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.   
\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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/>

Four of a Kind  
  
Prologue

The last year has been the best year of my life—the year everything changed, and some of my wildest fantasies came true. I’ve finally decided to write the whole crazy, impossible story down while it’s still fairly fresh in my mind. I thought about starting right when everything turned upside down, but after consideration I think it’s important that I start at the very beginning, because my case is, and always has been, an unusual one.

My name is Erica Richards, and I’m not your average girl. Technically speaking, I’m not even a girl at all; I’m a hermaphrodite. I always identified as female though, because if you saw me walking down the street, that’s what you’d assume I was. Obviously I found out that I was different early on, but my family was never prudish and always supported me, so I grew up self-assured and confident. My doctor would publish case studies on me, because apparently there had never been another documented hermaphrodite. Intersex people are more common than you might think, but two fully-functional and fertile sets of gonads is a situation that isn’t supposed to be possible. Luckily for me, the impossible has a way of showing up in my life.

My parents raised me from the get-go with the knowledge that other girls and boys didn’t look like me, so I wasn’t surprised in elementary school when I first saw other kids at the pool, or changing clothes. I remember playing “you show me yours and I’ll show you mine” games with the boys in grade-school, and being proud that mine was the biggest, even back then. I didn’t keep it a secret—I owned it. And the truth is, people accepted it pretty well. I got teased, sure, but every kid gets teased about whatever makes them different. Overall, the fact that I had plenty of self-esteem meant that I was popular and well-liked, which goes a long way to being treated like everyone else. Never the whole way, though.

Of course, things started to change in middle school thanks to puberty. I had always had a feminine face up to that point, but really no one in my family or even my doctor knew exactly what would happen once I started to mature. Being an early bloomer, however, we didn’t have to wait long. I was in sixth grade when I started growing breasts, hips, and an ass, so I started to dress in a more traditionally female fashion, wearing makeup and growing out my hair. Skirts were something I had always liked, but I developed a new appreciation for them during puberty, as they could hide my package in public, unlike tight-fitting women’s jeans and pants. They also provided quick and easy access to my cock in case I wanted to put it to use, either with myself or someone else.

And it didn’t take me long until I did just that. It seemed that my two sets of equipment both contributed their own full weight to my libido, making me by far the most sex-obsessed adolescent I knew. This is when I really began to appreciate my feminine body, because I soon found out that men were much easier sexual prey than women. By the time Christmas came around in that first year of junior high, I was already standing 5’5” with ample C-cups and an hourglass shape—not your average twelve-year-old. More shocking was the fact that I was also sporting a seven-and-a-half inch dick. I still recall proudly the fact that I was a seventh-grade girl with a bigger cock than most grown men.

I lost my virginity just after that winter holiday break, pouncing on one of my classmate’s older brothers. He was a junior in high school, and most of the girls in my grade knew him and had a crush on him. I also knew from his sister that he’d had sex before, and so knew at least a little about how things were supposed to work.

Unlike most girls, I had a fantastic first time—no doubt due in part to the fact that I have the good fortune of having a clitoris, G-spot, and prostate. A female orgasm is already an intense thing for most women, but having a prostate to get massaged at the same time while you’re being penetrated? That’s downright unfair.

Truth is though, I was nervous. Partly I just had the normal first-time jitters, but also I was afraid that Tom—that was the junior boy’s name—might be too gripped by gay panic to have sex with a girl with a big penis. Luckily for me, it didn’t take much prodding at all, and that’s when I first learned that men are not exactly selective creatures. In fact, I had him blowing me that very night, and I took his asshole not two weeks later. It’s my personal opinion that most men have a secret fantasy of being penetrated, of being the object of someone else’s desire, of being the conquest, not the conqueror. We all, on some level, want to rebel against the sexual roles society assigns us, I think. At least once in a while. But most guys are too afraid of homosexuality to ever think about doing it with another man, so that’s where I come in (no pun intended). A hot girl who just happens to want to shove her fat prick in your ass? That can be rationalized. And of course, I offered the utmost discretion.

I spent the rest of my mandatory educational career maturing into a seriously hot woman—I know that’s not very modest of me to say, but the number of notches on my bedpost doesn’t lie. By the time I graduated high school, I was 5’7”, with a twenty-three inch waist, creamy white skin, green eyes, full lips on a magazine-ready face, perfectly wavy black hair down to my shoulders, and the roundest, juiciest ass you’ve ever seen on a white girl. The only problem was that my tits, perky and firm and appealing as they were, had stopped growing at C-cups. Sure, I had no problem pulling guys—I had been fucked by every guy worth fucking in my high school, and fucked most of them in return—or even girls, having plowed more chicks than any guy in our school. But I still envied those girls with unusually big breasts.

The way men drool over a woman with giant tits is unique. A woman can be hot—crazy hot, model-hot, whatever, but there’s something about a massive set of knockers that drives men to become gibbering sex-addled idiots in a way that nothing else can. I coveted that ability, to reduce men to puddles in a way that nothing else could. Even women are usually entranced by big breasts, wanting to touch them and see them and even kiss them. And besides, I was just as much a victim of that mammary pull as any other human being with a penis and an attraction to women. My best friend through my junior and senior year, and frequent sex partner, was Janelle, a thick girl with the most beautiful pair of 36K-cups you’ve ever seen. She was curvy all over, dark-skinned with kinky hair and full lips, and I couldn’t get enough of her. It’s hard for me to say which came first—my infatuation with Janelle, or my obsession with huge tits. Sometimes I think the first led to the second, but then I’ll change my mind and think it was the other way around.

In any case, by the time we went off to separate colleges—much to my dismay—I was completely addicted to bust-sizes on the other side of double-D. Having known Janelle since elementary school, although not very well at first, I also became interested in growing breasts. I had been in a front row seat to watch Janelle grow into her impressive bosom; she even gained three cup-sizes from when we first started sleeping together to when she got to her eventual K-cup bust line.

Yes, I definitely had a type after that. Dark skin, big tits, and a round ass. Don’t get me wrong—I loved guys too, but I was now officially ruled by my lust for busty girls. Besides, by the time I finished developing, my rod was just over nine inches long and six-and-a-half around, and that’s a bit too big for most men to handle as their first time. The difficulty that my size presented in fucking guys’ asses was a definite downside, because my most powerful sexual urge was always to penetrate. No matter how an orgasm started, it always spread to all my erogenous zones, so cumming was just as intense whether it was from fucking or being fucked, but there was that extra psychological need to shove my meat in waiting holes that could only be satisfied by being the one pitching. My first-hand knowledge of that urge has always made me a bit more sympathetic to the sometimes buffoonish behavior of horny men—though the ease with which I was able to satisfy that urge made sure I never got blue-balls so bad as to act that way myself.

Anyway, once I left my hometown of Cambridge, MA, for college in sunny Los Angeles, my mission was finding big-titted women to fuck. Being in school, it wasn’t that difficult for me to get laid, but I had yet to find anyone who could compare to Janelle. I met plenty of hot girls and hot guys, and made the most of the college experience my freshman year, but I couldn’t wait to go home for winter break to see Janelle. Things didn’t go according to plan, however. Janelle, unsurprisingly, had found a boyfriend at her university, and they were seriously dating. She wasn’t available, and rubbed salt in the wound by insisting that our escapades had been “just a phase,” and from now on she was only going to be with men.

I admit, I was distraught. Not only had the sexiest girl I’d ever known walked out of my romantic life, but she had repeated that excuse I hated most of all: that I was “just a phase.” Truth was, as much as I enjoyed playing the field, I was starting to pine for a real relationship. Sure, my promiscuity had played a part in preventing me from ever really dating anyone, but part of the reason I had so much casual sex was because it seemed like that’s all anyone was willing to do with me. It was an ouroboros, and I couldn’t tell what precipitated what. It’s not like I was deeply unhappy, but I wanted something more for once, at least to see what it was like. I doubted I’d be able to stay monogamous for very long, but I thought maybe I could find someone who’d be OK with that, if that someone could see me as more than a wild sexual experience, more than something strange and exciting. I was definitely a sexual being, and unique in my erotic appeal, but I wanted someone to see that I was a nice girl, too, with a heart. It would take until the beginning of my sophomore year, but I would get my wish.

That’s when it all really started—the roller coaster that I’ve been on ever since. One of the classes I had signed up for over the summer was abruptly cancelled just a week before the start of the fall semester, and I had to scramble for a backup. I found an economics 101 course, but the only seats available were in an online version of the class. I had never found that option very appealing, but I needed the credits and I wasn’t about to waste my student loans on a semester with less than a full course-load.

Taking that course would turn out to be the best decision of my life.