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Chapter 7 picks up the morning after Chapter 6's ending.

Four of a Kind

Chapter 7

The next morning when I woke up, my body was back to normal. Well, mostly back to normal. When I got out of bed, the additional weight between my legs was immediately noticeable. My balls were starting to get so big that they somewhat got in the way of walking—but that just added to my perverse enjoyment of my steadily expanding equipment. The first order of business, since Beth was nowhere to be found, was to go in the bathroom and see myself in the full-length mirror.

I stood up tall and proud, and grinned as I saw that my flaccid dick hung halfway down my thigh. My testicles were the size of oranges—though more oblong, of course. It didn't take more than a few seconds for me to start getting hard, just from seeing my own naked body in the mirror. I stroked my rod, eager to see just how big it was now. I looked around the bathroom as I jerked, and found a tape measure next to the sink; Beth had probably left it out for me, knowing I'd want to measure myself. Amazingly, I was still able to get erect enough that my cock-head pointed almost directly upwards. I used one hand to press my rod against my body, and was astonished to see that the tip actually reached up to my breasts, just above their lowest curves. I quickly grabbed the tape-measure and set to work.

From root to tip, I was fifteen-and-a-half inches. *Fifteen*. The girth was equally fantastic, at nine-and-three quarters. My cock was now substantially longer than my forearm and thicker around to boot. I bent down to compare directly, putting my arm alongside my rod—and in so doing the swollen head bumped against my chin. That tore it; I immediately started sucking myself off right there, hunched over in the bathroom, though honestly I didn't need to hunch all that much. I was living out a lifelong fantasy, and it wasn't long before I shot a massive load into my mouth and gulped down several ounces of hot jizz. Much to my surprise and excitement, I noticed that my nipples (which weren't as big as the night before, but still much larger than normal) ejaculated along with my cock, though a rather pitiful amount compared to my ecstatic night with Beth.

After cleaning myself up, I thought about putting on clothes before going down to meet Beth, but then realized that there was really no need. Giddy with excitement about my increasingly perfect body and my new belle, I got hard again almost immediately. It was becoming clear that not only was I getting bigger, but I was becoming more libidinous with every intake of Beth's divine milk. Still, it was almost noon and I had just satisfied myself; Beth was probably waiting for me downstairs. She seemed to be more of a morning person than I was, and I didn't want to make her wait any longer. Besides, I was incredibly eager to see her.

I trotted down the stairs, my cock slapping loudly against my flat stomach with each step, and my huge balls making similar noises as they bounced off my thighs. I heard Beth before I saw her, and smelled whatever it was she was cooking up in the kitchen. I marveled at my luck—I finally had a girlfriend, and not only was she a beautiful four-titted erotic goddess, but she was talented and considerate. Talk about hitting the jackpot! As I walked into the kitchen, I saw that she was naked except for a large apron that managed to cover all four of her breasts, and protected her from whatever heavenly concoction was sizzling away on the stovetop.

“Hey you,” I said, standing in the doorway.

“Hey sleepyhe—*Wow!*” she interrupted herself as she turned around to see me. She turned down the burner and walked over to me. “Holy cow, Erica! You’re *massive*.”

I grinned. “Do you like it?”

Beth nodded vigorously. “I love it. You look fabulous with a dick that big.” She finally tore her gaze from my throbbing cock-head and looked me in the eyes. “It’s amazing, babe. You were made to have a dick like this,” she said, giving my shaft a gentle rub. Pre-cum oozed out of the tip.

“Careful!” I said, my eyes fluttering. “Or I’ll make a mess of your kitchen.”

“No kidding,” Beth said, wiping my pre with her finger and quickly sucking her digit clean. “It took forever for me and Hilde to clean up my sister’s room this morning.”

“Who’s Hilde?” I asked, puzzled.

“Hold on a second.” She went back over to the stove and returned to stirring. “Hilde is one of my family’s servants,” she resumed, her back and bare ass facing me. “She’s very discreet, and willing to clean up after our more unusual messes,” she said. “Her family has worked for mine for quite a long time now—her ancestors were Dutch traders who settled in Ghana something like three hundred years ago. A couple of them married some of my ancestors’ servants, and they’ve been serving our family ever since. Only a couple served us personally, like Hilde, but mostly throughout our history they were a link to Europe and carried out a lot of our financial dealings, after some of them went back to Europe. Most of them are still in the Netherlands.”

“Wow, that’s crazy,” I said.

“Yeah, it’s this whole secret little world. Some of them had to move to the U.S. when my mom and my aunt did, when I was little, because they sort of depend on us for work.”

“So she’s Dutch?” I asked.

“Mostly, yeah. She’s actually mixed, but it’s hard to tell. You’d only know because her hair is big and curly—even though it’s blond, and she’s got blue eyes. But she did inherit the great ass.”

I licked my lips. “Does she do more than clean up for your family?”

Beth looked over her shoulder and shot me a devilish grin. “And why would you want to know that?”

“Just curious...”

Beth laughed. "Well, yes. Not so much with me, because she really prefers dick, but she serviced my sister plenty when we were growing up. You'd like her; she's got huge tits from drinking my sister's cum."

"Define huge," I said, stroking my dick without even realizing it.

"Well, not as big as mine are now, of course," she said with a hint of pride. "But she's a 36J or something like that. She's a bit on the thicker side, in a good way."

"Why didn't you wake me up when you were cleaning up earlier?"

"Oh, you were out cold. And my sister's room was designed with that particular sort of mess in mind, given that she's a dickgirl like you. Hilde's still here, though. I think she's out back by the pool, if you want to go say hello."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, you should go meet her," Beth said. A sultry tone crept into her voice. "I think it could be a very *satisfying* introduction, for the both of you."

I stopped masturbating then—which made me notice that I had been stroking myself in the first place. "Are you saying you want me to fuck her?"

"Of course, silly!" Beth chirped. "I saw how hard you were. If I don't give you something to play with, you're liable to get me to do something I'm not supposed to. Besides, I still have some cooking to do. So why don't you go entertain yourself with Hilde for a little while and then come have breakfast with me?"

I walked up to Beth, pressing my incredibly engorged member into her back. I gave her a kiss on the neck, which made her purr. "You are the best. Girlfriend. Ever," I said.

Beth laughed. "I know," she said, and turned to give me a quick kiss on the lips. "Now go fuck my maid so I can finish cooking, you incorrigible horn-dog."

She didn't need to tell me twice. I practically skipped out into the backyard, a shit-eating grin on my face and my cock harder than ever.

It didn't take me long to find Hilde: she was by the pool, collecting towels and the fabric covers of lounge chairs for washing. I took a sharp intake of breath as I saw her—she was pure sex. Hilde wore a pair of tight spandex shorts, which looked ready to burst at the seams thanks to her wide hips and massive ass. It wasn't quite as perfectly firm and round as Beth's, but it was vastly larger and still beautifully shaped. It wobbled and jiggled, sitting atop matching thighs that rubbed together and looked each wider than my waist. All I could think about was plunging my rod into the pussy nestled below those undulating cheeks.

Her waist was thick, but nothing drooped or rolled, and her stomach was rounded in a firm, sexy way. Her tits were massive and heavy—less supernaturally pert and perky than Beth's, but their heavier teardrop shape added to the overall sense of sensuality that this tall, tan woman exuded, a sort of invitation to sexual gluttony. Her tight t-shirt, which was damp with sweat from her labor, was similarly

overloaded as the tight shorts. Her soft midriff was exposed, and her tits looked ready to pop out at any moment.

Everything about her screamed excess. She was taller than me in addition to being heavier—she was simply *big*. I couldn't even see her face, hidden as it was in a cloud of sandy-blond curls. Even her hair had a character of erotic abundance.

As she put her cotton charges into a hamper, she stood up and noticed me. Suddenly I flushed with embarrassment. Here I was, stark naked and hard as a rock in front of a complete stranger. It was one thing to walk around like this in front of Beth, after our shared intimacy, but this was a woman I'd never even seen before, and she had a perfect view of my huge, erect cock! She helped to put me at ease though by smiling broadly and offering a friendly wave.

I walked over to her with some timidity, realizing I wasn't quite sure what to do once I was in front of this thick Scandinavian beauty. Again she saved me, holding out her hand for a shake. I grasped it like the lifeline it was.

"Hello, you must be Erica?" she asked. Her accent was subtle, but noticeable, only adding to her appeal.

"Hi, yes." I was still blushing fiercely. It's not like anyone could ever call me a prude, but even I had never introduced myself to someone in the nude, with a hard-on. "You, you're Hilde, right?"

"Yes, that's right. So Miss Bethany told you about me, then?" She was chatting away politely as if there was nothing strange about the situation. I nodded. "Ah, wonderful. She seems very taken by you, I must say. And I can see why! Such a beautiful girl," she said, beaming.

"Oh, thank you!" I yelped. "I'm sorry for my appearance—I didn't even think about it until I saw you."

"Nothing to be embarrassed about," she said, patting me on the shoulder. "If I weren't working, I'm sure I'd be doing the same. In fact—" she said, abruptly taking her shirt off and letting her heavy tits swing free, "does this make you more comfortable?"

I nodded meekly, and couldn't resist gripping the base of my shaft with one hand. Pre-cum oozed from the tip.

"Ah, Miss Bethany said you might be in need of some...service." Hilde stepped out of her skin-tight shorts then, in that abrupt, business-like manner that I was beginning to sense was in character for her. She took my hand. "Here, come with me."

I practically had to jog to keep up with her long strides, marveling as I watched her incredible rump jiggle. In just a few of Hilde's purposeful steps, we had arrived at the elegant patio bar that stood off to the right of the pool. She spun around and took me in her mouth without even saying a word, giving the top six inches of my rod a brief, sloppy ministration. Before I could react, she had already pulled away.

"Now you're nice and slippery, yes?" she asked with a cheerful smile. I nodded, and she promptly turned around and bent over the bar. She held onto the marble counter-top with one hand,

and used the other to spread her cheeks apart, revealing a pussy with hugely plump lips that was already dripping with juices.

She didn't say anything, just waited. After a few seconds, I snapped out of my reverie and stepped forward, placing my saliva-coated glans against her lower lips, and she let out a low moan. I pushed forward, encountering quite a bit of resistance until finally my cock-head slipped in, all at once.

"Ohhh, yes! Good girl," she grunted.

The head of my prick was the only part inside of her hot, slippery pussy, but it was already almost painfully tight, and I was quite stimulated. I was still standing nearly a foot from Hilde's ass, so I started to press further, shoving my meat deeper inside.

"Yes, just like that, get it all inside of me," she moaned.

I was in awe as her hungry cunt swallowed inch after inch of my throbbing member—when I finally reached her limit, I was shocked to find that I had gotten hilt-deep into Hilde's tight, quivering hole. I came instantly.

Cum started to ooze out of her slit, then spurted out more forcefully as I pumped her full of my seed. Even though I was climaxing, I found myself overwhelmed with desire; I gripped her fat ass with both hands and started hammering away even as I shot rope after rope of hermaphrodite sperm into Hilde's luxurious sex.

Her brusque, dutiful manner carried over to fucking—she wasn't one for excessive vocalization or dramatics. She panted heavily as I screwed her, letting out a few low, short grunts and moans, but didn't actually say a word. I saw that her fingers had gone white from how tightly she gripped the patio bar. Hilde fucked with a workmanlike focus that I suspected pervaded all her behavior. I hadn't even finished cumming before I felt the muscles in her vagina contract in orgasm, squeezing even more spunk from my pole at rhythmic intervals. Hilde's only outward sign was that she threw her head back and stopped thrusting her thick buttocks against me—instead standing still and quivering all over as I continued to slam my pelvis against her fat ass. Each thrust sent a rippling wave through her appetizing cheeks, which only made me want to fuck her more forcefully still. I reveled in watching the way her massive tanned butt quivered and shook and wobbled in response to my aggressive pounding. She was obviously happy to be handled roughly, even with my horse-sized schlong, so I went at her with everything I had.

I found that my thrusts were more powerful than ever, thanks to the fact that I could pull back more than a foot between plunges, giving me room to generate a great deal of force. I felt her cervix slam up against the head of my cock with each blow, and her tight cunt would contract involuntarily in response, massaging my sensitive head and shaft. I came four times, each orgasm following its predecessor almost immediately—in fact, my last orgasm started before the third one had even finished! I'd had multiple, simultaneous orgasms before, but never from penetrating someone else. My male equipment had always been subject to a resting period, just like any normal man's, so multiples had always been a treat specific to my pussy. I was overjoyed that Beth's milk seemed to have changed that.

After I finished with Hilde, she cleaned me off and gave me a fresh towel to wrap around myself, and in less than two minutes I was on my way back to the main house, and Hilde had put her clothes back on and resumed her sanitizing duties. Four tremendous orgasms had left me thankfully satiated and my cock flaccid—though I marveled at how heavy and meaty it felt between my legs even when unaroused. I was wearing my towel like a man would, around the hips, because otherwise I knew my member would peek out from the bottom. When I came back into the kitchen, Beth was setting our places on the table and eyed my bare breasts with approval.

“Did you get what you needed, babe?” she asked as I sat down.

“Absolutely!” I said, and grinned. “And you really don’t mind?”

“Oh, of course not,” she replied as she took her seat across from mine. “No matter how serious this relationship gets, I know monogamy probably isn’t realistic for you and me—especially until we figure out a way to have sex. What’s important is our connection.”

I smiled, and reached across the table to take her hand. “You really are amazing,” I said.

“Well, we’ve got a lot in common. And if you want cup-sizes to be one of the things we have in common, then drink that glass of cum I put out for you.”

For the first time I noticed the brimming glass of thick milky liquid next to my plate.

“Holy crap, that’s a lot of spunk,” I said.

“It’s everything we had in the freezer. I heated it up to just above body temperature, so go ahead and drink it before it gets cold.”

“All of it? How big are my tits gonna get?”

“Oh, not as big as mine, but it’s hard to say. Everyone responds a little differently. And it’s not like my milk—your boobs will grow more slowly, and consistently. Just trust me that you’ll like the results.” I raised a skeptical eyebrow. “What? You don’t trust me?” she asked. Her smile was positively devilish. “I *promise* you’ll be happy with it, and won’t it be more fun not knowing exactly how big you’ll get? Now hurry and drink up or else I’ll have to heat it up again.”

I looked at the tall glass, filled nearly to the lip, and summoned my courage. I lifted it to my mouth, where it hovered tentatively for a moment, and then I gulped it down as fast as I could manage. Beth’s sister had cum that tasted a lot like my own—sweeter and more pleasant than the normal stuff, and drinking it proved quite enjoyable. I chugged the whole thing, slammed the glass back on the table, and wiped sticky strands of jizz from my lips.

“Bravo!” Beth cheered.

I rolled my eyes and gave an ironic bow.

“Now, let’s eat!”

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