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 4 picks up immediately where Chapter 3 left off.

Four of a Kind  
  
Chapter 4

We hurried upstairs and broke out our computers, spending the class period in Beth’s room mostly focused on the work at hand, which helped me with my growing problem. By the time class was over, Beth was sitting stomach-down on the bed, and her tits were positively overflowing, spreading out beneath her on the mattress. After closing her laptop she stood up and stretched her back, giving me a glorious look at her now-monstrous, easily L-cup tits.

“I really do need to express my milk now,” she said, rubbing her breasts tenderly. I marveled at how round they were—clearly as they filled up with milk, they rounded out like balloons. They were nearly spherical at this point. “Do you mind if I do that? It’ll take a while.”

“Go for it. Actually, I should get going anyway probably. My roommate must be wondering where I’ve been, and I could really use a change of clothes.”

“Oh, yeah, right.” Beth frowned slightly. “Well, hey, I’ll e-mail you my number. Let’s do this again soon, OK?”

“Absolutely. Really soon. How about this Friday? Three days isn’t too bad, is it?”

Beth mock-pouted. “I *guess* I can live with that.”

At this point, she had opened up so much that I decided to take a huge risk. “Beth, can I ask you a really strange question? And feel free to say no. I totally understand if you think it’s super weird.”

“Ummm…OK?”

I gulped. “Can I take home some of your milk?” Beth looked at me like I was crazy. “Oh, I’m sorry. I knew I shouldn’t have asked. That’s really weird, isn’t it? Ugh, you must think I’m totally deranged.”

“No, no. I’m just…surprised. I actually drink it myself. I produce so much that I need to recover at least some of the calories or else I’d lose way too much weight. Most people think that’s gross, but to me it’s just milk. It’s not like you’re drinking it straight from the teat or anything.”

Unfortunately I wasn’t, but there was nothing I’d wish for more than that.

“Really? Oh, thanks. It just tasted so good! I’ve sort of been hankering for some more. I’ve got some cookies at home that could really use it.”

Beth giggled. “Sure Erica, no problem. It *is* pretty addictive, so I don’t blame you. And it didn’t upset your stomach or anything else last night?”

“Nope, not a bit.” I felt bad for lying, but if she knew the real reason I was asking for her milk, she’d probably flip. “I slept like a baby.”

“Well alright then. I have some water bottles in the cupboard above the sink. You can fill one up and take it home with you.” Beth scrunched up her face then and let out a little whimper. I could swear I saw her breasts grow significantly in just a few heartbeats. “Um, do you mind if you let yourself out, Erica? I really need to pump the girls.”

“Sure, you do what you gotta do. I’ll see you Friday!”

“See you Friday!”

I raced home after leaving Beth’s house, eager to down the entire bottle’s worth of tit-milk and spend the night jerking myself off. The water bottle only held about three cups of milk, but that was still one-and-a-half inches of man-meat that I’d be gaining, so I wasn’t about to complain. Besides, since Beth had already agreed to give me some, no doubt she’d be amenable to let me have more in the future. While in the car, however, an idea came to me. I picked up my cellphone and dialed.

“Hey, Theo? It’s Erica. Mmhmm. Yeah, soreness is normal, it’ll pass. But hey, do you want to return the favor? It has to be tonight. Right now, actually. Meet me at my apartment and I’ll explain how this is going to go down. Don’t be late.” I hung up and smiled. Maybe I’d be able to turn Theo into a real man after all.

My cock was positively aching at this point, having been trying to grow fully erect for hours, but constrained painfully by my panties. At a red light, I reached up my skirt and pulled my rod free, letting it extend down the length of my thigh. God, the new size of my member was impressive. I mean, other people were always captivated by my cock, even before, but I had become inured to its normal size. This growth, however, had me falling in love with my own fuck-pole all over again. The bulge in my skirt was massive, bumping up against the steering wheel of my car, and I could feel pre-cum leaking out.

When I pulled up to my apartment, I saw that Theo was already standing outside—he was quite the obedient boy. I practically jumped out of my car, not even bothering to adjust myself. I walked across the street with my raging hard-on clearly visible, and a growing dark spot on my skirt. I tapped Theo on the shoulder.

“Oh, hey Erica!” he was obviously excited.

“Hi Theo. Come on, follow me,” I said, watching as his eyes zeroed in on the huge bulge in my skirt.

“Uh, yeah, of course.”

I raced up the stairs and Theo hurried to catch up. I got two glasses from the kitchen and then we went straight to my room, locking the door behind us.

“OK Theo, here’s the deal,” I said as I started pouring the milk into our glasses. “This is an aphrodisiac I want you to take. Think of it as a performance-enhancer.”

“Like Viagra? I don’t have any problems in that regard.”

“I know, but trust me, it’s better than Viagra. You’ll love it. I’ve had some myself, and let me tell you: it’s amazing. Besides, if you want to fuck me, then you have to drink it. No negotiation. You do want to fuck me, don’t you Theo? Take revenge and ravage me for how I dominated you before?”

“Yeah…but, I don’t even know what’s in it. I’m not sure about this.”

I set the glasses down, and walked to within inches of his face. “Theo, do you want to be a bitch, or be a man? Because right now, I’m only inclined to use you as a tight, obedient little fuck-hole for my cock. Do you want to keep getting fucked in the ass by a girl, or do you want to find your fucking balls?” I could feel my cock pressed against his leg, dwarfing his measly five-and-a-half inch penis. I was turning myself on, trying to provoke Theo to take me hard.

He opened his mouth to respond, and then turned to the dresser where I had set down the cups of milk. He grabbed one and downed it in one gulp.

“There,” he said, wiping his mouth. “Now drop your skirt.”

“Oh, a command? I like that, Theo. But you don’t get to fuck me until that stuff takes effect.”

“What? That’s bullshit, Erica! You want me to just suck your cock again and get fucked so hard I can’t sit down? No way.”

“Don’t be silly, Theo,” I said, pressing my body against him, my firm breasts flattening out against his chest. I could feel a shudder of anticipation run through him. I put my mouth to his ear, and led my finger down his cheek. “You can do whatever you want to me until then, except take my pussy. Only real men with big cocks get to have that. Now, what do you want to do with me?”

I wanted to be a seductress tonight, a sexual servant. If Theo was going to fuck me with a hugely-enlarged pole later that night, then I didn’t want to be in a dominant frame of mind. Besides, I’ve always been a sexual omnivore. Men, women, gay, straight, trans, sub, dom, bondage, roleplay, vanilla—I liked it all. As long as it was sex, I was into it.

Theo hesitated for a moment, and then managed to tap into his inner manhood. He grabbed my t-shirt and actually ripped it down the middle, letting my tits bounce free. He threw me down on the bed, and pulled my skirt and panties down to reveal my enormous rod.

“Holy shit!” he blurted. “You’re bigger! Like, a lot bigger!”

“Mmmm, yes Theo, and that’s what’ll happen to you thanks to that drink you had. Now before you start having your fun, bring me the other glass, will you?”

He brought me the milk, which I gulped down greedily while he stripped naked.

After that, we spent hours playing with each other. Theo gained confidence the whole time, and I couldn’t help but wonder if the milk had something to do with it. I made him cum every way possible save one—with my hands, my mouth, my tits, my asshole. He made me cum too, especially when he ravaged my ass. While my drooling cunt demanded only the biggest, hardest dicks, my butthole was perfectly tight and couldn’t accommodate any penis larger than about seven inches, and even that was pushing it. Admittedly, that made me a bit of a hypocrite for plowing so many men with my enormous cock, but I never claimed to be a saint, just a slut.

He did a good job taking control, pulling my hair; spanking me; putting his hands around my throat; even making me beg and call him ‘sir.’ The whole thing was making my slit ache with yearning, but I knew there was no way Theo could satisfy me just yet.

Eventually the drowsiness caused by the milk hit us like a ton of bricks. It was the same sensation as I had felt the night before. We spooned together and fell asleep within a couple of minutes. I dozed off with a smile in my face, knowing what was in store.

Theo woke me in a mild state of panic in the wee hours of the morning.

“Erica, I think something’s happening to me. I’m worried.”

I rubbed the sleep from my eyes and sat up. Pulling the sheets back, I examined Theo’s naked form. To my shock, it wasn’t just his cock that was bigger; his entire body was heavier, more masculine. I could see muscle definition, and extra mass. I figured the milk must have different effects for him since he was fully male, whereas I was only half. His cock was angry-looking and hard as steel. It had only just started growing, as it couldn’t have been more than seven inches long. I ran my hand down his chest, which was growing more chiseled before my eyes.

“Nothing’s wrong, Theo. This is exactly what’s supposed to happen.”

“But…ungh” He paused to grip his swelling cock in his hand, pre-cum spurting out. “I don’t understand! How is this possible? I’m turning into a freak!”

“Not a freak. An Adonis. And don’t worry—the changes aren’t permanent. Well, only a really mild version of them is. Just enjoy it Theo, and besides,” I said as a spread my legs. I lifted my balls to reveal my wet cunt, and slipped two fingers in. “As soon as you stop changing, you get to have this. Now put your cock on my body; I want to watch this.”

I laid back, legs and arms splayed wide while Theo kneeled in front of me and set his cock down on my stomach. And it did reach up to my stomach, now—I guessed it was about ten inches long, roughly the same size as my own dick, which was hard but not yet growing.

“Fuck, this feels incredible. How big am I going to get?” he asked as his cock slowly inched up my body, trailing an increasingly thick stream of pre.

“Eighteen inches, maybe.”

“Holy shit!”

“But it might be different, since you’re a guy. Now shut up, I want to pay attention.”

As his cock continued to grow, I gripped its girth in my hands. I could no longer close one hand around his throbbing prick, and that was just what I wanted. His cock was so hard that there wasn’t even the slightest give when I squeezed it—it felt just like squeezing a rock. The skin was also stretched tight, and barely moved, with veins bulging absurdly underneath. After stroking his shaft only twice, he climaxed, a massive load of spunk shooting out from swollen balls. I came then, as he drenched me in jizz, splattering my chest, face, and stomach. My own orgasm added to the puddle of semen, my girl-cock squirting powerful ropes that sometimes arced over my head and splattered against the wall.

Best of all, he didn’t stop growing while he came. If anything, it seemed to accelerate the process. His cock grew in pulses; I could see it surge forward with his every heart beat. It must have grown a third of an inch each time, surging forward before pausing just a moment, then expanding again.

I scooped Theo’s jizz off my face and tits, and shoveled it into my mouth, savoring the way Beth’s milk had enhanced the taste of his ejaculate. Just as he finally stopped cumming, he also stopped growing. The results were shocking. I wiped the cum from my eyes and looked him over; Theo was now built like an athlete, broad-shouldered and lean-muscled like a basketball player. His cock, though, was the true masterpiece. It was even bigger than mine had been the night before. Its head pressed against my chin, despite the fact that Theo was kneeling several inches from my groin—it had to be around twenty-eight inches long. At its thickest point, about eight inches from the root, it was as thick as my thigh, though thankfully it tapered to a manageable girth at the tip.

“Fuck me Theo! Fuck me please!” I begged.

He only grunted a reply, getting off the bed and taking a few steps back to bring the head of his freakish fuck-piston to press against my swollen lower lips. I was so deeply in the grip of lust that tears were actually running down my face as the anticipation of being penetrated became unbearable. Thankfully, that’s when he gave it to me.

Beth’s milk seemed to have reduced Theo to some kind of oversexed caveman, because he didn’t even bother to ease himself in. My vision went pure white as Theo rammed his cock home with all his strength, followed by stars of pain bursting across my sight. My back arched and I clapped my hands over my mouth to stifle a scream—he had managed to push at least ten inches inside my slippery hole. It seemed impossible. I’d never taken so much in a first thrust before, and I’d never had such a thick cock in my entire life. The head was about as thick as my wrist, and the last inch of the shaft he had managed to get inside of me felt significantly wider than my bicep. I started cumming before the pain even subsided, my own cock bursting with semen all over my face and breasts, some of it even back-splashing onto Theo.

He started pumping vigorously, and with each thrust he pushed a little deeper inside of me. As my first orgasm subsided, I looked down and saw that my lower abdomen was visibly bulging whenever Theo went fully in, and the sight of that brought me to the edge again. I stretched further and further until I finally hit my limit; Theo was able to get a good sixteen inches of his throbbing meat inside of me, and I could feel him filling me all the way up to my diaphragm. I figured this was only possible thanks to the erotic powers of Beth’s milk.

Each time the head of Theo’s engorged prick struck my cervix, a wave of shuddering pleasure would sweep through my body. At the other end of my stretched tunnel, the widest part of Theo’s cock that he could manage to force into me was at least as thick as my calf. I felt like I was about to split down the middle, and it caused an ecstatic sort of pain—like the most enjoyable post-workout stretch you’ve ever head, but increased by orders of magnitude. Not only that, but because of his incredible length, Theo was able to pull out more than a foot each time, giving his return thrusts phenomenal force. One of these hammering blows against the back wall of my hungry cunt finally pushed me into the electric grip of another climax.

The sensation was just as powerful as the first, but my balls had been thoroughly drained, and jizz came pumping out of my rod at low pressure, and in far less volume. That is, until my dose of breastmilk started to really kick in. I felt heat and pressure building in my dick, so I grabbed it with both hands and looked down at it, still cumming all the while. Theo gave me a forceful pound, and I gasped as my cock surged half an inch, and cum spurted from the tip in sync with my lover’s thrust. I started stroking myself while this ecstasy continued, my cock pulsing larger each time that Theo plowed home to the limit of my sopping pussy. Each time I grew, another blast of sperm would issue forth, each one larger and more powerful than the last. Soon, as my cock reached my tits, I was oozing a constant stream of viscous jizz in between each high-pressure blast that sent my delicious fluids onto and over my face. I increased the pace of my masturbation as my prick neared its final size. I watched in lustful awe, resisting every urge to let my eyes roll back and scream in ecstasy thanks to Theo’s rhythmic fucking.

Twenty inches. Twenty one. Twenty two. I counted each pulse. My cock would inflate almost instantly, and then pause to throb before the next increase in size. Finally it hit twenty three—I knew because it was the same maximum size as it had been at Beth’s the night before. I once again brought the head of my cock to my lips, and began to suck.

I don’t know how long I stayed like that. I lost all sense of time, any awareness of the outside world. I was stroking my gigantic fuck-pole while Theo squeezed my breasts and balls and fucked me with all the strength and size of a horse, and all the while I was guzzling cum as fast as I could manage, while the excess spilled all over me.

I do know that we didn’t stop having sex until after the sun came up. We used every position we could manage with our unwieldy new parts, and climaxed uncountable times. By the time we finally passed out, Theo and I were both drenched in cum—some of it our own, some of it from the other.

We didn’t wake up until early that evening. This time I was the first to rise, and I pulled back the sheets to examine what permanent changes had occurred to Theo’s body. He was already hard in his sleep, which made my task easier. To my shock, his dick had grown much more than an inch. I got up to grab a tape measure and examined him.

Eight inches long and six-point-two-five around. Now this was a cock I could enjoy, even if it was a little smaller than my preference. Of course, a few more doses of Beth’s sweet lactation would bring him up to speed. He was also still noticeably more manly in appearance, though far less so than the night before. I figured he would still fit into his normal clothes, but they would definitely be tighter. I wondered if his cock grew so much more than mine had—despite having less milk than I did—because he was male, or perhaps because he was smaller to start with. All this detailed examination was getting me aroused, though, so I turned my attention to myself.

While standing in front of my full-length closet mirror, I couldn’t see any obvious changes to my body—other than my cock and balls, of course. My nipples seemed a bit bigger, but it was hard to be sure. I extended the measuring tape down the length of my rod, and grinned as I saw it read eleven inches. I was so close to my goal. The girth was just as impressive at seven-and-a-half inches around. This demanded a test.

I shook Theo awake.

“What is it?” he mumbled.

“My room, Theo. It’s totally destroyed.” It was true—everything was displaced, and it was hard to find anything that didn’t have cum on it. Theo opened his eyes to examine the damage.

“Shit, you’re right. We better get to cleaning,” he said.

“About that. I’ve got a proposition for you. Either you can clean this mess all by yourself, as payment to me for giving you the best night of your life—or we can clean together, as long as you let me use this on you in the shower.” I slapped my cock down heavily on his abdomen as I issued my ultimatum.

Theo thought for a moment, and then sighed.

“I hope you have plenty of lube, Erica.”

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The next two days were the most excruciating of my life. Every minute passed like an hour as I waited for my next chance to see Bethany. Not only was I craving her milk and longing to bask in her beauty, but I was also genuinely excited to see my new friend. The connection we made had been sudden, but I could tell it was real. There was some spark, some chemistry of friendship that had been ignited between us. I distracted myself with anything I could think of, and tried to sleep as much as possible, like a child trying to make the days pass by quickly in anticipation of his birthday. Thankfully, I didn’t have any classes on Fridays, so I would be able to leave for Bethany’s house first thing. Of course, I couldn’t help but wonder if her breasts would be bigger than before. If she had grown a cup-size overnight once, then why not again? Indeed, why not each of the last three nights?

I still didn’t know for sure what her measurements were, but I had a good eye for sizes and I was pretty sure that Bethany had been a G-cup when I met her, and a full cup-size larger the next day. That meant if she had grown at the same pace over the last three days, she’d be a K-cup by now—the same size as Janelle. Except, of course, Janelle was quite a bit thicker, and so my adolescent-crush’s 36Ks were bound to be larger than Bethany’s, which were probably 32K or 34K at most. On the other hand, Beth would have four of them. That made her the clear winner in my book. I tried to remind myself that she wouldn’t necessarily have kept growing at that pace, but there was no way for me to avoid getting my hopes up.

Finally the day arrived, and I woke up at nine that morning, well before my alarm. My morning wood was so hard that it was painful—clearly my body was anticipating my seeing Beth again just as much as my mind was.

This time, I had to present myself better than our first meeting. After hearing about her ‘deformity,’ I hadn’t cared about looking hot for her, assuming romance wouldn’t be on the table. I had just worn a simple t-shirt and skirt, without even any makeup. That wasn’t going to cut it this time.

I spent the next two hours getting ready; it was rare for me to indulge so much in the preparation of my appearance. For one thing, I was confident in my looks to begin with, and for another, I knew that it didn’t take a great deal of effort to find myself a sex partner. I was not the type to obsess over beautification just to satisfy gender norms. Don’t get me wrong—I’ve never been a slob, but neither was I high maintenance. For Beth, though? I couldn’t just approach her aggressively like I did with everyone else. I needed to charm her, to encourage her to make the first move. And that meant putting my best foot forward.

Getting clean was simple enough, but then came the issue of styling. My hair took by far the bulk of the preparation time. I spent a solid hour carefully manipulating it into a flowing, perfectly-layered and wavy cascade of shiny black locks down to my shoulders. Then came makeup. I gave my eyes a sultry, thick, slightly-Egyptian treatment with eyeliner, used a gentle application of muted purple eye shadow, put some blush on my cheeks, and wore my most luscious shade of cherry-red lipstick. When I looked in the mirror, I looked like an absolute sexpot. Perfect.

I was still naked at this point. Still rock-hard, too. Not only was my cock even bigger since drinking that second helping of milk, but it got far stiffer than before I had met Beth. My default erections no longer had any noticeable give to them—squeezing my rock-hard rod was like squeezing an actual rock. My boner also now stood almost straight-up against my body—it had to be at about a hundred-and-sixty-five degree angle with the floor now.

Of course, It wouldn’t do for me to be this aroused when I went to meet Beth, or else I might expose my secret too soon. I quickly rubbed out two loads into my shower, enjoying the fact that I no longer needed any recovery time between male orgasms; my cock re-hardened in seconds, and I was just as sensitive the second time as the first. My now-avocado sized nuts also managed to pump out a truly ridiculous amount of semen. I had used a measuring cup the day after my romp with Theo, and I found that my typical load was now about four ounces—or about twenty times the average man’s. It always filled me with pride and lust to know just how superior my equipment was to regular men’s. I loved looking the part of a sexy, feminine woman, but packing a hermaphrodite prick that put most men to shame. It only served to enhance the feeling of uniqueness that I so loved about my body.

With all that taken care of, I set about finding the perfect outfit. It had to be sexy, but it couldn’t look like I was *trying* to be sexy or I’d give up the game. I settled on a slightly see-through, loose-fitting tank top. It was fashionable, in a punk sort of way, and I went braless beneath it. If Beth wanted to, she’d definitely be able to steal glances at my hard nipples from the side, where the tank’s armholes were baggy enough to expose everything.

None of my pants or shorts were an option anymore—they’d always been risky, but with my enlarged junk, there was no way I could hide anything now. I selected a skin-tight leather skirt that emphasized the curve of my exceptional ass. At just past mid-thigh, it presented some risk of dick exposure, but I wanted Beth to see my smooth, toned thighs. Finally I picked out some studded heels and dangling earrings to complete my punk-chic look.

Of course, I knew there was a possibility that this would all be wasted effort. For all I knew, Beth might not have the slightest sexual attraction to women. Since I had a penis, I was often able to persuade “straight” women to experiment with me, but there was a sizable portion of the fairer sex that simply wasn’t interested. I pushed these fears away—if they came to pass, that’s when I’d deal with my distress, but I couldn’t torture myself with that now.

I took one final look in my mirror, looking myself over with hungry and approving eyes. I’m always embarrassed to admit it, but I got a little wet just checking myself out—a frequent occurrence. When you’re a smoking-hot bisexual hermaphrodite, it’s kind of unavoidable. I took a deep breath to collect myself, and walked out the door.

An hour later—thanks to traffic I hadn’t planned for—I found myself trembling in my car, waiting to press the intercom buzzer at Beth’s gate. I sat there for what felt like ages, trying to calm myself down. Finally, I pressed the button.

“Hello? Erica?” came Beth’s chipper voice.

“Yup, it’s me!”

“Yay! I’ve been waiting all morning. Come on down.”

I headed down the long driveway and parked my car. As I got out, I saw Beth already running towards me, a blur of bouncing tit-flesh.

“Erica!” she squealed as she pounced on me with a hug. Oh, what a hug it was. I hadn’t had time to actually appraise Beth’s appearance yet, thanks to her surprise attack, but with our bodies pressed together I could feel that her breasts had definitely grown. Thank goodness.

She finally pulled away from our long embrace, and my eyes practically fell out of my head. My hopes hadn’t been fulfilled—they’d been exceeded. I didn’t know what size she was now, but it was definitely more than a K-cup. Thankfully, Beth seemed oblivious to my ogling.

“I’ve been so bored waiting for you, Erica,” she said, smiling mischievously. “I thought you were here earlier, but it was just the groceries being delivered. The upside of that, though, is that I got champagne, which means brunch and mimosas!”

“I love mimosas!” OK, so I wasn’t a girly-girl in a lot of ways, but I challenge anyone to find a woman on this planet who doesn’t like brunch and mimosas.

“Great! I’ve already got everything waiting on the patio by the pool. I was thinking we could soak up some sun and have a little vacation day.”

“You’re speaking my language. Lead on.”

While we headed over, I spent that time examining Beth. She was wearing a cute summer dress that obviously hadn’t been made with her newly-endowed frame in mind. The fact that it fit at all meant that it had to be custom, but she was busting out of it, all four of her breasts pushed up significantly, and she was spilling out of the deep neckline that exposed her top cleavage. She looked fantastic, and it was surprising to see her in such a summery outfit that exposed so much skin.

Beth poured me a glass from the pitcher as we sat down, and showed me the plate of breakfast goodies on the table between our lounge chairs.

“This is a great spread, Beth! I have to say, it sure is nice having a friend who is a culinary mastermind.”

Beth blushed. “Oh it’s nothing, really. I have lots of time on my hands, and most of this isn’t even stuff I had to cook anyway.”

“Nonetheless, cheers to you,” I said, raising my glass.

“Cheers,” she said, and we clinked before downing our drinks.

We got to work on Beth’s excellent breakfast plate after that, and drank quite a few mimosas. In fact, as time went on, I realized that they were stronger than I thought. Beth had been drinking just as much as I had—pushing me to keep pace with her, in fact—but didn’t seem nearly as tipsy. Was she trying to get me drunk?

She cleared her throat. “So, um, Erica…” she was exhibiting some of that initial shyness from our first meeting.

“Yeah?” I smiled warmly, to try to put her at ease.

“I wanted to ask, um, what you think of how I look.”

“You look great!” I blurted without hesitation. “That dress is really cute, and I like your hair in these braids.”

She looked down with embarrassment. “No, not that. I mean, thanks. Thank you. But I meant, how do these look?” she asked, this time grabbing her bosom.

“Ohhhh. Well, they look great too, Beth.”

“Really? They’re not too big?”

I laughed. “No such thing. I wish mine were even half your size. They look fantastic, really.”

“Oh, good, I was worried that I you would think I had grown too much,” she said with a sigh.

“Hey, you know I understand how it is. Being different. I would never judge you for that.”

“No, of course not, I know that. I just meant…I didn’t want you to think I looked ugly. I know you aren’t going to treat me differently, but I still want you to think I’m attractive.”

I leaned in close to Beth and held her hands. “Beth, you’re the most beautiful friend I’ve ever had, bar none. That’s the truth. And I think your boobs look amazing and sexy. Trust me, you’ve got nothing to worry about.”

Beth looked away. “Thanks, Erica. That means a lot.”

I thought for a moment, through the mild fog of alcohol that was descending on my brain.

“But why do you care if I think you’re hot in the first place?” I asked.

“Oh. I. Uhh, it’s just. I…” Beth stammered, hemming and hawing. “It’s just important to me. That’s all.”

“Sure, I understand.”

“Thanks Erica. And I think you’re beautiful, too.”

I smiled, leaned over, and gave Beth a quick peck on the cheek. “You’re such a sweetheart,” I said. Maybe it was the booze, but I was sure there was a romantic spark between us now. It was the only explanation for Beth’s question and behavior. But I still had to play it cool, let her make the first move. I could tell that she was skittish about the whole thing, and I wanted her to be comfortable.

“Oh!” she squeaked after my kiss on her cheek. She blushed and looked down at her hands, but I saw a smile flash over her face. After a pause, she said, “more mimosas! What do you say, Erica?”

“I’ll drink to that!”

Beth laughed. “Alright, I’ll be right back with a fresh pitcher.”

An hour later and I was definitely drunk. Beth was about as tipsy as I had been during our conversation about her looks, but I was well beyond that, despite the fact that she was still setting the pace. Those tits of hers must have been sponges for booze. I wasn’t hammered or anything, but I sure as hell wasn’t sober, either.

I still had the feeling that Beth was plying me with alcohol—and if that was the case, I was happy to play along if it made her more comfortable. She was probably drinking for a little liquid courage, too. Sure enough, my hypothesis received some very good support just then.

“Erica, what do you say we go swimming?”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. I didn’t bring a swimsuit or anything.”

“Well…it’s just us girls. We could go skinny-dipping. The pool is great—it’s saltwater and nice and warm. It’s like swimming in a tropical ocean. You’ll love the way it feels.”

This was somewhat unexpected. In one respect, deeply appealing, but I wasn’t sure I wanted to show my ‘hand,’ as it were.

“I’m not sure I’d be comfortable with that,” I said truthfully. Skinny dipping would expose my secret, after all. “I mean, I’m just more comfortable with my lower-half covered, you know?”

“Well, you know you don’t have to feel uncomfortable around me. And besides, I’ll be naked too. You’d be seeing the quadruplets in all their glory—we’d be even in the freak department,” she said with a chuckle.

Maybe it was the booze, or maybe it was Beth reminding me of my overwhelming desire to see her topless, but all of a sudden it didn’t seem so bad to reveal just how special I was. I had planned on waiting a few weeks at least—but then again, I hadn’t planned on Beth getting me drunk and wanting to go skinny-dipping. Apparently she wasn’t as shy as I thought.

“OK, let’s do it!”

I hadn’t even finished agreeing before Beth had stood up and was taking off her dress. She unzipped the back and slipped off the straps in a flash, and suddenly she was standing before me in stark nakedness. Her nude body was a revelation. Her lower row of breasts hung down several inches past her belly button, and the upper row rested heavily on them. Her tits spilled out half a foot to either side of her slender torso. I couldn’t believe just how round and pert they were—each breast projected out in front of her further than it hung down. Her pussy was waxed clean, and her outer lips were full and plump, the inner ones peeking out just slightly from between. Every inch of her body was perfectly smooth, even, and taught. Not a wrinkle, blemish, lump, or any imperfection could be found. I was in total awe, and I couldn’t help but stare like a caveman.

Beth turned slightly, instinctively covering her breasts with her arms—one arm for each row—though that was a futile gesture given her tits’ enormous size. I blinked backed to awareness.

“Oh, sorry,” I said. “I didn’t mean to stare.”

“It’s OK,” she replied, her knees turned inward like a shy young girl. “Your turn now.”

I gulped and stood up. “Alright Beth, but let me just warn you—I’m not even like most intersex people.” She cocked her head quizzically at me. “I have both sets of…stuff. Like, fully formed normal sets. Just both together.”

Beth’s eyes went wide. “Really? I didn’t think that could happen.”

I shrugged. “They say I’m the only one.”

Beth gestured to my skirt. “Well…let’s see.”

I smiled my most seductive smile and pulled my tank top over my head, revealing my taught stomach and perky C-cup tits. I kicked off my heels second, and then finally started to unzip the side of my skirt. I deliberately drew out the act, making it something of a strip-tease for Beth. I could tell she was enjoying it by the way her eyes were running all over my body, drinking me in. I slowly eased out of my skirt, swaying my hips side to side to wriggle out of the tight leather and my lacy underwear. As I pulled it down as low as I could without revealing my cock, I turned away from Beth. I bent over, pulled my skirt and panties down in one swift motion and stepped out of it. I knew Beth would get a small glimpse of my swollen balls and enormous cock from the back, but just a glimpse.

With as much self-control as I could muster, I turned around slowly, finally presenting myself head-on to Bethany. My dick wasn’t fully hard yet, though no doubt it would be soon, now that it was free from my tight underwear. It was definitely engorged though, and was hanging about nine inches down my thighs, with my huge balls obviously visible behind.

Beth put a hand over her mouth. “Oh my God,” she gasped.

“So, what do you think?” I asked.

“It’s so big…”

I was getting harder and harder. There was no way I could stop it from happening while in the sight of Beth’s radiant naked form. I was now at my full-length, and it was slowly thickening and lifting upwards as more blood pumped into my rod.

“I hope you don’t think I’m too big, do you?”

“No, definitely not. Like you said about my tits—no such thing,” she said with a sly smile. She stepped towards me as my cock reached its full volume, and pointed up towards the sky.

“Can I touch it?”

“Of course, if you want to.”

Tentatively, Beth reached out with both hands, hovering for a moment without actually touching. She looked into my eyes, and I gave a nod of encouragement. She set her hands on my shaft and gasped. She wrapped her hands around it, one at the base and one near the head, but her hands were so petite that she couldn’t actually close her fingers around my girth.