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Four of a Kind  
  
Chapter 1

“I don’t know if I can do it, Erica.”

“Oh come on, Theo, it’s not that big.”

“Are you kidding? It’s massive! There’s no way I can fit that in my mouth.”

I sighed. He was one of the reluctant ones, this boy from my anthropology class. Sometimes, when I was in the mood, I took a certain pleasure in slowly transforming anxious, fearful guys into cock-sucking fiends, but at this particular moment I just really wanted to blow my load in this lanky freshman’s mouth.

He was on his knees in front of me, staring at my throbbing member like it was going to bite him. I turned around, running my hands along the smooth, firm curves of my ass, and bent over to expose my slick pussy.

“Do you want this?” I asked.

“Yeah! Absolutely!”

I stood up and spun around.

“Then suck,” I commanded, gripping the root of my shaft with one hand that could barely fit around its substantial girth.

“But…I, uh…”

“Listen Theo, it’s very simple. You either suck my herm cock right now, or you walk out that door and never get another chance to touch me. I can get guys lined up around this dorm to suck my dick, so let’s get this show on the road, OK?”

He nodded meekly, and I couldn’t help but smile. What can I say? There’s just something fun about making a man into my bitch. On the occasions I preferred to be on the receiving end of things, I certainly wouldn’t come to a skinny guy with an average prick like Theo. He inhaled deeply, sighed, and then closed his eyes. He took my head into his mouth, and started to run his tongue over my sensitive glans. It felt great, but I knew his type—while this was a good way to start, the timid guys would never push things further without some help. I grabbed Theo’s head on both sides.

“Glubrh!”

His eyes opened then, as I shoved his face halfway down my rod. The muffled choking noises he made subsided soon enough as I fucked his face, giving way to eager sucking. A quick learner. I looked down and met his gaze while I pumped in and out of his warm mouth.

“You like sucking my huge dick, don’t you slut?”

“Mmhmm!”

“Let’s see how deep you can go then. I wanna feel your tonsils, little boy.”

I grabbed him by the hair, and pulled him down further, further, tears welling in his eyes. His performance was, to my surprise, quite admirable. I only had an inch or so left when he started to cough and splutter on my fuck-pole. I let him pull off, and he coughed and panted while I stroked my rod, slick with his saliva.

“Mmmm, that was pretty good, Theo. I’m impressed. You must like sucking cock after all.”

He nodded, wiping his mouth with his forearm. “Your cock is amazing, Erica. Will…will you come in my mouth?”

I smiled. It was almost too easy.

“Of course, sweetie. Now do your job.”

Things just got better from there. Theo was quick to discover this new side of himself, and I was giving him as much encouragement as possible. I slipped three fingers into my now-sopping cunt, eager to shoot ropes of cum down this boy’s throat. Between Theo’s increasingly skilled ministrations, the arousal I got from dominating him, and my own capable fingers, I didn’t last more than two minutes. By then, Theo was stroking his cock ferociously, clearly nearing an orgasm of his own.

“Ohhh FUCK!” I screamed, once again gripping Theo’s head between both of my hands.

My balls were much larger than average, and they pumped spurt after spurt of hot jizz into Theo’s eager mouth, and he dutifully drank it down. After the first few ropes, he climaxed as well, shooting comparatively puny squirts of cum onto the floor.

“God yes, drink my fucking cum. You love how it tastes, don’t you?”

He gurgled a reply, and I finished cumming a few moments later.

A few moments passed as shudders of post-climax pleasure rippled through me, and Theo cleaned himself up.

“Wow, Erica. That was…incredible, actually. I really didn’t expect it to be like that.”

“Most guys love it once they try it—don’t worry, it’s perfectly normal.” I ruffled his hair affectionately. “Now get up. I need to do some homework for my online class. You can relax on the bed while you wait.”

Theo hurriedly got up and took his seat while I slipped into a robe and sat down at my desk. This was the first time that all of the students in my economics class had to use the online discussion forum, so I logged on with my textbook at my side. As I started reading through what other people had written, one classmate caught my eye with her consistently insightful posts. I looked up her profile and found her full name: Bethany Iddrisu. My curiosity was piqued; she was obviously one of the smartest students in the class, and judging from her name, she was probably West African. My weakness. She could be sexy, I immediately thought. I’d have to investigate further. For now though, my homework was the pressing matter, so I got down to business.

By the time I finished with my work, I was already picturing Bethany in my mind as a beautiful, big-chested girl, and I had started stroking myself absentmindedly. In my anticipation of this imagined beauty, I had grown rock hard again, and needed release.

“Hey Theo, have you ever had anyone put something in your ass?”

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Three weeks later, our first major test was approaching, and I saw this as my chance to meet Bethany. Our professor had made everyone share their e-mails with the class so that we could form study groups, so I looked up Bethany’s and added her to my chat contacts.

I was pleasantly surprised when a message promptly appeared in my chat window.

“Hi, who is this?”

I started typing a response. “Hi, I’m Erica Richards, from your Econ 101 online class. This is Bethany Iddrisu, right?”

“Oh, hi Erica! Nice to e-meet you. ;) Are you looking for a study partner?”

“You read my mind. I was hoping we could get together over the weekend to start preparing. Either on-campus or off is fine with me. What works for you?”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. Couldn’t we just study together online? Or over the phone?”

I frowned. I hadn’t expected this.

“I’m not really good with online classes—I only took this one because I had a class fall through before the semester. It would really help me to study in person with someone.”

“I’m just not sure I can.”

“I’d *really* rather study in person,” I typed in response. “I get distracted so easily on the computer—the only reason I’d really want to have a study partner is to have someone face-to-face forcing me to study.”

Her reply pinged in my Gchat window. “I don’t know…”

“It’s OK,” I replied. “I’m just not sure it’s worth it for me if it’s just online. Sorry ☹”

I was being a bit bold by playing things nonchalant, and bit my lip nervously. The chat window kept alternating its indicator, telling me that she was typing, then waiting, then typing again. I assumed she was writing replies and deleting them, and it was a few minutes before her response finally came through.

“OK. In person. You seem like a smart girl from your posts on the forum, Erica, so I’ll agree to this. But I’m letting you know in advance that I have a…condition. Kind of a birth defect. Some people might call it a deformity. I’m just telling you this so that you won’t be surprised when you meet me and make a big deal out of it.”

I instantly was overcome with guilt. “Oh gosh, I feel like such a jerk,” I responded. “I get why you would want to study online—it’s OK, I won’t make you meet me if you don’t want to.”

“Are you afraid to see me now?”

“No! No, no, definitely not. I’d still way rather study together in-person than online. I just feel bad about being so pushy before. I’m willing to do whatever makes you comfortable.”

“That’s sweet of you, Erica. But I think you’re right. In person is better. Besides, it would be nice to meet a new friend. I don’t see new people very often.”

“Great!” I dashed off, and then immediately slapped my forehead. “I mean, not great that you don’t meet new people very often. Great that you want to study in person! Ugh. I’m going to stop typing now.”

“Lmao! It’s alright. I knew what you meant. We can meet at my house tomorrow at 4. It has to be my house though. I don’t really enjoy going out in public if I can avoid it.”

“Sure, that works for me. Just e-mail me your address and I’ll be there.”

“Great, see you then! ;)”

She logged off then, and I closed my laptop shortly after. A deformity? I certainly hadn’t been expecting that. I spent the rest of that night wondering what it could possibly be. Not something as simple as a missing arm or leg, surely—something like that would attract unwanted attention, but nothing so terrible as to make a person into a recluse. Visions of Frankensteinian horrors drifted through my mind, each uglier and more implausible than the last. Of course, I felt like it served me right to an extent; I had pushed her to meet me because I hoped she would be cute and we would hit it off, and now I was being punished with ironic justice.

Still, I really *could* use a study partner, and she clearly knew her stuff, and was friendly besides. I’ve never been the type to turn down an opportunity to make a new friend, even if I had been hoping for something more romantic.

I went to bed that night after forcing myself to stop imagining Beth’s appearance. I was starting to get offended by my own brain. She was sure to be a lovely person, and I was being a downright cad by obsessing so much over her potential looks. I resolved right there, head on the pillow, that we would become great friends. After that, I drifted off to sleep.

The next day sped by rather quickly, as I was busy with class, papers, and errands to run. In fact, I barely had time to get home and shower before hopping in the car and heading over to the address Beth had sent me that morning: 49 Mountain Glade Ct.

When I put the address into my phone, I realized that she lived in one of the wealthiest parts of the city—an exclusive enclave of sprawling homes, gated driveways, high-end German cars, and eight-figure net-worths. Another unexpected wrinkle, but not an unwelcome one. After all, it never hurts to have friends with money, I thought, and at least I knew that her house would be a comfortable and inviting place to study.

After a few wrong turns down Mountain Glade Lane and Mountain Glade Drive—cursing how rich neighborhoods always had to have such confusing road plans—I arrived about fifteen minutes late. Her house was high up in the hills, and as I drove slowly down the long, steeply-sloped and tree-lined driveway, I was gradually taken aback by the estate. And that seemed the right word for it. Estate. In a neighborhood of elaborate homes, Beth’s was the most impressive I had yet seen. Large and extremely modern, it had to be the brainchild of some Swedish master architect, all bizarre angles and futuristic-looking materials, while somehow appearing restrained and elegant. I realized that the lot was quite large, and there was a guest house just in sight that looked at least four times the size of my apartment. Halfway down the driveway, I arrived at a gate, and buzzed the intercom.

“Hello?” came a feminine voice from the other end.

“Hi, my name is Erica Richards. Is Bethany home? I’m from her history class.”

“Oh, hey Erica! It’s me, Beth! I was getting worried you weren’t coming. Come on in.”

The gate swung open, and I continued on to the end of the driveway where I saw a brand-new Bentley parked. Suddenly my aging Honda Civic seemed rather inadequate. Maybe it was a good thing that Beth wasn’t going to be a looker after all. I now doubted whether I would have been able to impress a girl who was accustomed to such luxury.

After I locked my car and started down a long, perfectly-manicured walkway lined with exotic flowering plants, I saw the house’s front door open and a figure appear in the entryway. As I approached, I couldn’t see anything particularly amiss—her torso seemed sort of boxy, I supposed, but overall from afar she seemed to be a perfectly normal college girl. I wondered if this maybe wasn’t Beth, but a sister, friend, or some other family member. Right as she waved hello to me, however, I realized that it was indeed my soon-to-be study partner, and what exactly her “deformity” was.

I was already waving back and had opened mouth to shout a greeting when I realized just what had seemed so odd about the shape of Beth’s upper body. Beth had four breasts. Four *large* breasts. I figured she had to be a G-cup at least—in two identical pairs, one positioned in the normal place, and another directly below. Needless to say, I lost my ability to speak, and simply offered a smile and a silent wave instead. When I took my next step, I nearly face-planted on the slate walkway, but recovered and passed it off as an unlaced shoe, which I bent down to ‘tie.’ Using that time to recover my senses, I finally reached the door with renewed calm, and Beth extended a hand in greeting.