Disclaimer: This is a work of erotic fiction intended for adults of the age of majority in their state of residence. Please do not view this if you are not entitled to view pornographic material.   
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Stay tuned for further updates to this story and others by following me @ <http://www.hentai-foundry.com/user/oppailolicus/profile> and <http://oppailolicus.deviantart.com/> Chapter 2 picks up immediately where Chapter 1 left off.

Four of a Kind  
  
Chapter 2

“Nice to meet you, Erica,” she chirped in a quiet, feminine voice, meeting my gaze for only a fraction of a second before glancing away.

I grasped her smooth, soft hand. “You too, Beth!” I yelped, a little too enthusiastically. I cleared my throat. “This is really amazing place you have,” I continued in a calmer tone. I devoted every ounce of self-control to not staring at my new study-partner’s incredible chest.

She blushed, and turned to lead me into the house. “Oh, thanks. It’s a little ostentatious, I think. I hope you don’t mind. My mother designed it, so we’re stuck with it.”

“Not at all,” I replied as we entered the light-filled atrium, treading on a floor of what I can only assume was some foreign, expensive hardwood. “It’s very beautiful. Is your mom an architect?”

“No, it’s just a hobby for her. She works in finance. Here, I’ll show you around.”

Must be a rather extraordinary family, I mused. As Beth gave me the tour and pointed out all the various rooms and architectural highlights, I must confess that my attentions were not focused on the vaulted ceilings or floating glass staircases. No, I was utterly zeroed-in on Beth’s impossible ass. Her jeans struggled—in vain, I should add—to adequately contain it, revealing a pink thong that peeked out. I hadn’t noticed when we first met (what with me being rather preoccupied with Beth’s double set of tits), but the proportions of her lower body were truly absurd. Her hips had to be at least twice the width of her waist, which was tiny. I could now see it from behind, no longer obscured by her lower pair of boobs, and I quite seriously wondered if I could encircle her midsection with my hands.

But back to her ass. Oh, that beautiful, mesmerizing ass. It was a rump deserving of sonnets, epic ballads, and portraits painted by Dutch Old Masters. It was actually somehow slightly wider than her hips, yet impossibly round and firm. Each cheek was a perfect hemisphere, joining her lower back and upper thighs at ninety-degree angles. At its greatest extent, it had to project a good eight inches behind her. As she walked, I could see the independent movement of each glorious cheek, and I burned with the desire to see how they would jiggle and quake if freed from the cruel constraint of her jeans. Her thighs were deliciously thick, rubbing together as she walked—a perfect match for her divine glutes. She was one of those rare women who look like two separate people sewn together in an experiment of erotic mad science—a petite woman’s upper body attached to the fertile hips, ass, and thighs of a sex-goddess. In terms of absolute size, her backside wasn’t as big as someone like Bria Myles, but its shape was more perfect, and her ratios were somehow even more extreme than the biggest of big-booty models.

“Erica?” she asked, pulling me out of my trance.

“Oh, sorry, I zoned out for a second there,” I said, thankful that I had been staring into space instead of at Beth’s voluminous rear-end.

“I was asking if you wanted to go up to my room and start studying.”

Her room? My heart skipped a beat.

“Uh, sure, of course. Lead on!”

I was of two minds as she led me upstairs. One the one hand, this seemed like proof of a loving and just God, to be in the presence of this beautiful and unique woman, a living embodiment of a fantasy I had always assumed was just that—fantasy. On the other hand, it might just be the work of Satan, considering that there was no way I could make a move now. From Beth’s quiet voice, avoidance of public places, and inability to maintain eye-contact for more than a second, she was clearly a very shy and self-conscious girl. It was perfectly understandable, given how much negative attention her assets must normally attract. For me to hit on her now would be something of a betrayal—she had let me into her house because she took me for someone who wouldn’t treat her like a freak or an object, and probably the last thing she wanted from me was to be sexualized. No doubt she had assumed she’d be safe from come-ons with another woman. I would be a royal jerk to be just another person lusting after the four-breasted Aphrodite in front of me, even if her ass *was* the second-most incredible thing I had ever seen as she led me up the stairs (her four tits being the first). Was I doomed to yearn silently after her forever? Within reach, but never allowed to touch? I couldn’t imagine a fate more terrible, and yet I knew I would gladly embrace it. The illogic of sex is truly confounding.

We reached her room, which was spacious and illuminated by a west-facing wall of floor-to-ceiling glass that faced the afternoon sun. It was a bit untidy, which was frankly a relief given how intimidating her family’s wealth and her beauty was at this point.

“Sorry for the mess,” she said as she plopped down on her king-size bed, her four tits bouncing in her form-fitting tee. “It’s way better than normal, actually. I tried to clean up before you came over, but I didn’t give myself enough time to finish,” she said, pushing her straight-ironed hair out of her eyes.

“No worries—you should see my place,” I replied as I pulled a modernist armchair across from her and sat down. “So, should we start at Chapter 5?” I asked, unzipping my bag and removing the heavy gaming laptop. “Ugh, this thing weighs like ten pounds.”

“You’ll be jealous of this then,” she said with a sly half-smile. Beth pulled a 17-inch silver MacBook from the middle of the bed onto her lap. “32 gigs of RAM and a quad-core i7,” she said proudly. “And a lot lighter than yours, I take it.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Nice. You might want to keep an eye on me while I’m here, or that thing might just go missing.”

She laughed at my corny joke. “Well, I’ll just make sure to frisk you before you leave!”

I coughed loudly at her remark—if I had been drinking something, I would have done a spit-take straight out of the movies. Beth realized how flirtatious that had sounded, blushed, opened her laptop, and quickly looked down at the screen.

“Let’s get to work. I’m no good at small-talk anyway,” she said brusquely, obviously embarrassed.

“Uhh, yeah, let’s do that,” I agreed, equally blushing—though more visibly on my pale skin.

We studied for two hours after that, and Beth quickly showed her intelligence, which I had already assumed from her posts on the online discussion board our class required. I realized that she was one of those students—usually female—who is too shy and self-conscious to acknowledge their own intelligence, even to themselves. But it was clear that she grasped the material just as well as I did, if not better. The result was that we had a great time talking about the material, which we both found genuinely interesting, and we were able to help each other meaningfully, in a proper two-way exchange.

The long study session and Beth’s aversion to eye-contact also gave me ample opportunities to look her over. I hadn’t even noticed at first, being so preoccupied with her body, but Beth was a true beauty in classic West African fashion. Her skin was as dark as black coffee and without a single visible blemish. Her almond-shaped eyes were accentuated by a modest application of black eyeliner, and her cheekbones were high and lovely, giving a model-esque stature to her symmetrical, oval face. Her flat-ironed hair reached just past her shoulders, and framed her face well, though I couldn’t help but wonder how her hair would look natural.

Her mouth was the most captivating piece, though, impossibly full-lipped and opening to reveal a brilliant, wide smile all too infrequently. She was wearing a subtle purple shade of lipstick that added a glossy finish to her lips that made them painfully inviting. I was sure that there was no pair of lips I had ever wanted to kiss more than Bethany’s. I often had to force myself to look away from her beauty in order to properly focus on the study material in front of us.

As we reached the end of the chapters we were studying, I noticed something rather odd, but quite arousing. Beth’s breasts seemed bigger than when I had first arrived. Noticeably so. I would have considered it impossible, but the day before I would have considered a double-busted woman impossible, too. I could clearly see the outline of her bra (bras? I had no idea what sort of four-cupped contraption lurked beneath her shirt) through her now tighter-fitting tee, and it was obvious that her breasts were spilling out of all four cups. Her large nipples—which had been visible the entire time—were now quite stiff and prominent. I was glad that I had my laptop to hide the rock-hard erection I was sporting beneath my skirt.

She sat up straight on her bed, and then arched her back in a deep stretch that nearly made me cream my panties on the spot. Even in high-school, I had never worried about premature ejaculation, but I was now seriously concerned about cumming without even being touched. I knew she was the hottest woman I had ever seen, but I still felt somewhat baffled. As she stretched, she looked down at her chest, and seemed to suddenly notice its enlarged state.

“Um, Erica,” she said, returning to her normal posture.

“Yeah?” I said, feigning as though I had been focused on my laptop screen.

“I could really use a warm bath—all this being hunched over my laptop is killing my back. Besides, I need to deal with my hair before it gets too late. I think I need to take a break from studying.”

“Oh, sure, of course.” I was actually somewhat relieved—I needed to relieve the pressure in my balls, and soon. “We’ve been at it for a while, I should probably get out of your hair.”

“You don’t need to leave,” she blurted, and then looked away in her usual embarrassed fashion. She paused for a moment, and then looked across at me. “It’s just that my family has all been away for the last four months, and I’ve been pretty lonely lately. If it’s alright with you, I’d like it if you waited downstairs for me. I’m a good cook—I’ve got tons of leftovers, and we have a nice den for watching movies or TV, if you want to stay and have dinner.”

My heart was pounding so hard I was sure it would explode. “Thanks, that’d be great, Beth. I’ve only got our online class tomorrow, so I can stay out late tonight.”

She smiled the biggest, most radiant smile I’d yet seen from her. Did she like me? As more than a friend? No—I told myself that I was thinking wishfully. Here was a girl persecuted by the outside world and socially deprived. She must be thrilled to have any positive interactions with her peers. Just because she was being friendly didn’t mean she was interested in me that way.

She stood up, and from this new angle I was struck by just how much bigger her bosom was. She had to have grown at least a full cup-size, but probably more like two. In just two hours? How was that possible?

“I’ll try not to take too long, but I might be about an hour,” she said. “There’s snacks in the kitchen if you get hungry—chips and dip and stuff. But save room for real food, OK?”

“Thanks Beth, I’ll make sure to just nibble,” I replied with a smile.

She stood there uncomfortably for a minute.

“Are, uh, are you going to go downstairs now?” she prodded.

Well, this was awkward. There was no way I was going to get up with my throbbing erection—it’s bad enough for guys, but I was wearing a skirt. And on top of that, a more-than-nine-inch cock is hard enough to hide anyway. There way no way I could stand up without revealing my secret. Normally I wouldn’t have worried about that, but I wanted Beth to feel safe around me, and I was concerned that she wouldn’t if she knew I had a penis.

“I, um, I’m just going to finish off an e-mail really quick, OK? You can go get started—I’ll go downstairs in just a minute.”

“Sounds good. I’ll leave you to it,” she said.

I nodded and looked down at my laptop, pretending to dash off a quick message. She turned and opened a door that connected her room to a bathroom that looked positively lavish, and disappeared behind it as the door clicked shut.

I immediately closed my laptop and got to my feet gingerly, making sure to shift the throbbing hard-on out of my panties, to a more comfortable position under my skirt. I hobbled downstairs, threw my laptop on a couch, and dashed into a guest bedroom Beth had pointed out to me earlier.

The bathroom was clean and well-appointed, but I didn’t notice any of that at the time. I dropped my skirt and panties with all due speed, and was shocked at the state of my member. Being larger than average, my dick had always been a bit too heavy and long to stand unaided at a straight ninety-degree angle, yet now it was actually pointing *up*, towards the ceiling, at about a 115 degree angle to the floor. The veins were bulging so much that I was actually alarmed, and I was positive that it was slightly bigger than normal. I touched it lightly, and couldn’t believe how sensitive the shaft of my cock was. I considered unspooling the roll of toilet paper to deposit my load, but realized that the pressure in my sack was too great for that. I opened the door of the free-standing, all-glass shower, and aimed for the back wall.

I didn’t even last three full strokes before I exploded. The geyser of cum that shot out was beyond belief—I had always been able to cum more than any man I’d known, but this was ridiculous. Each spurt launched at the glass wall of the shower with enough force for it to splatter the rest of the cubicle with globs of semen. Not only that, but each rope was bigger than any I’d ever seen, and they *wouldn’t stop*. It was the most intense, pleasurable sexual experience of my life, and I was by myself! Finally, after what felt like at least a full two minutes of uninterrupted cumming, my orgasm ended. After a long, shuddering sigh, I evaluated the damage; the shower was splattered with an ungodly amount of jizz, and some of it had even backsplashed onto my legs and feet. I turned on the water and cleaned everything up, including myself. It took a while to get the sticky stuff to go down the drain, and suddenly I was glad that Beth needed an hour to herself. Otherwise, this prolonged absence would be hard to explain.

After finishing up, I went to the kitchen to grab a snack and something to drink; surely I needed to replenish all kinds of nutrients and fluids after that climax. I found a box of Oreos in the cupboard, and opened the fridge. Beth kept her milk in an open glass pitcher, which I thought was a little odd, but it smelled just fine. I poured myself a glass and grabbed a handful of cookies.

The milk was very rich, and a little sweet—I figured it must have been some organic whole milk, maybe even unpasteurized. It was California, after all, and people were always finding ways to charge twice as much for basics like milk and eggs. Still, I decided that it was worth the money, because it had to be the best milk I’d ever tasted. Even after finishing my snack, I gulped down another full glass for good measure.

Beth’s absence after that felt like it lasted an eternity. All I could think about was drinking in her beauty again. This was bad; I had just met her, and I was already getting addicted to being in her presence. Forty minutes passed, but it felt like three hours before I heard Beth come down the stairs and rummage around in the kitchen. She joined me in the den after that, dressed in the comfortable night-time attire of a soft tee and sweatpants, and I noticed that her breasts had returned to their original size. Her hair was wrapped up in a silk scarf, and she had washed off her makeup. If anything, though, I only found her more alluring. She had an anxious look on her face as she sat down next to me on the couch.

“Did you drink any of the milk in the fridge?” she asked.

“Yeah, I had a couple glasses to go with some Oreos. Don’t worry—I’ve still got plenty of room for dinner.”

Beth put her head in her hands.

“Oh god, how could I be so stupid? Oh no no *no*.” She looked back up at me, clearly distraught. “You really drank it?”

“Uhhh…yeah. Was it special? I mean it tasted great—was it really expensive or something?”

She looked on the verge of tears. “I’m such a fucking idiot. I completely forgot about it. I’ve never been more embarrassed in my life.”

She blurted out the words rapid-fire, and I wasn’t sure if she was actually speaking to me or to herself.

“Beth, what’s the problem? Tell me what’s going on. I’m starting to get worried. Was something wrong with that milk?”

She sighed heavily, and after a long pause looked down at her hands and mumbled: “It’s my breast milk.”

My mouth literally hung open in disbelief, like in a cartoon. There was a series of abortive squeaks and gurgles before I finally found my voice again. “Your *what*?”

“It’s my breast milk. You drank my breast milk, Erica,” she replied in a steadier tone.