

# Wish Upon a Star

The Light Fantastic

# Contents

1	The First Night: A Falling Star . . . . .	1
2	The Second Day: A Medical Emergency . . . . .	9
3	The Second Day: Discovery . . . . .	25
4	The Second Night: Exposure . . . . .	37
5	The Third Day: Where To? . . . . .	59
6	The Third Night: An Unusual Club Scene . . . . .	67
7	The Third Night: Visitation . . . . .	79
8	Afterwards . . . . .	83

# Chapter 1

## The First Night: A Falling Star

The flyer unfurled. It was done in a vintage advertising style, smiling children underneath an impossibly bright starry sky, looking in wonder at a trailing comet blazing across the sky. Sarah looked at her friend confusedly.

“A meteor shower? Seriously? You’re excited about this?”

“Not just a meteor shower, dummy! The Hans-Kopfheldt Shower! It literally only appears once every three hundred and twenty years.”

Melanie pushed her glasses back on her face as she said this, her excitement plain.

“We’ll be witnesses to an event that has only happened twenty times in the span of recorded human history!”

Sarah sighed, her friend holding an expression for all the world similar to a child outside a water park.

“But do I really have to go? I mean, is watching rocks really a two-person thing?”

Her face fell. “Well, no, I guess not, but...I mean, it’ll be cold that late, and lonely, and I just thought it’d be fun...”

Sarah sighed again. “Fine.”

The dark-haired Melanie’s eyes lit up behind her glasses.

“Yay! You’ll have fun, I promise! Meet me at the reserve at midnight. The shower’s supposed to be at one, so we’ll have plenty of time to make sure everything’s set up!”

Melanie twirled around and practically skipped off to her next class. It was funny, really. You’d never normally hear a peep out of the girl until something like this happened.

It could be meteor shower, a titration competition, a demonstration of x-ray tubes, it didn’t matter. It was simply always something irredeemably geeky at which Sarah really didn’t want to be seen. But Melanie would get sad, her eyes would turn down, she’d lose all that pep and energy and Sarah just really couldn’t say no.

“At least there won’t be anyone else around at this thing.”



Sarah mused on the odd set of circumstances that brought her together as fast friends with the college’s geekiest girl, while Melanie set up her telescope. Melanie wasn’t hard to get along with by any means, but she had a vague, disconnected manner which turned people off trying to talk to her.

She wasn't so much antisocial as she was distracted, but when Sarah tired of cattiness and infighting she found Melanie to be calm and pleasant company, completely oblivious to cliquey politics, and it was refreshing and freeing, when it wasn't forcing you out into damp fields at twelve-thirty in the morning to look at stars.

Sarah shivered. It occurred to her, far too late, that a pencil skirt, striped stockings and a small denim jacket might not be the best outfit for late night astronomical shenanigans.

"Melanie, when's this shower supposed to happen? I'm freezing!"

The girl didn't even look up from the telescope. She wasn't shivering, though - she'd had the foresight to bring a hoodie.

"Soon! The observatory said it was actually going to happen a little sooner than we thought. We should be seeing the first ones any second now."

Sarah stomped her feet into the soft grass to try and warm up, her breath crystallising in the night air.

"Well when it does I hope one crashes right next to us so I can warm up a little!"

Melanie held up a hand, shushing her. She looked up, and saw a bright streak across the sky.

"There's one! The first HK meteor!"

She was practically vibrating with excitement, whipping her camera out from around her neck and starting to frantically take pictures.

"Mel, that won't help, there's not enough light around here to-"

Sarah stopped as suddenly the field brightened up as meteors streaked across the sky. Melanie was laughing, actually laughing, as she watched.

"This is amazing! Absolutely amazing!"

The two watched as the shower painted its picture across the sky. The light started to die down, when suddenly, there was a brilliant flash. This light was not golden and red like the other meteors; a vibrant blue meteor streaked across the sky, closer than any of the others had been. As the girls watched, it split apart into three chunks. Two diverted away, one of them headed. . .

"Straight for us! Mel, RUN!"

The two girls sprinted away, being thrown clear as the chunk of meteor impacted a mere score of metres from where they were standing, sending up chunks of dirt and rock into the sky.

Sarah stirred, picking herself up from the ground.

"Mel. . . Mel? Are you okay? MEL?!"

Her shout was answered, but Sarah couldn't hear what she was saying. She made her way in the direction of the shout, and found Mel standing at the lip of the hole in the ground the meteor had left. Rather than simply embed into the ground, the meteor had cracked its way into a natural cave below the field. Her friend was standing transfixed.

"An. . . an actual meteor. . . Sarah! We could look at an actual meteor!"

Sarah picked her way over the rubble to her friend.

"Are you nuts! That hole could collapse right on top of you!"

"Oh don't be so paranoid! It'll be awesome!"

The geeky girl began to clamber her way into the whole, her skinny body picking its way with surprising nimbleness. Sarah swore and began to chase after her.

"It shouldn't be too much further down here. . . Look!"

The two girls looked up. A blue glow was emanating from around a rocky outcrop that had been thrown up by the impact. Sarah tried to dust the dirt and grime from the cave off her clothes. It smelled of tilled earth and a strange hot scent.

"It's glowing? Mel, I really don't think this is a good idea. It could be uranium or something!"

The girl gave a derisive snort.

"Uranium only glows like that when it's underwater. Come on!"

Around the corner, the tunnel widened into a small cavern, about the size of an average bedroom. At the very end of the cavern down in a small pool of water sat a chunk of rock, the size of a tennis ball, glowing a scintillating azure.

It was achingly beautiful and, to Sarah, more than slightly eerie. Melanie, however, walked straight to the rock, camera at the ready. The click of the shutter saved picture after picture as she edged closer and closer to the pool.

"Mel, I really don't think this a good idea... Mel... Mel WATCH OUT!"

Sarah's cry was too late as Mel, her eyes fixed through the viewfinder of her camera, pitched straight off the side into the pool. Fortunately, it was not too deep, and she was able to spin around, holding her camera up in the air and out of the lapping water. The water was crystal clear, illuminated with the refracted light of the glowing stone.

Sarah immediately pitched forward, grabbing her friend's hand and pulling her from the pool. She came out dripping and coughing, keeping the camera at arm's length so as to not get it wet.

"Have you seen enough now?! Seriously, leave this thing here and let's GO."

Melanie looked downcast and shivered.

"I'm sorry, it was just..."

"No more. We've seen enough. I'm going home."

She stalked madly out of the cave, leaving Melanie shivering at the edge of the pool.



Two more chunks of the meteor, flaring blue, streaked their separate ways. One sent up a torrent of clay and dirt in the backyard of a small house at the edge of the suburbs.

The newlyweds who had just bought the house streaked outside, very fortunate that the chunk was so small and had lost so much speed and only tore up half of their yard.

Her husband had wanted to leave it till the next afternoon but his wife would hear nothing of it, and she dug it out of the hole it had made. Originally planning to throw it away, the interesting shape and beautiful glow prompted her to place it in their closet.

The last chunk, however, was the smallest, a dime-sized speck of glowing rock that didn't hit dirt or clay or rock. What it hit was a girl, sitting on the roof of her parent's house watching the shower, who slumped and tumbled off the slate to the ground below.



Sarah angrily swept into her dorm room. The walk back from the reserve hadn't helped her mood. She was tired, she was sweaty, and her clothes were filthy. Contrary to how she'd felt before, she now felt hot and sticky, most likely because of the walk.

"Goddamn Melanie and her stupid shit... Nearly got us killed..."

She divested herself of her jacket, throwing it over the back of her computer chair. Her skirt soon followed, sliding over her stockings and joining the jacket. She stopped for a second, swaying slightly. She felt woozy, all of a sudden, and the hot feeling was only getting worse. Her stomach began to grumble as a sick feeling welled up in its pit.

Sarah felt as though she was going to throw up. Before she could even start moving to the bathroom, however, a pain shot straight through her stomach and...her groin? She panted as the hot feeling rose to a buzzing and prickling across her skin.

“What’s... Uh?”

Her nipples stood straight out underneath her shirt. The feeling had made them grow achingly hard, pressing into her bra. She touched one and nearly jumped as it buzzed sensation angrily at her. Another wave of nausea hit her.

Sweat dripped from her face as the prickling feeling spread across her whole body. Her t-shirt was sticking to her body. Running her hands through her hair, she realised her scalp was tingling as well, her short brunette pixie cut beginning to fall out of style and creep down her head. Her, long oversensitive nipples dragged back and forth against the fabric of her shirt, making her moan.

Sarah staggered back and fell onto her bed, her shoulder-length hair fanning out around her head, growing bigger and thicker as well as longer by the second. Her breasts shook as she arched her back, swollen up, the sensitivity almost unbearable.

Suddenly, Sarah screamed. The tingling between her legs, which had until now been a mere annoyance compared to what else was happening to her body, suddenly turned into a white hot lance of pain as her clitoris instantly seemed to double in size. She picked her head up to peer over her tits and saw the bulge start to work its way up against her tights, the pain crippling as it throbbed and pulsed and grew.

She could only watch, horrified, as it grew straight up, thickening as it went, tenting her tights that even now were beginning to press down painfully on them. There was a sudden slash of pain and a feeling of pressure, and she felt the whole swollen mass throb. It lurched, shredding straight through the tights, greeting her panicked eyes with what was unmistakably a twitching seven-inch penis.

“No. No, no no nooo no this is... No, this is... A dream, some fucked up dream, I’m stressed out and overtired and AHH!”

She crunched up in the bed as it pulsed again and was greeted with the immense organ pointing right at her face as it grew out. She closed her eyes, shaking as she tried to ride out the pain.



Melanie made her way to her room after arriving back home. The house where she rented a room was a lot closer than Sarah’s dorm and her clothes were still damp from her brief swim in the underground pool.

Despite the clinging wetness, she felt pleasantly warm. She stretched out on her bed, not even minding her wet clothes, and gave an appreciative “mmm” as the warmth welled up in her body. She wasn’t sure what was happening, but even over her shame at her friend’s anger she felt amazingly good.

Her body felt electric, and she giggled lightly as she realised she was nipping out against her shirt. Her breasts barely even counted as modest, but right now they were doing their best to make themselves known. She laid back and giggled again. Melanie couldn’t even remember a time when she’d felt this good.

Her nipples pulsed, aching to be touched, and she obliged, rubbing her hands over them through the cold fabric of her shirt. She gave them a pinch and bucked lightly with the sensation.

Her chest felt like it was running on overdrive, burning up under the chilly shirt covering it. She lightly tugged and pinched at her nipples, squirming and moaning as they pushed pleasurable sensations right down to her soaking pussy.

Melanie pulled her hands against her chest and gasped as she realised her hands were encountering resistance. She had boobs! She scrambled up into her ensuite bathroom to look at herself in the mirror. They were there, unmistakable, a real, actual pair of breasts, and not only that, but they felt amazing.

She pulled her hands back against them again and shuddered as unfamiliar flesh squished between her fingers and her tight, hard nipples sank into the pillowy softness that expanded against her hands even as she explored it. They gained size and weight by the second, bloating out under her shirt and growing hotter and more sensitive as she kept rubbing them.

“This can’t be real... Oooh, it’s just... Impossible...”

She bit her lower lip lightly as she let them go, their full double D size still visibly swelling as they dropped down in her shirt, wobbling and bouncing. The aching need to be touched returned in full force almost as soon as she let them go, but she resisted, turning to the side to examine them as they ballooned out.

They practically throbbed with pressure and need, and now that she was denying herself the gorgeous sensation of touching them she became aware of how much the growth ached. Her tits had not even slowed down, let alone stopped, and they were beginning to fill the front of her shirt, already hanging to the top of her ribcage, her nipples starting to droop downwards from their weight.

Her straight black hair had begun to grow as well, and she looked in horror in the mirror. Her shirt was already starting to fray at the seams. Swollen nipples made tents in the tight fabric and even through the pain of the growth of her body the urge to touch them was overpowering.

Her hands sank into the pillowy flesh and began to rub and knead, her pussy twitching with each desperate squeeze. They far more than filled each hand now, the size of her head and still surging down and out. Gripping them close to her chest took some of the weight off. From the feel, her shirt was close to giving out; it wasn’t made to contain so much titflesh.

She staggered back into her room, trying desperately to minimise the bouncing of her out of control rack. She could barely see her feet beyond her breasts, her hair was trailing in a perfect straight black cascade well past her ass and she was impossibly, shatteringly horny.

She couldn’t stop touching her bloating boobs, and every touch brought a twitch and a rush of juice from her sopping pussy. As her shirt tore down the sides and released a cascade of tit down past her ribcage she reached up and under and began to tweak her nipples in utter desperation and need.



When the feelings of growth had finally subsided, Sarah uncurled and gingerly stretched her aching body. She was immediately aware of the pressure and weight of her erect cock.

The sensations of the massive organ rapidly flowed into her awareness. Her body seemed to be pumping into a direct line right to the pleasure centre of her brain, every inch of her skin and particularly her breasts and thick cock buzzing as she moved. The cock pulsed with the sensation, filling her with an unfamiliar but enjoyable feeling. Her pussy started to juice as it throbbed again, her nipples hardening against her shirt.

Sarah couldn't even remember feeling this horny. As she sat up, one hand went to her electrically pulsing nipple and began to fondle it through her shirt, the other reaching down to the pussy exposed by her ruined tights. However, where there was normally her clit to rub there was only the thick stem of the cock bobbing towards the ceiling.

Her hand brushed against it, the pad of her thumb rubbing into the base, and she suddenly bucked. Her hand pushed into the underside and began to rub in circles, falling back as the pleasure assaulted her.

Before too long, her right hand kneading her tit and the other pressing right into her cock caused an unbearable pressure to build, the organ flexing. Her whole body tightened as her muscles contracted, sending a wave of heat slowly and powerfully from the base right to the swollen head, her vision blurring as it began to cum.

Strands of cum fired from the pulsing eye, sending her catatonic with shock as the sticky liquid sprayed right across her room, splattering down her mirror and across her floor and bedsheets. Just as she came down from the sensation of shooting off, she fell back as it pulsed again, another load forcing its way out of the head of her cock and straight up to the ceiling. Spunk dripped down in a thick trail as she nearly howled, spraying cum again, her muscles still locked and tight.

The cock burned and ached with the pressure and pleasure of shooting off as she released load after load until it finally petered out, dripping cum down the slowly softening length. Sarah panted, slick with sweat, so drained she could barely move.

"What the fuck just happened. . ."

She turned over, grimacing as she rolled into a puddle of cum. There was spunk all over her room, collecting in sticky puddles and dripping down her mirror and ceiling.

"Oh fuck, no, no way. This has to be a dream, this is goddamn disgusting."

She absent-mindedly scraped a layer of cum off of her stomach. Looking up at the devastation of her room, she barely even noticed as she brought a hand to her mouth. It took the taste of cum on her tongue to bring her around, flinging it off of her hand with a shouted "Ew!"

She shook her head. She needed to clean up. Even in a dream, she couldn't stand seeing her room like this. Her bedsheets and clothes went into a bag for the wash, her tights in the trash. Moving about the room was bizarre, constantly aware of the bobbing of the flaccid dick between her legs.

Even flaccid the cock was a good three inches long. Her hair spread out from her head almost as wide as her shoulders, falling in unruly waves to the top of her ass.

She just wanted the dream to end. She felt trapped in her own body, trapped by the feelings eating away at the edge of her mind with every movement. Her tits were so sensitive that the normal bounce and jiggle of just moving around kept her on edge.

A mere ten minutes of this stimulation made her new addition began to pulse and throb again, gradually starting to swell and thicken as Sarah tried to keep cleaning and making the urge to touch it nearly unbearable. She gave up on getting any more cleaning done and quickly made her way back to her bed, starting to sob as she tried to shut the insistent pulsing out of her mind.



Donna Walters suddenly bolted upright in bed, her husband fast asleep and snoring next to her. An aching pain was spreading its way through her body. She slipped her way out of bed, wincing as she started to shuffle down to the kitchen in pyjamas and slippers to grab some painkillers.



The ache got worse as she grabbed a bottle of pills and a glass of water, like her whole body was being pulled on. She was barely able to take a pill before her muscles locked up, the feeling turning into a horrible tight stretching, like she was being racked. She rested her arms on the counter and tried to stretch out her back.

She felt sick, sore and flushed, and started to head back to bed to try and get some sleep, but staggered as her chest tightened, grabbing the counter to steady herself. A quick pause for breath made her realise the kitchen appeared to be slowly shifting. A breeze suddenly started playing around her ankles, despite her long pyjama pants that she often had to hitch up to avoid having them drag on the floor.

Looking down immediately told her why. The cuffs of her pants were no longer resting on the tops of her slippers, and had come a short way up her leg. Donna was not a tall woman, five-two and chubby with what would have been an attractive figure if not for her waist and stomach.

The ache flared for a moment, and she saw them rise up against her leg a little further. A quick check of her sleeve cuffs showed the same thing ? it was now further up her arm.

“What in the world is going on?”

She tried to move away again, but if anything her body felt even tighter. She could only stare in shock as she watched her arms and legs slowly grow out of her clothes.

Her slippers started to pinch her feet and the bottom of her shirt slowly crept up her midriff. She wasn't just growing up, either; the heat had spread to her chest and hips, her breasts starting to swell even faster than her body was growing even as her stomach began to flatten and taper in at the waist. Her neck-length blond hair crept down her back and she could feel every crack and pop as her body reshaped itself.

By now the pain of the tightness had plateaued, and Donna instead was revelling in the feeling of growth. It was the most amazing feeling she'd ever experienced, the sheer unbridled orgasmic power of the growth. She almost laughed as her tits swelled up in her too-small top, her pant leg barely reaching midway down her calf.

Her stomach was clearly visible from the effect of the new length of her torso and of her breasts holding up her top, and for once in her life she didn't feel ashamed of it. She felt sexy, and it made her horny.

The tightness faded away as the growth stopped. She was nearly eye level with the tops of her cabinets, and could see over the fridge. She guessed that she had to be at least seven feet tall now. Her top struggled to contain breasts that proportionally were only somewhat big for her frame, but as an absolute were bowling-ball sized quivering masses that made her feel utterly feminine. She was still soft, her stomach still showing some curve, but it was a trim curviness that she adored.

Finishing her inspection, she made a bee-line for the bedroom. It amazed her how close her head was to the ceiling, and she even had to stoop slightly for one of the doors. Her pants barely stretched over her ass and thighs, looking more like capris than warm pyjamas as they reached only to the knee.

Brad, her husband, was still asleep when the newly-minted seven foot Amazon entered the room. She never normally liked to beg much of him in the bedroom, but right now he was going to wake up and bring her to a screaming cum.



## Chapter 2

# The Second Day: A Medical Emergency

The morning hours crept on. Melanie had passed out, hands resting on her super-sensitive tits as she lay back against the headboard of the bed, completely cummed out. Donna curled up with her shocked, sore husband. Sarah's eyes bolted open.

It felt as though her muscles were trying to tear themselves apart. The dreaded cock was still there, which meant either she was still dreaming, or...

It flexed again, hard. It was the pain of the last throb which had woken her, an ache and pressure like she wouldn't have believed possible. She grit her teeth and tried to sit up, fighting against the tension on her abdominals.

Already fit to burst, even just the friction and movement built up tension in her stomach, the growing sensation on the eye telling her almost instinctively what was coming. The first shot that fired nearly paralysed her with pain, and cum absolutely fountained from the eye. It was like the penis was bursting, burning as it shot into the air. Her muscles spasmed and the tip flared white hot as loads of cum forced their way past it like a knife.

It hit her in the face, splattering across and dripping down across her chest. Screaming, she fell back twitching and arching, the huge cock firing arc after messy arc of pearly cum into the air, across her body and the fresh sheets.

It took even longer for the orgasm to subside this time, and by the time it had finished she was nearly comatose, lying in a pool of cum.

Her hair was soaking in the stuff, and she could taste it and smell it all over her face. She again failed to notice the way her hands were trailing through the spunk on her chest. An involuntary shiver went through her as her fingers brushed across her nipples, trailing ropy strings of the thick cum.

Sarah had no idea what was going on. Trapped in a nightmare from which she couldn't escape in a freakish mutant body that was still twitching and aching with pain. Her nipples stuck straight out as she dragged her fingers across them. She forced herself to stop, throwing her hands to her sides.

She had to find out what was going on. Rolling through the puddle on the bed made her wince as her tender cock dragged through it.

Completely stripped of the notion that she was dreaming, Sarah started to try and get used

to walking around in her new body. Her nipples buzzed with even the smallest movement. She managed to minimise the bouncing by walking very slowly and carefully to her nightstand.

She grabbed her phone and started sending a message to the only number she trusted enough to tell...



Melanie's phone suddenly buzzed with her message tone, pulling her out of her doze. She jumped, tumbling to the floor and gasping as her nipples dragged across the carpet.

Her phone showed a new message, but she couldn't reach it from the floor. Getting up, however, proved to be complicated. Her new breasts were astoundingly heavy, each one hanging down to her navel.

She dragged her knees underneath her and rocked back, using her legs to lift her back up, finally managing to hold them in her arms long enough to stand up. The weight was even more immense standing and the slightest jolt set them to wobbling and bouncing, slapping off of each other with fleshy noises and making her pussy twitch.

Trying to gather them up with one hand and reaching for her phone with the other, she collapsed back onto the bed, ripples travelling through her bloated tits as they bounced.

*need 2 tlk 2 u badly cm ova whn u can.*

It was from Sarah. Melanie looked down at her breasts. They were so big she couldn't see her feet when she stood up, so round and full they would be easily visible from behind her. There was no way she could go out like this. Her fingers began to move as the other hand worked away at her nipple, making her twitch and moan lightly.

*I can't, you'll need to come here.*

She put the phone down on the bed and leaned back, both hands free to play with her nipples. They felt stiff and rubbery at the same time, and even the merest of brushes made her pussy twitch. She pushed them down into her breasts and marvelled at how far her hands sank into the pillowy flesh, squeezing and kneading and tweaking.

She couldn't have stopped if she wanted to, and she definitely did not want to. Her phone buzzed, but she ignored it in favour of sinking down further on her bed and losing herself in the sensations from her tits.

Sarah sighed, sending off her message.

*ok c u l8r.*

Why the hell couldn't she come out? Sarah couldn't see any way she could manage to get out like this, but she really needed to talk to Melanie.

She could barely think over the urge to play with herself.

*I guess before anything else I should clean myself up.*

Working out how to get to Melanie's house like this could wait until she could think about more than her new oversexed body. She slowly, carefully inched to her closet to grab a towel, but even the small amount of bounce she wasn't able to prevent was taking its toll.

Fortunately this early in the morning there was nobody else around as she made her way to the showers. Her nipples jutted straight out atop her tender breasts.

She tried to avoid looking at the penis sprouting from between her legs; it made her sick to even consider. It was insistently throbbing into her view, however, over half a foot in length and as thick as a deli salami. She quickly averted her eyes and moved under the hot water.

The effect was electric. Her body began to buzz all over, and her cock lurched almost painfully. She tried to steel herself and fight through it, grabbing the soap, but realised with a sinking feeling that she was going to have to touch herself to wash anyway.

As well as unpleasant, her new addition made showering physically awkward. More than once she jumped as the hot head pushed against the cold wall of the shower, sending a flex right down the shaft. It bobbed and twitched and swayed as she tried to reach around her body.

Even just touching them her tits made her knees buckle. She took a deep breath, soaped up her hands and just went for it.

It was like white fire exploded behind her eyes as she began to soap them up. Her legs shook, bobbing her cock up and down in the hot spray as she grabbed soapy tit. After only a few seconds of washing she couldn't bear it any longer, and wrapped her hand around the shaft and began to stroke as she let her boobs rinse off under the jet.

She fell back against the wall of the shower screaming as she came, the torrent of cum that burst from the aching tip splattering across the tile. The small amount of time between her orgasms didn't seem to affect the amount she came at all.

Sarah quivered and bucked and let her load loose all across the wall, a spectacular eight-rope cum with enough volume to fill half a drinking glass that would have been the envy of any man, but instead left her feeling drained and depressed, shaking in the rising steam.

It felt absolutely amazing to cum, but the sinking feeling of the desperation with which she was bringing herself off cut through the sensation like a knife. She wasn't doing it because it felt good, that was only a side-effect. She was doing it because she had to.

Before she could become horny again she quickly began to wash the mutant organ. It was thick and well-formed, and had it been attached to a man in her bed she would have counted herself amazingly lucky. Instead it practically made her sick to even think about, which only made how good it made her feel even worse. She simply gave it a quick scrub-down, unwilling to touch it any more than she had to.

By the time she'd finished showering and stepped out, the rush of cold air onto her body made her shiver, and her swollen nipples stand straight out. Attempting to gingerly dry one started to make her shake again. This was going to be a long morning...



Two hours and as many more orgasms later, Sarah finally stepped out of her dorm. Dressing to even poke her head out had been a major ordeal.

Skirts were right out from the get-go, and unfortunately most of her pants ran to the tight side. She managed to find an old pair of sweats that, while utterly unstylish, were at least baggy enough to hide what needed to be hidden.

She'd used a belt to tie the cock down to her leg, a precaution her experience with the tights told her was probably prudent. The sensation of it rubbing against her thigh was something she'd just have to try and tolerate. An old sports bra lessened the sensation on her nipples. The outfit saddened her but was necessary.

A short session with a hairbrush told her taming her mane was out of the question, and she'd simply grabbed a pair of scissors and roughly hacked it off to the neck. Unfortunately it had other ideas and was already slowly creeping back down, halfway down her back by now and possibly even thicker and wilder than before, fanning out as wide as her shoulders.

She felt hideously conspicuous as she walked through the town, like everyone was staring at her. There were other problems as well, ones she hadn't anticipated. She'd always been somewhat of a watcher of men, but now it seemed to be turned up to an amazing degree, men and women.

She'd never even entertained the thought of being a lesbian, but the sight of a jogging woman's hips swaying in her workout pants left her jaw slack. Bumping into a particularly busty redhead at a street corner made her cock flex against the belt.

By the time she got to Melanie's house, it was completely hard, the belt cutting into her leg as it flexed and pulsed. She was sweating and shaking, beads of moisture making their way down her forehead, her soft arms, collecting around her boobs. Mercifully, no cars were in the driveway.



Melanie jerked out of an afterglow-induced haze as she heard the thumping at the door. Her hands were still working away at her nipples, even as she dozed, leaving them red and swollen and still pulsing pleasure right to her pussy.

"Just a . . . uhn . . . J-j-juuust a minute!"

She forced herself to let go. It only now occurred to her that there was no way she was going to be able to answer the door; the time she'd planned to spend finding something to cover her immense rack had instead been spent alternately playing with her boobs, cumming and sleeping.

Gritting her teeth as her nipples ached to be touched, she clambered out of bed. Her tits had not gotten any less heavy, and in order to get up she found it easiest to turn over on the bed, slide down to the floor dragging them to the edge, and lifting herself up with her legs as her hands pulled them close to her chest.

She stumbled and swayed a little, but managed to stay upright. Her hands started to knead and rub again as she pondered how to make herself decent.

With an effort of will she pulled them away again, and grabbed the sheet from the bed, quickly throwing it around herself and tying it off to form a makeshift toga. Her tits leapt and bounded, their sheer weight carrying them with inexorable momentum from the slightest movement of her frame, but it would have to do.

The effects of the gigantic mounds on her balance were far greater than she'd first realised. She bumped one into her doorknob, recoiling to the side, stumbling and falling against the banister on the landing outside her door.

She hoisted herself up and slowly moved to the top of the stairs. Unfortunately, she couldn't see past her bloated breasts to see where her feet were going, and kept a steady hand on the handrail and inched her way down, managing to reach the door without falling over. She took a deep breath and opened the door.

"About goddamned time, Mel, I- AAAAH!"

Melanie flushed. "I told you I couldn't come out."



The two girls sat in Melanie's bedroom, Sarah fidgeting uncomfortably, Melanie having given up fighting the urge not to touch herself.

"Mel, seriously, please, could you stop doing that?"

Melanie couldn't see, but watching her play with those unnatural breasts was having a significant effect on her cock, which was aching hard and straining with all its might against her restraint.

Melanie looked ashamed for a second, pulling her hands away. A moment's distraction led to them sneaking straight back. Sarah took deep breaths, trying to stay in control as her cock raged against its confines. Melanie had hardly been able to hide her changes, but Sarah's cock had remained hidden.

"I don't -mmh- know what's going on, Sarah. They just grew in last night and they're- aaah!- so big and heavy and feel so good and I just can't stop touching them!"

She punctuated this by sticking one hand down her pants and starting to rub as her other hand reached fever pitch on her nipple.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry -aaah mmh- but I'm so horny..."

Sarah grimaced, crossing her legs and shaking slightly. "I... I know..."

Her friend moaned, starting to buck on the bed. "Did something-ah-happen to you t-t-too?"

Sarah suddenly realised that her cock was flexing so hard it pushed the belt down her thigh, leaving nothing holding it down. Before she could adjust herself Melanie had looked down, clearly seeing the outline of her massive member against her sweats.

"... Sarah, is that what I think it is?"



The shock of seeing Sarah's magnificent cock divested of her sweats and belt was enough to make Melanie drop her hands from her breasts and stare. Sarah fidgeted with her hands behind her back and her face downcast as her friend openly gawked at her new addition.

"Sarah, it's..."

"Disgusting, I know. I feel like some sort of freak. I mean, you're sitting there staring at it and it makes me sick but all I can think about is, well..."

"Touching it?" Melanie gave her an odd look. "You want to touch it as bad as I want to touch my tits, huh?"

Sarah nodded, and saw Melanie lick her lips.

"Can I, instead?"

Sarah's eyes went wide as she reached out her hand and wrapped it around the shaft. Her small hand gave it a squeeze, probing the feel and texture of the engorged flesh.

"I don't know what's going on, but it's just... Magnificent..."

Her hand was unpractised but eager as it curled around just below the head and began to stroke. Sarah couldn't help but fall back on the bed as her best friend worked away at this monstrosity she'd been cursed with.

"I've always wondered what one of these would feel like... Does this feel good?" She felt the organ throb. "Ooh, wow, it twitched... This is so sexy..."

Her other hand went to her breast, starting to knead away at the bloated nipple. Sarah knew full well her friend had never done anything like this before, but the fervour with which she was tugging on the immense penis in her hand and pawing at her own breast was that of a sex-crazed slut, not shy retiring Melanie.

The skin of her cock tugged and slid back and forth, slowly and hesitantly at first but faster as Melanie became more and more turned on. Ripples of motion played across the surface of her outsized boobs as her arm pumped up and down the length of Sarah's cock.

The sight made completely unfamiliar feelings well up inside her, driven right from the twitching, throbbing meat in her friend's hands to the centre of her brain. She'd never even vaguely considered the idea of liking girls but right now she couldn't think of anything sexier but the petite girl with the enormous breasts and her unnatural organ in her hand.

The feeling was building again, the heat and the pressure that by now was a very clear signal of what was happening.

"M...Mel...Y-you need to stop...I'm..."

She either didn't hear or didn't care, but the hand kept gripping and tugging, her eyes transfixed on the swollen head, her chest rising and falling as much as it was able with her ragged breathing.

"Mel I'm...I'mmm-" Sarah's sentence was cut short as her eyes rolled in her head, her mouth going slack and her muscles twitching as her cock began to pump. Thick ropes of her cum sprayed out across her friend's room, the buildup from her walk unleashing itself in an unstoppable orgasm. She bucked and gasped until the ninth shot had finished, cum dribbling from the eye.

Melanie's eyes were completely wide open, and the hand that had been holding Sarah's massive tool was now buried deep between her legs. Her boobs bounced and jiggled as she worked away at herself.

*What the hell is happening to us?*



Donna stirred in her bed, stretching, feeling the delicious sensation of a night's sleep after being fucked utterly senseless. Feeling resistance as she moved her arms made the events of last night flooded back into her brain, and she sat upright.

Her breasts were enormous, barely contained within her nightshirt. Her feet were poking off of the end of their bed, sticking out of the covers. She was absolutely huge.

Her muscles felt tight and stretched out, but she swung her legs off the edge of the bed and heaved herself to her feet. Moving felt like more of an effort between her new weight and the tightness of her body but she didn't feel weak.

She stood in front of her full-length mirror, and laughed as she realised her head was above the very top of the glass. Huge hands cupped underneath her expansive rack, hefting it up and feeling the weight, feeling her fingers sink into the flesh.

The rush of heat and wetness to her pussy happened in tandem with a clatter from the kitchen. She dropped her breasts, allowing them to jiggle and slap against each other as they fell, and proceeded out of the room.

Her husband was standing at the stove, holding the handle of a sizzling pan. Donna hugged him from behind, her gigantic arms wrapping around him. He nearly jumped.

"M-morning honey! I was just making breakfast..."

She grinned, hugging him in tighter. Her breasts pressed into the back of his head, resting on his shoulders. The sensation of power flowed through her again, along with the arousal.

"I heard. I'd hoped you were making some more of that sausage I had last night..."

This sentence was punctuated by her huge hand trailing down to her husband's groin and cupping him. He gulped.

"Donna, don't you think we should go to the doctor?"



She continued pressing her breasts into the back of his head, feeling his penis start to rise in the boxer shorts in which he was cooking breakfast.

“Why, Brad? Are you sick?”

He shuddered slightly. “Baby, you... you can’t be serious? Look what happened to you!”

She kept rubbing, grinding against him and grinning. “I got sexy. I’m not a fat, ugly bitch anymore.”

Brad quickly began to realise his newly-transformed wife wasn’t listening to logic. He also began to realise that not only was the way she was holding him making him feel far too good, not only did he find her scarily sexy like this, but that he didn’t have a choice in the matter. His resolve faltering, he tried one last time.

“Honey... This can’t be healthy. Please, we really should go to the doctor.”

“I’ve got a better idea.”

Her left hand gripped his shoulder. He tugged feebly but her grip tightened, holding him in place. “We’re going to go back up to the room, and you are going to fuck me until I tell you to stop.”



No longer half-asleep, it was easier for Brad to appreciate how much his wife’s transformation changed sex for them. She allowed him to be on top first, the delicious mounds of her breasts quivering on her chest with every thrust. Her wide-spread legs allowed him effortless access to the huge, dripping slit of her womanhood, engulfing him with her thighs.

Despite how much smaller he was in comparison now, she bucked and moaned and screamed, the bed creaking under her seven-foot weight. As she came, she grabbed him by the head and shoved a bloated nipple into his mouth, smothering him with the bowling-ball bulk of her breast until she finally, mercifully fell back, gasping and panting.

Brad moved to pull out, but she grabbed him fiercely, still panting.

“You’re not... going... anywhere...”

She swung him around and down to the bed, straddling him. He was still hard, not having cum yet, and her vantage point on top of him just meant the muscles of her unnaturally enhanced pussy clamped even tighter down on him.

She held her breasts close to her chest as she began to grind up and down on him, hearing the bed creak ominously with each movement. Flesh bulged around her fingers and quivered.

Her hair was slick with sweat, blonde curls reaching to the middle of her back, and they too bounced as she began to ride him as slowly and unstopably as a glacier. His cock was on fire, her tightness clamping down on his impending orgasm until all it could do was feebly throb and try to shoot off.

It wasn’t long before his giant wife began to shake again, the bed groaning as she pushed down hard, ramming him to the hilt inside her. She fell forward on top of him, practically crushing him as he helplessly began to blow his load off inside her, cumming harder than he would have thought possible.

She rolled off him when he finished, laying back in a daze. Her massive chest heaved with effort as she caught her breath, sweat rolling down every inch of her body. Within a few moments, she was asleep again.

Brad gingerly rolled out of the bed when he was sure Donna had fallen asleep, and moved to the closet to grab some clothes. If Donna wouldn't go to the doctor, he was going to have to get the doctor to come to Donna.

He stared at the glowing blue rock he found sitting on the piles of shoes for a moment. He'd assumed Donna had thrown it out. Despite a night sitting in a closet, it felt warm to the touch when he picked it up and cast it aside to reach his shoes.

Finally dressed and downstairs, he fretfully flipped through the phonebook, eager to finish calling before Donna woke up and heard him. Their regular doctor didn't do house calls; he knew that much. He whiled away some time flipping through various ads for medical centres until he found an ad for "Dr. Sandeford."

It advertised house calls and discreet service for "embarrassing personal problems." He was sure he knew what it actually meant, but nevertheless it sounded appropriate.

He fidgeted in his chair as the phone rang. He felt odd and itchy.

"Sandeford Medical Centre, how can I help you?"

"Um, yes, hi. I'd like to make an appointment for a house call?"

"For what time would you like it to be booked, sir?" The receptionist on the other end of the line sounded quite attractive, a young, smooth voice with a faint hint of an accent.

"When do you have available? It's not an emergency but, umm, well, I'd really like someone to take a look at her soon."

He ran a hand along the inside of his collar.

"I'll put you through to the doctor and she can discuss it with you, sir."

He nodded, swallowing. The girl's voice was having a very pronounced effect on him, and he shifted in the seat, trying to rearrange himself. The next voice that picked up was very different, deeper and throatier, sultry and no less sexy.

"Good morning sir. What seems to be the problem?"

He stuttered and umm-ed his way through the description of what happened to his wife, trying to ignore the insistent throbbing against his jeans as the doctor occasionally mumbled to herself, taking notes.

"Okay, sir. Allow me to stop you there. I have good news; your wife's health is not in any danger."

Brad breathed a short sigh of relief.

"I would, however, like to check up on her anyway and run a few small tests. Keep her busy, ensure she doesn't leave the house, and I will see you at four o'clock."

Brad thanked the doctor as she hung up, and sat back. He was still itchy and hot, and sweating all over despite the mild weather.

His cock was straining against his jeans, even more strongly than before and starting to ache. He made his way back up to their room, the straining becoming even more insistent, a constant pressure against his inseam.

He stumbled back into the bedroom and pulled down his jeans in front of the wardrobe mirror. His cock was flexing and steel-hard. A surge of pain passed through it, and he gritted his teeth as he watched it flex and visibly swell before his eyes.

For all the world it looked like his penis normally looked as it grew hard, growing longer and thicker in short bursts, save that it was already hard and continuing to swell.

The aching need to jerk off became unbearable and he gripped it, starting to pump, his hips bucking as he moaned. He felt it swell between his clenched fingers, the pain spreading to his

balls as they too began to bloat, filling with cum as he inched close and closer to orgasm.

The inevitable happened in a knee-locking instant. His legs gave out and he fell back onto the carpet, his cock blasting off more cum than he'd ever seen in his life, twitching and flexing.

Thick ropes splattered onto the mirror, trailing to the head of his dick and dripping down the shaft onto the carpet as he panted. He touched it as it twitched and softened, and choked back a moan as it flexed, pumping another glob of cum out to roll down the shaft.

He heard a moan from behind him. Groaning, he sat up and looked around, twitching slightly with the sensation on his bloated cock, and saw his wife sitting up in bed, one hand working over a titanic tit and the other between her Amazonian legs.

"That was so fucking hot, Brad!"

She stood up, grinning, padding over to him. Her breasts wobbled as she walked, and Brad's mouth went dry just watching them. Amazingly, his cock started to throb and inflate again, not even allowed to fall flaccid before it started to harden again.

Donna's hand still wrapped easily his prick, even with its new size. It was amazingly sensitive, nearly eight inches long from base to tip, and a slow drag of her enlarged fingers right up its length left him shivering and thrashing.

She grinned, and cupped his bloated balls, rubbing them together and feeling the texture and heat. They were the size of golf balls, and heavy. Her tongue curled out of her mouth as her huge head darted in to start licking them, leaving her husband nearly catatonic with pleasure.

She put a hand on the mirror as she leaned in, and slipped slightly on the sheen of her husband's spunk. The door of the closet slid open, and the impact again dislodged the lump of blue meteor, wreathing the couple in its glow.

Donna grinned for a moment, slowly licking the spunk off of her hand and cleaning up before she winked at him, grabbing the rock and throwing it back into the closet. She began to busy herself with his cock; licking his balls and softly stroking his shaft, feeling him buck and moan.

Her huge nipples were aching stiff at the ends of her wobbling mounds, and her expanded clit was wet and hot between the folds of her giant pussy. She moved her tongue to the shaft of his cock, dragging it up until she hit the ridge, pushing the tip right under the head and lapping at it.

She intended to tease it, bring him right to the brink and keep him there until he screamed for release. Unfortunately, his hypersensitive pole was on a hair-trigger, and he came in a comprehensive fashion straight up into the air to rain down all over her hair, face and tits.

She gripped the stalk and tugged, milking him for all he was worth, her mouth engulfing the head of his prick and slurping up his seed. She lapped the last traces of it from him and started to pump his cock again.

"You'd better have another load left in you, Brad. I'm not even close to done."

He groaned as miraculously his cock began to harden again. She grabbed him by the shoulders, pulling him over and onto the bed, his cock dragging along the carpet and catching on the side of the bed as she hauled him up.

Within seconds he was on his back and she was riding him again, all seven feet of his wife slamming her weight onto his cock. He could feel how much further he penetrated inside her, the unfamiliar sensation of an extra three inches of cock being squeezed and fluttered by her vaginal muscles.

Her tits heaved with every bounce, their weight causing them to lift from her body and come down with a slap, ripples running through their mass before her hands flew up to grab them and

hold them still. Despite her strength, he could still see them wobble and struggle to break free of her grip.

He felt heat build up inside his body. At first he thought it was a third impending orgasm, but it felt different, spreading through him rather than centred on his groin. In fact, it almost felt like-

He suddenly bucked, his eyes going wide as tension ripped straight through the length of his cock. Donna reared back in response, her pussy clamping down tight.

“Fuck, Brad, you- aaaah!”

She pitched forward as they both felt his cock expand inside her, stretching the walls of her pussy. He heard her body crickle, and watched in shock as she started to grow again.

It was subtle at first, appearing simply as if she were sitting up straighter. After that, however, her torso stretched, her shoulders broadened, her hips began to swell and her breasts bloated against her hands, soft flesh squeezing between her fingers.

She stopped riding him, picking herself up and sliding off of his bloated pole. It had grown another two inches and thickened up, and his balls had swollen to tennis ball proportions. Donna, meanwhile, had sprouted another foot in height, her head nearly scraping the ceiling as she drew up to her full height. She gave herself a quick look over, fixed her eyes straight onto Brad’s cock and clambered on top of him again, impaling herself straight down onto it.



Elsewhere, a girl picked herself up from the flowerbed she’d fallen into after tumbling from the roof the previous night. Amazingly, she wasn’t in any pain ? in fact, she seemed completely unharmed, not even a bruise or scratch.

Brushing herself down, she went back inside. A news broadcast on the TV mentioned “a strange, blue meteor” before she passed it. She felt strange, not sore but lethargic and somehow wrong, walking around in a daze. She headed into the bathroom to quickly give herself a check over, but stopped dead as soon as she saw herself in the mirror.

She looked... gorgeous. Her perfect face had developed both feminine curve and attractive cheekbones where before there was a droopy, freckly mess. Her nose had reshaped itself, her lips puffed, plump and kissable, and her dull hazel eyes now a blue so vibrant it nearly glowed.

Her stringy haystack hair had filled out, shiny and lustrous and dropping to her lower back in a wide mane, and her eyelashes were so thick they looked as though she was wearing mascara.

Pulling off her clothes, she saw her formerly shapeless fat body had carved itself into feminine perfection, with a combination of muscle tone and pert softness, along with a perky but natural pair of jiggling E cups that cut down into an impossibly trim waist and flared out to full hips in a classic hourglass. Her legs were long and languorous, her nails had grown long and well-shaped and her butt stuck out in a perfect C. She was utterly hairless from neck to toe.

Between her new breasts, there was an oddly-shaped chunk of glowing blue in her chest. It didn’t hurt, and touching it felt warm and sent tingles up through her fingers. In fact, her whole body felt warm. She knew the feeling quite well, and for her old self it would have ended in a night of porn and her dildo.

She laughed as she kicked aside her fat clothes, revelling in the feel of her new body, the power and pleasure of being so gorgeous. She was going to go out, and she was going to find herself a man.

She grinned at the sexbomb in the mirror. "Or five."



Sarah fidgeted in the main hall of the house, waiting for Melanie to finish getting ready. They'd awkwardly decided to head to the doctor's to find out what was happening to them. Heading to their usual doctor was out of the question, though; Sarah couldn't face the humiliation. A quick check through the phonebook had turned up a relatively new doctor in town, dealing with "personal problems." The clinic wasn't too far away, either, and Melanie had begged to walk there rather than possibly have to explain a taxi to her landlord. That led to the problem the pair were currently facing.

Sarah had dealt with being outside like this once and could grudgingly do it again. Her body wasn't so transformed that she couldn't hide it in public. For Melanie, though, there wasn't a scrap of clothing in her room that would fit her tits, and her sheet-toga wouldn't last for several blocks of walking and bouncing. Her last hope was that the man who owned the house had a shirt or top able to at least cover her, and she'd headed to the couples bedroom to rummage.

Melanie finally emerged, almost breaking the seams of a large t-shirt. It covered her, but only barely, and even as Sarah watched Mel tugged down the hem of the shirt to cover her nipples peeking out from underneath.

"What took you so long? Is that even going to stay there while you walk?"

Melanie again carefully made her way down the stairs, her huge chest straining against the shirt as it bobbed and wobbled.

"No, but it's the biggest shirt there."

"Whatever, it's going to have to do. I need to get to the doctors before, well..."

She looked down at her sweats, feeling the massive cock give an angry throb. Mel grinned.

"Is it getting hard again, already? Can I..." She stopped, blinked, and shook her head. "Sorry, let's go."

The walk to the doctors was, if anything, slower and more torturous than the walk to Mel's house. Sarah could only walk so fast as it was, with her cock trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey, and adding Mel's painfully slow progress while attempting to keep her ill-covered rack in check only made it worse. She stopped easily every dozen or so feet to tug down the hem of her shirt, and her inability to see the ground made her progress between those times even slower.

She stumbled a few blocks into their trip, her hurried efforts to stay upright jiggling her mounds straight down out of the shirt. A wandering hand gripped her nipple and squeezed before joining the effort to corral her breasts back into the top.

It was with a resounding sigh of relief that the girls turned the corner and found themselves at the medical centre. Both were puffing and sweating, and Mel was openly pressing her hands into her bosom. Sarah's cock strained against its confinement, and the urge to do something about it was becoming rapidly harder to deny.

Walking into the waiting room, the girls were hit by a gust of cool air. Their nipples hardened immediately, Mel yelping slightly. The room was stark and grey, with a small, muted TV in the corner and only a few chairs next to an end table with a stack of outdated magazines, across from a counter. A receptionist sat tapping away at her computer at the counter, the pleasant looking Indian lady not even looking up.

"The doctor will see you shortly."

Sarah blinked.

“We, umm, we don’t have appointments...”

“I’m aware. The doctor will see you shortly. Please take a seat.”

The girls sat down awkwardly. Sarah spread her legs as much as possible, taking some pressure off of her new endowment. Mel gave up on holding the shirt down and let the bottoms of her puffy areolas slip below the hem. Before either girl even had the chance to reach for a magazine the receptionist spoke, looking up at Mel.

“The doctor will see you now. One at a time.”

Mel looked at Sarah, shrugged, and walked over to one of the doors at the end of the room. She was glad to be going first after such a short wait, since the urge to play with herself given nothing but old magazines for distraction would have been too much.

Sarah fidgeted in her chair, her cock flexing in her sweats. Despite the cool air she was perspiring, her face red. She tried to focus on a point in the room, but her eyes kept moving to the receptionist’s pretty face. Pleasantly rounded cheeks with a slim nose and chin, dark skin framed by a straight black bob cut. She ran a hand through her clumsily hacked-off hair which again looked like it hadn’t been cut for years, and finally caved in.

“Um, excuse me, is there a, umm...”

The receptionist pointed to the other door. Sarah nodded gratefully and got up, careful not to stimulate her cock further, and slowly moved to the bathroom. Once inside the small room, she locked the door. She paused briefly to see if she could hear Melanie talking to the doctor, but the rooms were evidently soundproofed.

She pulled down her pants and unbuckled the belt, unable to stop herself moaning with relief as he cock flexed straight out, the red marks left by the belt throbbing angrily.

She gripped it and began to tug, her whole body relaxing as the long-sought relief finally came, hands pumping up and down the unnatural oversensitive organ. Images flashed through her mind as she jerked herself off, the women she’d admired on the way to Mel’s house, their bodies and their breasts.

She allowed herself to sink into the vivid fantasies of them cavorting naked for her, her cock twitching at each vision of naked, sweating flesh. She barely even realised as the breasts in her fantasies began to swell and the women began to change until it was Mel, her best and closest friend, dancing and swaying and showing off her gigantic tits like a desperate slut for her cock.

She soon realised she was on the verge of cumming. Even though she was about to spray another person’s bathroom with cum, she couldn’t stop if she wanted to.

The thick, gooey mess splattered out of her cock like a pearlescent fire hose, her knees shaking as she desperately tried to minimise the mess. A quick hand muffled her orgasmic moans as she twitched and shot until her orgasm finally died down.

She did her best to clean herself and the washroom up, re-tied her belt gingerly and went back out into the main waiting room, uncomfortably aware of how dishevelled and sweaty she looked. Only hauling three soft inches in her pants rather than the rigid seven she’d been dealing with was worth however it made her look, though.

After an interminable period of waiting, long enough for her libido to start becoming uncomfortable again, the door clicked open and Mel walked out, wearing a new shirt baggy enough to cover her breasts, with an odd look on her face. Sarah went to talk to her, but Mel shook her head.

“She says she wants to talk to you first before I say anything.” Her friend smiled. “Trust me, you want to talk to her.”

Confused, Sarah walked into the doctor’s office, shutting the door behind her.



The doctor’s office was less stark than the waiting room, with attractive wooden furniture and a desk that was, if not necessarily antique, solid and rather expensive. Seated at the desk was a woman in a white coat with a huge amount of dull blond hair braided down past the line of the desk, deep red lips and a pair of plain black glasses.

“Ahh, Sarah. Good to see you. I’m Dr. Sandeford. Do sit down.”

It occurred to her how young the doctor looked. If Sarah had had to guess she’d have picked the woman for no more than twenty, with rich youthful skin, not a single wrinkle to be seen. Her breasts were by any reasonable standard enormous, straining against the buttons of the coat, but after walking with Mel Sarah’s standards were feeling unreasonable. She quickly took a seat.

“Now, Melanie has already filled me in on most of her details of what happened, but I just want to ask a couple of questions to make sure everything correlates.”

“First of all, have you experienced any strange physical symptoms over the last day? Bodily changes?”

Sarah shifted in her seat, and nodded.

“What were they? Please be thorough, this is very important.”

She blushed. “Well, um, my... my hair grew... I’m a lot more sensitive, all over...”

The doctor scribbled a note on her clipboard.

“Anything else?”

“I... I grew...”

The doctor continued to make notes. “You grew? You grew taller, you grew something?”

Sarah’s eyes darted from side to side as she wiggled uncomfortably. “A, umm... You know...”

“Please, Sarah.” Dr. Sandeford took off her glasses, looking the girl in the eye. “I specialise in things like this. I can’t help you if you won’t help me.”

She looked down at her knees. “A penis.”

If the doctor was shocked, she didn’t show it. She made another note on the clipboard. “I see. Is it functional?”

“Functional?”

“Can you achieve erection? Can it ejaculate?”

Sarah nodded again, and the doctor wrote something else down.

“I’m going to take some measurements. Stand up, please, and take down your pants.”

A desk drawer provided a dressmaker’s tape measure. Self-consciously, Sarah stood up and dejectedly pulled down her pants. The doctor’s hand reached towards the belt. “May I?”

Sarah nodded, and the belt was unbuckled, her erection springing forward from the top of her pussy. She became uncomfortably aware of not only how hard she was, but how wet underneath. The tape traced its way from base to tip and was then put away. Sarah began to dress herself as the doctor spoke.

“The condition you’re experiencing is due to the onset of a metabolic disorder causing abnormal cellular growth and hormone production. The cause is as yet unknown, but given that it’s occurred in both you and your friend I’m led to suggest it’s environmental.”

She stopped for a moment, allowing it to sink in as the girl's brow furrowed underneath her long fringe.

"The bad news is that the effects are untreatable."

This stopped Sarah cold.

"That can't be possible! You can't fix it?"

The doctor shook her head.

"Given how much we know about how it operates, no. Your metabolism is working on a permanent overdrive and your cells are regenerating at an unbelievable rate. Any chemical or surgical changes are just going to revert themselves."

She recalled back to cutting her hair that morning, and how it had grown back down to her waist within an hour or two. The doctor shook her head.

"I'm very sorry. I can imagine how hard this must be to deal with right now. As I told your friend, this is going to mean a large, fundamental change to your lifestyle..."

She looked up, dumbfounded.

"Change? CHANGE?! My life is over!"

Dr. Sandeford looked puzzled. "How so?"

"I can't keep going out like this! I'm not going to be able to hide this forever!"

The doctor looked over her glasses at the desperate girl with a wry smile.

"Then why hide it? Why worry about it? Why not just accept sooner rather than later that you are as you are?"

Before Sarah could object, the doctor stood up, lifting up her skirt. Plainly visible against her pantyhose were the curves of a grossly swollen pussy easily reaching up to below her navel. Utterly damp, the hose clung to every bump and fold leaving nothing to the imagination, especially her egg-sized clitoris.

"I guarantee you that this has brought me more pleasure than anything else I could have imagined."

Sarah was repulsed, but at the same time she found the sight strangely compelling. A small twitch passed through her cock.

"But doctor, it's not just the penis! I could hide that, if it weren't for-"

Sarah realised what she was about to say, and drew back, biting off the sentence mid-way. Dr. Sandeford just smiled.

"The desires. The libido. Persistent sexual arousal is a symptom of the condition, as well. How long has it been since you've ejaculated?"

Sarah blushed deep red.

"I-in the bathroom, just before."

"I see. And before that?"

She answered before she even realised what she was saying.

"About an hour before that at Mel's house."

Dr. Sandeford moaned lightly. "And isn't it wonderful? That feeling of release?"

Sarah got up out of her chair and started to move back towards the door, uncomfortably aware of the sensation growing in her pants.

"I'm sorry, this is getting too weird for me. Thank you for your time, but I really have to go."

The doctor laughed, moving forward, kicking papers off of the top of her desk as her long legs stretched and crossed, her feet resting on the arms of the two leather chairs in front of the



desk as she spread her thighs. Sarah realised that the woman's thick braid reached down to her knees, with extra elastics every foot or so.

"I already know what you're feeling, Sarah. The hormones in your body are going insane. You haven't had a moment since you changed that you haven't felt at least a little horny. You leave it too long, and it's like your whole body is screaming to let go, and if you leave it any longer, well..."

From where she was standing Sarah could plainly see that the doctor wasn't just wet, she was dripping, the dark wet stains spreading down her legs.

"I can help you, Sarah. Help you adjust and cope. You'll discover sensations you could never have possibly dreamed exist, and in time you'll wonder how you ever lived without your new gift. And if I help you..."

She glanced down at the girl's crotch. "Perhaps you can help me, too."

Sarah felt herself throb. The doctor's wanton display was affecting her far more than she cared for. Rapidly thickening cock strained against the restricting belt around her leg. She mopped sweat from her forehead as her hormonally-driven instincts battled with her inhibitions.

"I... I can't, doctor. This isn't right. I can't just give in to this, this isn't who I am!"

The doctor fixed her straight in the eye for a moment. She was clearly heaving and panting, red in the face, clit throbbing against her pantyhose. For a moment she looked poised to pounce, but her shoulders slumped as she fell back against the chair, her sigh mingling with its protesting creak.

"I said the same thing, at first. I believed I really could hold onto my sexual morals in defiance of what had happened to me. I was a virgin, and I would be until marriage."

She grinned, cupping her breasts in her hands and lifting them with a wink. "It took two days. I'll give you the courtesy of the same, if that's what you wish. These will be waiting for you when you finally give in."

The slam of the door reverberated around her office, but didn't quite cover the moan from the doctor as soon as Sarah left the room.



Head spinning, sick to her stomach, Sarah slumped out of the office. She wasn't sure what she'd held out hope for when walking into the office. She knew there couldn't just be a pill that makes a newfound penis just drop off, but she'd expected something.

Instead, she'd received the simple, blunt confirmation that her life was over. She'd only been able to deal with the morning's events out of a combination of optimism and denial and having that taken away left her... Hollow.

Her mouth dropped as she closed the door behind her to find Mel resting her breasts on the counter, the receptionist running her hands all over them. Mel was moaning with each grope and caress, the soft, fat flesh of the two massive mounds shifting and jiggling, pooling on the surface of the counter.

They broke apart as Sarah came out, the receptionist sitting back down at her computer and Mel moving back until her breasts slid off the counter. Her giant rack came down in a gelatinous bounce that nearly torqued her straight off of her feet and took several seconds to stop.

Sarah simply glared and stomped out of the office, Mel sheepishly following suit. They'd rounded the corner before Sarah turned to her friend.

“What the hell was all that about?!”

Mel shrugged, the simple motion sending tremors through her oversized grey hoodie. “She wanted to know how they felt.”

“And that makes it okay to just shove them right at someone you don’t know and invite them to feel you up?”

Mel shrugged again, and they kept walking. Sarah was annoyed with her actions and her attitude, but most of all she was annoyed at how hard it was to keep her eyes off her chest.

“I feel sexy, Sarah. I never felt sexy before. It feels good to be so big and curvy and I’ve never cum like this before in my life!”

The pair drew up to a crosswalk. The streets were slightly fuller than they had been on their trip to the clinic, and Melanie was already drawing a great deal of attention.

“Are you telling me you actually enjoy this? Being a mutated freak of nature?”

The crosswalk light flashed green, but Melanie ignored it, turning to her friend with a wobbling heave of breast flesh.

“So what if I do?! There’s nothing I can do about it! You heard what she said, we’re stuck like this!”

Their shouting had attracted a few more stares, and the pair quickly made their way across the road before the light changed.

The rest of the walk was spent in silence. Despite her frustration and growing despair, Sarah was getting hornier and hornier as the walk went on. Everything flowing through her mind was quickly making way for the urge to find somewhere private as soon as possible and jerk off. How was she going to live like this?

## Chapter 3

# The Second Day: Discovery

The girl had wasted no time. There was a man in the house next door; she couldn't remember his name but he didn't need a name.

Before a word had even left his mouth her nipple was in it, pushing him forcefully back into his house and onto the couch. She fumbled desperately with his jeans for a moment and with a groan forcefully ripped them open, splitting them right down the front.

Having her way with him seemed to be over altogether too quickly, and she felt like he'd barely entered her before his cock was shooting off inside her. She practically howled as she came along with him, shuddering, muscles contracting and milking him.

Warmth flooded her body, spreading out from the middle of her chest, as she fell forward onto him. Her pussy still twitched and throbbed, a single orgasm having done almost nothing to take the edge off her arousal.

Distracted by her need, she didn't notice the slight plumping of her already swollen breasts and butt as she came, and neither she nor the man underneath her were in any condition to notice a spread of blue creep out across her skin from the rock in her chest.

Fortunately, her neighbour was a young man, with excellent stamina. A few minutes of sucking his dick while her pussy churned left him ready for another round. He lasted longer this time, with her plump plush ass slamming down into him, driving him to the hilt inside her and bringing her off a second and even a third time.

No matter how many times she came, all it brought her was the spreading warmth in her chest and a brief moment of pleasure. When he finally blew his second load into her and collapsed, her body was still screaming for release. Her last orgasm was barely even a blip on the radar compared to the unbearable need thudding through her body and growing by the second.

Looking down, she finally noticed her swollen breasts, having added more than a cup to their already considerable size. More worryingly, the blue hue in her skin had spread out even further, her breasts no longer pale with pink nipples but a deep azure with thick, navy blue areolas.

An exploratory hand over her discoloured breasts resulting in a crippling wave of pleasure that brought her to her knees. She picked herself up on unsteady legs, juice dripping in a constant stream down her thighs as her clit pulsed, grabbing her comatose lover's shirt and pants, exiting out the door in search of another man. The problems of her growth and the creeping spread of colour across her body could wait until she'd finally calmed her pussy down.



Doctor Sandeford's last words to her reverberated around in Sarah's mind as the girls walked up the long path to Melanie's front door. The concept of giving in to the demands of her new body and just becoming some sort of wanton creature like the doctor terrified her.

That was what had terrified her about her friend's behaviour with the clinic's receptionist, the idea that if this disease could turn her shy, reserved, easily-embarrassed friend into that, what would it do to her?

Sarah, of course, didn't necessarily know her friend as well as she thought she did. She didn't know about the breast expansion newsgroups or messageboards, or the gigabytes of transformation pictures and movies. She especially didn't know about Miss Melons, the online erotic roleplay persona with G-cup breasts and no inhibitions.

Melanie's new body left Miss Melons in the dust. She was a walking, breathing BE fetish and she'd never felt sexier in her life. The doctor couldn't even give her a proper underbust measurement - her tits were so heavy the bulk of their mass was around the top of her stomach!

The emotional release of the rush of pleasure from every inch of her bloated breasts was like a dream come true, and every second she spent with them made her feel less like plain, boring Melanie and more like the sexy, sensual Miss Melons.

Right now, she couldn't take her eyes off of her friend. Along with her heightened sensitivity came a heightened awareness of her friend's arousal, the body language of her flushed skin, sweat-slicked hair and the slight bow in her walk as good as flashing neon signs.

Her thoughts drifted back to the image of her friend's fat cock. Dickgirls as a fetish weren't uncommon to encounter in the online circles in which she moved, and although they'd never been of particular interest to her before, right now nothing in the world seemed hotter than the new addition Sarah was packing.

Melanie collapsed onto a couch in the living room as the girls entered the house. Every fibre of her body was screaming for an orgasm, but unfortunately every fibre in her back was also screaming in pain from carrying her heavy load. She marvelled at the way they shook and wobbled as she came down roughly on the couch cushions.

She peeled off the hoodie and cast it aside, settling back and letting the motion die down. Her hands started to glide across the surface. The sensation of having such huge breasts was beyond any fantasy she'd ever had before; their weight, texture and softness were unimaginable.

Her fingers brushed her swollen nipples. They were easily half an inch long and about as thick, crowning wide, puffy areolas. Her hands drifted underneath, hefting them and testing their weight.

Finally giving in, one hand gave up its heavy load to drop down between her legs. If her new breasts were a dream then her clitoris was an erotic fantasy. It was incredibly sensitive, every touch buzzing straight up her spine.

One hand kneading her left breast, the other working away at her swollen clit, within literally ten seconds her entire body snapped into a blinding cum, her breasts bouncing wildly as every muscle in her body tensed and spasmed.

The release made her realise how worked up she still was, and the next few minutes of working away at her body resulted in another three shattering orgasms that left her sprawled on the couch, red-faced, panting and sweat-slicked all over.

Despite the release, any movement buzzed the tender skin of her oversexed body and set

her breasts to bouncing, rekindling the fire in her pussy. She loved to describe Miss Melons as “permanently aroused” for the benefit of the horny roleplayers she chatted with, but like the weight and feel of her outsized breasts had never quite realised exactly what that would have meant realistically. Thinking about anything but sex was close to a major effort, and keeping her hands off herself was even harder.

In a rush, it came to her. She was just like Miss Melons now, only even better. Miss Melons was stacked. Miss Melons was always horny. Melanie bit her lower lip with an impish smile, her fingers caressing her swollen love-bud again. Miss Melons couldn’t sate herself alone.

She realised that, more than anything else she’d ever known, she needed Sarah. She needed her touch, she needed her mouth on her swollen tits and above all she needed that cock. It was a beautiful epiphany, to realise that everything you needed was contained in seven inches of throbbing meat.

Running was out of the question, but she needed to find Sarah as quickly as possible. She’d gone upstairs, hadn’t she? She grabbed the hoodie, not to cover herself but to mop up, wiping the sweat from her face, her slim stomach, and especially where it loved to collect underneath her new breasts. No amount of breast expansion stories had prepared her for that.

She carefully made her way up the stairs, trying to minimise the frantic bouncing, and rounded the corner at the top of the landing. Her door had been thrown open, and her bathroom door was ajar. Hungrily, she pushed forward and threw open the door.

Sarah’s face bolted up in shock from her position kneeling on the tiles, but her coiled hand didn’t stop moving. A look into the expression on Mel’s face, a glance at her swaying bosoms and her eyes rolled back into her head as she began to shoot off with a loud but apologetic moan.

Her distance was impressive, the mutated girl’s cumshot clearing the length of the bathroom to give Mel’s breasts a liberal coating of spunk. She gritted her teeth to stifle the moan but couldn’t control her cock, unleashing load after load until finally it dribbled in a torpid stream from the end of her dickhead.

Immediately, it crossed Mel’s mind to wonder “What would Miss Melons do?” The answer was simple. She gripped one of her breasts with both hands, raising it to her mouth and rolling it until her tongue could reach her nipple. She licked and sucked at it, savouring the salty taste, and looked Sarah straight in the eye.

“You got my titties all sticky, Sarah.”

She drew back. “Mel, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to, you...”

“You’re all sticky too. I’ll tell you what ? I’ll clean you off, and you have to do the same for me.”

Before Sarah could react Mel dropped to the floor, her tongue snaking out to lick languidly from the slit of her steaming pussy to the very tip of her cock. She nearly squealed as her nipples brushed the cold tile, suppressing a rush of pleasure as she worked on cleaning up the remnants of cum.

She gripped it by the base, pulling up along the length to milk more gobs of cum from the tip and slurp them down. She fixed her friend’s eye with a smouldering look and started to lap her tongue around the ridge behind her swollen head, the cleft below the eye and then down the shaft again, this time on the top. Sarah squirmed and panted, her face dropping open with a slack, vacant expression.

“Mmmeeelll, oh God, Mel, please...”

Mel hefted her weighty breasts in either hand, chest heaving with arousal.

"I'll tell you what," she said with a grin, "you can clean me up after you're done fucking my fat tits with that gorgeous cock."

Sarah's cock twitched as the soft mounds enveloped it, pressing and tugging at every inch as Melanie squeezed and began to slowly tug up and down with them. Every stroke not only made the whole shaft strain but sent a hot stab of sensation through Mel.

She twitched as she watched the bloated head poke out of her cleavage on every downstroke, giving it a quick, darting lick until it disappeared back into the creamy curves of her tits.

"M-mel, you'd better stop, I'm going to... I'm..."

Mel responded by squeezing her tits together even harder, moaning as she felt Sarah's cock twitch and shoot, a fountain of cum blasting from the tip in gooey ropes over her face and hair, and dripping down into the canyon of her cleavage. She dipped her head down onto the twitching pole, letting her breasts go and concentrating on taking the rest of her friend's load down her throat. She found her small mouth not up to the task and gobs of the stuff dripped out from around her lips as she desperately tried to suck hard enough to stem the flow.

Her pussy burned with need. Her breasts were caked with hot cum and the slick, sloppy feel of it was unbearably erotic. She moaned, her hands reaching down to press into her nipples, rubbing in her friend's spunk in slow circles that mashed deep into the pillowy flesh of her tits.

"I've... mmm... held up my end of the bargain, Sarah," she said, standing up from her aching knees and reaching down to her friend, "and now I'm even stickier. Come to bed and clean me off."

Sarah fell back off her knees, propping herself up on shaky arms as her cock slowly began to droop back down. Her face was beet-red from exertion, sweat sticking her fringe to her forehead.

"Mel, please, no, I can't..."

The fear in Sarah's voice brought Mel down a little from her high. Her friend was utterly terrified.

"What's wrong?"



The two girls sat on Melanie's bed. Sarah had buried her face in her hands as they sat down, sobbing behind a curtain of thick hair falling down around her arms. Mel was trying hard to be supportive but the need to cum was running through her head like a freight train.

She'd started with an arm around her friend's shoulders, but that simply pressed her warm body against the side of her tits, and with all the recent stimulation she'd had it was nearly unbearable.

As Melanie took deep breaths and spread her legs as wide as possible to stop the pressure on her clit, Sarah felt like her world was dropping away underneath her. She felt like she'd lost a part of herself all over her best friend's boobs, and trying to keep a hold of herself was getting harder and harder every time she took a hold of herself.

Even though she'd just cum twice, and her cursed cock was blessedly soft, she knew that it wouldn't be long before it was slowly beginning to fill again, nudging the back of her mind with the growing need for release, to jerk off, to fuck somebody and coat them with her cum...

She shuddered as images flooded her mind, refusing to go away no matter how much she tried to think of something else, sending a chilling rush through her body. She looked over to Mel for some support, and found her friend slack-jawed, one hand pawing at her breast and the other rubbing frantically across her pussy.

Sarah felt her breathing catch and she turned away, closing her eyes and taking deep, slow breaths. She could beat this. She was going to beat this. She stood up, careful not to disturb her tits or her flaccid cock.

"I'm going to go have a shower."

Mel looked up at her, her hands slowing down, and bit her lower lip. "I'll join you!"

"A cold shower. Alone."

Mel yelped as she caught her nipple between two of her questing fingers and started to tug, pressing her thumb into the dip in the centre and cupping her areola with her fingers.

"Mph... You're ahh... No fun..."

"No I'm fucking not! You do what the fuck you want but I'm not turning into some sort of freak!"

The two girls stared at each other for a second, breaking eye contact as the phone started to ring.

Sarah stalked off to the bathroom as Melanie removed her hand from her crotch with a sigh, and reached over to the phone.

"Hi, I'm looking for Melanie Baker?"

"Uh-huh?" Melanie crooked her neck to the side to hold the phone against her shoulder, leaving her hands free. She was starting to learn that her breasts were even more sensitive than her clit, and rubbing her pussy was wasting time she could spend tugging her teats. Each hand went to a bloated nipple and her eyes rolled back in her head.

"This is Priya from Doctor Sandeford's clinic."

Mel's hips bucked as her hands started to squeeze her nipples harder at the thought of the pretty Indian girl from the reception room. She did her best to keep silent but something about her voice went straight through her.

"Sorry to interrupt you like this, I'm sure you're... very busy..." Mel stifled a gasp as her hands sank deep into her pillowy tits, "but I had to tell you this. The doctor was not entirely honest with you about your condition."

Mel shuddered and nearly dropped the phone. "Melanie? Are you okay?"

She righted herself, hands still all over her tits. "Yeah, uh, she what?"

"She was not honest about the cause of your condition. She said it was environmental? I confess I looked at your records."

Melanie whined a little bit as she tugged both nipples out hard. "Sheeeee did, yeah, why?"

"Do you recall the meteor shower last night? Did you come into contact with any material left from the meteor?"

Flashes of recollection of the shower the night before entered Mel's mind, even over the unbearable litany of her libido. "Yeah?"

"I see. Can you please send me a message with the address? I'd like to meet you where you found the piece of the meteor, this afternoon if possible. I'll send your phone a message so you can get my number."

Melanie didn't even bother to disguise her next moan. Fire was building in her tits and her pussy, juice was running down her thighs and this conversation was too much effort.

"Can't really, huh, go out at the moooohhhh-ment!"

"Melanie, please, this is incredibly important, if someone else comes into contact with the radiation coming from that fragment there's no telling what will happen to their body."

She yelped, feeling the pressure behind her clit mount as her body prepared to drive the pleasure from her giant rack right down her spine.

“What if I told you it could make you even bigger?”

Melanie’s eyes slammed open wide. “Bigger?!”

“Repeated contact with the radiation will lead to further progression of your condition, yes. Does that sound worth meeting me?”

The phone dropped to the floor with a clunk as her orgasm took over her body, her immense breasts flopping up and then down against her chest as she fell back with a jerk, thrashing on the bed, still desperately rubbing her sensitive nipples and piling pleasure on top of pleasure as she worked out the frustration of the last few hours.

She moaned. She screamed. Without the same reflexes as her clit, the ability of her sensitive nipples to deliver orgasm after orgasm manifested as a second, a third, and finally a fourth slamming cum before her body ran out of energy and she passed out on the bed.



Doctor Charlotte Sandeford pulled up outside the little suburban bungalow. A detached house with clean, modern lines in nondescript light grey stucco, glossy black tile roof and a minimalist front garden, only a few thoroughly-manicured topiary shrubs in carefully mulched garden beds breaking the expanse of lawn.

She groaned as she lifted herself out of the car, her face beet-red and dripping with sweat. Her decision to make house calls in this city was necessary to get the information she needed, but she could do without the driving.

The vibrations of just sitting in the car with the engine idling jiggled her breasts and drove their way straight up her enlarged pussy. A thick cushion on the car seat helped, but even short car journeys took their toll on her painstakingly cultivated self-control.

She took a deep breath and started up the garden path, keeping a poker face despite the sensation of the bloated lips of her pussy gliding past each other with every step. Her pantyhose were soaked through, but that was a fact of life for her and had been for some time now.

Charlotte Sandeford was not what she presented herself to be. She was a doctor; that much was true. What people didn’t know was that she’d had her medical license for seventy years. What people also didn’t know was that she’d gotten it to investigate what she’d been living with for two hundred and fifty years before that.

Charlotte Sandeford was born in London in the mid sixteenth century. She could barely remember anything of her childhood or her adolescence, lost in the mists of a meaningless life that changed completely the day she ran away from the city, stumbling over a glowing blue meteor in the countryside.

She spent years afterwards selling her mutated body back in the city, an arrangement that both provided her a comfortable living and sated her endless hunger for sex. Her co-workers, her employers and even regular clients noticed the astonishing longevity of her youthful looks, the way her heaving bosom held its taut stature, and the way she never seemed to fall sick or injure herself.

Dark murmurs of witchcraft surfaced after twenty-five years without Charlotte ageing a single day, and she found it prudent to leave London, securing herself passage on a naval ship to America by satiating the needs of every single sailor aboard the ship in a blissful haze of orgasm after orgasm.



She moved her way throughout the States, putting her years of sexual experience to use servicing American men and, she often found, women, gradually making her way to the west. As the years passed she collected around her a group of devoted followers, some of them literally believing her to be a goddess, a fiction she actually courted for some time as the Goddess of Lust.

A hundred years passed as her followers ebbed and flowed, the years never coming close to dulling her constant cravings for sex or stopping the juice that constantly dripped from her swollen folds. She shared the story of her transformation with an acolyte she was particularly close with, a learned man from the local university, an astrophysicist, and he led her to stories of the meteor shower.

As the world changed around her she grew more obsessed with information about the meteors, about the power they held to change people so utterly.

She made an effort to tidy herself up before ringing the doorbell. She could hear noises coming from inside and it wasn't even a question what they were. She sighed and continued to ring until someone finally opened the door.

A man's face peeked around the side, crowned by a short mop of black hair.

"Brad Walters? I'm Doctor Sandeford, you called me before?"

"Oh, yes, the doctor, hi, come in." His voice was deep and gravelly, different to how it had been on the phone.

He swung open the door and Charlotte's breath caught. Though slim, the man was taut and muscular, tall with broad shoulders. Her eyes, however, immediately locked onto his pants, bulging out at the crotch like he'd stuffed a grapefruit down his underwear with the erect shaft of his penis reaching down to nearly his knee.

Her pussy gushed as her clit throbbed just looking at the outline of his magnificent penis. She realised she was staring, shook her head and looked up at him. With a smirk, she realised he was just as fixated on her jiggling rack.

She let herself in and moved into the living room, stealing glances at his package when she could. She'd already decided she was having that monster cock inside her before she left the house today. The drive up had left her aching for a fuck. Given Brad's description of his wife's condition, she probably wouldn't complain if she offered a tongue-lashing while her husband drilled her from behind.

Donna was waiting on the couch. She shifted around to look at them, dropping her hands away from her snatch as the couch creaked under her weight.

"Can we hurry this up? I'm horny."

Charlotte smiled. Far less reserved than the girl from yesterday. Hopefully her husband was just as open.

"I'd just like to take some measurements, and maybe check your house for contaminants. What you're experiencing is a very rare form of what is essentially an allergic reaction, and your body's response is to produce massive amounts of hormones. Growth hormone and testosterone, in your cases."

Neither of the couple were very focused on her explanation. The giant Donna's eyes roamed around the room as she idly stroked her pussy when she thought nobody was looking. Brad rearranged himself frequently, twitching as the head of his bloated penis dragged along his pants. Charlotte fought the urge to start masturbating along with them.

She pulled a measuring tape and a set of scales out of her bag.

“Mrs. Walters, how tall were you before your growth, and how much did you weigh?”

“What? Oh.” Donna shifted with another creak. “Like five foot two, hundred and eighty pounds.”

“Would you mind getting up so I can measure you?”

The giant woman sighed, heaving herself up off the couch. Charlotte was stunned by how tall she was and the gelatinous motion of her giant breasts. They would have been somewhat big for her figure if she were scaled normally but her current stature made them phenomenal.

The tape measure told her eight feet, two inches, a figure that made Donna purr to hear. Her bust measurement of 30 inches was similarly well-received. She was less impressed with the three hundred and fifteen pounds on the scales.

Before Charlotte could begin measuring Brad, Donna had pushed him back down on the couch, grinding her Amazonian pelvis against his erect cock. She excused herself and headed up to her bedroom as moans and the sloppy sound of sex echoed behind her.

She practically collapsed through the door of the room, not even taking in the disarray or the piles of sheets as she stumbled to the bed, leaning back and spreading her legs wide to take the pressure off of her pussy. Juice was streaming out of her folds, and even though it had been a mere half hour since she'd last cum it felt like a year.

She took a deep breath, getting back up onto trembling legs, promising herself all she had to do was find any evidence of the meteor and then she'd be back downstairs getting her fill of radiation-enhanced cock.

It only took a few minutes of searching to notice the blue glow at the edge of the wardrobe door. Carefully, she pulled a box out of her bag. Made of lead, lined with even denser metals, with a shuttered hole in the front for controlled doses of radiation once the meteor was inside, a tremendous amount of time and expense had gone into making it.

In one motion, she threw the door of the wardrobe open and slammed the box down on the rock. Fortunately, the chunk was small enough to fit and the lid of the box closed over it, Charlotte being careful not to expose any part of her skin to the glow.

She grinned. Hundreds of years of searching and she'd finally found her prize. Books and books of planned experiments could finally begin. Before that, though. . .

As she descended the stairs, her jacket fell in a pile behind her. Her prim button-down shirt soon followed, and then a sigh of relief as she shucked off her bra. The skirt slid down at the bottom of the stairs along with her sodden pantyhose and her hair burst out of its braid until the doctor's eternally youthful body stood in its full naked glory at the entrance to the Walters's living room.



As the doctor inserted herself into a sex-mutant threesome, across town another young lady was grappling with her own meteor-rock problems. The radiation the lump of rock in her chest was dumping into her body was super-charging her sex drive, and every single orgasm she had only made her hornier.

She'd fucked four men in the last hour and a half, running from house to house in her stolen clothes, and every orgasm only made them tighter and tighter on her expanding curves. The shirt stretched uneasily over bowling-ball jiggling breasts and the tents her bloated nipples made, and the pants were similarly creaking over expanded hips and an ass that stuck out like a shelf.

More worrying was the continued spread of the tainted blue skin, covering her entire body. Even her hair and nails had turned blue and the whites of her eyes a milky cyan. The blue skin was unbearably sensitive, and keeping fabric over it was almost torturous, but even in her altered state of mind she knew that stalking the streets naked and bright blue wasn't a good idea.

She felt sick and stiff, like she was having trouble moving, even as her body burned for more orgasms. She wasn't so stiff, though, that she couldn't chase down a man she sighted turning into an alley, tackling him to the ground from behind.

With a roar, she shredded his clothes and pulled down her pants to reveal the smooth blue curve of her ass cheeks, dropping herself straight onto his cock. He barely even struggled as she forcefully rode him, lifting herself up and dropping until his cock filled her entire pussy. He groaned, not just with the sensation of her pussy enveloping him, but with the tight, hot feeling of his cock slowly expanding.

The girl of course was not in any position to realise, but the radiation from the meteor had filled her entire body, starting to bleed from her flesh. In her haste to find new men she ignored the trail of minor transformations she'd left in her wake, but the larger amounts of radiation she was producing now were making it happen right in front of her.

Every stroke left more cock for her body to take, every minute another inch inside her. Beneath her ass his balls were expanding with cum. When he finally came he was easily twice the size of when he started, with balls the size of grapefruits. His cock thudded up inside the girl, straining with the effort of pushing out the thick cum that filled his testicles.

The girl went rigid, her eyes wide as his cock pulsed inside her. She felt a sensation flood through her, like a stomach ache in every part of her body. As she started to cum, she raised her arm, watching as the fluttering pulses of her orgasm literally sent ripples through her skin.

There was a horrible noise, an organic crinkling like the sound of a wet chip packet, and she screamed as suddenly the rippling skin faded, turning faintly transparent.

The shock brought her straight out of her orgasm. She looked herself over and realised her body was literally turning to jelly. She tried to move, to escape, but her body wasn't listening to her commands. She pitched forward with a gloop, flowing over her unlucky lover as she lost cohesion and fell apart into a gelatinous mass.

She squeezed and kneaded around him, exerting what little control she could to the only solid thing in reach. His cum spiralled out into the mass like ink in water until it dissolved away. He moaned through a mouthful of her, a strange, sweet, tingling taste, and was met with a moan that reverberated through the mass in reply.

He felt a tug, and suddenly the mass slithered down off his body, letting him take gasping breaths. The stuff gathered up tightly, stretching upwards and flowing into itself until she reformed her body, a statue of deep blue gelatine. She looked down at him and reached her hand down to his cock.

Her arm extended out, flowing around his cock until the ten inches of thick meat was buried to the base up into her arm. She cocked her head to the side, watching him writhe, and suddenly her arm started to pulse and contract rhythmically.

His hips bucked up against her, his penis sloppily sucking up inside her as her arm milked it. Her other arm extended and snaked down to his testicles, enveloping them and gently massaging them. His eyes snapped open as he felt his orgasm well up, and he saw her flow down into her arms, reshaping and reforming like liquid metal until her lips were at the base of his cock, the rest of its now 14 inch length visibly extending down into the solidifying mass of her body.

The last thing he saw before he passed out was his new cock spewing spiralling masses of cum into her body in a pearlescent trail that just started to fade before he passed out, still shooting.



Sarah stepped grimly out of the shower, shivering slightly and twitching. She'd heard cold showers were supposed to help guys with libido problems, but to her it was just ice-cold needles of sensation so pleasurable it was nearly painful, making her cock flex and jump. She finally left the shower when the throbbing became unbearable.

She found Melanie sprawled back on the bed, asleep, and decided to jump on her computer to try and distract herself from the insistent pounding of her libido at the front of her mind. She WASN'T going to give into it, she told herself as it booted up. Mind over matter. All she had to do was just keep her hands off it... For the rest of her life. Almost as if it was responding to that thought, it throbbed.

Her mind went back to that morning, the pain as her muscles nearly tore apart with the force of her orgasm? Was that what was going to happen? If she went six hours without cumming, was her body just going to force her to do it? She shook her head as she opened the internet browser. She could find something, take something, numb it or something. She was going to *beat* it.

She shuddered as the thought of beating it passed through her mind.

Typing in a website brought up the autocomplete, and her fingers paused as one of the entries caught her eye. Out of morbid curiosity for the title, she clicked it, and her mouth dropped open as picture after picture of absurdly busty women opened in response. Something about "B.E. Morphs."

Photoshopped women, ranging from the absurd to the utterly impossible. She kept clicking through, torn between shock at the sort of thing her friend looked up online, and lust as her cock twitched at each swollen rack.

She clicked through to a second gallery labelled "Futa Morphs," and gasped in shock. Picture after picture of women with penises stuck on them. Someone actually made this stuff? Put all that time and effort into making pictures of women with cocks?

She heard movement behind her, and before she could close the window she felt the warm weight of Melanie's breasts drape across the back of her chair and down over her shoulders, her hands curling underneath to hold Sarah's waist.

"Find something interesting?"

"I'm sorry, Melanie, I was just going to use the Internet and I found-"

"I can see what you found." She grinned. "I never normally found the futa pics that interesting but, strangest thing; the last day's left them a lot more enticing for some reason."

She leaned her head forward, resting her chin on top of Sarah's head. Sarah became uncomfortably aware that she was literally sandwiched in her best friend's cleavage.

"T-this is just some weirdo's page, isn't it?"

Mel giggled. "A lot of weirdos actually. There are a lot more people into this weird stuff than you'd think."

Something clicked for Sarah. "Is that why you didn't care about what happened? I mean, it's not like you can't walk around with tits like dumptrucks and you know all these people into it anyway..."

Mel's questing hands found Sarah's penis, lightly rubbing the base. She moaned in response.

"I didn't care what happened because I think it's fucking sexy and always have. I've wanted big fat sexy tits for as long as I've known what tits were."

Sarah moaned, her self control breaking down as Mel's tiny hands lightly rubbed and stroked at her twitching pole. "That's all... Huh... Well and good for you, but what about meeee-ah!?"

Mel giggled again. "You're a real-life futa girl. I know plenty of people who'd pay good money just to see pictures of you, let alone spend a night with you."

She moaned again. "No... I'm... I'm a freak..."

Mel's hand gripped her penis as hard as she could manage, starting to get into a slow stroking rhythm. "A *sexy* freak."

Sarah summoned up the last remaining piece of her willpower and pushed Melanie's hands away, standing up and letting the girl's gargantuan tits flop down onto the back of the computer chair. She stalked away a few steps, gripping the desk and panting hard. Sweat glistened all over her body.

"I said *no*, Melanie! I'm not turning into a slutty futa-bimbo-whatever thing! You can be as big of a slut as you want but I'm not doing it!"

She shuddered, her erect prick bobbing and bouncing as it stood out proudly from her body. She'd heard guys before talk about it being "painfully hard" but never appreciated what it meant until now. The muscles in her groin were under a permanent aching tension that only seemed to get worse as time passed.

Sarah started dressing as Melanie looked on sadly. It took a toll on her composure to even just push her cock down against her leg to strap it. Her groin muscles ached and her abs were tense and tight, and she was uncomfortably reminded of how she felt that morning, the pain of her throbbing erection and the hair trigger orgasm that followed it.

Fear persisted in the back of her mind, even as she dressed and made her way down the stairs and into the afternoon light. Was that going to happen again? Even if she could keep her hands off herself, was it just going to happen anyway?

The answer to the question came to her halfway back home. Having been tugged and stimulated by the belt all the way home, along with the constant sensation from her bouncing breasts, her cock had had enough.

The pain was already unbearable, and as the sensation built along the bottom of her cock her eyes went wide with shock, her muscles feeling like they were tearing themselves apart.

She staggered into an alleyway, collapsing face-first against a wall and biting down on a primal scream as her cock started to jet down the leg of her sweatpants. She realised grimly through the pain of the hyper-amplified orgasm that her body wasn't going to let her get away with not masturbating. All it meant was hours of suffering and pain before she came anyway.

She alternately sobbed and yelped as her penis finally spent its load, the searing pain fading to a dull ache. She stood against the wall for a while longer, panting.

Five hours since she came in the doctor's office bathroom. Three since jerking off in Melanie's bathroom. Six hours asleep that morning before her cock had cum without even being touched.

She wiped her eyes, pulling herself together as well as she could over the dishevelled mess she'd been left by the day's events. In a way it was relieving to realise there was no point in trying not to masturbate, as much as it was also depressing to realise that the doctor had been right.

The subtle changes her new organ had made to her mind were supplying another idea, as

well. As long as she HAD to cum, why be alone? Mel was sitting at home, all ready to go with those huge soft tits. . .

Drool pooled at the corner of her mouth. She knew even thinking it was throwing away a part of herself she was so desperately clinging to, but she couldn't deny her body's desires. She didn't want to feel that pain again. She was going to go back and fuck her best friend.

## Chapter 4

# The Second Night: Exposure

The day wore on, the amber-hued sun gradually setting to a warm night. Charlotte lay panting in a tangle of flesh and hair, streaked with sweat, cum and pussy juice. The last two hours were a blur. The trio had sated every twinge of their amplified libidos, Brad's cock up to a rousing performance as it became hard again and again at the merest suggestion of a rub or a lick from either girl.

Whichever girl was not filled with cock ate out the other; Charlotte soon found her formidable skills no match for Donna's giant tongue, and barely up to the task of pleasuring her pussy. Donna soon insisted on the lion's share of Brad's cock and Charlotte was left in no state to reply as the giant pinned her down and pushed her two-inch wide tongue against every inch of her squishy folds.

Eventually though, the couple's stamina couldn't last against the onslaught from their enhanced bodies, and they passed out in a sweaty heap. Charlotte couldn't possibly give up the opportunity.

It was a mere ten minutes before the Walters' were being loaded into a van after Charlotte made a few quick calls. There were still always plenty of people willing to do anything for their goddess. In time maybe the couple would come to feel the same way. In the meantime, she had experiments to perform and she couldn't risk word of what happened to the pair getting out.

Now all that remained were those other two girls. The one with the tits wouldn't be at all difficult to convince to come with her; she'd do anything if you promised to play with her boobs. The girl with the cock was another matter, but hopefully the meteor radiation was weaving its delicious spell on her mind...



Sarah found her way back to Melanie's house as the suburban traffic began to slow down. With so few people out on the road, she took the chance to remove the belt from her thigh, pulling her cock up to sit against her stomach and holding it there with the waistband of her sweatpants. She had to walk carefully, but getting relief from the grinding of the belt was more than worth it.

She arrived back at Melanie's house and knocked on the door, doing her best to put her hair back together and make her clothes look at least a little respectable. She was shocked to find the door opened not by Melanie, but by the daughter of the man who owned the house. She'd

only met Jacinta a few times before and she was nice enough, but Sarah had thought she was away with her parents.

"Yes?" she said.

"Hi Jacinta, it's Sarah, Melanie's friend? I was just wondering if she was home."

Jacinta threw open the door, and Sarah quickly moved her hands down to her crotch to guard against any accidental slips.

"Hey girl, long time no see! You picked the worst night, chica's actually out somewhere tonight. Any other time she'd be on her computer. You want to come in and wait?"

There was another reason why Jacinta was an unwelcome sight. The little Hispanic girl was slightly on the plump side, but packed it all into luscious curves. Double-D breasts and a wide, round ass strained against her low-cut top and yoga pants.

Sarah bit her lip, trying not to stare as her cock lurched underneath her hands. The last thing she needed was to be in the same room as this girl for what could be hours.

"N-no, that's okay, I might just send her a message..."

"Don't be silly, come on in! She can't possibly be that long and it's so boring here, I could use the conversation."

Sarah took deep breaths, aware she was starting to sweat just looking at the girl. Her nipples were straining against her bra and her cock was making valiant efforts to escape its prison as she walked inside.

"Damn, what did you do to your hair, fertilise it?! Last I saw you had some little pixie thing going on."

Sarah quickly took a seat in the living room, crossing her legs and resting her hands across her lap. Jacinta came over and started running her hands through Sarah's wild mane.

"All you need is some styling and you could look amazing. I didn't know you could get your hair to grow this healthy, it's always looked a little thin to me, y'know?"

She leaned forward, checking the roots, and Sarah took a sharp gasp as the girl's breasts squished against the side of her arm.

"Yeah, you could look so hot. Really... Amazingly... Hot..."

Sarah was puzzled for a moment at the change in Jacinta's voice, but looking to the side she noticed the girl's tan skin was glistening with sweat as well, as she took deep breaths.

She was nipping out against her top, her lack of a bra making it even more obvious. She blinked, shaking her head to clear it.

"Are you wearing some sort of perfume? You smell amazing."

Sarah knew full well the only thing she smelled of was sweat.

"No, it isn't perfume, it's... something else."

Jacinta inhaled deeply through her nose, and her face went slack, eyes rolling slightly. It was like just being next to Sarah was making the girl horny. Given everything else that had happened to her over the past day, was that so out of the question?

Jacinta was sweating as hard as Sarah was by now, her top stuck wetly to her lush curves. Sarah was desperately holding onto the waistband of her sweats as her cock pulsed, terrified of it slipping out into the open air, looking at the panting girl pressed against her with a dry mouth.

"I? Can you feel it too?" Jacinta said.

Sarah knew she wasn't feeling exactly the same thing as Jacinta but she knew what she meant, and nodded. Jacinta smiled wryly.

"I don't have to feel bad about this, then."



With sudden ferocity she grabbed Sarah, forcing her head around into a deep, moist kiss. Sarah mewled involuntarily as Jacinta's tongue intruded into her mouth, probing and exploring. She lost control of her muscles as the sensations from her sensitive lips thudded through her body, making her hips buck up into the air as she whined.

She didn't even notice as Jacinta's hand crept up her thigh, or as her hands dropped off her lap letting her cock tug its way free of the elastic to stand its full, steel-hard length. She heard Jacinta gasp, suddenly breaking off the kiss, and stared down in horror as she saw the top pad of Jacinta's hand up against the twitching base of her penis.

The two girls sat motionless for a moment as Sarah felt the bottom drop out of her stomach. She watched Jacinta's dark eyes as they stared intently at the top of her twitching prong. Suddenly, her head darted forward to take a long, slow lick from the tip of Sarah's twitching clit all the way up the shaft, her tongue lingering on the frenulum and teasing it with the tip.

Jacinta shivered as she breathed in the scent of Sarah's cock. She slowly took the thick head into her mouth, sliding down to her knees in front of Sarah. She purred as meat filled her warm mouth, gripping the base and pumping her hand in circular motions up and down the shaft. Sarah's toes curled as she mewled at the delicious sensations, caught between the warm sloppy pleasure of Jacinta's mouth and the rubbing of her hand.

Cold air played across the tip as Jacinta pulled back, still panting, and looked up at Sarah with hungry eyes.

"Listen. I don't know what's going on, if you're a guy or a tranny or whatever, but I just... I really need this, okay? I promise I won't make it a thing, I won't tell anyone."

Sarah just groaned, curling her toes, feeling her cock flex. Jacinta had clearly had far more experience with this sort of thing than Melanie, relaxing her throat and pushing down until the tip of her round little nose bristled Sarah's pubic hair, then pulled back and let it drop out of her mouth again as she took a deep breath.

"You're huge! I almost couldn't take it!"

She bent her head in to take Sarah down her throat one more time, and that was more than the dickgirl could take.

As Jacinta pulled her head back again Sarah's cock, tightened, bucking her back into the couch and pumping as she gripped the couch leather. Shot after shot of cum hit Jacinta square in the face, dripping in thick rivulets down her round cheeks and chin onto her shirt, leaving wet stains while Sarah screamed. It took until the tenth shot for the torrent of cum to finally subside, dribbling down the length of her cock as she whimpered with aftershocks.

The instant Sarah's cum hit her face, Jacinta felt a deep heat build from inside her. The sticky mess tingled and buzzed where it touched her skin, dialling a line straight to her pussy. She felt herself losing control of her muscles, the same weakness and spasms that came from being touched or rubbed in the right places but coming directly from inside her head.

Within seconds the phantom stimulation became unbearable, and her eyes snapped open as she began to cum. The feeling gripped her in an iron vice, every muscle falling away from her control in a devastating orgasm. She screamed. She thrashed, falling back on the carpet, practically foaming at the mouth.

Sarah looked on in shock as Jacinta bucked and howled until the orgasm became stronger than she could bear and fell back panting. Little twitches passed their way through her body as the last of the strongest cum she'd ever had worked their way through her, eliciting small groans and whines.

Jacinta looked up, struggling onto her arms and staring at Sarah through heavily lidded eyes. “How did you DO that?”



The pair relaxed as Sarah talked about what had happened. It actually felt amazingly good to open up about it to someone who wasn't that creepy doctor, especially after her epiphany before.

Jacinta sat on the other end of the couch, listening intently over a cup of coffee. She'd cleaned up after basking in her afterglow for a little while, and of course became curious about Sarah's addition.

It sounded far-fetched and weird, but so was the sight of a girl with a fully-functioning cock.

“You said Mel changed as well?”

Sarah nodded over her own cup. Apparently Jacinta's skilled mouth had managed to quell her lust fairly effectively, because she was only feeling it a little.

“Not like me though. Got huge tits, I mean *massive*. And that freakshow doctor had this, like, enormous pussy. I'm serious, Jacinta, there's something fucking weird going on. That's why I was trying to find Mel. That, and, well...”

Jacinta looked confused for a moment, then her eyes went wide. “You were gonna fuck her!?”

Sarah looked down sheepishly. “Well, maybe. If she wanted. You didn't see what she was like before, she's a completely different person with those boobs.”

Jacinta giggled. “If you say so. Anyway, why don't you call her?”

“Tried. She's not picking up.”

Sarah pulled out her phone and sent another message. Jacinta cocked an ear up, then looked up the stairs.

“I think I heard her message tone. Did she leave her phone in her room?”

The phone was indeed still in the disarray of Melanie's room, on the nightstand. Sarah flipped through the latest messages.

“Wait, I know that address; that's where the meteor hit. Why is Melanie telling someone to go there?”

Jacinta shrugged. “She might be there now, she left before I got back. Want me to drive?”



Melanie sat in the passenger side of Priya's car, passing the time by playing with herself. She'd considered at least making an effort to keep herself under control, but when her tits started to jiggle from the motion of the road she gave up, sliding her hands up into the hoodie to start working away at her nipples.

Priya stole the occasional glance as she drove, but mostly tried to explain about the meteors. Between the heft of Melanie's bosom and the scent pervading her nostrils, though, keeping concentration was difficult.

“They emit some sort of radiation, I think, that affects people at the genetic level. The energy is what allows the transformation to happen, too, I think - I mean, you'd need a *lot* of energy to just create what you'd need to grow your breasts like that.”

Melanie nodded absently. “Mmph. Does that mean the doctor found a meteor too?”

Priya shook her head. “She didn't see any pieces of the one that fell last night. I do not know where or how she transformed.”

The car pulled aside the field where the meteor had hit the previous night. Melanie sighed and adjusted herself, fitting her mounds back into the hoodie. “Okay, so, this is the place. The meteor’s in this little cave the impact opened up. What are you planning to do?”

Priya retrieved an odd box from the back seat, opening it up and checking the hinge. “I want to get the meteor. This box should block its radiation, so we can get it back to the lab and study it.”

Melanie looked at her askance, then down at her chest. “How are you planning to get close to it? You’ll have to wade through a pool to reach it and that’ll expose you to the radiation.”

Priya smiled. “I certainly hope so.”

The pair made their way to the cave mouth as the dusk light faded over the field, still smelling of tilled earth. Melanie was careful to hold her tits steady as she stepped across the uneven ground, but the only purpose that served was to give her hands something to squeeze.

“You -huh- really want to do this?”

“Oh yes. The doctor has told me how wonderful the sensations are. You certainly seem to be enjoying it too?”

Melanie blushed. “It’s been kind of a fantasy for me for a long time. I love being busty. What do you want out of it?”

Priya crept into the cave mouth, flicking on a flashlight and casting it to and fro across the tunnel.

“I am not choosy.”

The pair made their way further down, Melanie continuing to flush and groan as the jiggling of her barely-restrained breasts buzzed deep into her pussy. Whatever her new body was made for, it wasn’t spelunking. They both stopped as the blue glow started to permeate the rocks around them. Priya turned to Melanie, readying the box.

“You should head back outside. I will bring the meteor back out if I am successful.”

It took Melanie even longer to get back out, and by the time she cracked the chill night air her knees were knocking together with the need to cum. She slumped back against the hillock, pulling up her hoodie and gasping as her nipples crinkled up against the cold.

The relief she got from starting to play with her tips was short-lived, as she had to quickly pull her hoodie down from the lights of an oncoming car. Shielding her eyes, she staggered up, bracing the weight of her tits against the side of the hill. She blinked and peered until she could make out the figures behind the headlights.

“Sarah? Jacinta?”



Melanie sat on the hood of the car, wiggling lightly. The cold metal was rushing up through her skirt and chilling her pussy, a confusing and uncomfortable sensation.

“So she told you it was because of the meteor, and what the doctor told us was crap?”

Melanie nodded. “Basically. She said she wanted to use it on herself.”

Sarah looked down at her cock straining against the leg of her jeans and sighed. “Crazy bitch. Did she say anything about being able to use the meteors to cure it?”

Melanie slid off the hood, groaning a little as her tits bounced. “N-no.”

“Well I guess I don’t care then. Come on, let’s head back to your place.”

Sarah took Mel’s hand but she drew back, shaking her head. “No! Not yet! I-I told her I’d wait for her!”

Sarah shrugged. “Who cares? She’s got her car. I’m sure she’ll get over the crushing disappointment.”

Mel looked back at the cave mouth, worry creasing her brow. “B-but I... She...”

“She wants me to use the meteor to make her bigger, like I promised I would if she took me here.”

Priya stepped out of the cave, pushing an errant lock of wet hair out of her eyes. She’d apparently taken a swim; her clothes were soaked through as well. In one hand she held the box, cradling it against her hip. Sarah looked over at Mel, who was blushing furiously.

”*Bigger?! Are you serious?*”

She blushed even harder. “So what if I am? It’s not like I can hide them anymore, what’s going even bigger going to hurt? Yes, the meteors can affect us more than once, and I’m feeling greedy for once in my life!”

Priya laughed, flipping up the cover on the box, bathing herself in its glow for a good ten seconds. With a grin, she turned it around and pointed it at the girls, close enough that all three were enveloped in the blue luminescence. Sarah screamed, throwing up an arm out of reflex and staggering back.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” She turned until she was sitting back against the car, out of the glow. Jacinta was staring quizzically at the box, while Mel grinned, until Priya closed up the box again and placed it on the ground.

“Just sharing the love, Sarah. I- ohh. I mmmththink it’s startiiing...”

Her hands rose to her chest, fondling her stiff nipples through the sodden blouse. She bent forward slightly, moaning. Her hair was already growing, the straight dark locks moving rapidly down her back and falling across her face.

“Oh my god! I- I had no idea... This is incredible!”

Sarah staggered out from behind the car. “Why is it affecting her so quickly? We got home before we changed.”

Mel was staring slack-jawed at the pretty Indian girl openly playing with herself, until Sarah’s question broke her from her reverie. She turned to her friend, squeezing her own nipples through the hoodie. “Uh, well, we only got in the water, right? Maybe being hit directly makes it happen faster?”

She turned back, watching as Priya squealed. Her hips jutted forward and she staggered, eyes going wide, her hands suddenly shooting down to her crotch. She desperately started to undo her jeans until the three girls could see a visible bulge forming against her panties.

Sarah’s cock was tenting her sweats, pulsing insistently as she watched the lewd display. Was this how she looked when she transformed? It throbbed even harder, her muscles straining. She realised she was sweating, her body hot and prickling, almost like when she-

*Oh god, no. No, please no...*

It throbbed hard, straining even tighter. The next throb left the shaft even bigger than before, she was sure of it. She fell back against the car, staring dumbfounded as her cock started to swell again.

Mel squealed in glee as she felt the heat rush through her body again, grabbing her mounds and squeezing them close. A brief moment of pressure and then she could start to feel her mounds expand against her hands, growing even larger.

Jacinta had stepped back wide-eyed at the other transforming girls, not realising what her own heat and sweat meant, distracted by the spectacle in front of her. Her breasts had already

gone up two cup sizes before the strain on her bra straps warned her something was wrong, and her already-curved hips were stretching her yoga pants even further.

Priya desperately tugged her panties down before they became too tight to move, making her squeal as the waistband flicked the top of her expanding clit and shuddering as they dragged over her hips. Her clit pulsed with the beat of her heart, surging forward with each throb. Below it, the top of her pussy was swelling up as well, just under her shaft making her whine and squeeze her thighs as the bloating lips pressed together.

Her hands moved down from her tits, one gripping the growing shaft and the other fondling her expanding hood. Foreskin had already formed over her clitoris, allowing her to start to tug at it as it continued to grow. Her slim, smooth hand glided up and down the shaft, each pulse bringing a moan as she felt it bloat against her fingers.

The tip expanded, fanning away from the rest of the shaft and bringing a yelp from the panting woman, slowly swelling up and pulling away with a pop into the unmistakable shape of a glans, perched at the end of six inches of still-swelling cock. Below it, the bottom of her clitoral hood had expanded out into a fleshy sac to contain two rapidly-developing testicles.

She barely even noticed as it continued to expand, lost in the sensations of jerking off. Inch by inch it gradually grew, each pulse becoming stronger and bringing a larger surge of growth until it had already cleared a foot in length. It soon became too large to move with one hand, and her nuts fell with a slap against her thighs as she brought both hands up to tug. Precum oozed from the eye, globs of transparent fluid that rolled down the pulsing shaft and dripped with small *phut* noises into the dirt.

The pleasure mounted as she fruitlessly masturbated, until she could look forward and stare at the top half of her shaft pulsing in front of her face, easily five inches across. Transfixed, she leaned forward and started to lick, mewling at the sensation of her tongue on the underside of the ridge below her new glans. Her nose pressed into the hot, heaving head and she felt the whole mass throb, belching precum even thicker and harder down onto her face.

Suddenly her body seized up. Her dark eyes went wide, her slim face locked in a slack rictus as she seemed to hang in an agonizing limbo of pleasure. Her cock gave a heave and sprayed a torrent of spunk into the air.

She fell back onto the ground with a scream as her cock heaved and shot again, easily a pint of cum flying out in a thick rope over the front of Jacinta's car and giving the grill a pearly sheen. She grabbed it, pulling it back as it continued to shoot, the strands of cum falling down onto her face and her breasts, dripping in viscous strands down her hair, which by now reached the ground from her seated position.

Melanie had already flipped up her hoodie in expectation, the heat in her breasts fighting the chill of the dusk air, palming her rubbery areolas as the flesh billowed out against her hands. Arousal welled up inside her, even stronger than the constant stimulation her sensitive tits normally provided. Her nipples swelled up thick and hard, completely erect.

She revelled in the feelings of growth. Every inch of flesh that made its way to her bustline nurtured a sense of power inside her, of control. Even in her deepest fantasies she'd never imagined being this big, let alone the times she'd considered getting implants. As the bottom of her tits touched her thighs, starting to pool in her lap, a thought hit her.

*I might have the biggest boobs in the world.*

She came instantly. Pitching forward, crushing her boobs between her torso and thighs, drooling into the bulging flesh as her hips tried to buck under the weight. The feeling of her tits

continuing to expand and buoy her upwards only compounded her orgasm until she slumped, resting on a sea of breast flesh. She didn't even notice as her hips and thighs swelled as well, her body filling out from the direct contact with the radiation, even after her tight jeans started to burst at the seams.

Sarah had flipped her own cock out before it grew large enough to snap the waistband. It sprung fourteen inches from her pelvis, as thick around as a coke can, but unlike Priya still had no testicles. Her hand barely reached past halfway around the throbbing girth. Like Melanie, she was too concerned with her more pressing problems to notice her body was filling out as well.

She stumbled around the car, knees knocking together as she desperately tried to calm her raging erection, searching around for Jacinta. The girl was by the driver door, staring down wide-eyed at her expanded breasts. They were smaller than Melanie's, about the size of bowling balls, hanging very low on her chest. Her puffy nipples pointed nearly towards the ground, and the mass of her breasts stretched out her top, revealing her stomach.

She looked back up at Sarah, heavily-lidded eyes staring from behind masses of thick, dark curls, before the two threw themselves at each other, locking in a deep kiss. Sarah moaned, pressing the length of her cock against Jacinta's torso. Her hands reached down to Jacinta's leggings, feeling skin bulge out of rips and tears in the fabric after the growth of her hips and cheeks, gripping and pulling the whining girl close.

Jacinta's stomach and breasts tugged at Sarah's cock, dragging the skin up and down the thick pole, stimulating it in short, spasmodic motions with her thrusts against the supine girl. She felt a wet sensation around her cock, and realised that Jacinta was growing damp, her nipples leaking. In her state it took barely a minute of writhing flesh before she felt that yawning sensation again, but amplified.

The world went white. If Sarah had thought the pleasure of her condition before to be overpowering, then the sensation coursing down her mutant organ after her second exposure to the radiation left her nothing short of paralysed. It was as if every nerve in her body was rewired to be a conduit for the overgrown shaft. Her arms and legs buzzed and tingled, her face flushed and her gut churned as her body desperately tried to find some way of processing what it was going through.

Cum shot from the tip of her cock with the force of a geyser, spraying up Jacinta's body and fountaining out of the neck of her shirt. Sarah fell down against her, Jacinta's wobbling breasts falling back and muffling her screams as spunk oozed between the pair. Sarah's hips bucked hard with each shot, grinding her even harder against the girl and compounding her orgasm.

Jacinta's own orgasm hit her as well. Milk dripped from her heavy tits, soaking her shirt. The pair clutched at each other as they came down, sighing together. Silence descended over the field as the four girls slumped, unconscious and spent.



Silence. A cloying, oppressive silence, the dead thud like sitting at the bottom of a pool. Moving felt difficult, muscles either straining against some unseen force or not responding to her commands at all. No matter where she turned her head, the sound never changed, the trickling noises, the deep, unbroken blue. With nothing to distract her, her mind turned back to the only other sensation she could focus on.

Hunger.

She was far beyond mere arousal now. She'd transcended it, in an odd way. It wasn't any longer just a need, but a deep, primal drive, one she couldn't deny any more than not think or breathe. It was ultimately the hunger that forced her from her torpidity, that forced her to stretch out with unseen limbs, to search with an unseen face.

From the depths of the gelatinous blob two arms reached out, planting down into the asphalt. Fingers dug into the ground, leaving deep cracks, and heaved. A glistening blue body seemed to launch from the blob, drawing it up as it went like water pumped through a pipe, until she lay sprawled out on the ground.

She picked herself up, bracing against the wall as her legs wobbled, staring in amazement at her faintly transparent arms. Light glistened through them, through her whole body. She gathered up her massive breasts, feeling their weight as strength came back to her arms, and stroked her hand over hair that seemed to mostly be solid masses of stringy slime, like jello dreadlocks.

Hunger. She needed to feed, but she couldn't go out like this, she'd cause a panic. She stopped for a moment, sensations firing from the surface of her body, and concentrated. Her featureless eyes closed and a wave started from the centre of her forehead, rippling down her body in harmonic patterns.

She needed to look attractive. More than that, she needed to look like something men would want to dump as many loads of cum in as possible. Innocent and corruptible, but desperately slutty. An image swam into her mind of a red-headed schoolgirl, like the ones in the porn her ex-boyfriend watched, compared her to all the time.

Two long, twin pigtails of vibrant red; her hair started to reshape itself. A young rounded face with big bespectacled eyes and a button nose but thick, wet, cocksucking lips atop a tight, long-legged body; her face and figure rippled and reshaped. The crowning glories, two massive, jiggling breasts and a large, plush ass with wide hips and creamy thighs.

A tiny blouse barely covered the breasts, revealing a massive line of cleavage and tied underneath to show her entire midriff. A minuscule plaid skirt barely reached over her bottom, and the slightest movement would flip it up to reveal uncovered pussy with a tiny thatch of flaming red hair. Long kneesocks and black heeled shoes completed the package.

She grinned. *That* would turn some heads. The ripples passed through her again and the surface of her body shimmered, colours fading into view on the blue until she was opaque again, the spitting image of the schoolgirl in her head.

She shook her milky smooth rack from side to side, noting that it moved more like fat and flesh now and less like jelly. Her pussy drooled down her thighs, and her lips were slick from the thought of cock. There was a bar just around the corner; she could smell men.



The three girls finally made it back to Jacinta's house. Despite the short drive it took them far longer to get back than to make it to the field in the first place.

As the only driver, Jacinta took the wheel, but could barely focus over the screaming demands of her body. Milk leaked from her throbbing nipples in a fairly constant stream, her breasts aching to be drained. The car seat shuddered against her swollen pussy, sending tremors up her spine. Sarah had to reach over and grab the wheel more than once after the car hit a bump and Jacinta started to cum solely from the force of the impact, steering with her right hand while her left slowly pumped her cock to try and alleviate the sensations of need.

Even more than before, the fourteen inches of pulsing meat dominated her senses. The weight was what really surprised her. Each throb tugged at the muscles of her groin until she needed a hand on her cock just to keep the weight off.

The distraction of watching the road had, for most of the short trip, kept her from focusing totally on getting off. By the end she was desperate to cum, her dick straining and sweat pouring down her red face.

The girls staggered out from the car into the driveway. Jacinta's chest had swollen even more as it continued filling relentlessly with milk, and had just started to interfere with her driving. Melanie had to use her knees as leverage just to heave her gigantic mounds out of the back seat, which reached down nearly to her knees. Sarah's cock stood out steel-hard, her kegels muscles burning just trying to hold it aloft.

They burst through the front door, and Jacinta and Sarah immediately bee-lined for the bathroom. Melanie chose to slump in a couch rather than lug her breasts any further than necessary, groaning as she took the weight off her back. Jacinta kneeled next to the tub and groaned as she peeled off her shirt, letting it fall into the bottom with a wet slap. Her nipples were fat and distended, far longer than they should have been for even her bloated breasts, and as she tugged and worked at them thick streams of milk squirted into the bath.

Sarah was already jerking before she reached the bathroom, gobs of precum oozing their way from the tip, but the sight of Jacinta milking herself made her pause in the doorway. Her plush, tan butt wiggled below masses of bouncing curls as she moaned and squirted her bounty into the tub. Her cock tightened treasonously, her mind immediately filling with lewd thoughts.

She gripped her pole with both hands, staring slack-jawed at Jacinta's shaking hips, hearing the patter of her thick milk as she drained her breasts, and within seconds she could feel that yawning, empty sensation at the tip of her cock again.

The force of the cumshot took her completely by surprise, and she shrieked as her legs gave way and sent her tumbling to the ground. Her cock sprayed wildly as it shook from the motion, sending cum flying around the bathroom. A good amount sprayed up into her own face and across her hair, and even more lay in viscous ropes across Jacinta's curls.

There was a moment of silence in the bathroom, punctuated only by the drips of milk still falling from Jacinta's nipples and the laboured coming from both girls. Jacinta turned around, cradling her leaking breasts, and bit her plush lower lip lightly.

"I'm sorry, girl, I didn't realise you were all pent-up like that. Want to jump in the shower and help me clean up?"



Charlotte gently placed a blanket over Priya's shoulders as the girl trembled, both from the cold and from the strain on her body from her enormous new addition. Charlotte hadn't known what to expect when she responded to Priya's call, but it certainly wasn't seeing her receptionist sitting on the other side of her wrecked car, cradling an immense two-foot penis.

The ground was splattered with cum. The interior of her car was caked with it, to the point where the goopy frosting of spunk on her windshield was probably at least part of the reason she crashed.

Priya was babbling through her explanation of what happened, even as she was hugging her cock and nuzzling her face against it like a pet. Precum leaked out of the eye, dripping down



her face in pearly rivulets. Charlotte rummaged around the back seat of Priya's car, snatching the dark, heavy box on the floor with a grin before leaning back out and leading Priya back to her own car.

"Don't worry about your car, dear, we'll take care of that. You just relax and I'll take you back to my place for the night."

Priya barely seemed to notice, nodding distractedly as she started to lap at the tip of her cock. Her butt wiggled on the seat, thighs spread to make room for her sack. It didn't resemble that of a man; it was smooth and hairless and most notably contained testicles each easily the size of a cantaloupe.

Charlotte's interest wasn't wholly altruistic. It was taking all of her two hundred and seventy years of self-control not to throw herself at Priya right then and there. She knew there was no way she'd actually be able to take her cock but every fibre of her body was screaming at her to try.

Priya whimpered, reaching down to her scrotum and squeezing a testicle lightly, prompting another gob of precum from her eye. "Th-they ache..."

Charlotte took a deep breath. "When did you last cum?" She wriggled at the thought, her pussy suddenly juicing.

"In the car, before I crashed. They feel so heavy!"

Charlotte collected herself and thought about it briefly. "Maybe your seminal vesicles are stored in the testicles instead of internally."

Priya yelped. "What does that mean?!"

Charlotte sighed, turning the ignition and signalling back onto the road. "Your balls are filling with sperm, Priya. They're big, fat c-cuum factories-" Charlotte squeezed her legs together and focused on the road again, "and you're probably going to have to empty them regularly."

She couldn't help it. A hand sneaked down to her pussy and started rubbing while Priya cradled her cock. Letting go of it sent a strain through her groin like someone lit a fire inside her as it tried to stay erect.

"It's so heavy!"

"I bet it is. It must weigh twenty pounds." She looked across at the slim girl, staring at her own cock with a mixture of fear and longing. "Do you like it?"

"What?"

"Do you like it, Priya? You've been talking about wanting to be like me since we first met. Is it everything you ever hoped for?"

Priya's eyes rolled back in her head as she caressed her cock, not even jerking it, just running her hands over the pulsing shaft, letting them sink into the flesh of her massive glans, shivering at each touch. Charlotte bit her lip, forcing herself to look away and keep her eyes on the road, gripping the steering wheel until her knuckles went white.

"I'll take that as a yes. We'll be back at the house soon, can you try to hold it until then?"

Priya wasn't even listening, now suckling on the flow of precum, tugging at her cock with crossed arms and pressing it against her chest. Charlotte sighed and stepped on the gas.

Lost in sensation, Priya didn't even notice as Charlotte led her out of the car and into the foyer of her home. She did notice as Charlotte pulled her close for a deep, lingering kiss. It was the strangest kiss Charlotte had ever been involved in; Priya's cock bumped her chin as she bent in, and rubbed against her cheek as the pair feverishly locked lips.

They'd fooled around before, of course, anyone who spent any amount of time around Charlotte found themselves entertaining the rapacious woman, but Charlotte could never remember her feeling this eager, this desperate. She pushed her away a little then pulled back in, squeezing Priya's cock between the pair, crushing her breasts into it. She shuddered and rolled her eyes lightly, pressing her thighs together as a flood of juice trickled down to her knees.

It wasn't even sex. It barely resembled it. It a giant, penis-shaped toy attached to a trembling girl. The bizarre thing pulsed against her breastbone, bucking like a wild animal as her tits draped around it and tugged against the skin and dumped lubricating loads of pre into her cleavage. In all her years of titfucking she couldn't remember ever having wrapped her breasts around something that felt as weird but as fucking good as Priya's dick.

She pushed Priya over to a couch, not missing a beat as she forced the girl down into the cushions and kept dragging her breasts in a slow rhythm along the girl's cock, laying along her body. Priya's breath was ragged, punctuated by whines as a tingling sensation started to build along the bottom of her cockhead.

Her fingers dug into the seat of the couch, her toes curling. The muscles in her groin burned with sudden strain, flexing as they started to pump. Her testicles seemed to tighten up as a load worked its way out. She could actually feel the cum as it slowly worked its way up her shaft, gasping and flailing with each agonising inch she forced up until it finally reached the tip. Her eyes went wide, and her cock exploded.

Cum flew up across her face and the back of the chair in a white torrent, leaving a splatter pattern up the wall. Charlotte moaned, continuing to stroke her breasts along Priya's cock. The next load of cum working its way up her spasming cock was like torture, stimulating every nerve as it went and trapping the girl in an orgasmic stupor.

By the time she stopped shooting, cum dripped in thick rivulets down the wall behind her. Her face was frosted in the stuff, her features barely visible though a thick pearly layer. Charlotte scraped some off from under Priya's nose and off her mouth, making sure she could breathe, and licked it hungrily off her fingers. She reached down and fondled Priya's balls, noting their size.

"Hmm, interesting. Definitely smaller. I'm going to have to study you, dear."

She clicked her fingers and an attendant walked over. Even living in Charlotte's house couldn't prepare her for not at least gasping on seeing Priya.

"Could you be a dear and clean Priya up for me, and find her a room in the facility? And while you're at it, have a man sent up to my room."

Charlotte noticed the woman's eyes trailing down Priya's cock, which even flaccid hung down past her knees. She grinned. "Don't worry, she's not my sole property. Don't wear her out too much, but you're welcome to play. She'll probably be open to the idea."

Charlotte dug through Priya's coat and recovered her phone. Biting her lip and rubbing her swollen clit, she flipped through the messages. She saw Melanie's number in the previous calls, and an idea slowly began to form.



Melanie slowly made her way up the stairs. They were so heavy she actually found it easier to use her legs to heave them up each stair, sending tremors through each massive tit. She couldn't get over how much her breasts defined what she did now. She was a walking pair of tits from out of her wildest dreams.

Moans and whimpers issued from the bathroom as she passed it, making her giggle. She pulled what was left of her jeans off, and took a seat at her computer, her chair creaking ominously. Her breasts piled up in her lap, the arms of the chair pushing them together. She rolled forward and yelped as her tits squashed against the rim of the desk. Frowning, she leaned back and pulled her keyboard forward, resting it atop her breasts.

The chat channel were happy to see her, as usual.

<Miss\_Melons> Guys, you will not BELIEVE what happened to me today

She went through the whole story of what happened to her, leaving out Sarah and Jacinta. One hand dropped away from the keyboard, leaving her typing one-handed while she pulled one of her nipples up towards her and started to tweak it, her breath catching. They were still hard.

<Miss\_Melons> Sorry about the slow typing guys, even talking about this is getting me hot

<atticus> lol good one miss, you write that today?

<4nthr4x> fuckin hot, u gonna put dat on the forum

<@Yottagram> you write the best stories miss

<sasuke> i thought your tits were already that big ;)

She frowned, momentarily leaving her nipple to start typing faster again.

<Miss\_Melons> It's not a story, guys

<Miss\_Melons> Well, I guess it is, but it actually happened

<Miss\_Melons> Like, IRL

<sasuke> O.o

<radiationman> not physically possible

<atticus> we already love you miss, you don't need to make shit up

<4nthr4x> pics or it didnt happen

<@Yottagram> yeah gonna have to call bullshit, sorry miss

Melanie looked next to her tower. She did have a digital camera, but could she really do that? Take pictures of her breasts for a bunch of guys to perv over?

She bit her lip. Of course she could. Miss Melons would. Miss Melons would take the pictures and get off hard knowing there were guys staring at her tits. Maybe even jerking off to them. Her pussy twitched as the thought crossed her mind.

<Miss\_Melons> Okay I'm going to take a picture, but I'm going to blur my face

With the sounds of rutting still echoing out the main bathroom, she heaved herself up out of the chair, bending over to distribute the weight of her boobs, and made her way into the ensuite. She tried holding both with one arm while she used the camera with the other but they proved far too heavy. Instead, she simply raised her arms behind her head, stretched in her best sexy pose, and snapped.

The chat was still clamouring for pictures as she plugged in her camera and blurred her face in Photoshop. After she linked the picture, the chat went dead silent for a moment.

<physco> holy SHIT

<sasuke> those are REAL O.O

<radiationman> that can't be possible

<4nthr4x> ur fuken hot miss

<@Yottagram> damn those are the biggest tits I've ever seen

<atticus> how does that even happen

<sasuke> you're utterly gorgeous ^^;

<cowgirl> so jealous!

Melanie basked in the glow of the compliments, fondling her nipples, wiggling her newly-padded ass under the weight of her breasts in her lap. It was better than she could ever have hoped. She pulled the keyboard back onto her tits.

<Miss\_Melons> Maybe if you're good I'll find the time to make a video ;)

<Miss\_Melons> but right now I'm horny as hell and I need someone to RP with badly

She grinned as six tabs immediately opened. It was far harder to reach her clit in her computer chair now, but fortunately her nipples had mostly taken its place in her ministrations.

Most of her prospective paramours seemed more interested in information about her new additions, but a few flirtatious admonishments resulted in enough action to get herself into a decent rhythm. It didn't hurt that she could still hear Jacinta and Sarah going at it in the bathroom, their mingling moans forming a pleasant background.

It was awkward balancing her keyboard on the same breasts that wobbled like jelly as she worked away at her nipple with her left hand, but she managed. Her hips bucked up as best they could against the massive weight while her computer chair creaked, and it gradually became too much mental effort to try and reply back. Instead she simply sat back in the chair and let the messages roll in until she groaned and came hard. Her moans mingled with Sarah and Jacinta as they climaxed as well, the house echoing with a harmony of orgasmic pleasure.

She fell back in the chair, panting, actually feeling the weight on her chest as she gasped for air. She tugged forward to reach for the keyboard, and realised she'd managed to slide her butt up over her hair as she rocked in the chair, trapping her head back until she managed to heave her tits up into the air.

<Miss\_Melons> Fuck me I needed that

<Miss\_Melons> Something about these tits just makes me, like, really horny all the time

<Miss\_Melons> Worse than usual, I mean ;)

<physco> can we have some more pics? :D

<atticus> yeah we need them for science

She bit her lip, squeezing her thighs together. She really did want to take more pictures.

<Miss\_Melons> I can't really take good pictures, they're too heavy to do much interesting, I can barely stand

<Miss\_Melons> Not that you horndogs probably don't consider that a good thing

She held the camera up for a quick shot of her cleavage, then rolled the chair back out a little for a picture of her nipples. She quickly uploaded both and posted them, realising she was getting a real thrill from the idea of the channel jerking off over her. She also remembered that her laptop had a built-in webcam. She was only chatting, and the bed was probably a more comfortable place to hold her mounds.

<Miss\_Melons> Be right back, moving to the bed with my laptop

<Miss\_Melons> I'm a bit squashed in this chair

The bed was a lot more comfortable, after she sorted out her laying position. In lieu of a pillow she heaved her breasts up to the end of the bed and carefully slid behind them, using them as a large pillow, setting her laptop up in front of her.

<Miss\_Laptop> Hee, titty pillows

<Miss\_Laptop> You guys have no idea how cool this is

<radiationman> I'll bet

<cowgirl> I want them so badly you're so lucky :(

<sasuke> they must be heavy ^^;

<Miss\_Laptop> They must weigh like nearly sixty pounds each, not even kidding

<4nthr4x> weigh dem 4 us

<Miss\_Laptop> I just got comfy on my titty beanbag I'm not getting up for shit

<Miss\_Laptop> I'll start up the webcam though

Miss Melons was a camwhore, of course. Nobody as comfortable with her body and as keen on being fap material as her wouldn't shake her goods on the web. Melanie, on the other hand, was apprehensive about turning it on. Pictures were one thing but a live feed was somewhat terrifying. At the same time, though, the idea of the chat tuning in made her a little shivery, although that could have just been from the motion of her body contact on top of her boobs.

She cast her eyes around her room and caught sight of a blank theatre mask on the small bookcase next to her bed, a relic of her brief flirtation with drama classes in freshman year. That'd do. She strapped it on, checking that she could see okay through the eyeholes, and opened up her streaming software. She had a streaming channel for some of her Angel Hunter playthroughs, but she probably needed a different website for what she was planning. She quickly found a decent-looking site and signed up.

<Miss\_Laptop> <http://www.xxxstream.com/missmelons>

<Miss\_Laptop> Can you see me? :S

<@Yottagram> crystal clear

<atticus> oh my god you weren't kidding you're laying on them

<sasuke> O.o

Melanie took a deep breath. She couldn't believe she was showing off to a bunch of people she'd never even met over a webcam, but even more than that she couldn't believe how much she was enjoying it. Her pussy was twitching and even more powerfully her nipples were throbbing, her mouth going dry behind the expressionless paper lips of the mask.

<Miss\_Laptop> I've um

<Miss\_Laptop> Never done this before

<Miss\_Laptop> What should I do? :S

<atticus> sit up on your hands and knees, let your boobs hang down

She placed a hand either side of her tits and pushed herself up onto her knees. Her cleavage ran down onto the bed in a waterfall of flesh but her tits couldn't even hang; the bulk of the weight was still sitting on the bed. She shook them a little sheepishly.

<Miss\_Laptop> Uh, sorry, might have to take a raincheck on seeing them hang

<4nthr4x> can u suk ur own nip

<cowgirl> ooh yeah that'd be hot

Melanie slid her legs back around until she was sitting upright, pulling her tits into her lap. She tried to grab one and lift it up to her mouth but it proved more difficult than she'd first expected. Her small hands were completely dwarfed by the size of even just one of her breasts, and she struggled to get a good grip on it. Everywhere she grabbed to try and lift the gelatinous mound would flow out of her hands and back into her lap with a fleshy slap, making her shudder as the sensation passed through her body.

She finally managed to gather it in the crook of her right arm and steady it with the other hand, lifting her bloated nipple to her lips. She was astonished to be greeted with exactly how huge her nipple had grown right in front of her face; three-inch wide crinkly bumps extend-

ing an inch and a half away from bright pink areolas the size of dessert plates speckled with smaller bumps. She examined the texture for a moment, again having that strange sensation of wrongness, still trying to deal with the idea that these beautiful fat tits were all hers.

She noticed chat was scrolling, so she took the plunge, dragging her tongue across the dappled skin. She shuddered, nearly losing hold of her breast but instead reflexively mashing it further against her face. Her nipple popped into her mouth and she began to suckle, each suck making her hips buck against the weight of her other breast.

Melanie forgot where she was, the chat leaving her mind entirely even as compliments flowed forth, completely lost in the pleasure of nursing herself. Throaty moans echoed into the flesh of her breast with each suck, almost making it difficult to keep sucking as her mouth tried to slacken off, drool pooling at the edges of her lips.

Her muscles suddenly seized up, an orgasm hitting her like a freight train. She choked into her breast, her spasms finally causing it to slide out of her arm and slap back down against her lap as she fell back against the pillows on her bed. Every cum seemed to be rewiring her brain more, and by now she was barely even feeling her orgasms in her pussy. Instead, her nipples were throbbing hard like a pair of clits, the pulsing in her flushed areola each putting out more sensation than her pussy ever had, and in stereo.

She twitched and jerked on the bed, the chatroom watching intently as her breasts slowly quaked to a stop. She groggily pushed herself upwards, moaning as they tacked the skin of her stomach and slid down into her lap again. She spent the next hour or so taking suggestions from the chat room. She found that the complexity of the manoeuvres she was capable of was limited, thanks to their massive weight, but the chat responded with glee as she jiggled and drummed them, held them up and let them slowly ooze back onto the bed and smothered the webcam with them. She didn't take as kindly to the suggestion of jumping jacks, but she did stand up again for a moment to show the chat how far they projected out either side of her hips, the mounds quaking furiously until she sat back down again. As rail-thin as she'd started, she was still quite slim even after the radiation plumped her up, making her look like a bikini model if not for the massive tits.

Of course these events were punctuated by several more staggering orgasms as performing for the chatroom stoked her libido until she couldn't bear it any more. The chatters didn't seem to mind the interludes for her to tend to herself. It occurred to her to worry slightly about what was happening to her mind, about how her tits could possibly be more orgasmic than her clitoris, but another burst of pleasure from her nipples drove the thoughts out of her head in a pink haze.

She collapsed forward onto her boobs, shutting off the camera and wiping her sweaty brow. Everything was sweaty. Her cleavage was like a sauna. She briefly considered getting up for a towel, but she barely felt like she could stand up at all, let alone haul her tits around. Coming down off the high of growing her new chest, the idea scared her.

<Miss\_Laptop> Guys I'm sorta scared

<Miss\_Laptop> I mean I love my boobs so much but

<Miss\_Laptop> I literally can't get up right now, I'm just too worn out to even stand, and I can barely lift them normally

<Miss\_Laptop> What am I gonna do? :'(

<radiationman> You're gonna need to go to the gym ;)

<cowgirl> I'll have them if you don't want them, Miss :(

<physco> you need someone to carry them for you

<physco> I volunteer

<sasuke> custom bra? ^^;

She smiled, snuggling down and getting comfortable in her chest beanbag. It was going to be okay. She was going to have to look into workout options in the morning, though. Or possibly a wheelchair. She thought for a second and remembered that Jacinta had hurt herself a few years back, and that the chair she used was probably still in the house somewhere. She was brought out of her reverie by a buzz from her bedside table. She stretched a leg back down toward it until she could drag her phone back up within reach of her arms without actually having to shift position.

It was a text from Priya. *Do you feel like going out tomorrow? My friend says there's a local fetish club that'd love to meet you*

*I think it's a bit sudden, I need to get used to these.*

*No better way to get used to it than a bunch of hot guys on your boobs*

She moaned a little at the mental image, her nipples starting to throb as they gradually hardened. She hadn't realised how closely linked they were becoming to her arousal, but now it seemed they automatically heralded her becoming horny.

*I'm going to send you a present tomorrow, you should wear it and come to the club, I promise I'll make it worth it ;)*

*Also we can talk about some ideas, like what you guys can do for money. I know someone who's really good at making porn sites, you can meet him.*

The next message was an address. Melanie thought about it for a moment, the idea of heading out like this, but what the hell, she had to go out sometime, right? Contented, she settled back in to keep talking to the channel. The thought of her performance in front of the camera titillated her in a way she never thought she could ever feel, and if she could do that for a living...



Sarah pressed up against Jacinta from behind, her cock sliding down between the short girl's thighs, resting up against her drooling pussy. Sarah's hands had found their way up to the girl's chest, still sizeable even after the amount of milk she'd drawn from them earlier.

The coffee-coloured flesh overflowed her hands as she pulled them back against Jacinta's chest. Her fingers wrapped around the dark, turgid nipples, each easily four inches long and over two thick. She marvelled at the feeling of Jacinta's smooth skin as her hands roamed over the massive mounds, her fingers trailing over the pebbly bumps of the girl's areolas.

Jacinta squeezed her thighs together, gripping Sarah's cock and pumping as she gyrated her hips, making Sarah's legs tremble. She grabbed a bar of soap from the caddy, running it across the top of Jacinta's chest, letting it get warm and wet under the stream.

Soaping up her hands, she dragged them around the outer curve of Jacinta's breasts, sliding them around and underneath until her hands caressed their vast underside. Despite being a good deal smaller than Melanie's and despite their sag, Sarah found Jacinta's breasts even more erotic. Possibly even because of being smaller. Melanie's breasts were almost barely a part of her, the girl more an afterthought to her titanic tits, where Jacinta's formed a real part of her lush figure.

Whatever the reason, hefting their weight in her hands made Sarah hotter than she'd ever felt in her entire life, and the steel-hard length of her penis throbbed up against Jacinta's pussy.

Jacinta suddenly pulled forward, stepping over Sarah's cock, making it throb upward as the tension took over, turning around and kneeling down. Grinning, she grabbed a breast in each hand and squeezed them around the tip, twisting them around it lightly in a back-and-forth motion with each hand, starting to drag them down the shaft in a spiral.

Sarah's hand pinwheeled out, grabbing the shower curtain to steady her as a deep moan rolled from her mouth. Her whole cock pulsed, straining so hard she could feel the burn in her pelvis. Jacinta grinned, letting her tits fall away, leaving her soapy hands to rub it up and down in long, deliberate motions like she was trying to tease up from the bottom.

"Your cock's so fucking huge now, Sarah. I thought you were big before but you're a goddamn monster now." She grinned up through spray-slicked hair, casually jerking off Sarah's cock. "It's really fun to play with. I like how I can't even wrap one hand around it, I need two."

She demonstrated, holding it down by the head and wrapping her right hand around it from underneath. Even her long, manicured nails were only just able to close the gap around the thick shaft. She started to jerk it from underneath, rubbing her left palm around the underside of the head, making Sarah's hips buck.

Jacinta dropped her hand down to her pussy, starting to rub as she let the shower wash some of the soap off Sarah's cock before she started to run her tongue up the underside.

"I don't know about you, chica, but I'm feeling clean enough in here." Her right hand continued lazily jerking. "Wanna come into my bedroom and get dirty?"

They stumbled out of the shower, haphazardly grabbing towels and trying to keep their hands off each other for long enough to dry off. Jacinta took some pleasure in carefully drying off each inch of Sarah's cock, grinning as the fibres running across the soft skin made her flinch. They staggered into Jacinta's bedroom and collapsed onto the bed, Jacinta on the bottom with Sarah in her arms, furiously locking lips as Sarah's cock bobbed between them, sandwiched between their stomachs.

From outside, of course, not much would have been visible besides Sarah's wet mane, but Jacinta could see just fine as Sarah straddled her stomach, pulling her cock down parallel with the girl's body as she pressed her breasts around it. Coffee-brown cleavage oozed together around the thick stalk, Jacinta reaching her head up to lick at the head as she started to tug her breasts back and forth.

Trickles of milk started to leak out of her dusky nipples as she heaved the mounds back and forth against Sarah's pole, dripping across the bumps in her areolas and falling into the cleft, lubricating the tit-fuck. Jacinta moaned with the let-down, the feeling of milk drawing out of her glands even better than the stimulation on her skin.

Sloppy sounds issued out from Jacinta's cleavage as Sarah began to thrust, panting hard, sweat dripping down her face as she grit her teeth at the strain the throbbing put on her muscles. Milk was now pouring out in a steady stream, Jacinta writhing with each drop squeezed out of her milkers.

Sarah had her doubts about what was happening to her before, about what she was letting herself become, but she could feel that all evaporating with each fleshy caress of Jacinta's fertile breasts. Her mouth went dry watching the cream pouring from them, a sweet, heady smell rising up to greet her as it started to saturate the sheets, until she couldn't resist it any more and fell down on her, her head pressing up against a breast and her own cock.

Jacinta's eyes went wide, then closed in exultation as Sarah grabbed her breast and pulled the nipple into her mouth. It was long, far longer than even the expanded size of her breasts would



have suggested, with a rubbery texture that seemed to grab her mouth of its own accord, holding her in place sucking greedily and delivering a hot, thick payload straight down her throat.

Sarah nursed for what seemed like hours, switching breasts when Jacinta began to gently nudge the side of her head, each gulp of milk only making her even harder and more desperate to cum. She finally unlatched as Jacinta pulled back on the bed, her shoulders pushed up against the pillows, spreading her curvy thighs apart. Her sex glistened, her hips gyrating forward as she groaned at Sarah.

“Put it in, fuck me, please!”

Sarah cradled her girth in one hand, biting one lip in trepidation. “I . . . I think I’m too big . . .”

“I don’t fucking care! *Put a madre*, will you just fuck me?!”

Sarah down at her milk-smeared cock, and back again at Jacinta’s drooling pussy and quivering rack. She pressed the head against Jacinta’s slit, making both of them moan with the warm contact. Jacinta’s pussy seemed to almost yawn, her lips slowly spreading apart of their own accord until, with a little effort, she was able to slowly push her cock inside.

The sensation was nearly crippling. Sarah shuddered, bracing herself against Jacinta’s leg. Even though she stopped right after pushing the head through, Jacinta’s vagina was working overtime, the muscles flexing in a bizarre spiral pattern that tugged at her cock and pulled, setting Sarah off balance and overstimulating her until she began to slowly push forward again.

“J-jacinta, your pussy, it’s . . . It’s fucking pulling me inside, what are you- aah! What are you doing?!”

Jacinta said nothing, merely moaning long and deeply as her pussy continued to draw in Sarah’s cock, forcing her to shuffle slowly forward as more of her pole was gradually devoured. At the same time, Jacinta was impossibly tight, her pussy gripping like a vice. It almost would have scared Sarah if she hadn’t been so turned on.

She stopped fighting, relaxing herself and pushing forward, and Jacinta’s muscles immediately stopped flexing, loosening up and spreading her lips even more to let Sarah’s pole spread her apart even further. She howled, clutching the pillow with her head thrashing side to side, while Sarah’s whole body trembled with the effort of holding together under the onslaught of pleasure. Fully half of her cock was engulfed by Jacinta at this point, but every time she dared stop pushing Jacinta’s muscles started their slow rippling again and began to draw her in.

Sarah kept pushing until the tug finally stopped, with close to ten inches of her cock nestled in the boiling hot embrace between Jacinta’s legs. Groaning, she pulled back out, making Jacinta shriek as the muscles in her pussy spasmed, fighting hard to pull Sarah’s cock back inside. She pulled until the tug became unbearable, and let go, letting her cock slide back inside, even faster this time. Milk shot from Jacinta’s nipples in a sharp stream as the pleasure made them let down, her face locked in almost soundless ecstasy.

Sarah was astonished, not just at the sensations, but the power flowing through her weighty cock. Having Jacinta on the bed, lost in pleasure, speared on her massive meat, unlocked something in the back of her mind. It grabbed her legs and spread them apart, it thrust her hips forward and drove her cock inside the writhing girl like a savage animal. The only thing it couldn’t do was dull the sensations enough to halt the orgasm that was building.

It wasn’t long before Sarah felt the feeling well up inside her again, that inexorable pulsing emptiness that heralded her climax. Jacinta seemed to be able to feel it too, because suddenly her vaginal muscles tightened even harder. Sarah tried to pull out but she may as well have been trying to pull a dump truck; she was stuck fast.

“J...Haaa...I can't...Let go, I'm gonn-oh god!”

It was too late. Sarah felt herself drain of strength, like the pulsing in her groin was drawing energy from her entire body. Her mouth slackened and drooped, a line of drool making its way down the corner of her lips, and she fell backwards as the first load began to slowly make its way up her shaft. Her ass writhed on the bed, her hips swinging back and forth in a desperate dance as her cock remained firm inside Jacinta's slit, an anchor on the spasms of her body. Jacinta's breasts were bouncing wildly, swinging back and forth like fleshy pontoons. Flecks of milk sailed off the end of her nipples, spraying out onto the bed sheets.

The load finally reached the tip of her cock. Her vision blurred, the corners of her eyes growing dark as a terrible force gripped her mind. Eyes rolling into the back of her head, her tongue lolling from the side of her mouth, her cock lurched inside Jacinta's vice-grip pussy and delivered a massive load of thick cum straight up inside the shuddering girl.

Feeling the warm fluid well up inside her triggered something primal inside Jacinta and her orgasm compounded, like the cum was buzzing nerves inside her pussy, making her stomach muscles crunch up screaming, her nipples ejecting a thick stream of milk over the pair in a massive letdown.

It seemed to drag on forever, while also ending in an instant. Sarah collapsed on top of her lover, her cock finally able to slide out of its fleshy prison and coil onto the bed dribbling ropes of cum as it shrank. Both girls drew sharp, rattling breaths, trying to calm down after their exertion. They had just enough energy to draw up against each other and share a final short kiss before they collapsed into slumber.



Jacinta woke up close to screaming. She shifted over and shuddered as she felt the heavy, ponderous mass of her breasts shift with her. They were tight and hard, her skin stretched like a drum over her milk-bloated beauties.

She slowly managed to roll over and slide off the bed, hissing with each bump against her aching tits. She didn't take enough care standing up, though, and her rack gave a hefty bounce and suddenly started sprayed a forceful stream of milk right onto where she'd been laying.

Once the flow started, it refused to stop. Stifling a moan, she quickly made her way into the ensuite, but her haste only made her breasts bounce even harder, the sharp twin streams of milk spraying a creamy payload onto the bedroom carpet, across the door and over the vanity unit. She grabbed them to try to stem the tide or at least point them in the direction of the tub and buckled her knees as her hands gripped the aching flesh.

She finally reached the side of the tub, dropping to her knees and hanging her udders downwards, the streams of milk so forceful they sprayed across the length of the tub if held upright. Her nipples throbbed in pain, the milk not coming out fast enough to do anything but slightly ease the pressure in her milkers. She gripped one, moaning like an animal as a short tug on her teat released a glorious spray into the tub. Within seconds both her hands found purchase, alternately tugging on each of her distended nipples, a combination of the stimulation on her sensitive breasts and the relief of letdown starting up a trickle of juices down her thighs.

The feeling of milking her bloated breasts was second only to the orgasms she'd just had speared on the end of Sarah's titanic cock. She couldn't help herself and let the primal groans roll out of her mouth, her eyes crossed and tongue lolling as instincts she didn't even know she

had took over and the motion of her hands became involuntary, as fundamental a part of her as breathing or blinking.

She was so lost in the sensation of milking herself that she didn't notice Sarah getting up or entering the bathroom behind her. She did notice Sarah's thick prong nestling itself between the top of her ass cheeks, and her hands reaching around to sink deeply into her softening tits, bringing forth a mighty squirt from both nipples that made Jacinta cum on the spot.

Sarah ground the underside of her cock against Jacinta's plush posterior and the curve of her lower back, pulling the girl upright and squishing her tits back against her chest as she humped up against her voluptuous curves, Jacinta barely even able to rub back as the orgasm took a hold of her muscles and left her a convulsing wreck.

Jacinta crested that orgasm and headed straight for a second one, her body not letting up for even a moment, Sarah joining her with a colossal burst of hot, thick cum straight into the air, splattering down across the rutting pair and into the puddles in the bathtub, sending flecks of milk into the air.

Drained, the pair didn't even both cleaning up, sharing a brief kiss before they both staggered back into the bedroom and fell asleep.



## Chapter 5

# The Third Day: Where To?

Sarah again woke to that horrifying burning sensation in the muscles of her groin, like her muscles were trying to tear themselves off the bone. She groaned as she blinked the sleep out of her eyes and saw the absurd tent her morning wood was making in the sheet, pulsing under a fourteen-inch-tall pyramid of cotton.

She quickly sat up, groaning in agony, and found herself staring straight at the fat head of her cock after she hunched over. Her mouth watered involuntarily as she watched the glisten of precum at the tip.

She'd certainly sucked cock before, and she couldn't even say it wasn't kind of fun, but the idea of giving in that thoroughly to this thing that had taken over her body made her pause. Was she really going to suck her own cock?

Her body answered that for her, slowly hunching her down further toward it in awe until her lips brushed the tip, and then it was all over. The salty tang hijacked her senses, leaving her little choice but to open wide and accept the head into her mouth. She couldn't ever remember having something so thick between her lips, the plum-sized glans filled up her mouth and belched a load of precum straight down her throat that she gulped down greedily.

Her hands made their way down, one wrapping as far as possible around the base of her stalk, the other pressing against her furnace-hot, sopping pussy. Her pussy of course didn't feel as orgasmic as it had before her transformation, with her once cute little clit swollen out into the thick column of cock she had filling her face, but it still felt good to press her hand into the swollen labia.

She pushed forward, trying to take a little more of her dick into her mouth, but it was slow going. None of her previous boyfriends had been particularly gifted even by regular standards, and she was pretty sure that fourteen inches was well into the realm of fantasy.

She barely managed another half an inch before she could feel the tip brushing against the back of her throat, her jaw aching slightly to fit around its girth. She pulled back and started to lick instead, swirling her tongue underneath the flare of the head to brush the soft, sensitive skin underneath the way her first boyfriend had taught her, while she used her precum and pussy juice-slicked hands to sloppily tug the rest of the shaft.

Between her ministrations and the desperation of her morning libido it wasn't long before she felt the now worryingly familiar feeling of orgasm build. Right as the underside started to spasm in that empty sensation that heralded her first cumshot she popped the head back into her mouth.

She instantly regretted it, knowing immediately she'd bitten off more than she could chew. The blast of cum filled what remained of her mouth with viscous fluid almost instantly, making her choke as it forced its way down her throat. The second blast came while she was still reeling from the first, leaving her choking so badly that cum forced its way out of her nose. She pulled herself off with a herculean effort, alternately shuddering with orgasm and hacking up spunk into her lap as her cock basted her and the bed with ten more heavy shots of baby batter.

She collapsed back into a puddle of cum, still coughing for air, when a dainty hand holding a glass of water flowed into her vision. She looked up into Jacinta's eyes as she accepted it and tried to clear her airways.

"Good morning to you too."

Sarah was too out of breath to reply.

"I'd be careful if you ever try that again. You cum like a firehose. I'm still sloshing from last night."

Sarah blinked, trying to reassemble her memories. "Did we... I mean..."

Jacinta giggled. "Twice. You were fucking amazing, chica, I never been fucked like that in my *life*. I mean you didn't exactly fuck me the second time but that don't really matter when I still came like that."

Sarah slumped back, mulling it over. The bed was absolutely soaked in cum and milk, and was starting to stink. The whole room smelled like messy sex.

"Wait, what about Melanie?"

"She's in the kitchen, girl. I think we all oughta have a meeting or something, work out what the fuck's going on. I mean, she's all titty, you've turned into Cockzilla and I'm a fucking milk cow."

"I am really sorry, Jacinta, I didn't mean to get you mixed up in all of this shit..."

"It's okay. I think. I mean, I think *I'm* okay, it's still not your fault, that Indian bitch was crazy. Besides, I'm pretty fuckin' hot, if you catch me inbetween the milkings."

Sarah blushed, her mind going back to last night. "You're pretty fucking hot during the milkings, too."

Jacinta gave her a quick peck on the cheek. "And you don't have to flatter me to get into my pants. Anyway, come out to the kitchen."

Melanie was making cereal when they walked in. Dressed in only a pair of pyjama pants, she had her tits propped up on the counter, settling like bread dough as she did her best to work around them. A wheelchair sat next to the kitchen island.

"Could you pass me the milk?" Jacinta and Sarah both giggled. "Not *that* milk, the milk for my cereal. I could go to the fridge but it might take me a while."

After she'd poured the cereal, she groped around behind her for the chair. She pulled it behind herself, getting it into position as well as possible, then took a deep breath, heaving her tits off the counter and falling back into the chair as her tits fell down into her lap with a fleshy slap. After she wheeled over to the table, the trio sat in silence for a moment, until Jacinta spoke up.

"So what do we do? Like, what's our plan from here?"

Sarah shrugged dejectedly. "Beats me. I thought my life was over already before last night. I don't think an extra seven inches is going to improve that. I mean, how are we ever going to go in public again? I can't hide this thing, Mel can barely even walk, Jacinta's really the only one who can pass for normal and even then she's going to need a *ton* of support and she'll nip

through anything that isn't an inch thick. We've got less than a week until Jacinta's mum and dad come back, we're basically housebound and the only people who might know anything about what's going on are another pair of sex freak mutants! We're fucked."

Melanie seemed to be considering something.

"I thought of something. I was on the computer last night, kinda chatting and stuff..."

"Chatting." Sarah air-quoted dismissively. Melanie stamped her foot.

"I was chatting! At first. The subject of my boobies just kind of happened to turn up in conversation."

"As it does."

"And they wanted to see them. A lot of them. I might have kind of ended up on webcam. It was fun, Sarah, and I think it could be, like, a business plan."

Her hands were already to her nipples, one hand alternating between fondling lightly and bites of cereal.

"A business plan? Camwhore *putas*?"

"Do you have a better idea? Guys would pay good fucking money to see me shake these on camera, or see you nurse someone, or see a cumshot from Sarah. We've got a really special thing here."

Sarah began to speak, and then stopped for a second. "Wait, can you even, like, shake them?"

"Well, no, it's more of a rocking motion from side to side, but the idea is there."

She threw up her hands. "Sure, why not, let's start up a porn site! Maybe someday we can aspire to the lofty heights of sucking cock on street corners!"

"Well you've gotta cum a bunch of times a day anyway, you might as well get paid for it."

Sadly, Melanie was making a lot of sense to the other two. It wasn't as if they could finish school or get a regular job anywhere else ever again.

"Anyway I've organised a meeting with someone tonight about it. They seemed really keen once I talked about what had happened. They've actually given us VIP access to a club they're well-placed with in the city!"

Sarah shook her head bemusedly. "Wait, we've gone from talking about cameras to selling ourselves for some internet weirdo's club?"

"No they don't want us to work there. At least, not if we don't want to. They just want to talk about helping us set up the website and stuff, apparently they've run a bunch of really successful porn sites." Melanie of course was trying to hide Priya's involvement with the scheme was much as possible. She knew the pair were unlikely to be very receptive to anything Priya had to say.

"Anyway I wanna go. It could be fun. We might even get to, you know, have sex. A bit. A little sex."

Sarah realised something about her friend that, had you asked her, she probably would have been able to tell you, but had never really internalised. "Mel, have you actually had sex?"

She looked sheepish, a tiny head surrounded by a raven-black waterfall atop a titanic pair of doughy, pale, vein-dusted breasts. "Does online count?"

"Online does not count."

"Then, uh, no. It's funny, though, after last night, I'm not really sure I want to. I mean I want to *do* stuff, but I kind of don't really care about my pussy any more. I just want my boobs played with."

She punctuated this by lightly batting the sides of her boobs and jiggling them from side to side. Before the others could reply, the doorbell rang. A quick moment of mental calculus passed between the three and Sarah sighed, pulling her robe around her.

It was a courier, a slim young blond man in bike shorts. Sarah couldn't help pulling her lower lip behind her teeth as her eyes drank in his form, feeling a rush of blood through her body.

"Hi, I have a package here for Melanie Baker?"

"You certainly do." She blurted it out without thinking, looking at his shorts. Turning crimson, she accepted the PDA off him. She noticed his nose wrinkling as she signed.

*Oh shit, he can smell me like Jacinta could.*

She purposely dawdled, slowly signing and handing it back, looking over the package in his arms as he took a deep breath. "Any idea what's in it?" Her cock was definitely erect now, a slow drip of precum starting to ooze from the tip.

He shook his head, perspiration starting to form around his neck. "N-no ma'am." She was really beginning to get to him. Unfortunately, he was also getting to her, and she was desperately clutching her straining cock between her thighs.

"Have a good morning, miss." He turned back to the truck, and Sarah distinctly saw the outline of his erection straining against his shorts. She gasped lightly, the break in her concentration just enough to allow the slimy head of her cock to dislodge itself and pull the rest out with a mighty heave, swinging out proudly from her gown.

She dropped the package down, the length fortunately enough to conceal her boner, leaving a small patch of pubic hair peeking over the top. The courier turned around hearing her yelp and was suddenly greeted with an eyeful of Sarah's slim, naked body from the waist up. The two stood staring at each other for a moment, Sarah's erection straining but hidden behind the package and the courier's erection straining and perfectly visible.

Her heart thudded in her chest, her cheeks flushing as the courier's eyes locked on her perky breasts. She swallowed. "Er, I'm sure you've got other deliveries? Other places to take your package... Packages. Your packages."

He immediately turned around, stammering an apology and making his way back to the truck. She watched his ass as he left, still desperately holding down her cock with the box, not even caring about the morning breeze playing across her nipples.

Turning back inside, she let out a breath she didn't even know she was holding, groaning as her cock swung out in front of her, straining her muscles as it bobbed. Pearly droplets oozed from the tip, slowly making their way down the bottom of the head. It was a strange sensation to be horny from actually finding someone attractive, for her mind to be into it as much as her body.

Her free hand went around the base of her cock, and she briefly considered heading upstairs to sequester herself in the bathroom, but was reminded of the two very willing girls waiting in the kitchen when Melanie called out.

"Sarah, who is it? Are they gone?"

She strode back into the kitchen with the package, deciding to bring no special attention to her erection. Melanie and Jacinta's mouths still fell open, their eyes fixed on the pendulous bobbing of her cockhead, Melanie not even noticing as Sarah slid the box across the table.

"Delivery for you." It took a second, but Melanie recovered her composure and pulled the package onto the jiggling shelf of her boobs in her lap. "Were you expecting something?"

Her brow furrowed for a second until she blinked in realisation. "Ohh, I know what it is.



She- er, the club said they were going to send us some stuff to wear. Just you and me, though, I'm not sure if they mentioned anything about Jacinta. Sorry."

She shrugged. "It's okay, I'm sure I can pull something together." She wasn't even watching the box, her eyes were focused with laser precision on Sarah's cock. While Melanie started pulling open the box, Jacinta slid off the chair and crawled over in front of Sarah's chair. Sarah's eyes crossed for a moment as Jacinta parted her robe and squished her breasts around the base of Sarah's cock, dragging her tongue slowly up the underside.

A large pile of straps was the first thing out of the box. Melanie struggled with it for a moment as the sloppy sounds of Jacinta's blowjob filtered over to her making her nipples twitch. She pushed aside her bowl and spread it across the table, finally sorting out the structure of it.

"It's a bikini top!"

Sarah groggily opened her eyes. "For what, a hip- oh!" She was cut off by Jacinta's hand snaking down and caressing where the base of her cock met her pussy. Melanie draped the top across her rack.

"No, for someone with tits like mine. My friend sent it to me."

Her left hand worked away steadily at her nipple as her right fished around in the box. Panties and a garter belt with stockings joined the bikini top. There was still more left in the box, though.

"Sarah, sh-he put in something for you as well!"

Sarah wasn't listening; Jacinta had clambered on top of her, rubbing her pussy against the base of her stalk in a whole-body grinding hump, lifting one tit and shoving a nipple into Sarah's waiting mouth. The sight made Melanie drop the box and fall full-tilt into rubbing off her tips, rapidly bringing herself to a shuddering breast orgasm.

Sarah yelped helplessly into the press of tit-flesh around her face and Jacinta pulled back and down, fingers working away desperately at her pussy as she popped the fat head into her mouth just in time for a massive gout of cum.

She dutifully gulped down the loads of cum, her swallowing reflex somewhat better than Sarah's was in her morning session, and, on the edge of her own orgasm, heaved up back into her chair to keep rubbing herself.

The final thing in the box was a note, simply reading "6:00." Melanie passed the rest of the package across the table to Sarah, who groggily opened one eye to look it over.

"A miniskirt? Are they fucking serious?"

"We're showing off, not covering up. You think they gave me a bikini for modesty?"

Sarah looked over Mel's boobs again, silently noting to herself that nothing besides a bedsheet was ever going to be modest over her chest ever again. "I'm still not sure about this."

"Well, I'm going, and you don't want me going all alone, do you?"

Sarah groaned, and looked over at Jacinta for support. Instead, she was slumped in the chair, tits on her thighs, flushed deep red in the face and coated in sweat, still rubbing away at her pussy.

"Are you okay?"

She whined, looking Sarah in the eyes. "I... I can't cum... I n-need something inside me!"

Sarah and Melanie peeked at each other briefly. "She has a dildo in her closet. You get it, I don't feel like stairs right now."



The schoolgirl stood up, stretching. She didn't bother reaching for a shirt to cover her pale, gleaming breasts, just concentrating until another shirt rose out of the flesh. She couldn't remember when she'd removed it in the blur of cock and cum of the last few hours, but it had been the request of one of the many men now strewn half-conscious about the bar. The tiny skirt, too. The glasses, though, had remained perfectly positioned on her innocent little face the whole time.

She grinned. The innocent little face had been perfect paired with thick, glistening lips for extracting the most cum possible from a succession of willing cocks, right up until one of the men had thrown the last shreds of decency to the wind and pulled her panties aside to start fucking her.

Of course, they'd noticed right away the effect her presence was having on their genitals; no man can not notice that he's suddenly sporting an extra few inches. They didn't necessarily associate it with her, though, and even the ones who did were too busy fucking her to care.

She'd taken cocks from all angles, up to five at a time. She didn't try any of the more exotic tricks she was capable of but she'd pushed her flexibility to the bounds of disbelief.

Hank Chesson got the most goes at the girl throughout the gangbang; he'd always been able to recover pretty quickly in between rounds in the bedroom and he'd crowded out some of his less gifted colleagues. He was bearing the fruits of his eagerness now, trailing across grapefruit-sized testicles, eight inches of flaccid cock that, when hard, would swell up to just a tad over twenty-one inches and as thick as his upper arm. Before too long he would realise that he was never going to have a woman properly again, but for now he was too soaked in afterglow to even think about it.

More cocks of varying sizes had taken root among the bar patrons, but not a man of them was anything below a foot any more, and all of them spewed out cum in incredible amounts that the girl had gleefully gulped down and absorbed to sate her hunger. Hank came like a firehose now, easily dumping out a quart of spunk with every orgasm.

She sighed, a blue ripple passing through her body. The hunger was still there, gnawing fitfully at the pit of what used to be her stomach, but she'd taken the edge off it. She needed more, though, and the men of this bar weren't going to recover in time.

She tilted her nose up, sniffing the air, casting her new senses out into the city. She could smell men everywhere, of course; small pings of the raw musk of male hormones popped up everywhere, but what she really wanted was concentration. Grabbing a single man here or there wouldn't be worth the time it took to find them, she needed as many men in close proximity as she could possibly find.

Suddenly, a new scent scythed through her awareness, a sharp, clear smell unlike anything she'd ever encountered before that cut through the scents of men and women like a knife. She inhaled deeply, or at least what passed for it in a being without lungs, and stood slack-jawed as she shivered, a blue ripple passing from head to toe as the break in concentration destabilised her body.

She smacked her lips, pulling them apart as strings of blue goo trailed between them. Her arms felt heavy, and looking at them distantly she could see they were pulling strings of goo from down the sides of her body when she tried to lift them. The strange new scent was filling her awareness completely, crowding out even the hunger. She turned around, sniffing, trying to

take in where the scent was strongest and where she had to head.

She managed to pull her focus together after orienting herself, although her disguise was more dishevelled; her glasses askew, her hair tousled, her tiny shirt coming untied at the middle and displaying a hint of areola and her cheeks flushed. The strands of goo in her mouth didn't go away though, and she got the feeling it was her body's attempt to drool. Her lush, slutty body drew its share of stares as she walked, but she didn't pay even the men a second of thought as she began her hunt.



## Chapter 6

# The Third Night: An Unusual Club Scene

Jacinta pulled her car into a parking lot just around the corner from the address Mel gave her. It fortunately wasn't far away from her house, and between getting herself drained before they left and driving very carefully made the trip without any incident more than accidentally tooting her horn when she leaned forward too far.

She'd done her best putting an outfit together for the club; fortunately tights still managed to stretch over her expanded rump, making one of her old skirts less scandalous after losing several inches of length to her hips. The top had been less simple, and she'd settled for letting her massive milkers stretch out an old black tank top to oblivion, her nipples making huge, increasingly damp tents in the thin fabric. The lack of support meant the bulk of her rack was sitting somewhere around her navel, but she didn't have much choice.

Melanie's bikini top looked even more ridiculous in practice than it did coming out of the box. Luckily the box had also included double-sided tape or her tits would have jiggled their way out of the tiny triangles of fabric the moment Mel breathed or thought about moving. Unfortunately the tape also succeeded in tugging on her nipples as well, leading her to slipping in a not-so-subtle cum from the back seat.

Sarah had elected not to wear her outfit, even though her sweats and t-shirt were starting to get a bit rumpled and ripe. Even with the belts in place her new length was fleetingly visible down her right thigh, but it was better than nothing.

They helped Melanie into the wheelchair and turned the corner. Sarah groaned at the long line of people stretching out from the entrance to the club, a study in varying degrees of pierced, leathered and dyed. Dozens of eyes turned towards them, although mercifully for Sarah they were mostly on Melanie's cavernous cleavage.

"Mel, I REALLY don't know about this."

"Trust me." She dug into her bag, nestled between her tits. They skipped the line at Melanie's insistence, making their way right up to the bouncer. Even the bouncer, who would see all manner of flesh parading past him every night, eyed Melanie and Jacinta behind his dark glasses.

"Can I help you, ladies?"

Mel pulled a note from her bag. "Err, there's a setting waiting for us, compliments of the

house?"

The bouncer nodded. "There certainly is. Good evening, Miss Baker. You and..."

"Two friends."

He nodded towards Jacinta. "She's fine. This one has to change, though."

Sarah flushed. "What? What's wrong with what I'm wearing?"

"Lady, you wouldn't be able to get in wearing that at the best of times, and I've got special orders that Miss Baker and any friends are to be dressed appropriately."

Mel handed her bag back to Sarah. "I brought your new clothes. Come on, it won't be a big deal, everyone else will be dressed like you, too."

"B-but I..." Sarah sighed. She didn't even want to be in this stupid place to begin with, but her friends obviously weren't going to be convinced otherwise. "Fine. Do you have a changing room?"



A strangely happy pierced punk girl met them inside the door. Sarah was diverted off into a small side room and handed a key while Melanie and Jacinta were taken in further to the VIP section.

It seemed to be a small dressing room for the staff, empty for the moment, with an array of lockers down one side and a long dressing counter mounted into the other wall with a wall-length mirror behind it. The music was still loud, but muted, mostly only transmitting the bass line through the walls. Sarah glumly stripped off and piled her clothes into one of the lockers. Before she could pull out her club clothes, though, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirrors.

It was incredibly confronting to see herself in the mirror. Looking down at her cock, even when she was touching it or making use of it, kept a sort of emotional barrier in front of it, let her keep subconsciously telling herself it was something attached to her, an invader, a parasite. In the mirror, though, reality was brought out starkly; it was an unquestionable part of her.

Her brain seemed to be trying to process anything that wasn't the cock. It focused on the dark circles under her eyes from interrupted sleep, the wild mess of her mane of hair, the startling lack of all the minor imperfections of her skin that the transformation had apparently cleared up, but before long it was inexorably drawn to the thick meat between her thighs.

She let out a short, racking sob, turning her head away from the mirror and focusing on her clothes. The miniskirt was paired with a corset, not too binding but enough to lift and push together, giving her modest tits a nice boost. She might have loved it in different circumstances.

The skirt, on the other hand, was obviously tailored for her before her second transformation. Some fuzzy mental math told her that it would probably have just covered her flaccid cock this time yesterday, with a little luck and assuming she never bent over at all for the entire night. It would have kept her watching herself constantly to ensure that the tip of her dick didn't peek out.

Now, it didn't even do that. Standing ramrod straight, the skirt smoothed down as much as possible, an inch of cock still hung happily down from the hem, swinging in the breeze with each step she took. It didn't necessarily draw special attention to it but it left absolutely nothing to the imagination if the viewer caught sight of it. Sarah's cheeks flushed red at even the thought of going out into the club in this, being seen in front of people. So much effort over the last two days poured into keeping the sight of her cock away from people and now she was going to parade it in front of a room of perfect strangers, and for what?

She sighed. For Melanie. Her heart thudded in her chest. She'd said yesterday that this was her life now, hadn't she? That she might as well embrace it? She hadn't been planning on embracing it so thoroughly, so quickly, but what better way to start her new life as a, a... futanari, than jumping right in the deep end?

Right. She could tell herself that all she wanted but she knew that she was terrified and utterly ashamed. Her hand trembled as she tried to grip the knob that led out back into the club, blinking back tears, her shoulders shaking. She took a deep breath, and pushed her way back out.

The music jumped in volume, Sarah practically feeling it in her body rather than hearing it, a low, thumping, primal tune that was less of a melody and more of a heartbeat, the thud of a great big sexual beast. The punky maitre'd smiled and waved her through.

A crush of writhing bodies gyrated on a huge dance floor, coloured lights flashing from ceiling-mounted spotlights playing hypnotic colours on a dazzling array of spikes, leather and latex. Sarah's mouth hung open, images of multicoloured cleavage, belly, butt and muscle assaulting her mutated sexuality like a cavalry charge. Boy, girl, it didn't seem to matter, every tight body and display of flesh switched her brain off and her cock on.

Fuzzily, she tried to find her way around the dark perimeter of the club's main room, her cock not quite swinging up erect yet but already extending even further down from the hem of her skirt. She tried to hide it but there were people *everywhere*, and no matter where she turned there was someone there to catch sight of the pendulous, throbbing meat slowly starting to lift the front of her skirt.

The reactions were varied, but always followed the same pattern; shock initially, wide eyes or a gasp that went unheard over the thudding music, a brief moment of confusion as they considered the situation, and *then* the reaction. The repulsion that Sarah feared reared its head, of course, people turning away in disgust. More than a few, though, let their eyes linger on the pale prick, and the bigger it got the more emphatic those people became.

Once Sarah was at full mast, her cock swinging in front of her like a bizarre white cane, her muscles burning just with the effort of holding it up, men began to wink, women began to bite and lick their lips. One girl gyrated out of the crush on the dance floor, pulled Sarah against her, Sarah's cock sticking right up between the pair, and dragged her body against it for a few seconds before returning to the floor with a blown kiss.

Sweat was pouring down her face, glistening on her corseted boobs. Precum was starting to pearl on the tip of her dick, and before too long she was going to start leaving a little drippy trail. Without looking, she ran straight into the back of another girl.

She stammered out an apology that got lost in the music, and the girl turned around. There was the same brief time for the girl to process what she was seeing, and Sarah managed to get a good look at her in the light from the bar.

She had a dark mohawk with an undershave on one side. Her black tank top showed off an expanse of collarbone and rib, slim arms and a tight stomach with tiny but perky tits. Her hips were somewhat boyish as well, with thin legs in huge, clunky boots.

Her eyes were locked on Sarah's cock, her chest rising slowly as she took a deep, hungry breath. She seized Sarah by her shaft, pulling insistently until Sarah had no choice but to follow her off the dance floor into a small alcove where the music was a bit lower.

"You looking for the VIP section?"

Sarah's eyes lit up. "Yes! How did you know?"

She licked her lips. "I can tell. I'll show you where it is, but you have to do something for me."

The girl's thumb traced along the eye. "You have to let me suck this beautiful cock."

Sarah went speechless. "Y-you want to... You can't..."

"Let me worry about that. I find you the VIP section, you cram that meat in my mouth. Not here, though, we'll get in trouble, in the VIP room. Deal?"

Sarah nodded, averting her gaze. She solemnly followed the girl around to a small exit covered by a velvet curtain. There was another club employee at the door, and the moment she saw Sarah she smiled and waved the two through. The VIP room was smaller, and circular, with several booths set into the walls with plush, semicircular vinyl couches. The music was a lot softer in here, allowing the sound of desperate moaning and giggling to cover it.

The majority of the booths were full of rutting, orgiastic tangles of flesh, all manner of kink and depravity. The vast expanse of pale skin in one booth made her double-take and realise it was Melanie's breasts. Her bikini top was a thing of the past, scattered to some corner of the VIP room. In its place were two bobbing heads in front of each nipple, one man and one woman. They were sensuously but forcefully massaging and slathering kisses all over their respective tits, gathering up handfuls of jiggling flesh, squeezing and mauling while Mel's skinny legs kicked helplessly, her face locked in an exultant expression broken only by the passage of a thunderous orgasm every fifteen seconds or so.

Jacinta was a few booths over, kneeling in front of the couch, one man directly behind her doing his best to thrust even as her pussy pulled him in like it had done to Sarah. Her face was buried between the legs of another man in front of her, and a heavyset woman was underneath her, suckling milk directly from her hanging tits. A brief pang of jealousy passed through Sarah, but her guide steered her away and into a booth.

"Welcome to the VIP section, stud. Now, that's my end of the bargain," she pushed Sarah down onto the couch and kneeled in front of her, her hands running up and down the length of Sarah's cock almost reverently, like she was worshipping at some sort of perverted altar, "you hold up your end."

Sarah made a feeble effort to move away but the girl's hands were sparking paralytically good sensations into her. She took a deep, rattling breath. "You won't be able to suck it, will you, er-"

"Summer." Summer kept slowly stroking the pole, eyes fixed on it, licking her lips. "And don't you worry about that. I've got a sixteen-inch dildo at home I can deepthroat. You're thicker, but I think I can take you."

She leaned forward, pulling Sarah's cock down at a lower angle and nibbling on the tip, swirling her tongue around the fat head, behind it into the ridge and then down to flick the bulbous underside. She took a deep breath and sucked the whole head into her mouth, stretching her lips out. The inside of her mouth was gorgeously warm, and her tongue caressed the bottom of Sarah's glans. She stopped for a moment, letting herself just enjoy the sensation of the cock in her mouth, and then slowly started to push forward.

Summer's mouth was clearly well-practised, and as long as she slowly pushed forward, giving her throat time to stretch, Sarah's cock steadily and easily disappeared inch by inch past her lips. She swayed from side to side, the neck of her tank top hanging open to reveal her tiny breasts, her small ass wiggling behind her.

Sarah thumped the seat, her other hand up clutching at handfuls of thick brown hair as she



bit her lower lip and writhed. Ten inches of cock had disappeared down Summer's throat with no sign of her slowing, and every inch was an explosion of hot, wet pleasure. Jacinta's mouth had felt amazing in their first encounter, but now Sarah had twice as much cock to feel good and a pro to make it happen.

Before long Summer had worked the whole shaft down her throat. Her nose was brushing into Sarah's pubic hair and her lower lip was pressing into Sarah's pussy. Fully-stretched out, she dragged her body back and pushed forward again, fucking Sarah's cock with her throat.

It only took a few of more of those thrusts to bring Sarah over the edge. The vinyl of the couch squeaked as she clutched her hands at it, her hips bucking, her face locked in a blank, pleasure-bombed rictus as she screamed. With the first shot down Summer's throat she jerked forward as her abs crunched hard, then slammed back against the couch and twitched as she dumped load after load straight into the girl's stomach. She didn't even have to swallow, just dutifully waiting until it finished throbbing before she slowly pulled back off it, letting it fall out of her mouth and slap against the couch, taking a deep breath.

"Holy shit, that was amazing. I fucking love your cock."

Sarah made a dazed noise of assent, letting the moans and the dull thud of the bass from out in the main club swirl around her as she basked in the glorious afterglow. One of the guys in the booth next to her was having a conversation with his friend. Sarah couldn't see it, but she could hear the woman bobbing industriously at his crotch.

"Shit man, didn't expect to see you up here."

"Needed to- ngg, blow off some steam, and my favourite girl was up here tonight, wasn't she?"

There was a muffled noise of agreement from between his legs.

"Did you see that girl with the tits?"

"Fuckin' gross dude, she's just some skinny bitch with trash bags of veiny fat bolted on. She hasn't even spread her legs, she's just had people playing with her tits. That Mexican chick, though, her cunt's like a vacuum cleaner. It grabbed my cock and wouldn't let go, ended up blowing a load right inside her!"

"Shit dude, what if something happens?"

"I was like her third-aaah, fuckin' guy already and she's gonna be here for hours. How's she gonna knoooo-oh shiiit-"

He grabbed the head of the girl sucking him off and pulled her down, blowing his load hard down her throat. She whimpered and dutifully swallowed.

"Fuuuck yeah. So where were you?"

"Downstairs."

"Haha, that chick with the cock again? Jesus dude, why not just admit you're fuckin' gay?"

"It's not like that! She's really hot, and she fucks so well-"

"And she's got a cock the size of a car, dude. Just admit you love the dick."

Sarah was actively listening now. It was possible that there might have been another girl in this city with a cock as big as he was describing, but it was unlikely.

"I'm going back downstairs, fuck you."

"I'm coming with. They want me back down there anyway."

They got up and headed off to one of the darker corners of the VIP room. Sarah mumbled an excuse about going to the bathroom and followed them as they took a small corner path to what turned out to actually be the bathrooms.

She watched through a crack in the door as they entered the men's and made their way to the end stall, which had an out-of-order sign hung on it. Ignoring the sign, they went in. She waited, but they didn't come out.

Inside the stall seemed normal, except that bowl was completely empty. She flicked the handle on the cistern, but instead of flushing, there was a click from the wall next to her.

It turned out to be a hidden door in the wall that swung inwards as soon as she pushed on it into what looked like a small maintenance tunnel. She could hear faint humming coming from the end of the passage, and a dim white glow that was visible over the dull emergency lighting of the passage.

The dim glow turned out to be from a doorway that led into a stark white corridor. It was vaguely circular, flat on the bottom and top to provide floor and ceiling, about eight feet high. Sarah stood at a junction between two such corridors, one leading off to the left and one straight ahead.

Moving some way down the corridor, she saw pod-like doors sunk into indentations in the sides, four in all. Next to each door was a rectangular window that stood perpendicular to the floor, alternately sunk into and projecting out of the curved wall. They were about a foot tall and three wide, and set high enough to allow someone to stand and look in.

The first door on the left was labelled "Walters." A couple were inside, the man thrusting furiously between the titanic spread thighs of a blond-haired woman who easily had to be twelve feet tall. A pair of beach ball-sized breasts sloshed madly on her chest, her paramour's comparatively tiny face mashed into them as her arms pulled him forward, forcing him deeper into her giant pussy. The man was tall, broad and perfectly muscled, his back rippling as he fucked her, apparently strong enough to drive even a woman the size of his lover mad with pleasure.

Sarah's cock twitched as she watched the pair rut, her mouth going dry. She gasped in shock when the man reached his orgasm, groaning and clutching hard to her thighs as his rock-hard ass bucked for nearly twenty seconds. It became obvious why he could cum for so long when he pulled back, revealing a cock as big as Sarah's with a pair of huge, swinging testicles.

She wheeled around, coming face-to-face with the window into the room labelled "Mayekar." Priya was inside, her cock even larger than Sarah had remembered it, the shaft over three feet tall and thicker than one of her thighs. She was sitting in the middle of her large cot bed, a smallish brunette girl straddling her and humping against her cock and the man Sarah had overheard upstairs with his face between her thighs, the massive weight of her scrotum resting on top of his head as he ate her out.

Suddenly, Sarah was grabbed from behind, felt the kiss of cold metal on her wrists and a click as she was handcuffed, and then held in a tight armlock. She heard a chuckle from behind her, and Dr. Sandeford appeared.

"Sarah, how good to see you again. I'm sad that it couldn't be under happier circumstances, but you can't say I didn't make you the offer."

Sarah struggled, trying to pull away and either tackle the doctor or run, but she was held tight. The doctor kept circling her, slapping a clipboard back against her butt as she talked.

"I'm really grateful to you for gathering all my test subjects together. I was able to make a lot of progress off Priya and the Walters, but it's simply not enough data."

Sarah lunged forward, growling. "Keep your hands off them, you bitch!"

She grinned. "Thanks to the meteorites, they'll beg me to put my hands on them. Don't worry, dear, they'll be well taken care of; they'll be treated like queens, to be quite honest. That

is, if all queens did was fuck all day.”

The image flashed through Sarah’s mind for a moment. Not having to worry about how she looked to people. Just letting herself be taken care of and getting her cock off as often as she wanted. Heading up into the club for some variety. It didn’t sound too bad... If she wanted to be a lab rat.

The doctor sighed. “Why must you be so goddamned obstinate? Face it, you’re a cock with a girl attached now. Sooner or later all you’re going to be capable of doing is masturbating and ejaculating.”

She clicked her fingers, and Sarah felt the arms holding her pull her back roughly. “It doesn’t matter, anyway. It’s not like you have a choice any more. Take her to her cell.”

Sarah heard a cough behind her, and suddenly heard Summer’s voice. “Charlotte, you promised.”

Charlotte grinned again. “That’s right, dear, I did promise. You did exceptionally well. You know, Sarah, I think you should be the first to see the amazing scientific advance I have developed; it’s what you and your penis are going to be helping improve, after all.”

She was roughly manhandled down to the far end of the corridor, with another of the strange pod-like doors opening as Charlotte passed a key fob in front of it.

It opened up into a nearly spherical room with a flat top and bottom like the corridors, and a raised dais in the centre surrounded by four mechanical arms coming down from the ceiling and several chairs scattered around the floor. Sarah was pushed into one roughly and tied to it, while Summer moved forward and stood on the dais, taking a deep breath.

“Well done, dear.” Charlotte had moved over to a small control panel at the far side of the room. “This machine channels and amplifies the energy from the meteorites, tuning it and collimating it. It’s the end result of literally over a hundred years of research. It’s not perfect yet,” with this she looked over at Sarah with a leer, “but once I have more data it will be capable of enacting any sort of physical change imaginable. The human genome literally at our fingertips.”

Her eyes started to glaze over, not even looking at the control panel. “We will transcend flesh, become creatures formed of our own imagination. I can-” she choked. “I can finally rid myself of this need.”

She began to program furiously. “Do you have any idea, can you even begin to imagine, what it’s like living with this body for two centuries? My cunt hasn’t stopped aching and juicing since the day I transformed! I haven’t felt satisfaction in longer than it takes a normal person to live and die! No matter how many men I fuck, no matter how many times I cum, it *never stops!*”

A cylindrical glass chamber slid up from the floor around the dais and docked with the ceiling as the arms hummed and unfolded around Summer, whose eyes had gone wide in terror. Blue glows slowly formed at the dome-shaped ends of the arms, crackling with sparks of electric discharge, until suddenly the chamber was filled with a solid bright-blue glow. Sarah screamed, bucking away from the glow almost on reflex. Charlotte’s mocking laughter filled the chamber, even over the high-pitched hum of the generated radiation.

“Don’t worry, the radiation’s well contained. The glass is my own design, it’s lined with lead and other heavy metals. Just watch and enjoy the show.”

The glow slowly died down, leaving Summer standing breathless and dazed in the capsule. It slid back down, letting her stagger off the dais, grabbing the back of a chair to steady herself. Charlotte moved around from the panel to get a better look at Summer.

“How do you feel?”

She shook her head, sweat beading on her forehead. “Sick. Weird. I-uuh, something’s wro-”

She gasped, her eyes going wide again. Her nipples stiffened immediately, showing up tight and hard against the thin fabric of her top. Her forehead wrinkled, and her hand brushed through her hair. “Tits hurt. Head’s itchy.”

She groaned, her hands moving back down to clutch at her breasts. They’d swollen up into C cups and were showing no signs of stopping. Her hair was starting to grow out, but instead of whatever colour actually lay beneath the black dye she used her hair was turning the same vivid, electric blue as the radiation.

A choking cry came from her mouth as her hands dropped from her bloating breasts to her narrow hips. They cracked meatily, starting to shift her hands as they slowly grew apart. Her ass and thighs were starting to grow as well, and with another sudden crack her waist cinched inwards like an invisible corset was being tightened around her midsection.

She fell forward onto her hands with a scream, her tits swinging down between them and continuing to expand down towards the floor. Voluminous blue hair swirled down past her shoulders, and the growing globular cheeks of her ass wiggled up in the air. A line of drool dropped from her mouth as her lips began to thicken as well, plump bee-stung pouty mounds that even as they swelled also began to slowly turn red and glisten like rich lipstick on her flushed, sweating face.

She tried to get her footing, staggering forward onto one knee as her hourglass body wobbled and jiggled around her, moaning through lips so thick she could barely close them. She fell backwards onto her pillowy butt, her massive thighs spreading apart and revealing a plush, swollen mons, strands of juice trailing from leg to leg.

Charlotte crouched down beside the mass of hair, ass and tit that she’d turned Summer into, the mutating girl turning teary eyes upward to the doctor. She took racking breaths, trying to stammer out past the sensation and a pair of lips more built for sucking cock than conversation.

“Wh-what did you do to me?”

Summer stopped, eyes wide in shock at the sound of her own voice. Even beyond the impediment of her lips, now swollen permanently into a faint “O” shape, her voice before had been deep, a little bit gravelly from cigarettes and alcohol. Now it was breathy and brainless.

She hefted her tits, each one larger than a basketball. Where Jacinta’s had rode quite low, Summer’s new rack seemed to defy gravity, perching high with a pleasant teardrop shape, her nipples not quite pointing straight forward but managing a decent angle toward it. Her ass cheeks were a similar size but higher and firmer, sticking out behind her and away from her waist with a harsh gradient, giving her an hourglass formed of two pairs of globes joined by a wasp-thin waist that could not have been more than twenty inches around. Her pussy was bald, swollen and pouty, and her clitoris stuck out from the folds, easily the size of a large marble.

She stood up, wobbling, revealing that masses and masses of blue hair cascaded to the floor, tipped right at the end with a scant few inches of black that was slowly starting to soak out of the strands like it was being rejected, leaving a black smear on the floor. Standing up also revealed that she’d gained at least a few inches of height, mostly in her languorous legs.

Her face had changed in more ways than just her lips. Her complexion had changed to give her dark eyeshadow and liner and whorish rouge. She was still trying to get used to her lips, her tongue running across them, feeling them out - each pass across her lips made her eyes close exultantly. She looked Charlotte in the eyes, trying to stammer out a sentence.

"I just wanted bigger boobs. Not all this. I look like a slut!"

A pair of large men came into the room, one of them pulling Summer to her feet, the other untying Sarah from the chair and lifting her up as well. Charlotte waved a hand imperiously.

"Take the brunette to a cell and take the bimbo to the lab."

Sarah was hauled out roughly into the hallway. Another key fob was passed in front of an unoccupied cell. Her cuffs were removed and she was hurled onto the bed. She immediately leaped up but slammed into the cell door as it closed behind her captors. She thumped a fist into it and dropped to her knees, trembling.



After pounding on the door for a little while, Sarah sullenly returned to the cot, drawing her legs up and shivering. The window into the cell was actually a one-way mirror, and even though she could only see her own reflection in it, she knew that at any time someone could be outside in the corridor, staring in voyeuristically like she had been at Priya.

Unfortunately her cock wasn't having any of it, in the twenty or so minutes she'd been sitting in the room her mind had returned back to the sights she'd seen up in the club, in the two cells outside, watching Summer transform after the dose of radiation from the machine. She knew it was painful, humiliating, she knew that Summer's life was effectively over now, just like hers was, but her cock didn't care about any of that; her cock only cared that she'd just seen a massive pair of breasts and a gorgeous ass expand before her eyes.

Her erection swayed before her eyes, precum starting to bead at the tip. Her breathing was starting to catch as her new instincts started to take over, her eyes locked on the twitching head of her dick. Did it really matter if she gave in and started playing with herself? If anyone was likely to be looking in they were going to be getting an eyeful anyway; it wasn't as if her outfit currently allowed her demure modesty, even without a fourteen-inch erection pushing her skirt aside.

She'd barely even answered the question to herself before she leaned forward and started swirling her tongue around the head, licking up the hot, heady fluid and shuddering. She could tell that if she let herself she could become outright addicted to the sensation of sucking on her own cock. One hand moved down to the middle of the shaft, gripping and starting to slowly jerk, the other started palming one of her breasts, slipping into the cup of her corset and letting the stiff, crinkly nipple rub across the pad of her hand.

Her cock lurched, demanding more than just her tongue, and she slowly worked the fat head past her lips, sucking on the top. Both hands were around the shaft now, pumping gouts of precum into her mouth which she greedily gulped down. Muffled whines and groans drifted past the tight seal her thick pole made with her mouth. She found herself wishing slightly that she had breasts like Jacinta's to tit-fuck herself.

She wished Jacinta were in here. She wished Jacinta's huge, pliant breasts were squeezed around her cock, not some strange man's. She wanted Jacinta's body and her vicegrip pussy all to herself. She wanted Jacinta's lush figure bouncing up and down on her lap, her tits spraying milk onto the bed.

Her eyes went wide and she whined as she felt her cock straining, starting to tingle with the impending sensation of orgasm. She dimly recalled being on the receiving end of her own cumshot that morning and nearly choking on her own jizz and didn't want to repeat the experience. She

briefly thought about the mess, but quickly decided that if they didn't want to clean up cum they shouldn't have locked her in here.

She popped it out of her mouth, pointing it forward, thrusting her hips against her hands as she completed the final few strokes, tugging the soft flesh of her shaft in long, shuddering motions until she crested. She grit her teeth and moaned as the first shot of cum blasted out of her eye, sailing almost all the way to the far wall of the cell and splattering on the ground in a thick puddle. She tensed up again and thrust, giving a pained grin as she squeezed her kegel muscles and forced an even harder burst of cum out that hit the wall this time. By the time she was done a respectable amount of jizz was piled against the far wall and in a sticky trail all the way back to strands still dangling from the end of her softening cock.

She dozed for a moment, just letting herself catch up on her breathing. The cell was warm enough that she didn't mind the sensation of the cooling goo on her skin or having her bare legs spread apart. Of course, the afterglow couldn't last forever, and it wasn't as if she'd been left with anything else to do besides play with herself.

She'd already brought her cock to hardness again when suddenly the door of the cell hissed and slid open. Summer was pushed into the room from behind and sealed in, left standing sheepishly at the door, stark naked, twisting a thick strand of electric-blue hair around a finger as Sarah glared at her from behind her penis.

"Um. Hi."

"Fuck off."

Summer looked hurt, although it was difficult to tell over what looked like a permanent wide-eyed pout.

"I'm sorry."

Her thick lips smacked juicily against each other as she talked. It triggered something primal in her, like they were giving off some subconscious signal about how good they'd feel wrapped around a cock.

"She... She didn't tell me anything that was going on. She just said that a girl with a huge dick would be coming sometime tonight and I was supposed to entertain you and tell her where you were."

She cupped her hands underneath her boobs, lifting them. "She said if I did it she would give me perfect tits. I'd never be able to afford implants, and I've been flat all my life..."

"Well you got them, didn't you." Sarah had stopped jerking now, the anger cutting the arousal. "You got exactly what you wished for."

Summer sobbed a little, while Sarah kept going. "Couldn't just be happy being how you were! Nursing some childish fucking fantasy about big tits, so now you've got us both trapped as guinea pigs for that crazy bitch! You happy? What's it like being an overstuffed pneumatic bimbo?"

"I don't know, what's it like being a guy?!" Summer snapped back. The pair stared at each other for a moment, Summer with as much anger as her adorable face could fit, until she wilted.

"It's like I've lost control of my body. Everything's jiggling or wobbling or twitching or slimy. Every single sensation is coming through like someone's playing with me - my clit twitched when the doctor jabbed me!"

Her face was going sweaty again, and the way her bosom heaved was making Sarah's cock throb. Summer stopped, her eyes locking onto Sarah's dick. "You're getting off on this, aren't you?"

Sarah shook her head. "N-no, I'm not, it... It has a mind of its own..."

Summer crouched down in front of her, brushing her hand along the sticky pole. "Just like a dude, and you were even jacking off when I got here. Dudes also like being cleaned up."

She started to lap at Sarah's cock, her thick lips putting sucking kisses along the length, cleaning up the cold strands of cum. She whined with pleasure, her enormous ass wiggling behind her, until she sucked the last drop of cum off Sarah, promptly stood up and pushed Sarah down on the cot, straddling her.

Sarah couldn't have resisted even if she wanted to. The feeling of Summer's warm, newly-meaty thighs against her body was nearly paralyzing, and the girl immediately lifted herself up and placed the tip of Sarah's cock against her drooling slit. She plunged down and screamed as Sarah nearly split her apart, her unfamiliar weight dragging her down far further on it than she expected.

Moaning, she began to work her hips back and forth, working Sarah's length inside her. Her pussy was hot, wet and desperate, and although she didn't have the same tightness and muscle control as Jacinta, she was certainly doing her job well.

Summer began to fuck in earnest, lifting herself up and spearing back down with savage force, her tits bouncing in wild circles. Sarah was helpless underneath her, a cock along with the ride as Summer's hips milked her.

"Oh ffuck I'm so full you're so fucking big oh GOD-" Sarah tried to sit up but Summer shoved her back down hard, leaning forward and angling Sarah's cock to better stroke against her clit on each thrust. Summer's breasts were pressing against Sarah's own pair, squeezing together and tacking off against each other.

"I'm g-gonna, oh godd, c-ccuum!" Her back arched as she started to seize. Sarah could see the muscles in her tiny torso rippling as her pussy clamped down tight on the invading shaft, her thick lips and pretty face slack.

Sarah took this as her cue to start thrusting, to bring herself off, and Summer started to flail as her oversensitive pussy was kept stimulated, Sarah's thick cock dragging past her internal muscles and forcibly spreading them out as they spasmed. The feeling drove her orgasm over a second crest, and a third as Sarah reached up and started to knead her breasts. She babbled, barely able to think over her body twitching and jerking, Sarah thrusting until her own impending orgasm became too much to bear and she dropped back, slack and moaning, twitching as her hips worked involuntarily and pushed up into Summer as she started to cum.

Sarah unloaded into the girl for what felt like an eternity. Cum started to squirt out from the sides of her pussy as Sarah's mutated muscles pumped load after load of her prodigious cumshots inside her at immense pressure.

Sarah's cock had barely grown soft enough to fall out of Summer when Summer was sliding her body down through the puddle on the cot, gathering up her rack in both hands and pressing it against Sarah's cock, making her groan.

"W-what are you..."

"Horny. Need it again." Summer's eyes were glazed and hungry, draining what little intellect remained visible in her face, and a low whine was issuing from her throat.

Sarah groaned as her aching cock started to rally again. "But you just came like three times!"

"I need it so bad! I-I can't explain it, it's like my whole body feels like my pussy used to when I needed it really bad, all twitchy and hot and swollen!"

She dragged her palm against Sarah's cock and shuddered, whining. "That just felt like I

was pushing my pussy against you. Everything's so sensitive! God it even feels like my teeth and hair want to cum!"

Sarah wasn't feeling particularly generous, but the pneumatic warmth of Summer's breasts around her cock was making the idea of trying for a third cum very enticing. Fortunately it seemed that one of the benefits of her overactive libido was impressive stamina, because the pair tested it out another three times before Sarah couldn't take it any more and collapsed asleep in her bunk.



## Chapter 7

# The Third Night: Visitation

The dishevelled schoolgirl stopped in front of the club, sniffing deeply. The scent was coming from in here, she knew it.

She strode to the front of the line, to the vocal disgust of several of the waiting patrons, and the bouncer threw out a hand.

“Sorry girl, I don’t know you, and you’re not on the list, and you don’t even look old enough to be in here. You’ll have to find somewhere else to hang around tonight. Besides, isn’t it past your bedtime?”

She looked at him with her head tilted to the side. He stepped back, his eyes wide behind his dark glasses, as her eyes faded to a deep, transparent blue. Her arm shot out, and the bouncer sailed sideways into the crowd like he’d been hit by a car. Her eyes flashed electric blue, and there was a flash of light, the same colour, that enveloped the front of the club for the briefest moment.

A minute burst, not enough to trigger any mutations, but certainly enough to leave the crowd devastatingly horny for an hour or so. Pale arms groped at the bouncer as a dozen voices joined together in a collective moan, the group collapsing into a tangle of writing flesh as the slimegirl pushed her way into the club.

The darkness was no obstacle for her. She probably could have done something to her eyes to change the wavelengths she was taking in, but all she needed was her nose, or what passed for it. She shrugged off grinding patrons and pushy waitresses in a bee-line through the club. The VIP section was mostly empty by now, and its inhabitants paid her little heed as she made her way to the bathroom. The false door in the end cubicle tore open like it was made of paper.

Inside the laboratory, the smell surrounded her, assaulting her from every direction, strong enough to nearly drive her mad. She was having trouble maintaining cohesion now, parts of her body fading from flesh-toned to blue and back again. Her shirt maintained its texture, but was rapidly fading to the same pale colour as her breasts. She took a step forward and found her food going out from under her, spreading out into a thick puddle until she concentrated hard to reform it, making one of her pigtails drop off into a goopy pile behind her.

“Hey! What are you doing in here?!”

She turned around, seeing Charlotte standing with a clipboard. The woman’s scent wafted toward her, bringing with it small tastes of her mutation. Charlotte couldn’t even scream before she lunged.



Sarah's eyes shot open as a sudden hum echoed through the facility. The lights flicked off, bathing everything in darkness. While the lights were off, she heard a hiss and a click from the side of her cell.

Dim emergency lights came back on. She could see that the door had come open slightly. It must have had some sort of magnetic lock!

She pushed against the door, grunting to shift it without mechanical assistance, and gradually made enough of a hole that she was able to squeeze out. She turned to head towards where she remembered the exit being, when she became aware of a strange sound from the end of the corridor, the room with the machine that had transformed Summer, a strange squishing noise and... A moan?

The room was in tatters. The machine had been smashed into unidentifiable scrap. Charlotte lay forward across the raised platform where the machine had been, being pounded mercilessly from behind by what looked like a human-shaped pile of blue goo.

Charlotte had mutated profoundly since Sarah last saw her. She was huge, easily nine feet tall. Her breasts were even larger than Melanie's, easily twice her size, spreading out across the platform, topped with a pair of ten-inch nipples that throbbed angrily. Her hips and thighs had swelled out to match, giving her a fertility idol hourglass that was absurd even for her height. Sixteen-foot strands of ash-blond hair littered the rest of the platform. She caught Sarah's eye from across the room, her face an equal measure of rapidly pleased and terrified, the shape of her eyes showing fear plain as day even as they stared in glazed, unseeing emptiness.

Her ass began to slowly turn blue from her pussy out, the corruption spreading with each thrust of the goo-girl's massive cock inside her. Her skin slowly filled up with blue until it covered her from head to toe, creeping down the voluminous strands of her hair and the vast expanse of her breasts. There was a sickening organic sound and Charlotte screamed, an orgasmic moan that died as her voice began to bubble and suddenly her body collapsed into blue goo, which the original goo girl drew up inside her, growing thicker and taller with each litre of the slime that had been Charlotte she absorbed into herself.

Sarah fell back against the wall, too stunned to even run. She could see the meteor rocks swirling around in the core of the slime girl, obviously purloined from the ruins of the machine. The girl's head turned with blank eyes like a gelatin statue, and she started advancing toward Sarah.

Sarah knew she should have run. She knew she should have hidden the moment she saw what was happening to Charlotte. Somehow, she couldn't. All she could do was stand like a deer in the headlights as the massive slime girl reached out a dripping hand for her.

And that's when everything went white.

The roof of the chamber shattered, a shaft of brilliant white light cracking a rough hole straight in the centre with a shower of metal and masonry. The monster screeched in an almost otherworldly register that chilled Sarah to the bone, but before her eyes it began to dissolve away into the light, particles slowly ablating off the top of its form and spiralling upwards to the source of the light.

Within a minute the slime creature had dissolved away entirely, leaving Sarah panting in fear alone in the chamber. She felt something seize her, a presence that wormed into her head and gripped her mind. A phrase echoed around in her head, less words and more just a pure concept.

*Seed of the Herald.*

She wasn't sure how long she stood there, staring into the light, but a sudden call from behind her broke her reverie.

"Sarah!"

Jacinta slammed into her from behind, grabbing her in a tight hug. She became uncomfortably aware that at some point in staring at the light her erection had returned, and feeling Jacinta's breasts press against her from behind made her throb.

Before she could say anything, the light pulsed. Another phrase gripped her head, and judging by the way Jacinta fell silent, it had grabbed Jacinta as well.

*Bearer of the Herald.*

With that final pronunciation, the light faded away, leaving the lab cold in the night air as the two girls gripped each other.

Sarah turned around, looking into Jacinta's dark eyes. "Did you hear that, the voice? What do you think it meant about the Herald?"

Jacinta smiled, a wry but warm little smile that held a lot of affection. "I don't know for sure, but the doctor checked me out earlier, and I think I have an idea?"

"An idea, what do you mean?"

"Well, she found out what my mutation is. I mean, I got the boobs, but it's not like Melanie. It's something different."

She dropped her face downwards. "I'm pregnant."

"Pregnant? With who?!"

"Well that's the funny part. It turns out, I'm hyper-fertile. So fertile my body can even use female DNA to make a baby."

She waited for understanding to dawn on Sarah. It took a few moments, but her eyes went wide, looking down at her throbbing erection, and then at Jacinta's stomach. Jacinta looked at her in a teary smile.

"Yep. Congratulations, Daddy."



## Chapter 8

# Afterwards

Sarah's eyes snapped open, the strain of her groin muscles invading her thoughts. Instantly, though, it was masked by the flood of wet, warm sensation coming from the rest of her cock.

A mass of blue hair was moving up and down the length of her morning wood, Summer's thick lips slurping deliciously along every inch. Sarah sighed, falling back into the plush cushions of the massive bed.

"Mmm... I thought you had a photoshoot today?"

Summer's lips came off her cock with an audible *pop*. "Nope. Just Melanie and Priya today, although I've got an escort date tonight."

Sarah groaned as Summer moved back onto her dick, looking vaguely around their adopted bedroom. Ornate, tastefully decorated in black, cream and dark wood, with an enormous circular bed in the centre. It had been Charlotte's; Priya had seen to it that the girls inherited everything the doctor had left behind when she disappeared, including her mansion.

Melanie had made good on her plan, starting off with a small webcam business and expanding into a porno empire, overseen commercially by one of Charlotte's more canny former attendants. Sarah owned part of it, a gift from Melanie, albeit one that carried new offers for a photoshoot or video every few months with it.

She woke up most mornings like this, in Summer's mouth, between Melanie's tits, gripped hard in Jacinta's pussy. The five girls slept together normally, leaving the mornings a free-for-all for whoever felt the need. She ran her fingers through Summer's hair, grunting, and began to cum hard into her mouth.

Summer slurped up dutifully, whining happily, and pounced off the bed to make her way inside. Sarah pulled on a robe and followed the girl into a small, high-ceilinged living room area. Charlotte's mansion was awfully modern, lots of glass and metal and white tile, but gift horses. A man sat on the leather sofa, his hands stroking over twenty inches of cock as he watched a porno on the big screen TV. Sarah waved.

"Morning, Hank." He nodded in acknowledgement. Charlotte's people had found him fairly soon after the incident and taken him in, for his own benefit and to avoid difficult questions. A DVD case on the table was labelled "Taming the Dickgirl," and Priya's o-face on the TV left no question that it was the DVD he was watching. "Featuring the fantastic natural pontoons of Miss Melons, the amazing girlicock of Priya-pism and the slutty bimbo body of Summer Staxxx!"

The smell of frying eggs led her into the kitchen. Jacinta's short body stood in front of the

gas hob, the girl wearing nothing but an apron. The big, pert cheeks of her ass curved out from under the tie. Sarah walked up, nestling her cock between the glorious globes, her hands sliding up to cup Jacinta's even further swollen breasts. One hand slid down to trace the coffee-coloured swell of her pregnant belly. She sighed, wiggling back against Sarah.

"Morning, daddy-girl." They shared a quick kiss. "So I had an idea last night, while I was milking."

"You always have your best ideas when you're milking."

"It's soothing. Anyway, I thought of an idea for our little problem?"

She put a hand on her tummy. Sarah cocked an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"Angel. We're going to call her Angel."