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://oppailolicus.deviantart.com/> and <http://www.hentai-foundry.com/user/oppailolicus/profile> Chapter 5 picks up immediately where Chapter 4 left off.

Four of a Kind  
  
Chapter 5

“Wow, it’s beautiful. And it’s so hard. I can’t squeeze it at all.”

“I’m glad you like it. I like it too. Can I touch your breasts?”

Beth blinked and looked up from my pulsating prick. “Oh, yeah, of course. Just be gentle, they’re very sensitive.”

She kept touching and stroking me—gently, not trying to get me off, just exploring my cock like it was an exotic creature—while I reached out and put my hands on her upper tits. They were incredible. Soft, yet quite firm. The skin was warm and perfectly smooth, and her breasts gave to the pressure of my hands, but only up to a point, where their firmness and fullness prevented them from being squeezed or flattened any further. I ran my hands up and down her globes, getting a feel for their truly massive size, finally letting my hands drop to her lower jugs. The sensation was incredible—not because they felt different from the top pair, but because my touching them made them more real. I was actually *touching* the body of a woman with four breasts. They were tangible, real, provable; Beth really was burdened with four monumental, milk-producing teats.

“Oh, um, Erica—sorry, I didn’t mean to do that.”

“Huh?” I looked down, and saw that my cock was leaking pre-cum. I blushed. “That’s not your fault, Beth. Touching your breasts got me a little too excited, I guess. I’m sorry—I hope that’s not wrong.”

Beth slowly traced a finger up my shaft and wiped some of my pre off the tip. “Not wrong at all,” she said. “It means you…you like me, right?”

I took both of Beth’s hands in mine, feeling the sticky pre-cum smear between our palms.

“Definitely. I’ve been attracted to you since day one. I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable though, make you feel like I was treating you like an object. I know how that feels. I really like you as a person, Beth.”

Beth stepped closer to me, until our bodies were pressed together. My leaking cock was nestled in her endless cleavage, dribbling thick jizz between her breasts.

“I really like you too,” she said, and then she leaned in to kiss me.

We stayed like that for a while, sharing long, slow, tender kisses with our bodies held tightly against each other. It was like nothing I’d ever experienced before. It was sexy, and it felt great of course, but it was more than that. It was patient, affectionate, something special. It wasn’t just foreplay. It was an expression of how we felt about each other.

When our lips finally parted, I took a deep breath. “I’ve never been kissed like that before, Beth.”

“Me neither,” she said so quietly it was almost a whisper.

“Does this mean you want to date me? Like, for real? ‘Cause I’ve had lots of sex but I’ve never been in a relationship. But I’d be willing to try it with you, Beth.”

She pulled back then, taking a couple of steps away from me.

“I’m not sure,” she said, looking down at the ground.

I felt a lump in my throat. “Did I come on too strong? I don’t want to go too fast for you.”

Beth looked back up at me. “No, it’s not that. I’m used to moving fast. There’s just certain things about me that make it really difficult for me to think about having a relationship. Things about my condition.”

“Can we talk about it?” I asked, my stomach twisting with anxiety.

Beth nodded. “Yeah, I think it’s time for me to explain everything. If anything is going to happen between us—anything real—then we need to lay all the cards on the table. But that should probably wait until we’re both more sober.”

I sighed, disappointed and still more than a little worried. “OK, whatever you think is important I’m OK with.”

She moved back towards me, and I have to admit that it was hard to be truly upset while watching Beth’s enormous endowments sway and bounce with her steps. The fact that they were sticky with my pre-cum just enhanced the sexual appeal. Beth put her hand on my shoulder.

“Hey, I don’t want you to worry, Erica. I want us to be able to be together too. It’s just complicated. But in the meantime, let’s take care of you, OK? You must be so bottled up.”

As she said that, she moved her hand from my shoulder to my shaft, and began stroking. I was still rock-hard, and her manual ministrations re-started the modest flow of girl-spunk coming out of my glans. With her other hand, she scooped some of my semen out of her cleavage and brought it to her mouth. She closed her eyes and smelled it first before extending her tongue and slowly licking her hand clean.

“Mmmmmm. Erica, your cum is *sooo* delicious. Can you can give me more to taste?”

I nodded, unable to speak.

“Good. I think you’ve waited patiently enough for this.”

Beth got on her knees, all four of her tits wobbling and jostling from the movement. From my perspective above her, all I could see was her face and her heavy milkers. My cock throbbed, and she took it in her hands, bending it down towards her face. I moaned with pleasure as she placed the head in her mouth and began to swirl her tongue. More of my pre oozed into her mouth, and she made sounds of pleasure in response.

I didn’t last long, of course. Beth was simply too beautiful, too perfect, too sexy. She started to deep throat me, and I couldn’t hold back anymore. I grabbed her by the hair and exploded in her mouth and down her throat.

“Oh fuck *yes*!” I screamed as I filled Beth’s mouth with my savory dickgirl jizz. She didn’t lose a single drop, and didn’t even blink as I pumped her full of cum. She just looked up at me with those beautiful brown eyes, oozing sex appeal with my huge slab of meat in her mouth.

When I finished cumming, Beth stood up and embraced me, leaning in for a kiss. Her mouth opened on mine, and I was surprised to taste my own cock-milk. She had somehow managed to save most of it, and we eagerly exchanged my semen as we kissed sloppily, my juices dripping in viscous threads down our chins and onto our chests. Between the two of us, it didn’t take long before we had swallowed or spilled all of it.

Beth wiped her mouth and licked the hand clean. “That was wonderful, Erica. I haven’t done something like that in so long. I think you’re incredibly sexy,” she said, stroking my cheek.

I followed Beth’s example, wiping my mouth and making sure not to let the leftovers go to waste. “It really was, Beth. I’d been hoping for something like this to happen since we met, but I didn’t think it would be so soon. And I didn’t know you’d be so great at it.”

Beth smiled and blushed in her shy way. “Well, I have a pretty high sex-drive. More than most people, even guys. I haven’t had a lot of sex, but I learn fast. But come on, let’s actually go for that dip now. We can talk more later.”

I followed her into the pool—which was indeed like a tropical ocean—and we spent a long time relaxing in and around the water, enjoying the warm Southern California afternoon. It was perfect. Well, it would have been perfect, if I still didn’t have nagging fears caused by Beth’s reluctance to talk about dating. Still, this is exactly what I had been fantasizing about. Spending the day in nakedness and luxury with Bethany, sharing a lazy day of pleasures and physical intimacy. We didn’t have sex, but there was plenty of making out and fondling, and Beth sucked me off several more times. I tried to repay the favor, but she insisted that she couldn’t right now; it was part of the unspoken complications of her condition. I was disappointed—I want to make her cum by sucking on her massive, ulta-sensitive nipples, or by eating out her perfect slit.

By the time the sun had begun to set, Beth’s orbs had expanded considerably with milk. They were several cup-sizes larger, and she seemed to be struggling slightly with their weight. She walked over to my lounge chair—standing over me, her jiggling bust cast a shadow over my whole body.

“Hey, I need to pump the girls. It’ll take a while since they’re so full. I think now might be a good time for us to talk. Does that sound OK?”

“Whatever you want,” I said, smiling. I got up, my dick flopping heavily between my legs.

“Great, thanks,” Beth said, giving me a peck on the cheek.

She put her arm through mine, and we walked back to the house and up to her room. I sat down on the bed while Beth rummaged for a while in the bathroom. Eventually she emerged with a massive contraption of tubes and cups.

“Oh, let me help you with that!” I said, getting up just in time to prevent Beth from dropping it. Her knockers were simply too big for her to be able to carry the awkward, heavy pump easily. We set it down on the floor by her bed, and she laid down while I took over.

“OK, so just put one cup on me at a time,” Beth instructed. “Good, now pull the pump handle to get a good seal. Mmm. Yeah, just like that. Now do the others and then flip the switch on the pump.”

The cups were quite large to accommodate Beth’s oversized nipples. As I pumped each cup against her breast, I saw milk begin to trickle out of her nipples in the vacuum. I flicked the machine on—thankfully it was fairly quiet—and milk started filling the cups. I watched her sweet nectar flow through the tubes and begin to fill up the huge canister attached to the pump. Immediately I started to get hard again, but I remained calm as I laid down next to Beth. It was time for some answers, for both of us.

“So, Beth, what exactly are the complications that make it hard for you to have a relationship?” I asked. I wasn’t one for beating around the bush.

“Well, I don’t know where to start, honestly. There’s one main issue, but it’s hard to believe.”

I reached for Beth’s hand. “You know I trust you. Besides, I’ve already seen some pretty wild stuff. If you say it’s true, I’ll believe you.”

Beth inhaled deeply. “OK. Well, the main problem is this: every time I have an orgasm, my breasts grow bigger. Permanently.”

My eyes went wide—I instantly understood the problem, but I couldn’t help that a part of me saw that problem as a feature, not a flaw.

“That’s why I’ve had my little ‘growth spurt’ lately,” Beth continued. “Ever since we met, I felt this instant attraction to you. I knew there was something special happening, and when you went to bed I couldn’t help but masturbate. I came three times that night, and that was enough for me to grow a whole cup-size. I was a 32G when we met, and by morning I was a 32H.”

“You masturbated because of me?” I asked, flattered.

“Of course! I’m sure you did the same,” she said, elbowing me playfully. I nodded emphatically. “I thought so. In any case, I just couldn’t resist. I haven’t had an orgasm in years. I enjoy what I can, but I haven’t let myself go over the edge in a long time—until I met you. When I was young, they didn’t grow so fast, but now it seems like they grow more every time.

“I kept making myself cum after you left, and that’s how I ended up with these monsters,” she said, patting her boobs, which sent ripples through them. “I finally got control of myself, but I’m an M-cup now, according to my measurement this morning. Although obviously I’m a lot bigger at the moment because of all this damn milk. These things must weigh fifty pounds all together.” Beth let out a heavy sigh.

“Are you unhappy with being that big?”

Beth looked up at me and smiled. “No, actually. Truthfully, the main reason I stay away from people is that I don’t trust myself out in the world to stay chaste. I get…urges. Strong ones. I know if I left this house every day, I’d do all kinds of embarrassing, inappropriate things. And I’d end up with boobs too big for me to even move within a year, if that.”

She saw my cock throb involuntarily at her comment, and she laughed. “I can see that doesn’t sound too bad to you.”

I looked down, guilty. “Well, big boobs have always been an obsession of mine. Bigger is always sexier to me, but I totally understand why you wouldn’t want to be that big.”

“Part of me does want to be that big,” she confessed. “That’s the problem. I have to be strict to keep myself from succumbing to my baser desires. If I’m thinking with my pussy, I want to have the biggest tits in the world, but if I’m rational, I know it would be so limiting. So I stay away from people as much as possible, in order to avoid temptation.”

“So, will this orgasm problem ever go away?” I asked.

Beth nodded. “At some point I’ll hit a limit. But there’s no way to know where that is ahead of time. I could already be close, or it might not happen until my tits are the size of mobile homes.”

My eyes went wide. “Could that happen?” I asked breathlessly.

“Haha, whoa there, cowgirl. I’m not trying to be *that* big. But yes, it’s possible. That’s the risk. So, if we started dating and having sex, I’d start ballooning up. It sucks. I want to date you; neither of us has had a real relationship, but I think that and our similarities make us a perfect match to try. It’s just, I don’t know how we could be intimate. Physically.”

“And that’s why you wouldn’t let me go down on you earlier, right?”

“Yeah. I loved giving you head, but I didn’t want to risk anything that might make me cum. I came awfully close as it was just from blowing you.”

We stayed silent for a while, both wrestling with the seemingly insurmountable problem.

“Well, Beth, how about this,” I began. “I think we should be girlfriends—like, *girlfriends*. But we don’t have to have sex right away, or even at all. Lots of people wait ages to have sex. Just because you and I have always fucked first and asked questions later doesn’t mean we couldn’t take it slow with each other. Do something different.”

I scooted closer to her, intertwining my hand with hers. “I want to be your girlfriend even if I can’t have sex with you right now. And maybe eventually we can come up with a solution. And even if we can’t, we’ll work something out.” With my free hand, I traced a finger across Beth’s full, pouting lips. “I really want to give this a try.”

Beth pursed her lips and I met them. We exchanged a long passionate kiss.

“You’re right, Erica. We owe it to ourselves to give this a try. I just have to be really disciplined. If you’re OK with all of this, then I am too.”

I snuggled closer to her, and we stayed like that for a while, hopeful and happy. There was an inescapable tension, a nervousness underneath it all, given the hurdles to overcome, but that was OK. After a while, Beth spoke up again.

“Hey, I have to ask you something.”

“Yeah?” I asked. I had an idea what she might want to know.

“When you wanted more of my milk—it’s because it made your cock bigger, right?”

I nodded. “How did you know?”

Beth laughed. “You’re not the first to have that happen, silly. I had my suspicions when you asked for more. I know it tastes good, but I figured you would have been too embarrassed to ask unless you *really* wanted it for some reason.”

“Well, don’t get me wrong, I’ve always been big,” I said, stroking my cock absentmindedly with one hand. “I was a little over nine inches before I met you. But those two cups I had the first night I met you made me swell up to about ten and a quarter. And then I had half of what you gave me to take home, and that brought me to where I am now.”

“And did anything else happen?”

“Yeah. When it first started, I totally freaked out, because it got bigger right in front of my eyes. It happened so fast, it didn’t seem possible. And I got big. I mean, truly huge. Like almost two feet long and thicker than my arm. I turned into this sex-crazed lunatic; I must have cum thirty times in your sister’s bathtub before I passed out. And when I woke up, I was ten inches and felt fine.”

Beth nodded. “I wasn’t sure if that would happen, since you’re a hermaphrodite. That’s what normally happens to men, though. They usually grow more than just a half-an-inch per cup of my milk, but I guess you were already really hung, and it has less of an effect the bigger you are. And it’s definitely not quite the same since you’re also a woman.” We were both quiet for a moment.

Then, a thought popped into my head that I had been sidelined by all the emotional and sexual concerns ahead of it. “Beth, how is that even possible, though? I mean, all this crazy stuff—it shouldn’t be possible for my dick to more than double in size in seconds, or for your tits to grow just because you have an orgasm.”

Beth sighed, and the breast-pump continued its soft whirring. “I wondered when you’d finally ask. The truth is totally bizarre. I didn’t even believe it myself at first, and I’m living it. It goes against everything you think is real.”

I leaned in with rapt attention.

“Honestly, a good bit of it might actually be false, too. It’s hard to know. But this is the story as I know it:

“My family is special. Centuries ago, maybe longer, some ancestor of ours interbred with a, a spirit. Like a dryad or a nymph or something. I’m not totally clear on it, but it’s some kind of nature spirit, like most really old, animist and polytheistic religions had. Anyway, the progeny of our ancestor and this spirit were blessed with special powers, and acted as embodiments of nature’s will among humans. Like ambassadors.

“Every two generations repeats. My mom is aligned with earth spirits. She represents the fertility of the soil—anyone who, uh, has sex with her will grow. Like how you did when you drank my milk, but just by being inside her. She doesn’t grow or change on her own, but she’s been super voluptuous since she was young.

“My father is actually my aunt,” she continued. I made a scrunched up face in reaction. “I know it sounds fucked up, but bear with me, Erica. My aunt is like you—a hermaphrodite. She’s aligned with sun spirits, and being in her presence will make you grow, if she isn’t wearing clothes. And yes, she’s my mom’s sister, which I know seems totally wrong. But supposedly it’s what the spirit instructed our family to do, and there must be some kind of truth to it, because our family has been marrying sister to hermaphrodite-sister as long as records and memories go back, but we’re all physically healthy and normal. Except for all the weird sex stuff, I mean.

“So anyway, that’s my mom and my dad, or my other mom, or my aunt, whatever. I usually just call her my aunt. My sister is a hermaphrodite, and she’s tied to plant spirits—that’s why she’s a hermaphrodite, ‘cause flowers are too. Anyway, she grows if she’s exposed to direct sunlight. As long as she wears clothes over her breasts and her penis, though, she’s fine. She has it a lot easier than I do that way. Her, um, her semen will make women’s breasts grow, I guess similar to how pollen makes flowers grow fruit.

“And then there’s me. I’m linked with animal spirits, I guess. That’s what I was told, anyway. That’s why I have four breasts, like an animal. And I grow when I have orgasms because orgasms are unique to animals. And as you’ve already figured out, my milk can make men’s penises bigger. And hermaphrodites’, obviously—mother’s milk being nurturing and all that.

“Eventually, I’m supposed to…mate. With my sister. She’ll get me pregnant, I’ll have twins, and they’ll be just like my mom and my aunt. And then they’ll have kids, and those kids will be like me and my twin sister, and so on forever. I don’t know how I feel about the whole thing, honestly.”

I stared blankly at Beth. This was…too bizarre. Even compared to all the bizarre stuff that had already happened.

“I know it sounds crazy, Erica. I still don’t accept all of it. I feel like there has to be some logical explanation, but I can’t explain all the weird stuff that happens to me, and to the people around me. None of it should be possible.

“And that includes you, actually,” Beth continued. I came back to attention as she said this, suddenly concerned. “Fertile, perfect hermaphrodites don’t exist among humans, not naturally. I think part of the reason we felt such a connection might have been because you’re like me—you have some nature-spirit ancestry in you.”

“But, no one in my family is like me!” I protested.

“Well, what my mom always told me was that we aren’t the only ones. And this contact between the spirits of nature and human beings wasn’t something that just happened where my family is from in Ghana. It used to happen all over the world, in pre-modern times. That’s where all those myths come from. They told me that we’re not the only ones still out there. A lot of people like us were persecuted or killed during conquests and inquisitions, and some just lost the old ways, or the knowledge. Some might have just retreated away from human civilization. That means that the lineage is very weak in most remaining descendants, and it might only show itself once in a dozen generations.

“In any case, there’s supposed to be other people like us, Erica. I don’t think us meeting and being so attracted to each other was just chance. I think it happened for a reason.”

“I don’t have any unusual powers or anything, though,” I said, still refusing to accept this wild hypothesis.

“That’s because your family obviously intermixed and lost a lot of the spirit heritage,” she countered. “But come on—you know that what you are isn’t just unusual. It’s unheard of. Just like me. And you’ve seen what my body can do, and what my milk can do. It doesn’t make sense. I wish there were a logical explanation, but I haven’t found it yet.”

Beth waited expectantly for me to speak. I was silent for several minutes.

Finally, I spoke up. “I don’t know if I can think about all this right now, Beth. We’ve got enough on our plates with all the relationship hurdles we have to deal with—I don’t think I’m ready to focus on the *why* things are when I can barely figure out how to deal with the *way* things are.”

Beth nodded. “Yeah, that’s how I felt at first, too. I won’t push you. It’s OK if you never believe in any of it, honestly. I won’t expect you to. But if you ever have any questions, just know that I’ll do my best to answer them.”

I nodded, but remained more than a little weirded out. Beth didn’t have trouble sensing this, and tried to change the subject.

“Erica, let’s talk about something a little lighter.”

“OK, like what?” I asked.

“Well, I was thinking; you obviously wanted my milk so you could make yourself bigger—do you still want to keep growing?”