretching of the tape, it ripped free of the carpet.

Almost immediately, Mandy's voice came from the kitchen. "Don't m-" she started, her voice coming out all nasally as if she were holding her nose. "Fuck..." she mumbled, still nasally. She then entered my line of sight with a cotton ball shoved up her right nostril where I had hit her.

*Score one for me*, I smirked.

"**DON'T MOVE,**" Mandy ordered, and I found myself unable to so much as twitch an eyebrow. Mandy stared at me, frowning a bit as my smirk remained but I otherwise didn't move. She raised an eyebrow. "Wait, did that include your facial expressions?" She paused, and I kept on smirking. "Hahahaha! Looks like it did! Well, you just keep on smirking until I get done fixing my nose." With that, Mandy went back into the kitchen.

I don't know how much later it was, but *eventually* Mandy reappeared.

By the time she did, my face hurt more than my balls from holding that fucking expression for so long.

“Still smirking, eh, bitch?” Mandy sneered as she brought over a chair to sit in front of me. “Well, lets see if I can wipe that smirk off of your face, eh? I've had some time to *think* and I've come up with *several* fun punishments I want to try out. And to think! I haven't even explained what I *initially* did to you yet! *That* was going to be punishment enough to make your life a living hell! But *nah*. We can do *so much worse*. I *will* need to enchant some piece of jewelry of yours at some point, since the whole *point* of the curse was to give you the burden of *choice*, but we'll get to that later.

“For *now*, you're going to make a *fucking mess* out of this living room, and then I'm gonna laugh as you frantically try to clean it all up before your parents get home.”

Mandy grinned an evil grin and leaned forwards and whispered. “Are you ready?”

I would have begged her not to or even whimpered if I had been able to, but I simply kept smirking at the kitchen behind her.

**“FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS, YOUR TESTICLES WILL EACH PRODUCE SEMEN AT THE RATE OF ONE LITER EVERY MINUTE AND YOUR NUTS AND PROSTRATE WILL STRETCH TO ACCOMMODATE THIS. ADDITIONALLY, YOUR SEMINAL VESICLES AND COWPER'S GLAND WILL PRODUCE A PROPORTIONATE AMOUNT OF THEIR RESPECTIVE FLUIDS FOR THE DURATION.”** Mandy sat back and mirrored my smirk back at me. “There. Lets see how you like *that*.”

To be perfectly honest, I didn't know what a bunch of that *meant*. I mean, honestly, who pays attention in health class other than to laugh at the pictures of dicks? I *did* understand, however, that over the next *two fucking hours* I was going to be making a *shitton* of cum. *That part* came across loud and clear.

“I wonder if I should just leave you sit there like that until your nuts explode, hrm?” Mandy mused. My internal panic began to peak, not at the thought of my nuts exploding, but at the thought of my face being stuck like this for another *five minutes*, let alone two hours! My left cheek hurt *so bad!* Who cared what was going to happen to my genitals! Fortunately, Mandy relented. **“UNTIL I ALLOW YOU TO GET UP, YOU ARE PERMITTED TO MOVE YOUR BODY, BUT YOUR BUTTOCKS MUST REMAIN WHERE THEY ARE. ALSO, SHOULD ANYONE OR ANYTHING OTHER THAN ME CAUSE YOUR BUTTOCKS TO MOVE, YOU MUST ATTEMPT TO RETURN THEM TO THEIR PRIOR LOCATION WITH A GOOD FAITH EFFORT IF DOING SO IS REASONABLE, WOULD NOT REQUIRE USING A TOOL OR STRUCTURE NOT ALREADY IN PLACE, AND WOULD NOT HAVE A SIGNIFICANT CHANCE OF CAUSING BODILY INJURY OR PROPERTY DAMAGE.** See? I can be reasonable,” she said, smiling proudly. “I wrote these down ahead of time,” she said, pointing out the piece of scratch paper she was holding.

As soon as she had finished giving the order, my body had collapsed. I grabbed my face and whimpered as I massaged my cheek.

Meanwhile, I felt the electric tingle run through my body. First, in my cock and groin as her first order took effect and my testicles started to produce semen at a ludicrous rate. Secondly, in my ass as I could feel it now practically stuck to the ground.

“You might want to start masturbating, Amy,” Mandy pointed out. “Remember: you only have *one* minute before you have a whole *liter* of cum in there.”

I glared up and Mandy, who just shrugged innocently and smiled back at me. But she was right. My nuts, which were already sore from their earlier abuse, were now becoming sore all over again. This time, however, it felt like there was something inside filling them up, and they *were not* growing.

I looked down to take stock of myself. Each of my testicles were individually larger than my head. The scrotum was loose without being slack. My dick was semi-flaccid, currently about 8 inches long and resting on top of them on the carpet between my legs. My jeans were a little low on my waist, allowing my nuts to hang out a little easier than before, but it still wasn't exactly comfortable.

And my breasts... my breasts were even smaller. Now they were definitely back to being C cups, if not large Bs. My bra wasn't really providing any support any more.

I looked back and forth between my shrinking tits and growing nuts. I could now *see* my balls pulsing and stretching as cum began to fill them, and *holy hell* did they feel tight and constricted. I needed *relief*, and I needed it *now*.

I started crying as I reached for my new penis.

I didn't care what Mandy thought of me anymore. She had won. I was humiliated. My life was over, now. I was turning into a dude, and not just a *regular* dude, but a fucking freak of nature with a dick like an animal's or something!

I reached down and lifted it up with both hands. It was heavier than I expected, actually. I hefted it and felt it in between my fingers. It started to perk up at my ministrations, and rapidly engorged in my hands to 10, 12, and finally 14 inches long, the head popping out and glistening in the air. It was fucking massive.

Tears rolled down my cheeks as I started stroking my huge shaft. It felt good. Really good. I cried harder.

I began using my left hand to stroke the base and my right to stroke the top half. I gasped when my hand brushed the underside of my tip. *Holy fuck that was intense! Imagine rubbing the head! Oh, fuck me!* I thought, stunned by the intensity of the sensation. *This is better than any sex I've ever had as a woman!*

Huge sobs shook my body as precum began to ooze in thick streams from the tip as I stroked my dick all the way from the base to the tip. Soon, both of my hands and the entire shaft were covered in the thick, clear liquid.

Soon my fate would be sealed, and I'd be a boy forever. I cried all the harder as my body told me that it didn't mind, that it was enjoying this. It felt so *good*, and I hated it. I hated it, hated it, hated it. Hated it with every fiber of my being.

A clenching sensation came from my groin, from the base of my cock, and I knew that this was it.

I closed my eyes and leaned by head back against the side of the sofa behind me as I stroked my new cock in a desperate fervor of forbidden pleasure.

My cock craved pressure to be applied to it. That was what the instinct wanted. I wanted my dick to be pressed down upon by some small hole that could barely contain me. I wanted to be enveloped by something warm and tight. I wanted to get my revenge on Mandy by shoving my meat in her tight slit and stuffing her with gallon after gallon of my cum.

My balls were throbbing and felt like they were going to *pop* as my masturbating reached a fever pitch. My nuts clenched one final time, and I slid my hands all the way down to the base of my cock and squeezed for all I was worth.

The pleasure was overwhelming. My whole groin clenched and it felt almost like I was peeing, except in short bursts instead of as a steady stream. I gasped in ecstasy with tears rolling down my cheeks.

Clench. *Pleasure*. Clench. *Pleasure*. Clench. *Pleasure*. Clench. *Pleasure*. Clench. *Pleasure*. I could feel the cum shooting out of my dick and could hear it splattering down on the carpet in front of me. There was also a fair bit simply oozing down my shaft from the tip, and the warm gooeey sensation as it dribbled down my cock felt really good, too. I kept cumming.

Clench. *Pleasure*. I kept cumming.

*Oh gawd it's not stopping!*

I looked down, and could see thick ropes of semen squirting from my tip. They were splattering all over the carpet in front of me, but weren't going nearly as far as I was expecting, landing no more than a foot or so away. Mandy, about 5 feet away on the tile entryway, was still sitting in her chair and grinning at me as she fingered herself. We made eye contact and Mandy bit her lip and kept stroking herself inside of her shorts.

Tears kept rolling down my cheeks as my dick throbbed in ecstasy. I could barely think! All I knew was that it felt really good to squeeze the bottom of my shaft right now. I let out a guttural moan and began stroking myself in desperation as my need to ejaculate was *not* being abated. In fact, it was getting *worse!*

“Ah! Oh! Fuck! Ah! Cum! Fucking cum! Oh, gawd, fucking cum harder! Please!” I cried out as my nuts continued to expand even as thick rivulets of semen splurged out of me.

But the thing was, these “thick rivulets of semen” weren’t *thick* enough! They were kinda large compared to a normal guy’s, quite large in fact. But I still had a normal sized urethra. If anything, it was on the small side on account of never having been used before! So, despite my dick pumping out wad after wad of cum, I was *still* filling up. My ejaculations just couldn’t keep up with the rate that my groin was producing more ejaculate!

I don’t know how long I lay there in that stupor, stroking my dick as hard as I could as my body produced more cum that it could release, but I was completely insensate for some time.

\* \* \*

I finally came to to a bright flash of light. Suddenly, my orgasms hit a brick wall.

I cried out in surprise and desperation as my orgasm rocked my body, and my dick and balls clenched, but *nothing came out*. I could *feel* the semen wanting to escape, but it had nowhere to go. The pressure was so intense! I stroked harder and came again, but once again, noting happened other than for my balls and entire groin to clench for no reason.

I looked down, and my dick was *huge*, angry red, throbbing, and dribbling jizz. My balls were churning, clenching in time to my repeated, ineffectual orgasms. They were probably one and a half the size of my head, now. And there, at the base of my cock, was a golden cock ring.

“AH!” I cried out, reaching down to try to pull it off. Of course, it wouldn’t budge. Pulling at my dick only made my never-ending orgasm stronger, pulses of pleasure rocking through my body while it felt like a brick was being smashed into the inside of my nuts. “PLEASE! MANDY!” I cried, desperately making eye contact, my eyes wide in panic. “PLEASE! I NEED TO CUM, Mandy! Please! Oh, gawd, Mandy! I can’t stop cumming but nothing is coming out! Oh, fuck me, fuck, fuck, fuck...” I begged as I stroked my cock to no avail. “Please! Even when I was able to ejaculate, it wasn’t enough! The cum was still building up inside of me because I couldn’t ejaculate fast enough! Please, Mandy! Please let my cum out? Please, let me cum or I’ll fucking explode!”

I desperately stroked my member as Mandy rubbed out several body-shaking orgasms herself. I whimpered in pain as I started fondling my expanding balls in a vain attempt to relieve the pressure. I grabbed and groped my gigantic testes as I orgasmed and orgasmed all while being unable to ejaculate. Everything hurt so bad and was so tight and constricted that fondling my bloated nuts provided a sick pleasure. After all, if I was causing the pain, I was controlling it.

I smashed my balls together with both hands. The pressure was intense, but nothing came out, and I collapsed backwards gasping when I released. And yet that had felt good. I grabbed both of my balls and *squeezed* with my fingers as hard as I could. It was hard to get a grip on them since they were so big. Squeezing had a tendency to simply stretch my scrotum rather than actually doing much of anything to my balls, and while messing with my scrotum felt *good*, it wasn’t the same.

My dick flopped up into my face as I pulled vertically on my balls, trying to find some way to force the semen past the dick ring.

I paused for a moment in surprise.

There was my dick, slapping me in the chin, and leaking little bits of jizz and lots of precum all over it.

I was so surprised that it actually broke the cycle of my endless orgasms. I slumped back, relaxing, and my hard dick slid up and over my lips and to my cheek. The feel of my lips on my throbbing dick head, even briefly, was heaven. Without even thinking, I opened my mouth and started giving myself head.

“Oh, fuck yeah!” Mandy moaned, biting her lip as she watched me from the kitchen chair she had set in the tiled walkway to the front door that separated the living room from the dining room/kitchen.

“Mmmmmmm...” I moaned, as my dick clenched and my nuts throbbled, but nothing happened. I stuck my tongue down my sticky urethra, and flicked up and down, as fresh, hot tears rolled down my cheeks. My groin clenched, and I used both arms to smash my nuts into the wet, sticky carpet, but nothing came out except precum. I came.

I came and came as I smashed my over-filled nuts into the carpet and gave myself head. My tong swirled around my cockhead and my body shook with pleasure. The pain in my balls was a torturous ecstasy as I pressed into them while they inflated in a vain attempt to force my cum up my shaft. I came and came, but nothing came out.

My entire body became a conduit of pleasure, my dick and balls my instrument, as bolt after bolt of aborted orgasmic bliss racked my mind. I stroked and smashed and stroked and smashed and stroked and smashed some more.

If I wasn't insane before, I totally was now.

Outside of pleasuring my dick and crushing my nuts, the world lost all meaning.

I think Mandy was saying something, but I wasn't listening to her. I was listening to the sounds my tongue was making swirling around my cockhead.

\* \* \*

**“YOUR ENTIRE GROIN AREA IS ABLE TO STRETCH AS NECESSARY TO LET YOU RELEASE EJACULATE IN QUANTITIES CONSIDERED LARGE BUT NOT ATYPICAL IN PROPORTION TO THE CURRENT SIZE OF YOUR TESTICLES.”**

The order rocked through my consciousness, and I felt the electric jolt in my groin that meant that it had taken effect.

I could *feel* the change as my insides (and in particular, my urethra) grew to accommodate the gallons of spunk trying to force their way out of my body past the cock ring.

I whimpered and renewed sucking my own dick with gusto.

All I had to do was get past or break the cock ring, and I'd be good.

Looking down, I could see my testicles, which were now absolutely gigantic. My legs were spread in a V-shape, with about 90° in between them, and my colossal barrels of baby batter took up the entire area between them, and were touching my *knees*. Due to their spherical nature, they must have reached much farther out than that, but it was difficult for me to judge distances since my face was bobbing up and down about a foot above them.

All I knew was that each of my testicles was swollen to a volume larger than that of my entire *torso*, and *I still couldn't cum!*

*Fuck me!* I cried inside my head, tears once again streaming down my cheeks. *I need release so bad! I'll do anything! ANYTHING!* I sucked my own dick harder than ever.

I kneaded my balls, the little fresh bits of pain distracting me from the colossal ache of pent up semen. I even started slapping and, within a few minutes, punching my balls. I could barely bring myself to do it, it hurt so bad, but it also put me back in control of the agonizing torment that was my genitals, so I continued.

“Hey, calm down, don't hurt yourself!” Mandy scolded me, apparently noticing my newfound roughness.

“Sheesh. Is it really that bad? I guess I gotta let you release *sometime*, and I might as well do it before you start hurting yourself in desperation. Just, give me a second here...”

I continued to slap and gently punch and press into my balls with my fists and as much weight as I could stand until I'd gasp with pain and ease up. It was hell and it was heaven all at the same time.

**“STOP PUNCHING AND SLAPPING YOUR BALLS!”** Mandy ordered. “You're going to hurt yourself, stupid!”

I immediately found myself unable to bring my hands down on my testicles with any kind of speed. So instead I did my best to wrap my arms around my nuts and *squeeze*. They were far too big to get my arms around entirely, but I did my best. Oh, it was heavenly pain! Beautiful torture! Agonizing bliss! Awful pleasure!

I squeezed and squeezed, occasionally stopping to get a better grip. I couldn't wrap my arms around my nuts no matter how hard I tried, they were just that big. I was going cross-eyed while experiencing the superposition of the most agonizing pain I had ever experienced combined with the most intense burning pleasure I had ever even *conceived* of before.

I continued to suckle on my dick head and do my best to crush my own balls in my embrace until Mandy spoke.

**“YOUR THROAT, STOMACH, ANUS, INTESTINES, VAGINA, UTERUS, URETHRA, AND BLADDER ARE ABLE TO ACCOMMODATE OBJECTS OF ANY SIZE AND LIQUIDS IN ANY AMOUNT, AND THE REST OF YOUR BODY CAN STRETCH AROUND THEM. WHILE THESE ORIFICES WILL REMAIN TIGHT AFTERWARDS, THEY WILL NOT EJECT FLUIDS AND/OR OBJECTS INSERTED INTO THEM, ALTHOUGH THE NORMAL FUNCTION OF THESE ORIFICES WILL NOT BE IMPAIRED. ADDITIONALLY, WHILE SEXUALLY AROUSED, THESE ORIFICES WILL KEEP ANY AND ALL BODILY WASTE, FOOD, DRINK, AND DIGESTIVE FLUID OTHER THAN SALIVA INSIDE OF YOUR BODY AND NOT ALLOW THEM TO COME INTO CONTACT WITH ANY OBJECT, BODY PART, ORGANISM, LIQUID, OR ANYTHING ELSE INSERTED THEREIN.”**

*What the fuck?* was all I had time to think before there was an electric jolt through my body letting me know that the order had taken effect, followed by a bright flash of light from the base of my penis.

*Immediately*, I experienced the best orgasm of my entire life, as gallon after gallon of cum erupted up my shaft and down my throat. Caught off guard, semen exploded out of my mouth and splattered down my front before I could even *think*.

I started swallowing, almost instinctively, but my head wasn't in my mouth very far and it soon popped out and started spraying cum everywhere.

I shook with orgasmic bliss as what felt like a fire hose of cum spurted out of me in mighty ropes. Each had had to be the quantity of a water glass, and they just kept coming, one after another! I was covered from head to toe in mere moments.

I screamed in orgasmic bliss, my voice modulating with the strength of my spurts.

The cum soaked into my clothes, dribbling down my front and some of it even pooled in my loose bra. The warm liquid felt good on my little B cup tits. If I had been able to think about anything other than the pleasure right now, I would have been aroused further by my own cum coating my tits. Having cum soaked tits was a very womanly thing, after all, but right now wasn't focused on *womanly* pleasure.

Right now my entire world was centered around the very male orgasm rocking my body with pleasure beyond my wildest dreams.

It was like earlier, where my orgasm never ended and I just ejaculated one load after another, except now my loads were 50 to 100 times larger. I could *feel* my urethra stretching to accommodate each spurt, and great rivers of cum were spraying and oozing out of my dick even between ejaculations because there was so much. There was already a fairly deep puddle in front of me.

I collapsed onto my side, and my dick, no longer pulled downwards by gravity, began spraying load after load on the underside of my chin. My spunk splattered everywhere, and soon I was laying in a puddle of my own thick cum deep enough that it was covering my nose and mouth.

I coughed and spluttered, and used my arms to push some of the accumulated cum away and then to hold my dick away from my face. I splattered cum onto the wall as I caught my breath, my body still quaking with orgasm after unending orgasm.

**“SWALLOW AS MUCH CUM AS YOU CAN WITHOUT SUFFOCATING YOURSELF,”** Mandy ordered.

An electric jolt shot through me, and without thinking, I grabbed my dick and shoved it into my mouth. A single spurt and my mouth was filled with cum. The second spurt blasted out of my lips before I even had a chance to swallow the first. I managed to swallow then, so the next spurt I managed to keep inside. But then I tried to breathe, and choked myself. I sputtered as another load blasted into my mouth at high pressure, and then another. My dick popped out of my mouth as I gasped for breath, cum dripping out of my nose.

As soon as I had caught my breath, I went down on myself again, unthinking, and, within moments, cum was squirting out of my nose as I tried to swallow as much as I could.

“Hey, stupid! Deep throat it! Don’t make me make that an order!” Mandy scolded.

I shoved my dick further into my face, sputtering wad after wad out of my nose as my dick went farther into my mouth and then hit the back of my throat. It was a little difficult to bend far enough, but suddenly I felt my throat stretching to accommodate my member. I pushed a little harder and felt myself slide in, spurt after spurt of cum now easily going down my throat.

My nose was still clogged with cum, however, so it took me a moment of snorting and a few cum bubbles before my airway was cleared.

I could feel my stomach inflating with cum as I swallowed and swallowed and swallowed and swallowed. I was awash in body-shaking orgasms.

I whimpered and wined in a puddle of cum nearly six inches deep at its deepest, sloshing it away from me and spreading it around the ruined carpet.

I lost track of time as I guzzled my own cum just as fast as I could ejaculate it, my belly inflating to accommodate it all.

\* \* \*

I woke up some time later, my dick still spraying cum all over the floor. It was probably my dick popping out of my mouth that woke me. I tried to grab it and shove it back in, but only succeeded in giving myself several facials. My belly, which was nearly as big as that of a pregnant woman’s, had expanded to the point that I couldn’t get my dick into my mouth any more.

I had still been ordered to swallow as much of my cum as I could, so I kept shooting wad after sticky wad at my own face, mouth wide open to accept it. I was able to get my lips over my dick tip somewhat at first, but it didn’t take long for my bloated belly to swell until even that was impossible.

I was awash in ecstasy as I greedily drank as much cum as I could, pausing only to occasionally gasp for breath between cumshots.

\* \* \*

The order to keep my ass in place was the only thing stopping me from drinking every last drop of cum in the room.

Once my dick had finished erupting, I had finally had a moment to breathe. Or at least I thought that I would. But no sooner had my dick stopped squirting fresh semen than I began scooping up globs of cum from the floor around me and shoveling them into my mouth.

Realizing what I was doing, and what I was probably going to continue to do for some time, I started to cry as I desperately slurped down handful after handful salty cum.

As I squeegeed as much of it out of the carpet as I could with my bare hands, I tasted bits of carpet fuzz and other dirt and crumbs. I nearly gagged, but I couldn’t stop myself.

Looking around between mouthfuls, the living room was ruined. There was cum practically covering the floor and couch. There were thick ropes splattered all over the walls, and even some dripping from the second-story ceiling. The stairs upstairs looked like they were splattered as well, and the wooden railing was dripping with it. Even the entertainment center on the other side of the room had several ropes of cum clinging to it.

How I was going to explain this to my parents when they came home, I had no idea.

In the mean time, I did my best to clean up as much as I could by shoveling it into my mouth.

Once I had gotten nearly every last drop within arms reach, I began sucking on the couch in a vain effort to suck the cum that had soaked in back out of it.

Mandy laughed from where she was sitting. I was just barely able to get a look at her out of the corner of my eye, and, by some miracle, I noticed that not a single drop of cum had gotten onto the tiled entryway, or, by extension, Mandy or the dining room beyond.

Once Mandy composed herself, she cleared her throat and gave me another order. **“YOU CAN GET UP NOW. KEEP TRYING TO CLEAN THE LIVING ROOM WITH YOUR HANDS AND MOUTH. ONCE YOU HAVEN’T BEEN ABLE TO FIND ENOUGH CUM TO MAKE A MOUTHFUL WITH IN A FIVE MINUTE WINDOW, VERBALLY INFORM ME THAT YOU ARE DONE, AND DON’T STOP UNTIL I TELL YOU TO.”**

I whimpered as I tried to stand up on my shaky legs, but my hugely inflated belly made that difficult. I collapsed back onto the soggy carpet. I slid myself forwards to a new puddle of cum, giving up on standing for now, and started slurping. Tears streaked down my face at the humiliation of dragging my belly through puddles of cum, only to lean forwards and start slurping as I scooped handful after handful of my own jizz up into my mouth.

My belly looked like I was pregnant with twins now. It was so huge and I knew it was only going to get bigger as I slurped up more of the cum that was coating every surface.

My own tears dripped down my cheeks and mixed with the cum as I shoved it into my mouth.

\* \* \*

I made all sorts of gross slurping noises as I tried to get the last ropes of cum out of the couch.

Don’t get me wrong, everything was still *soaked* with cum, but at least now it wasn’t soaked in a layer several inches thick. Now it was more like a thin sheen on every surface.

I don’t know how long it had taken me, but it had been long enough that my nuts were swollen significantly again.

I slurped and slurped at the couch cushions, trying to suckle every last drop out of them.

Suddenly, without any will of my own, my mouth popped off of the corner of the cushion and I called out “Mandy! I haven’t been able to get a mouthful of cum in 5 minutes!” and then went right back to sucking. A little bit later, I did it again, repeating the line.

It felt weird to be speaking without even thinking about it or without any control over my vocal cords.

**“YOU CAN STOP NOW. NOW FUCK YOURSELF BY SHOVING YOUR DICK AS FAR UP YOUR OWN PUSSY AS POSSIBLE.”**

I turned around in horror at Mandy’s order. “Dicks don’t... don’t *bend* like that!” I protested, even as the electric jolt through my body forced me to get to work.

“Ah! Mandy! No! Please! Don’t make me do this!” I protested, even as my hands grabbed at my dick and tried to bend it down, around the side of my balls, and back towards my own pussy.

At least I still had a pussy, I realized. I legitimately hadn’t even *thought* about it because I was so preoccupied with having these massive fucking nuts and huge dick.

I sat down on the couch to get a better angle, and grunted in pain as I bent my dick in half. It got a little bit flaccid, fortunately, which allowed me to bend it further.

Before I knew it, I was shoving it up my cunt.

I went crosseyed from the pain of the huge member inside of me as well as the intense pleasure it provided, both from my dick tip *and* my pussy.

The farther in it got, the easier it was to slide more of it in, and I realized this was because of how Mandy had made my orifices “accommodating” earlier.

Soon I was practically balls deep in my own pussy. I started shoving it in as hard as I could before letting up so it slid out a little and then shoving it again, to generate some thrusting rhythm. Soon I was rock hard and I could feel my insides shifting around to fit the massive pole inside of me.

And it felt really good.

Before I knew it, I was blasting a load of hot cum up my own cunt. I shook in orgasm, and slumped down on the sticky couch. My belly inflated a bit more as the hot cum filled my womb.

The pressure in my balls was slowly relieved as my nuts clenched and clenched, spraying wad after wad of hot jizz into my womb.

The pleasure from the orgasms was reduced *somewhat* by the painful bend in my dick, but it still felt *really good* to just lay there and fill my own pussy with cum.

And fill it I did.

I came and came, rope after hot, sticky rope blasting into my own womb, filling myself up like a balloon.

I lost track of time as my womanhood orgasmed repeatedly right along with my manhood.

\* \* \*

By the time my nuts were drained, I was in a complete stupor, and my belly was now so huge that it was actually bulging out from my sides. It was a defined sphere attached to me now, rather than just a really big bump. It looked like there were at least 3 fully grown infants inside of me. Maybe four!

I was *fucking massive*, is what I’m trying to say.

And every time I moved I could feel it sloshing around inside of me. Why did it have to feel so *good*?

But once I was done cumming, I was free to just lay there in post-orgasmic bliss for a while. For *once* there weren’t any new orders incoming, forcing me to do anything *else* degrading or changing my body in perverted ways. My life was *ruined*, sure, but at least it wasn’t actively getting worse. I was free to just lay here and soak in the post orgasmic bliss for a minute.

At least until my balls reinflated. I could *feel* them still producing cum at the rate of one liter each and every minute. And that was kinda a lot. Within 30 second, my dick was hard again and I was raring to release another load inside of myself.

I was under no compulsion to do so.

If it weren’t for my freakish appearance, I could walk out the front door right now. There was nothing stopping me. I could walk upstairs, grab a sheet to cover myself, and slip out the back.

Mandy would *probably* stop me, but I didn’t see her right now, so I could at least get up and try. And yet I just sat here on the couch I had drenched with my own cum with my own dick up my cunt.

I sat there for about another minute, the pressure in my balls building relentlessly. But eventually, I couldn’t stand it any longer and I started fucking myself again.

I was fucking myself.

I was shoving my huge dick into my bottomless pussy.

Shove. Relax. Shove. Relax. Shove. Relax.

And I *liked it*. I *wanted* to be doing this.

In. Out. In. Out. In. Out.

Fuck. Me. Fuck. Me. Fuck. Me!

I started crying again even as I came.

I was ruined. I was fucked beyond all recognition, and I was getting off on it. I came a second time, right after the first, just thinking about how hopeless I was.

My belly inflated a little more due to the fresh loads of cum, and all I could think of was “*More!*” and kept right on jerking myself off with my own vagina.

\* \* \*

Eventually, I finally ran out of cum. It must have been two hours. That was how long Mandy had said, right? Had it really been two hours since my torture began? I don't remember how long I had spent spraying my dick juice all over the living room, or licking it up afterward, or sitting here pounding my own pussy, especially since I had spent so much of the time in an orgasmic stupor if not outright unconscious. But eventually, the never-ending fountain inside of my balls dried up.

I came, and instead of feeling orgasmic bliss followed by more desperate *need*, I blew my load and felt... an emptiness. Relief.

But of course, I didn't know any better, so I just kept jerking myself off. I felt myself getting flaccid, so I shoved my dick up my cunt *harder*. It didn't work, and soon my spent sausage was sliding out of my gaping cunt.

Desperate for more, I reached down under my swollen belly and grabbed my dick with both hands. I squeezed it. I manhandled it. I pumped it for all it was worth. Slowly, it reinflated, but now it was almost *painful*. It was like being hard *hurt*. Not a sharp pain, but a dull ache as if my penis were finally taking notice of all of the abuse that it had suffered so far.

Masturbating felt *good*, but I couldn't get over the edge. I couldn't cum. I could feel myself *almost* start to build towards orgasm, but the *slightest* distraction or pause would drop me back to square one.

I *needed* to empty my balls, though.

Just one last time! *Please!*

Oh, I was *desperate* for it. Mandy had ordered me not to punch or slap my balls, but she said nothing about squeezing them.

My belly, which was the size and shape of a colossal, bathtub-filling beanbag, and which could probably fit two *men* inside of it with room to spare, was hanging down over my groin. It was *so heavy* that I couldn't move my body at all. It was hard enough to slip my hands under there and grab my dick! I was pinned in place by my own cum.

That realization somehow turned me on even more. *What the hell is wrong with me?* a small voice asked in my head.

Some amount of cum had leaked out when my dick had popped out, and this had left the entire chasm between my legs and under my belly slick, wet, and slimy. I tried grabbing at my own nuts to squish them, but they were so large and slippery with cum that I couldn't get a grip. After grunting and fumbling about, I managed to get my hand around the base of my scrotum. Behind it was my cunt, which I brushed with a spare finger. That felt *nice*, but did nothing to release my last aching load of girl-cum.

I got a good grip in my nutsack and started pulling. OH IT WAS INTENSE! My nuts were being pulled forwards from where they had been safely nestled up against my body out from under the colossal weight of by cum-filled belly.

I resumed jerking my dick for everything it was worth as I pulled my balls forwards. My scrotum tensed, and achy pain mixed with pleasure as I tortured my balls. My balls slid off to the left as my dick slid off to the right, the pressure was reduced a bit, but I made up for it by pulling until I reached the point where the pleasurable pain began to blend into painful pain.

I jerked and jerked and jerked, pulling on my nuts as hard as I dared. My dick plumped up and began to poke out from between my huge belly and the edge of the couch.

I leaned forward to reach my dicktip, but didn't realize all that would happen with my new body's dimensions.

First of all, leaning forward at the hip causes your nuts to pull backwards. This was very painful news to me.

Second of all, my belly was in the way. Leaning forward pressed my belly downwards, pinning my arms and hands in place, and increasing the pressure on both my shaft and balls.

My eyes snapped open and I shrieked in orgasmic pain.

I looked down and saw my plump, overfilled body in all of it's glory.

My sky blue t-shirt was bunched up under my breasts. To my relief, my breasts were not only back to their original size, but significantly bigger. They had to be F cups, EEs at the least. My bra was ready to snap, with tit-flesh bulging out on all sides.

*And they were leaking.*

There were significant wet spots over my nipples, and I could see little hints of white in the fabric.

Below them, pressing them up from below was my colossal belly. It was like I had a bathtub or two of liquid just poured into my belly. It was *partially* spherical, but it was also bulging and flattened out at the bottom due to it's own huge weight.

And there on the right was my dicktip, just sticking out.

I took all of this in in a moment.

*Oh, fuck me! I need release right fucking now!*

Through the pain, I leaned forward and to the left, just enough to free my right hand. My nutsack stretched painfully, but with a wet sucking and popping sound, I managed to get my right hand free.

I reached forwards and *grabbed* by cockhead, desperately stroking it as roughly as I could.

My gigantic, throbbing member.

My *sensitive, sensitive* nuts.

My *immobilizing*, cum-filled belly.

My *leaking titties*.

I clenched my jaw, closed my eyes, and buried my face in my pressed-up cleavage as my orgasm built. I licked my shirt, and tasted fabric mixed with milk.

My own milk.

*My own fucking milk!*

I tried to reach my nipple, but couldn't quite reach it. I licked at it with my tongue, moaning in desperation while I frantically stroked my dick and pressed forward with my belly on top of my left arm and nuts.

With my own flavorful milk upon my tongue, I finally came.

My body clenched, and I arched backwards involuntarily. With the pressure on my balls released, my scrotum retracted up to my groin as I shot wad after wad of sticky cum across the living room once more.

"Ah! Ah! Ah!" I cried, each exclamation an ejaculation from my tired and abused balls. "Ah! Ah-ha! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah-ha! Ahh... ahh... ahh... ahh... ... ahh-ha-HA!" After that last, desperate squirt, my body collapsed.

"Ohhhhh-ho-ho..." I moaned, as my entire body went limp.

I was now literally too tired to move.

I just laid there, the last drops of cum oozing from my urethra and dribbling into a small puddle on the floor. I was completely collapsed against the soggy back of the couch, my head lolled to the side, staring off into space, my eyes unfocused.

My balls were so drained that they *ached* with emptiness.

My belly was so full that it held me in place.

My dick was so raw that it continued to throb even as it shrank and disgorged the last bits of cum.

Even my nipples were tingling as I just laid there and soaked it all in.

...

The only thing that was uncomfortable was where my bra was cutting into my back and boobs, but besides the sharp pinch-points, even *that* pressure felt good.

I just laid there in bliss until I heard a popping noise and saw an indistinct mass in front of my eyes. I blinked, and it looked like a hand. I blinked again and tried to focus, and the image resolved into Mandy's hand, repeatedly snapping her fingers.

"Hello? Earth to Amy? You alive in there?" Mandy asked.

"Uhhhh..." was all I managed to say.

"I'll take that as a 'yes', then," Mandy said, peering down at me. She was still wearing the black tube top, but her shorts had been abandoned. I got my first unadulterated view of her pussy just then. Looking at its puffy pinkness, my eyes grew wide. *I wanted that pussy*, a primal instinct spoke in my mind. *I want to pound it and fill it with cum.*

Mandy chuckled. "Like what you see, eh? Well, *I* like what *I* see, and I think it's about time that *I* start receiving some of the benefits of your predicament." Mandy smiled a cruel smile. "*However*, before I let you anywhere *near* my tight little snatch, I have to know that you can be trusted. After all, even *I* don't know how much cum you make right now, now that you've gone back to 'normal'," Mandy said, making little air quotes for the last word.

"So, since I'm sure you're just *dying* to have someone *else* fuck you for a change, and since *I'm* dying for a taste of that cum... how about if I give you head? That should satisfy both of us *while* providing useful data."

My eyes widened like saucers as Mandy grinned and walked around to the other side of the couch. I tried to speak, but was too tired to do much more than croak at first. "Mmm- M- Maah- Mandy..." I rasped. "Mahndy... no... I- I... can't!"

"Oh, nonsense! A big girl like, you? I'm sure you've got *plenty* of cum left!" Mandy lifted up my belly and pulled on my flaccid dick.

The pressure was so intense that I nearly threw up! "Ach!" I gagged as my belly swashed. I could *feel* my insides trying to come up out of my throat, but Mandy's order wouldn't let them. They stayed right where they were.

"My, my. Quite the mess you've made down here," Mandy commented from where I couldn't see her. "Man, there is *so much cum!* And it smells *very* strongly too! Such a *salty* smell you have, Amy." Mandy began stroking my cum-slick dick with her left hand even as her right held up my belly. "Goodness *me*... I wonder how salty you're going to *taste*..." Mandy mused. "Still, I'd better clean all of this old cum off of you. After all, I only want it *fresh*."

I felt something cold pour over my dick, which slickened it up until it was positively *slimy*. Mandy stroked my dick several times as the now-warm liquid ran down my shaft and tickled my balls. She did this several more times until my dick was clean, and no longer slippery at all.

"There! All clean, and it only took three quarters of a water bottle to do it!" Mandy paused in her ministrations of my still-flaccid penis. "Are you going to get hard again or what?"

"Man- Mandy, I *can't!* My... balls are *empty*.... *Please*, just let me rest!"

"Oh, don't give me that! Look at those things! They're bigger than my boobs! They're almost as big as *your* boobs were, originally! There is *no fucking way* that those things are *empty*. But, y'know what, *fine*. If you're

*somehow* still completely hetero after having the sexuality of *five different guys* instilled in you... whatever. *Try* to find a guy who still wants to fuck you even though you've got a cock three times as big as his. *I don't care!*" Mandy paused for a moment. Was she... *pouting?*

"However, I will *not* be denied this. I want this, and you are *my* sex toy. Therefore, **FROM NOW ON, YOU WILL FIND MY BODY, SO LONG AS IT IS IN A VAGUELY HUMANOID SHAPE, AS THE PEAK OF SEXUAL DESIRE. YOU WILL BE UNABLE TO CONCEIVE OF ANYTHING SEXIER THAN ME. NO MATTER HOW I CHANGE MYSELF IN THE FUTURE, MY HUMANOID BODY WILL ALWAYS BE THE OBJECT OF YOUR DESIRE.**"

The electric jolt hit me, and then a wave of sexual thoughts overtook me.

*I wanted Mandy so bad!*

My entire mind was consumed with lust. Images of Mandy's beautiful face, perky breasts, tight bum, and cute little slit flashed through my mind.

"Ohhhhh..." I moaned, unable to articulate anything beyond my wanton desire.

I felt Mandy's hands on my dick. Mandy's *sweet, dainty, perfect* little hands. They were *stroking* my dick! I *shuddered* in pleasure, my tired body straining in lust.

"There... *that's* better..." Mandy purred, her face inches away from my dick. My dick *throbbed* in her hands, blood painfully beginning to re-engage it once more.

It didn't last for long, though. I was just too tired. I laid there panting and closed my eyes. I imagined Mandy's face smiling down at me, her cupping my cheeks with her delicate fingers, our lips coming closer and closer together until they finally touched and we shared a tender kiss.

I smiled a big, stupid smile, and began to drift off, the pleasure and pain of my crotch not enough to keep my tired body awake.

\* \* \*

"ARE YOU FUCKING SLEEPING?" Mandy roared, snapping me back to consciousness. She was now standing with one foot on the couch next to me, with her hands on her hips, and was glaring at me, red-faced in rage.

*Goddamn, she is so fucking beautiful!* my mind unhelpfully supplied.

"Mandy- I- I'm sorry, but I-" I tried to explain. I don't know how long it had been, but probably not long since my nuts and dick still ached just as much as before. "I'm just-"

"UNGRATEFUL, is what you are! I was about to give you *fucking head*, you dumb bitch! Fucking hell!" Mandy exclaimed, throwing her arms up into the air. "All I wanted was a *little tiny* taste of your fresh cum, not that dirty stuff you've shot all over the floor! Well, y'know what? *I'm going to fucking get it.* **FROM NOW ON, WHENEVER I TOUCH YOUR DICK OR BALLS, YOU WILL HAVE A FULL ERECTION LASTING AT MINIMUM FOR 30 SECONDS AFTER I LET GO. WHENEVER YOU HEAR ME SNAP MY FINGERS WHILE YOU HAVE AN ERECTION, YOU WILL HAVE AN EJACULATORY ORGASM...**" Mandy grinned a cruel grin. "**IN YOUR DICK, CUNT, AND TITS.**"

*What?* my mind reeled, even as the electric jolt through my body confirmed it's effects. *How could I have an ejaculatory orgasm from my tits or my cunt? That just didn't make sense!*

My thoughts were interrupted, however, as Mandy went back to my belly and shoved it out of the way.

I nearly went cross-eyed from the sudden pressure. After a moment the weight redistributed and it was less severe, but she was still pressing in on my bulging, beanbag-size stomach rather roughly.

Then she grabbed my dick.

*Immediately*, I felt blood begin racing to my groin as my tired dick engaged. Now I *did* go cross-eyed due to how sore it was. My dick was soon throbbing at full mast, and it *hurt!* It felt *so, so good* to be touched by

Mandy's sweet little hands, but my dick was so tired that it couldn't handle it right now.

"Ohhhh... Mandy... Mandy, please..." I begged, unable to form the words I needed to say.

I felt Mandy's breath on the tip of my throbbing, aching dick.

I twitched involuntarily, and Mandy responded by gripping me harder. My balls *clenched*, but there was nothing in them.

"No... please, Mandy... don't do this... I *can't*, Mandy! I'm *empty*! Please! I *can't* cum right now!"

"Hush, you," Mandy cooed, inches away from my prick. "Gotta clean you off again, first..." she said, and a moment later, more cool water dribbled down my dick.

My dick *pulsed* as Mandy stroked it and washed my smelly sperm off of my tired shaft.

I was *so tired* and I was *so horny*! I couldn't stand it!

"Ah-ha-ha! Mandy, noooo! I'll *break*, Mandy! I'll *break* if you make me have another orgasm! I'll *break* if you keep doing this to me!"

"Well then, I'm just gonna have to *break* you then, aren't I?" Mandy said in a sultry voice. The next thing I knew, her tongue was tracing up and down on the slit of my urethra.

"AH!" I shouted, my back arching against the couch. "GAH! Mandy, PLEASE! NO! I'm gonna go fucking crazy! IT HURTS SO BAD!"

Mandy stopped for a second, but then swirled her tongue around the tip of my penis.

"OH, FUCK!" I shouted. "FUCK ME, MANDY! FUCK ME UNTIL I SNAP!" I was pounding my hips forwards and back as best I could, my body straining and aching through the pain and the pleasure.

I think I heard Mandy snort, and the next thing I knew my cockhead was in her mouth.

"AAAAH!" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

Mandy's precious little face was sucking on my monster cock.

I tried to look down to see the sight, but my boobs and belly were partially in the way. I could *sorta* see... but it was mainly just Mandy's shoulder and occasional glimpses of the side of her head.

My dick was *on fire*. I was so painfully engorged that I was screaming in pain more than I was in pleasure. But also, the thought of Mandy's cute little face being bisected by my monster cock was a huge turn on.

Mandy began pressing downwards on my cockhead, her tongue swirling about my head. The sensation was so intense that I once again arched my back and pressed my hips forward with everything I had. It felt like my dick was going to explode. I fucking *wanted* my dick to explode, because if it exploded then at least it would be *over*.

Mandy pressed forwards until my entire cockhead was inside her mouth, her teeth tickling my shaft.

Then she began to suck and bob her head up and down, and I almost lost my sanity.

It *hurt* and it felt *so good* all at the same time!

My body clenched, and I think my pussy must have cum from sheer sensory overload, because before I knew it, my cunt was leaking juices. I basked in the afterglow of the vaginal orgasm, even as my dick was still assaulted with pain and pleasure.

She bobbed her head up and down like that for some indeterminate period of time. It might have been forever. That was what it felt like. She was stroking my shaft with her left hand, but I couldn't tell what her right was doing. Knowing her, it was probably knuckle deep in her sweet little cunt.

The mere thought of her cunt made my body *clench* in empty orgasm. My nuts *constricted*, but there was no load to blow. My vagina practically squirted behind them, however, throbbing in sympathy.

I went cross-eyes again, and even my nipples twinged in pleasure as I made incomprehensible noises of pleasure with my tongue hanging out to the right as my head flopped limply.

My bra was causing my severe pain by this point, but the agonizing ache of my too-engorged dick and too-empty nuts overshadowed it by far.

I felt Mandy switch hands, and *sure enough*, her right hand was slick with juices. *Mandy's own pussy juices are lubricating my dick*, I realized, and my dick throbbed even harder.

I then saw Mandy's left arms come around the side of my belly, where I could clearly see it raised in the air.

She held her hand aloft, fingers poised to snap.

“NO! MANDY! NO! PLASE! I'LL-”

SNAP.

I came.

Every orifice of my body came.

My nuts came. A wad of semen was *squeezed* out of my body somehow, and shot up my shaft into Mandy's waiting mouth.

My vagina came. My entire slit *shuddered* and squirted a spray of slick girl-slime into the couch cushion and the back of my balls.

My nipples came. Each nipple *tensed* and a short spray of milk spurted out of them, running down my already soaked bra and dribbling down the sides of my shirt into the cum-soaked couch. None of it *squirted* out of my cups, since the material of the bra and t-shirt robbed it of all momentum, but I could *see* the white liquid soak the fabric thoroughly before running off and down to the sides. Afterwards, my nipples felt tingly and electric, almost like my clit.

I started to slump into post-orgasmic bliss, but another *snap* rang through the air.

My eyes snapped open again as my empty nuts *clenched* and another load was launched. My vagina *spasmed* and squirted once more. My nipples *pulsed* and another spray of milk soaked into and dribbled down my shirt.

With the third snap, I *gasped* as my drained body was wrung like a rag.

Another snap, and every orifice erupted in pleasure as I screamed.

Another snap, and I cried “Nooooooooooooo...” as my body was forced to experience another orgasm it couldn't handle.

Another snap, and I collapsed, motionless, save for the muscles that spasmed with each orgasm that was forced upon me.

Another snap, and the pleasure and pain of being wrung dry whited out my senses.

Another snap, and another, and another.

All I heard was snapping, and all I felt was orgasm after agonizing orgasm.

\* \* \*

“WAKE UP.”

Blearily, I opened my eyes.

Standing over me was Mandy. Beautiful, beautiful Mandy.

My entire body ached. My bra was killing me, my nipples were sore, my cunt felt like I had mastu-

It all came back to me like a freight train.

I lifted my head and looked down at myself. My huge belly, still the size of a bathtub over-filled with cum. My breasts, leaking slightly through my shirt and bra and bulging out to the sides. I couldn't see my dick, on account of my belly, but I could sure feel my cock and balls, aching after all the abuse they had endured.

And the rest of the living room, with a partially dried sheen of cum coating nearly every surface.

“YOU FUCKING BITCH!” I wailed. “What the fuck have you *done* to me! How the fuck am I supposed to explain this to my *parents*?”

“Pfsh, easy,” Mandy said.

I whipped my head around to glare at her.

“Just put this on, *make sure they see it*, and then they'll think that your body being like this is perfectly normal,” she said, holding up... my BFF necklace.

“How did you get that?” I demanded, trying to move, but realizing my huge belly still prevented that. I was fucking stuck to the spot. The best I'd be able to hope for was rolling forward onto the floor, but that wouldn't exactly be helpful.

“Found it in your little jewelry box. You had it separate from all of the rest, so I figured it was your favorite. If you see here,” she said, flipping the little red heart over to the metal back that *used* to contain Jean's and my initials above the letters “BFF”, “you'll see that I stamped some enchantments into the metal. Anyone who sees you wearing this necklace will think that your appearance is utterly normal, and will not bat an eye, no matter *how* ludicrously large you become. They'll also think that your behavior is perfectly normal, within certain limitations. But *remember* that they have to *see you* wearing the necklace first. So the first few seconds that they lay eyes upon you, they might be in for a shock. But if you make sure to wear the necklace prominently, they'll forget *all* about it in a few seconds. Seeing the chain *does* work, but it won't be quite as immediate, so make sure not to let the necklace droop down into your cleavage, eh? But if you keep your hair up, the effect will work even from the back. Just make sure their eyes are somehow drawn to the necklace, and you'll be fine!”

Mandy grinned, and despite my anger, I couldn't help but feel an urge to kiss her right then and there. *God, she's just too cute when she's proud of herself!*

I shook my head, trying to clear the image of my lips pressed against hers in a passionate kiss, and Mandy continued.

“I know, it's a lot to take in. Welcome to the rest of your life, though, bitch,” Mandy sneered. Her cruel words shocked me out of my affection, and I stared at her in confusion.

“This necklace *also* will act as your fulcrum, OK? It's how you'll direct the magic I instilled inside your body. It *will* need release, but I'm allowing you to chose how it expresses itself. Will you have a cock the size of this sofa? Or will you have breasts that fill a swimming pool? You can pick one or the other, it's 100% up to you! All you have to do is hold your fulcrum in your hand and concentrate. It might take you a bit to get the hang of it at first, but you'll be tipping your lustful energies back and forth like a pro in no time. Giant, lactating boobs?” Mandy held her left hand up high, and then held her right hand down low. “Tiny dick. Get your boobs big enough, and it might disappear entirely for a while.” Mandy reversed the elevation of her hands. “Giant dick that won't stop cumming? Flat as a board, at least for a while,” Mandy explained. “Either or! Entirely up to you, with the entire spectrum of fun in the middle *ripe* for exploring.” Mandy beamed.

My hatred for the girl that had cursed me like this warred with my attraction to her.

“Anyway, I've got to get going. I've got some school work I need to catch up on, now that I've finally finished *this* project, and of *course* I'll be tuning in later to watch the show when your parents get home. So, here ya go,” Mandy tossed the necklace, and it landed with a *plap* on the side of my milk-soaked shirt before sliding down to catch next to me. “I'll just be off then. Think you'll be able to move by the time they get home?” she asked, almost as an after thought.

It took me a second to parse the question, but once I did, I spat my answer back at her. “No! Put me back to normal, you ass-hole!”

Mandy scoffed. “Don’t go giving me *ideas*, Amy. I might just try them.” I paled at the implication. “Naaaah.... How about...? **IF YOU STIMULATE YOUR BREASTS AND ONE OF YOUR ORIFICES, YOU CAN TRANSFER EXCESS FLUIDS STORED IN THAT ORIFICE TO YOUR BREASTS AND THEN EXPEL THOSE FLUIDS FROM YOUR BREASTS BY STIMULATING YOUR NIPPLES UNTIL YOU ORGASM.** Sound good?”

“WHAT?” I roared.

“Ta-ta!” Mandy said, skipping over to the door.

“GET FUCKING BACK HERE YOU BITCH! FUCKING FIX ME OR I’LL FUCKING KILL YOU!” I shrieked.

“**YOU CAN NOT KILL OR OTHERWISE INJURE ME DELIBERATELY, NOR CAN YOU ASK OR PERSUADE ANYONE TO DO THE SAME.**” Mandy said, the electric jolt robbing me of some of my fury. “In fact... **YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO YELL AT ME OR SPEAK TO OR ABOUT ME IN AN ANGRY TONE. YOU MUST BE POLITE AND CIVILIZED TO ME AT ALL TIMES.**”

“No...” I whimpered, as the electric tingle in my brain robbed me of any chance I had.

“**YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO TELL ANYONE ABOUT-** wait, shit. **NEVERMIND.** Lemme try that again. Clearly you have to be able to *speak* about me... just not... **YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO TELL ANYONE THAT I’VE CURSED YOU OR DONE ANYTHING TO YOU... TODAY... OR EVEN THAT I VISITED YOU TODAY. IF SOMEONE SHOULD FIND OUT ABOUT WHAT I’VE DONE, YOU CAN NOT TELL THEM WHO DID IT. YOU MUST TELL THEM THAT YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO DID IT, AND ATTEMPT TO PREVENT THEM FROM FINDING OUT THAT IT WAS ME.** I... *think* that should be it... Eh, I can always add more later. Bye!”

And with that, Mandy opened and shut the front door and left me alone in my cum-drenched livingroom.

I tried to get up.

I could not.

I managed to sit up with some effort, and then nearly managed to slosh myself forwards onto the floor, but managed to catch myself just in time. I plopped back onto the backrest, completely exhausted.

I unsnapped my bra with some difficulty, and let it just sit there inside my shirt, grateful to be free of it’s oppressive pressure against my milk-filled F-cups.

I laid there for some time, crying and feeling sorry for myself.

But the shadows were starting to get long in the windows, and my parents would be home in maybe an hour. I had until then to clean up this mess.

I looked down at my body, my huge belly taking up my entire lap and bulging out to the sides. It looked like someone had shoved a *huge* exercise ball or a mini-zorb up my cunt and then filled it with water. I couldn’t reach my bellybutton if I *tried*. I couldn’t even *see* my bellybutton!

My tits were leaking milk, little by little. I could feel the warm droplets whenever they ran down the underside of my breasts in the little tent that my soggy bra made under my shirt.

And my *dick* was so *sore*. My nuts felt shriveled and dried. Like they had been beaten to a pulp and put through a juicer, every last drop of cum just *squeezed* out of them by unrelenting rollers.

My cunt, on the other hand, was wanting.

I despaired at the thought.

Was I really so fucked up that having all this shit done to me was turning me on?

Yes, said my slit, moistening at the thought of all the sexual things I had done to myself and that had been done to me. Yes, said my slit at the thought of all of the sexual things that laid ahead of me.

I whimpered quietly to myself, and buried my head in my hands once more. But I knew what I needed to do, and I knew how I needed to do it.

I took my left hand down to my left breast, and took my right hand down to my pussy. The underside of my belly, and especially my cock and balls, were coated in still-moist cum, so it was easy to slide my fingers into myself, once I got my hand past my huge male member. I put two fingers inside, which was my usual, and began to move them about. My left hand pulled my bra free and tossed it onto the floor. I reached up under my shirt and began to tweak my nipple.

I moaned in sorrow and pleasure as I stimulated myself.

As it began to feel good, I felt the speed of my lactation pick up. Soon, I was squirting streams of milk *through* my shirt! I moaned in pleasure, and before I knew it, even my right nipple was harder than it had ever been before and was squirting little dribbles of milk.

I continued to finger myself, my breasts feeling fuller and fuller as I did so. My lactation continued to pick up, until soon both breasts were shooting pulses of milk onto the floor in front of me.

“Oh, gaaaaawwwd...” I moaned, pulling the fingers in my cunt up and vibrating them *hard* against my clit.

(It didn't occur to me until later to be a little surprised that I still had a clit somehow. But then again, how the hell I grew a dick and balls, I don't know either other than “magic, apparently”. So, due to “magic, apparently”, I still had my normal, fully functional clit and vagina. There was just a huge dick and balls attached to my groin right in front of them.)

I orgasmed, my slit tightening around my fingers. My belly *tensed*, and I could *feel* fluid shift inside of me.

My breasts ballooned in size, and I *yanked* on my nipple until I orgasmed from there as well. My nipple *puffed* up, and began squirting thick globs of cum inside my shirt. My hand was coated instantly, but I kept stroking my nipple as it engorged to the point that it felt like a cow teat or a miniature cock.

I brought up my other hand and shoved it under my shirt on the other side, globs of cum splattering free from under my shirt and oozing down my belly. I lifted the shirt up above my breasts, freeing them both to the open air. Of course, it was still attached to me by the arms and neck, but I forgot about it as the cool air on my hard nipples only made them harder. I began jerking off my right nipple, too, and before I knew it I was in an endless orgasmic cycle ejecting cum from my nipples.

When my vaginal orgasm would subside, I had to spare a hand to stimulate it some more, and I had to alternate hands to keep pumping my inflating breasts or risk them filling so full that I wouldn't be able to reach my nipples. I think the biggest that they got was the size of large watermelons, maybe large pumpkins, but I was in such an orgasmic stupor that I wasn't really paying all that close attention.

\* \* \*

Eventually, my fluids ran dry and my orgasms subsided.

I gave my nipples one last tug, and the last drops of cum dribbled out, along with a little bit of normal milk. (Which, I should point out, I had been oozing the entire time as well, just not in nearly the same quantities as the cum that was somehow being emptied from my belly.)

There would be a huge puddle of cum and milk in front of me, I knew, but at least I should be back to normal, right?

I looked down, and was shocked to see that I *still* had a significant belly. Also, my breasts and nipples were *significantly* larger than they were before. My boobs looked like watermelons that had had half of their insides removed and then been left to wilt, and my nipples looked like little pink burritos.

Oh, and the floor was an absolute *mess*. There wasn't a *puddle* of cum. Oh *no*. There was a fucking *ocean* of cum several inches deep at my feet! It had oozed over basically the entire living room floor too, probably thanks to my milk softening it up.

I inspected my belly, and found that it was, in fact, *belly*. When I applied pressure to it, I almost immediately wanted to throw up. Although... that wasn't quite right. It was a very strange sensation because I could *feel* the pressure on my stomach trying to force the cum in my belly back up my throat, but it wouldn't budge. The *pressure* was there, but the yucky retching sensation just never came.

My belly was perhaps the size it would be if you took one of the large couch cushions and force-fed it to me. It was by no means as ridiculous as it *had* been, but it was *still* quite sizable.

I *could* however, see my dick again. My balls were still mostly hidden, but when I pulled them forwards, I could see them alright.

I despaired a bit at the worse state of my breasts, but eventually rallied myself and tried to stand up.

With my muscles protesting, I managed to shakily stand to my feet.

It was *really* hard, since I weighed significantly more now, thanks to both my monster member, my cum-filled belly, and my *gigantic*, swinging tits.

I saw a shadow in the corner of one of the windows, and in my fright, I slipped and fell.

I made a stupendous *splat* in the sea of cum and milk that was in front of the couch.

This position was even harder to rise from, since I was now completely coated from head to toe in my own slick juices. Once I got to my hands and knees, I looked at the window again, but didn't see anything.

Hoping it was nothing, I did my level best to rise from the floor. I was running out of time before my parents returned, and then I would have some serious explaining to do. I needed to make sure that I put on the necklace that Jean had given me... which was hopefully still on the couch where Mandy had tossed it to me. I could *not* afford to lose it. I looked over at the couch, to see if I could see it sticking out from between the cushions, but by taking my eyes off of my hands, I ended up slipping in the cum again, and getting another face-full of carpet cum.

Spitting and sputtering, I tried to rise again, only to slip and fall again. Eventually I gave up, and just slid myself backwards over the gooey ground. I tried standing up at the edge of the couch, and this worked a bit better. I still slipped and slid a great deal, and ended up on my ass more than once, but at least I didn't simply *face-plant* immediately.

Eventually I managed to slosh enough of the cum away from me that I was able to get to my feet. I took one step, however, and was once more on my ass, and this time my head almost hit the side of the couch as my head and hair made a sticky *splat*.

"Uuuuuuhhhhg," I groaned.

I rolled over, looking like I had lost a Nickelodeon slime challenge, and... gave up. I could barely get to my hands and knees before I a limb slipped out from under me.

I turned myself around by pushing off of the furniture, and began to slowly crawl (more like "swim", at first) towards the kitchen. I heaved myself up onto the lip of mostly-dry stone tile that was the front entrance, and then slid across that to the dining room. I felt bad getting the mixture of cum and milk that coated my body on the carpet here, too, but I didn't exactly have a choice.

I made it into the kitchen, which was tiled with linoleum, and although I almost fell several times when a glob of cum dribbled down from my hair or clothes or something, I made it to the back door without injuring myself. The back door was shut and locked, so I had no idea how Mandy had gotten into my house, unless she had just *magicked* that, too.

I stripped out of my cum-soaked clothes until I was stark naked. Getting undressed *really* made me aware of how different my body now was. Never mind my giant member, but my free-hanging tits were quite a sight to be seen, too! I dropped my clothes into the washer, but then remembered my bra sitting in the middle of Splooge Ocean, so I started the cycle but didn't close the lid. This way it would fill with water but would stop before agitating so I had a chance to add my bra.

Next, I took the mop bucket and mop from the back of the coat closet and contemplated what to do.

I was going to need soap, that was for fucking sure, so I took the large bottle of pine sol and set it into the bucket. *Was pine sol good on carpet, though?* I wasn't sure. Bleach was obviously out... dish soap? No... wood cleaner? No... fabric softener? Laundry detergent? No... hand soap? No... What the heck do you clean a carpet with?

I added one load's worth of laundry detergent to the washer but paused before putting it back.

Carpet is a fluffy fabric, right? Would that mean that you used laundry detergent? It... wasn't an issue if you got regular soap on your clothes, too... but I think I remember mom telling me that if you put dish soap in the laundry machine it will make a shitton of suds... but, like, if *bubbles* is the only problem, maybe I could still use it? I'm gonna need a *fuckton* of soap to wash the whole living room, after all.

I looked over the collection of soaps again. I'd also want something that smelled kinda nice to cover up the cum smell. I opened both the laundry detergent and dish soap bottles and puffed air from them into my face. No, they both just smelled like soap. I set them down in the mop bucket and picked up the pine sol.

I nearly gagged when I smelled it.

*HOLY FUCK* that was some minty fresh *shit!*

It was actually *too* strong, I thought. I might use a *little* bit of that, but holy shit. It still smelled like I had the bottle right under my nose. I put the cap back on it but stuck it in the bucket.

Next I took the bulk bottle of handsoap.

*Ah! A nice relaxing, good scent for once!* I thought. It was a nice sweet scent, so maybe it would blend in with the cum and I could explain it all away as being the smell of that soap.

I puffed a few more wafts of the smell into the air before setting the bottle down in the bucket.

Then, in a stroke of pure genius, I took the camping tarp out of the corner of the closet and, with only one little slip, made my way to the dining room. I spread the tarp out over the whole corner of the dining room so that hopefully I wouldn't track any more cum (or spill any water or soap) onto the carpet.

When I was halfway done uncrinkling the tarp, I thought I heard something upstairs. I was making a lot of noise with the tarp, so it as hard to tell, but I froze in place and didn't hear anything else for a few moments. Giving up but thoroughly spooked, I resumed my work with renewed gusto.

With the tarp spread out, I retrieved the bucket. I pushed it in front of the kitchen sink and used the extendable faucet head to pour water into it. The soap bottles were still open, but it didn't matter since I was probably going to use them all anyway. I poured some water inside of them, but stopped when they filled with foam. I got the water about halfway up the sides of the soap bottles when I realized that I was going to have to lift this up the lip of the front entrance way.

I stopped the water and considered going around the long way through the family room and den, but didn't want to track more mess in *there* where I wouldn't have enough tarp to keep the floor dry. The *den* would be easy to clean, at least, but... there was a lip *down* over there. I'd just stick with the path I already had and avoid tracking this shit into more of the house.

So I took the partially filled mop bucket and soap bottles through the kitchen and into the dining room. It was a little bit of a *bitch* getting it to roll onto the tarp, instead of having the tarp just bunch up, but eventually I managed it with only minimal sloshing.

*Again* I thought I heard noise from upstairs, almost like Jean saying something.

*Oh, shit! Did I leave the call with Jean on?* I thought, horrified. *What if she heard all of this? Goddamn, I'm gonna have to lie and say that... the TV turned on to a porno and I couldn't turn it off or something. Holy fuck. That's gonna be embarrassing! I really hope I didn't though.... Still, I'd better go up there and make sure. I thought I hung up when the doorbell rang... no, I hung up long before that when she had to go and that was when I started doing algebra out of sheer boredom.... Oh, I dunno. Better check, though.*

I got the mop bucket to the front entryway and managed to heave it up the lip. I *almost* slipped on my ass, but managed to catch myself in a somewhat awkward position. *I'd better not hurt myself doing this*, I groused as I moved the bucket into position next to the cesspool that the was living room.

*Fuck*, I thought, looking out at the several-inch thick sea of splooge.

I went back to the kitchen and got the mop. I returned and took one grimacing step into the ocean of cum with my left foot. It made a squelching noise as it oozed over my foot. "God damn, this is going to take forever," I groused.

"Amy?" an incredulous Jean asked, opening my bedroom door.

"AH!" I yelped, spinning around. I lost my footing, of course, and fell over backwards. The mop in my hands only served to get caught in the bucket, and pulled the entire thing over with a splash into the sea of cum.

I nearly cracked my head open on the tile, but managed to fall onto the cum carpet instead at the last second, not that that was *too* much better. Once again coated in jizz, and with my left side smarting something awful from where I had hit the tile, I frantically tried to sit up and succeeded after a few moments of frantic flailing.

Jean and I just stared at each other for a second like deer caught in the headlights. I went to move my left leg, which was painfully underneath the mop bucket, and this caused the pine sol to slip out and the cap to pop off.

"AH!" I shrieked as I frantically flailed forwards and righted the bottle with my slippery hands. The other bottles were all nearly completely empty by now, but I righted them anyway and set them on the lip of the tile next to the pine sol, which I made sure to re-cap, since it was still  $\frac{3}{4}$  full. But now *all* of the bottles were coated in my gooey jizz.

I was sitting in a slowly-spreading puddle of various soaps, water, and, of course, my own cum and milk.

Nervously, I turned around and looked up at Jean, hoping to all hope that she wouldn't be there when I turned around.

She was.

She was holding onto the upstairs balcony and *staring* at me with wide eyes.

"What... what the hell *happened to you?*" she asked, incredulous.

***THE NECKLACE! I NEEDED TO BE WEARING THE NECKLACE!***

I *sprang* forwards on my hands and knees, sloshing through the soap and cum. My dick, nuts, and tits flopped around wildly and somewhat painfully, and threw me off balance several times. Nonetheless, I made it to the soggy couch in maybe 30 seconds.

"And what the hell happened to your *living room*? It smells like fucking *sex* in here, and *why the hell* are you wearing a giant strap-on? Did you have a fucking orgy or something? What the *fuck*, Amy?"

I frantically rummaged through the couch, ripping off cushions and discarding them with a splat in the spoooge behind me.

"Now what are you doing? You're acting *really* strange, you know! And those fake boobs your wearing don't even look *sexy*! They're just *flat* and *floppy*. Are they supposed to *blow up* or something? You filming *fetish* pornos or something? I thought we agreed not to do anything hardcore when we talked about this last year, remember? *We agreed! Agreed* that it was stupid and would ruin any chance we had at a real career! Don't you remember? That was our *deal!*"

Amy's voice was now coming from the side of the balcony with the stairs.

"AMY? What the fuck are you even *doing?*" Jean shrieked, practically in tears. "It's like I don't even know you any more!" she sobbed, sitting down on the steps.

"It's OK, Jean, I can explain everything," I said, digging down in between the frame and the back of the couch.

“How can you explain this?” she sobbed. “Big fake boobies and fake nuts the size of your head? What kind of fucked up shit have you been keeping from me, Amy?” she sniffled and wiped her tears.

I looked up and met her eyes. *Jean, my best friend since fourth grade.* Her blue eyes sparkled above her freckled cheeks. Her ruby red hair was tied back in a bun, but was a little messed up. Had she climbed up to my window using the tree in the backyard? Of *course* she had, hadn't she? She did that sometimes when she wasn't allowed to come over and my parents were home. She must have looked in through the window, seen me, but maybe didn't recognize me? And then had snuck over and climbed up to my window and let herself in. She was so *smart* and *resourceful*. I *really* liked her.

She was wearing a white and red plaid shirt and bluejeans; Her cowgirl outfit, as she called it. She looked *damn* fine in it, too. Her perky little breasts, halfway between a B and a C cup, were well proportioned on her otherwise lanky frame. She had a bit of an ass, too, and liked to strut it in her tight jeans. She always wished that she had bigger boobs, so she usually wore either a tight shirt or a push-up bra. She wasn't wearing a pushup bra, since she probably hadn't planned on coming anywhere but here, yet her shirt was still a *bit* tight, and one or two buttons were *delicately* strained, revealing just a hint of bra-strap in the middle.

*God, she's so hot,* I thought, my dick twitching a little before I could control myself.

I resumed rummaging in an effort to distract myself from her cute little body. “It's nothing, OK? Nothing at all! I just... had a bit of an accident is all...” I started to say.

“An *accident*? Amy, it looks like a fucking herd of buffalo had a wad-shooting contest in here! Look at this! There's fucking shit on the *wall* up here!” I looked up just in time to see Jean scoop up a wad of my cum in her hand. “Ew... it's so slimy!” she said, turning to look at me again.

My eyes were saucers.

“Is this *real fucking cum*, Amy?” she asked. “There's no fucking way, though...” Before I could say anything, she brought it to her lips and licked it. “Wow... that... kinda tastes like cum, I guess?” She slurped the whole glob into her mouth.

*My best friend is drinking my cum,* I thought. Immediately, my penis began to respond.

Amy turned to the side and spat my cum through the railing with a “*spltoollll...*” sound. It made a *splat* in the sea of cum at ground level. A little bit hung from her lip, which she wiped off.

Yes, I was definitely getting an erection now. Fortunately, it was hidden by the fact that I was leaning over the couch.

“Was that *real cum*, Amy?” Jean asked, more perplexed than anything now.

“Hang on, Jean. Just give me a second!” By now, I had explored every nook and cranny of the seam around the bottom of the couch.

“What are you looking for?” Jean asked, no longer angry, just confused.

“The necklace you gave me!” I said, hoping that some of the truth might buy me some time. I tried digging in between the arm rest and the back cushion now.

“What necklace?” she asked.

“The one from fourth grade!” I said, giving up and moving to the spot between the two back cushions on my right.

“The BFF necklace? You were *wearing it*? I thought you only kept it in your jewelry box so you wouldn't hurt my feelings. I kept wearing *mine* for all of seventh grade even though *you* didn't!” Jean cried, upset again.

“I know, Jean, and I'm sorry. But I've changed my mind, and I've resolved that from now on I'm going to wear it *everywhere!*”

“You *are*?” Jean asked, perplexed. “But... we're *adults* now, *practically*. I mean, look at *you* filming pornos or whatever, barely a *month* after you turn 18! Are you *really* going to wear my stupid BFF necklace to your porno

shoot?”

“You bet your *ass* I am,” I said.

Jean started crying then, and before I could figure out what to say, I shoved my hand into the space between the *next* two back cushions and *found the necklace!*

I tried to pull it out, but the clasp was stuck on the fabric. I used one hand to pull the cushions apart, and another to give the necklace a gentle tug. It didn't come out. I gave it another tug and nearly slipped sideways. My dick, which was at about half mast, slid around and made it's way to the top of the couch.

*But it doesn't matter if Jean sees it, so long as I'm wearing the necklace!* I thought frantically, trying to get it to come free as my now-freed penis was making it's way to full mast. It looked like the necklace's chain was caught around a nail in the couch or something, so I started to undo the clasp, and nearly dropped the whole thing because my hands were so slippery with cum.

In my haste to catch it, which was dumb because it would have been simply held in place by whatever it was *already* stuck on, I overbalanced and started to slip over backwards.

My arms pinwheeled, but I still landed on my ass.

Behind me, I heard something fall down behind the entertainment center. I looked, and the necklace was no longer hanging from the couch.

“Oh, come on!” I groaned.

My dick, meanwhile, was sticking up into the center of my vision. I frantically pushed it down, and my eyes snapped over to my redhead best friend.

Of course, she was staring me back, right in the eye.

“I- I can help...” Jean said, a little timidly.

“Help with what?” I said before thinking it through. An image of her deep-throating my massive cock flashed in my head. My penis *twitched* and I frantically slid myself forward until my knees were touching the couch and *wedged* my dick underneath the skirt in a desperate effort to keep it from pointing straight up in the air.

“Get the necklace. I saw where it landed behind the TV,” she said. Her eyes didn't move from my body, however.

“No, no, you just stay right there, Jean.” The thought of her wading through my cum to fetch me my necklace... my dick *pulled* on the lip of the couch.

*Oh, shit. If I move, my huge dick is going to spring to attention, leaving Jean with a fill view of my mast. But if I don't move, I'll never be able to get that stupid necklace!*

“Look, it's OK, Amy. I'll just take off my shoes and roll up my pants a bit.” She started to undo her shoes.

“Besides... we're going to have to clean this mess up at least a *little* bit before your parents get home. Like, they're still totally going to freak... but maybe they'll only ground you until you're 30, y'know?” she joked with a little bit of a nervous smile.

Her casual acceptance of this was a *huge* weight off of my chest, honestly. And I really *could* use the help. But I didn't want her to see my huge boner, though....

I smiled back, and then, when she went to resume removing her shoes, I bit my lip. *What the fuck am I going to do?* I pondered. *I'm stuck between... a couch and a hard dick*, I thought ruefully.

Jean got up and began to make her way down the steps, barefoot.

“Wait! Jean! Hold on!” I called.

“It's OK, Amy. I... want to help. I... don't know what the hell is going on, but... I'm your best friend...” she sniffed. Was she *crying*? “And that's what BFFs *do* right? We help eachother, no questions asked.”

“J- Jean- Hang on a second...” I stammered. “Why- Why don’t you go upstairs and get me a towel or two from the linen closet?” I *had* to get her distracted so I could get up and go get that *fucking* necklace.

Jean stopped to consider my suggestion. “OK,” she said, sounding a little chipper. “I’ll go get some towels so we can dry off after and you can cover up.” She then grinned and waggled a finger at me. “*However*, you’d better show me that *monster strap on* once you take it off, y’hear?”

I gulped and Jean giggled and pranced up the stairs, her ass and tits jiggling in *just* the right ways as she did so.

The *moment* she was out of sight around the corner towards the bathroom and linen closet, I scrambled and sloshed my way over to the entertainment center, my fully erect dick-tip rubbing along in the cum, and only adding to my arousal as my nuts and boobs also dragged through the cum.

Once at the side of the entertainment center, I peered behind it. Sure enough, I could see the necklace dangling on top of some wires.

I tried wedging myself in there, but I couldn’t even get my shoulder in there, let alone my floppy boobs or still-bloated belly. I tried to brace myself against the wall and push the entertainment center out from the wall, but I was too slick with cum to be able to.

“Does it matter which towels I grab?” Jean called. “I don’t wanna use *good* ones, y’know?”

“There should be some pain white ones! Use those!” I called back. I knew perfectly well that they were stored on the bottom shelf, but wasn’t gonna say that in an effort to buy myself more time.

I tried wiping myself off on my own sides before trying again, this time using the slick to my advantage to slip *into* the space behind the entertainment center. It didn’t work at first, but at about the same time that I heard Jean call back “Got ‘em!”, the large wooden cabinet gave way.

As soon as it moved, it *moved*, since it now had cum underneath it to lube up it’s motion. I fell forwards and the heavy wooden cabinet was pushed away from the wall rapidly. Cords caught, and the cable box was only the first device to slide off of the back of the shelf.

I was now laying on my side with my dick sticking out proudly into the air, pressed up against the side of the entertainment center. I was still more or less covered in cum, and there were now several pieces of electronics dangling in the puddle of cum that was oozing it’s way into the recently vacated space.

“Oh, shit,” I said, as I watched cum seep into the cable box. I shoved myself forwards still, bending my dick down between my legs, and managed to reach one of the dislodged players first. I pulled the tight wires out of it and shoved it back into place. I did the same for another box, and then got to the cable box. I picked it up and tried to shake some of the cum off of it. I tried unscrewing it from the wall or unscrewing the cable from it, but the darned little cable was screwed on too tight for my cum-soaked fingers to budge. I settled for unplugging it from the wall.

There was a little *pop* as I unplugged it. Maybe a stray strand of cum touched the prongs as they were coming out of the wall? Maybe the plug had some charge in it? IDK. But there was definitely a little pop.

“Ohmigosh! Amy! Areyou- I’llgogetthebreaker!” Jean blurted out and began thundering down the steps.

“No, Jean, it’s ok-” was all I had time to say before I heard a squish, a slip, and a very wet *splat* behind me. I froze, unable to move, imagining Jean soaked in my cum.

I heard more panicked sloshing, and then some splattering as Jean pulled herself up and out onto the tile.

“Jean? Are you OK?” I asked, turning around and sitting up. My dick once more rise to attention now that it wasn’t confined.

“Bleah, soapy...” Jean said, and I heard her pitter patter her way into the back.

“Fuck me...” I mumbled. Moments later, power went out to the entire house. *Of course she didn’t just hit the living room. She must have just hit them all.*

Fortunately, there was still light enough to see, so I was able to turn around (my dick not happy with how I had to shove it around to do so) and make my way a little further behind the cabinet. I picked up the necklace. *Finally*. There was no way that I'd be able to work the clasp properly with how sticky I was, so I shimmied backwards and stood up, keeping my balance with the edge of the entertainment center.

I looked for the towels that Jean had brought down, hoping to find them on the stairs leading upstairs. *Instead*, I saw them dropped into the ocean of splooge. I was about to walk forward and try using one of them *anyway* when Jean came back around the corner rather briskly.

She stopped in her tracks, slipping only just a little, and stared at my naked body. I was still mostly at full mast. Her eyes met mine guiltily. I blushed scarlet. It was hard to tell if she was blushing, too, since the setting sun made the whole dark house red in hue.

"Let me just sit down for a moment and put on this necklace and then I'll explain everything, OK?"

"...o... OK..." Jean said.

There was no point in trying to hide my erection now, so I simply shakily made my way forward, dick waving, balls and tits flapping, until I reached the towels. I bent over and picked two of them up. They were *heavy* with cum, but at least parts of the tops of them weren't wet yet. I sat down on the edge of the tile and set one of the cum, milk, soap, *and* water soaked towels down on each knee.

Now that my back was to Jean, I didn't have to awkwardly watch her watch me. I dried my hands as best as I could on the towels and then set to work with the clasp. I had just about gotten it open when Jean came around next to me and startled me. I *didn't* drop it, but I did lose my grip.

"They look so *real*," Jean said, standing on my right and staring down at me.

"W- what do?" I said, shaking now as I tried once more to open the clasp on this stupid old necklace.

"Your strap-ons. Especially the dick. I swear I've seen it- There, it just did it again!"

"Did what again?"

"Twitch! Every now and then it just like... flexes. Yeah, like that? See? And then it grows a little bigger. See? Just like that." Jean's fascination turned to annoyance. "Wait, are you doing that on purpose? You're controlling it, aren't you? What am I saying? Of *course* you're controlling it! You're the one it's strapped on to, duh!" Jean looked thoughtful. "How does it work, though? Is there a pump... like *inside* your hoochey or something? Or is there somebody else controlling it? Am I getting *punked* right now? Because *not cool* if so. Look at my fucking *shirt!* I'm *soaked!*"

I looked up, and sure enough, Jean's shirt (and hair) was soaked from where she had fallen (apparently on her ass) in the wet puddle of splooge on her way down the stairs. Her face and most of her breasts and the front of her belly were mostly clear, save for where she had apparently wiped some across herself in an effort to get some amount of slime off of some other part of herself. But her sides, legs, and groin were all completely drenched.

Jean sat down next to me, pushing the soap bottles out of the way as she did so.

"So," Jean said, nonchalantly. There was a pause, during which I once again got my fingers ready to open the clasp. "How exactly did you end up exploding a barrel of fake cum in here, hmm?"

"Oh, *you* know," I said, finally opening the stupid clasp. "Yes..." I hissed under my breath.

"Uh... huh," Jean said, raising an eyebrow at me in the dim light. I put my arms around the back of my neck, lifting the necklace up between my floppy boobs. "Pretend that I *don't*," Jean said.

I tried to clasp the necklace in place, but just couldn't get it.

"S-same way *anything* explodes, really..." I mumbled, as I wanted to start swearing at the thrice-damned latch. "Just... uh... drop it too hard... and boom!" I grinned at her like an idiot.

"Riiiiiiight." Jean sloshed her feet about in the cum. "Was it like pressurized or something?"

“Pres- uh, yeah! Sure is! Was! It sure *was*! Totally pressurized.”

“Is that to inflate your strap-ons without using a loud pump, or something?”

“...yup! Sure was! Is! ... you know what I mean...”

“I still can’t get over how *real* they look,” Jean said, leaning over and staring at my boobs. “I don’t even see the straps!”

“Well, y’know...” I mumbled, still unable to *latch this stupid thing*. “It’s all state of the art stuff.”

“Really?” Jean said. She poked me with a finger in the side of the tit. “Wow. Even feels kinda real.”

I *nearly* got the thing latched, but lost my grip and dropped it. I had to use both hands to swat myself in the chest to catch the thing. And then it was sticky again, so I was gonna have to dry it again on the towels on my knees. *God dammit! This couldn’t take any fucking longer if I fucking tried!*

“So, how much are you *making*?” Jean asked. “I mean, with ‘state of the art’ equipment, it’s gotta be a bunch, right?” Jean poked me in the tit again but I shooed her off as I once again raised the necklace to my neck. “God, they’re so *floopy*! Do guys really pay to see something like this?”

“Well... here’s hoping?” I said lamely, once again nearly dropping the thing, but catching it behind my neck and trying again.

“Yeah, I thought guys liked big, *perky* boobs. Not...” Once again she poked me in the tit. “Big *floppy* things.”

“Well, they get bigger,” I said, willing to say anything to keep her talking. *Fuck!* I felt the latch almost catch! I *almost had it!*

“With how loose they are, *I’ll bet*,” Jean said. “These things look like they could get huge.” She then started hefting my tit, the underside of which was still sticky with cum, even if I had gotten the worst off of other parts of me. “Wow, it feels surprisingly heavy for just being... what some rubber and shit?” She slid her hand up the underside of my tit to its base and lifted my tit sideways towards her.

*God, her ministrations are starting to feel good!* I bemoaned, my dick continuing to twitch. I clamped my knees together in an effort to hold it down. I could also feel my nipples starting to get hard.

“I can’t even *feel* you’re real boobs under them.... They did a pretty good job taping them down, then, huh?” She pulled back and looked the limp mammary in her hands over. “Jeeze, these nipples are really huge too! And... is it growing? Oh, shit it is!” My nipples were indeed becoming erect, going from being half-of-a-yellow-potato-sized lumps to the size of ... a third of a chimichanga.

*God, my nipples are gross.*

“God, they’re so *gross!*” Jean teased as my nipple continued to expand. “How big to they *get*?” Jean asked as she poked my nipple with her cum-dampened finger and then looked me in the eye.

“Ki-Kinda big...” I said, dropping the necklace again. “Fuck!” I swore.

“*How* big?” Jean asked, fascinated by my tit and hardening nipple. It was now the size of a while *half* of a chimichanga, *maybe* half a burrito. “Can you show me?” Jean asked, exited. “You remember our talks, yeah? I’ve *always* wanted bigger tits like yours... think I could try these puppies on later?”

“Uh... sure...” I mumbled, barely listening to her as I *once more* nearly had the clasp latched.

“So what do you do? Squeeze the nipple or something to inflate them?” Jean asked as she suddenly took hold of my nipple.

I gasped and dropped the necklace. It rolled down my front, over my belly, landed in my lap. In my haste to grab it, I only managed to create a gap between my legs and cock, and the necklace slipped between my finger, around my cock, and landed with a plop next to my balls in the cum and soap foam I was sitting over.

“I’ll take that as a ‘yes?’” Jean asked giving me a funny look. “We’re not on camera right now, are we?” Jean got a concerned look on her face and then shouted to the empty living room. “You know filming without consent

is illegal, right?” She paused, as if expecting an answer from the ruined room. “I *do not* give my consent, by the way, in case that wasn’t *bloody* obvious! So any perverts watching this had better quit fapping and make themselves known.”

Still no response from the empty room, of course, but I bent down and fished around next to my balls until I found the necklace. Of course, my dick was now free of my knees, but I pushed it back down when I sat back up.

“The first one out here gets a kiss!” Jean tried.

I lifted the necklace’s chain... and the heart medallion slid off, bounced off of the tile, and into the muck at my side. “Goddammit!” I groused as I went back to rooting around in the cum and trying to ignore the way Jean was still holding my breast.

“Anyone *after* the first five who show themselves are getting kicked in the nuts!” Jean demanded.

I found the locket, and picked up to bring it to the towels on my lap, only to have it shoot out of my hands and splash down underneath me.

“Fine, first *two* are getting a kiss!” Jean tried.

I had to shove my head-sized balls out of the way, but eventually found it behind my scrotum.

I lifted the locket into the towel on my right knee, trailing a stream of soapy cum, and got to work trying to rethread it.

“Alright... you’re loss then...” Jean said. She leaned forward, hefted my tit, and gave my nipple a kiss! “Ew, soapy!” she said with a laugh as she spat and wiped her mouth off. I nearly dropped the whole necklace again, and within moments both of my nipples were at full-size: a solid half of a store-bough burrito. Maybe like a short but *fat-ass* tamale. Even my pussy was getting wet! It was a good thing you couldn’t fucking tell since I was fucking *coated* in cum and soap *anyway*.

“Wow, that’s really big now!” Jean said, impressed. “Does it get any bigger?”

“N-no...” I stammered, trying to concentrate. *Why was this so fucking hard? It shouldn’t be this fucking difficult to put on a fucking necklace!*

“No?” Jean asked, disappointed. “Aw...” she pouted. “So how to I inflate your tit? Give it a tug or something?”

“Je-” was all I managed to say before she gave my nipple a *yank*. “Ah!” I cried, nearly falling over and *once again* dropping the fucking necklace into the goo.

“What?” she asked innocently. “You’re acting like it’s really sensitive or something. Give me a break!” She started roughly tugging on my nipple like it was a teat. “I *really did* spend some time on a farm as a kid, so I *really do* know how to milk a cow.” Jean reminded me. “So lets see how accurate they made it!” Jean said as she used both hands to massage my tits, areolas, and nipples.

“Ah... Jean... stop it!” I protested, fumbling around in the goo around my balls.

“Oh, c’mon! It’s not like you’re really feeling this, so hush up! I could fucking *pinch* these-”

I let out a shriek as Jean roughly pinched my nipple.

“Seriously?” Jean asked, incredulously.

“C-could you *stop*?” I moaned. “Help me put on this necklace!” I now had no idea where I had dropped it. I’d *probably* thrown it halfway across the *fucking* room again.

“Oh, fuck the stupid necklace! I got over that like... years ago, Amy. *This shit* is way more fun!”

“Jean, please!” I begged.

“Whoa... is it... *lactating*?” she asked, incredulously. “No *fucking way*! It fucking *is*!” She met my eyes excitedly. “Alright, this is like... *really* super perverted... and *really* super gross... but like... it’s also pretty fucking cool. Like...” she bent down and inspected my nipple closely. “It’s got all the little *bumps* and *texture*

and shit. I can even see where the milk is leaking from around the nipple. The big crinkly part at the *end* is kinda weird and not like a cow's at all, since theirs are just mostly smooth, but I can see how people might find it hot or something. There sure is a lot of milk coming out from there..."

Jean shoved a finger exploratorilly up my nipple, making me gasp from how sensitive it was. It didn't go in *far*, since it was just some loose skin and not an actual *opening*, but *fuck* was it sensitive. The whole thing was sensitive....

"Why are you acting like you can feel this, you weirdo?" Jean asked, continuing to milk my tit. "God, Amy, you're so *weird* sometimes. First you're secretly filming pornos in your own living room, and now you're acting like you can *actually* feel this fake tit." Jean paused and sniffed her hand. "Wow... it... smells like real milk, almost. What'd you do? Fill it with a quart of milk when you put it on? Is that how it works?" Jean licked some of my milk off of her hand. "Wow. *Tastes* like real milk, too. A little too sweet, maybe... It's not fucking *coffee* creamer, is it?"

I was barely keeping my composure as Jean continued to lick my milk and manhandle my tit. Jean, meanwhile, was *laughing*.

"Did you put fucking *coffee* creamer in your tits, Amy? Hahahaha! Fucking *coffee tits*! Oh, that's too much!" Jean calmed down and regarded my huge, dripping nipple. "Is that so guys can suck on your big titties for the pornos?" she asked, making eye contact with me.

I couldn't speak, so I just stared back at her, breathing heavily. Imagining her *suckling* from my huge tits... it was too much! If she wasn't *careful* I was going to have a fucking orgasm without her even *touching* my dick or pussy! *Oh, gawd, I want to pound Jean's little pussy so fucking hard. I want to just grab her by the ears and shove my huge cock down her little throat. I want to spin her around and take her doggy-style, my huge tits wrapping around her back. I bet it would feel great to grab her tits from behind while my massive girl-cock bulges out of her stomach!* Lustful thoughts continued to swirl in my mind as Jean and I just stared at each other and I practically panted.

"Amy? Are you OK?" Jean asked. "You're breathing pretty heavily, there. Do you need me to get you some water or something?"

I didn't say anything, but buried my head in my cum-soaked hands and started balling. *I was pretty thirsty, but... I'm such a monster! I don't deserve any sympathy! I should just curl up and die! Look at me! I'm a freak!*

"Sit right there and I'll get you a glass of water, OK, Amy?" Jean said as she released my tit and got up to go to the kitchen. She nearly fell, but I instinctively caught her. Jean smiled warmly at me as she squeezed my hand and let go to get the water.

I sniffled for a moment longer, but then realized that this was my chance to retrieve that *fucking necklace*.

I got down on my hands and knees, my throbbing dick pressed awkwardly off to one side or the other, and started groping about for the necklace. I found the pendant near where I had been sitting, but the rest of it had been launched somewhere out into the goo. I sloshed around, making big, sticky bubbles of frothy soap-cum all around me. Eventually I found it, over next to the couch where I must have flung it when Jean had pinched me.

I turned around in the frothy slime and futilely began trying to get the pendant back on the string. I was so covered in cum bubbles that there was no point. I dropped the pendant and chain into the cum at my sides and cried. I was ruined.

Fortunately, my despair caused my dick and nipples to partially deflate, but my dick especially was still pretty big, even when Jean came back with the water.

"Amy? What are you *doing*?" she asked, seeing me sitting out in the puddle of cum, basically in the same spot where Mandy had first restrained me. "Look, don't cry, hun. I don't really care about the necklace. Honestly I don't! Lets just get you cleaned up, take those ridiculous strap-ons off, and then maybe start mopping up this mess, OK?"

My only response was to cry harder.

Jean waded out into the cum. “Whoa!” she said, nearly falling over twice. “Goddamn! This stuff is *really* fucking slippery! What is it? Industrial lube, or something?” Reaching my side, she set the water bottle down on the cushion-bare couch and grabbed me by the left arm. “C’mon, you. Up and at’em!”

After a bunch of coaxing and a bunch of sloshing about in the foamy cum, we were both sitting on the couch. It was kinda uncomfortable since all of it’s cushions were scattered about in front of the cattywampus entertainment center, but it was better than sitting in the cum.

Jean leaned back and put her feet up on the table in front of the couch, which, while *splattered* with cum, at least wasn’t covered in *inches* of the stuff. *Her little bare feet, slick with my cum...* I stopped looking at them and looked her in the eye.

“So,” she said with a smirk. “Wanna watch TV?”

The non-sequiter of it caught me off guard.

I sputtered, and then started laughing. Like *really* laughing. Once I got it out, I sniffled again. “Thanks, Jean.”

“For what?”

“For being such a *good friend*.”

“Hey, don’t worry about it. That’s what friends are for, yeah?”

“... yeah ...” I said, sniffing again.

“C’mon. Lets get these things off of you, yeah?” Jean said, reaching over and grabbing my left tit at the base.

“Ah!” I complained, as she felt around it and then under my armpit, searching for any seam. “Stop it!” I protested. “Stop! I’m – *hehe!* – ticklish remember!”

“Oh, you big baby. C’mon, tell me how to take them off, or I’m just going to start pulling.”

“Jean... you *can’t* take-”

Jean *yanked* on my tit.

“AH!” I cried, practically falling over into her lap.

“Oh, c’mon, you! Get off’a there!” Jean groused as she continued to pull at my breast.

“Jean, stop it!” I protested, trying to grab her hands. We struggled for a bit, and I ended up *actually* laying across her lap with my hands pinned to my chest.

She scoffed at me. “I *was* always the better wrestler,” she said, sticking her tongue out at me for emphasis.

I giggled, but couldn’t help but blush as I stared up into her face above me.

“So are you going to tell me how to get these stupid fake *creamer* tits off of you, or am I going to have to figure it out on my own?”

“Jean... you *can’t*...”

“Oh, *can’t I?*”

“No! You can’t! Because they’re *not* fake!”

Jean stopped.

“What?”

“They’re not fake, Jean! They’re real! Those are my *real* freakish boobs!” I tried to say Mandy’s name, but the word caught in my throat. “S- Somebody... *did* something... and it- I-” Again, the words caught in my throat. “I don’t know who it was,” finally came spilling out all at once.

Jean stared at me for a second in confusion before rolling her eyes. “Oh, please, Amy. You’ve always been a terrible liar. What’d this terrible somebody do? Curse you or something? ‘Ooooh, somebody put a curse on me!’

Really? Was it goth-queen *Mandy* getting revenge on you for sending her to the hospital to get her twat stitched shut?" I just stared up at Jean, wide-eyed that she had just *guessed* it like that. Jean smirked down at me. "See? *That* would be a believable story. That voodoo doll she tried to use on Mr. Jenkins after he gave her detention was just flat out *creepy*. And the fact that he *quit* like a month or two later was like... extra spooky. But c'mon. What, did you not help a little old witch cross the street or something? Tell a bitch under a bridge that she smells like cabbages? You find like a *real* SCP on Omegle or something? C'mon. You're a dumbass. Now, I'm getting this thing off of you whether you like it or not, so just hold still."

Jean held my arms in place with her left hand and then started using her right to pull and prod at the skin near my chest.

"Jean..." I protested.

"God, you're so *sudsy*," Jean said. She reached over, her head getting dangerously close to my dick in the process, and picked up the water bottle from the base of the couch. "Your dick is *fucking huge*, by the way. I dunno how anyone could take that thing. I guess that's what pornos are *for*, though, huh? Massive dicks you could never have in real life?" Jean opened the bottle with her mouth, spitting the cap into the couch above my head, and then started to rinse off my tits with the cold water.

"Hey, that's cold!" I complained.

"Well, duh! I got it from the fridge, stupid."

My nipples both began to perk up and soon my entire breasts were covered in goosebumps. The only *good* thing was that the cold made my dick shrink back down, since it had started to harden when Jean brought her face close to it a moment ago.

"Holy cow, this is some realistic stuff!" Jean commented, impressed. "You sure weren't kidding about it being top-dollar shit! God, it's even *warm* to the touch, even after I've washed it in cold water." Jean set down the  $\frac{2}{3}$ -empty bottle and began hefting my right boob as it drip-dried. "Man, you've *totally* got me convinced these are real, right now!"

"Jean... they *are* real!" I panted, squirming in mild protest while she gently held me down.

"Yeah, *sure*. Let me just give this *real* tit a little 'sucky-sucky', see how you like it, eh?" Before I could do anything but widen my eyes, Jean shoved my huge fat nipple into her mouth and started sucking.

"Oh, shit!" I wailed, throwing my head back in pleasure. My nipples immediately began leaking milk, especially the one in her mouth.

Jean pulled my nipple out of her mouth with a wet slopping noise, and then swallowed a mouthful of my milk. "Wow... I've got to admit... I wasn't expecting *that*," she said. "But that coffee creamer, or whatever you've got in there is actually pretty good." My nipple was now freely dribbling milk, not wanting to stop now that it had gotten started. "I think I'll maybe have some more, eh? Don't want this to go to waste!"

Before I could make more than a token protest, my fat nipple was back in her mouth and Jean was sucking away.

*Oh God. Oh fuck. Oh shit. She's sucking my fucking nipple. Oh my fucking shit! She's motherfucking sucking my motherfucking nipple! This is so hot... gawwwwd, it's sooo fucking hot!*

I looked up at Jean with wide, pleading, passion-filled eyes. Jean just rolled hers back at me and went right on sucking. She looked like she was kinda enjoying herself, too, though. She closed her eyes and breathed deep as she swallowed mouthful after mouthful of my creamy milk.

I felt like I was going to explode. Both of my nipples were now spraying milk in delicate little stream like there was no tomorrow. What wasn't getting in Jean's mouth was running down her chin and dripping onto both her chest and mine.

Strangely, my dick wasn't really reacting all that much... no, it was getting a bit of a chub again. But the sensations of pleasure were mostly concentrated in my *chest* right now, not so much my groin.

My belly was feeling rather constricted and tight, so I managed to slip my left hand out of Jean's grasp, started rubbing it. That felt kinda good, so I kept doing it. Just as I started to lose myself in the bliss, I *felt it*.

I felt all of the cum in my belly start to somehow make its way into my boobs.

I have no idea how it was happening, but I could feel two little warm streams of liquid up the outside of my ribcage and up into my boobs. In no time at all, my boobs were inflated into torpedo shapes!

Jean noticed and popped my nipple out of her mouth as she gaped in shock as my breasts expanded in front of her. "Holy shit, Amy!" She then noticed my shrinking stomach. "Oh, is that what the big belly is for? I was wondering about that." She reached over and started rubbing my shrinking belly. "Wow. This is *crazy*," she mumbled under her breath.

I couldn't respond but by moaning. However, since my nipple was no longer being stimulated, the flow of cum from my stomach to breasts soon stopped.

"Jean..." I rasped.

"Yeah?"

"M- my *nipple*..." I groaned, barely coherent.

"What about it?" Jean asked.

"Please..." I gasped, as I started tugging at my left teat.

"You want me to suck it again?" she asked, skeptically. "You'd better be careful, or I'll start to think you're really getting off on this..." she commented, even as she picked up my now substantially weightier tit and resumed suckling.

"Oh... yes..." I cooed, collapsing in a stupor.

Jean raised her eyebrows at me, but didn't stop sucking. The rhythm of her lips on my nip... the occasional *noises* she made when the messy seal of her lips wasn't perfect....

I started rubbing my belly again, and Jean soon took my example and began rubbing it, too.

I was in heaven.

I was getting my belly rubbed and my tit sucked by my best friend.

Jean. My best friend.

Jean. The total hottie. The redheaded cowgirl.

Was sucking on *my titty*.

The redheaded cowgirl with skinny-jeans and a tight button-down shirt that were soaked through with *my cum*.

My pussy moistened and my dick began to harden as the last of my cum drained into my tits.

Once my belly was drained, Jean and I just laid there, still stroking my once-again flat tummy for a while. My tits were now the size of small beach balls or large basketballs, heavy and full, and still a bit torpedo shaped. My fat, heavy nipples dangled from the tips of my large, bumpy areola.

After a bit, I looked up at Jean and saw her staring wide-eyed at my penis as it grew to full mast. She was still downing gulp after gulp of my milk.

She looked down at me with wide, almost-frightened eyes. But she didn't stop drinking from my cum-inflated tit.

"Please..." I said.

Jean looked at my dick and then back at me, looking even more nervous.

“Like this...” I said softly, gently taking her right hand in my left from my tummy and guiding it to the base of my shaft.

Jean seemed flustered now, and she paused sucking several times, only for her cheeks to fill and she had to take several swallows to get it all. But she didn't break off. She blushed scarlet in the fading light of the evening and stared into my eyes and I rubbed her gentle hand up and down my shaft. The cum and suds on my dick had partially dried by now, but it didn't take much to re-lube me from the goop on the couch and in my pubic hair.

After a minute or two of bliss, Jean popped my nipple out of her mouth and pulled her hand back.

“Amy, I can't. This is too much. It's *too much!* It was funny at first... but like... I can't tell if you're actually getting off on this or not... and I don't know *what* I'm feeling right now. This is just too confusing!”

“Oh...” I whimpered, coming down from my pleasure high. “I... I'm sorry, Jean... I know this is a lot. But... but listen... could you... could you do me a *huge* favor though?”

“What?” Jean asked, skeptically. “You'd better not be about to ask me to suck your dick.”

“... no...” I lied. *God, I would do anything to have Jean suck my dick right now.* “Could you help me get all the shit I just pumped into my boobs out again?”

Jean just stared at me and then down at my boobs and then back at me.

“Really? That sounds like a *you* problem.”

“Well, it goes way faster if I milk both of them at the same time.”

“... sure it does. Why don't you just take them off, stupid?”

“It- It doesn't *work* like that.”

“What, they don't come off until they're empty?”

I nodded like an idiot.

“Huh.... I guess that makes sense? Wouldn't want them to pop off in the middle of the porno, or whatever...” Jean pondered, putting her finger to her lips thoughtfully.

“Please? I promise to tell you everything once we get my tits and dick off, alright?”

“Promise? We'll sit down in your room once we've both gotten cleaned up, had a change of clothes, and then discuss this like a couple of... adults?”

“Pinky promise,” I said, knowing that I was lying through my teeth since my dick and tits didn't *come* off.

We pinky promised, and then Jean picked up my nipple again and started milking it again with her dainty but skilled little fingers.

Since Jean had let go of my other arm, I was now free to use both hands to pull and tug at my left breast, doing my best to mimic Jean's skilled motions with my right.

It didn't take long before the sensations began to overwhelm me, and I squirmed about in pleasure in Jean's lap. She still had her feet up on the coffee table, so I wasn't in danger of slipping off or anything.

Unable to control myself, I hefted and squashed my magically inflated boob up to my chin until I was able to get my huge nipple into my mouth. I began sucking at it sloppily as I squirted milk all over my face, down my chin, and it ran into my hair and Jean's lap.

Eventually, Jean put my tit back in her mouth, and in no time at all I felt the wonderful new sensation of an orgasm building in my mutant monster titties.

I gurgled in bliss as I came, my body arching, my tits clenching, and filling both my own mouth and Jean's with my recycled cum.

Don't ask me how it worked. Don't ask me how the cum in my belly wasn't now mixed with bile and puke and shit. It just *wasn't*. “Because magic”, I guess. It was just as fresh and warm and *tasty* as when I had cummed it

up out of my dick hours ago.

The fresh, hot, recycled cum spurted out of my mouth and Jean's. I was able to swallow it a little easier since my throat could expand, but Jean looked like she was about to pull back and ruin my orgasm.

Desperately, I reached upwards and *grabbed* her head by her hairbun and *pulled* her forward, shoving my orgasming nipple into her throat. Her eyes went wide and she struggled, but in the throws of orgasmic strength, I was stronger.

Cum and milk spurted out of her nose, out of her mouth, and down her throat. Her eyes watered, and she struggled against my orgasmic strength.

I just came and *came*, filling both my own belly *and* Jean's up with my milk-cum concoction.

Not to be left out, my dick came too, and as it hit the edge, I grabbed it with my left hand and beat it furiously until it exploded. Glob after glob of fresh cum was shot up and over my head, some of it splattering on the underside of my boobs, and some of it hitting Jean in the right side of the face. I aimed my dick at her deliberately, and shot a dozen more wads into her hair, her cheek, her neck, her shoulder, her little titties, and my *giant* titties.

Only once her right side was completely coated in a fresh coat of jizz and my balls and tits were empty once more did I finally collapse and release Jean's hair from my iron grip.

"Oohhhhhhaaaaaahhhhhh..." I exhaled, dissolving into a puddle.

Jean extracted my still-swollen-and-leaking nipple from her mouth with a loud and wet pop before gasping for breath and coughing and spitting streams of milky semen out of her mouth and nose.

"What the *fuck*, Amy!" she swore, wiping hot cum away from her eyes with a finger or two.

"I... I'm sorry, Jean..." I said blearily. "I didn't... know it was gonna be so much."

"You didn't *know*? Are you *kidding* me? Get *off* of me!" Jean said, pulling her legs around to the left and shoving me off to the right, causing me to roll over with a splash in the watery soap/cum lake beneath us.

"I'm sorry, Jean," I tried again as I sloshed until I was up on my elbows. My tits didn't quite seem as drained as before, which was kinda nice, but also kinda weird. As a whole, they actually felt a little smaller. A bit more... *normal*, actually. Not as floppy, and not as large. Weird. But *good*, I supposed.

"God, I can't believe how much of that stuff you made me swallow! My belly is *fucking stuffed*! I'm not gonna be able to eat *dinner* now, probably!"

"Jea-"

"And never mind the fact that you almost fucking *drowned me* with that shit! Was that supposed to be sexy? Because it *wasn't* OK? I was *scared* Amy! You *scared* me, you bitch!" Jean got up and kicked at me half-heartedly in the cum, doing little more than splashing a bunch of it up at me and my face, and nearly making her lose her balance.

Jean stomped off, for a given value of slippery stomping, and sat on the bottom of the stairs. I tried to get up, but my tits and still-huge balls were still throwing off my balance. My dick was at least subsiding, so that was a relief.

I also realized that, like an idiot, I had pumped a bunch of my cum *back* into my belly. Less than half of it, since it was split between my two tits, but... still some.

"God, and my outfit is ruined," Jean grouched. She sighed. "I still can't believe how *real* that all felt."

I got up onto the couch with only minor difficulty and looked over at Jean as she was beginning to strip out of her ruined clothes. She took off her thoroughly-soaked and cum-splattered button-down white and red cowgirl shirt one sexy button at a time. As she pulled her arms out of it, I stared in fascination at her perky breasts in her lose white bra. She must have been wearing the C-cup again, hoping that she had finally grown into it properly.

“What?” she said, catching me staring. “It’s not like you’ve never seen me topless before. We’ve gone *bra shopping* together *several* times. Hell, you even helped me pick out those panties for my big date last year, remember?”

Memories of her naked body danced in my mind at her words. *Oh, yes, I remembered.* But right now, I *really* wanted another look.

“Well, quit staring. You’re acting like a pervert, OK?” Jean said, standing up, and stripping off her skinny jeans. She dropped them with disgust on the step next to her.

She looked back at me, and caught me checking out her shapely ass.

“Look... I’m just gonna go upstairs and borrow a change of clothes from your closet, alright? This... this is all too much. So I’m just gonna... go. You can call me tomorrow, or maybe later tonight, OK?” she said, a little hopefully.

“Um... yeah... OK, Jean.”

“OK.... See you...” she said, giving me a little wave as she made her way up my steps and into my room. She looked back once with a sheepish smile and shut the door.

*God, what was I doing? We just practically had sex, and I’m just letting her walk away without explaining anything!*

“Jean, wait!” I called, as I sloshed through the soap and cum to the steps. I started up the steps, doing what I could to wipe the worst of the goo off of me as I went.

*It’s a fucking good thing this house doesn’t have a basement,* I thought, looking down at the ocean of cum contained on the living room floor.

Below the carpet was nothing more than padding and hard concrete. The door to the den was weather sealed, since the den could be opened up to the outside. Mom and dad had said that that was to keep the air conditioning bill sane as well as to keep humidity in and out as appropriate when we opened up the den for some fresh air when the weather was nice enough. There was a *small* cellar, but that was only accessible from outside and didn’t extend under the whole house, just part of the kitchen. Dad used it for storage and I think he keeps some of the *good* wine down there. The kind, he told me, that is worth more than my *college fund* and that’s what would go to replacing it if I ever messed with it. So, yeah, I got the fucking message and steered clear. Besides, it was creepy down there. I hadn’t been down there for *years* and barely thought about it.

Once the worst of the cum and suds were off of me, I dashed up the stairs and flung open my door, just in time to see Jean pulling one of my dark green tops over her head. She was already wearing one of my lose-fitting black shorts with the string tied tight.

She started and nearly fell backwards onto my bed with a little squawk. “Don’t scare me like that!” she protested as she sat properly and finished putting on my shirt.

Once she did, she looked my glistening body up and down.

“God, *look* at you,” she remarked. “You must really knock ‘em dead on the porno sites, huh?” She then got a gleeful glint in her eye and sprang for my computer desk on the right side of the small room. “What’s your name? *I’m gonna look you up!*” she said menacingly.

“Jean...”

“*YOU DIDN’T!*” she shrieked, scandalized, and whipped about in my chair to stare at me in the doorway with wide eyes. “You did *not* use my name as your porno name!” I blinked in confusion at her leap of logic, but she ignored me and turned back to the computer and clicked a few times and then typed frantically. She then frowned at the screen as I tried to compose myself.

I entered the room properly, and shut the door behind me. Jean was still clicking and typing madly, and scrolling through pages of results.

“Jean...” I said again, as I approached and put my left hand on her right shoulder.

“Did you use my *last* name, though?” Jean asked, looking up at me questioning. “Or did you use your own? You’d *better* have either used your own or made one up. Because if I ever call some place and say ‘Hi, I’m Jean Baker,’ and the person on the other end says ‘Oh? Like the porn star?’, I am going to *hunt you down* and murder you in your sleep, OK?”

“No, Jean, I didn’t use your name as my porno name.”

“You didn’t use your real name, did you?” Jean asked, looking concerned. She turned back to the computer and ran a few more searches.

“No! Jean!” I said, pulling her chair away from the computer. “I don’t *have* a porno name because I’m *not* making pornos, OK?”

“Welp-” she raised both hands in the air in helplessness and confusion. “Then- Then *what are thooooose?*” she asked, waving her hands up and down emphatically at my body.

“I-” was all I could say.

“And what’s all that *shit* downstairs? You fucking murder an alien made of goo or something? You a Men In Black agent or something? Hahaha! Or did some bug alien try to rape you and an agent blasted it all over the place, neuralized you, and then told you some dumbass excuse as he ran off?” Jean was actually smirking now. “That would actually be pretty funny!” She sobered. “Well, I mean, except for the rape part. Forget I said that,” she then mimed holding up a neuralizer and clicking the flash. She giggled once more and then huffed. “Well, *c’mon*, Amy! Out with it! You promised that once we were cleaned up we’d sit down in your room and talk. So *talk*.”

I sighed, defeated. With my shoulders slumping, and my new endowments drooping, I waddled over to the bed.

I collapsed onto it, no longer caring about keeping my sheets clean. My giant nuts actually hit the side of the bed frame, which was quite painful. “Ow, fuck,” I groaned, rolling over and lifting my giant orbs up onto the soft mattress with me.

I plopped my nuts off to the right, over my leg and away from Jean, and swung my still large member over to the right as well. It was mostly flaccid now, but was still maybe eight or so inches long. And if it got hard again, I wanted it pointing off to the side where I could hopefully manage it better.

Jean was just staring at me as I shifted my new male organs around.

I looked up at her once I was done and blushed.

Then I realized something.

“Wait, how is my computer on. I thought you tripped all the breakers, earlier?”

“Pfsh. I *can* read, silly. I only tripped the ones for downstairs. I wasn’t sure what exactly the entertainment center’s breaker was labeled under, and I was *kinda* in a panic, so I just flipped everything on the left half of the fuze box, since that was the side marked ‘Ground Floor’. I *almost* did the other half, too, but I saw that all the lights were out, so I figured that was all that was needed. But *enough* stalling!” Jean got up and plopped down on my left on the bed, making my balls bounce back into my lap and my boobs jiggle. “SPILL!” she commanded.

“I... I’m cursed, Jean.”

“Really? That again?”

“Yes, ‘that again’! It’s what I’ve been trying to tell you the whole time!”

“That what was with the whole song and dance about my necklace?”

My words caught in my throat as I almost said something incriminating. “The necklace is my... uh... ‘fulcrum’ -” My throat once again locked up.

“Your ‘pivot point’? That doesn’t make any sense.”

I tried several times to speak, but couldn't get the words out. "Your necklace," I finally managed. "Was made into the... pivot point of the spell." Another throat clench. "I was told that I could use it to make my boobs huge and my new dick disappear, or that I could use it to make my *dick* huge and my boobs disappear."

"You were *told*? So you saw the person that did this too you? Or did you just hear a voice or something?"

"No, I saw-" my throat locked up before I could say "her".

"Was it Mandy? I'd fucking bet money it was fucking Mandy."

I shook my head involuntarily. "No, it wasn't Mandy."

"It *wasn't*," Jean said, deadpan. "What, did she like put you under a compulsion to not be able to rat her out or something?"

"No," I said.

"Uh, huh." Jean looked at me skeptically. Then her eyes went wide. "OH! OH! I know! Holy shit, if this works I'm never gonna call my brother a dweeb again! OK, I've got this, hang on!" she was now bouncing with excitement next to me on the bed, making my balls slosh. She shook out her hands and then clasped them under her chin and stared me in the eyes intently.

"Say, 'Somebody put a curse on me'."

"What?"

"Just say it. Oh, this is gonna be so fucking cool if this works."

"What-"

"SHUT UP AND SAY IT, AMY!"

"OK, OK, jeeze. 'Somebody put a curse on me.'"

Jean grinned. "Now say 'Jean put a curse on me.'"

"What?"

"Ohmygawd, Amy! Just *say it!* C'mon, don't ruin my moment!"

"*Fine.* 'Jean put a curse on me.'"

Jean *beamed* an evil grin. "Now say: '*Mandy* put a curse on me.'"

I opened my mouth, but no sound came out. The words died in my throat.

Jean stared at me, wide eyed.

"Mandy didn't put a curse on me! She *didn't!* It wasn't her, honest!"

"No, just say that she did. For the sake of argument. Just say the words 'Mandy put a curse on me.'"

"She didn't."

"*Say it.*"

"She didn't, though! It was someone else."

"You can't say it, can you?"

"No... It wasn't her!"

"If you're *not* under a compulsion, than just say she did it."

I couldn't say it.

"Ho. Lee. Shit," Jean said, after a minute, her mouth falling open in shock.

"Holy shit!" she said again, getting up and running her hands through her hair under her bun.

“Say ‘My mom put a curse on me!’” she said, whirling around.

“‘My mom put a curse on me.’”

“‘My dad put a curse on me.’”

“‘My dad put a curse on me.’”

“‘Mr. Jenkins put a curse on me.’”

“‘Mr. Jenkins put a curse on me.’”

“‘Mandy put a curse on me.’”

Of course, those words wouldn’t come out.

I tried several times before involuntarily blurting out “Mandy had nothing to do with this.”

“‘Miss Maple put a curse on me.’”

“‘Miss Maple put a curse on me.’”

“‘Mandy put a curse on me.’”

Nothing.

“Holy fuck. Holy shit. An *actual* fucking curse. And I can’t *believe* that *actually* fucking *worked!*” Jean grinned a cruel grin. “Mandy *clearly* needs dorkier brothers.”

“What do you mean?”

“My brother told me about that test. ‘Information Theory 101’ he called it. It was in something he read, and they used it to trick the curse in that story into releasing the hold it had on the defector, because if it *didn’t* release him, they’d just have him try to say things in a certain pattern and write down everything he *couldn’t say* as the truth! So as soon as they came up with the test, the curse gave up, because it knew it was beat, and *maybe* the person being tested was just captured instead of being a defector, y’know? My brother would *not* shut up about it a while ago when they used some curse like that in an episode of ... honestly, I don’t even remember... and he just kept going off about how stupid they were being by not *immediately* testing the shit out of their prisoner when the prisoner *admitted* they couldn’t speak certain secret information in an effort to get out of torture. So they just gave up because they’re the good guys and ‘torture bad’, and that was when my brother started *ranting* that they were all idiots. ‘The moment you learn about an outcome that looks different in the case of secret vs not-secret, you should immediately start testing things to see if they are the secret!’” Jean took an exited breath. “Anyway, *Mandy* wasn’t smart enough to build in a safety clause, *either*. So *now* I’ve got her fucking number!” Jean grinned triumphantly.

“Wow,” was all I could say.

That was like... *really* fucking smart.

And here I thought *I* was all smart doing algebra and shit.

*Damn, Jean. You go girl!*

\* \* \*

Half an hour later, we had basics worked out. Jean had to use ‘Information Theory 101’ and some guesses to ferret out a couple of details that I wasn’t allowed to say, but eventually she had this gist of it.

“So Mandy mailed you a cursed letter, which you opened and then somehow you got knocked out by some magic shit. When you came to, Mandy made you cum all over the livingroom and then... lick up your own cum. She *then* made you *literally* fuck yourself until you were as big as a whale.”

I blushed in embarrassment.

“She then gave you my necklace, which she had incorporated into the curse and that could *sorta* control it, but that could also make people not notice that you were any different than normal. She left, but you were still as big

as a whale, so....” She made a broad gesture with her hand. “If there’s cum trapped in your magically-expanding body, you can only get it out by having an orgasm from your nipples, so you fingered yourself until all the cum up your twat was all over the floor and you could stand up.”

I was blushing scarlet.

“It was about when you were first starting to try to clean up that I showed up.”

This part was a part that I could actually agree to, so I nodded and said “Yeah, basically,” while repeating in my head that I was neither confirming nor denying the earlier parts so that my throat wouldn’t lock up.

“Did you *really* have to almost drown me in cum, though?” Jean asked, a little cross.

“I’m really sorry, Jean. I- I just got overwhelmed... and these new *urges* are sometimes *really* powerful.”

“Yeah, I’ll *bet*,” Jean said, eyeing my flaccid member. “Your fucking nuts are just absolutely huge.”

“Yeah... somebody made them grow to be the size of my head.”

We had taken to using the word “somebody” as code for Mandy. It worked *most of the time* with just a little mental gymnastics on my part.

“*Literally?*”

I nodded.

“*Damn*. No wonder, then. Are they like sore or anything?”

“No, just *really* heavy. I mean, it sure as hell hurts when I bang them into anything, and yeah, they’re pretty heavy, but they really only *ache* after I’ve cum too much.”

Jean and I both blushed at that.

“So... what’re we gonna do now?” Jean asked.

I *did not* let myself think about some of the possibilities that immediately sprang to mind. “I dunno... you’re the smart one, it seems.”

Jean blushed and said “Well, we’ve got to get back at Mandy *somehow*.”

“I *do* need to clean up the living room before- Oh, shit, my parents are probably gonna be home any minute! What time is it?” I looked at the computer and was relieved to see that it was still maybe 15 minutes out before my parents usually got back from work. “OK, we’ve got 15 minutes! First, I’ve gotta get that necklace on, and then we’ve gotta clean like *fucking mad*.”

“So once you put it on, everyone will think what’s going on is normal?”

“Um... I guess?”

“What about me?”

“What do you mean?”

“Will *I* think that... *those* are normal?” Jean asked, gesturing at my endowments.

“I... I dunno. Maybe?”

“So... I’ll just forget all this? Forget this conversation? Forget what Mandy did?”

“Probably....” I said with a shrug.

“No way,” Jean said, shaking her head. “I’m not gonna forget everything!”

“Well!” I protested. “I can’t let my *mom and dad* see me like this! And never mind the fucking living room! And what about everyone else who will ever see me? They’ll all think I’m a freak if I’m not wearing that necklace, Jean!”

“... I don't think you're a freak.”

“Yeah, because we're BFFs! But everyone *else* will!”

“I... guess I see your point. But I don't wanna forget this! I got to figure something out! Something *real*! And- And- I've still got to plan revenge on Mandy with you! What if... what if I start to think that I *normally* come over to help you because you've got this condition, instead of coming over because you're my friend?”

“It won't change the fact that we're friends, Jean!”

“What if it *does* though? You said it will make everyone think that what's going on is normal! So if I'm here helping you clean up after you made a mess, maybe I'm *just* the girl down the block who's willing to help you when you've made a mess?”

“Now, hang on, Jean. I don't think-”

“I've got an idea,” Jean said, getting up abruptly with a determined look in her eyes and leaving the room.

I was left sitting there in confusion while Jean made her way downstairs. I heard her slosh around in the soapy cum for a while, and I eventually went to the balcony to check on her.

“What are you doing?” I called.

“Looking for the necklace, duh!”

“It's by the side of the couch. But why-”

“I already looked there. Well, you need it don't you?”

“Try looking under it. Maybe I kicked it crawling away when I came upstairs to catch you before you left.”

Jean sloshed over there, crawling on her hands and knees, getting bits of soap and cum on her borrowed top and shorts. It wasn't *too* bad, however, since she hadn't actually fallen in the stuff.

“AHA!” she exclaimed, retrieving the chain and setting it up on the arm of couch. She rooted around some more, and had to nearly dip her whole right side into the sea of slime before she found the medallion.

She made her way back to the steps with her prize.

“Get me another towel, will you?” she asked.

I quickly got her another shit towel and tossed it down to her. She dried herself off, and even undid her messy bun and pulled the worst of the dried cum out of there as well as she got the fresh droplets out of her hair. She dried off both pieces of the necklace as she came up the stairs.

“Jean, I thought you-”

“I don't wanna forget today. I don't wanna forget *you*. So if I *have* to forget, I'm going to control how I do it.”

“What-”

“Did *somebody* say you had to be wearing the necklace anywhere in particular?”

I blinked in confusion as Jean lead me back into my room.

“Does wrapping it around you wrist like a bracelet count as wearing it?”

...

“I... I don't know. Maybe?”

*Was it really that simple? I had just needed to slip the stupid thing over my wrist the entire fucking time?*

“Well, I'm pretty sure it would, since putting a sock on your hand is still *technically* wearing it, even if you don't normally do it like that. And I turn necklaces into bracelets sometimes, *usually* by just taking the decoration off and putting it in between some beads along with several others, but *still*. It should count.”

“Well... s- som- somebody said that the chain only mildly worked. It’s mainly the pendant, so if I wear it down in my cleavage, it won’t work very well. However, it *will* work from the back, even if not as well, so long as the chain is visible.”

“OK, cool. This’ll totally work then.” Jean then took a breath. “Amy, I need you to sit down on the bed.”

“Why?” I asked.

“Just trust me, OK?”

I did so.

“Look... I don’t want to lose... this,” she said, gesturing back and forth between us.

“OK?” I said, unsure where she was going with this.

“But if I *do* have to lose, it...” she swallowed. “I wanna loose it my way.”

“Jean, what are you talking about? Just give me the necklace, I can put it on like a bracelet, as we can just keep on being *normal* friends, OK?”

“But... .. what if I don’t *wanna* be normal friends?” she said in a quiet voice.

“What?” I said, completely confused, and feeling like I’d just been slapped in the face. “You don’t wanna be friends anymore?” Tears began to fill my eyes. “Oh, God, Jean... I’m *sorry!*” I begged as the realization hit. “I *said* I was sorry! Please, you have to forgive me! Please! I promise I won’t do it again! I just couldn’t control myself! I’ll never try to have sex with you again! God, I’m so sorry!”

“What? Amy, no, that’s not what I’m talking about,” Jean said, her turn to look confused as she came closer to sit next to me.

“What- what *are* you talking about then?” I asked, sniffing.

“What... what if I *want*...” Jean looked down at my giant nuts filling my lap and gulped.

The world dropped away and my heart started pounding as the realization hit.

“You... you *want* me to...” I stammered, unable to believe it.

“Look, this is really hard to say, so I’m just gonna fucking *say* it before I forget it all, OK!” Jean blurted out. “I *know* you like guys, and I like guys, too. But for a *minute* there in the summer before 7<sup>th</sup> grade... I wasn’t super sure, y’know? I was willing to... experiment... y’know? You weren’t, and that’s *totally* cool. I’m *sorry* it made that party kinda awkward, but I’ve always wondered what it would’a been like if you hadn’t ended up kissing Buck Davis and had kept on kissing *me* instead. I only made up the thing about wanting to get with that other football guy, Travis, afterwards. But you ended up dating Buck for like 3 months, and by the time you guys broke up, I had lost my nerve. It was really *hard* to say that we should try making out to make guys notice us because I only wanted *you* to notice me, Amy! I’ve always thought you were hot! Always, Amy, always! Since before I knew what hot *meant!* I’ve been jealous of your tits since at *least* the 6<sup>th</sup> grade. And *now* you’ve got a giant fucking *dick!* You’re tits are kinda... *off* putting now, but I guess they’re still hot. I’ll be honest, though. It’s... *that* that I’m after,” Jean said pointing at my crotch.

“Jean...” I mumbled, stunned. “I... I had no *idea*....”

“Yeah, I *know* you didn’t. But it’s fine. Everyone is allowed to have their sexuality. But... now that you’ve got a *dick*...” Jean gulped. “You want to have a girlfriend, right?”

I blinked. “I...” I hadn’t actually *thought* about it like that... but I guess I did? I sure as fuck wanted to bury my monster dong in- I forced myself to blink to clear the mental image of me *shov-* I blinked again.

“So you’re going to put on that necklace, and I’m going to be your girlfriend, OK, Amy?”

“But, Jean, how will *that* work?”

“*It’ll work*, OK? I... I’m gonna... *do* something, and *while* I’m doing it, I’ll put the necklace on you. And *that* will make that be normal.”

I gulped, wondering where she was going with this. My dick was already a half-chub at the very thought, and my heart was pounding in my chest again.

“Is that OK?” Jean asked, looking really timid and embarrassed, fiddling with the necklace in her hands.

“Um...” I said, gulping again. I caught Jean’s gaze when she glanced up at me. My heart skipped a beat and then pounded all the harder. “Jean...” I gulped one final time. “Anything you want is OK with me.”

Jean blushed, and looked up at me with a sultry but embarrassed look in her eyes. “Then just lay back, and relax... *girlfriend*.”

My heart was now beating in my chest so loud I thought it was playing drums for an orchestra.

Jean sauntered over to stand in front of me, and looped the necklace over her right wrist. My dick was already getting hard, and when Jean knelt down in front of me, I could barely believe my eyes.

“Jean, what...” I murmured.

“Shhhh...” Jean said, making eye-contact with me as she reached up and hefted my balls.

“*Oooooohhhh*, shit, *Jean*,” I moaned. My dick was now rapidly engorging, extending down my legs and pulling free of its foreskin sheath.

Jean release my nuts and grabbed my dick. I inhaled sharply as she took hold of it and began stroking it gently, up and down.

I was in heaven.

God, I was in fucking heaven.

My best friend since forever had just confessed her undying love for me and was giving me a hand job.

Could my life get any better?

Apparently *it could*, because once my dick was at full mast, Jean started suckling on the tip.

I gasped, and collapsed backwards onto the bed.

“Oh, *Jean!*” I moaned.

Jean continued to suck my dick, and my head-sized nuts clenched in desire as my body squirmed in pleasure.

“Oh, fuck, Jean! God, that’s fucking good! Oh... please... use you’re tongue m- YES! Like that! Holy *shit!*”

Suddenly Jean popped my dick tip out of her mouth, breathing heavily.

“You’ve got to tell me when you’re about to cum, OK?” Jean said.

“Oh... OK...” I said, still nearly delirious with pleasure as my heart continued to pound in my chest.

“And give me your hands.”

“What?”

Jean reached up both of her hands towards mine. I reached down to clasp her hands in mine as if to pull her up or forwards, but instead of grabbing me like *that*, Jean intertwined our fingers. “Yeah, just like that,” Jean said.

It felt nice, strangely intimate. I smiled down at her, and Jean smiled a sultry smile back as she brought our arms together to press my dick down and back into her mouth.

“Oh, shit,” I exclaimed as I once again arched my back into the mattress in pleasure, my heart fluttering.

Jean licked her tongue all over the tip of my dick inside of her mouth, and even explored the slit of my urethra. She teased the edge of my head with her teeth, gently biting and sucking and pushing me back with a sultry

rhythm.

It wasn't until she turned her head a little to the side and started to push my head into her cheek that I started to feel myself close to orgasm. She was taking her tongue and running it up and down the sensitive ridge along the side of my cockhead, and I was on the verge of exploding.

“Jean... Jean, I'm close, Jean.... Oh, fuck me.... Oh, yes! Just like that! Oh, fucking hell, here I come! Here I come, Jean! Oh, gaaaaawd! It's- It's-” Jean abruptly stood up, but didn't remove my dick from her mouth. She leaned forward over me and looked me in the eyes.

Jean looked me in the eyes with fiery determination while my dick rolled around in her mouth.

Her eyes were the sexiest thing I had ever seen.

“AH!” I gasped, as my balls released their load and my dick spasmed.

Just as I did so, Jean shook our arms, and the necklace, that *had* been wrapped around her own arm, jangled down over our intertwined hands to be around *my* arm.

And I understood.

She was mine now.

This was normal.

Jean standing over me and giving me head was *normal*.

It would be something we did all the time.

Because it was normal.

I *fucking* exploded.

I fucking came harder than I'd ever cum before.

Cum *rocketed* out of my shaft and into Jean's cheeks, which puffed full in only two spurts, the third causing cum to spurt out of her lips and run down my shaft.

Jean blinked and pulled back, but I held onto her hands for dear life. She was *mine*, and I never wanted to let go of this moment.

Jean tried swallowing, but couldn't keep up with the flow, and so more and more cum dribbled down her chin and my shaft.

“Oh, fuck, Jean!” I moaned as the most wonderful orgasm I had ever had drained my balls dry into her adorable mouth.

Jean eventually managed to pull away from my penis, which was still shooting ropes of semen, now around the room instead of into her pretty little mouth. Some of them caught her in her now-loose hair, or in the face, or in the chest. The rest splattered over my desk, floor, and walls. A couple even got on the ceiling.

*God, she looks so hot drenched in my cum.*

I brought our still entwined arms together and pointed my penis straight at her center, unloaded a few more wads of cum onto her tits before-

“What are you *doing*?” Jean demanded. “Our *deal* was that I'd get you *off* and that you'd *warn me* before you came, not fucking shoot it all over me!”

“What?” I asked, completely confused, my orgasm subsiding even as the last bits of cum squirted out onto Jean's legs and then dribbled onto the floor.

“God, do we have to do this *every* time? You always act surprised! Bitch, I need to practice my head game, you need some head! Simple as *that*. And I happen to like giant dicks, so I cut you a break sometimes. Now are you going to fucking pay me this time, or are you going to spout the usual excuses?”

“W-what?” I stammered.

This had *not* gone according to plan.

Jean pried herself out of my grip.

“And what is with you and hand holding, huh? God, look at this mess!” Jean said, gesturing at her cum-soaked body and then grabbing the towel from earlier and starting to wipe off my cum.

“Jean... I think something didn’t work right.”

“Yeah, no shit,” Jean said, pulling off her top and grabbing another one from my closet.

“No, I mean, something with the necklace... we were supposed to be girlfriends!” I held up the necklace and examined it.

“Pfsh,” Jean scoffed. “Hun, that thing is *far* to big for me. I like *big* dicks, but that’s a fucking python. Yeah it revs my engine, but there’s no way I’d let you try to stick that thing *inside* of me on the regular. You’d fucking tear me in half!”

Unsure how else to fix this, I shook the necklace off of my wrist in disgust and let it drop to the bed next to me. I then stared at Jean as she selected and put on a plain white baggy tee.

“But...” I looked back at the necklace on the bed.

“But *nothing*. Look, you’ve had your fun, and I’ve got to go home and *change*, alright?” Jean walked over to my door and opened it. “I’ll see you tomorrow, Turbo-Dick.” And with a wink, Jean left.

I just sat there stunned.

That hadn’t worked at *all*!

And not only did it *not* work, but taking off the necklace hadn’t undone it, either!

What was I going to *do*?

*Maybe if I put the necklace on again in front of her, it will make another thing be normal? Would that work?*

“And another thing!” Jean called up from downstairs. “Stop making such a huge mess out of your living room! If you need me, *call* me, don’t just have an all-day masturbe-athon on the couch! Your parents really need to get you a better spot to jerk off in so you don’t make such a *mess*, though. But, like, *shit*, maybe try using the shower next time!”

I grabbed the necklace and raced to the balcony. “Jean!” I called down to her.

“What?” she grouched back, tiptoeing over the discarded clothes on the bottom of the stairs.

“Jean, we’ve gotta try again!”

“Try what again? I already gave you head, what more do you want? You saying you’ve got more in there? You don’t *look* like you’re in need of more relief right now. It sure *felt* like I got it all out of you. *And all over me...*”

“What? No... I mean with the necklace.”

“What about the necklace?”

“To make a new normal, Jean!”

“What the fuck are you talking about?”

“Look, just don’t go, OK? Give me a second to try to think this through.”

“Amy...” Jean sighed. “Look, it’s late, OK? Your parents are gonna be home any minute, and so are mine. So I’m just gonna *go* and we can talk about this the *next* time I come over, alright? If you *really* need me tonight, *text me*, but you’d better have some fucking *money* if you want to use my services in middle of the night, got it?”

Jean turned around to walk away.

I didn't know what to say to stop her.

But I had to! I *had* to find some way to stop her.

I raced down the steps after her.

"Hey, what-?" Jean started to say as she began to turn around, hearing me thundering after her down the steps. The moment I reached her, I grabbed her arm and tried to drag her back up the stairs.

"Please, Jean, just five more minutes!"

"What the hell?" Jean protested, struggling. "No, Amy! I'm going home! If you don't fucking stop I won't come by tomorrow and then you can just masturbate by *yourself*! Is that what you want?"

"Jean, please!" I protested.

"No, Amy!" she pulled at my arm and managed to free herself. "Fuck off!"

She took a step into the slippery mess at the bottom of the stairs.

I did the only thing I could think of: I dropped the necklace on the step beside me and I tackled her.

We both landed with a splash in the slippery goo.

"Amy! Pfaa! What- Pffft! Pft! Fuck! What's *wrong* with you?" Jean protested, as we sloshed around in my now-cooled cum.

*What was something that girlfriends did?* I pondered desperately as we struggled. *Giving me head had turned her into a whore that gave me head on a discount because we were cool or something, so what would be something that we could be doing that would make her be my girlfriend?*

We splashed about for a minute, both of us getting completely drenched in cold jizz, milk, water, and soap.

"Amy, fucking stop you crazy- brrblblblb!" Jean's protests were cut off as I rolled her face into the goo.

What was a *definite* girlfriend-girlfriend activity?

Making out maybe?

Jean and I rolled over, and I reached up and pulled her head down to mine and pressed our lips together.

It wasn't the tender kiss that I *hoped* it would be, since Jean was a *bit* less than responsive right now, but it was *still* the first time that we had kissed outside of that party all those summers ago.

"Mmm!" Jean pulled back, but I leaned forward again. "What thmmmmrrrm!"

We rolled around like that for a while, me trying to kiss Jean, and Jean struggling to separate herself from me. If Jean hadn't both had her hair down *and* been wearing clothes while I was naked, I would have lost for sure. I just had to keep a solid grip on her shirt, hair, or shorts, and she couldn't get away.

Fortunately, Jean seemed downright *afraid* of my nuts and dick, so she wasn't trying to use them against me. In fact, if I pinned her and they were laying over her somehow, she spent more time trying to get my *member* off of her than she did trying to get the *rest* of me off of her.

So even though Jean was the better wrestler, I had the better hand-holds, which allowed me to at *least* keep it stale-mated between us.

This went on for some time.

Until Jean decided to get vocal. Like, *really* vocal.

The next time that Jean had a lungful of air, she started crying for help.

"Help me! This crazy bitch is trying to rape me! Somebody help! Help! Rape! Rape! Help!" she cried into the empty house.

"Jean, stop it! I'm not going to rape you! I just-"

*I just needed to make her think that being with me was normal.*

Jean nearly got the better of me as I made my realization, but I managed to drag her back down on top of me.

I couldn't... could I?

*I wouldn't... would I?*

But... I kinda *had* to. It was the only way I could think of.

The only way to make being with my best friend *normal* was to first *be with* my best friend.

I had to rape me best friend.

It was as simple as that.

Jean was still hollering "Rape! Rape!" at the top of her lungs while we grappled in the goo, and it wasn't like she could scream any *louder*.

"I'm sorry, Jean," I said quietly as I pulled her back.

"Sorry? Sorry for-blrlrl! Pft! For what, you asshole! Let me go!"

"For-blrlrl!" We rolled over a couple of times. "For this," I said, yanking down her shorts.

"ACK! RAPE! RAPE!" she shrieked as she tried to pull them back up. I got my hands in there too and yanked down her panties.

*God, she was so cute. She was so tight. And I was going to have to fucking destroy her with my gigantic prick in order to fix the mess that we had made.*

"Rape! Rape! Help! Please! No! Amy, no! Stop, please!" she pleaded. I put my weight into the hand that was pinning her panties and shorts down below her crotch so she couldn't pull them up.

"Amy, stop this! We're friends, remember! We're cool! Don't do this! C'mon! I'll give you all the head you want! Just- Just don't-"

"SHUT UP!" I cried, tearing up. I brought my other hand up and covered her mouth.

"Mmmmh!" she protested, grabbing at the hand over her mouth.

*God, I don't want to do this. I really don't. But it has to be done, if I don't want everything to be fucked forever.*

She opened her mouth and bit at my hand, viciously.

"Ow, fuck!" I gasped, yanking my hand back.

"Let me *gooo!*" she wailed as she shoved me off of her. She was balling now, and frantically made her way to the side of the cum ocean.

I saw one of the towels that had been dropped down here ages ago, and grabbed it desperately.

I lifted it and whipped it sideways at Jean's legs as she tried to rise, the surprise impact making her slip more than anything else, I suspected.

Jean was out-and-out balling now as she struggled to rise while I made my way over to her.

"Pleahehese!" she sobbed as she feebly tried to push me off of her. "I just wanna go home, Amy!"

"I'm sorry, Jean," I said as I slipped and slid on top of her and pulled her back into the thick of the living room.

"NO!" she shrieked, her strength returning with a vengeance. She kneed me in the groin and then rolled me over. We tumbled for a moment before we ended up sideways and she shoved me off *hard*.

Fortunately, my nuts were floppy enough that the hit hadn't hurt all that much, so I recovered way faster than she was expecting.

Soap and cum went flying everywhere in a sudsy mess as she tried to get away and I lunge-tackled her. I flung the towel over her head and wrapped it around her neck before she had a chance to react in the frothy foam.

She spat and sputtered face first in the ocean of cum as she vainly reached up behind her head to try to undo the towel that I was twisting tighter and tighter. I didn't want to *kill* her, but... I had to hold her somehow!

When her struggles began to weaken, I hastily pulled her up.

The sopping-wet towel was still covering her face, though.

“Oh, fuck!” I exclaimed. I let go of the towel, which had the unfortunate effect of dropping her head face-first back into the suds. I spun her over, and began to pry the towel off of her face. Once it was off, I slapped her cheek and she *spat* cum and water up in a geyser and then hacked and coughed.

“Jean... I'm so sorry for this...” I said as I took advantage of her coughing and sputtering to wrap the towel tightly around her wrists.

“Coughhh! Kah! Pfft! Hack! Kah! Amy, what- What- Kah, fuah-hah!” she continued to cough and sputter.

I pulled her shorts and panties back down, below her knees this time.

“What- kah! Ah- Am- Pfht! Kah-hahk kah! Stop it, p-” Another coughing fit cut her off.

I positioned myself over her body.

My dick wasn't hard. It wasn't. All the adrenaline pumping through my system as I desperately tried to keep my best friend from running away? It wasn't.

But it needed to be.

I reached up and started groping Jean's tits through her soaked shirt and bra with my free hand.

*Her tits were so warm and supple... I could just lose myself in her bosom.*

“Amy, plea-ka-hua- Please, stop! I- kah-kapla.”

*Why is this so hard? Here's my best friend, laying on her back in an ocean of cum and soap and milk inches deep, frothed up by us sloshing around. It's in her hair, it's on her face. It's coating her tight little pussy and ass. It's soaked into her shirt and bra and squishes out from between her cleavage every time I squish her tits. It's soaked into her gorgeous red hair that's pasted about her head in a gooey mess. All I need to do is take my big fat dick, and shove it up her cunt. I've just got to shove it up her slippery little cunt, and then she'll be mine forever. Once I'm buried deep inside, I'll just put on the neck-*

*Oh shit, the stupid necklace! I forgot it on the steps.*

I began to drag Jean through the cum by the wrists as she continued to weakly struggle and cough. She resisted pretty hard for a second, so I flipped her over and drug her face-first the rest of the way. As I did so, her shorts and panties came off the rest of the way.

I picked up the necklace, but was careful to only hold it with no more than two fingers. *That shouldn't count as wearing it, right?* I certainly didn't want to make dragging my best friend half-naked through an ocean of cum as I tried to get a chub on to be *normal*. *What if I then became a serial rapist or something and Jean was just my latest victim?* I shuddered at the thought. *I lo-* The thought caught me by surprise. *I love Jean, and don't want to see anything bad happen to her. Holy shit. I love her. I fucking love her. Oh, fuck me: I'm in love with my best friend...*

I looked down at her pretty little head. She was trying to pull her face up out of the slime, but I was holding her arms forward with the towel, and her pretty red hair was making a seal around her face as she tried to lift it *anyway*. I decided to be merciful and rolled her over.

Her hair still mostly covered her face, but she was now able to breathe. She gasped for breath as I admired her face. It was all red and gooey. It was nicely illuminated by one of the last rays of sun for the evening.

I *carefully* hooked the necklace of the pinky of my left hand, which was holding the towel twisted in a tight spiral around Jean's wrists. I wouldn't need the towel once I put on the necklace/bracelet, so my plan was to drop the towel and then slip the bracelet over my wrist.

I stepped out of the way of the light, and the sun peeking in through the upper, unshaded portion of the windows shone down on Jean's body.

She sparkled in my glistening cum bath. Every movement that she made as she continued to cough and spit caused light to sparkle off of her glistening body around the room. Even the necklace in my left hand was glittering as it cast its shadow down along with the curled-up towel down on Jean's cute little tummy.

*The tummy that was about to be bulging with my dick as I pounded her pussy.*

The sexual thought was intrusive, uncharacteristic of me. But I didn't stop it. I embraced it. I had to.

*What would it feel like to go balls deep in her little cunt? What will it feel like to empty my huge nuts into her tight little hole? Will she get pregnant? Oh, gawd, I hope she gets fucking pregnant! Imagine her belly, sloshing with my cum, knocking her up! Imagine her waddling around with my fucking baby inside of her! Imagine how big her belly will get! And then she'll start lactating... and I'll fucking drink her tits dry every day. And then we'll have a baby to take care of... together. Together. We'll be together forever if I get her pregnant.*

I stunned myself with how perverted that line of thought was, but it was also warm and tender and protective. I just wanted Jean to be safe, right? I just wanted to make her mine, right? And what better way to make her mine than to shove my big fat dick up her cunt and drop a load so massive that she just *had* to get pregnant!

Jean opened her eyes through the slime and looked at me.

She was afraid of me.

It was like a knife to the gut.

"He- Help!" Jean protested, finally getting some coherent words out. "Some-kah-puah! Somebody help! Amy's gone craz-KAH! Pua-pfft, blah!"

"I'm sorry, Jean." I said, reaching down into the goo by her feet and picking up her shorts and panties. I took a careful step, and loomed over her in a half-squatting position, my cum-smearred nuts dragging up her body due to my wide stance. She tried to wiggle away, but only rubbed my nuts back and forth on her thigh. I took another step, my nuts now dragging up her crotch.

"Amy, what-pff- are you doing? It's *me!* It's *Jean!* Just stop for a second!"

Now directly over her, I squatted down even further, to be able to reach her face. Jean's eyes were red, teary, and now wide and panicked. She rolled over and started to crawl away from me, her flopping ass and thighs smearing against the underside of my dangling nuts as she inchwormed away. To keep her from getting any further, I sat down on top of her, right on her ass. My floppy, head-sized nuts squished down between and behind our asses. The gentle, warm pressure on my balls felt pretty good, actually.

Jean sputtered and gurgled, her head pressed into the goop. She tried to lift herself up, but since I was holding her arms off to one side, this was a bit difficult for her.

"Amblb! It'sbl me!"

"I'm sorry, Jean. Really I am," I said as I leaned down.

"Amby, I rlmblr!" Jean gurgled as I shoved the panties into her gasping and sputtering mouth.

This *kinda* worked, but she managed to spit them out pretty quickly. I dropped the towel and did my best to pin it with my left knee as I used both hands to first twist up the shorts, shove back in the panties, and finally take the shorts and wrap them around her head. Since the shorts were pretty loose, it worked, more or less, and she was barely able to say anything in the meantime.

I really didn't like hearing her cry and protest like this. I *really* didn't. But I had to do this if we were to have a future together.

With a bit of effort, I managed to tie the shorts in a tight knot around the back of her head. It was kinda hard, since her sticky hair was in the way, and the shorts were waterlogged with cum, soap, and foam, but eventually my makeshift gag was in place. The necklace hanging from my left pinky got covered in goo again, but what was I gonna do?

Jean was sputtering through her nose now, big bubbles of soapy cum forming on her face as she tried to breathe.

She managed to free her hands from the now-loose towel, and used these to try to push up, since her back and neck were getting tired of holding her head out of the cum. She couldn't push up very easily into a crawling position since I was sitting on her ass, but this didn't stop her from trying.

“mMMMMmmmmhmmhmmh!” she cried as she gave a herculean effort and slid me down her thighs to her knees and lifted her torso a bit into the air.

I responded by just dropping onto her ass and giving her a bearhug.

She plopped back down into the sudsy goo with a grunt and a gurgling whimper.

My slippery dick was now pressed between our warm bodies, up between her ass-cheeks. She struggled, and my floppy cock slid down and between her thighs as she kicked and thrashed, trying ineffectually to kick me in the back. My dick rubbed between her thighs.

*Oh, shit. That felt pretty darn good, that did.*

I started to get a chub.

Jean reached up for the gag around her face, so I frantically grabbed her hands and pulled them back. I wasn't really sure how to do a proper arm hold, so it took us a bit of struggling for me to figure it out. Jean really started to thrash about, gurgling from her nose from where her face was pressed into the cum and suds.

I eventually figured out how to turn her arms around so that they were both pressed into the small of her back with the palms facing out. I grabbed the towel again, made sure it was twisted good and tight, and then looped it around her wrists again. During this process I *did* remember to occasionally let Jean up for air by pulling back on her forehead. Once she had a few good cum bubbles dripping down from her nose and had taken a few breaths, I'd drop her head again and get back to work on tying up her wrists. I eventually made *some* sort of crude knot, but I'm no *scout*, so I have no idea what it would be called.

Poor Jean was now completely exhausted, and probably wouldn't have been able to resist even if I *hadn't* tied her up at this point. I was pretty tired, too, so I collapsed on her back and we just laid there for a bit. Jean would occasionally lift her head to take a breath of air through her sticky nose before letting her head drop again and slowly blow bubbles out of it. After a few minutes, there were so many bubbles on that side of her head that she had to turn her head over to the other side to get some fresh air.

“I'm so sorry, Jean,” I whispered into her ear. “I'm so sorry. But I *have* to do this. I'm doing it for *us*, you know. So we can be together forever. Forever and ever.... Once I'm done, us being together will be the most normal thing in the world, Jean. I promise. You're gonna *love* being my girlfriend. My sweet, innocent, Jean. I'll take care of you, and you'll take care of me. We'll be like Beauty and the Beast. I'm the beast with the cursed monster cock, and you'll be my Beauty, Jean. We're gonna have so much fun together, you and I. It'll be great. Just you wait and see. Just you wait and see.” I stroked her neck as I cooed reassurances and apologies in her ear, over and over, while we both rested in my ocean of cum and bubbles.

Once Jean regained enough strength to try struggling again, I got up and firmly pinned her in place. My left hand pulled up on the towel and simultaneously pressed down on her back between her shoulder blades, burying her face in the goo. My right hand was therefore free to grab my dick.

I had a decent chub, now, after resting my dick down in between Jean's thighs. I pulled it up and back, pressing into her crotch as I did so. Frantic gurgling came from the foam around Jean's head, and she thrashed around a bit.

I still wasn't really *hard* yet, but was still a sizable 8 inches, and was quickly on my way to 10. I slid forward up the underside of Jean's crotch, and felt myself rub past her little pussy.

My dick *throbbed* and quickly grew to a solid foot long as I pulled back, rubbing her again on the return. Jean thrashed a bit, her face still panted in the goop.

Once she stopped, I let her up so she could breathe. She arched her back and sucked in a gasping breath through her nose. She coughed, gasped, and then coughed several more times.

“I’m so sorry for all of this, Jean. Really I am. But it’ll all be over soon. I’m hard now, so all that’s left is to stick this meat inside of your tight little hole, and then you’ll be mine forever, Jean. Won’t that be wonderful? It’ll be great, Jean, I promise. Now hold still and I’ll try to be as gentle as possible.”

Jean moaned and coughed and tried to speak as hard as she could from underneath the panty gag, but I ignored her protests and dunked her back under as I shifted my weight in preparation for penetration. Was it messed up that I was kinda finding it hot, hearing her desperately gurgle my name with her face planted in a pool of my cum and milk? Yeah, it probably was. But I had a job to do, and dammit, I was going to do it.

My dick was now at full mast, at least 14 or 15 inches long.

I pushed forward, but felt myself slip past her slit. I *was* kinda big, after all. I pulled back again, and pressed up against her. This time my dick, slick with the soap and cum that coated every surface, slid up too far, and lodged in between her ass-cheeks.

I couldn’t really see what I was doing, but I pressed forwards and slowly slid my dick down until... there! Was that her cunt? It was *something*, and it was too dark to see. I pressed forwards a bit, and my dick didn’t go downwards but instead pressed inwards, causing Jean to shriek and strain against her bonds.

Was that her asshole or her cunt? I legit couldn’t tell. I pulled back and looked. It had... *probably* been her asshole.

“Sorry, babe,” I said. I leaned forwards and pressed my big titties into her backside. I brought my right hand up and held her head above the foam for a bit, letting her breathe through her nose.

“Mmmhm!” she tried to say. “Mmmhm! Mhm mhhhm! Mmmhm hm-mm-hrrr! Hmm hm-mm-hrrr! Mhhhm hmmp! Hmmm hm-mmrmm mmm...”

“Don’t try to talk, sweetheart.” I planted a kiss on her arm. “Take a deep breath, now, OK? I’m gonna try to get this in one go, but it’s hard to both get it in and keep letting you up to breathe. I don’t want you to suffocate, alright? Don’t scream, and I’ll take the gag off once I’m inside. I’ll try to be gentle. Just hold your breath until then, alright baby? I love you, you know. I’m only doing this because I love you.”

“Mmmm!” Jean moaned.

“One... two, deep-breath, baby... three!” I said, letting go of her head. I *think* she took a breath at the last second, so I did what I could to hurry up and penetrate her.

I reached back down and grabbed my dick. I arched my hips back, and pointed my dick upwards and her groin. I thrust forwards gently, and hit somewhere in between her cunt and ass.

Jean struggled, which caused me to slip.

And then I was inside her.

“HHHHMMMMBLBKB!” Jean wailed from under the suds.

It was only the barest tip of my colossal cock, not even all of my foreskin, but the huge, bulging tip was certainly inside of her.

Jean began thrashing again, and I held on for dear life.

My dick was wedged in there pretty good, because it didn’t slide out even as she thrashed about. Her legs kicked, but all that did was tighten her vaginal muscles around my tip. That was kinda *weird*, but *boy* did it feel good.

I pressed down harder, and felt myself slide in a little deeper. Again, not much, but now a solid 4 inches of my huge prick was wedged inside of her. Now I just had to cum.

I was completely destroying her tight little cunt, I knew, but I had to shoot a load up inside of her. If I made fucking her “normal”, just as I shot a load into her little box, then I’d be her... well, girlfriend... but, whatever. I’d be the *partner* trying to get their lover pregnant, and Jean would be my lover, loving every minute as I filled her insides with my baby batter. That would just be how it would be. Forever. Normal lovers forever.

I pressed in and out, my dick not really *sliding* so much as just *pressing*, the pressure still feeling very good on my cockhead.

Jean moaned and managed to lift her head up just long enough to inhale before collapsing back down with my next thrust.

*Come on, penis. Cum, already. Hurry up and cum so that Jean and I can be together!*

I stroked my dick up and down as I pressed into her crotch. Her legs were squeezing my nuts as she tried to clench down to resist, and I went cross-eyed from pleasure. I kissed her arms and hands as I pressed my throbbing member into her warm body.

I beat my fist against my groin as I pumped my dick furiously.

“OK, I’m getting close now... mmm... yeah, getting close.... I’m gonna let go of your arms now, and as soon as I get the gag out of your mouth I’ll cum and put on the necklace so we can make making babies together normal. OK, babe? Oh, I’m so close. I love you, Jean... I love you so much. Here I come... 3...” I let go of the towel. “2...” I reached forwards to undo the gag as Jean frantically pulled her arms free of the towel’s restraints. “Ooone...” I moaned as I reached up to pull off the gag.

I pressed down into her lovely, warm, tight womanhood as my left hand pushed the shorts up and over her head. I was about to flip the necklace over my wrist when Jean spat the panties out of her mouth and cried out in desperation “THAT’S MY ASSHOLE, YOU IDIOT!”

“What?” I gasped in shock, even as the orgasm took me.

I shuddered with please as a hot, sticky load blasted up my shaft and into Jean’s... asshole, apparently.

*Oh, fuck!*

Another load filled her even as I pulled my dick back.

A third wad of cum sprayed out before I finally popped my dick free.

I shot the rest of my load into the frothy foam between Jean’s thighs, moaning and pressing my face into Jean’s back.

“Oh, shit, Jean,” I said once I came down from my orgasmic bliss. “I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to shove it up your ass.”

“You’re the- pfft- most clueless perfft- person to evvv- ahk! Pffft!- Ever grow a dick!”

“I’m really sorry, Jean. I didn’t realize. No *wonder* it was so tight down there....”

“And- Pfft! Why- ack! DAMMIT LET ME UP!”

I let her push up onto her elboes.

“God *damn*, Amy. You just raped my *ass*! ‘Sorry’ doesn’t even begin to cut it!”

“It was for a good cause, I swear. It’s a long story, but I can explain.”

Jean broke down crying. I was a *little* confused until I heard her next words.

“You don’t *need* to explain, Amy! *I remember!* I remember the conversation! I remember about Mandy and the curse and the necklace.”

“You- you *do*?” I asked, shocked.

“I remembered before you even gagged me! I remembered before you even picked up the necklace again! I was a bit *confused* at first, but it all came back to me before you nearly shoved it up my ass the *first* time. I tried

calling your name over and over, but you had me gagged by then so I couldn't speak. And then you kept forcing my face into -" Jean slobbered the frothy goo on the ground for emphasis. "- *this* shit, so I could barely *breathe* let alone get you to stop."

"Ohmigawd, Jean! I'm so, so, so-so-so-so-so sorry!"

"I *still* can't believe you stuck it up my fucking *ass*. For fucks sake, a *fucking 12 year old* would have known the difference! And if you're *really* sorry, how about you let me *go* so that I can *go home*?"

I was silent for a second, just breathing as I laid on her back, spent. "But, Jean..." I said after a moment. "I still have to put on the necklace."

"So put it on! It wore off after a minute!"

"No... it wore off after I took it *off*. It'll still make everything become normal when I put it on. After all, that's what it *does*, and we've seen it's effectiveness. We just didn't know how long the effects would last after I took it off. Now we do. What was that, 5 minutes? But if I keep it *on* forever, the effect will *last* forever. So..." I gulped. "So if I want you to be *mine* forever... I- I've still gotta do it."

"Amy, no. We don't know that that's how it works. It was a little weird being your friendly-neighborhood-fellatio-friend for a bit, but it *wore off*. I'm pretty sure that that necklace only works either for a while or maybe in close proximity or something. C'mon. It's not like a necklace, magic or not, can just suddenly change the entire world the *instant* you put it on! That just doesn't make sense!"

"Jean, stop. Don't... don't take this away from me."

"Snap *out* of it, Amy! Oh, what did Mr. Bester call it? Oscar's razor or someth- Occam's Razor! That was it! 'The simplest explanation is often the truth.' And, c'mon. What's the simpler explanation? That you've got a magic necklace that can *permanently* change the world, or that you've got a magic necklace that can *temporarily* change the world *around* it. It's still magic, but... even magic has to have *rules*. Otherwise your dumb little necklace would have be *omnipotent* or something!"

"Jean..."

"And if you have an *omnipotent* necklace, Amy, never *mind* your curse! You just became ruler of the world!"

"What?"

"Oh for the love of Pete. I didn't think about it *earlier* because I was kinda freaking out and was maybe a *little* too busy thinking about your *cock*, but like.... Sneak into Buckingham Palace and sit on the throne. *Then put on the necklace*. Congrats. You're now the rule of England because it's *normal* for you to sit on the throne. Go on a tour of the White House and sit behind the President's desk in the Oval Office. *Put on the necklace*. Maybe it would just mean that the President got a different office or something, but you'd be *somebody* important if it was normal for you to sit in the Oval Office. See what I'm saying? You could do *anything*. And if Mandy could have made a necklace like *that*, she would either (A) already be the ruler of the world or (B) just be the biggest idiot in the history of forever." Jean paused for second and then said in a teasing tone "*Maybe* second to *you* for sticking it up my ass...."

I snorted in amusement as I laid on her back, my fresh, hot cum, seeping around her thighs and my softening penis.

"And besides. I doubt that Mandy came up with this on her own. You can't *simultaneously* be smart enough to invent world-dominating magic and *dumb* enough to not use it to immediately take over the planet. So she *learned* this somehow. And if *she* learned it, someone *else* knew it before her. And since *they* didn't take over the world... et cetera, et cetera. *Therefore* we can *reasonably* conclude that the *stupid necklace* doesn't have world-dominating powers. Because if it *did*, somebody would be *doing that* already."

We laid there for a moment.

I held the necklace up in the air and looked at it.

The red glass heart on the front glistened in the last light of the sun coming through the window as a drop of cold goo hung down and then dripped off of it. It spun around slowly and I could see how Mandy had melted the back and stamped tiny magical runes into four little squares on it's surface where the initials "AD JB BFF" had previously been etched into the golden bronze.

"But, Jean..." I sighed, looking at the necklace whistfully. "But Jean... what if it *does*? What if we *can* be lovers forever with the necklace?"

"Amy, we're *already* friends, and we can talk about dating and stuff later once we've figured all of this out! We've both confessed how we feel, so we just have to work out the *details*."

"But... what if it was just this curse that's made me start loving you, Jean? What if... what if it isn't *real*? What if... when we finally fix it... we just go back to being *friends*?"

"Amy... Amy, I'm OK with being friends. I've been OK with being friends since 8<sup>th</sup> grade, Amy. I was all emotional and shit in 7<sup>th</sup> grade because I *wasn't* OK with it yet, and that was why we had some of those fights... but I'm *fine* with it now. It's OK. Sure, I'd love to experiment with us being *more*, but if you go back to being completely straight after we get Mandy to fix you... I..." Jean gulped. "I'd get over it, Amy."

"But what if you didn't *have* to get over it?"

"Amy, what-"

"What if I put on the necklace, and then even after we get Mandy to fix me... I just don't take it off."

"Amy, if we got Mandy to *fix you*, I'm pretty sure that would involve destroying the necklace. Didn't *you* say that *she* said that it was the pivot point of the spell, or something?"

"I dunno. Something like that. But image it though..." I twirled the necklace between my fingers so that it spun in the disappearing light. "You and me. Normal. Like we always had been. Like we had been together forever."

"Amy, stop. We're not-"

"I've gotta try, Jean. I've gotta try."

I sat up.

"Amy! No! Just let me go and put on the necklace after I've gone!"

"No, Jean. I *want you*. I want you to be *mine*."

"Amy-mmbllblblbmmb!" Jean spluttered as I shoved her face down into the goo again.

"I want you to be mine forever."

I grabbed the towel and pulled Jean's arms back again. She fought me, of course, but I was still laying on top of her and had the advantage of being able to breathe any time I wanted. I soon had her arms tied up again.

"I'm sorry, Jean. But you'll forgive me once we're lovers. Just two normal lovers, fucking on the floor. You'll forgive me then, right?"

Jean gasped for breath and cried for mercy. "Amy, stop this! PFFT! Stop! DON'T! I'm begging you, DON'T! We'll be together, I promise! No mat-grllblblgl..."

I rubbed my body up and down against her back.

I rubbed my belly, which still had some of my milk and cum in it from earlier, over her juicy ass. I rubbed my big titties up and down her back. I rubbed my cock and balls up and down between her thighs through the puddle of fresh cum.

"Ampfty! Amy, stop! No matter what, we'll be together! Kah-fuah! I promise! Just don't *rape* me right now, and we'll figure out how to be lovers later! We-blblblbl!"

I pressed my head into her back and started stroking my cock, trying to get another erection.

“Blblbl- HUUUAA!” Jean inhaled a huge lungful of air.

I took my soft cock and hand and started feeling around for Jean’s slit.

“EEP! Please, Amy! Stop! You’re too big! Please! You’ll hurt me again! Please! Don’t hurt me, Ammbllblllyyy! Pfft! Don’t make *hurting me* be normal!”

“It won’t be... it won’t be.... We’ll be lovers, Jean. Lover’s getting pregnant on the floor in a sea of cum. You’ll love it. You’ll love it because it’s normal, Jean. You’ll love *me* because it’s normal, Jean!”

“Blblblblggglbpfff! Amy...” Jean sobbed. “I *already* love you! Really, I do! I promise I do! Just- haaah!” Jean gasped as I shoved a finger inside of her gooey cunt. “Amy, no! This is wrong! Stop! This isn’t *like* you!”

“Don’t worry, it’ll all be over soon...” I mumbled as I tried to line up my flaccid dick with her hole. I was *maybe* starting to get a chub, but it was slow going since I had literally just cum not a minute ago and plus I was really sad about what I was being forced to do.

“Amy, stop!” Jean wailed, crying in earnest now.

I slid my soapy fingers in and out of her cunt, trying to loosen it up in preparation for my monster member.

“Ah! Amy! Don’t! Don’t be so rough! Ah!”

I pulled my hand away and stroked my cock instead.

I tried real hard to imagine plunging my member into Jean’s little cunt, but it was really hard to concentrate over all of Jean’s crying and begging for me to stop and let her go.

“STOP MAKING THIS HARDER THAN IT HAS TO BE!” I yelled, shoving her face back down into the froth by sliding my elbow up to her neck.

Jean just gurgled under the foam and I went back to stroking my dick as sorrowful tears streamed down my cheeks.

I was starting to get a chub for real now, and my little dick was maybe 6 inches long. I continued to stroke it as Jean continued to struggle and gurgle in the shallow liquid around her head.

Once it was 8 inches long, my dick felt like it finally had some rigidity to it. I stopped stroking and felt around for Jean’s pussy again. Once I found it, I put my middle finger inside to sorta guide my cock in. It was *probably* unnecessary, but I wanted to be sure to avoid any embarrassing misses again.

Jean thrashed about for a minute, so once she stopped I let her up for air, which she gulped down in long, greedy gasps before nearly coughing up a lung.

“Don’t... please, Amy... don’t... I’ll always... don’t... you don’t... not like this... please...”

I pressed my swelling member up against her slit and my hand.

“Amy!” Jean sobbed. “PLEASE! Not like this! Please, not like this! I’ll love you forever, but not-”

I shoved her head back under the suds at the same time as I shoved myself inside of her.

It felt so good!

Jean screamed, making a wet, muffled sound.

My dick was in heaven! Her ass had been *tight*, but this... this was *inviting*. Oh, don’t get me wrong. It was tight as *hell*, but it was also slick and slippery, and my dick slid in deeper than it had into her ass all in one thrust. Quickly at first, but it slid in the rest of the way without me having to even move.

I just laid there, 5 glorious inches of my dick lodged inside Jean’s cunt.

I was in heaven, and my dick wasn’t even all the way hard yet.

I pulled back an inch, and then slid forwards two.

Jean gurgled some more, but I ignored her and pressed harder against her snatch with my meat. I slid in a *tiny* bit more but then stopped, so I pulled back some, maybe an inch or so again, and then *shoved* myself forwards. I again slid in probably two inches.

I let Jean up for another gasp or two of air before continuing to hammer my peg into her hole.

Once I was maybe 8 inches inside of her, and now fully erect, I felt my dick encounter resistance. I pressed forwards, and Jean thrashed about. I kept pumping back and forth and back and forth, pressing up against her insides. It was really starting to feel good.

Unfortunately, I just only just cum a minute ago, and had cum *again* not too long before that. So... my balls were not exactly bursting with cum.

But I *needed* to cum. I *had* to. I had to fill Jean's tight little belly with my seed. I had to plant my seed deep inside of her. And then with the power of the necklace, she'd be mine. All mine. Forever and ever.

I slammed my dick in and out of her tight little snatch. I could feel the tip of my dick pressing into the floor through her stomach. But it wasn't enough. It wasn't! I had to go *deeper!* I had to go deeper into her cunt until I came!

I shifted position, getting my calves on either side of Jean's ass so I was basically sitting upright over her bottom. As I had moved, my hips came upwards. Jean also took the opportunity to take another breath and to continue to beg and plead for me to stop.

"Amy, stop this! It hurts! You're pounding against my *cervix*, Amy! You're too deep, Amy! Please pull out! You're going to ruin me! I'll never be able to take a normal dick again, Amy! Please! Stop this! Don't rape me like this! This is rape, Amy! Don't you understand? Stop this madness! I'll love you! I promise I will! Just don't rape me like this! My body can't *take it!* You're going to *break* me, Amy!"

"It's OK, Jean. You won't *need* any other dicks after mine. It'll be just you and me, forever..."

I sat down, my weight *smashing* my dick into and then *through* Jean's cervix.

Jean screamed and then collapsed in the goop we were sloshing in.

Holy *shit* that was a tight squeeze! My shaft was getting squeezed by her tight but slippery vagina, and then my *head* was getting squeezed by her even *tighter* womb.

I pulled back, and Jean gurgled. I thrust forwards again, and Jean gasped for breath as she frantically tried to raise her head above water. I got a good motion going my lifting and lowering myself on top of Jean's supple ass.

"Oh, fuck, Amy! Oh, fuck! Am- Amy! God! Fuck! Stop! Amy! Plea- fucking! Please! Shit! Stop! Fuck! Fuck! Amy! Amy! Oh! Oh! Fuck! Amy! Fuck!"

With every thrust, Jean spoke a word. Every thrust coaxed a sound from her lips. And with every thrust, those sounds became more and more pleasure-filled.

"Fuck! Amy! God! Fuck! Oh! Fuck! Fuck! Fucking! Shit! God! Damn! Amy! Fuck! Fuck! Hmmng! Hnnng! Mmmh! Mmmh! Fuck! *Yes!* Oh-fuck! Shit! Damn! *Yes!* Oh-fuck! God! Please! Fuck! Me! Fuck! Me! Fuck! Me! Fucking! Harder! Ahahaha! Yes! Fuck! HARDER! Fuck! Me! Amy! Fuck! Me! Harder! Oh! FUCK!"

My dick was rubbing through her tight stomach on the floor beneath us.

My huge balls were slapping behind us, between her legs.

There was a tightness in them now, a desperation.

I was almost ready to cum.

I was almost there.

I only needed a little bit more.

I dropped down on top of Jean, making her gasp in pleasure as she was dunked back into the sea of old splodge around us.

I groped her titties through her shirt and bra, squeezing and grabbing them.

I ran my hands down her belly where I could *feel* my giant dick poking out of her otherwise tight belly.

I was *ruining* her tight little cunt.

I was *destroying* her insides.

She would never be the same again.

But she would be *mine*, dammit!

I pounded her belly again and again, feeling my own cock press into my hands through her abs.

I slid my hands up and under her borrowed shirt go grope her chest some more.

I was so close.

So close!

But my empty nuts just wouldn't cum!

We fucked like that for I don't even know how long.

It felt like hours.

My colossal prick buried 10 to 12 inches into her twat.

Pulling back, nearly turning her inside-out as I pulled 4 to 6 inches of meat out of her packed little hole.

Slamming back inside and stretching her virgin womb into nothing more than a cocksleve for my giant prick.

Oh, Jean wasn't a virgin. If she had been, I probably would have killed her by now. But I knew with a *certainty* that no boy had ever gotten *this* deep inside of her.

I was the first to penetrate her cervix. I was the first to fuck her womb. She was mine. My prize. My reward. My conquest.

MINE.

"Holy! Fuck! Amy! Amy! Fuck! Amy! Fuck! Yes! Amy! Fuck! Amy! Amy! I love you! Fuck! Amy! Amy! I-uhf! I love yoooh! I love! You! Fuck! Me! Harder! Deeper! Fuck! Fuck! Yes! God! Yes! Jesus! Mohamed! Buddha! Vishnu! God! *FUCKING!* Yes! Split me in half, Amy! Split me in half with your giant *fucking* dick!"

Her shouts of pleasure at my ministrations were really turning me on. Like a lot. A *lot* a lot. My balls were *straining*, trying to make a load of cum to blast her insides with. I could feel them trying. I was close. So fucking close.

I had to be ready. I had to be ready. Ready to blow my load and flip the necklace over my wrist.

I looked at the necklace.

It was already flipped over my wrist.

I froze in shock.

*When- when had that happened?*

It wasn't *completely* over my wrist, by one loop was flipped up and over my arm. Enough that I would definitely count as wearing it, albeit loosely.

"Amy... don't stop, Amy... please, Amy... I was so close... Amy... please... please keep fucking my pussy.... Please, Amy? Please keep pounding me with your huge dick. Please! You know I can't get off without your monster inside of me, Amy. Please? Please, let me cum, Amy?"

Holy shit. It had already worked. She was mine.

Mine. Mine. Mine.

Mine forever.

She was bucking her hips upwards into my own, trying to impale herself further on my monster dick.

She was mine now.

Forever.

She was *addicted* to my dick, and couldn't cum without it.

How did I get to be so lucky?

I *thrust* my hips forwards, jerking and spasming in a final, desperate thrust. The thrust to end all thrusts. I strained probably 12 inches of my cock inside of her. Maybe. I don't really know. It wasn't all of it, but I was *sure fucking trying*.

I *flipped* us over, splashing down into the sudsy cum and lifting Jean up above me. I held her aloft by the arms and her cunt. I wrapped my legs up around hers. I twisted my legs around hers and *squeezed* like I was a boa constrictor. I hugged her torso, my right hand groping her left tit and pinching her nipple. My left hand found my dick tip pressed up into her tummy, between her belly button and the bottom of her rib cage. As I pumped my hips backwards and forwards with spasming thrusts, I rubbed my hand frantically up and down on her belly.

I was rubbing the tip of my dick *through her skin, abs, and womb*.

I had my best friend nearly bisected by my dick.

And she was mine.

Forever and ever.

My pregnant girlfriend forever.

That was when I lost it. Right there. *That thought* pushed me over the edge, and I shouted in pleasure as my nearly empty-balls forced out another load. The thought of filling her with cum *made it so* as my nuts constricted, my scrotum pulling my nuts up to my body. My dick *pulsed* with every heartbeat and I began to pump wad after wad of my hot, sticky baby batter up and inside of her womb.

I pumped and pumped as Jean screamed in ecstasy and convulsed in my arms.

I let the necklace fall the rest of the way down over my wrist.

I looked over her shoulder, and I could *see* her belly bulging. She looked like she was three months pregnant! And then another load was blasted into her womb, and she ballooned to four months pregnant! She deflated a little bit... about back down to three-month-levels before another load was blasted inside of her.

I realized then that her overfilled womb was simply squirting my cum back out as fast as I was pumping it into her.

That just wouldn't do.

I flipped us back over, shoving her beautiful, post-orgasmic face back into the goo below us. I got up on top of her and pushed her over to the tiled area in front of the front door using my still squirting dick. Uncoordinated and desperate, I sloshed around *a lot*. We were both completely coated in suds again by the time we got there.

I hefted her up onto the tile and pressed her forwards, scattering the soap bottles and mop bucket.

I grabbed her right leg and lifted it into the air over me. I grabbed hold of her leg like a fireman grabs a pole and smashed my dick into her cunt as hard as I could.

Jean made incoherent gurgling noises, but I didn't pay them any mind since I knew she could breathe now.

I still couldn't bottom out.

I had only a few inches left, but Jean just couldn't take them.

I alternated between jack-hammering her cum-filled cunt and just holding on tight as my balls drained into her.

At long *long* last, my nuts were empty. Totally empty. And Jean's belly was totally full. Full of my cum. Fully of my babies.

I collapsed in front of her on the tile, panting heavily.

I stared lovingly at her sleek face, sticky with soap, milk, and old cum, and plastered with her auburn hair.

I reached forwards and lifted the hair away from her face.

She opened her tired, bloodshot eyes and met my gaze.

"Oh, Jean..." I cooed. "I love you so, so much."

"I know, Amy. I love you, too."

We both smiled big, happy, tired smiles at eachother.

I spared a glance down, and looked at Jean's belly. It looked like she was four or five months pregnant at least. Her tummy was so round and supple. And that was all cum. My cum.

My dick was still buried in her babymaker, and although it was no longer in as deep as it had been, it was still doing a good job of plugging her up.

I looked back up and met Jean's eyes again.

"So," I said, smiling a wry smile. "Do you think you're pregnant?"

"Oh, God, I fucking hope so..." Jean said, smiling wistfully.

My heart melted.

I leaned forwards until our foreheads met.

"I hope so, too, Jean. I hope so too."

I kissed her.

She kissed me back.

Everything was right with the world.

My dick was slowly softening and was about to pop out of her, which would unleash the pressurized contents of her womanhood.

But I didn't care. It would all work out. We had eachother. And, hopefully, in 9 months we'd have a baby to call our own.

We wrapped our arms around eachother in a tender and passionate embrace.

"I love you, Jean." I said, in between passionate kisses.

"I love you, too, Amy."

This was the perfect moment.

Our hot bodies pressed together, tenderly exploring eachother's mouths with our tongues as we breathed in eachother's breath and breathed out endless affirmations of our love.

Our arms hugged eachother's backs, rubbing up and down eachother's spines. Our breasts and bellies pressed together.

It was perfect.

We were perfect.

Forever.

And ever.

My Jean.

Mine forever.

A key turned in the lock of the door.

My eyes snapped open in panic.

The door swung open.

“Amy? Why are all the lights out, honey?” my mom asked.

My dick popped out of Jean’s cunt and a spray of cum gushed out of her snatch and poured onto the living room floor.

“Amy? Is that you on the floor?” my dad asked.

“I can’t see anything, Arnold,” my mom grouched.

Jean, also panicking as she came to and realized what was happening rolled over onto her back and got her arms behind herself in preparation to stand up.

“Here, honey,” Dad said, and turned on the flashlight on his phone, shining it in our faces.

“What in the *WORLD?*” my mother exclaimed, looking down at our naked or mostly-naked cum-covered bodies as we squinted up into the bright light.

I did the only thing I could think of. I held up my left arm with the bracelet on it up towards them and hoped to *hell* and back that it would work.

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Please direct your fan/hatemail to sex hammer 40k at pm dot me and include the keyword “either\_or” in the subject line so I can easily tell what you’re taking about. (No quotes, yes underscore.)

Want to know what happens next? Drop me a line with some encouragement to keep writing! Remember, authors live on three things: coffee, bagels, and the praises of the people!



Ciao!

 sexhammer40k

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