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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Four of a Kind  
  
Chapter 3

“Oh, wow, I am so sorry Beth. I had no idea—I should have known something was odd about it. I feel like a total creep.”

She met my gaze and put her hand on my knee. I practically passed out—this girl was somehow capable of making me feel like I was an awkward boy in junior high. And that was something I hadn’t even been!

“No, it’s not your fault at all,” she assured me. “I really should have warned you. God, this is so embarrassing. I hope you can forgive me.”

“I’m the one who should be embarrassed,” I said. “I totally invaded your privacy. I feel just terrible.”

Beth withdrew her hand, and a long awkward silence followed, both of us feeling terrible about ourselves. Then I said something incredibly stupid without thinking. “On the plus side though, that had to be the best milk I’ve ever tasted, so kudos!”

I meant it as a joke to break the ice, but I cringed as soon as it came out of my mouth. It sounded way weirder out-loud than it had in my head. To my surprise though, Beth laughed. It was just one chuckle at first, but her laughing gradually gained steam, until she was cracking up. I couldn’t help but follow, as the melodic sound of her laugh was too infectious to resist. I knew we weren’t laughing at my joke so much as the bizarre nature of the situation. By the time we both managed to stop, we were wiping tears from our eyes.

Beth reached out her hand again, this time putting it on top of mine.

“Thanks Erica, for being so cool about this. About me. Not many people can manage that.”

She held her hand on mine for a while.

“It’s no trouble. You’re a really nice person, so it’s easy. And hey, sometimes you just have to laugh when strange things happen.”

Beth smiled. “I can definitely imagine worse responses…”

I nodded. “So, do you have a kid, then? I didn’t see any kid’s stuff around the house. I hope that’s not prying to ask.”

“No, it’s a perfectly reasonable question. I don’t have a child, no. I lactate as part of my…condition. Which I’m sure you’ve noticed by now. It’s one of the hassles that I have to deal with. It’s why I had to take that break; I needed to be expressed.”

“Oh, OK. That makes sense.”

Beth raised an eyebrow. “That’s it? You don’t have more questions?”

“Not really. You lactate because of your condition. Seems like a good explanation to me.” She laughed. “What? Did I say something stupid?” I asked.

“No, no, it’s just—people usually want to interrogate me about my breasts. I know I’m really unusual. I’m pretty strange to most people, so I just expect everyone to ask lots of questions,” she said, shrugging.

“I can imagine how that would get tiring,” I said. Of course, I didn’t need to imagine; I knew exactly how she felt, thanks to my own unusual ‘condition.’ “You aren’t unusual to me, though. Maybe your condition is unusual, but *you* aren’t. Well, you’re unusually smart and pretty and easy to get along with, but you get my meaning,” I said, saying the words that I wished that others would say to me.

Beth seemed to understand, blushing and averting her eyes in that adorable shy way that I was growing quite fond of. “Thanks Erica, that means a lot more than you probably know.”

Another long silence followed, but this one wasn’t awkward. Charged maybe, but not unpleasant. Finally, she spoke.

“Well, why don’t you find something from the library for us to watch, and I’ll grab some of my famous lamb curry that I made last night. You’ll love it, I promise.”

“Sounds great!”

We spent the rest of the evening in the den, watching movies and enjoying each other’s company. Time got away from the both of us, and before I knew it, it was already ten o’clock. I realized I was unusually drowsy, and I was becoming concerned about my ability to drive home.

“Hey Beth, I think I should head out. I’m starting to get pretty sleepy,” I said.

“Actually, why don’t you just stay here tonight? I’m not sure it’s a good idea for you to drive—you already seem pretty tired.”

I yawned. “Thanks, that’s nice of you. Should I sleep in the guest house?”

“Oh, no, don’t be silly. You can take the room across from mine. It’s my sister’s, but she won’t be back here until Thanksgiving. She won’t mind if guests use it.”

“Sounds good,” I mumbled, rapidly being overcome with sleepiness.

Before I went upstairs to the bedroom, Beth mentioned one more thing.

“Oh, Erica, I should probably warn you about something.”

“Huh?” I was practically asleep on my feet at this point.

“Just, if you don’t feel well during the night, or if anything strange happens to you, don’t worry. My, um, my milk doesn’t always sit well with everyone.”

“Oh, OK. Thanks.”

I nodded to her as I headed upstairs, but I wasn’t really listening due to the overwhelming drowsiness that had fogged my brain. As a result, I failed to notice just how odd that warning was. It was only later that I’d ask myself questions like, ‘who else has had her breast milk, and why?’ or, ‘what kind of strange things happened to people drinking her breast milk?’ and even ‘why does she keep her breast milk in the fridge in the first place?” which the whirlwind of bizarre events that night had prevented me from thinking about.

As soon as I entered Beth’s sister’s bedroom, I collapsed face-first onto the plush bed, not even bothering to pull back the covers. I was asleep within seconds.

The whole night I was plagued with bizarre sex dreams which I can no longer remember, although I do recall the odd mixture of anxiety, arousal, and bafflement that accompanied them. I awoke in the pre-dawn morning, covered in sweat and painfully erect. I got up to undress, and retreated back under the covers, but was too turned-on to sleep.

Surrendering—admittedly without much resistance—to my urges, I began stroking myself under the sheets. As the sensations escalated, I noticed something strange; my cock felt larger than normal in my hand. I stopped jerking-off to carefully feel the length and girth of my shaft. Not only was it definitely bigger, it felt like it was actually *growing*. I threw back the sheets and was stunned; my cock was at least a foot long and swelling larger before my eyes.

This was an impossible fantasy come to life, and the most erotic thing I had ever seen, other than Beth’s body, that is. At the same time, though, it was terrifying—I was truly huge at this point and still growing fast. When would it stop? At this rate, within minutes I’d be too big for any man or woman. My panic eased, however, when I remembered Beth’s bedtime warning about her milk. She had said not to worry about its effects, which probably meant this wasn’t permanent. I hadn’t really heard it at the time, but my brain somehow knew to store it for later.

Of course, it seemed impossible that Beth’s tit-milk could cause this physiological change, but then again a four-breasted girl who lactated spontaneously and could expand two cup-sizes in two hours seemed impossible too. Either way, as my growth continued, the intensity of feeling became too great to resist, and I abandoned my fears to better focus on the waves of pleasure that came with each stroke of my hugely engorged fuck-pole.

I watched as my giant prick expanded without cease. It was riveting. The sight of my constantly swelling member was sending shudders of pleasure down my spine and dribbles of pre-cum down my shaft. Inch after inch it grew larger, and the sensation was unbelievable. When I had awakened that morning, I was already as hard as I had been the afternoon before, during my unrivaled masturbation session in the bathroom. My pole was painfully erect, but as it grew, it felt like it was becoming harder and harder with each second. In less than a minute, the head of my meat sat right between my tits, and the shaft was now wider than my wrist. I felt like my cock was ready to split down the middle. There was pain, but even more so, the incredible pressure gave me pleasure, and the stream of pre-cum oozing out of my dick was now constant.

That ceaseless and increasingly full stream of jizz that was coming out of my cock-head made me look down at my balls, and I realized that they had been growing in step with my dick, and were now almost the size of grapefruits.

I had to be a foot-and-a-half long at this point, and at least ten inches around. It was like having a horse-cock attached to me. Watching the pre gush out of my rod, I put the head to my lips.

Admittedly, I had always been fascinated by the idea of unrealistically huge cocks, especially in the context of all the futa hentai I downloaded. And now, all of a sudden, *I* had one of those cocks. I was a real-life super futa girl, living out one of my own fetishes. I bent down—only barely, because at this point my cum-oozing pipe had grown up to my clavicle. I licked the tip all around, tasting my own semen as if for the first time. I had always enjoyed the taste, and I indulged often, but this was different. My cum tasted epiphanous. Rich and savory, I couldn’t get enough. Maybe it was another effect of Beth’s tit-milk.

My prick surged in a sudden burst of growth, adding at least two inches in a heartbeat. I nearly came in that moment, but by the time I had collected myself, I no longer needed to bend my neck to suck my own cock. I opened my mouth, and started drinking the stream of sperm that was oozing out of my rod. The taste was fantastic, and just increased the level of my arousal. I noticed that, as I kept sucking my own beautiful dick, it had stopped lengthening at the perfect spot for me to enjoy the taste of my own thick, hot jizz. It was still growing in girth, the head now the size of an apple, and I could feel between my thighs that my balls must have grown to the size of cantaloupes. It seemed, in fact, that my sack was growing faster now that my cock wasn’t getting any longer.

I greedily drank every ounce of cum that I could suck out of my prick, only a few drops escaping and running down my chin. The pressure in my nuts was building, and I knew that I couldn’t possibly last much longer. I eagerly increased the pace of my autofellatio, completely lost in sexual fervor. I wanted to have my mouth filled with a massive flood of my own cum.

I didn’t have to wait long.

By the time my orgasm finally came, I couldn’t even close my hands around the widest point of my shaft. My balls were too big for me to accurately gauge, and they were painfully swollen. The first rope of spunk was enough to fill my mouth and make cum spill out between my pouty lips, even as I desperately tried to swallow as much as possible. That wasn’t even the biggest or most forceful spurt, though. It wasn’t until the fourth geyser that I experienced everything my massively endowed genitals were now capable of. Hot jizz was shooting down my throat, making my cheeks balloon out like a squirrel’s, and still squirting out of my mouth and down onto my chest. I greedily gulped down as much as I could.

Honestly, it isn’t even accurate to call it “spurts” or “ropes.” It was more like a constant jet of semen, which ebbed and flowed in forceful waves. I had never seen anything like it, and I was delirious with ecstasy. All told, my climax must have lasted about four minutes, but it felt like an hour of non-stop pleasure. By the time everything had subsided, my chin, lips, tits, and chest were covered in cum, and I was in a state of total bliss.

Eventually, once the reverberations of sexual excitement subsided, I got up, went to the bathroom, and cleaned myself up. Amazingly, I was still rock-hard, and I hadn’t lost even a millimeter in size. I exulted in the incredible volume and weight of my genitals, swinging my massive cock and balls around with gusto. An idea hit me then, and I scrambled around the room, searching for something that would allow me to fulfill my desires.

After searching through the entire bathroom, the closet, and the dresser, I found what I was looking for in the night-stand. Beth’s sister had stored a flexible tape-measure in there, and I set one end of it atop the root of my huge rod. I slowly stretched the tape down the length of my shaft, reveling in each inch that it extended past the first nine, cum dripping from my head once more as I saw the tape unfurl past eighteen inches in length. When all was said and I done, I had measured myself as twenty-three inches long and almost eighteen inches around at the widest point—though the tip and root of my dick were tapered down to smaller girths than that. I had a sort of banana-shaped prick now, with the widest segment at the middle of the curve.

I felt amazing, powerful, perfect, like a goddess of ecstasy. I spent the next several hours in an orgasmic fog that overwhelmed my senses and reason. Nothing mattered but the next climax, the next rope of jizz to splatter on my tits or to fill my mouth. I smeared my jizz all over my body, erotic pleasure spreading to every inch of my skin that was covered in thick cock-milk. My orgasms were drenching the bathroom as I sat in the tub, arcing spurts of hot semen even hitting the ceiling. I did something I had never done before—I scooped my cum off my body and shoved it into my own pussy, reveling in the warm sticky feeling filling my cunt. I honestly can’t remember how many times I came that morning between the hours of four and eight. It was probably two dozen, at least. Eventually, I fell asleep right there in the bathtub.

I didn’t awake until hours later, when a knock came on the bathroom door.

“Erica, are you alright in there?” came Beth’s worried tone.

I was reeling as I snapped awake, feeling depleted and exhausted, but also terrified. Beth was just one unlocked door away from seeing that her new friend had a two-foot long dick and had covered the bathroom in spunk. As I took stock, though, I realized that my cock wasn’t two feet long anymore. It was back to its normal size in fact—or just about, anyway. Still, I was naked and covered in cum.

“Yup, everything’s fine Beth! Thanks! I’m just about to hop in the shower. I’ll be out in a bit.”

“OK. Just wanted to make sure nothing strange happened to you during the night.”

“No, no. Of course not! Absolutely normal night for me. Nothing unusual.”

“Well, that’s good. I’ll start making breakfast; come out when you’re ready!”

“Thanks Beth!”

As soon as I heard her leave the bedroom, I scrambled to clean up the bathroom. It was a real disaster, but I managed to get everything squared away quickly—panic will do that for you. Finally I jumped in the shower to clean myself up. As I washed, I started getting hard. I always got hard in the shower, a pavlovian response conditioned by years of masturbating in the shower every morning. This time, though, I noticed that everything was not the same. My dick was still bigger than normal—nowhere near the extremes of the early morning hours, but probably a good inch longer and noticeably thicker than my old size. I cupped my balls, and found that they were bigger and heavier, too.

Now *this* was interesting. If this was permanent, and Beth’s milk had caused it, then I knew I would need to get my hands on more of the stuff. As soon as possible. Part of me wanted to have a cock that was permanently as large as it had been a few hours earlier, but I knew rationally that was a terrible idea. But a foot-long anaconda? It’d definitely reduce my number of possible sexual partners, but I’d be the fantasy of size-queens everywhere, including myself. Besides, I could cut down the number of people willing to sleep with me by 90% and still have too many to ever fuck. If two full glasses of milk did this, then I needed to drink four more to gain two inches and officially pass the foot-long mark. After I finished masturbating, I wondered how I could get my hands on that much tit-milk while I toweled off. Beth would definitely notice if I took four glasses. I realized I’d have to drink just a small bit many times—dragging out the process excruciatingly, but necessarily for secrecy’s sake.

After throwing on my clothes, and deciding to go braless, I went downstairs to see Beth. She was in the kitchen, just pulling a frittata out of the oven. The smell was heavenly, and my stomach grumbled audibly—no doubt hungering to replace all the protein I’d lost that morning.

“Hey there sleepyhead! I made my special frittata for us. I hope you like it.”

“It smells delicious, Beth. My mouth is watering already.”

It was, but for another reason besides the food; Beth’s tits were once again larger than when I first met her. Not two cup-sizes like at the end of our study session, but still one full letter further down the alphabet. Four H-cup breasts on one woman. It was a sight to make anyone salivate. I also noticed that her bra this morning seemed to fit perfectly, as if she had larger sizes ready to go in anticipation of further growth.

As she sat down next to me at the kitchen bar, I nodded towards her chest. “Do you need to, um, express yourself?”

Beth looked down, as if noticing her enlarged chest for the first time.

“Oh, this?” she said, grabbing her boobs with both hands. The sight made my cock throb in my tight panties. “No, I took care of that before breakfast. It’ll be a few hours at least. Just going through a growth spurt, I guess.”

“Ok, OK,” I said, blasé as could be. “I just wanted to make sure you weren’t uncomfortable,” I offered with a smile.

“Aw, that’s sweet of you, Erica. It’s funny, I don’t think I’ve ever felt this comfortable around someone so soon! It’s nice how you really go with the flow.”

I let out a nervous laugh. “Yup, that’s me! Go-with-the-flow Erica!”

We didn’t talk much after that, too busy devouring Beth’s fabulous cooking to speak. My brain, however, couldn’t stop milling over Beth’s comment. Growth spurt? What woman grows a cup-size overnight? Does this happen to her often? And, dear God, please let it happen again, and again, and again. The mystery was deepening, and I was determined to get to the bottom of it. For now, however, it was my job to show Beth the sort of kindness and normalcy that I knew first-hand was often hard to come by for people like us. She was starting to open up, and I didn’t want to jeopardize that.

“So, what do you want to do now?” I asked Beth as we cleared our plates after our binging.

“Well, I was thinking I could show you around a bit more. I didn’t take you into the garden yesterday, and it’s really the best part of this place. I could spend all day there. Sometimes I do.”

I assented, and we headed out into the large green space behind Beth’s house. A lush lawn dotted with gnarled fruit trees and graceful palms gave way to a Southwest garden of native plants. The sandy ground was covered in smooth river-stones that clacked together as we walked the winding path around cactuses, agave, and brush. It was beautiful, in that Spartan way of desert beauty. The minimalism of it was relaxing, and invited one to think and let go.

We sat down on a bench looking out on the center of the garden—a collection of blooming plants layered in rising tiers, with a cactus in full bloom at the center, towering at the peak. I picked up a smooth stone and played with it absentmindedly.

“So, what do you think, Erica?”

“It’s amazing. I feel so relaxed just being here. I would come here all the time if I had a garden like this.”

She smiled that radiant smile. “Yeah, it’s where I come to contemplate things, or to not think about anything at all, depending on my mood. But it’s nice to have some company for a change.”

As she said that, I caught her eyeing my nipples, which stood out prominently through my t-shirt. Was Beth checking me out?

“So, Erica, do you have a boyfriend at school? Oh, or a girlfriend—I shouldn’t presume.”

This line of questioning seemed like a good sign.

“Uh, no, no boyfriend. Or girlfriend. I’m mostly just playing the field. You know, the college experience and everything. What about you?”

“Me? Oh, no, definitely not. I hardly leave the house, honestly. I mean, it’s nice here, and I don’t mind being by myself. And it’s just so difficult for me to go out in public…it’s just easier to be alone, most times,” she looked a hundred miles away as she finished her sentence, and I couldn’t help but feel a pang of sympathy in my heart. “I mean, it’s not like I’ve never had any romance,” she said, snapping back to the present. “Just nothing I could call a relationship. People don’t usually want that from me. I’m just a novelty to them, something to experiment with.”

“I know exactly how you feel,” I blurted out without thinking.

Beth looked at me, clearly puzzled. “What do you mean? I imagine boys must be all over you, with your figure.” Uh oh. I had already made a mistake.

I blushed. “Thanks. But, no, not really. I mean, like you said—I’m a fun experiment for them, but not something serious.” I was stalling for time. How would I get out of my slip-up?

“I don’t understand. Why? You look just like what most guys would want in a girlfriend.”

“Well…I don’t know how to say this exactly.” I panicked internally. Then it came to me.

I locked eyes with Beth. “I’m intersex, Beth. I’m different, too. Not in a way you can see in public, but anyone who’s with me finds out. I try not to be shy about it, but it does seem to get in the way of relationships.” It was technically true, and a lot less scary than saying *I have a ten inch cock, and I love fucking girls.*

“Oh my gosh, I had no idea,” Beth said, putting her hands on mine. “I’m sorry for sounding confrontational. It never occurred to me.”

“It’s totally fine.”

She smiled kindly. “Now I understand why you treated me so normally right from the start. You know how it feels, when people don’t really *see* you.”

“They just see a part of you,” I said, nodding.

“Exactly! This is so serendipitous! I’m so glad you wanted to be my study partner, Erica!”

She leaned in then, pulling me into a tight hug. I felt my breasts press into hers, my sensitive nipples rubbing against her soft pillows. It was easily the best hug of my life.

“Me too, Beth. Me too.”

We spent the next couple of hours gabbing like we’d been best friends since kindergarten, now that our unusual bond had been established. I felt bad for not telling Beth the whole truth, but I still didn’t know how she’d take it. If I told her, I knew there’d be no going back. She’d know that I saw her as a potential romantic partner, and that always changed friendships. If things were going to go down that road, I’d have to wait until I was absolutely sure—or until Beth made the first move.

I had fully explored the garden at this point, and we went back into the house to grab a drink and cool down from the afternoon sun. Beth’s breasts definitely were swollen with milk now. I guessed if she were to fit a bra in this state, she’d be at least a J-cup. It amazed me how much they could hold, and how fast her tits must produce that delicious nectar. I pointed this out as we drank lemonade in the den.

“You seem pretty…full,” I said, miming a large bust in front of my own chest. “Do you need to take a break?” I was hoping she would, so I could sneak a small sip of her milk from the fridge.

“I’m having too much fun right now to go pump myself. It’s pretty boring, really. I would love to take my bra off, though, if you don’t mind. It’s getting pretty tight.”

OK, this was definitely better than having a chance to sneak a drink. “Uh, sure, I mean it’s just us girls here. Besides, I’m not wearing one right now, either.”

“I noticed,” she said, and giggled. “Those are some serious high-beams you’ve got there.”

I looked down at how hard and prominent my nips were, and blushed.

“Yeah, they’re pretty much always like this.”

“Ugh, me too,” she replied as she unhooked her bra beneath her shirt. Impressively, she pulled the massive contraption out from under her shirt after only a few seconds of fiddling. As she readjusted her tee, I saw that she wasn’t kidding about having noticeable nipples; they were massive, and all four appeared hard as diamond. Each one had to be an inch long and half that across. Best of all, though, was that I got to see her breasts in all their glory, their shape and form so clear now through her tight pink shirt. They were incredibly pert and round—especially the top pair, which sat higher than normal thanks to the bottom pair boosting them.

“I hate bras,” she said.

“Me too. I’m surprised you do though.”

“Why?”

“Well, most of my busty friends don’t like going braless. They say it’s too heavy.”

“Oh, that,” she said, waving a hand in dismissal. “Never been a problem for me. Besides, it’s different because of my milk. Since I go up and down sizes so much during the day, they’re the wrong size more often than they’re the right size. My bras are custom of course, and they’ve got some stretch built in, but it’s still pretty uncomfortable.”

Beth had really opened up about her breasts since I confessed to being ‘different’ like her. She sounded completely casual about it now. I figured this was a good opportunity to learn more.

“I can totally imagine. I can’t stand wearing a bra that’s the wrong size. Is it normal for you to, um, fill up so fast?”

Beth laughed. “What do you mean?”

“Well, I mean it was past noon when I came down for breakfast, and it’s only 3:00 now, but it looks like you’ve gone up two cup-sizes at least. That seems pretty fast. Does it get uncomfortable?” Before Beth could respond, I smacked my forehead. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t pry. You don’t have to answer that.”

“I don’t mind, Erica. I mean, these things are a huge part of my life—literally. Some curiosity is normal. I’d wonder where you’d been if a four-breasted girl was normal to you, and I’d ask if you could book me a ticket.” I chuckled at her joke. “I talk about them all the time with people who know me well, actually. You didn’t fixate on them right off the bat, and I already know you don’t see me like a freak, so I’m happy to tell you all about my assets.”

I nodded. “Good, I was kicking myself for a second there.”

“No worries, really. And yes, it does get uncomfortable when they fill up, but only when they get *really* full. A lot more than this. My boobs have a lot of stretch to them; I can go up about four or five cup-sizes before I really feel the need to pump. The only reason I did it so early last night is because I was still nervous and embarrassed.”

“Wow, they change that much? That’s amazing.”

“Yeah,” she said, patting her breasts affectionately. “They’re pretty impressive. Oh, and to answer your other question—no, they normally don’t fill up this fast, but it’s also not the fastest it’s ever been. It varies. They’ve been in overdrive ever since you came over. They must like you!” she said, laughing again.

I smiled and shifted in my seat, praying silently that my panties would contain my dick and prevent me from getting fully erect. I was still able to hide my rod—for the moment.

“Well, I guess it’s good they like me, right?” I joked. “It’s like pets. If your dog hates someone, you know you’ve gotta watch out.”

Beth laughed. “Yup. They can definitely sniff out troublemakers.” She had been resting her hands on her breasts, and was now rubbing them slowly. She seemed completely unaware of her tic, but I was *very* much aware. “Anything else you want to know?”

I shrugged. “Up to you. You answered my question—anything else is up to you.”

“You really are cool as a cucumber, aren’t you?”

“Maybe a sea cucumber.”

“Hah! Well, a lot of people assume I don’t like my breasts, since I avoid going out in public because of them and all that. But I actually like them. To me, if I forget about what other people think, they make me feel special. I’m totally unique, as far as I know, in the whole world. And I think they look pretty good, if you can get past the novelty of them.

“My doctor says they might never stop growing, and that makes me a little nervous, but honestly I could get a lot bigger without being at all upset. I don’t think it’ll get too bad, anyway—it’s been a long time since I had a growth spurt. Well, until last night, anyway.”

“Was that my fault too?” I asked jokingly.

“Maybe, maybe,” she said, more seriously than I expected. “But anyway, yeah, I mostly avoid public because people can be such jerks. But I blame them, not myself or my body. They’re the ones who should change, not me. I’d never get surgery. But what about you? I know lots of doctors recommend cosmetic surgery for intersex people.”

“Yeah, I’ve had doctors tell me that before. But I’ve always said no. I would never want to risk it. A bad outcome down there? No way. I could lose all feeling in the worst-case scenario. And I’m like you, anyway. I don’t like how some people act because of it, but I like the way I am. It makes me feel special, too, and I know for a fact I get more, um, satisfaction than other girls.”

Beth raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

I blushed. “Yeah. The doctors say it has to do with an unusual amount of nerve and erectile tissue. Like, all those parts that make everything feel good…well they’re bigger and more sensitive in me. And I definitely would never want to change that.”

“Boy, do I hear that,” she said, nodding emphatically. “Same with my breasts. They’re way more sensitive than normal, and the bigger they get, the more sensitive they get. I wouldn’t want to lose feeling in them for anything.”

My pussy was positively soaked at this point, to the point that I was thankful my skirt was black so that possible wet spots wouldn’t show. If it weren’t for the constriction of my tiny underwear, my cock would be at full mast without a doubt.

I looked at my phone for a moment. “Oh, it’s 3:15! We should get online soon, the video-lecture will start soon.”

“Oh yeah, good catch!”