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## Four of a Kind

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.

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“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.

“Nice to meet you, Erica,” she chirped in a quiet, feminine voice, meeting my gaze for only a fraction of a second before glancing away.

I grasped her smooth, soft hand. “You too, Beth!” I yelped, a little too enthusiastically. I cleared my throat. “This is really amazing place you have,” I continued in a calmer tone. I devoted every ounce of self-control to not staring at my new study-partner’s incredible chest.

She blushed, and turned to lead me into the house. “Oh, thanks. It’s a little ostentatious, I think. I hope you don’t mind. My mother designed it, so we’re stuck with it.”

“Not at all,” I replied as we entered the light-filled atrium, treading on a floor of what I can only assume was some foreign, expensive hardwood. “It’s very beautiful. Is your mom an architect?”

“No, it’s just a hobby for her. She works in finance. Here, I’ll show you around.”

Must be a rather extraordinary family, I mused. As Beth gave me the tour and pointed out all the various rooms and architectural highlights, I must confess that my attentions were not focused on the vaulted ceilings or floating glass staircases. No, I was utterly zeroed-in on Beth’s impossible ass. Her jeans struggled—in vain, I should add—to adequately contain it, revealing a pink thong that peeked out. I hadn’t noticed when we first met (what with me being rather preoccupied with Beth’s double set of tits), but the proportions of her lower body were truly absurd. Her hips had to be at least twice the width of her waist, which was tiny. I could now see

it from behind, no longer obscured by her lower pair of boobs, and I quite seriously wondered if I could encircle her midsection with my hands.

But back to her ass. Oh, that beautiful, mesmerizing ass. It was a rump deserving of sonnets, epic ballads, and portraits painted by Dutch Old Masters. It was actually somehow slightly wider than her hips, yet impossibly round and firm. Each cheek was a perfect hemisphere, joining her lower back and upper thighs at ninety-degree angles. At its greatest extent, it had to project a good eight inches behind her. As she walked, I could see the independent movement of each glorious cheek, and I burned with the desire to see how they would jiggle and quake if freed from the cruel constraint of her jeans. Her thighs were deliciously thick, rubbing together as she walked—a perfect match for her divine glutes. She was one of those rare women who look like two separate people sewn together in an experiment of erotic mad science—a petite woman’s upper body attached to the fertile hips, ass, and thighs of a sex-goddess. In terms of absolute size, her backside wasn’t as big as someone like Bria Myles, but its shape was more perfect, and her ratios were somehow even more extreme than the biggest of big-booty models.

“Erica?” she asked, pulling me out of my trance.

“Oh, sorry, I zoned out for a second there,” I said, thankful that I had been staring into space instead of at Beth’s voluminous rear-end.

“I was asking if you wanted to go up to my room and start studying.”

Her room? My heart skipped a beat.

“Uh, sure, of course. Lead on!”

I was of two minds as she led me upstairs. One the one hand, this seemed like proof of a loving and just God, to be in the presence of this beautiful and unique woman, a living embodiment of a fantasy I had always assumed was just that—fantasy. On the other hand, it might just be the work of Satan, considering that there was no way I could make a move now. From Beth’s quiet voice, avoidance of public places, and inability to maintain eye-contact for more than a second, she was clearly a very shy and self-conscious girl. It was perfectly understandable, given how much negative attention her assets must normally attract. For me to hit on her now would be something of a betrayal—she had let me into her house because she took me for someone who wouldn’t treat her like a freak or an object, and probably the last thing she wanted from me was to be sexualized. No doubt she had assumed she’d be safe from come-ons with another woman. I would be a royal jerk to be just another person lusting after the four-breasted Aphrodite in front of me, even if her ass *was* the second-most incredible thing I had ever seen as she led me up the stairs (her four tits being the first). Was I doomed to yearn silently after her forever? Within reach, but never allowed to touch? I couldn’t imagine a fate more terrible, and yet I knew I would gladly embrace it. The illogic of sex is truly confounding.

We reached her room, which was spacious and illuminated by a west-facing wall of floor-to-ceiling glass that faced the afternoon sun. It was a bit untidy, which was frankly a relief given how intimidating her family’s wealth and her beauty was at this point.

“Sorry for the mess,” she said as she plopped down on her king-size bed, her four tits bouncing in her form-fitting tee. “It’s way better than normal, actually. I tried to clean up before you came over, but I didn’t give myself enough time to finish,” she said, pushing her straight-ironed hair out of her eyes.

“No worries—you should see my place,” I replied as I pulled a modernist armchair across from her and sat down. “So, should we start at Chapter 5?” I asked, unzipping my bag and removing the heavy gaming laptop. “Ugh, this thing weighs like ten pounds.”

“You’ll be jealous of this then,” she said with a sly half-smile. Beth pulled a 17-inch silver MacBook from the middle of the bed onto her lap. “32 gigs of RAM and a quad-core i7,” she said proudly. “And a lot lighter than yours, I take it.”

I raised an eyebrow. “Nice. You might want to keep an eye on me while I’m here, or that thing might just go missing.”

She laughed at my corny joke. “Well, I’ll just make sure to frisk you before you leave!”

I coughed loudly at her remark—if I had been drinking something, I would have done a spit-take straight out of the movies. Beth realized how flirtatious that had sounded, blushed, opened her laptop, and quickly looked down at the screen.

“Let’s get to work. I’m no good at small-talk anyway,” she said brusquely, obviously embarrassed.

“Uhh, yeah, let’s do that,” I agreed, equally blushing—though more visibly on my pale skin.

We studied for two hours after that, and Beth quickly showed her intelligence, which I had already assumed from her posts on the online discussion board our class required. I realized that she was one of those students—usually female—who is too shy and self-conscious to acknowledge their own intelligence, even to themselves. But it was clear that she grasped the material just as well as I did, if not better. The result was that we had a great time talking about the material, which we both found genuinely interesting, and we were able to help each other meaningfully, in a proper two-way exchange.

The long study session and Beth’s aversion to eye-contact also gave me ample opportunities to look her over. I hadn’t even noticed at first, being so preoccupied with her body, but Beth was a true beauty in classic West African fashion. Her skin was as dark as black coffee and without a single visible blemish. Her almond-shaped eyes were accentuated by a modest application of black eyeliner, and her cheekbones were high and lovely, giving a model-esque stature to her symmetrical, oval face. Her flat-ironed hair reached just past her shoulders, and framed her face well, though I couldn’t help but wonder how her hair would look natural.

Her mouth was the most captivating piece, though, impossibly full-lipped and opening to reveal a brilliant, wide smile all too infrequently. She was wearing a subtle purple shade of

lipstick that added a glossy finish to her lips that made them painfully inviting. I was sure that there was no pair of lips I had ever wanted to kiss more than Bethany's. I often had to force myself to look away from her beauty in order to properly focus on the study material in front of us.

As we reached the end of the chapters we were studying, I noticed something rather odd, but quite arousing. Beth's breasts seemed bigger than when I had first arrived. Noticeably so. I would have considered it impossible, but the day before I would have considered a double-busted woman impossible, too. I could clearly see the outline of her bra (bras? I had no idea what sort of four-cupped contraption lurked beneath her shirt) through her now tighter-fitting tee, and it was obvious that her breasts were spilling out of all four cups. Her large nipples—which had been visible the entire time—were now quite stiff and prominent. I was glad that I had my laptop to hide the rock-hard erection I was sporting beneath my skirt.

She sat up straight on her bed, and then arched her back in a deep stretch that nearly made me cream my panties on the spot. Even in high-school, I had never worried about premature ejaculation, but I was now seriously concerned about cumming without even being touched. I knew she was the hottest woman I had ever seen, but I still felt somewhat baffled. As she stretched, she looked down at her chest, and seemed to suddenly notice its enlarged state.

“Um, Erica,” she said, returning to her normal posture.

“Yeah?” I said, feigning as though I had been focused on my laptop screen.

“I could really use a warm bath—all this being hunched over my laptop is killing my back. Besides, I need to deal with my hair before it gets too late. I think I need to take a break from studying.”

“Oh, sure, of course.” I was actually somewhat relieved—I needed to relieve the pressure in my balls, and soon. “We’ve been at it for a while, I should probably get out of your hair.”

“You don’t need to leave,” she blurted, and then looked away in her usual embarrassed fashion. She paused for a moment, and then looked across at me. “It’s just that my family has all been away for the last four months, and I’ve been pretty lonely lately. If it’s alright with you, I’d like it if you waited downstairs for me. I’m a good cook—I’ve got tons of leftovers, and we have a nice den for watching movies or TV, if you want to stay and have dinner.”

My heart was pounding so hard I was sure it would explode. “Thanks, that’d be great, Beth. I’ve only got our online class tomorrow, so I can stay out late tonight.”

She smiled the biggest, most radiant smile I’d yet seen from her. Did she like me? As more than a friend? No—I told myself that I was thinking wishfully. Here was a girl persecuted by the outside world and socially deprived. She must be thrilled to have any positive interactions with her peers. Just because she was being friendly didn’t mean she was interested in me that way.

She stood up, and from this new angle I was struck by just how much bigger her bosom was. She had to have grown at least a full cup-size, but probably more like two. In just two hours? How was that possible?

“I’ll try not to take too long, but I might be about an hour,” she said. “There’s snacks in the kitchen if you get hungry—chips and dip and stuff. But save room for real food, OK?”

“Thanks Beth, I’ll make sure to just nibble,” I replied with a smile.

She stood there uncomfortably for a minute.

“Are, uh, are you going to go downstairs now?” she prodded.

Well, this was awkward. There was no way I was going to get up with my throbbing erection—it’s bad enough for guys, but I was wearing a skirt. And on top of that, a more-than-nine-inch cock is hard enough to hide anyway. There way no way I could stand up without revealing my secret. Normally I wouldn’t have worried about that, but I wanted Beth to feel safe around me, and I was concerned that she wouldn’t if she knew I had a penis.

“I, um, I’m just going to finish off an e-mail really quick, OK? You can go get started—I’ll go downstairs in just a minute.”

“Sounds good. I’ll leave you to it,” she said.

I nodded and looked down at my laptop, pretending to dash off a quick message. She turned and opened a door that connected her room to a bathroom that looked positively lavish, and disappeared behind it as the door clicked shut.

I immediately closed my laptop and got to my feet gingerly, making sure to shift the throbbing hard-on out of my panties, to a more comfortable position under my skirt. I hobbled downstairs, threw my laptop on a couch, and dashed into a guest bedroom Beth had pointed out to me earlier.

The bathroom was clean and well-appointed, but I didn’t notice any of that at the time. I dropped my skirt and panties with all due speed, and was shocked at the state of my member. Being larger than average, my dick had always been a bit too heavy and long to stand unaided at a straight ninety-degree angle, yet now it was actually pointing *up*, towards the ceiling, at about a 115 degree angle to the floor. The veins were bulging so much that I was actually alarmed, and I was positive that it was slightly bigger than normal. I touched it lightly, and couldn’t believe how sensitive the shaft of my cock was. I considered unspooling the roll of toilet paper to deposit my load, but realized that the pressure in my sack was too great for that. I opened the door of the free-standing, all-glass shower, and aimed for the back wall.

I didn’t even last three full strokes before I exploded. The geyser of cum that shot out was beyond belief—I had always been able to cum more than any man I’d known, but this was ridiculous. Each spurt launched at the glass wall of the shower with enough force for it to splatter the rest of the cubicle with globs of semen. Not only that, but each rope was bigger than any I’d ever seen, and they *wouldn’t stop*. It was the most intense, pleasurable sexual experience of my

life, and I was by myself! Finally, after what felt like at least a full two minutes of uninterrupted cumming, my orgasm ended. After a long, shuddering sigh, I evaluated the damage; the shower was splattered with an ungodly amount of jizz, and some of it had even backsplashed onto my legs and feet. I turned on the water and cleaned everything up, including myself. It took a while to get the sticky stuff to go down the drain, and suddenly I was glad that Beth needed an hour to herself. Otherwise, this prolonged absence would be hard to explain.

After finishing up, I went to the kitchen to grab a snack and something to drink; surely I needed to replenish all kinds of nutrients and fluids after that climax. I found a box of Oreos in the cupboard, and opened the fridge. Beth kept her milk in an open glass pitcher, which I thought was a little odd, but it smelled just fine. I poured myself a glass and grabbed a handful of cookies.

The milk was very rich, and a little sweet—I figured it must have been some organic whole milk, maybe even unpasteurized. It was California, after all, and people were always finding ways to charge twice as much for basics like milk and eggs. Still, I decided that it was worth the money, because it had to be the best milk I'd ever tasted. Even after finishing my snack, I gulped down another full glass for good measure.

Beth's absence after that felt like it lasted an eternity. All I could think about was drinking in her beauty again. This was bad; I had just met her, and I was already getting addicted to being in her presence. Forty minutes passed, but it felt like three hours before I heard Beth come down the stairs and rummage around in the kitchen. She joined me in the den after that, dressed in the comfortable night-time attire of a soft tee and sweatpants, and I noticed that her breasts had returned to their original size. Her hair was wrapped up in a silk scarf, and she had washed off her makeup. If anything, though, I only found her more alluring. She had an anxious look on her face as she sat down next to me on the couch.

"Did you drink any of the milk in the fridge?" she asked.

"Yeah, I had a couple glasses to go with some Oreos. Don't worry—I've still got plenty of room for dinner."

Beth put her head in her hands.

"Oh god, how could I be so stupid? Oh no no *no*." She looked back up at me, clearly distraught. "You really drank it?"

"Uhhh...yeah. Was it special? I mean it tasted great—was it really expensive or something?"

She looked on the verge of tears. "I'm such a fucking idiot. I completely forgot about it. I've never been more embarrassed in my life."

She blurted out the words rapid-fire, and I wasn't sure if she was actually speaking to me or to herself.

“Beth, what’s the problem? Tell me what’s going on. I’m starting to get worried. Was something wrong with that milk?”

She sighed heavily, and after a long pause looked down at her hands and mumbled: “It’s my breast milk.”

My mouth literally hung open in disbelief, like in a cartoon. There was a series of abortive squeaks and gurgles before I finally found my voice again. “Your *what?*”

“It’s my breast milk. You drank my breast milk, Erica,” she replied in a steadier tone.

“Oh, wow, I am so sorry Beth. I had no idea—I should have known something was odd about it. I feel like a total creep.”

She met my gaze and put her hand on my knee. I practically passed out—this girl was somehow capable of making me feel like I was an awkward boy in junior high. And that was something I hadn’t even been!

“No, it’s not your fault at all,” she assured me. “I really should have warned you. God, this is so embarrassing. I hope you can forgive me.”

“I’m the one who should be embarrassed,” I said. “I totally invaded your privacy. I feel just terrible.”

Beth withdrew her hand, and a long awkward silence followed, both of us feeling terrible about ourselves. Then I said something incredibly stupid without thinking. “On the plus side though, that had to be the best milk I’ve ever tasted, so kudos!”

I meant it as a joke to break the ice, but I cringed as soon as it came out of my mouth. It sounded way weirder out-loud than it had in my head. To my surprise though, Beth laughed. It was just one chuckle at first, but her laughing gradually gained steam, until she was cracking up. I couldn’t help but follow, as the melodic sound of her laugh was too infectious to resist. I knew we weren’t laughing at my joke so much as the bizarre nature of the situation. By the time we both managed to stop, we were wiping tears from our eyes.

Beth reached out her hand again, this time putting it on top of mine.

“Thanks Erica, for being so cool about this. About me. Not many people can manage that.”

She held her hand on mine for a while.

“It’s no trouble. You’re a really nice person, so it’s easy. And hey, sometimes you just have to laugh when strange things happen.”

Beth smiled. “I can definitely imagine worse responses...”

I nodded. “So, do you have a kid, then? I didn’t see any kid’s stuff around the house. I hope that’s not prying to ask.”

“No, it’s a perfectly reasonable question. I don’t have a child, no. I lactate as part of my...condition. Which I’m sure you’ve noticed by now. It’s one of the hassles that I have to deal with. It’s why I had to take that break; I needed to be expressed.”

“Oh, OK. That makes sense.”

Beth raised an eyebrow. “That’s it? You don’t have more questions?”

“Not really. You lactate because of your condition. Seems like a good explanation to me.” She laughed. “What? Did I say something stupid?” I asked.

“No, no, it’s just—people usually want to interrogate me about my breasts. I know I’m really unusual. I’m pretty strange to most people, so I just expect everyone to ask lots of questions,” she said, shrugging.

“I can imagine how that would get tiring,” I said. Of course, I didn’t need to imagine; I knew exactly how she felt, thanks to my own unusual ‘condition.’ “You aren’t unusual to me, though. Maybe your condition is unusual, but *you* aren’t. Well, you’re unusually smart and pretty and easy to get along with, but you get my meaning,” I said, saying the words that I wished that others would say to me.

Beth seemed to understand, blushing and averting her eyes in that adorable shy way that I was growing quite fond of. “Thanks Erica, that means a lot more than you probably know.”

Another long silence followed, but this one wasn’t awkward. Charged maybe, but not unpleasant. Finally, she spoke.

“Well, why don’t you find something from the library for us to watch, and I’ll grab some of my famous lamb curry that I made last night. You’ll love it, I promise.”

“Sounds great!”

We spent the rest of the evening in the den, watching movies and enjoying each other’s company. Time got away from the both of us, and before I knew it, it was already ten o’clock. I realized I was unusually drowsy, and I was becoming concerned about my ability to drive home.

“Hey Beth, I think I should head out. I’m starting to get pretty sleepy,” I said.

“Actually, why don’t you just stay here tonight? I’m not sure it’s a good idea for you to drive—you already seem pretty tired.”

I yawned. “Thanks, that’s nice of you. Should I sleep in the guest house?”

“Oh, no, don’t be silly. You can take the room across from mine. It’s my sister’s, but she won’t be back here until Thanksgiving. She won’t mind if guests use it.”

“Sounds good,” I mumbled, rapidly being overcome with sleepiness.

Before I went upstairs to the bedroom, Beth mentioned one more thing.



“Oh, Erica, I should probably warn you about something.”

“Huh?” I was practically asleep on my feet at this point.

“Just, if you don’t feel well during the night, or if anything strange happens to you, don’t worry. My, um, my milk doesn’t always sit well with everyone.”

“Oh, OK. Thanks.”

I nodded to her as I headed upstairs, but I wasn’t really listening due to the overwhelming drowsiness that had fogged my brain. As a result, I failed to notice just how odd that warning was. It was only later that I’d ask myself questions like, ‘who else has had her breast milk, and why?’ or, ‘what kind of strange things happened to people drinking her breast milk?’ and even ‘why does she keep her breast milk in the fridge in the first place?’ which the whirlwind of bizarre events that night had prevented me from thinking about.

As soon as I entered Beth’s sister’s bedroom, I collapsed face-first onto the plush bed, not even bothering to pull back the covers. I was asleep within seconds.

The whole night I was plagued with bizarre sex dreams which I can no longer remember, although I do recall the odd mixture of anxiety, arousal, and bafflement that accompanied them. I awoke in the pre-dawn morning, covered in sweat and painfully erect. I got up to undress, and retreated back under the covers, but was too turned-on to sleep.

Surrendering—admittedly without much resistance—to my urges, I began stroking myself under the sheets. As the sensations escalated, I noticed something strange; my cock felt larger than normal in my hand. I stopped jerking-off to carefully feel the length and girth of my shaft. Not only was it definitely bigger, it felt like it was actually *growing*. I threw back the sheets and was stunned; my cock was at least a foot long and swelling larger before my eyes.

This was an impossible fantasy come to life, and the most erotic thing I had ever seen, other than Beth’s body, that is. At the same time, though, it was terrifying—I was truly huge at this point and still growing fast. When would it stop? At this rate, within minutes I’d be too big for any man or woman. My panic eased, however, when I remembered Beth’s bedtime warning about her milk. She had said not to worry about its effects, which probably meant this wasn’t permanent. I hadn’t really heard it at the time, but my brain somehow knew to store it for later.

Of course, it seemed impossible that Beth’s tit-milk could cause this physiological change, but then again a four-breasted girl who lactated spontaneously and could expand two cup-sizes in two hours seemed impossible too. Either way, as my growth continued, the intensity of feeling became too great to resist, and I abandoned my fears to better focus on the waves of pleasure that came with each stroke of my hugely engorged fuck-pole.

I watched as my giant prick expanded without cease. It was riveting. The sight of my constantly swelling member was sending shudders of pleasure down my spine and dribbles of precum down my shaft. Inch after inch it grew larger, and the sensation was unbelievable. When I had awakened that morning, I was already as hard as I had been the afternoon before, during my unrivaled masturbation session in the bathroom. My pole was painfully erect, but as it grew,

it felt like it was becoming harder and harder with each second. In less than a minute, the head of my meat sat right between my tits, and the shaft was now wider than my wrist. I felt like my cock was ready to split down the middle. There was pain, but even more so, the incredible pressure gave me pleasure, and the stream of precum oozing out of my dick was now constant.

That ceaseless and increasingly full stream of jizz that was coming out of my cock-head made me look down at my balls, and I realized that they had been growing in step with my dick, and were now almost the size of grapefruits.

I had to be a foot-and-a-half long at this point, and at least ten inches around. It was like having a horse-cock attached to me. Watching the pre gush out of my rod, I put the head to my lips.

Admittedly, I had always been fascinated by the idea of unrealistically huge cocks, especially in the context of all the futa hentai I downloaded. And now, all of a sudden, I had one of those cocks. I was a real-life super futa girl, living out one of my own fetishes. I bent down—only barely, because at this point my cum-oozing pipe had grown up to my clavicle. I licked the tip all around, tasting my own semen as if for the first time. I had always enjoyed the taste, and I indulged often, but this was different. My cum tasted epiphanous. Rich and savory, I couldn't get enough. Maybe it was another effect of Beth's tit-milk.

My prick surged in a sudden burst of growth, adding at least two inches in a heartbeat. I nearly came in that moment, but by the time I had collected myself, I no longer needed to bend my neck to suck my own cock. I opened my mouth, and started drinking the stream of sperm that was oozing out of my rod. The taste was fantastic, and just increased the level of my arousal. I noticed that, as I kept sucking my own beautiful dick, it had stopped lengthening at the perfect spot for me to enjoy the taste of my own thick, hot jizz. It was still growing in girth, the head now the size of an apple, and I could feel between my thighs that my balls must have grown to the size of cantaloupes. It seemed, in fact, that my sack was growing faster now that my cock wasn't getting any longer.

I greedily drank every ounce of cum that I could suck out of my prick, only a few drops escaping and running down my chin. The pressure in my nuts was building, and I knew that I couldn't possibly last much longer. I eagerly increased the pace of my autofellatio, completely lost in sexual fervor. I wanted to have my mouth filled with a massive flood of my own cum.

I didn't have to wait long.

By the time my orgasm finally came, I couldn't even close my hands around the widest point of my shaft. My balls were too big for me to accurately gauge, and they were painfully swollen. The first rope of spunk was enough to fill my mouth and make cum spill out between my pouty lips, even as I desperately tried to swallow as much as possible. That wasn't even the biggest or most forceful spurt, though. It wasn't until the fourth geyser that I experienced everything my massively endowed genitals were now capable of. Hot jizz was shooting down my throat, making my cheeks balloon out like a squirrel's, and still squirting out of my mouth and down onto my chest. I greedily gulped down as much as I could.

Honestly, it isn't even accurate to call it "spurts" or "ropes." It was more like a constant jet of semen, which ebbed and flowed in forceful waves. I had never seen anything like it, and I was delirious with ecstasy. All told, my climax must have lasted about four minutes, but it felt like an hour of non-stop pleasure. By the time everything had subsided, my chin, lips, tits, and chest were covered in cum, and I was in a state of total bliss.

Eventually, once the reverberations of sexual excitement subsided, I got up, went to the bathroom, and cleaned myself up. Amazingly, I was still rock-hard, and I hadn't lost even a millimeter in size. I exulted in the incredible volume and weight of my genitals, swinging my massive cock and balls around with gusto. An idea hit me then, and I scrambled around the room, searching for something that would allow me to fulfill my desires.

After searching through the entire bathroom, the closet, and the dresser, I found what I was looking for in the night-stand. Beth's sister had stored a flexible tape-measure in there, and I set one end of it atop the root of my huge rod. I slowly stretched the tape down the length of my shaft, reveling in each inch that it extended past the first nine, cum dripping from my glans once more as I saw the tape unfurl past eighteen inches in length. When all was said and I done, I had measured myself as twenty-three inches long and almost eighteen inches around at the widest point—though the tip and root of my dick were tapered down to smaller girths than that. I had a sort of banana-shaped prick now, with the widest segment at the middle of the curve.

I felt amazing, powerful, perfect, like a goddess of ecstasy. I spent the next several hours in an orgasmic fog that overwhelmed my senses and reason. Nothing mattered but the next climax, the next rope of jizz to splatter on my tits or to fill my mouth. I smeared my jizz all over my body, erotic pleasure spreading to every inch of my skin that was covered in thick cock-milk. My orgasms were drenching the bathroom as I sat in the tub, arcing spurts of hot semen even hitting the ceiling. I did something I had never done before—I scooped my cum off my body and shoved it into my own pussy, reveling in the warm sticky feeling filling my cunt. I honestly can't remember how many times I came that morning between the hours of four and eight. It was probably two dozen, at least. Eventually, I fell asleep right there in the bathtub.

I didn't awake until hours later, when a knock came on the bathroom door.

"Erica, are you alright in there?" came Beth's worried tone.

I was reeling as I snapped awake, feeling depleted and exhausted, but also terrified. Beth was just one unlocked door away from seeing that her new friend had a two-foot long dick and had covered the bathroom in spunk. As I took stock, though, I realized that my cock wasn't two feet long anymore. It was back to its normal size in fact—or just about, anyway. Still, I was naked and covered in cum.

"Yup, everything's fine Beth! Thanks! I'm just about to hop in the shower. I'll be out in a bit."

"OK. Just wanted to make sure nothing strange happened to you during the night."

"No, no. Of course not! Absolutely normal night for me. Nothing unusual."

“Well, that’s good. I’ll start making breakfast; come out when you’re ready!”

“Thanks Beth!”

As soon as I heard her leave the bedroom, I scrambled to clean up the bathroom. It was a real disaster, but I managed to get everything squared away quickly—panic will do that for you. Finally I jumped in the shower to clean myself up. As I washed, I started getting hard. I always got hard in the shower, a pavlovian response conditioned by years of masturbating in the shower every morning. This time, though, I noticed that everything was not the same. My dick was still bigger than normal—nowhere near the extremes of the early morning hours, but probably a good inch longer and noticeably thicker than my old size. I cupped my balls, and found that they were bigger and heavier, too.

Now *this* was interesting. If this was permanent, and Beth’s milk had caused it, then I knew I would need to get my hands on more of the stuff. As soon as possible. Part of me wanted to have a cock that was permanently as large as it had been a few hours earlier, but I knew rationally that was a terrible idea. But a foot-long anaconda? It’d definitely reduce my number of possible sexual partners, but I’d be the fantasy of size-queens everywhere, including myself. Besides, I could cut down the number of people willing to sleep with me by 90% and still have too many to ever fuck. If two full glasses of milk did this, then I needed to drink four more to gain two inches and officially pass the foot-long mark. After I finished masturbating, I wondered how I could get my hands on that much tit-milk while I towed off. Beth would definitely notice if I took four glasses. I realized I’d have to drink just a small bit many times—dragging out the process excruciatingly, but necessarily for secrecy’s sake.

After throwing on my clothes, and deciding to go braless, I went downstairs to see Beth. She was in the kitchen, just pulling a frittata out of the oven. The smell was heavenly, and my stomach grumbled audibly—no doubt hungering to replace all the protein I’d lost that morning.

“Hey there sleepyhead! I made my special frittata for us. I hope you like it.”

“It smells delicious, Beth. My mouth is watering already.”

It was, but for another reason besides the food; Beth’s tits were once again larger than when I first met her. Not two cup-sizes like at the end of our study session, but still one full letter further down the alphabet. Four H-cup breasts on one woman. It was a sight to make anyone salivate. I also noticed that her bra this morning seemed to fit perfectly, as if she had larger sizes ready to go in anticipation of further growth.

As she sat down next to me at the kitchen bar, I nodded towards her chest. “Do you need to, um, express yourself?”

Beth looked down, as if noticing her enlarged chest for the first time.

“Oh, this?” she said, grabbing her boobs with both hands. The sight made my cock throb in my tight panties. “No, I took care of that before breakfast. It’ll be a few hours at least. Just going through a growth spurt, I guess.”

“Ok, OK,” I said, blasé as could be. “I just wanted to make sure you weren’t uncomfortable,” I offered with a smile.

“Aw, that’s sweet of you, Erica. It’s funny, I don’t think I’ve ever felt this comfortable around someone so soon! It’s nice how you really go with the flow.”

I let out a nervous laugh. “Yup, that’s me! Go-with-the-flow Erica!”

We didn’t talk much after that, too busy devouring Beth’s fabulous cooking to speak. My brain, however, couldn’t stop milling over Beth’s comment. Growth spurt? What woman grows a cup-size overnight? Does this happen to her often? And, dear God, please let it happen again, and again, and again. The mystery was deepening, and I was determined to get to the bottom of it. For now, however, it was my job to show Beth the sort of kindness and normalcy that I knew first-hand was often hard to come by for people like us. She was starting to open up, and I didn’t want to jeopardize that.

“So, what do you want to do now?” I asked Beth as we cleared our plates after our binging.

“Well, I was thinking I could show you around a bit more. I didn’t take you into the garden yesterday, and it’s really the best part of this place. I could spend all day there. Sometimes I do.”

I assented, and we headed out into the large green space behind Beth’s house. A lush lawn dotted with gnarled fruit trees and graceful palms gave way to a Southwest garden of native plants. The sandy ground was covered in smooth river-stones that clacked together as we walked the winding path around cactuses, agave, and brush. It was beautiful, in that Spartan way of desert beauty. The minimalism of it was relaxing, and invited one to think and let go.

We sat down on a bench looking out on the center of the garden—a collection of blooming plants layered in rising tiers, with a cactus in full bloom at the center, towering at the peak. I picked up a smooth stone and played with it absentmindedly.

“So, what do you think, Erica?”

“It’s amazing. I feel so relaxed just being here. I would come here all the time if I had a garden like this.”

She smiled that radiant smile. “Yeah, it’s where I come to contemplate things, or to not think about anything at all, depending on my mood. But it’s nice to have some company for a change.”

As she said that, I caught her eyeing my nipples, which stood out prominently through my t-shirt. Was Beth checking me out?

“So, Erica, do you have a boyfriend at school? Oh, or a girlfriend—I shouldn’t presume.”

This line of questioning seemed like a good sign.

“Uh, no, no boyfriend. Or girlfriend. I’m mostly just playing the field. You know, the college experience and everything. What about you?”

“Me? Oh, no, definitely not. I hardly leave the house, honestly. I mean, it’s nice here, and I don’t mind being by myself. And it’s just so difficult for me to go out in public...it’s just easier to be alone, most times,” she looked a hundred miles away as she finished her sentence, and I couldn’t help but feel a pang of sympathy in my heart. “I mean, it’s not like I’ve never had any romance,” she said, snapping back to the present. “Just nothing I could call a relationship. People don’t usually want that from me. I’m just a novelty to them, something to experiment with.”

“I know exactly how you feel,” I blurted out without thinking.

Beth looked at me, clearly puzzled. “What do you mean? I imagine boys must be all over you, with your figure.” Uh oh. I had already made a mistake.

I blushed. “Thanks. But, no, not really. I mean, like you said—I’m a fun experiment for them, but not something serious.” I was stalling for time. How would I get out of my slip-up?

“I don’t understand. Why? You look just like what most guys would want in a girlfriend.”

“Well...I don’t know how to say this exactly.” I panicked internally. Then it came to me.

I locked eyes with Beth. “I’m intersex, Beth. I’m different, too. Not in a way you can see in public, but anyone who’s with me finds out. I try not to be shy about it, but it does seem to get in the way of relationships.” It was technically true, and a lot less scary than saying *I have a ten inch cock, and I love fucking girls*.

“Oh my gosh, I had no idea,” Beth said, putting her hands on mine. “I’m sorry for sounding confrontational. It never occurred to me.”

“It’s totally fine.”

She smiled kindly. “Now I understand why you treated me so normally right from the start. You know how it feels, when people don’t really *see* you.”

“They just see a part of you,” I said, nodding.

“Exactly! This is so serendipitous! I’m so glad you wanted to be my study partner, Erica!”

She leaned in then, pulling me into a tight hug. I felt my breasts press into hers, my sensitive nipples rubbing against her soft pillows. It was easily the best hug of my life.

“Me too, Beth. Me too.”

We spent the next couple of hours gabbing like we’d been best friends since kindergarten, now that our unusual bond had been established. I felt bad for not telling Beth the whole truth, but I still didn’t know how she’d take it. If I told her, I knew there’d be no going back. She’d know that I saw her as a potential romantic partner, and that always changed

friendships. If things were going to go down that road, I'd have to wait until I was absolutely sure—or until Beth made the first move.

I had fully explored the garden at this point, and we went back into the house to grab a drink and cool down from the afternoon sun. Beth's breasts definitely were swollen with milk now. I guessed if she were to fit a bra in this state, she'd be at least a J-cup. It amazed me how much they could hold, and how fast her tits must produce that delicious nectar. I pointed this out as we drank lemonade in the den.

"You seem pretty...full," I said, miming a large bust in front of my own chest. "Do you need to take a break?" I was hoping she would, so I could sneak a small sip of her milk from the fridge.

"I'm having too much fun right now to go pump myself. It's pretty boring, really. I would love to take my bra off, though, if you don't mind. It's getting pretty tight."

OK, this was definitely better than having a chance to sneak a drink. "Uh, sure, I mean it's just us girls here. Besides, I'm not wearing one right now, either."

"I noticed," she said, and giggled. "Those are some serious high-beams you've got there."

I looked down at how hard and prominent my nips were, and blushed.

"Yeah, they're pretty much always like this."

"Ugh, me too," she replied as she unhooked her bra beneath her shirt. Impressively, she pulled the massive contraption out from under her shirt after only a few seconds of fiddling. As she readjusted her tee, I saw that she wasn't kidding about having noticeable nipples; they were massive, and all four appeared hard as diamond. Each one had to be an inch long and half that across. Best of all, though, was that I got to see her breasts in all their glory, their shape and form so clear now through her tight pink shirt. They were incredibly pert and round—especially the top pair, which sat higher than normal thanks to the bottom pair boosting them.

"I hate bras," she said.

"Me too. I'm surprised you do though."

"Why?"

"Well, most of my busty friends don't like going braless. They say it's too heavy."

"Oh, that," she said, waving a hand in dismissal. "Never been a problem for me. Besides, it's different because of my milk. Since I go up and down sizes so much during the day, they're the wrong size more often than they're the right size. My bras are custom of course, and they've got some stretch built in, but it's still pretty uncomfortable."

Beth had really opened up about her breasts since I confessed to being 'different' like her. She sounded completely casual about it now. I figured this was a good opportunity to learn more.

“I can totally imagine. I can’t stand wearing a bra that’s the wrong size. Is it normal for you to, um, fill up so fast?”

Beth laughed. “What do you mean?”

“Well, I mean it was past noon when I came down for breakfast, and it’s only 3:00 now, but it looks like you’ve gone up two cup-sizes at least. That seems pretty fast. Does it get uncomfortable?” Before Beth could respond, I smacked my forehead. “I’m sorry, I shouldn’t pry. You don’t have to answer that.”

“I don’t mind, Erica. I mean, these things are a huge part of my life—literally. Some curiosity is normal. I’d wonder where you’d been if a four-breasted girl was normal to you, and I’d ask if you could book me a ticket.” I chuckled at her joke. “I talk about them all the time with people who know me well, actually. You didn’t fixate on them right off the bat, and I already know you don’t see me like a freak, so I’m happy to tell you all about my assets.”

I nodded. “Good, I was kicking myself for a second there.”

“No worries, really. And yes, it does get uncomfortable when they fill up, but only when they get *really* full. A lot more than this. My boobs have a lot of stretch to them; I can go up about four or five cup-sizes before I really feel the need to pump. The only reason I did it so early last night is because I was still nervous and embarrassed.”

“Wow, they change that much? That’s amazing.”

“Yeah,” she said, patting her breasts affectionately. “They’re pretty impressive. Oh, and to answer your other question—no, they normally don’t fill up this fast, but it’s also not the fastest it’s ever been. It varies. They’ve been in overdrive ever since you came over. They must like you!” she said, laughing again.

I smiled and shifted in my seat, praying silently that my panties would contain my dick and prevent me from getting fully erect. I was still able to hide my rod—for the moment.

“Well, I guess it’s good they like me, right?” I joked. “It’s like pets. If your dog hates someone, you know you’ve gotta watch out.”

Beth laughed. “Yup. They can definitely sniff out troublemakers.” She had been resting her hands on her breasts, and was now rubbing them slowly. She seemed completely unaware of her tic, but I was *very* much aware. “Anything else you want to know?”

I shrugged. “Up to you. You answered my question—anything else is up to you.”

“You really are cool as a cucumber, aren’t you?”

“Maybe a sea cucumber.”

“Hah! Well, a lot of people assume I don’t like my breasts, since I avoid going out in public because of them and all that. But I actually like them. To me, if I forget about what other people think, they make me feel special. I’m totally unique, as far as I know, in the whole world. And I think they look pretty good, if you can get past the novelty of them.



“My doctor says they might never stop growing, and that makes me a little nervous, but honestly I could get a lot bigger without being at all upset. I don’t think it’ll get too bad, anyway—it’s been a long time since I had a growth spurt. Well, until last night, anyway.”

“Was that my fault too?” I asked jokingly.

“Maybe, maybe,” she said, more seriously than I expected. “But anyway, yeah, I mostly avoid public because people can be such jerks. But I blame them, not myself or my body. They’re the ones who should change, not me. I’d never get surgery. But what about you? I know lots of doctors recommend cosmetic surgery for intersex people.”

“Yeah, I’ve had doctors tell me that before. But I’ve always said no. I would never want to risk it. A bad outcome down there? No way. I could lose all feeling in the worst-case scenario. And I’m like you, anyway. I don’t like how some people act because of it, but I like the way I am. It makes me feel special, too, and I know for a fact I get more, um, satisfaction than other girls.”

Beth raised an eyebrow. “Really?”

I blushed. “Yeah. The doctors say it has to do with an unusual amount of nerve and erectile tissue. Like, all those parts that make everything feel good...well they’re bigger and more sensitive in me. And I definitely would never want to change that.”

“Boy, do I hear that,” she said, nodding emphatically. “Same with my breasts. They’re way more sensitive than normal, and the bigger they get, the more sensitive they get. I wouldn’t want to lose feeling in them for anything.”

My pussy was positively soaked at this point, to the point that I was thankful my skirt was black so that possible wet spots wouldn’t show. If it weren’t for the constriction of my tiny underwear, my cock would be at full mast without a doubt.

I looked at my phone for a moment. “Oh, it’s 3:15! We should get online soon, the video-lecture will start soon.”

“Oh yeah, good catch!”

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 precum 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 asshole 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, precum 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 I 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 had, 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 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 laugh.

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.

"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 my 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 precum. 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 precum 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, Beth. But I’d be willing to try it with you.”

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 precum 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 precum is *sooo* delicious. Can you 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 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, ultra-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 from the reduced pressure. 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 bug.

“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 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 pre-monotheistic religions have. 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.

"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?”

“Oh, um,” I blushed. “Yeah, I guess so. But I don’t want to get so big that I won’t be able to have sex with you, in case we ever figure out how to make that happen.”

“Don’t worry about that,” she said with a devilish grin. “It’s like I said before: there’s no such thing as too big. I definitely wouldn’t mind any additions you might want to make.”

I shot her a look.

“Not that I have any complaints! Your cock is beautiful, Erica. I wouldn’t have spent so much time with it in my mouth if I didn’t think so.”

“That is a pretty good point,” I conceded.

“I’m just saying that bigger is always better. Didn’t you say that yourself?”

“Well, yeah. I guess you’ve got me there.”

“I’m almost done pumping—why don’t you go turn off the pump and help me get these cups off, and then maybe we can do something about your…dimensions.”

I knew Beth was trying to distract me from her bizarre ramblings, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t working. I grinned and practically jumped off the bed, my huge erection slapping against my stomach. I turned off the impressive milker and unsealed the cups from Beth’s boobs.

Her nipples were hugely swollen from the pumping, and still dribbling a small amount of milk. There was nothing I wanted more than to suck those beautiful, ebony teats.

“Mmmm, thanks Erica. Now, if you drink straight from the source, it should be a little more effective. And faster. What do you say?”

I didn’t even respond before latching onto one of Beth’s thick nipples. It was like sucking a short, fat cock the things were so big. But so much better, obviously.

“Oh! Wait, not too hard! I can’t cum, remember! Take it slow.”

Reluctantly I heeded Beth’s warning. Instead of teasing her sensitive tit with my mouth, like I would if we were going to have sex, I started sucking on her nipple like a child does. I wasn’t running my tongue around her areola, or playfully biting, or anything like that. Just sucking rhythmically, my eyes closed, letting the warm, sweet milk pour down my throat. I felt an incomparable sense of calm wash over me, and a feeling of safety. There was a profound feeling of maternal comfort that I couldn’t resist. I had never felt so content in my life.

“Ohhhh, switch to another breast, Erica. That one’s getting too sensitive.”

I dutifully switched from her lower left breast to her lower right one. Steadily I worked my way counter-clockwise around the massive clover of jugs, until I finally drank my fill of Beth’s divine tit-milk. I pulled my face off her bust, and laid next to her, allowing Beth to nuzzle her head in the crook of my shoulder.

“That felt so nice,” she said, in a sleepy, quiet voice. “I love the feeling when someone drains my tits. It’s such a relief.”

“I wish I could suckle like that all the time,” I responded.

“Well, we can work on that,” she said with a smile.

We snuggled contentedly like that for a couple of minutes, but then I felt the effects of Beth’s lactation taking over my body. It was so much faster than when I’d had it out of the fridge.

I groaned with pleasure. “I think I’m about to start growing.”

Beth perked up then, sitting up to watch my body start to change.

“I want to feel it,” she said, and she gripped my rod with both hands, to enjoy the sensation of my male parts swelling in her grasp.

My heart throbbed in my chest, and I felt hot all over, but especially in my groin. I cried out as a powerful electric shock went through my dick, and it surged more than three inches in the blink of an eye. It receded slightly then, losing maybe a third of the growth that had just occurred. I was left panting while my cock throbbed, standing up from my body all on its own.

After twenty seconds of calm, another paralyzing shock electrified my member, and it surged massively in size before giving up a portion of its gains. My body convulsed with each of these sudden growth pulses, and I let out animal screams.

The first two pulses alone had brought me to a solid fifteen inches, and Beth was wide-eyed, riveted to the sight of my expanding organ. The pulses continued, each one coming about twenty or thirty seconds apart, leaving me breathless and my senses overwhelmed. The pulses also resulted in more growth each time. The increase in rate of change was subtle at first, but became obvious soon after.

I had sat up against the headboard of the bed, with my enormously heavy pole resting on the mattress, between my legs. The midpoint of my prick was half again thicker than my thigh and down past my knees—and the pulses were still coming. My cock, like during my earlier growth spurts, was smaller at the root and gradually widened towards the midpoint, but this time it didn't narrow again towards the head. In fact, the glans was now a bit bigger than my actual head. It was steel-hard like before, but it was so heavy that there was no way for it to keep pointing upwards, which is why it was splayed out between my legs—but this pushed each of my balls to the sides of my shaft. Each one was about twice the size of a soccer ball, and rested partially on top of my thighs.

The shocks were now accompanied by growth surges of six inches or more. By the time I finally stopped expanding, the head of my cock was actually extending beyond the foot of the bed and my testicles were the size of large medicine balls. My cock probably weighed more than I did at this point—it was certainly longer than I was tall, and its circumference was substantially more than my waist's. Now that I wasn't being subjected to intense jolts of stimulation, I was able to calm down and really take in my breathtaking size. I rubbed what section of my shaft I could reach, and tried lifting it with my arms. It was to no avail. I was, for the moment, trapped sitting on the bed thanks to the weight of my own dick. That knowledge, and the sight of my rod, sent my arousal through the roof. Immediately, thick semen started oozing from the head of my member—so much that I could hear it hitting the floor with loud wet splats and plops.

“Wow, you did even better than I expected,” Beth said, marveling at my wood even more than I was.

She got up off the bed and walked slowly to the foot of it, and my throbbing, drooling cock-head. I was still pumping my hands up and down the base of my shaft, but my eyes were locked on Beth and her two entrancing racks, which wobbled and jiggled as she moved. She trailed her fingers along my cock as she went, and I was surprised at just how sensitive my



towering fuck-pole was despite its massive size. Finally she arrived at the foot of the bed, and the eight or ten inches that my hard-on projected beyond it. She knelt down in my spreading puddle of pre on the floor. I felt her hands move across my glans.

“Oh Jesus, Erica, your cum tastes even better than before!”

My back arched and my eyes rolled up while Beth scooped up the girl-cum that was leaking out of my penis, even the slightest brush of her hands sending pulses of ecstasy down my rod. My cock flexed involuntarily each time; my body yearned to fuck something, anything. I had never been more lustful in my life. All I could think about was getting off.

While Beth tended to me, I ran my hands all over my body—every inch of me was a pulsating erogenous zone, and all physical sensations were heightened to the point of intense sexual pleasure. As my fingers brushed past my nipples, I felt something wet.

Puzzled, I looked down and saw white fluid leaking from both my nipples—which were now massive, easily three inches long and thick as my thumb.

“Beth!” I could only speak in something between a moan and a scream.

The sounds of her licking and slurping my jizz stopped momentarily. She stood up, popping back into view. “Mmm, yes Erica? What does my sexy dickgirl want?”

“I think I’m lactating!” I panted, still exploring my incredibly sensitive, hugely enlarged nipples. They were rock hard—far harder than any nipples I had ever felt. Aside from being scaled up in size, they looked normal, but they were so rigidly erect that it almost felt like I had two small dicks sticking out of my chest.

Beth looked puzzled by my exclamation, and got back on the bed. She straddled my cock as she did, crawling on all fours towards me. All four of her gargantuan breasts dragged along my shaft.

“Ohhh fuck!” I moaned, my cock flexing so hard that it actually lifted off the bed despite its significant weight. “Oh fuck, oh fuck Beth! I’m gonna cum!”

She leaned her head down and kissed my shaft, still straddling my cock on all fours. That was the last straw; I erupted.

I actually saw stars when it happened, fireworks of color exploding across my vision. The pleasure was so intense that I couldn’t even move—every muscle in my body was fully tensed, and I just grunted and moaned as rope after rope of hermaphrodite spunk travelled down the length of my shaft. I could actually *feel* it, each thick pulse of jizz traveling the six-plus feet of my prick. As huge as I was, the pressure was incredible, and each spurt was almost painful, so pressurized as it surged through my pole.

My eyes were closed tight the whole time, so I only saw the aftermath, but Beth would later tell me that each individual surge was probably in excess of eight fluid ounces, and I shot them with such pressure and velocity that they hit the far wall and splattered all over the room, even onto the ceiling. That wasn’t the most extraordinary part, though.

“Erica! Erica what the fuck?!”

Apparently Beth had been yelling for a while, but I hadn’t been able to hear her while I was still cumming. Only after I finished—which felt like it took hours—was I able to parse any stimuli other than my own ecstasy.

“Ugh...wha? What’s wrong?” I asked, groggy as any hungover morning.

“What the hell is this stuff?”

I looked down from the ceiling to her, and realized that she was spattered with what looked like jizz. Not in the huge volumes that were now coating most of the room, but in more normally-sized strands of sticky white fluid. It didn’t make any sense.

“Erica, is this cum?” she asked, and it seemed like a silly question. She was now sitting upright on my cock, and examining the viscous ropes that were all over her face, hands, arms, and chest.

“I have no idea what just happened,” I said, sweating and still breathing heavy. “But it sure looks like cum. What’s the big deal? It’s just jizz.”

“It came out of your *tits*, Erica.”

I stared blankly, dumbfounded.

“Are you listening to me? This stuff shot of your nipples when you came.” She paused then, lifting a hand to her face, wiping some of the stuff off and tasting it cautiously. She gulped, and couldn’t suppress a satisfied smile at the taste. “Yup, that’s definitely your cum, Erica. How in the hell did you just shoot spunk out of your tits?”

I looked down at my breasts and realized that they were still spattered with some of the thick milky fluid. I tasted some of it myself, and had to agree with Beth.

“Holy hell, that *is* cum,” I said, marveling at the taste. “How is this possible?”

“I was asking you that!” Beth said, exasperated.

I shrugged. “I have no earthly idea. I thought all this weird shit was your area of expertise.”

“Not *this*,” she rebutted. “I’ve never seen this happen to anyone before. But then again, I’ve never seen any hermaphrodites other than my sister—and now you. It’s never happened to her, but not everyone is affected the same way by my milk. I guess it just...interacted with something unique in you.”

Intrigued, I felt up my tits—they felt a littler firmer maybe, but it was hard to tell. When I squeezed them, though, I saw a little leftover girl sperm ooze out from the tips of my nipples. The feeling was incredible; this was something I could get used to.

“Let me try something,” Beth said, and then got on all fours again and crawled up to me.

“Jesus your tits feel good on my cock,” I said, precum oozing from my cock once again. It didn’t matter that I had just finished cumming—my cock and balls were far beyond any normal human capabilities. Now on the lookout, I also noticed that my tits had started dripping precum of their own. The amount from each was more like what I would expect from a normal man’s penis.

Once Beth was in front of me, she sat up (again straddling my prick) and promptly latched onto my left tit. I let out an exhilarated moan—it was just like someone sucking my cock. My nipples were long enough now that she could really go to town, and I felt another orgasm beginning to build. I grabbed her by the hair and pumped her head vigorously up and down my engorged teat.

She spent the next five minutes giving me an erotic experience that was completely new. What brought everything to a head—forgive the pun—was when she started stroking my other nipple with her free hand and grinding her slick cunt on my throbbing mega-dick. Everything went off at once—both my tits and my throbbing member spraying more than two dozen ropes of thick dickgirl juice. This time the sensory overload was expected, so I was able to maintain some awareness while my body was wracked with pleasure. So I was able to hear Beth this time when she screamed.

“Oh God Erica *yes!*”

Just as my orgasm was winding down, she unlatched from my breast, her lips smeared with my cum, and let out that climactic proclamation. Her body shuddered and she started grinding on my cock even more fiercely.

I knew this was wrong—we had been trying to avoid her having an orgasm—but at the same time I loved it. All I wanted to do in that moment was make Beth cum over and over again. That desire grew even stronger as I watched her four tits start to swell before my eyes. It happened quickly, and it wasn’t dramatic, but it *was* noticeable. The incredible eroticism of that sight gave tremendous power to my last two spurts, and we held each other tightly, both cumming intensely.

We spent a while in that embrace—both of us breathing hard, slick with sweat and our various juices, exhausted and content. Eventually Beth swung her leg over my rod and sat down on the bed next to me.

“Fuck,” she sighed.

“I’m sorry babe,” I said, putting my hand on her shoulder. “I didn’t mean to make you cum.”

She put her hand on mine, but looked off into space. “It’s not your fault Erica. I knew what would happen if I kept humping you like that. I just couldn’t resist. Ugh. This is going to take some getting used to.”

She sounded mildly frustrated, which was altogether much better than I had feared.

“So you’re not too upset?” I asked.

“No, it’s not that bad. I came twice in a row, but that shouldn’t even amount to a full cup-size. No use crying over spilt milk.”

I tried to hold in a laugh and snorted instead. Beth glared at me.

We both burst out laughing.

“You really have to choose your words more carefully,” I said, still chuckling slightly.

“I guess so!” She rubbed her hands over her modestly-improved bosom. “Still, you got my point. It’s not a disaster. Not yet, anyway. I just have to get a handle on this and make sure it stops happening.”

Beth looked me up and down for a moment. “Can you even move with that thing?” she asked, pointing to my cock, which was still fiercely hard and hanging over the foot of the bed.

“Not really,” I admitted. “But I’m still enjoying it. I just hope these don’t go back to normal when all the excess swelling goes down,” I said, stroking my nipples.

“Really? It isn’t weird?”

“No, it’s definitely weird. But it’s *way* worth it,” I said with a grin. “It’s like having three cocks! Three times the orgasm. I’ve never been this sensitive up top; it’s amazing.”

Beth shook her head in amusement. “Well, I have no idea if you’ll stay that way, but for the record I hope you do, too. That was...really fun. I didn’t think there was anything so freaky that I hadn’t seen it already.”

I snorted. “It’s just too bad my tits are so small,” I said.

“They’re not small!” Beth protested. “You’re, what, a D-cup?”

“A large C,” I said.

“Still, compared to normal women, you’re not small at all.”

“I think we’re both well past comparing ourselves to what’s normal,” I chided. “It’s always that way though, isn’t it? I want to have huge tits, and yours are growing too much! The grass is always greener on the other side,” I sighed.

“Wait, Erica, I just remembered—I think we have some of my sister’s cum in the freezer!”

“Really?” I asked, my hopes rising. “Her cum can make girl’s tits bigger, right?”

Beth nodded. “But I don’t know if it’s a good idea to give it to you while you’re like this,” she said, motioning to my freakish fuck-piston. She then drew closer to me, and kissed me on the neck. “So why don’t we take care of this first.”

She leaned in and kissed me deeply, and proceeded to give me the best night of my life.

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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. Precum 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. Precum 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!”

Beth’s cooking was as magnificent as ever, and after eating we spent the afternoon together lazing about poolside. We talked, swam, sunbathed, and Beth sucked me off whenever I started to get hard—which was about five more times over the course of the afternoon. I couldn’t help but feel guilty for not being able to give her anything in return, but she did seem to get a lot of pleasure just from blowing my gargantuan cock. As the day wore on, I became fascinated with how big Beth’s tits could swell with milk before she needed to be pumped. By five o’clock, as afternoon faded into evening, her M-cups had swelled up at least six cup-sizes, putting her at something ridiculous like a 32S or 32T. At my behest, she decided to hold in her milk as long as possible. Not only did she keep swelling, but it seemed like they grew faster the larger she got. By seven p.m., she had put on another three cup-sizes, according to my best estimate. By then she was dribbling milk from all four of her nipples at a slow, tantalizing pace. She was in obvious discomfort by then, but also feeling a sort of perverse pleasure. I asked her if she needed to stop, but she insisted on reaching her absolute limit, just to show me how extraordinary her tits really were. By nine o’clock at night, we had retreated to her room, with Beth laid out on her bed, completely incapacitated by the incredible weight and size of her monstrous chest. At this point, she had probably reached the end of the alphabet, or perhaps even passed it. If she stood up, her lower pair of breasts hung all the way down to her hips, to the top of her pubic mound. Each pair had to weigh at least thirty pounds, and they projected a good nine or ten inches from her chest due to the milk pressure making her tits nearly spherical. That was when she reached her limit—her breasts were actually *spraying* streams of milk. The outflow was equal to the pace of her lactation, so her boobs stopped swelling.

The whole experience was riveting—a breast-expansion fantasy come true. The best part was that I knew she could fulfill my fantasy over and over again, able to restart it every time her tits were drained of their sweet nectar. Throughout the whole process I was incredibly aroused, of course, and I came more times in her mouth and on her body than I can remember. Once we finally started, it took more than two hours for Beth’s breast pump to milk her dry, and I had to empty the holding tank twice. Beth was certainly relieved when the pressure was taken off, but I could tell she was a little disappointed too. She had become more and more aroused throughout her milk-fueled growth, entering a kind of breast-obsessed trance. No doubt the immense pressure within her tits had made it hard to focus on anything else, but still, that day was when I realized just how much Beth really *wanted* to grow, deep down. Whether she was willing to admit it or not. It’s also when I decided that I had to convince her to accept her condition and embrace the expansion—for her own good, of course. I didn’t bring up the subject that night, though, as we fondled and fooled around until a little after one a.m.

Now, I’m sure you wish I had told the story of Beth’s swelling in more detail, but the truth is I don’t even think of it as anything notable anymore. You see, that ritual of lactation-

induced enlargement is something that would come to mark most of our days spent together—a common occurrence. It was my new determination to convince Beth to grow willingly—permanently—that was the most important outcome of that day. Even that, however, pales in comparison to what would happen soon after, and it's that part of my story that I want to tell now.

The next morning I went home and took a big supply of Beth's milk with me. She gave me instructions for how to drink her milk so that I wouldn't wake up in the middle of the night and lose hours of sleep to a wild jerk-off binge (namely: very slowly. No more than an ounce every two hours, and no more than six ounces per day). The sexual insanity of the weekend had been great, but I knew I would need to tone it down during the coming school-week. So, starting that Sunday, I began drinking Beth's cream in incremental doses. I knew that I wasn't being rational; at over fifteen inches, there was no justifiable reason for me to want to make my dick even bigger, but I couldn't stop. It wasn't even about reaching a certain size anymore—the thrill of augmentation was an end unto itself. I also knew I'd have to tell my roommate soon, but I was holding out on that for as long as possible.

My roommate was a petite Indonesian girl named Jen. At four-foot-eleven, she was a good deal shorter than Beth, and had a slimmer frame. She was like a toy, everything about her miniature and delicate and perfectly crafted. Where I had a 34 band-size, and Beth a 32, Jen was a mere 28. Her waist was only 20 inches around, and though her butt was tight enough to bounce quarters off of, it was just barely big enough to be considered “bubble.” Her skin was a light brown, like the color of a fresh-baked croissant, and, similarly, looking at her would make anyone's mouth water. Her sparkling brown eyes and full lips were undeniably enticing. We had become fast friends during freshman orientation the year before, and decided we'd room together once sophomore year started. And, of course, she worshipped my cock.

Jen may have been a petite, innocent-looking doll of a girl, but her libido was more than healthy, and she wasn't shy about feeding it. Naturally, I had introduced her to my rod just hours after meeting her, and we had been hooking up ever since—with occasional intermissions during Jen's inevitably short-lived relationships. Raw fish lasted longer than most of Jen's boyfriends. That was fine by me, though, because it meant that I got to enjoy every inch of her, and she got to enjoy all nine inches of me. Jen was something of a size-queen, and had been fascinated with my dick from day one. Even when we weren't having sex, she liked to just look at it, touch it, kiss it, take pictures of it, smell it—anything. As time went on and the novelty wore off, she became less obsessed with my organ, but she never lost her deep appreciation for it. At the beginning of our friendship, her pussy was so tight that it took us a week of trying before we could finally have sex—now she was capable of taking me multiple times in the course of a day, but it still required patience and some elbow-grease—well, KY jelly, really.

Due to our busy schedules and the time I had spent at Beth's over the course of the last week, I'd managed to hide my phallic explosion from Jen—not because I feared a negative reaction, but because I knew she'd be ecstatic, and her excitement would be in proportion to how many inches I'd managed to gain. I wanted to wait as long as possible in order to make the most of the surprise. It wasn't going to work out that way.

I was in my room, working on calculus homework when I heard the front door slam and tiny feet thumping towards me.

“ERICAAAAA! I’ve missed you!” Jen screamed, nearly knocking me out of my chair with a leaping hug. ‘Relaxed’ is not a descriptor anyone would ever apply to Jen.

“Hey you,” I mumbled through Jen’s smothering embrace. “Good to see you too.”

“Where have you been?!” she asked, hopping onto my bed.

“Oh, just spending some time with a new friend.”

“What *kind* of new friend?”

“Well...the hot, busty kind, I guess.”

“Ugh, I knew it. Every time you stay out for days on end it’s because you found some new udders to play with.”

“If only you knew,” I said, rolling my eyes.

“It’s not fair, Erica!” Jen said, frowning in a mock pout. “I can’t make these any bigger!” she wailed, grasping her perfect teardrop 28D-cup breasts in both hands.

“If they were any bigger you’d be even clumsier than you are now,” I pointed out.

Jen sighed. “True enough. Still, now that you’re home, do you wanna fool around? I’m, like, completely deprived.”

Even though my brain wanted to wait until I was at least a little bigger, my cock twitched at the thought of penetrating Jen’s tight holes.

“I...uh, I can’t right now. I’m way behind on my math homework.”

“Only because you’ve been busy fucking some big-boobed slut all weekend!”

“Hey, be nice! She’s a really great girl. We’re...we’re dating, actually.”

That, amazingly, shut Jen up. Suddenly I knew how I could stave her off for the time being.

“Oh my *gawwwwd!*” Jen squealed, jumping up and down. “You have a girlfriend? No way! Super-whore Erica Richards actually has a real *relationship*? I cannot *even*. I’m *literally* going to die!”

“Hey! I’m not a whore! Whores ask for money.”

“Uh-huh. Whatever. But come on, spill!”

I took a deep breath. “Well, we met through my online class. I wanted a study partner, and her stuff on the forum was really smart, so I hit her up through e-mail to see if she wanted to meet up and everything just kind of took off from there.”

“I don’t care about that. What’s she like? How does she look? What was the sex like?”

“Actually, we haven’t had sex yet.”

Jen paused for a moment, and then laughed.

“You’re fucking with me, right Erica?”

“No, I swear to God!” I said, standing up from my chair. “We really haven’t! I mean, we fooled around. Like, a lot. A lot, a lot. But we weren’t able to have sex yet. I’m sure we will soon, but I’m ok taking it slow for now.”

“Too big for her?” Jen asked with a smirk.

“Something like that.”

“Ugh. Well, alright, I *guess* monogamy is a decent excuse. But hurry up with that homework anyway—our Sunday shows will be on soon.”

“Alright, alright. I promise I’ll work quickly—but I won’t get anything done unless you stop pestering me,” I said as I sat back down at my desk.

“Oh you love it,” Jen said, sneaking up behind me. She reached around me, grabbing one of my breasts in her hand and planting a wet kiss on my neck. I was about to start moaning when Jen suddenly stopped fondling me, and lifted her head up. “Erica, are your boobs bigger?”

A thrill of excitement shot through my body, and my cock throbbed.

“My period must be coming a little early this month. Now shoo!”

Jen stuck out her tongue and left the room. After closing the door behind her, I took off my shirt and opened my closet to look at myself in the full-length mirror within. Sure enough, my breasts did look a little bigger—I hadn’t put on a bra since getting home, so I hadn’t noticed the subtle change, but as my hands traced the familiar territory of my own soft tits, I could tell that there was more to them. Not a lot more—maybe enough to make me a solid D-cup, but only because I was a large C to begin with. Still, the thought was exhilarating. I walked over to my bedroom door and locked it before pulling my cock out of my panties and lifting up my skirt. Thinking about my own swelling bust-line, it didn’t take long for me to reach orgasm, though I forgot that my tits—my *growing* tits—now shot loads of spunk along with my massive rod. I had grabbed a towel to wrap around my pulsating dick, but as the climax wracked my body, modest ropes of cum shot out from my nipples and stained my homework. I had a few minutes of satisfied relaxation before I opened my eyes and saw what I mess I had made on my desk.

*Well that’s going to take some getting used to*, I thought, and sighed.

I woke up Monday morning with tits that were easily 34E-cups (that’s the same as a double-D, for those of you who don’t know)—clearly Beth’s sister’s spunk took a little while to fully kick in. Yesterday’s careful sipping of my girlfriend’s milk had also resulted in another

quarter-inch on my dick, bringing me to 15 and 3/4 inches. All in all, I couldn't have been happier. As I admired my newly-endowed chest that morning, I realized that my boobs had become rounder and perkier, too. They were so spherical that they looked almost fake, which turned me on. Though I preferred a more natural shape on the girls I fucked, I had always planned on getting implants for myself; there was something sexy about the bimbo body-type that I wanted. I have always been, after all, a pervert and a sex-addict, and I wanted my body to announce that fact to the world. Giant round tits was certainly one way to accomplish that.

Hiding my new assets from Jen was a futile effort, so I didn't even attempt it. Just because she would notice my swelling tits didn't mean that she'd see my extra six-plus inches of cock, or so I thought. As I ate breakfast Monday morning, Jen emerged from her bedroom—adorably drowsy and clothed only in a long t-shirt that lifted up to reveal her tight lower lips when she raised her arms. I was hunched over my cereal in a tank-top and sweatpants, and she managed to pour herself a bowl and sit down before she noticed how different I was.

She looked up at me, froze, and actually dropped her spoon.

*"Erica. Your tits are way huge! It's definitely not just your period!"*

"Yeah," I said, blushing. "I think I'm getting a growth spurt. I mean, nineteen isn't too old for that to happen. I've heard of girls who ballooned up at twenty, or even later," I said, straightening my posture and cupping my now-heavy bosom.

Jen's eyes practically bugged out of her head. "No fair!" she wailed. I tried to stifle my laugh. "Come on, Erica! You've already got a huge dick—you don't need huge boobs too. You're already special. How am I supposed to feel with my tiny titties if you're walking around with a pair of watermelons on your chest?"

"Oh please. Your tits are huge for your frame. And I'm not anywhere near watermelon-sized yet!"

*"Yet,"* Jen repeated.

"Well, I'm not saying I *will* get that big, but I guess you never know."

"Do you want to be that busty?" Jen asked. She was sincerely curious—she knew I wanted an even bigger cock than the girthy nine-incher she had become so familiar with, but I had never told her that I wanted to move up in cup-size. There were guys I had divulged that to, but Jen knew me in a more masculine capacity, since she was always on the receiving end of my pole, so we didn't talk about my womanly features much.

"Yeah, I guess so," I said with a shrug.

"Don't act like you've never thought about it," Jen chided, crossing her arms.

"OK, I admit it," I said, putting down my spoon. "I've always wanted huge tits. But it's not like I've been obsessed with it or anything. I'm more obsessed with the girls I fuck having big tits than having them myself. But yeah, I mean, I like them on other girls, so of course I'd like them on myself."

Jen sighed. “You’re so lucky, Erica,” she said. “You’re already perfect and you just keep getting more of what you want.”

“Are you upset?”

“No, of course not. I mean, it’s not like you’re showing me up on purpose or anything. It’s not something you can control.” As she said that, I couldn’t help but feel a twinge of guilt. I realized that, in my sex-frenzy with Beth, I had forgotten all about Jen. She had actually disliked how big her boobs looked on her tiny frame when we first met, but after a year of being my friend, my most frequent sex partner, and listening to my fantasies, she contracted a serious case of boobie-greed. I felt bad that I had consumed Beth’s entire supply of her sister’s cum without thinking to save any for Jen.

I got up from my seat, walked behind Jen and gave her tits a firm squeeze. “I promise Jen, I’ll *never* show you up. You’ll always have the best tits between the two of us.”

She closed her eyes, murmured a begrudging “thank you,” and I stayed there, with my arms around her, fondling her perky chest to give emphasis to what I had said. While I did, though, I felt something strange—it felt like Jen’s tits were growing in my grasp. I looked down—over her shoulder—and sure enough, I saw my fingers spreading apart across two expanding bulges in her t-shirt. *No way*, I thought to myself. *That’s completely impossible! She didn’t even have any of the jizz!* But sure enough, Jen’s tits were growing before my eyes. Once she opened her eyes, they were growing in front of Jen’s too.

“What the fuck?!” Jen squealed as she looked down and saw her inflating titties.

I let go of her and stepped back as she sprung up from her chair and pulled her shirt over her head in one swift motion. She flung the garment to the ground, completely naked, and turned to look at me, cupping the bottom curve of her tits with her petite hands.

“*Ohmygodaremytitsgrowingwhatthellisgoingon?!*” she was talking so fast that I could barely understand her, but I was speechless by contrast. We were both mesmerized by the sudden, rapid fattening of Jen’s knockers. She kept babbling, and I kept staring, frozen, as they continued to expand, until they came to a stop just as suddenly as they had started—only now a cup-size or two bigger than my own! Figuring for Jen’s miniature frame, I estimated that she had to be something like a 28I-cup! They were absolutely magnificent. They had a beautiful teardrop shape, and hung down her slight frame so that their lower curves were just two inches from her waist. Although I was wearing loose sweatpants, I could feel them tightening as I grew hard.

“Wow,” was all I could say.

“Erica! What the hell is going on?” she shouted.

“I have no idea!” I shouted back. “All I did was grab your boobs and…” it suddenly clicked in my head. “And I said you’d always have the best tits between the two of us, and then you got bustier than me all of a sudden.”



Jen looked at me like I was nuts. To be fair, I would have done the same in her position. It sounded nuts—how could me just saying something like that actually make her tits grow? But then again, I had already seen a lot of stuff that should be impossible, and Beth had said that people with spirit-lineage usually had special powers. Maybe all that stuff hadn't been so crazy after all. What if this was my power? I got even harder thinking about the possibility.

“Oh my god, what is *that*?” Jen said, pointing at my crotch.

I looked down, and sure enough, I was rock-hard and tenting my sweatpants with my freakish cock. It looked absolutely gargantuan, reaching down nearly to my knee and clearly thicker than my arm.

“Well, that's kind of a long story,” I said sheepishly.

Jen sprang towards me, grabbed my shoulders and shook. The effect was rather diminished by the fact that I was eight inches taller than her and a good deal bulkier, but I nevertheless got the message that she was genuinely freaked out.

“Jen! Jen! Jen, stop it!” I said, pushing her away. “Just sit down and take a deep breath—I have some things I need to tell you.”

It took me a while, but I finally calmed Jen down enough to explain everything to her—about Beth, me, and the changes that I'd been undergoing. I also shared with her my off-the-cuff theory about how I'd made Jen's tits balloon up five cup-sizes in less than a minute. We were both sitting on the couch—Jen still completely nude, and me in my tank and sweats. My cock had gone flaccid during the long conversation. Jen hadn't been able to accept much of what I said, and I couldn't really blame her. But it was aggravating nonetheless.

“No way, Erica. Do you realize how crazy you sound?” Jen reiterated for the tenth time, exasperated, after I finally finished my story.

“I do! Believe me, I do! Listen Jen, I'm not saying it's exactly true, but I don't have a better explanation. I mean, how do you explain this?” I asked, standing up and pulling down my pants and my thong in one motion. As I stepped out of my pants, I saw Jen's eyes zero in on my enormous package. Although I had lost my erection, I was still a good ten inches long completely flaccid—and being pants-less in front of my naked, newly-busty best friend meant that I wouldn't stay limp for long.

“See?” I asked. “I'm gigantic. How do you explain that?”

Jen didn't answer, she just leaned forward and reached out to touch my prong. She explored it tentatively at first, like Beth had, just getting accustomed to its heft and weight. I was rapidly engorging, and reached my full size in only a few moments. When I did, I pulled off my tank-top and sat back down on the couch. My cock pointed directly upwards, the huge head nestled between my now-ample breasts. I grabbed it by the base and pointed it towards Jen.

“Well? What do you have to say to this?” I asked. Arguing with Jen and trying to calm her down had kept my mind off of sex for a while, but it didn’t take long at all for my lust to resurface. Precum started to dribble from my cock, and I looked at Jen with predatory eyes.

“It’s beautiful,” Jen whispered, gently stroking it with the tips of her fingers. “It has to be the biggest dick in the entire world.”

“Yeah, you think so?”

“Absolutely,” Jen said, nodding without taking her eyes off of my steadily pulsating member. “You’re like a horse. I don’t know if you can even fuck me with that thing.”

“There’s only one way to find out,” I said.

“I guess you’re right,” she conceded, and moved closer to me.

I gently gripped the back of her head and pushed her towards my cock. She understood my intentions, and closed both of her hands around my shaft before pressing her lips against my sensitive glans. Jen had always been a champion cock-sucker, and I was impressed with how she managed to open wide enough to fit the entire head in her mouth. She steadily worked her way down the hugely tumescent shaft until she had managed to swallow a good six or seven inches. Jen had been able to deep-throat my entire cock before, when it was only nine inches, but I was so much thicker now that less length was still more difficult to take. Her eyes were watering as she started to bob up and down on my rod, ministering to the sensitive head with her tongue.

When I let go of her hair, she pulled off with a cough and a sputter, saliva dribbling from her mouth.

“Jesus, I’m gonna have to get used to that,” she panted.

“Well, practice makes perfect. But now that I’m nice and slippery, why don’t you run and go get some lube? I think we need to test one of your other holes first.”

Jen nodded and leapt up from the sofa. She scampered with giddy energy into her bedroom, and emerged with a bulk-discount-sized bottle of lube. I was waiting, white-knuckle gripping the base of my shaft, restraining myself from jerking off onto Jen’s glorious new bosom right then and there.

She got on all fours on the rug in front of the couch and began applying generous dollops of lube to her enticing, tight snatch. Jen was one of those girls who, when she put her face down and her ass in the air, had a perfect diamond-shaped gap between her thighs through which you could see her plump, hairless outer labia, and the glistening inner lips poking out delicately between them. I got up and positioned myself behind her. I waited until she finished oiling up her slit, and then lowered my rod, pressing its head against Jen’s entrance.

“Ohhhhhh God,” she moaned.

I hadn’t even penetrated her yet, but just the feeling of my utterly massive member pressed up against her was sending shivers of anticipatory pleasure down her spine. I inched

closer to her, pushing my hips forward as I shimmied my knees across the rug. I encountered quite a bit of resistance—though my cock was far too hard to bend, the way some larger rods do, it slipped away from Jen’s pussy, going underneath her hips to rest against her mound and tight stomach. I moved back and tried again, this time guiding my shaft into Jen with both hands. *Damn*, I thought. *She really is fucking tight*. I was putting so much force behind my cock that it actually hurt; I had barely managed to get a fraction of my rigid head between her lips, and it was already painfully tight.

“Ow, ow, ow!” Jen yelped. “Too big!”

Pulling back again, I sighed.

“Should I put some fingers in there first to open you up?” I asked.

“I’m pretty sure that thing is bigger than your first, Erica, and you’ve never been able to get that in me before. I think this is going to take some practice.” She turned her head to look back at me. “Maybe we need to get some new toys first?” I could see the disappointment and pent-up lust on her face. Then something clicked in my head.

“Hold on, I have an idea first.”

Jen nodded and put her head back down on the floor, lifting her hips and quivering cunny into the air. My cock ejected a spurt of precum in response to the beautiful display, which landed on her youthfully tight ass. I leaned forward and stuck two fingers inside of Jen, and then three. I started massaging her G-spot slowly, eliciting moans of pleasure. After warming her up, I took a deep breath and said: “Jen, I know you’ll always be able to take every inch of my dick in any of your holes, no matter how huge I get.”

“Oh fuck!” she wailed, and I felt her pussy contract in orgasm around my three probing digits. I smiled—that seemed like a good sign.

I retracted my fingers, using my now cunt-slick hands to again grip my shaft and direct it towards Jen’s throbbing opening. The resistance was still there—the incredible, pleasurable tightness—but as I pushed forward, I found that this time it yielded.

“*Oh my Gawwwwwwd*” Jen wailed as I penetrated her, internal muscles pulsating and spasming with orgasmic pleasure. The tightness and resistance remained; my cock was being squeezed so fiercely that it felt like I might never be able to pull it back out. Best of all, though, was that I more than eight inches deep and still going. Inch after inch plunged slowly into my petite fuck-doll of a roommate, slowly, agonizingly, Jen cumming all the while. She had been reduced to animal moans and wails, and incoherent half-speech as I delved further and further into her apparently endless cunt. Finally I bottomed out, and I felt my glans press up against Jen’s back wall—but not until I had gone fully hilt-deep inside of her. I stayed like that for a moment, my eyes closed, savoring the feeling of having more than a foot of cock enveloped in hot, wet, supple tightness. I realized now that it wasn’t just Hilde; fucking anyone with my pole was more pleasurable now. It was simple math. I had more surface area, more nerve endings,

more resistance and friction caused by the enormous volume of my genitals. God, it was good to be me.

While I remained still, silently soaking in the moment, Jen managed to recover somewhat, panting softly. I was shocked out of my reverie, however, once she regained the ability to speak coherently—if not calmly.

“Holy Jesus H. Fuckshit,” Jen moaned.

“Something wrong?” I asked with a smirk in my voice.

“Erica, you’re stretching me out. Like, *literally*. I can feel your cock through my stomach.”

I bent over to get a good look, and sure enough, Jen was right. She was rubbing her stretched abdomen with her hands, timidly, exploring the prominence in her belly that I had caused with my fuck-pole. The significant bulge corresponded to the length and width of my engorged shaft. It made sense, given how petite she was, and how much cock I had forced into her, but I was still shocked to see that the impossible lump went past her ribs! Along her abdomen, the protuberance was below the skin, but as it went up past her diaphragm, I could see the head of my cock actually pushing up and out, her skin stretched around the top few inches like a flesh-condom. I had to concentrate in order to avoid cumming right then and there. It was straight out of a hentai fantasy—something that would be tagged with “large insertion” on an imageboard site. Of course, I hadn’t known what to expect; when I was penetrating this tiny girl with my gargantuan meat, I knew it all had to go *somewhere*, but I didn’t know what that would actually look like. All in all, I was quite pleased with how it turned out—I preferred to stretch out her stomach than the alternative, having my cock push up into her chest cavity and whatever that would entail. It was like what had happened when Theo fucked me while massively swollen due to Beth’s milk, but more extreme.

“Are you OK?” I asked.

“Yeah,” she grunted. Her voice was breathy and ragged, and she was still panting softly. “It feels *soooo good*. Stretch me out, Erica. Stretch me like a blow-up doll!”

Who was I to tell this sweet girl no? I withdrew, ever so slowly, fighting my instinct to start pounding Jen like a dog in heat. As I gradually pulled out, she lapsed back into crazed moaning and babbling, wracked by powerful orgasms. Finally, with only my rock-hard glans still inside, I plowed into her with all my might.

She screamed. It was a beautiful, thrilling scream—a mix of pain and pleasure, terror and ecstasy. I bent over to grab her hair and jackhammered her sweet pussy with all the ferocity I could muster. Alternating between pulling her long black locks and shoving the side of her face into the carpet, I let myself go wild, fucking her without regard to anything but my own insatiable lust, my own supernaturally intense pleasure. Occasionally I would get a glimpse of her face, tears of joy running down her cheeks, drool spooling from her wide-open mouth, tongue lolling out as if she were seizing. Honestly, I wasn’t sure if she was entirely conscious at

this point, but I didn't particularly care. All that mattered was my approaching climax, and pumping Jen full of my hot spunk, rope after thick, viscous rope.

Somehow I managed to hold it in for what felt like hours. It couldn't have been more than five minutes, really, but the mind-boggling delight I felt caused time to dilate immensely; it was a more potent alteration of reality than any psychotropic drug. When I came, it was the biggest, most powerful ejaculation of my life—excepting those times when I had been in the expansionary throes of Beth's milk. I came and came and came, fucking Jen senseless all the while. Cumming made my cock so sensitive that continuing to fuck Jen was actually painful, almost unbearably stimulating. But I couldn't stop. In fact, I accelerated, driving into her with hammering blows from my fuck-piston all while my tits spurted jizz onto her heart-shaped ass and her smooth brown back. Jen's pussy was squirting explosively with my juices and her own, and my own quim was ejaculating a steady flow of translucent fluids. I plunged my free hand—all five fingers, right up to my wrist—into my slit, and was subjected to another shuddering orgasm before the first had even ended. My vision went black, and then stars exploded across it as I fucked my own snatch with my hand while I fucked Jen's with a cock that would rival any stallion's. I came four times before I finally stopped. Exhausted, I collapsed backwards. Lying on the rug, panting, my dick slowly deflating against my smooth white thighs, dribbling sperm, and I took a moment to gather myself.

When I was able to sit up again, I saw that Jen was still gushing fluids from her opening, which was stretched wide open. She was lying on the floor, not making any sounds—on all fours I crawled towards her face, and realized for the first time that she wasn't conscious. I saw that she was still breathing, however, so I hurried to the kitchen and came back with a washcloth soaked in cold water. Turning Jen over, I gently patted her on the cheek and applied the wet cloth to her forehead. Her eyes fluttered open. Drowsy and disoriented, it took her a few moments to remember where she was. I would have been worried, but somehow I just *knew* that Jen was completely fine. Not only that, but I knew she always *would* be fine, that there was nothing she couldn't handle now. I grinned.

“Did I actually fuck you *unconscious*?” I asked, with unmistakable pride in my voice.

“Oh grow up,” Jen chided in a weak, hoarse voice. But there was a smile on her face as she went from lying on her back to propping herself up on her elbows.

I gave her now-enormous tits a playful squeeze. “So, how was it?” I asked.

Jen slowly scooted her way over to the couch, using it to prop her back as she shakily attained a sitting position. She took a few deep breaths.

“It was only the most incredible fucking that anyone has ever experienced, ever!”

“Well I'm glad, because there's *definitely* more where that came from. How many times did you cum?”

“Oh God, Erica, I have no idea! I think I was still cumming when I passed out—and you hadn’t even finished yet. Though I see that you did—quite a lot,” she said, wiping some of the jizz off her thighs.

“Yeah, I’m definitely a bit more, uh, potent. Plus I came four times.”

“Jesus! How long were you fucking me?”

“Oh not too long—I can have multiples now! Even when I’m pitching.”

“That’s awesome!” Jen said, and then grinned mischievously. “But there’s still no way you can know how good that felt for me. I think I definitely have the better end of this bargain—even if you have stretched me out so much that no one else will be able to satisfy me again.”

“I have a feeling you’ll tighten up just fine after a while. But, since you *are* getting such a sweet deal, I think I should get a little something more out of this.”

“Oh no—what do you want?” Jen asked, putting her hands up in mock defense.

I leaned in, and grabbed both of her heavy tits. “I just think that, from now on, your tits should always be three times as big as mine!” I said.

“Nooo!” Jen squealed, trying to push me away. But it was too late.

Her tits started swelling immediately, faster than the first time. Once it started, I let her push me off—I wanted to be able to watch Jen’s bustline grow without my hands in the way. Inch after inch, ounce after ounce, they swelled up fat and heavy. They were nubile and perky, but had a weightier, more natural shape than mine or Beth’s did. Even though I had just cum four times, and ejaculated God-knows-how-much sperm, I got instantly hard again watching Jen’s tits blossom into freakishly-huge orbs. She was shaking as the expansion overtook her, clearly having another orgasm. She started pawing at her breasts, and I began jerking my dick—as the swelling began to subside and she neared her final size, I moaned and let loose a massive load of spunk from my girl-cock (and my tits), splattering her newly-inflated bosom with my futa-cum. That, of course, only seemed to intensify her pleasure, ushering Jen into yet more climactic joy. When all was said and done, her torso was positively drenched with jizz, and thanks to her hunched posture, her tits rested heavily in her lap. We both breathed heavily for a minute.

“Erica, these are *way* too big!” Jen said, hefting her enormous tits to gauge their weight—which was substantial.

“Come on, Jen. You’ve been craving bigger tits anyway. You should be happy!”

“I wanted to be, like, a G-cup or something, not...whatever ridiculous size I am now! These things sit in my *lap*, Erica!”

I licked my lips. “Tell me about it,” I said in my sultriest voice.

“I’m being serious! These things are gigantic, and super heavy. No way, Erica—you can make me bigger than I used to be, but not this huge.”

“Well, maybe we can come up with a bargain. Is there something I can do f—” before I could finish my sentence, there was a loud knock at the door.

“Police! Open up!” came a thundering voice from outside.

Jen and I exchanged looks, and I jumped up and went to the door, while she grabbed a blanket from off the couch to cover up. I unlocked the door and opened it carefully, keeping my body behind it and just poking my head out.

“Can I help you, officers?” I asked.

“Miss, we got a call about a woman screaming at this address. May we come in?”

“Oh, um, I’m sorry officer,” I said, blushing, looking at the man who had addressed me. His partner was a stocky Latina with wide hips, and I could feel my cock hardening against the door. Not something I was exactly eager for two cops to see. “That was just my roommate,” I said, pointing at Jen, who waved meekly. “We were, um. This is embarrassing—”

“Miss, please get to the point!” the female cop barked.

“Sorry!” I yelped. “We were having sex, officers. She can be a little loud sometimes, I’m really sorry.”

Jen got up, holding the blanket around her, and joined me at the door. “It’s true,” she said.

“We’d still prefer to come in and take a look around,” the male officer said.

“Well, um, we’re not exactly decent sir,” Jen said. We shared a quick glance, and then Jen did something bold—she let go of the blanket that was wrapped around her. It fell to the floor, leaving her stark naked, absolutely plastered with sexual fluids, standing directly in front of two cops.

Their jaws actually dropped open, like in a cartoon. The female officer was the first to recover.

“Uh, Miss, that’s really not necessary. Please, cover yourself up.”

The male cop was still speechless, his eyes glued to Jen’s enormous chest. A sharp nudge from his partner’s elbow brought him back around—though he was pitching a rather obvious tent in his pants by then.

“Right, yes. Please make yourself decent, Miss.”

Jen obliged, bending down at the waist—and thus revealing her magnificently tight ass from above—and picked up the blanket. She wrapped herself in it again, a bit more slowly than necessary.

“OK, well, I think we’re done here,” the male cop said, blushing now and shifting awkwardly as his boner strained against his trousers.

“Mark!” the female cop chided—but she was obviously flustered, too.

Mark the Cop shot his partner a withering glare; he appeared to be the more senior of the pair.

“Really, it’s fine, ladies. Just, uh, try to keep it down next time. Your neighbors will appreciate it.”

“Yes sir!” Jen said, giving a little salute to the officers, which caused her blanket to slip down and reveal one of her breasts again. “Oopsie!”

“Well, I think we’ll be going now,” Mark blustered. He grabbed his partner by the arm and spun around as fast as he could while still maintaining some shred of dignity.

“Thanks, officers!” Jen called out as they left, waving—and again revealing one of her jugs in doing so. The female officer turned to look, and then quickly looked back. They were both out of sight in seconds.

I closed the door, and Jen threw the blanket back on the couch. We looked at each other for a moment, and then burst out laughing. Jen and I laughed until tears streamed down our faces, and we were both on the floor.

Finally, after regaining my breath, I said, “see? Those new tits will come in handy!”

“I *guess* I could get used to them,” Jen said, wiping the tears from her eyes. “But what were you saying before those two showed up? About a bargain?”

“Well...” I trailed off.

“Well what?”

“I was just thinking: if I can change your body this easily, maybe it’s not just your tits and your pussy I can change? In exchange for keeping your tits three times the size of mine, maybe there’s something I can do to you that *you* want.”

Jen’s eyes went wide as she considered the possibilities—but it only took her a second to come up with an answer.

“Give me a cock like yours!”

I was shocked—Jen had never revealed this desire to me before. “You want a penis?”

“I’ve wanted one ever since I saw yours, Erica. Oh, and a pair of balls, too. You’re like, the ultimate sexual being—I’ve wanted to be a hermaphrodite ever since I met you. I never said anything because I knew it was pointless, and I didn’t want you to feel weird.”

“Jen, it’s really a lot more complicated than you think,” I said, unsure of how I felt about granting Jen’s wish—if I even could. “There’s downsides; a lot of people will treat you like a freak. It’s hard to start relationships, or keep them.”



“And people won’t treat me that way with tits bigger than my head?” she rebutted. “Besides, you know I can’t keep a boyfriend anyway—I doubt my relationships can get any shorter.”

She did have a point. “OK, I’ll think about it. Anything else?”

“Well, I wouldn’t mind a bigger ass...” she said, standing up and giving her tight, round, yet small backside an affectionate pat.

“Now that’s something we can agree on!” I said, standing up and grabbing her by her rump, pushing our groins together.

“It’s all or nothing, Erica—you either give me a huge dick like yours, or you make my tits a lot smaller and keep my ass the way it is.”

“Alright,” I sighed. “But let’s at least get cleaned up and go to class—we can talk about this tonight.”

“I can live with that.”

By the time we finished tidying the apartment—as best we could without renting a carpet cleaner, that is—and ourselves, we were both late for class. So we decided it was worth it to take the time to measure everything, just to know where we stood.

My measurements were all the same as usual. Hips: 39”; waist: 23”; cock: 15.75” long and 9.75” around; under-bust: 34”. The only difference was my bust-line, which now measured a delightful 39” in circumference, same as my hips. I was a perfectly balanced hourglass, though I knew that my bust would soon eclipse my hips. I couldn’t wait.

Jen was, likewise, the same everywhere but around her tits. Hips: 34”; waist: 20” (and only just); under-bust: 28”. Her bust-line *had* measured 32 inches just last night, but as we examined her in utter awe, we saw that she was now 43 inches. A 28O-cup. Her boob-measurement was now four inches larger than mine, despite her under-bust being four inches smaller. We figured out how much tit-weight Jen had gained by putting her on the bathroom scale; she had been 95 pounds yesterday. Now she weighed 102. She had gained *seven pounds* of breast. They had already weighed about two-thirds-of-a-pound each, we figured, which meant they were now around eight pounds put together. That might not seem like a lot, but remember that eight pounds is about how much a gallon of milk weighs—and Jen was now carrying that around on her chest. It also meant that she was 8% boob-by-weight. Pretty impressive stuff.

At my insistence we measured her tits even more carefully. They were each 8.5 inches long when she was standing up straight, and hung down to her waist, just two inches above her navel. They were each six inches wide, and you could see them easily from behind—they protruded 3.5 inches to either side of Jen’s waist. Although they were more natural-looking than my pneumatic spheres, or Beth’s nubile jugs, they were still extremely perky, and protruded about 5.5 inches from her chest—without a bra. In short, Jen’s figure was now absolutely

dominated by her tits. I could tell that the process of measuring and weighing her tits was already exerting a positive effect on Jen, that she was starting to warm up to her new size.

We also decided on our cover-stories during that measuring session. Jen was displaying the early stages of a rare genetic glandular disorder that cropped up in her family once every other generation that caused the afflicted woman's breasts to swell incredibly quickly. We figured that would earn her sympathy from anyone who might question her new appearance, and shut down any further inquiry. I, on the other hand, was a patient in a clinical trial at the medical school. It was for a new form of breast-enlargement that used stem-cells and hormones to naturally increase a woman's cup-size as much as she wanted. Since it was still experimental, the results were uncertain, and the doctors said that I was already responding more intensely to the treatment than they had expected. It was also, of course, closed to new applicants and completely confidential, so I couldn't reveal who was behind it or where exactly it was taking place.

Our cover-stories firmly established, we dressed as conservatively as possible and carpoled to school—I drove, of course. Jen's tits would require some getting used to before she was ready to drive again.

Class went well enough at first, all things considered. Jen got a little anxious in the afternoon, as her tits had grown noticeably just since that morning. She texted me, and I checked my own bust to confirm: yes, I had added some tit-flesh, so of course Jen was going to be burdened three-fold with whatever growth I experienced. I did my best to calm her down, and we made it through the day relatively unscathed—certainly fielding a lot of questions, but nothing that our stories couldn't handle. When we got back together that evening to carpool home, I could feel substantially more weight on my chest, and I wasn't surprised when I saw that Jen's tits weren't hidden at all, even by the baggy sweatshirt she had borrowed from me. When we got home, we promptly stripped naked for another measuring session.

Whatever was in Beth's sister's jizz had really kicked into overdrive over the course of the day. I was a full two cup-sizes bigger that night than I had been in the morning! That meant 41 inches, or a 34G-cup. Poor Jen was obviously struggling to get used to her massive new bosom—though she confessed that her back and shoulders had been able to support the added weight with no discomfort. Still, it was awkward and ungainly to have such monstrous protrusions appear so quickly on her chest. And monstrous they were: I had gained two inches, but Jen had gained three inches on her bust—and three times my volume. She was now a shockingly-huge 28R-cup, well beyond any size that bra manufacturers actually produced. Her weight had also shot up again, thanks to the massive gain in sweater-meat. She weighed 106 pounds, fully eleven more than she had weighed that morning—meaning that her tits alone weighed a bit more than twelve pounds together, and she was almost 12% titty. Of course I fucked her viciously as soon as we finished measuring her. She passed out again, but managed to hold on a bit longer that time, as did I.

That's also when she noticed for the first time the strands of cum dribbling from my nipples—which had been growing faster than her nipples. Mine were now pretty extreme, about three inches in length, similar to the size they'd been right after I drank Beth's milk straight from

the source on Saturday. I was also squirting a lot more jizz out of my tits, now that they were G-cup beauties. Of course we were both extremely pleased to find out that my growing breasts were going to shoot equally-expanding loads of semen. We showered together, and I jerked off again onto Jen's massive boobs, which now hung less than an inch above her belly-button when she stood up.

It had been a great day.

But now it was time to discuss the bargain that we had negotiated that morning—and Jen wasn't going to let me get out of it. I had been considering it all day, and while I found the notion of my roommate becoming a fellow-futanari girl quite arousing, I had to admit that I was also a little resistant to the idea of losing my uniqueness. I told Jen as much.

"I'm just not sure, Jen. I mean, my cock has caused me a lot of grief over the years, but it's also something I've always been proud of. I'd never change it for anything in the world, and it's a big part of my identity."

"Yeah, I've noticed just how big," Jen joked.

"I'm serious," I said, trying to not get upset. "My penis means a lot to me—more than you can understand. Ever since I was little, it meant getting teased and singled out; I learned quickly that I had to either hide it and become ashamed, or celebrate it and make it an important part of who I am. It was an easy choice in retrospect, but I'm not sure how I feel about just giving you a cock. You never had to go through what I went through. You can't know what it's like."

We were both still naked while we discussed this, sitting on my bed. She put her hand gently on the head of my flaccid cock, and it twitched beneath her light touch.

"I get that, Erica. I really do. I mean, if some girl asked me to make her Asian—if I could do that—because she wanted to be some hot geisha girl and be able to get guys with that, I'd be offended. Like she thought it was all fun and games, not knowing all the burdens that go with it. But you know me, and I know you, and I *know* your dick is special and important to you. It's not just that I want it because I think it would be hot. That's part of it, sure, but I want a cock also because I admire you, and I always have, and I want to know what it's like to be like you. I'm not pretending that I understand what you've been through, but seeing what kind of person you are—what kind of friend you've been to me—I figure it must be worth it."

I don't like to admit it, because I think of myself as someone who doesn't cry, but what Jen said brought tears to my eyes. I had known that she looked up to me; although we were both sophomores, she was a year younger than me, and I had taken her under my wing in a lot of ways, not just when it came to sex. But I never realized just how much she admired me until then.

I nodded, and wiped the tears from my eyes. After taking a few uneven breaths, I was able to calm down before I answered.

"Thank you for saying all that, Jen."

“Don’t worry about it,” she said, smiling affectionately, and gave my cock a little squeeze.

“I’ll do it. But with one condition—you don’t get to be as big as me. I think half is fair. You’ll still have a huge dick by normal standards.”

Jen considered my proposal quietly. A minute passed before her eyes lit up with a ‘Eureka!’ moment.

“What about this?” she began. “I’ll be half your size, but I’ll have *two* cocks. Each one will be half of you, but together they’ll equal you. Plus, that way you’ll still be unique; you’ll be the only girl with just one cock. What do you say?”

“You want two dicks?” I was completely surprised.

“Yeah—to be honest, I think I’d prefer it to having one anyway. I’ve always liked that stuff in hentai. You know I love tentacle porn; this’d kind of be like being my own tentacle monster, in a way. I could single-handedly DP a girl if I had two dicks.”

Recovering from my initial shock actually didn’t take long. Once I did, I realized that I loved the idea; we’d both get to remain unique, and the thought of cute little Jen stuffing some unsuspecting slut in her pussy *and* her ass at the same time was undeniably appealing. I nodded my affirmation.

“Let’s do it!” I said.

Jen let out a little yelp of excitement and clapped her hands.

“OK, lie down and spread your legs,” I said. I had no real idea how my new powers functioned, but it seemed like the best way to go about things.

Jen laid back and closed her eyes, and I went to work. I licked my thumb and two fingers, plunging my index and middle digit into her pussy while I massaged her clit with my thumb. It didn’t take long before Jen was squeezing her massive tits with both hands while I fingered her pretty little slit—which had tightened back up to its normal self since that morning. Once she was nice and warmed up, and moaning, I decided she was ready.

“Jennifer Batari Pranata, from now on you will have two beautiful, perfect cocks, each one half the size of my own dick, and you will have two big, sexy balls in a tight, unwrinkled sack, half-again bigger than my own.”

Addressing Jen by her full name was instinctive, as was the deliberate, specific way in which I spoke about her changes to come. I knew somehow, because of what a significant change this would be, that it demanded a more formal expression.

Once I finished speaking, I felt a jolt of electricity pass through my arm and into Jen—as it did, her back arched and her mouth opened in silent astonishment. When she fell back to the bed, I saw one small lump emerge on her pubic mound, just above her labia. The bulge grew, stretching out from her body—as it grew longer, it also grew thicker, and the skin changed,

becoming darker and looser. Veins started to emerge as well on the surface of the flaccid pseudo-dick that was developing on Jen's groin. I was watching in silent awe, and so was Jen, now that she had recovered from the initial shock. Suddenly, the strange not-quite-dick (it didn't have any defined glans yet, or hole—just a shaft of flesh with a rounded tip) stiffened. It went hard in the blink of an eye, and I saw a shudder of pleasure pass through Jen. It was already pretty sizable—about six inches long and maybe four inches around. It stopped lengthening, but rapidly increased its girth, until it was actually thicker than my own cock, despite being far shorter. It was bizarre, this fleshy, headless would-be-penis, so absurdly thick but just average length. Then it started to split. The two halves separated at the tip—bloodlessly, thank God. Each dick was fully intact as they pulled apart. The cleft moved slowly down the length of the huge single shaft, until finally two separate penises emerged. Then the tips of each rod swelled simultaneously, until I could see the shape of a glans underneath the skin at the top of each dick. Next, a hole opened at the top of each prick, and slowly expanded, the skin pulling down and revealing two normal, if somewhat large cock-heads and two normal urethras.

It might sound a bit disturbing, and it's hard to convey such a strange experience through words alone, but I was actually rock hard at this point, completely captivated and aroused by this bizarre display. I started stroking my own cock absent-mindedly as the show continued.

At this point, everything stopped for a moment. Both dicks stood there, erect and throbbing, looking completely normal—well, except for the fact that there were two of them, joined together at the root, and they were attached to a woman right above her vulva. Other than that though, two totally normal dicks. Still each about six inches long, but solidly thick—no more were they thicker than mine, but each one looked a bit bigger around than it was long. Another lump started to emerge, this one at the base of the shaft where the two dicks joined together, and joined Jen's body. It grew almost instantly into a pair of testicles wrapped in a tight, perfectly smooth sack. They swelled in a flash, until each one was the size of an avocado.

Precum followed the completion of Jen's testicles, trickling out of both cocks at the same time. Then, the grand finale—oh, and what a finale it was. Both dicks *surged* upward, growing longer with frightening speed. They didn't get any thicker at all, but added inch after inch of length in just seconds. The whole process couldn't have lasted more than ten seconds, but by the time they were done, the two cocks emerging side-by-side from Jen's crotch reached her chest nearly to the level of her armpits. They were each noticeably longer than mine! I looked down at my own pole, at its massive thickness—nearly ten inches around—and realized that I hadn't been specific enough after all; I figured Jen's much thinner cocks were each about half the volume of my own, even if they were a little longer. Ultimately, the mistake seemed like a blessing in disguise—Jen's super-long pythons looked absolutely delectable.

She sat up against the headboard of the bed, both of her cocks nestled between her cleavage, their heads emerging from between her breasts and reaching to her clavicle in this position.

"What do you think?" I whispered, still awed by what I had just seen.

"They're *perfect*!" Jen said quietly, sharing my reverence.

“I’m not forgetting about your ass, though,” I said, grabbing Jen by the waist and flipping her over with a cute yelp.

Her tight, round ass was indeed appealing, but I couldn’t wait to see it significantly enhanced. I leaned down and bit gently—but decisively—into her right cheek, savoring the firmness of her taut glute. Given that my mouth was otherwise occupied gnawing on Jen’s nubile ass, I couldn’t yet say the words out loud to begin her transformation, but to my surprise, it began as soon as I finished thinking about what I would say! Apparently I didn’t even need to utter the phrase out loud as I felt Jen’s caramel cakes swell and press against my nose and lips. I had mentally decided that she should have a hip/butt measurement one inch larger than mine, and it took only seconds for her to inflate to such proportions. I sat up and smacked her ass as hard as I could manage—her scream and the reverberating jiggle that rippled through her plumped-up buttocks couldn’t have been more satisfying.

“Jeez, Erica, take it easy!” Jen said, rubbing her butt where I had slapped her.

“Trust me, you wouldn’t be able to resist either.”

“Let’s see about that,” she replied, turning over to get up.

She was still a bit wobbly on her feet, given how much her center of gravity had changed that day, so I had to help her up and over to the mirror. Cradling her cocks against her torso with both arms, she admired her body from every angle in the full-body mirror in her closet. Her hips, now 40” around (assuming the transformation went as I had outlined in my head), were literally twice the circumference of her waist—a ratio that looked straight out of a comic book or a photoshop morph. On her petite frame, the incredible fullness and roundness of her rump was especially alluring. I could tell Jen was enjoying herself too, given that her two cock heads—both pressed up against her chest, reaching to the top of her cleavage—were both leaking precum profusely.

Instinctively, I stepped forward and grabbed one—the left one—and fondled its sensitive glans, smearing thick pre all over my fingers. I brought it towards me and bent over, taking the throbbing, angry-looking head in my mouth. Jen’s precum was deliciously sweet, even sweeter than my own. I looked up at her, as if to say “now you.” She got the message, hunching over enough that she was able to take the other cock in her own mouth. Because of their immense length and her petite height, it didn’t take a lot of effort for Jen to achieve autofellatio. I heard muffled moaning as I deep-throated her snake-like prick. Aside from being very differently proportioned than mine, they were also more flexible, not achieving the same steel-hard quality of my own erections; I couldn’t help but wonder if Jen would be able to fuck her own pussy with these bendable, extra-long dicks.

We didn’t have to work long on her sensitive anacondas before cum came spurting into our mouths—both of her penises in chorus. Even divided between two rods, her ample testes were able to pump out an astonishing amount of cum, which I guzzled with enthusiasm. When Jen’s climax subsided, we let her fuck-ropes fall limp against her thighs.

Jen wiped stray jizz from her mouth, and licked the leftovers from the back over her hand.

“I think I could *definitely* get used to this,” she said.

We then turned our attention to my own shaft—Jen leaned down to lick the head, and I did the same. We ministered to my swollen glans together, kissing each other and my cock at the same time, a three-way make out session between me, Jen, and my elephantine schlong. We were so engrossed that we didn’t even take the time to sit down, both of us slobbering all over my dick while still standing in front of the mirror. I relished the fact that my improved phallus was capable of cumming almost immediately if I chose to give in entirely to my pleasure, as I did then. Jen and I had only been sucking and kissing and licking my girl-cock for a minute or so when I exploded, drenching both our faces in cum. I wiped the mess off my face, scooping it up into my hands and smearing it on Jen, just for the hell of it. She may have grown a pair of serpentine dicks, but I was always going to be the boss.

I laid down on the bed, and Jen followed suit, nestling her face in my plentiful cleavage. We just stayed that way for a while, silently appreciating everything that had just happened. Jen was the one to break the silence.

“Erica?”

“Yeah babe?”

“So, these amazing things you can do to my body—does that mean you can do it to yourself? Do you think you could make your dick even bigger?”

“I don’t know, but that’s a damn fine idea,” I said.

With Jen still lying on my chest, her own flaccid dicks (each about a foot long) resting on my thighs, I gripped my shaft and began to speak, summoning the same weighty intonation that I had used when changing Jen’s body.

“From now on, my penis will be two feet long, and twelve inches around—until Beth’s milk makes me grow even more.”

We waited, both holding our breath, for something to happen. Nothing did. I let out a disappointed sigh.

Jen looked up at me—her face still drizzled with cum—with a frown of consternation.

“Before you always changed me in proportion to yourself. You made my tits three times bigger than yours—you didn’t specify an absolute size. Maybe try something like that, instead?”

I nodded and gripped my rod once again.

“My enormous cock will be twice the size of the biggest human penis in the world, from now on.”

Once again, nothing happened. Frustrated, I took Jen's cocks in my hands. "Jen, your two enormous penises are now going to be two feet long each." Silence. More nothing. "OK, each the size of my cock."

The electric jolt returned, passing through my hands into Jen's twin poles. They grew rapidly stiff, and surged forward, like before. Jen moaned and leaked girl-cum as her dicks swelled slightly thicker, and monstrously longer, up to nineteen inches, then twenty-two, then twenty-four, faster than I could count. By the end of it all, even with her lying flat on her back, they rested on her face, at eye-level! Admittedly, the sight of it was marvelous, but I wasn't interested in Jen having more cock-flesh than me. "Nevermind," I said, still with both hands at the roots of her snakes. They both shrank back down to the previous size—damn near eighteen inches—and Jen gave a pitiful whimper.

"Nooo, make them big again!" she moaned.

"That wasn't our deal; I just wanted to see if it worked. You'll get bigger when I do."

Jen pouted, but she didn't argue the point.

"So I guess your magic, or whatever it is, doesn't work on yourself, huh?" she said.

"I guess not." I sighed. "Still, it's pretty amazing all things considered—and I have Beth's milk to make my penis bigger, and I'm sure her sister's cum hasn't stopped working on my tits yet." Jen nodded sedately. We went back to quietly relaxing, until a revelation hit me. "Jen!" I blurted, sitting up and displacing her from my comfortable chest-pillows. "This means I can keep Beth's tits at a fixed size! We can have sex!" I had explained Beth's predicament to Jen during our conversation earlier that morning.

"That's great, Erica!" Jen chirped.

"I'm gonna call her now," I said, getting up to look for my phone. "Oh, and you should come with me when I go to her house next time. Thursday night I'm supposed to head over. You down?"

She nodded vigorously, and I smiled; life was really, *really* good.

Beth had been skeptical when I explained to her that I had a solution to our abstinence problem—which was understandable, given that I refused to tell her ahead of time what exactly that solution was. What can I say? I like surprising people. She also sounded eager to meet Jen, though I hadn't mentioned Jen's new body parts. All in all, the weekend was shaping up to be quite exciting. Sometimes, thinking back on it, I'm still shocked by how much happened to us in such a short period of time; Jen had transformed from a normal (albeit exceptionally sexy) girl into a hermaphrodite with two growing cocks and tits the size of medicine balls, and I had developed some seriously powerful spiritual abilities that I didn't even begin to understand—and that was just Monday!



Our developments continued apace throughout the week as Beth's milk worked its magic on my cock, and her sister's hermaphrodite-semen kept my breasts continually expanding. And of course, whatever happened to me happened also to Jen, in a more extreme form. We became sort of obsessed with tracking our growth in as much detail as possible, measuring each other multiple times each day. I have to admit, I've always loved measuring body parts, especially another woman's tits. There's just something fundamentally sexy about quantifying just *how huge* a huge pair of tits is. And we were certainly getting huge.

Things had accelerated, you see—my rate of breast-growth had already been speeding up, and continued to gain steam through Tuesday and Wednesday, but I was surprised to find out that my penis was growing faster, too. Apparently as Beth's milk built up in my system, it began to have a more pronounced effect. I may have also been drinking a bit more than my prescribed dosage, but I figured it was an imprecise science anyway. The bottom line is that Jen and I had a lot to adjust to. Clothes were obviously an issue, given our new proportions, but so was keeping our dicks in our respective skirts—pants were out, of course. Jen in particular had no experience with keeping an erection at bay, which is something everyone with a penis learns by the age of 15—hopefully. I recommended she wear the most restrictive underwear she had as a protective barrier, but there were more than a few times where Jen had to wait for a room to clear out before standing up. On the bright side, when she was sitting down, her tits completely obscured her lap, giving her some privacy.

Meanwhile I was falling in love with my new bust. I was constantly turned on by myself, and stopped to look in any reflective surface I could find. The attention I received was astonishing; I had always been the target of tons of male lust, and I didn't realize it could get any more intense. I was wrong. The bigger my bosom swelled, the more men became drooling idiots around me—and women too! It was a dream come true, especially as my already-astronomical libido reached new heights.

But what I had to deal with was of course completely eclipsed by Jen—in fact, *most* things were eclipsed by Jen, or at least by her breasts. As my growth accelerated, so did hers, and so did the gawking stares, the uninvited touching, the questions, and so on. Still, she took it like a champ. I think having two dicks of her own was part of what made the adjustment easier, if you can believe it. Jen had always liked girls, of course—our own sexual history was proof enough of that—but she was first-and-foremost a penis-oriented person. That is, she loved dick. The female form was beautiful and erotic in its own way, but without a cock attached (like mine), it was ultimately a side-show to her. Jen's opinion on that changed when she became a futanari like me; as her body became sexually omnivorous, so did her mind. She understood just how painfully alluring a woman could be, how a hot girl could trigger the kind of unbearable yearning that simply demanded release. And that meant that she understood the appeal of her own breasts in a new way—the same way that I appreciated my own expanding endowments. Plus, Jen's already high-rev sex-drive had been set on fire since she became a dickgirl, so she was more welcoming of extra sexual attention.

Wednesday was the most intense day of growth for the two of us—we actually had to leave campus early that day because Jen was rapidly growing out of the only sweatshirt I could

find that still fit her. We continued measuring obsessively, between our sexual escapades, and it seemed like things were finally coming to an end by that evening. In the final accounting that night, I had ballooned up to a stupefyingly-huge 34N. That's a 48-inch bust measurement. It also meant that Beth, with her 32M-cups, hadn't been entirely truthful when she told me that I wouldn't get bigger than her. Still, I wasn't complaining. They were amazingly firm and spherical, too, still holding onto that fake look that I enjoyed so much; each of my tits projected out from my body about the same distance as the length of them from top-to-bottom (about 7 inches, by the way—which is an awful lot of clearance to have to deal with protruding from your chest). Because of their extreme roundness, they didn't even hang down to my waist, let alone to my personal goal of having them obscure my belly-button. They also weighed a ton, or so it felt to me. I had no pain or discomfort, which I assumed was a thankful side-effect of the magical energies responsible for my transformation, but I was keenly aware of just how damn heavy my new tits were: about 11 pounds put together, according to how much weight I had gained since this all began. My cock was plugging along too, growing at its comparatively sedate pace, but as I said before, it was definitely growing a bit faster—in particular it was thickening nicely. I was up to 16 ½ inches long, and 10 ½ inches around. According to the bathroom scale when I laid my hard cock out on it, my prick weighed a ridiculous five pounds entirely on its own!

Of course, my changes were positively tame compared to sweet, petite, freakishly-endowed Jen. First of all, her cocks were now over 21 inches long, although their girth stayed fixed at 6 ½ inches. The damn things came nearly up to her chin without her even bending over! But her tits were the real attraction. At three times the volume of my own pneumatic jugs, Jen measured a whopping 56 inches 'round her bust! Given her incredibly tiny frame, and 28-inch band size, that meant she had actually grown right out of the alphabet! We decided, for short-hand's sake, to call her a "28B-2" cup, meaning that she was two sizes beyond a hypothetical 28Z cup—not that anyone manufactured sizes even close to that. Really, it was just a way for us to conceptualize how goddamn enormous Jen had grown.

About a quarter of her 126 pound body-weight was located in her mammaries, which weighed together something like 31 or 32 pounds, we roughly figured. Despite their more natural shape than my artificial-looking orbs, Jen's tits still stuck out farther than mine—just over eight inches of clearance was required between her and whatever was in front of her. They also hung down a couple inches past her navel, hovering deliciously close to the top of her hips, and spilled out to either side of her torso so much that you could see most of her tits even from behind! They were, in short, *glorious*.

We even measured everything about our jizz—my balls were now each the size of a large navel orange, or a small grapefruit, and Jen's were half-again larger. With a little math, we figured out that mine were probably about 450ccs each, or big enough to fill a C-cup bra, basically. Not surprisingly, then, our output of cum could only be described as "gratuitous." We measured in the morning, after a full night's recovery, and found that I was able to put out five-and-a-half ounces of grade-A dickgirl spunk, and Jen was able to shoot four-and-a-half ounces from *each* of her cocks—over one cup in total. My tits, given their now-massive size, were also

able to unload a very respectable two ounces or so from each of my rock hard nipples—which were about four inches long when erect, which was most of the time.

Needless to say, cleanup after sex took a lot longer than it had before.

On Thursday, we refrained from our normal morning shenanigans, deciding to save all our pent-up libido for Beth. Jen was particularly excited; she had still yet to use her dicks on anyone. She wasn't ready to reveal them to our friends at school, and I refused to let her fuck me—not because it was unappealing, but because I enjoyed torturing her entirely too much, and because I always preferred taking a dominant attitude with Jen. I had given her leave to fuck Beth, however—only after I broke her in, of course. I was open-minded, but I still wanted my girlfriend's first fuck in years to be from me.

We set out for Beth's house at 10 a.m., eager to get the day started. I drove, given that Jen wasn't too confident about piloting a vehicle with her new bust in the way. She was wearing my sweatshirt still, with both her cocks visibly tenting the fabric on her chest; they refused to go flaccid that morning, so the only place to tuck them away was up against her torso, nestling the twin rods in her ample cleavage to hold them in place. Because the sweatshirt wasn't able to cover her entire upper body, it also meant that Jen's shafts were rather exposed in the space between the top of her skirt and where her schlongs disappeared into her abyssal cleavage. Still, it was either that or have them stick out from under her skirt, so she didn't have a lot of options.

I was a dressed a bit more conservatively, but that wasn't saying much—my grey t-shirt was stretched to its absolute limits, showing most of my midriff and strained to the point that it had become basically see-through over my breasts. It didn't help that my four-inch-long nipples were completely rigid, further stretching the shirt and exposing me. We certainly didn't dawdle in public on our way to the car.

As we pulled into Beth's long driveway, Jen perked up.

“Wow, I know you said she was loaded, but I didn't think her place was going to be like *this*,” she said.

I rolled my eyes. “Try not to drool when you see the house,” I chided. Jen could get a little fixated on wealth, I knew.

I buzzed the gate and we rolled on in, parking my beat-up Civic next to one of the Bentleys I had seen before. This time, though, I didn't feel intimidated by the luxury—I was too excited to show off my transformations to Beth. Sure, money is nice, and Beth's family had a lot of it, but I was part of a much more exclusive club now. I had things that money could never buy. Jen, however, was predictably in awe of the estate.

By the time we got to the front door, I realized that I was shivering. I was excited, nervous, curious. How would Beth take everything? What would she say? I had wanted to surprise her, but suddenly I was wondering if that hadn't been the best idea. When she opened the door and I saw her face, and the radiant warmth of her smile, all that doubt melted away. This was my girl, and I knew things would be just fine.

“Oh my god! Erica!” was the first thing out of her mouth. She had a huge grin on her face as she looked my changed body up and down. “You look incredible!” We embraced, her soft pairs of tits pressing against my own enormous chest, and we kissed deeply.

“And you must be Jen!” Beth said cheerily.

“It’s great to meet you Beth,” Jen said as she held out her hand.

“No need to be so formal; we’re all friends here,” Beth said, smiling and pushing past Jen’s hand for a hug. I couldn’t help but smile as I saw the look of pleasure wash over Jen’s face during their embrace.

“Well, you clearly have a lot of explaining to do,” Beth said to me over Jen’s shoulder, her eyebrow wryly arched.

“All good news, don’t worry,” I said with a wink.

Requisite small-talk and introductions followed, a little of the light exposition that inevitably follows any introduction. Hilde came into the living room to set out some pastries, coffee, and juice, and eventually we had settled in enough to get down to the real topic of discussion.

Jen and I took turns telling Beth about everything that had happened over the last week, and my girlfriend (how I loved that I had someone to call my girlfriend!) listened with rapt attention—and, I could tell from the hardening of her nipples and the expressions on her face, more than a little arousal. When we finished retelling the series of events, I was about to explain what this meant for Beth, but she had already grasped it, beating me to the punch.

“So this means that you could change me, right, Erica? You could make my breast-size fixed to some multiple of your own, and that way we could have sex without my tits growing out of control.”

“Exactly. At least, that’s what Jen and I figure.”

“Well, we should test it out first before doing anything crazy, obviously,” Jen added.

Beth wasted no time, standing up to unbutton her shirt and throw it over a chair.

“Come on, what are you waiting for?” she asked, while I sat riveted to that still-novel sight of *four* heavy ebony jugs attached to one woman.

After taking a moment to collect myself, I got up and positioned myself behind Beth, while Jen watched eagerly from the sofa. I reached around Beth’s body, gently squeezing her tits with my hands—one hand on the upper pair, and one hand on the lower.

“Beth, from now on, your tits will be twice the size of my own, and no larger.”

I felt the tingle of electricity run down my arms and into Beth, and felt her jump slightly as it happened. Then the swelling followed, spreading my fingers apart as they pressed into

Beth's soft, dark-brown tits. To my surprise and confusion, however, the swelling stopped abruptly, after Beth had only expanded a modest amount.

"Is that it?" Beth asked, turning around to face me. She was definitely bustier—noticeably so—but not nearly as much as she should have been. I frowned.

"Hold on, let me see something," I said before taking off my shirt.

Once we were both topless, I compared my own chest to Bethany's. After a bit of smooshing, cupping, and weighing, I figured out what seemed to be the problem.

"I think it changed you so that all four of your tits put together are twice as big as my two," I said. "So, each of your pairs individually is the same size as my pair."

"Ohhh, that makes sense!" Beth said, relieved.

"You were a 32M before, right?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"OK, and I'm a 34N, which means you should be a 32O-cup now, if each pair of your boobs is as big as mine," I reasoned. "Jen?"

"Got it," she said, passing to me the tape measure that I had brought in my handbag.

Beth lifted up her arms and I set to work measuring her.

"Yup, 32O exactly," I pronounced.

"That's amazing, Erica! That means it worked! This changes everything!"

Beth practically leapt at me then, kissing me ferociously. I returned her affection just as vigorously, thrilled at what this meant for our relationship.

"Hey, not to be a party-pooper, but shouldn't you guys check to make sure she still doesn't grow when she has an orgasm?" Jen asked, interrupting our excited tongue-wrestling.

Beth pulled back. "Oh. You know, she's right," she said with a devious smile.

"Wonderful point, Jen," I said, guiding Beth to the couch.

Beth sat down, and I knelt in front of her, taking one of her fat nipples in my mouth. I started teasing it with my tongue, circling the sensitive areola, and then the nub itself. I brushed it back and forth, and swirled around its circumference, Beth moaning all the while. Warm milk started to trickle into my mouth as the nipple engorged, and once it was fully erect I started suckling. Slowly, sensuously, taking my time in drawing out mouthfuls of sweet nectar from Beth's productive milkers. Her moans crested, and I looked up to see her face in a rapture of ecstasy. I increased the pace and fierceness of my ministrations then, even biting her nipple gently. Beth came in moments, letting out a satisfied scream. She shoved a hand down her pants and fingered herself as I continued biting, sucking, and licking, our combined efforts ushering her into multiple climaxes.

When it was over, I got up and tried to get a good look at her bosom.

“They look the same to me,” I said. “Do they feel any bigger?”

“Can’t. Tell.” Beth gasped.

I helped her up, and picked up the tape to measure her again. There was no change.

“Exactly the same,” I said, turning Beth around to look into her eyes. They were welling with tears.

“This is so amazing,” she said. “Everything’s different now.” We embraced again, holding each other for a while as warm tears of joy and relief streamed down Beth’s face.

Eventually we separated, and she sniffled and wiped the tears from her cheeks. “Ugh, gosh, I’m sorry. I didn’t think it would make me so emotional,” she said as we both sat down.

“Don’t worry about it, babe.”

“Yeah, Beth, I’m sure I’d feel the same way,” Jen chimed in.

“Thanks, guys.”

A beat of silence, and then Jen chirped up again. “So, are you guys going to have sex now or what?”

Beth laughed. “What’s the big hurry?” she asked.

“Well, Erica said I could have sex with you after you guys did it, and I still haven’t gotten to penetrate anyone yet, so…”

Beth turned to stare daggers at me. “Oh, she told you that, did she, Jen?”

“Yup, she was very clear about it,” Jen said, happily throwing me under the bus.

“Already sharing me around with your friends, huh?”

“Babe, listen, it’s not like that—I just told her I’d be OK with it after we had our first time. Jen and I have been having sex for a long time, you have to understand—”

Beth cut me off by giggling, and put a finger on my lips.

“It’s fine, silly. I understand. But you should have seen the look on your face!”

We all shared a laugh then at my brief panic, before Beth spoke up again.

“Alright, well, I guess we might as well get this show on the road. Let’s go up to my room,” she said, standing up and taking my hand. “Jen, you can come too, if you want to watch.”

Jen practically leapt up at that, on her feet even before I was. I shook my head and chuckled. Just as we were about to leave the living room, however, I felt a wave of pleasure spread throughout my body, and a pulse of energy resonate in my cock. With everything that had just happened, I had forgotten that I just drank quite a bit of Beth’s milk, straight from the teat.

“Ummm, guys,” I said, bending over as another wave swept through me. “The milk,” I said, panting.

“Oh, shit, right!” Beth yelled. “Jen, help me get her outside before it really kicks in. We’ll take her out to the patio.”

They put my arms around their shoulders and helped me stagger out towards the backyard while incredible stimulation overwhelmed my senses and my genitals expanded rapidly, still trapped within the confined of my skirt and panties.

Just as we made it through the sliding glass doors and out onto the tiled patio, I felt and heard my underwear rip, and my cock flopped out, hanging well below my knee-length skirt. I saw Jen’s eyes practically bug out of her head in awe as I started rapidly hardening.

“Just set her down here,” Beth ordered, and they laid me down in a deck chair that pointed away from the pool, towards the grass beyond the patio. I was now rock-hard, a good three feet long, and still growing. My cock was becoming heavier and heavier, steadily pointing lower and lower, until the head rested heavily between my feet, inching further and further towards the edge of the deck chair.

“Beth, give me more,” I grunted. I was fondling my nipples, which were streaming precum along with my dick.

“More what?” she asked, baffled.

“More milk!” I moaned. “I want to be fucking *enormous* when I fuck you for the first time!”

“You’re not fucking me with *that*!” she said, pointing at the leviathan between my legs, the head now beyond the deck chair’s foot, resting heavily on the ground.

“After it goes back down,” I said, panting and pawing at myself. “I want to be huge. The biggest you’ve ever had.”

I could see concern in her eyes, but also desire. Ultimately, desire won out. We were both still topless, and she moved towards me and bent over so that her tits swayed heavily in my face. I grabbed the nearest one and pulled it to my mouth, sucking with wild abandon on her gushing nipple. My eyes closed in rapture and I lost all sense of time and space. All I felt was pleasure, coursing through every inch of me. Occasionally I would open my eyes and see the expression of ecstasy on Beth’s face, or catch a glimpse of Jen, who had apparently stripped down and started ministering to my rod with her hands, mouth, and tits. I guzzled milk as fast as I could, switching to a new breast as soon as the first one started to run dry. Eventually Beth had to pry herself away from me in order to keep me from draining all four of her tits and becoming God-knows-how-huge.

At some point I remember the deck chair breaking under the weight of my balls and shaft, but mostly everything was a blur. I was vaguely aware that Jen didn’t seem to have grown in proportion to me, which would have registered as odd if I had been able to process coherent

thought. Instead, my consciousness was entirely subsumed by orgasm after explosive orgasm, gushing what had to be gallons of jizz onto Beth's lawn. I knew that Beth and Jen were enjoying every inch of my cock, pleasuring me and themselves, stimulating me all over. I'm not sure if I was still growing when I passed out, but it wasn't long from when everything started that I lost consciousness from over-stimulation.

I woke up hours later to realize that it was late afternoon—I was lying down on a towel, next to the ruins of the crushed deck chair, and I had an umbrella positioned over me to keep me shaded. At first I was baffled as to where my cock went; I was no longer fantastically massive, though after gaining my bearings I realized that I was still sporting a *ridiculously* enlarged organ. Even though it was flaccid, I estimated that my penis was probably a good 18-to-20 inches long, and as thick as my bicep. It was thrilling, and I started getting hard immediately.

By the time I had staggered to my feet, Beth was exiting the house with a glass of water in hand and a wide smile on her face. She was dressed again, this time wearing a lovely, form-fitting turquoise dress.

"Hey sleepyhead!" she yelled over to me.

"Hey," I rasped, suddenly feeling very thirsty. Beth walked over and handed me the glass of water. I gulped it down immediately, handing the empty glass back to Beth with a suppressed burp. "What happened?"

"You passed out, of course," she said, still smiling.

"How long was I out? Must've been a while; I'm back to normal."

"I wouldn't call *that* normal," she said, pointing at the semi-hard monstrosity dangling well below my knees.

"Fair enough, but still. Is it Friday? Did I sleep all day and night?"

"No, no. It's still Thursday. It's like five o'clock. You went back down because you were unconscious—that always happens to you."

"Oh," I said, thinking back. "I guess you're right. I've never passed out right away like that before. I always assumed it was an overnight thing."

"Nope, just when you conk out. It started shrinking after, like, only twenty minutes. Don't worry though, we got some good pictures for you," Beth explained, pulling out her iPhone and handing it over to me.

"Holy shit!" I blurted.

The pictures were unbelievable—I had to be fifteen feet long in them! I was unconscious in the photo, but mostly upright because I was propped up against my own testicles, which had grown to an enormous size and rested on the ground behind me, coming up nearly to my shoulders. Jen was posing playfully alongside my shaft, giving the victory sign in the photo. Of course.



“We measured you,” Beth said, flipping through the photos to one of her with a tape measure—like the ones you use for measuring rooms or furniture—extending the full length of my rod. “You came in at about thirteen feet long. We had a harder time figuring out the girth, because we couldn’t actually get anything under your cock, but our best guess is you were somewhere between five and six feet around.”

“Holy shit,” I repeated.

I kept flipping through photos—and a couple videos—completely enraptured by the sight of this enormous *thing* attached to me. Really, it was more like *I* was attached to *it* than the other way around. It must have weighed hundreds of pounds, at least. In addition, there was an absolute avalanche of cum all over the lawn—gallons and gallons of the stuff. I was so captivated that I didn’t realize that I was growing fully erect until after I finished looking through the photo album. Beth, however, was *very* aware, fixated on my cock with a hungry gaze.

“Oh, this is *perfect*,” I said when I came out of my reverie and noticed the true size of my member. I gave the phone back to Beth and admired my new futa cock. Incredibly, it was still able to stand almost vertical when I achieved my maximum hardness—the shaft rested heavily against my breasts. I ran my hands up and down the shaft, discovering that it had become even more sensitive, and it still retained that steel-hard feel, completely without any give or flex. Its weight was obviously immense, and I felt like it was about to pull me off balance—it would certainly take some adjusting.

“Do you know how big it is?” I asked Beth.

She nodded. “Yeah, we measured again after it stopped shrinking but while you were still hard. It’s about 24 and-a-half inches long, and 15 inches around. I’m pretty sure you have the biggest dick in the whole world, even including my family.”

That was all Beth had to say for precum to start leaking from my shiny, throbbing glans.

“Well, how about we put this beauty to work, then? Or can you handle it?” I asked.

“Of *course* I can handle it,” Beth said. “I’ve been dying to have that thing inside me since you passed out. I want it all. Every. Last. Inch,” she said, her face drawing closer to mine with each word, her voice becoming sultry and breathy. I leaned down and we kissed, the head of my prick pressing up against our chins and we passionately tongued.

“Come on,” she said, taking my hand after our lips parted. “Jen’s waiting up in my room. Let’s go!”

I followed her, struggling to keep up with all the new weight on my body bouncing around. It wasn’t just the enormous girl-dick I had to contend with, but a pair of balls that weren’t much smaller than my tits, frankly. I already had adjusted the way I walked when I grew to fifteen inches, but this was going to take a lot more getting used to. Still, we damn near ran through the house and up the stairs to Beth’s room. Beth threw the door open, letting it crash against the stop. Jen was sitting nude in a chair, absent-mindedly stroking her own cocks when we burst in—I noted to myself that they had grown substantially, too.

“Come on Erica, get me out of this dress,” Beth said, turning her back to me.

Jen snorted as she saw me trying to navigate the zipper with my own cock so stubbornly getting in the way, but I was too focused to take note of the humor. By God, I was on a mission. I pushed my rod to the left and held it there with one elbow while I unzipped Beth’s dress. It was tight over her swollen teats, and took some effort to pull down. I knelt down as I stripped it all the way off of her, revealing her naked form—no bra or panties. She stepped out of it with sensual grace, and walked over to the bed, where she laid down on her side, facing me and Jen. She put a hand between her legs and started fondling her pussy and whimpering, her heavy tits resting on the mattress and jiggling as she shivered with pleasure.

“Come over here, babe. Give it to me. I want you so bad—I want your giant cock to stretch me!” she moaned.

“Here, catch!” Jen said, throwing me a bottle of lube before I could move. I caught it and poured half the bottle all over my rod.

I rubbed in the KY as I walked over to the far side of the bed, getting on behind Beth. My girl-dick was glistening, throbbing, pulsing, spurting occasional globs of sticky pre. I had to lie down quite a bit away from and below Beth, more towards the foot of the bed, in order to line up my cock-head with her slit, which was framed perfectly by her round buttocks. She lifted her leg high in the air, giving me a clear line of sight. I grabbed the base of my shaft with both hands and pushed it down, directing it towards Beth’s sopping cunt. She moaned as I pressed the head against her puffy lower lips, and she gasped as I put more force behind it, thrusting into the welcoming slit.

At first I could only spread her vulva apart, getting an inch or two inside, only far enough to press against the barrier of her tight vagina. But gradually her inner hole opened up, every so slowly. I could feel it, the ring of muscle relaxing further and further, allowing my cock-head to plunge deeper into Beth’s perfect body, millimeter by millimeter. The tension and anticipation was excruciating for both of us as I pushed my hips towards hers, her canal widening to take my full, incredible girth. Finally, the widest part of my head breached her cunny, and I thrust forward, driving several more inches into her. She screamed and writhed in pleasure, and my cock spurted several ample ropes of precum. I wasn’t ready to blow my load just yet, though. My hyper-sensitive member was more than capable of finishing already, but I held still for a moment and composed myself. I moved my body closer to Beth’s and thrust again, initiating yet another climax for my girlfriend. I was close enough to her now that I could look over her side and see the bulge that my hugely-thick meat was making in her abdomen. It was far more pronounced than it had been with Jen, thanks to my absurd girth, and I was still not even halfway in. I repeated these steps—moving closer to her body before thrusting my cock forcefully into her pussy—three more times before I was ready for the final plunge.

She was gasping and moaning by now, and I vaguely could hear Jen’s excitement too, though I was only focused on Beth for the moment. My chest was now pressed up against Beth, my round breasts flattening out against her perfectly smooth, midnight-dark back, my nipples dribbling cum between us. I put my arms around her body, felt her chest heaving as she panted. I

put my head in the crevice of her neck, kissing her along the jaw, holding myself still against her body as we both breathed. Then, fondling her breasts with my hands, I whispered into her ear:

“Beth, do you want to grow?”

“Yes! Fuck yes, Erica! Make me grow! I want my tits to swell up for you. I want to be your milk-cow. Fuck me and make me *grow*!” she moaned.

I focused the thought, *Beth’s tits will grow just as before, no matter how big she gets*. Once I finished saying the words in my mind, I felt the familiar jolt pass through me and into her—and I thrust with all my might.

Everything happened so fast—Beth came; I came; we both screamed; my cock started spurting; her pussy started spasming; my tits started cumming all over her back and my chest; spunk started squirting out of Beth’s totally stuffed pussy; and best of all her tits started swelling.

The bulge that my prick had made in Beth’s abdomen now extended all the way up to her clavicle, where I could see a clear outline of my glans through her stretching skin. Just below that, her massive tits were expanding, and I could feel them grow in my hands, watch them swell as they enveloped the bulge apparent in Beth’s torso. I wanted to keep fucking her, keep thrusting in and out of her tight cunt, but I was so overwhelmed with pleasure that all I could do was shiver and endure the most incredible full-body orgasm of my life. Luckily, Beth didn’t need anything more than that to keep climaxing, the rhythmic pulses of jizz filling up her tunnel and spilling out were enough to keep her in the throes of orgasm—and maintain the steady ballooning of her breasts.

By the time my first orgasm mostly subsided, Beth was substantially bigger—at least two cup-sizes, but probably more. In control of my own body again, I started pounding her fast and hard, her pussy squirting loudly as juices spurted out of her. Beth’s tits started swelling faster as I jackhammered her, the orgasms coming more frequently and more powerfully.

“Oh fuck, yes! I can feel them growing,” Beth screamed, squeezing her two upper tits while I groped the lower pair. “Keep me coming, keep me coming! Oh *Gawwwwd*, give me beach-ball tits, Erica! Turn me into your fantasy!”

I grunted and grabbed her by the waist, using the leverage to push her hips away from me as I pulled out, and bring her back to me as I slammed my rod into her, increasing the force of each thrust. It was as I started fucking Beth like this that Jen came over, one massive cock in each hand, both dribbling cum. Wordlessly, she put one in front of Beth’s face and the other in front of mine. We each obliged, taking the twin shafts in hand and putting them in our mouths.

Jen had grown girthier in response to my own expansion, and I could barely fit her cock in my mouth now. Once she started cumming—which didn’t take long at all—Jen’s anaconda spurted away from my lips and started spewing jizz all over me and Beth, who didn’t fare much better in terms of keeping control of Jen’s other pipe. It was just too much to handle; Beth was writhing with the incomparable ecstasy that comes from being well-fucked by a massive prick.

She was in no position to be able to keep track of Jen's squirting rod, and my hands were otherwise occupied holding onto Beth's hips, and trying to keep a giant wrist-thick erection in my mouth by suction alone was a futile task. Still, it's not like any of us minded. Jen was eagerly vocalizing as her two dicks shot spunk wildly over me and Beth, and we certainly weren't averse to being drenched in a cummy mess while we fucked.

As my massive orgasm finished, I pulled out of Beth, letting a flood of semen pour out of her impossibly-stretched cunt. She was shivering with aftershocks of pleasure and letting out adorable little whimpers, fucked into incoherence. I was still rock hard, and when I sat up, my glans was level with my own face. I smiled and grabbed Jen's nearest cock to swallow the last few spurts of her orgasm as she too waned to a close. When that was done and Jen staggered back to her chair, I grabbed my cum-drenched girlfriend (I was still in love with saying that word in my head, even in these thoroughly depraved moments) and helped her get to her feet.

"Ohhhhhh, I don't think I can stand..." she mumbled, still shuddering occasionally.

"It's OK, babe, just come over here," I said, gently guiding her to the wall.

My mouth literally watered as I looked at her new and improved body. Beth's tits really were twice the size of mine now, each one of hers individually twice the volume of one of mine. I had no idea what her cup-size was at this point, but it was surely something in the last quarter of the alphabet, and her jugs swayed with an impressive, obvious weight that made warm precum gush anew from my girl-cock. The bottom pair hung well below her navel, down to her hips, and the upper-pair was pushed up nicely by their lower sisters, and both pairs extended well beyond either side of Beth's slender torso. Her upper-body was like some kind of breast-flower, blooming with enormous brown petals.

"What's going on?" she asked, still groggy as I pushed her up against the wall.

"Round two, silly. Jen still hasn't had a turn with you yet, and I haven't fucked Jen with this new tool of mine," I explained, smacking my thick rod against Beth's back. She shivered with delight at the sound of the wet, heavy slap of my glistening pole against her body.

"Jen, come have me!" Beth moaned, already dripping juices again from her pussy and starting to finger herself. I grinned.

Jen labored to get up from the chair—her body had become quite unwieldy—but was fully erect again by the time she made it over to us. Before she started to position herself behind Beth, I intervened and grabbed her.

"Ah ah ah!" I admonished Jen. "Spread those lips, slut," I instructed while forcing her to bend over. Her tits wobbled with their 30lbs-plus weight, nearly taking Jen down, but she managed to stay on her feet as I backed up and positioned my cock against her opening. She slipped in two fingers from each hand and pulled her pussy wider open for me, allowing smooth entry into her highly-elastic tunnel. I wasted no time, quickly plunging all the way into Jen's tight cunt. She screamed as I thrust home, cumming ferociously. Beth let out a sympathetic whimper, still pleasuring herself impatiently while I impaled Jen.

“Holy fuck!” Jen moaned, rubbing her hands across the enormous bulge distending from her abdomen that reached all the way up to her chin.

“Hey, don’t forget about me!” Beth chided in a plaintive, girlish voice.

That was all the reminder Jen needed to snap back to the task at hand, and she gripped her own twin rods with both hands, doing her best to position them close to Beth’s snatch. My dark-skinned, four-breasted goddess of a girlfriend found the two probing cock-heads, and guided them firmly into her waiting opening, already stretched by the workout I had given her. She took the left one in her twat first, and then with Jen’s help managed to squeeze the right one in alongside it. Jen forced her cocks into Beth as quickly as possible, shoving inch after inch into Beth’s accommodating pussy. Jen actually managed to go hilt-deep, and I could see the twin members through Beth’s stretched skin, protruding nearly up to her forehead. Once Jen had firmly inserted herself, I started pounding her, and in seconds she was cumming powerfully, filling up Beth’s snatch with jizz once again. Jen didn’t get much chance to really fuck Beth properly, as my jackhammering rendered her helpless—it was mostly the motion transferred from me through her, as my human cock-sleeve, that ended up stimulating Beth.

Things continued like that for a while, me fucking Jen, Jen fucking Beth (she occasionally took control when I would rest), the three of us linked together in a daisy-chain of fornication. We migrated from the wall to the dresser, then to the desk, and finally back to the bed. Afterwards, the three of us cuddled up, exhausted and sticky with cum. I was the first to fall asleep, and soon we had all surrendered to an early bedtime after what had been a mentally and physically taxing sexual adventure.

When I woke up the next morning, I delicately untangled myself from Jen and Beth, not desiring to interrupt their blissful snoozing. Beth was snoring almost undetectably and I found it intolerably cute. What was less cute was my cock, which was still profoundly erect. Yeah, “cute” was a word that’d never be applied to my penis again—not that it had been applied often in the past. It was throbbing, angry, and standing straight up with visibly pulsing veins. Carefully holding it against my chest to avoid it flopping around and bumping into anything, I slipped out the door and into the hall. After closing the door behind me, I let go of my huge prick, allowing it to wobble freely before coming to a rest. I just stood there, barely breathing, awed by the massive dick that was attached to *my* body. Gently, I wrapped my hands around it, near the base, barely able to encircle its girth—and it was thinner at the bottom than in the middle or at the tip! I pushed it down, and then let it spring back up, thwacking me in the chest with enough force to make me stumble. It was *heavy*. I didn’t feel the weight really in my groin or torso, and it didn’t feel like it was pulling me forward—I only became aware of its significant heft when I moved it about, and realized just how much inertia my dick had. No doubt my general immunity to its weight was due to the same magical forces that kept me (and Jen, and Beth) balanced despite my (our) massively-increased bust(s).

It really liked to stand up straight, too—again, despite all that obvious weight, the angle between my cock and my body couldn’t have been more than twenty-five degrees. Standing free,

the glans—which was shiny and massive and visibly throbbing—came about level with my clavicle, or maybe a little higher. There were only about six inches between my body and the tip of my dick; it was tantalizing, so close to my mouth. I wrapped my arms around my dick, pulling it up against me. It reached just an inch or two shy of my chin, which meant I didn't have to go very far to give myself oral pleasure.

I just had to turn my head down slightly, and there it was, pulsing and glistening right in front of my face, absurdly large and oozing precum. I closed my eyes and pressed my lips to the head, kissing it. The kisses started out slow and tender, but quickly escalated, until I was sucking hungrily on the glans—it was far too girthsome now for me actually get it in my mouth, but it was so exceptionally sensitive that I lost myself in the sucking, licking, kissing, and tonguing all the same. I felt the pressure building and moved one hand to play with my nipple, and within seconds I was climaxing again. It was so sudden, and with so little effort that it caught me by surprise, the first stream of jizz splattering against my cheek, lips, and chin. Instinctively I clamped my mouth tight to my cock-head after that, sucking down each massive spurt as it came, pumped with astonishing force into my throat. I counted each one—it ultimately took twenty-nine spurts for my orgasm to end. The ones at the beginning were more generous, of course, but all of them were well in excess of what any normal man could produce; in fact, I was pretty sure that my individual ropes were bigger than most guys' full loads.

As the intense pleasure subsided, I noticed that, once again, I had made a mess. Despite my near-perfect suction of the cum shooting from my penis, I had entirely forgotten about my tits, which shot ample loads of jizz themselves. It was still such an alien experience that I kept failing to account for them. *Oh well*, I thought, examining the splatter of tit-spunk all over the hallway floor. *I'll clean it up later, or I'm sure Hilde would be happy to do it for me.*

I had more important business to attend to, you see—namely, measuring my endowments. I walked towards Beth's sister's room, realizing again just how inconvenient my testicles were at their new size. I tried tucking them behind my legs, but they weren't quite big enough yet to stay back there as I walked, instead squeezing between my thighs, rather painfully, to return to their original position. Going commando didn't seem to be a practical option for me anymore, even if I could find a dress long and loose enough to hide my flaccid member. In addition to this, my cock was still hard and wobbled about rather dangerously as I walked—I felt like I'd give myself a black eye if I wasn't careful, and snickered at the thought.

Anyway, after awkwardly making my way into Beth's sister's room, I found the measuring-tape in the night stand where I had left it last time, and set to work getting a precise handle on my new dimensions.

My cock had to be first, of course. It was sort of difficult positioning the tape at the base of my dick—between its size and that of my tits, I couldn't really see my own groin. I felt around with the tape in my left hand until I had the tape positioned on top of my rod, at the base, and roughly in the middle. Stretching the flexible ribbon up to my tip was difficult, given my cock's resistance to being pushed down, and the way my cleavage snugly embraced it. Still, after a bit of struggle, I had it all worked out: 24.75 inches. Beth had already told me I was over the two-

foot mark, but her vagueness hadn't satisfied my own need to know down to a more precise figure. Seeing it for myself, though, was incredible. My dick was *two feet long*! I was, without hyperbole, entering horse territory. The circumference was easier to measure, at a little over 14.5 inches around the thickest part of my cock. Measuring my balls seemed mostly impossible, given how hard it was for me to see down there, but I went in the bathroom and found a mirror that made things easier. My measurements were spotty, given the difficulty of the task, but each one was somewhere between eight and nine inches long—or about four-fifths the length of a football. No wonder they'd been giving me so much trouble!

It was about then that something dawned on me: I had been erect ever since waking up from my growth-induced nap yesterday afternoon. Thinking about that was a bit unsettling—I must've cum nine times since then, and in the space of half a day. Sure, morning wood was the norm for me, but a night of that much sex would typically leave even me exhausted the next day. At least for a few hours, anyway. Was this thing ever going to go soft? What would it take to get me back to normal? And, if I couldn't, how the hell was I ever going to leave the house again? Since my breast-expansion I'd certainly become a public spectacle, but I could at least keep my appearance within the bounds of the law—and even within the bounds of modesty, on the very rare occasions which forced me into such frumpy confines. None of that was going to be possible if I had a permanently-erect two-foot-long penis. It's not something you can really hide—what was I going to do, stretch some knee socks over it? Having a huge rack was one thing, but walking around campus with an enormous, be-socked penis permanently at attention was something else entirely. Frankly, I wasn't sure the university would even *allow* me on campus in such a state, even if I could keep myself technically covered. Of course, there was only one way to find out if such a fate awaited me; I looked down at my prick, licked my lips, and got to work.

Jen was the one who eventually walked in on me. I have no idea how much later it was, but I was in the bathtub in Beth's sister's bathroom, pretty thoroughly drenched in jizz. Given how sensitive my penis had become, I could fire off orgasms once every two minutes—or less—and I had been doing just that for who knows how long. Much to my chagrin, nothing changed. My penis didn't soften one bit. If anything, it seemed even harder than before! And each of my orgasms was just as voluminous and powerful as the last. Without exaggeration, I had easily shot over a gallon of spunk. I don't know how many times I came before Jen interrupted me, but it must've been at least twenty, and each of my loads contained at least a full cup of semen. I was in a sort of daze when Jen found me. That level of over-indulgence should have been unpleasant, frankly; I had certainly fucked or jerked myself sore and exhausted in the past, but this had been non-stop pleasure from the first climax to the last. It was incredible, but it was also alarming. I was fulfilling all my wildest fantasies, but what was I becoming in the process?

“Mother of *fuck*! How long have you been jerking off in here?”

“I don't know,” I said with total honesty. “When I woke up, you guys were both asleep, so I came in here to measure myself and...”

“And you destroyed the bathroom! Good God, there’s jizz on the *ceiling*, Erica. I know we’ve been having a lot of fun, but this seems, like, extreme.”

“You don’t understand,” I said, standing up in the tub. I saw Jen’s eyes drawn inexorably to my hard-on. It looked impressive when I was lying down, too, but there was something especially alluring about seeing it stand to attention when I was on my feet. The fact that the head was at Jen’s eye-level didn’t hurt, either. “My fucking dick won’t go down! I’ve been in here cumming for who-knows-how-long, and I haven’t been soft for even one second! It’s totally insatiable—no matter how much I jerk off, or suck myself off, or whatever, I’m ready to go again immediately, and I cum just as much every time, and I *never go flaccid*. What am I gonna do, Jen?” I noticed, as I articulated my worry, that Jen was showered and dressed—her enormous bosom was contained neatly in a properly-fitting bra and button-down shirt (presumably both custom-made items from the Iddrisu family collection), and her extremely-long twin snakes and massive balls were successfully concealed beneath a long, loose ruffled skirt.

“Erica, I’ve got tits that weigh fifteen pounds each and come down to my hips, and I have *two* dicks that are each almost three feet long. I’ve got nuts the size of footballs, and Beth’s tits are nearly as big as mine, but she’s got *four* of them. We all got kind of carried away, and you’re not the only one with a surreal figure.”

As Jen said it, I knew she was right; I felt guilty—I hadn’t even thought about how equally weird and unwieldy the other girls’ bodies had become. I had to calm down and keep perspective.

“Just take a shower—and wash all this cum out of the tub—and come find us downstairs when you’re done. There’s clothes for you in Beth’s room and I think she’s making breakfast now, or at least trying to. She’s, uh, she’s pretty fuckin’ big now.”

“Ohhh, we shouldn’t have done all this,” I moaned.

“Nah, it’s pretty awesome, actually. You’re gonna flip when you see Beth—she’s like an S-cup now or something. She seems pretty enthused about it, too,” Jen said. She had the most lascivious grin as she said it, too. It made me feel a little better, and I smiled too. “There you go! See, it’s not so bad. A shower will help clear your head—I’ll see you downstairs.”

She backed through the door and closed it before I could respond, leaving me with my thoughts—and my mess. *I really need to be tidier about all this*, I thought to myself, sighing as I turned on the water and got to work.

I emerged from the shower feeling fresh and, yes, happier. OK, so, I might have a permanently-erect mega-dick, but it was premature to worry. I’d cross any bridges when I came to them. Or on/in them. In the meantime, I toweled off and found the clothes laid out for me in Beth’s room, on the bed—which had been thankfully turned over—the cum-stained sheets replaced with fresh ones. I put the panties on first. They were a cute pair of boy shorts that were two or three sizes larger than I would normally wear, but still struggled to contain my testicles



and the thick base of my penis. The tight underwear pressed my rod firmly against my torso, which was inconvenient in some ways, but at least prevented it from bouncing all over the place when I walked. There was an adjustable bra that had been set to my size, 34N, and I realized I'd need to take off the panties before putting the bra on—my cock, forced so snugly against my torso, was rather in the way.

Eventually, after some experimentation, I got everything on: the panties, the bra (which fit surprisingly well), a knee-length grey skirt, and a form-fitting t-shirt with a very deep V-neck that allowed the tops of my bra cups to show. I debated whether to stretch the skirt's elastic waistband around my penis or let my organ lift up the front of my skirt. I ultimately decided on the latter; the elastic had admirable stretch but was uncomfortably tight on my shaft, and letting my cock lift up my skirt from below offered a bit more comfort and maneuverability—two things that I realized were going to be more difficult to come by now. It also looked a bit sexier. My dick was drooling precum again, something that was going to be a constant feature. I lapped it up before it started to spill over, and turned to head downstairs.

When I arrived in the dining room downstairs—led by my nose to the savory breakfast scents—I could hardly believe my eyes. Beth was an absolute revelation. I had seen her tits growing throughout our orgiastic afternoon and evening the day before, but seeing the ultimate result was nonetheless astonishing. Her four tits were improbably huge, the lower pair hanging down to the top of her hips, the upper pair sitting round and high on their sisters. She was wearing a t-shirt, no doubt forced to rely on the stretchiest, most forgiving items of clothing in her wardrobe. Despite finding a bra that somehow fit her new bust (just how much growth had Beth's family prepared for, exactly?), all four of her massive nipples were erect and projected clearly through the cups and her thin white shirt. She and Hilde were laying out the final plates when she saw me standing on the threshold, mute and frozen in place by the incredible sight of her.

“Oh my god, Erica—you look fantastic!” she squealed, and walked over to me. I had a feeling she would have run if that were still possible.

We embraced, difficult as that now was. Neither of us could get our arms around the other, but with enough forceful smushing we managed to bring our lips together in a soft kiss, despite the head of my cock brushing against our chins, leaving a trail of sticky pre behind. It felt fantastic to have my penis pressed between her four breasts and my own two, enveloped in pillowy cleavage from all sides. It felt too fantastic, in fact, and I had to abruptly pull back.

“You OK?” Beth asked as soon as I did.

“Yeah, it's just that I almost came; felt a little too good having my dick between us like that,” I said, feeling sheepish.

“Jeez, I figured you would've taken care of yourself by now!” she said, smiling.

“You have no idea.”

We sat down to eat after that, Hilde joining us. Beth explained that she needed Hilde's help to cook this morning; she confessed it was possible she might not be able to cook on her own ever again. Unless I reduced her tits with my powers, of course, but none of us were particularly interested in that. Indeed, Beth was still firmly committed to more growth. When I asked her what sort of ceiling I should impose on her expansion, she just said "None, for now." It was enough, apparently, to know that I could prevent her from totally losing mobility, and perhaps shrink her down if it *truly* became necessary. In the meantime, she was going to get as big as she could manage. Just listening to Beth articulate her willingness to endure unfettered development was enough to bring me to the edge of climax, with big globs of precum bubbling up from within my enormous balls. I apologized for the rudeness of performing autofellatio in the middle of a meal, but I was nevertheless compelled to latch my mouth onto my cock-head once more, and guzzle down more than two-dozen powerful blasts of semen. Everyone else at the table seemed to get quite a kick of watching me drink down several ounces of my own cum, however, so I didn't feel too bad about it.

After breakfast, we had an enjoyably pedestrian day. We lounged poolside; we watched a documentary on Netflix; we had margaritas and talked and laughed and felt pleasant. It was, frankly, nice to have such an antediluvian day—one unmarked by the constant fucking and sucking and jerking that had thus far dominated my life since meeting Beth. I know that probably sounds bizarre to say. I mean, sure, the three of us were sexual marvels, living erotic fantasies, but it was precisely for that reason that it was nice to be reassured that we could still have a normal day and enjoy simple, normal things. I had begun to worry that the rest of life might lose its luster for me, that anything short of the miraculous ecstasy of my new body (and the bodies of Beth and Jen) would become dull and uninteresting. Thankfully, that did not yet seem to be the case.

I was reading by myself in the library in the pause between evening and night, when the sun was invisible behind the horizon but peripheral energy kept the sky still blue and opaque. The library was marvelous—it alone eschewed the modern, Scandinavian aesthetic of the rest of the house, instead embracing an Oxfordian tobacco-pipe-and-mahogany vibe that I found irresistible. Sitting in a leather armchair big enough to make an NBA center feel cozy, I perused through a few history books I had pulled down. Still a bit buzzed, I knew I wasn't going to retain most of the information, but I was mostly there to enjoy the musty intellectual aura of it all. Hilde found me in there, knocking on the open door to alert me to her presence.

I looked up. "Oh, hi Hilde!" I chirped. "Am I in your way?"

"No, no, not at all, Miss. Just checking in, making sure you have all that you require."

Hilde, I had learned, was quite the attentive domestic, and normally a bit more formal in dress and speech than when I first met her. At the moment she wore a tight black skirt and a white blouse that both showed off her plump curves wonderfully.

"I'm alright, thank you," I replied.

“Ah. OK then. Goede avon, Miss.” There was a peculiar hesitancy in her voice, then, which I didn’t notice at first, but which became apparent as she dawdled in the doorway, hovering without actually leaving.

“Hilde, is there something you want?” I was quite curious—I’d yet to see Hilde give even a hint of timidity.

“Oh, no, it would not be proper to ask.”

“Come on now,” I urged, patting the chair’s arm, urging her to come take a seat. “Tell me what’s up.”

She reluctantly left the doorway and came over to me, though she remained standing.

“I have a favor to ask,” she said.

“What kind of favor?”

“Well, Miss Richards—I have seen the other girls, what you have done to them, how you have *enhanced* them. I have to admit a certain curiosity—”

I cut her off. “You want me to change you?” I asked, nearly squealing with delight; I had come to enjoy using my powers a great deal.

“Er, yes,” she replied, blushing. “But, you see, there is a problem.” I lifted an eyebrow at that. “I would like to be more buxom, but I must be able to remain useful to Miss Iddrisu and her mothers. If I grow as much as I would wish to, I cannot perform my duties. This job is very important to me. And not just as a job, but as a family. I have obligations here, to take care of you all.”

I had never imagined Hilde had such a sense of duty, but once she articulated it I had to admit it fell right in line with what I did know about her.

“Hmmm, that is a conundrum.” I paused, resting my chin on my knuckles in contemplation. “Aha!” I cried, after a few moments. “What if I made you changeable? Variable?”

“How do you mean?”

“What if I made it so your breasts weren’t always the same size—that they could get bigger and smaller, so you could be huge sometimes and smaller when you needed to be practical.”

Her face lit up. “Oh, that would be marvelous!”

“Great, now we just have to figure out what the mechanism will be that makes you bigger or smaller,” I said, more to myself than to Hilde. I looked her up and down, savoring her figure. “I can’t wait to see you with beach ball tits, though,” I added with a grin.

As soon as I said the words out loud, I felt the familiar electric pulse travel through my body, though this time it felt like it was exiting through my lips and tongue and teeth. Sure enough, Hilde's tits began swelling almost immediately, and she groaned.

"Ohhhh! Already? How?" she asked, struggling to unbutton her blouse before her rapidly-ballooning breasts overwhelmed it.

"I don't know!" I said, standing up and moving closer to her. "Usually I have to touch the person, and concentrate to make it happen."

"It's getting faster," Hilde grunted through clenched teeth. She was right—her bust was gaining inches by the second, faster than Jen or Beth had grown. And given how big I had pictured Hilde in my mind when I spoke the magic words, that wasn't too surprising. She was in for a major adjustment.

"You probably don't want to be standing," I said, just as the buttons started popping off of Hilde's blouse, and her bra straps began to tear audibly.

She gasped in reply, and then let out a shuddering moan that could only be the result of an orgasm. She fell to her knees and grabbed her expanding tits with both hands. "It feels amazing!" she moaned.

It looked amazing, too. No more than 45 seconds could have elapsed since the expansion took over her body, but already her H-cups (38H to be precise, I would later find out) had outgrown the alphabet, jutting out nine inches from her chest and hanging down just past her belly-button. They had to weigh at least twenty pounds each, I figured. Of course, by the time I figured that, they were already larger. Her blouse still clung to her arms, shoulder, and back, but the front was torn completely open and revealing more and more of her bosom as her tits grew, pushing the blouse aside. Her bra had snapped at the shoulder straps, allowing the cups to fall down and disappear under an avalanche of tan titflesh that rolled outward at a shocking pace.

Transfixed by the sight of Hilde growing so fast, and moaning and groaning and playing with her nipples besides, I instinctively grabbed my rod and started stroking fervently. So much for my normal day—I was acting on pure lust again, jerking hard and fast in an overwhelming, wordless desire to shoot my load as soon as possible. It barely took any time at all for the jets of hot, sweet, dickgirl spunk to start flowing—and splattering Hilde's face and torso—but by then Hilde's tits were truly gargantuan, bigger than any I'd ever seen; kneeling but with her back still straight, they were just shy of resting on her thighs, but Hilde was a tall, broad woman, and in absolute terms her chest was far larger than Jen's or Beth's. At their fullest point, her jugs protruded, proud and firm, more than a foot in front of her, and their width was even greater than that. I don't know their weight at that point, but each one had to be more than sixty pounds. Probably a good bit more, to be honest.

She spluttered and spit as my jizz splattered all over her face and in her mouth, but she didn't object, though I'm not sure she could have, given the pleasure she was experiencing. And although I was actively climaxing myself, my lust was only escalating. Still shooting ropes of cum from my enormous rod and firm, round tits, I quickly positioned myself behind Hilde and

pushed her forward—roughly—knocking her onto all fours. She gasped as I did it, her hyper-sensitive udders pressing up against the thick-woven oriental rug. Hilde was on her knees and forearms, massive rump raised high in the air while my cock still spurted over her back and hair. Frenzied with desire, I pushed up her skirt and ripped off her panties—I had meant to pull them to the side, but an unusual strength had overcome me and I tore them clean off without even trying. I was practically drooling at the sight of her wet cunt, and wasted no time in shoving myself up against her hole. Hilde cried out as I tried to enter her; she wasn't capable of stretching that far, I realized. She had been loosened (by magic, I assume) more than any normal woman, but less than Beth. This only stopped me for a moment, however. "Stretch for me!" I grunted, and I felt the command travel down my prick and into her body. I slipped in immediately, thrusting my full twenty-four-inch length into Hilde with one stroke. I hadn't even stopped cumming, and already a new climax was surging through me, filling Hilde up with my seed.

Meanwhile, she was growing faster than ever. Hilde wasn't even resting on her arms now—her upper body was fully supported by the mass of her tremendous teats. Even though her body weight was causing them to pancake out, there easily remained a good foot between her sternum and the floor, and they spilled out nearly three feet to either side of her torso. They were astonishingly huge and heavy, in excess of one hundred pounds each.

"You love ballooning up for me, don't you? You love being my blow-up doll, fucking slut!" I yelled as I continued pounding Hilde's slit.

"Yes, Miss Richards! Yes! I love it!" she screamed.

My orgasm was non-stop, and from the contractions I felt in the muscles of Hilde's cunt, so was hers. Huge gouts of jizz were loudly spurting out of her overstuffed pussy and splattering all over our thighs before dripping thick and hot onto the floor.

Although they were overlapping, I could feel distinct climaxes and distinct releases as my orgasms ebbed and flowed, and by the time the third one ended (the fourth already several ropes in), Hilde's tits had swelled up to impossible proportions. Her arms rested on top of her tits, hands gripping and fondling them indiscriminately as they continued to engorge. They were getting rounder as they grew—as their combined weight now far exceeded Hilde's own, her bodyweight did less and less to compress and flatten them against the floor. They now spilled out three feet to either side of her, and lifted her more than two feet off the floor. Best of all, I knew she was nowhere near done. I grabbed her hair, which was full of shiny globules of my cum, and yanked her head back.

"Faster!" I panted between thrusts. "Grow faster!"

As ever, my will translated itself into changes in her flesh—the sheer power of my thoughts was reshaping Hilde to fit my desires, and that was nearly as incredible as the fact that she was growing huge and overstuffed before my eyes, and nearly as arousing. I could make her into anything I wanted.

"You want to be my milk cow, don't you, Hilde?" I grunted, my speech broken and shaky as I jackhammered her cunt. "Say it!"

“I want to be your milk-cow, Miss Richards!” I loved her obedience, and I loved that she called me ‘Miss Richards.’

“I’m gonna make you the biggest, best cow there is,” I told her, letting go of her hair.

The images flowed clear and easy through my mind, and as soon as they crystallized, new changes began to emerge on Hilde’s body. The one I could see first was the tail—a smooth little cow tail, covered in short fur (white with black spots, of course) with a tuft of sandy-blond hair at the end—which began to emerge from beneath her skirt. Instinctively I grabbed it, yanking on it to make Hilde gasp.

Next I noticed her ears, which had been invisible beneath her halo of tight curls, had moved up towards the top of her head and pushed up through her hair as cow ears—long and roughly diamond-shaped, just like the real thing. Two cute, small horns followed, with rounded tips, just above the ears. Just when I was about to order her to do it, she let out an ecstatic moo, and I reached a new height of climax. I could make her into anything I wanted, no matter how bizarre.

I kept pounding her, and she kept growing larger. Since commanding her to grow faster (less than a minute prior), she had gained at least forty inches on her bust. She was well past what I had initially envisioned for her, but with my desire to make her into my own pet cow-girl, I had also decided to make her breasts even more massive. If she had been standing up—which was impossible now—they’d have reached down to her shins, closer to her ankles than to her knees. As it was, she was kneeling on the ground now, with her breasts resting on the floor in front of her. Their upper curve came up to her nose, and they jutted out over four feet from her chest. She could barely see over them.

“Stand up!” I ordered.

Hilde complied with a quavering, gentle moo, staggering to her feet. I pulled out while she repositioned herself; she quickly realized that she had to remain bent over to allow them to still rest on the floor. Soon, though, they’d be able to lie on the floor even while she stood fully erect.

Once she had rearranged herself, she looked back at me. “Am I big enough yet?” she asked.

“Absolutely not!” To emphasize my point, I thrust my enormous cock inside her again. She mooed with pleasure. “And for asking that, I’m going to make you even bigger.”

Another minute went by and Hilde’s cup-size took yet another two laps around the alphabet; she had to be approaching a 260-inch bustline—maybe more. She was leaning into them, resting her exhausted body against the massively heavy and immovable endowments protruding out from her chest. Her face was buried in her own cleavage, muffling the continuous mooing. The library was a large space, but with her tits stretching out over six feet in front of her, we’d run out of space in the not-too-distant future. I had no intention of slowing down, however—we’d cross that bridge when the time came.

Hilde's growing tits had pushed the armchair over and back towards the wall, and her breasts required a four-foot clearance to either side, but that was easily accommodated. I urged her jugs bigger, willing them to tremendous, absurd size. It took me a minute to notice when Hilde had finally stopped growing, as I was still focused on vigorously fucking her. But I did eventually notice, and somewhat snapped back to reality; I ceased thrusting, instead moving as close to Hilde as possible, spooning her while standing up, my cock fully embedded within her, both of us leaning against her massive tits. At some point during their incredible blimpification they had mostly righted themselves: the nipples were pointing forward and the undersides were on the floor. Hilde's breasts were somewhat compressed by their tremendous weight, but they were so firm and full that they couldn't smoosh all that much—they still stood magnificently tall. In fact, they were ten inches taller than I was! It's a good thing Beth's house didn't have a basement, or else the weight of Hilde's breasts would have likely broken through the floor and sent us both tumbling down to likely injury. As it was, the wood beneath her tits was buckled and cracked, cupping her tits like the lower curve of a bra.

"So, what do you think?" I asked her, speaking softly into her ear.

"Ohh, they're magnificent!" she said, before shuddering and letting out an orgasmic moo. "They're so sensitive, even just the slightest feeling—" I interrupted her by running my hand across the back of her left breast, and sent her over the edge immediately.

"Mmm, I'm quite happy with them too," I said. "But we'll have to shrink you back down if you're ever going to move again."

Hilde whimpered. "Not just yet, Miss Richards. I think I would like to stay this way for just a few more minutes."

Just then there was a loud knock at the library door, and Beth's voice came through it.

"Hey, what's going on in there? Is everything OK?"

"It sounds like someone's having fun and not sharing!" Jen chimed in.

"Come on in!" I yelled back, pulling out of Hilde and turning around to face the girls.

The looks of shock on their faces filled me with pride. Both the girls were in their swimsuits, still glistening wet from the pool, and Jen immediately started stroking one of the massive cocks that spilled out from her bikini bottom.

"Do you like what I've done to her?" I asked, beaming.

"Oh my god! I love it!" Jen squealed. She ran over to Hilde as fast as her wobbly, floppy physique allowed, stopping just behind her. "Hilde! You're amazing! You have to let me fuck you! Pleeaaaase!" she begged, impetuous as ever.

"Mmm, of course darling! Do whatever you want with me!"

Jen didn't even take the time to take off her swimsuit bottom before shoving both dicks deep into Hilde's snatch. While she got to work, I walked over to Beth, whose face was still a mask of stupefied surprise. Ignoring that, I hugged her close to me and kissed her firmly.

"Isn't she perfect?" I asked.

Beth, coming out of her trance, looked at me and nodded. "Incredible! I had no idea Hilde wanted to be like that...but how is she ever going to move around?"

"Oh, we'll worry about that later. Right now I think we should have some more fun. It's been, what, eight hours since we last had sex?" I pulled down the straps of her bikini as I spoke, letting the flimsy fabric fall away from Beth's overdeveloped racks. She smiled and gave my rod a gentle stroke.

"You're right, that's way too long."

Another session of debauchery followed—so much for a boring day, I guess—and it was fantastic. The four of us arranged ourselves in nearly every conceivable position and combination, though my favorite had to be towards the end, when I was struck with inspiration and decided to make Hilde's nipples (unbelievably huge at that point) fuckable. Upending normal female biology, I made their openings larger and more elastic, able to accommodate my and Jen's endowments. It was an incredible thing, pressing my cock against this huge, erect, ten-inch-wide nipple and feeling it stretch open to allow me inside. Jen took the left and I took the right, and we gleefully penetrated Hilde's milk-ducts, plunging our full lengths into her enormous breasts and fucking them as milk gushed out around our rods. Hilde went nearly catatonic as the intensity of the pleasure overwhelmed her, while Beth rode Jen's second cock while straddling Hilde's nipple, grinding her clit against its textured, hyper-sensitive skin.

When it was all said and done, a good 90 minutes later, we decided that a measurement was essential before I shrank Hilde back to a more practical size. Of course, there was no tape in the house long enough to measure Hilde, so we used a roll of garden twine, unspooling enough to encircle her circumference and then measuring the length of the twine. It came in at a staggering 312 inches—that's 26 feet, for those of you not talented in arithmetic. Two and a half storeys, alternatively. Some quick napkin math by Jen and Beth (both far better with numbers than I ever was) estimated that Hilde's tits had to have a combined volume somewhere in the neighborhood of four *million* ccs, and a combined weight over eight tons. Honestly, I'm not even sure how to communicate to someone what it was like being in a room with those breasts; I'm not sure you can truly understand how enthralling and shocking it was unless you've seen it for yourself. It was like she had two compact cars attached to her chest. Each one was about two-thirds the length of Prius, and about as wide, but a good twelve inches taller. They were the best tits I'd ever seen or even imagined.

I shrank Hilde back down to a more manageable size—we went through a bunch of possible dimensions until we settled on her new normal: 38Q. They were certainly huge, but Hilde's large and powerful frame meant that they wouldn't compromise her ability to move around and take care of her work. About ten pounds each, they hung down to her waist, above



the belly button, protruded a little over six inches from her chest. Huge by any normal standard, but practical and not particularly large by the standards we were starting to adopt. All four of us agreed that she should keep her new bovine characteristics and her fuckable, five-inch-long, two-inch-wide nipples. Additionally, Hilde and I worked out how her variable breast size would work; she'd grow consistently at a pace of about a cup-size every ten minutes, up to the maximum size I had just pushed her to—seeing as I hadn't been able to make her expand any further than that. The only way for her to go back to normal would be for her to be milked, either by machine or by someone else—my own dominant impulses led me to make Hilde incapable of milking herself, instead relying on the assistance of others to return to her normal size. Luckily, she was just as enthusiastic about the idea as I was. She'd never express milk spontaneously like Beth, and her breasts would stop lactating when full, but the bigger she got the more she could hold, obviously. Finally, at the end, Jen had an idea. We were now all in the hot tub outside, enjoying the warm water, the cool night air, and our nakedness.

“What about giving Hilde some kind of special power, like you and Beth have?” Jen asked after we measured Hilde for the first time, confirming that she was now growing like I had intended.

“Can I even do that?” I asked. “And what would it be?”

“Only one way to find out,” Beth chimed in. “And this is just my first thought, but what if her milk made you guys cum more? Maybe make your balls bigger?”

“Permanently?” Jen asked. “These things are impractical enough as it is.”

“Temporary effects could be enjoyable,” Hilde offered. “I think I would like something like that very much.”

“Hmmm, alright, I'll give it a try.”

Hilde was sitting next to me in the hot tub, Beth and Jen across from us. I closed my eyes, put my hand on Hilde's arm and formed the thoughts in my mind. I didn't feel the characteristic spark jump between us.

“I don't think it worked,” I said, frowning as I opened my eyes. “It didn't feel like it worked.”

“Well, here, let me test it!” Jen said, floating across the Jacuzzi and taking one of Hilde's enormous nipples in her mouth.

Hilde moaned and moaned as Jen drank down ample quantities of milk from each breast.

“Well?” I asked, impatient as Jen got carried away.

She went back to her seat, and lifted one cock in each hand out of the water. “I think you'll have to help me find out.”

I rolled my eyes, but I was happy to take one while Beth grabbed the other. With us blowing Jen in tandem it didn't take long for her to climax, spurting hot cum down both of our

throats simultaneously. It was pleasurable, but also totally normal. Nothing was different from the last ten times we had done it.

“Anything?” Hilde asked, the only one who hadn’t participated.

“Nope,” I said. Beth and Jen shook their heads in corroboration.

“Oh,” she said, disappointed. “I quite liked that idea.”

We all went quiet for a moment then, contemplating. Jen was, yet again, the first one with an observation.

“Well, wait a minute—your powers seem way stronger, Erica. I mean, when you first changed me, you had to say what you were going to do to me out loud, and you had to be touching me, and you could only make me transform in proportion to you. From what you two told us, it doesn’t sound like you had to do any of that with Hilde.”

“She’s right,” Beth said, nodding. “It does seem like you’ve gotten more powerful the longer you’ve had these abilities. Something is happening to make you stronger.”

I had to admit, I relished the idea. “But what?” I asked.

We debated for a few minutes, trying to brainstorm an answer, but nothing we could actually test right then—if it was a matter of how long I had my powers, or how much practice I had with them, we’d simply have to wait to find out if that was the case. But then Beth hit on a hypothesis that was testable.

“This all started—all this crazy, amazing stuff—after you drank my breast milk, right? That was what set it all off. Your cock was way bigger than normal when you first realized you could transform Jen, and you were even bigger when you changed me, and you’re huge now when you changed Hilde—it seems like it’s gotten easier every time, and you’ve been *bigger* every time. I think maybe the bigger your dick gets, the stronger your powers get.”

“Ooooooh, I like that idea!” Jen said.

“Sounds plausible,” Hilde added.

“You guys really think so?” I asked.

Beth shrugged. “Seems as reasonable as anything else—plus, doesn’t it just seem to be in the spirit of everything that’s happened? I feel like this is how this particular sort of magic works. It’s perverted; I think it feeds on sexual excess. Besides, we can try it right now, see if it’s true. What do you say, babe? Have a little taste?” she asked, lifting up all four of her breasts from the bottom.

“I dunno, I’m so huge already…”

Beth gave me a stern glare. “Oh no, don’t give me that. With how big you made Hilde, and how big I know you want to make me? No way. You’ve got me hooked on seeing that dick

grow, and you're nowhere near as big as I want you eventually. If we're gonna be girlfriends, this is going to have to go both ways."

I sighed. She had me there. "Alright, that's only fair I guess. Although, I am the only one who can't change back to normal—even though I can do that for all of you."

"Well, maybe if your powers get stronger, you can use them on yourself too," Beth replied.

I nodded, still reluctant. "That's a good point, I guess. Alright, I'll do it—for you."

Beth smiled, and I glided through the warm, bubbling water over to my girlfriend. She was my girlfriend—I had to remember that—and she was right that I needed to indulge her wishes if I expected her to indulge mine. I started to think maybe I hadn't been giving her enough special attention since we made it official. We'd had a lot of group sex already, but I realized that Beth and I hadn't yet made love just the two of us. That would have to change, of course. Having a real relationship was more work than all the flings I'd had, that was for sure.

First I licked Beth's nipples playfully, holding her top pair of breasts in my hands, lifting them out of the water and towards my mouth where I teased both of her erect, wet nubs. She hadn't expressed in a few hours, and her tits were quite swollen and full, just how I liked them. When drops of rich milk started to leak out, I latched on and started suckling. I had to restrain myself, and not take too much given that we were in a relatively confined space, and I didn't want to get stuck in the hot tub.

"Think that's enough?" Beth asked.

"I don't want to get stuck in here—that's a good way to get heat stroke."

"Fair point!"

"If Beth is right, do you think your powers will get stronger in proportion to your temporary size, or only as much as your permanent size increases?" Jen asked.

"How should I know? I guess we'll have to find out." I was still in front of Beth, standing in the deeper center of the Jacuzzi while the others sat around the raised edge. "Here, you go keep Hilde company," I said to Jen.

She moved over to my spot, and I took my place next to Beth. While we waited for her milk to take effect, I snuggled up to her. Soon we were kissing, touching, caressing each other. At one point I looked over and saw that Jen and Hilde had followed our example, though Jen was characteristically rough and eager compared to the gentler, more affectionate way Beth and I kissed, our lips and tongues lingering, our eyes meeting whenever we pulled apart, touching each other softly all over. Soon, I felt the surge of pressure in my lower body. I pulled my mouth away from Beth's.

"It's happening," I whispered to her.

We both looked at my cock, which was about level with our mouths as we sat next to each other. Within seconds, we saw it start to grow. It wasn't elongating very quickly, but it was fattening into a girthy beast in no time at all, adding inch after inch of circumference. It felt like my dick was about to explode, painful and pleasurable in the way an involuntary and extended flexing of your cock can be when you're powerfully aroused. My cock had always been relatively smooth, but its few defined veins had grown large, looking like they belonged on the biceps of a professional body-builder. You could see the blood coursing through them with each of my heartbeats, and my whole rod would wobble slightly.

Beth had both hands around my prick, and was stroking it very slowly and gently, with a sort of reverence. Jen and Hilde were lost in their own passion—it was hard to see, as Hilde's areolas were well below the surface of the water, but it looked like Jen had managed to insert both her flexible, lengthy penises into Hilde's nipples, which had to be stretched to the limit. I could tell that was going to be a recurring activity for the two of them from how enraptured they both were. I certainly couldn't blame them.

I kept growing, gaining more and more girth until finally it switched, and my cock began lengthening significantly while its width became more stable. It wasn't quite as fast-paced as some previous times, and I enjoyed watching it grow longer steadily and relatively slowly, inching up past eye-level, then to the top of my forehead, then higher, higher, the entire glans lifted out of my peripheral vision if I looked straight ahead. Shortly after that I felt the pressure subside, and saw that I had ceased enlarging. It felt even harder than before, if that were possible (it didn't seem like it could be), and with its base buoyed by the water it stayed almost perfectly vertical.

"I will *never* get tired of that," Beth said with a shudder of excitement.

I let out a noise somewhere between a grunt and a moan. "I don't think I will either. Remind me of that when I'm being stupid about it next time."

"Oh, count on it." She smiled, and we locked lips again. Thick globs of pre immediately started leaking out of me, and a few fell across my and Beth's faces as we made out in the shadow of my enormous glans. We giggled as the cum dribbled on us, and Beth pulled back. "What do you say we take this inside?" she asked, her eyes just a little wild, telegraphing her tremendous desire.

"What about testing your theory? And Hilde and Jen?"

Beth looked over at the others and I followed her gaze. They didn't appear to have noticed anything except their own pleasure, even though Jen's dicks had started growing and were catching up in proportion to mine—though certainly they'd notice that soon.

"I think they're gonna be OK on their own for a while," she said, and I snorted.

"You're right, let's go have some time to ourselves."

We got out of the tub, which was a little tricky for me at first, but with Beth's help I was able to lift myself up and onto the ground. Thank goodness it was an embedded Jacuzzi—getting

out of an above-ground one would have surely sent me sprawling. I was a little unsteady at first, and Beth led me by the hand, walking in front of me at a patient pace. My cock, when standing free, leaned forward a bit more than it had before, but surprisingly only by a few degrees despite what I could tell was its now-tremendous weight. My balls were enormous, and even as cool night breeze blowing across my wet body sent them tightening up against my groin, they really got in the way of walking. The incredible volume of the globs and ropes of pre that were oozing constantly out of my tip revealed just how much cum my enlarged sack could hold.

Beth toweled off quickly and then helped me do the same—bending down to pick up my towel seemed beyond my capabilities at the moment—and then resumed leading me into the house. Although my dick now extended above my head—you know, the one with my brain in it—I still had plenty of clearance to get through doors, and it wasn't too long before we made it upstairs and into Beth's room. She closed the door and ushered me over to the base of the bed. It was nice to be alone for the first time in several days.

"Stand here," she said. I obeyed, standing at the foot of the bed and faced it, my enormous rod still throbbing and excreting globs of pre at regular intervals. Beth returned swiftly with a measuring tape and stood next to me.

"Push it down onto the bed," she ordered.

I did as she asked, pushing it down level onto the bed. It was easier than before, no doubt due to the huge increase in weight. It was kind of incredible to see it on the bed like that—Beth had a California king, but my cock went from the foot to just past the mid-point of the bed. While I held my rod down, Beth carefully measured its length before asking me to lift it up and let her measure its girth.

"You like measuring almost as much as I do, don't you?" I asked her.

"With a cock like yours? Absolutely," she said, flashing me a wide grin. "How else am I going to fully appreciate it?"

"Well, what's the verdict then?"

"Hold on just a second," she said, finishing up. "God, you really are massive. I can't wait until this is your normal size."

"We'll see about that," I said with a laugh.

"OK," Beth said, standing up and joining me at the foot of the bed. I allowed my cock to rise up to its natural position—though I did so carefully, as I now knew better than to let it spring up all at once, which surely would have knocked me over. She put her arm around my waist and gave me a smooch on the cheek.

"You, my beautiful big-dicked girlfriend, are 44 and ½ inches long, and just barely less than 35 inches around. Pretty fucking gigantic, in other words."

“Jesus,” I said, putting both hands on my shaft—it was 12 more inches around than my waist. Come to think of it, its girth was even an inch bigger than my under-bust measurement. “God, I’m insanely thick.”

“Yes you are,” Beth said, then bit her lower lip. “That girth is incredible; I mean, you’re almost three feet around, Erica. Your dick is basically person-sized.”

“Well, it’s not long enough for that. Not yet, anyway. But, Jesus, I knew it was fucking massive but telling me the numbers makes it seem even bigger, somehow.”

“It does, doesn’t it? That’s why I needed to know, before you put that thing inside of me.”

“You can still fit this?” I asked, surprised. “I thought I’d need to change you a bit.”

Beth smiled. “Nope. Being able to take a dick of any size is part of the family inheritance, lucky for you. And for me. But especially for you,” she said, looking rather proud of herself.

“Definitely,” I said, pulling her closer to me.

Her breasts pressed up against my body, and my cock leaned to the side as we kissed. We started out soft and became more and more impassioned, until we were pawing at each other wildly; I was digging my fingers into her ample ass, then stroking her back, then fondling her breasts, then fingering her clit, roving all over her body with my hands. I couldn’t get enough of her—I wanted all of her, all at once. I wanted to touch her everywhere, and I did, and she did the same to me. She moaned into my mouth and then pulled away suddenly. One hand went down to stroke her pussy vigorously.

“I need it now,” she moaned, and then bit her lower lip. “Right now.”

“How do we do this?” I asked. Even if she could stretch wide enough to take me, the logistics of how to get that far weren’t obvious.

She quickly got on the bed and laid on her side, lifting one leg into the air. “Just like this,” she said, still pleasuring herself.

“How do I—“

She interrupted. “Don’t get on the bed yet, just point it down and start putting it in me, and then get on the bed and get behind me. Hurry!”

I followed her instructions. I stepped away from the foot of the bed, pointed my cock at Beth, and slowly walked towards the bed, aiming as best I could. Beth grabbed my glans with both hands once I got close to her pussy and helped direct me until I was pressed right up against her. I didn’t see how this could possibly work—to stretch her open, I had to at least be able to get an inch or two in first, didn’t I? I was so thick now that even the very tip of my cock was far bigger than her slit—it was like pushing a basketball up against her; it seemed like it would just slide right off.

“Push!” she cried.

Snapped out of my disbelief, I pushed. To my amazement, her snatch started opening wider and wider, stretching until I had half my glans inside her lips. It felt like it was actually pulling me in! She didn't just have a bulge in her tummy this time—her pussy was actually wrapped tight around my pole, like the rim of a condom. It didn't even seem like my rod was inside her abdomen so much as on top of it; it was as if her body had a hidden pocket just below the skin, and I was filling it up, stretching it out. I kept working my way closer—although she had managed to stretch open for me, there was still a lot of resistance and it was almost painfully tight—eventually getting on the bed and inching closer to Beth on my knees. I watched as the distension caused by my impossible pole kept moving up her body until it reached her sternum. At that point, as she stretched further the top of the bulge moved away from her body—it really did look like I was wearing the front of Beth's body as a condom, her flesh stretching vertically as I kept penetrating her deeper and deeper. Finally I got far enough to lie down on my side, and pushed the last ten inches or so into Beth, until I was spooning her from behind, both of us lying on our right side. My cock, at its thickest point, was quite a bit wider than Beth was, and her tits were pushed to either side. I caressed the upper and lower breasts on her left side.

“How is it?”

Beth had been moaning but now she was fairly quiet, and shivering slightly.

“It's so good—I'm cumming. I've been cumming since you started,” she said in a plaintive tone. A shudder went up her body just afterwards. I could tell it was true—her breasts had expanded visibly since we started.

I kissed her neck and started to give her a slow stroke. “You like that?” I asked. “Nice and slow, gentle to start.”

“I love it,” she whispered. “Make love to me, Erica. Just like this. I want you to be inside me all night.”

I kept going like that for a while, gentle and tender, sharing a moment of closeness and affection with Beth. I really did like her, profoundly. I felt like I might be falling in love, even, and it felt good. We fell into a sort of mutual trance, lost in the rhythm of our love-making, my heavy breathing, her moans. She loved to stroke my cock through her stretched stomach—sometimes she would even wrap her arms around it in a sort of hug. My first orgasm came after three or four minutes.

“I'm gonna cum,” I grunted.

“Mmmm cum inside me, Erica. I want to feel it fill me up. I want to feel it come pouring out of me!”

Seconds later my body tensed up, and I stopped thrusting as the first massive gush of semen flowed out of me. Beth distended even more, the tip of her bulge expanding slightly as it filled with my cum. The amount was absolutely torrential, and I could feel the hot, sticky fluid as it filled up her cunt from top to bottom, coating my prick inside of her, adding warm lubrication to her already-drenched pussy. My orgasm seemed to go on forever—each spurt was almost

three ounces of fluid, and there were more than 30 in total, which made my climax last about two minutes. My breasts were spurting jizz as well, making Beth's back and my chest slippery and sticky at the same time, in that way that only cum can. By the time I was finished, both our legs were fully coated with my spunk, and the comforter was soaked. For a minute or two we just laid there, warm and sticky while I held Beth tightly and she held the massive bulge that extended out in front of her.

"Can you turn around to face me?" I asked.

"I think so," she said.

Beth turned to her right, rotating around my cock like a wheel around an axle. It felt incredible, and she stopped twice to cum before finally facing me. My cock—with Beth's distended stomach wrapped tightly around it—was now between us, but we leaned to the side a bit and were able to meet for a long, powerful kiss. I was able to see now how much her tits had grown during our brief session—she had clearly gained quite a few cup-sizes.

"You got a lot bigger!" I said, stating the obvious.

Beth laughed. "I sure did. You really did a number on me. How do you like them?"

"They're fantastic. I have a feeling they'll be a lot bigger before we're done tonight, though."

"Hmmm, I think you might be right."

We nuzzled together and I gave Beth a peck on the cheek.

"I absolutely love having sex like this, by the way," I said. "Completely stretching you out like this, I mean. It's not even like I'm in you so much as you're wrapped around me. Does that make sense?."

"I love it too," Beth said, and then flashed an adorable smile. "You're wearing me like a condom, pretty much. Do you like that? Having me to be your very own human condom?" My cock twitched involuntarily at that—it was inexplicably arousing. Beth felt it and laughed. "Clearly you do! I'm glad."

"Well, I have to admit, you were right. I definitely want this to be my permanent size at some point. But, hey, let's test your theory now."

"How?" Beth asked.

"I'll see if I can change your powers."

"Why would we do that, though? I love what my breast milk does—and you do too, don't you?"

"Of course, but I had an idea in the hot tub, actually. What if the milk in each of your breasts did something different?"



“How so?”

“Like, milk from your top right breast will still do what it always does. But the milk from each of your other breasts will do something unique, like different flavors of soda coming out of different taps on the machine, sort of.”

Beth mulled it over. “That could be good. Did you have anything in mind?”

“I was thinking your top left could still make cocks bigger, but the effects would be immediate, less powerful, and permanent from the jump. So, instead of getting huge and then shrinking down, I’d just get consistently, slowly bigger if I suckled from that one. And then your bottom left could be like Hilde’s milk, and make me cum way more, and then the bottom right one could make my tits bigger. We’re all out of your sister’s cum and I’m really getting antsy to get bustier. I’m way behind the rest of you.”

“You know, I actually like that. It’s a good idea. But won’t Hilde feel a little upset if I have her ability too? She won’t be as unique.”

“I really doubt she’ll mind,” I said. “Plus, I should be allowed to show some favoritism to my girlfriend, shouldn’t I?”

“I can’t argue with that,” Beth said, and smiled in a way that made my stomach flutter.

“OK, here goes nothing.”

I put my hands on Beth’s breasts, locked lips with her, and formed the thoughts in my mind. This time, once I had laid it all out in my head, I felt the familiar surge of power flow through me and into her—through my hands, my lips, and my cock all at once. It was so much stronger than I’d ever felt it before, and we both shivered in mutual climax when it happened.

After we both finished and calmed down, I repositioned us missionary-style and put my hands around Beth’s bottom-left breast. Then I realized I wanted the one on *my* left, and grabbed the one on her bottom right instead.

“This might take some getting used to,” I said.

“Well, I won’t mind any mistakes you might make.”

I loved when she looked mischievous.

I put my lips to her nipple and started sucking. As soon as the first drops hit my throat, I felt the effect in my breasts, which grew warm and felt like they were being caressed all over. I gave a muffled whimper of pleasure and suckled harder. My face was buried in the soft flesh of Beth’s enormous teat, and my body was pressed against hers—the more I drank, the more I felt my breasts push against her and try to lift me away. I drank more and more, ravenous for her milk; this tasted even better than usual, and I was so eager to grow.

Beth didn’t attempt to stop me as I slurped from her bosom, milk sometimes spilling out from between my lips and running down the curve of her tremendous mammary. I could tell I was getting huge—I could feel it, not just from the weight and the pressure and all that, but

*innately* I felt it—and it thrilled me, made me eager to get even bigger. I didn't open my eyes, didn't care how big I got. I was going to get as massive as I could.

And that's exactly what I did. I drank from Beth's breast until it was completely drained. When it was finally done, I opened my eyes. I looked up at her, and saw her expression of profound satisfaction and arousal—she was clearly pleased with how far I'd gone. I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, and got on my knees. Then I sat up, straddling Beth while kneeling. As I did, the weight became immediately obvious—as usual, I had no trouble moving, but I could *feel* the weight perfectly, and it was shocking. Even before I looked down, I could see them in my peripheral vision quite clearly—they totally obscured the bottom third of my visual field. When I looked down and saw them for real, I couldn't help but laugh. It was absurd, totally ridiculous. Not in a bad way—not bad in the slightest—but I laughed in the way you laugh at things that are totally unbelievable or fill you with overwhelming (but positive) emotion because your brain simply doesn't know what else to do.

“These are fucking insane,” I said.

“They're fucking sexy is what they are,” Beth retorted.

Despite how phenomenally round and perky they still were—I was glad to see I had retained that ostentatious, fake-looking shape—they hung down low enough to rest partially on the bulge of my cock in Beth's stomach; at their lowest point they hung just a couple inches above my pussy. They jutted out absurdly in front of me, nearly a foot-and-a-half, and stuck out about a foot past my torso on either side. The weight though—the weight was truly phenomenal, and actually quite arousing. If it weren't for supernatural forces, I would have been anchored to the ground. I was pretty sure that, together, they weighed more than the rest of me did, probably by at least 20 pounds.

My nipples, which were hard as diamond, had to be a good nine inches long by themselves, and were deliciously thick. They were like two big, hard, juicy cocks sticking out of my breasts—in spirit, that is. Thankfully they still looked like normal nipples, except for their absurd size and unusual stiffness. They started dripping precum as I admired them, big thick globs that I could tell meant my breasts were now capable of shooting huge loads of spunk. I was thrilled. I grabbed one in each hand and began stroking them as if they were cocks. I loved the feel of their thickness and hardness, and the oozing pre quickly made them, and my hands, quite slippery.

“Want me to drench you in tit-cum?” My voice was breathy and ragged as I asked Beth, already nearing climax.

“Fuck yes! Shoot those titty loads all over me. Give me a facial with your enormous fucking breasts, Erica. I want your tits to spray cum over every inch of me!”

Beth knew just way to say to drive me crazy, and within seconds of her dirty-talk I was cumming fiercely from cock and tits alike. The amount was incredible—each of my tits was able to shoot several *cups* of semen in powerful, thick geysers that didn't come in spurts but in one steady stream that ebbed and flowed. I leaned over Beth, pointing my nipples in her face, letting

the gush of tit-cum coat her completely in just seconds. She reached up, grabbed one of my nipples and pulled me forcefully towards her, taking it in her mouth and sucking down the jizz until it came spilling and spurting out of her mouth, the flow of semen too much for any woman to handle. She coughed and sputtered and I sat up and directed the last of my ejaculate over her torso, still wrapped around my cock like a human condom, and her own large breasts.

My tits finished climaxing well before my cock, given their individually smaller loads and rapid ejection—though together they expelled almost as much as my cock did. When my breast-climax subsided, I collapsed on top of Beth and shuddered with each remaining pulse as it traveled up my rod until all my orgasms were finally over.

“That. Was. Incredible.” I panted.

Beth let out a contented sigh. “Let’s go again.”

I couldn’t help but laugh, and we both broke into giggles for a moment. When it passed though, I found myself agreeing with her.

“You’re not sore yet or anything?” I asked.

“Look at me, Erica. I’m stretched out like a balloon around your dick—you think a body that can do this can even get sore?”

It was a fair point. “I’ve got an idea, then,” I said.

Before she could ask or protest, I grabbed hold of Beth’s top left breast and latched on.

“Oh you bitch—” Beth started to protest once she realized what I was doing, but before she could get any farther her speech gave way to moans of ecstasy.

I didn’t reply; I just kept drinking Beth’s milk, this time from the breast that caused steady, permanent growth without the temporary hyperactive boost. Every inch I was going to add was going to be a permanent inch—and I was going to add them while still inside Beth. The sensation for her as I started growing was obviously incredible, because she had gone completely primal, writhing and vocalizing loudly without saying any actual words. She tried to push me away from her fat, milk-gushing teat a few times, but her body was helpless in the face of my sensual assault on it. I started rhythmically pumping while I nursed at Beth’s nipple, feeling myself stretch her further and further as I grew longer with each thrust. It was driving her wild, and her orgasms were clearly coming fast and in bunches, because I could see her breasts growing before my eyes—something that was normally hard to see. Clearly, when it came to pleasing Beth, size did matter. I didn’t let go of her breast—or stop drinking its sweet milk—until I felt the tip of my cock bump against the headboard of the bed through Beth’s stretched skin.

By that point, my dick was about a foot wide, and a couple inches longer than she was tall. It really was person-sized now, and it was so heavy I worried the bed might break. The fact that I could still thrust with it—that is, move such tremendous weight—was solely dependent on magic. I realized with some chagrin that I wasn’t really going in and out of Beth so much as just

moving her forward and back along with my member, not that she seemed to care. Still, for my own pleasure I grabbed Beth's legs and held her body still as I pistoned my enormous organ in and out of her pussy. As much pleasure as she had been in already, clearly she enjoyed this even more; it was apparent from the way her breasts practically leapt off her chest, surging with sudden, faster-paced growth. Seeing that brought me very close to another climax—I closed my eyes and stopped pumping, trying to regain my composure. Beth whimpered.

After a few tense moments, I successfully held in my load and bent down once more to put my lips around one of Beth's nipples. This time, it was her bottom left breast that I suckled from, and it was burgeoning with milk—as soon as I touched the thick brown nub with my tongue, breast milk started squirting out of it, splashing against my lips and chin. As I drank, I felt my sack stretch and my testicles swell, pressure building inside my scrotum, groin, and cock as I filled with jizz. I drank hungrily from Beth, enthralled as I felt more and more spunk accumulate within me—it set all my nerve endings alight with pleasure, every inch of skin tingling with ecstasy. I had been kneeling on the bed, my legs spread quite wide to accommodate my parking-column sized cock, but now I was being lifted fully off the bed by my expanding testes. My hips and ass were lifting into the air, angling me forward into a doggy-style position—I was still latched onto Beth's nipple and suckling like my life depended on it. By the time I finally let go, I found myself sitting on a pair of balls that were bigger than my breasts!

My scrotum was stretched tight, and I felt huge wads of cum start to travel down the length of my shaft—I wasn't having an orgasm, but I was so overfilled with jizz that it was now gushing out of me and into Beth's distended cunt. It was only then that I realized my breasts had swelled too—not nearly as much as my balls, but substantially nonetheless. They hadn't actually grown in the sense of adding tissue; they were just so engorged with semen that they'd become taut and fully spherical, and my cock-like nipples were leaking cum just the same as my actual penis. The stuff was falling in huge globs all over Beth, making loud, wet plops as it splattered her. I couldn't hold it in much longer.

With some effort and quite awkwardly, I managed to push my balls back behind me and stand up on the bed. I still had Beth by the legs, and I started turning her around my cock until she was on top of it, and I could fuck her from behind. I gripped her shins with white-knuckled force, and pounded her as hard and fast as I could—it wasn't all that fast, but it was astonishingly hard. The bed broke, its supportive slats giving out with a chorus of sharp cracks. It shouldn't have been all that surprising, given that I now weighed over a thousand pounds, thanks to my freakishly enlarged breasts, cock, and balls, but the sudden drop put me over the edge. I was so monstrously big and powerful that I had broken Beth's bed—her very expensive, very well-made, very sturdy bed—with the force of my fucking. That was the realization that pushed me to climax.

It's impossible for me to really articulate what it feels like to have gallons of ejaculate gushing from your body, flowing out in a geyser of sexual release. Obviously there was erotic pleasure, my cock, tits, and pussy on fire with ecstatic sensation far beyond what any normal person could ever feel. There was more to it than just that, however; the relief of pressure was incredible. I don't know what kind of PSI the contents of my breasts and balls were under, but

I'm pretty certain it easily eclipsed that of a car tire. It was a combinatory feeling—partly the fulfillment and satisfaction of consummating profound sexual desire, finally achieving reprieve from all-consuming lust, and partly something like the pleasure of pissing, but obviously far more intense. A normal human being (one with a penis, anyway) doesn't really *feel* the cum moving through their dick when they climax, or not much. I, however, was pumping out a jet-stream of high-pressure spunk through my epic hermaphrodite cock. It's not just that I could feel it—it was one of the most extreme sensations of the whole experience.

Based on measurements I'd take later, I now figure that I shot around 55 gallons of jizz. To give you an idea of what that's like, filling an average bathtub halfway (the right amount to take a bath in) takes between 40 to 50 gallons of water. My cock had basically become a tub faucet—albeit spurting instead of streaming, and at significantly higher pressure. That sensation of hot cum shooting through my rod actually triggered secondary climaxes, leading to a sort of sine-wave of delight; I experienced unbelievable peaks of pleasure where the ejaculations of multiple simultaneous orgasms overlapped in massive eruptions, and relative calm during the troughs where most or all of them ebbed.

The cum shooting out of my engorged tits only added to the kaleidoscope of sensation, each one capable of ejecting five gallons of spunk all over Beth. And the bed. And the walls. She was loving it as much as I was. My semen was oozing out of her twat, but not fast enough to prevent her belly from filling like a balloon. She was still wrapped painfully snug around my dick's base, where her tight ring of muscle locked me in, but further up the stretched cylinder of her tunnel was expanding rapidly as it filled with my jizz. Her skin grew taut and shiny as she became increasingly spherical, making it look like she was about six years pregnant, and probably with octuplets at that. At a certain point, I could no longer discern the shape of my rod inside her bloated, stretched, beautifully round abdomen. I have to say, it was surprisingly erotic; she actually looked fantastic that way.

Ejecting that much semen takes a while. My squirts were enormous—each one was more than ten ounces of cum—and they came only half-a-second apart, but it still took over five minutes to shoot my entire load. More than 350 ropes of jizz came out of me in those three minutes. It was incapacitating, to say the least. For those of you with male equipment reading this, just try to imagine that: your cock pulsing with massive ejaculations twice per second, non-stop for five minutes. It's mind-blowing. Even after it was over, it felt like an eternity before either of us could speak, or move, or think.

Beth spoke up first: "I think we're gonna have to sleep somewhere else."

I looked around the room, acknowledging for the first time its ruination. The bed was destroyed, everything was splattered with cum, and Beth and I were both completely drenched in my fluids, which were still seeping out of her pussy. It looked like somebody had dunked us both in pancake batter.

"Just maybe."

We both laughed, and began the process of getting ourselves ready for actual sleep. I pulled out of Beth, with great effort and a few more orgasms on her part, and we carefully navigated our enlarged bodies into her bathroom where we could clean ourselves up. Beth's bathroom had a generously-sized shower, but even so each of us now found it cramped—me especially. Still, we managed to make ourselves relatively spunk-free before tip-toeing out of the destroyed bedroom and down the hall to one of Beth's many vacant guest rooms. Again, with much caution and careful maneuvering, we managed to get into bed and snuggle together under the covers. I was on my side, facing Beth, who had wrapped herself around my warm, permanently-hard cock, as if it were some giant teddy bear. We were both drowsy from the late hour and the exhausting intensity of our sex.

Beth yawned. "We're gonna have to figure some things out tomorrow, Erica," she said.

"What do you mean? Is something wrong?"

"No. Well, not really. Just, first you and Hilde broke the floor in my library, and now we broke my bed and drenched my whole room in jizz, and we're both sporting pretty ungainly equipment—"

"Did I take things too far? Are you mad?"

"Of course not, babe." She gave the underside of my rod a wet smooch for emphasis. "I love it as much as you do. Maybe more; I mean, I've known my whole life that I could give into these kinds of desires. This stuff may have been fantasy for you, but it's been very real temptation for me, and now I finally feel able to embrace it because there's that safety valve of knowing you can change me back if you need to."

"OK, you were making me worried," I said, and gave a nervous laugh.

"Don't worry about a thing, Erica. I'm really enjoying everything since you showed up in my life—but if we're going to continue down this path, I need things to be more planned and organized. I'm normally a pretty cautious person, actually. And I like that you've pushed me out of my comfort zone, but we can't be totally impulsive about this. We're gonna need support if we're going to live this way. I can't just have my family pay for everything, so we'll need money, and we'll need to get school to accommodate you and Jen, and I haven't even thought of everything else. What do you say—conversation tomorrow? It'll be painless, I promise."

"Anything you need, darling," I said, affecting a slight accent on the epithet.

Beth chuckled. "Good. Oh, and one last thing..."

"Yeah?"

"I've been thinking—I *really* want to know what it's like to have a dick. I want to know what it's like to be you, and I want to be inside you. I think it'd make us closer if we could both experience both sides of it."

I was starting to get pretty sleepy—otherwise I might have chosen my response more carefully.

“I don’t know, Beth. I like you being female. I’m very dominant; I don’t like to bottom very often. I like being in charge when we have sex.”

“Oh.”

I yawned. “You cool with that?”

“Yeah. Fine. Nevermind.”

“Night, babe.”

Beth didn’t say anything, and I started drifting off to sleep. If I had been more alert, I’m sure I would have noticed the upset in her tone, but at the time I was totally oblivious. Until the next morning, anyway.

When I woke up, I was alone in the guest bedroom, and after I adjusted to consciousness I realized that my penis had shrunk back down—much more than I had expected, however. I got up, called for Beth, but she wasn’t around. I went back to her bedroom, and saw that the bed was still broken but the jizz avalanche had been cleaned up. I also found what I had come for, which was the measuring tape from the previous night. It turned out I had shrunk all the way back down to about 32 inches long and 21 around. Definitely a lot bigger than before, but it was odd—I knew I’d added close to two feet in permanent length the night before, from when I drank from Beth’s top left breast, plus however much growth would stick around from the effects of her top right breast’s milk. And yet, I was only eight inches longer. I was *at least* a foot shy of where I should’ve been. More perplexing, my balls hadn’t shrunk nearly as much as my dick. Thankfully, my tits were still exactly as gigantic as I remembered them. They were magnificent, in fact, and I started stroking my nipples as I admired them.

My boobs now stuck out so far from my chest that it wasn’t the easiest thing to reach my absurdly-long nipples, but that difficulty only added to my arousal. Within seconds, the four-inch-long nubs started to elongate and harden, but as they did I felt a sudden throb in my cock.

Wide-eyed, I watched as my dick started to swell. It didn’t feel or look quite like my experiences with actual expansion; it felt like getting an erection. I quickly moved my hands from my nipples to the base of my rod and started stroking it, eager to see how big it would get. I relished the feeling of it—it was so nice to know that I could get hard-ons again. It seems a bit odd to call it an erection given that my cock was permanently hard already, but I don’t know what else to call it. I was going from a “normal” state to an aroused, bigger, harder, more engorged state. Even if it was just going from erect to more-erect, it was a pleasurable relief to have that feeling of escalation back.

All that stroking and rubbing was rewarded with a pulsating monstrosity that was closer to the size I had expected from the night before. It was already drooling precum, but I wanted to measure before going into the bathroom to rub one out. It was quite difficult—to measure my penis, I had to hold it close against my body so that the tip would be within reach, but that made it hard to get the tape measure where I needed it. Eventually I got a measurement, though I’m

sure it was a bit imprecise: 49 inches long. Girth was easier to measure: 28-and-1/4. So, over four feet long and over two in circumference. Pretty damn huge, if I say so myself. Those numbers put me in such a state of arousal that once I got into the bathroom, it only took me a few seconds to reach climax and unload three quarts of jizz into the tub over the course of two minutes before I washed it down the drain and took a shower. I would've measured my bust, too, but it had clearly become a two-woman task.

I went downstairs afterwards—naked, as I didn't know where to find any clothes that might fit me, if Beth even had any. No kitchen smells greeted me, nor any evidence of the other girls. I poured myself a bowl of cereal and wandered around until I found Jen sunbathing outside. I slid open the glass door and walked over to her.

“Hey you!”

She pulled off her sunglasses and looked up at me.

“Hey. So, I take it you and Beth went on a real expansion bender last night?” she said, patting her own gigantic chest to emphasize the point.

“Oh God, that's right, you're connected to my size!”

“Yup. Hilde sure appreciated it last night!” Jen said with a laugh and a wide grin.

I could see why. Jen's twin cocks hung down off the end of her beach chair and onto the concrete. Each one had to be about four feet long. Her breasts were absolutely massive, and hung heavily over the sides of her chair.

“How big are your tits now?”

“Dunno, haven't measured 'em yet. Fuckin' big though. When I stand up they're almost down to my knees. And the cocks are just ridiculous. You know mine don't get super hard or stand up vertical at all, so it's been a little difficult to get around. I actually spent the night out here with Hilde.”

“Huh. I'll have to think of a solution to that, I guess.”

“You better! I mean, this is hot and all, but I'm not interested in being immobilized.”

“Your tits don't keep you from moving?”

“No, although I can tell they're crazy heavy. Whatever magic you used on me lets me walk around with them despite the weight. Each one weighs like, at least twice what I do, I'm pretty sure. I wouldn't be surprised if they're 500 pounds together.”

“Jesus! But your cocks slow you down?”

“Not 'cause of the weight. They're just really awkward. You try dragging four feet of flaccid dick around on the ground—it's not ideal. And when I'm hard it's even more ridiculous.”

“Hmm, good point. Alright, I'll think of something. How's Hilde?”



“Oh, she’s great. So fucking hot. We didn’t milk her until this morning, and by then she was even bustier than I am. I was able to get pretty deep inside her tits, which is pretty much the best thing. I do have to thank you for that.”

“And she’s happy with the changes?”

“Sure seems like it. She was definitely happy last night when I had her screaming my name.”

I laughed. “How is it that you’ve had a penis for like a week and you already sound like more of a dude than I ever have?”

“What can I say? I’m just a ladies’ man, I guess.” Jen smiled and put her sunglasses back on, and I shook my head.

“Alright, well you go enjoy yourself; I’m gonna go find Beth.”

“Ohhhh, I should tell you—she’s kinda pissed at you.”

“She is? Why?”

“She didn’t say. She was definitely in a bad mood, though, and I figure it’s probably your fault. I think she’s in the library by the way.”

“Yeah, thanks. Well, I better go find out then. See you.”

Jen waved and I went back inside to search for my apparently-pissed off girlfriend. I thought back to the night before and tried to figure out what would have made her mad. Unfortunately my exhaustion towards the end left that part foggy and me without a clue.

When I found Beth, she was standing naked in the library with a cellphone to her ear, turned away from the doorway.

“OK, thank you, I’ll let you know soon. OK, you too. Bye.”

“Knock knock,” I said.

Beth turned around and I marveled at her expansive physique. Now that I was seeing her standing up and in the daylight, I could tell that her breasts were probably a bit larger than mine, though more naturally-shaped—and of course there were four of them, making her total bust far heavier and larger than my own. Her lower pair hung down to pussy-level, and the upper pair sat high atop them. My cock throbbed and started swelling. I smiled.

“Wow, you look *fantastic*, babe! And look, you’re making me hard—I get erections again! I mean, I’m still always hard, but it gets bigger and smaller now.”

“That’s great, Erica,” Beth said, but her tone was curt.

“Is something wrong?” I asked.

“As a matter of fact, something is wrong. I’ve been on the phone all morning trying to figure out how much it’s going to cost to fix the library floor that you and Hilde broke. This is all exotic hardwood. It’s not cheap, and I have to get the foundation inspected for structural damage.”

I grimaced and averted my eyes, looking to the floor. My penis had started shrinking back to “normal” size—arousal was no longer at the front of my mind. Instead of apologizing, I tried to deflect.

“I thought money wasn’t really an issue for you, though?” I tried to sound deferent, but I could still tell how insensitive it sounded once I said it.

Beth walked up to me and poked me hard in the chest. “And how do you think my family got that way, exactly? By being frivolous and wasting money left and right? Just because I was born into wealth doesn’t mean I don’t know its value, or that I never worry about it! I’m supposed to uphold and maintain my family’s prosperity, not throw it away.”

“OK, Jesus! It was just a question, don’t get so bent out of shape.”

“I think I’m well within my right to get bent out of shape, Erica. You’re being really cavalier about everything, and I’ve probably encouraged that, but let’s not forget that I’ve only known you for two weeks—and you’re already comfortable spending my family’s money?” Beth sucked her teeth in disapproval. “No way. You need to take some responsibility.”

“Last night you were telling me it’d all be fine and we’d work it out, and you’re glad about everything that’s happened, and now you’re calling me a gold-digger? What the fuck, Beth?”

Beth looked like she was about to blow up at me, but then closed her mouth and inhaled deeply through her nose.

“I don’t like getting angry like this, but you really made me upset, Erica. You’re right, I did say those things—but then when I asked you to give me a dick, you just brushed it off because *you* would prefer it if I didn’t have one. It made me feel like you don’t even appreciate everything I’m doing for you, because you don’t feel the need to reciprocate and do something for *me*.

“Listen, I do like you Erica, and this has been really great so far. But I feel like you’re being kind of selfish, which is one thing that always bothers me.”

I stood silent for a while—I almost fired back a rebuttal, but I knew she was right. It would’ve been so typical for me to keep arguing rather than admit any error on my part, but seeing Beth upset activated some nobler corner of my brain. Here she was, the girl I’d always been waiting for—was I really going to indulge my bad habits, or was I going to try to be better?

“You’re right, Beth. I’m really sorry—you’ve been amazing, and I don’t want you to feel like this is a one-way street,” I said, taking her hands in mine. “I owe you so much already, and you’ve opened yourself up so much despite the fact that we really just met. With how fast

everything's been moving, I kind of forgot about that. You should have exactly the body you want, and I was a jerk for just thinking about what *I* want you to look like."

"Thank you, Erica," she said, and smiled.

She looked relieved. Clearly the possibility that I was going to turn out to be a self-centered tool had been weighing on her mind. I was glad that she felt better, but realizing that I had made her that concerned stung me. Just as the self-pity was starting to build, though, Beth leaned in, pressing her ample, soft body against mine, and kissed me. When I felt her full, warm lips touch mine, and her tongue move into my mouth, all my negativity melted away.

"So we're OK?" I asked.

"Yeah, we're OK. But we really do need to figure out a way to earn some cash, and I think we're going to need to hire some help besides Hilde. I don't think any of us can dress ourselves anymore, for one thing, and the bigger we get the more assistance we're going to need."

"So we are going to get bigger, then?" I couldn't help myself.

"Hah! You're incorrigible. But, yes, I think it's clear that none of us are very good at resisting that particular urge. Speaking of, how about that new cock?"

"Oh, you want me to transform you right now?"

"Sure, why not?"

"I just figured you wouldn't be in the mood yet, since you were so upset with me."

"I'm really not the kind of person to stay mad, Erica. I was upset, but I believe you meant what you said, and it's all I wanted to hear. As long as we can work together as a team, and as long as we reciprocate, then I'll be happy."

"You know what? I'm really lucky to have met you."

Beth smiled and squeezed my hand. "Thank you."

Letting go of one hand, I held on to the other and led her to the cozy armchair and helped her sit down.

"OK, so, I think I have an idea for what to do with you that will make us both happy. A bit of a compromise—what do you say?"

"Well, will I have a huge cock when all's said and done?"

"Oh, definitely."

"Then do your thing."

I closed my eyes and developed this new image of Beth in my mind. It was one of the more complex changes I'd attempted, and my cock started expanding as the power welled up

within me. Soon, I was fully engorged, and I had everything thought out in detail. I opened my eyes to look at Beth, and felt the spark of magic pass through me and into her.

“Oooooohhh, fuck that feels good,” she said, closing her eyes as my energy changed her. It only took a moment, and then the transformation was complete.

“So, do you feel anything different?” I asked.

Beth looked at her lap—but of course it was entirely covered by her enormous chest. She shoved a hand under her bosom and between her legs, searching for her new rod.

“Where is it? I don’t feel it.”

“Just close your eyes and pay attention to the way your body feels. There should be something different, down there.”

Beth leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes. She was silent for a few moments as she scanned her body for changes—until I saw her start grinning.

“Found it?”

“I think so! Hold on, let me see if this works. Help me up.”

I pulled Beth out of her chair, and then backed up so I could get a good look at her whole body. My own cock was still at its peak size and was now steadily leaking precum. I watched as she started rubbing her clit eagerly with one hand, whispering “come on, come on,” to herself, head back and eyes closed.

“Oh shit! I can feel it!”

Instinctively, I started stroking both of my nipples as I saw the lips of Beth’s pussy start to spread apart and a fat, dark glans emerged from between them. It was slow at first, as Beth’s organ pushed through the tight opening—until the head fully emerged, at which point the rest of the cock leapt out of her cunt like it was spring-loaded, and Beth moaned.

“It’s perfect!” I squealed with delight.

Beth’s cock was fully erect and throbbing beautifully—at the base, it curved upward sharply as it came out of her pussy so that it could stand nearly vertical like my own penis. I hadn’t specified the exact dimensions of her new member, because I was curious what her body would naturally do, just like mine and Jen’s had developed their own unique genital configuration. Beth’s was incredibly thick, and chocolaty-smooth, with only one or two visible veins. It looked about nine or ten inches long, but was about as thick as my calf—its girth had to be significantly bigger than its length.

She took it in both hands and traced every square inch of it with her fingers. It still wasn’t quite big enough for her to be able to see it past the obscuring curve of her bosom.

“Do you like it?”

“It feels amazing! I’d always tried to imagine what it’d be like to have one of these, but now I realize there’s really no way to know except by having one. And putting it inside of me was genius—can I just make it come out like that whenever I want?”

“Yup, it’s totally in your control. You just move it like any other part of your body. You don’t even have to be hard, if you’d prefer to just let it hang out.”

Beth laughed. “I don’t know about that, but maybe. Does it get any bigger, though? I mean, I can tell it’s really fat, but I kind of thought it would be longer than this. I was hoping it’d be more like yours and Jen’s.”

I stepped forward and pushed up against Beth. I pushed her hands away from her cock and started gently stroking the underside.

“You tell me.”

Before she could respond, her eyes fluttered and a moan escaped her lips—and I felt her cock stiffen and surge outward, adding an inch in one sudden pulse. I started stroking harder, with both hands. Another massive throb followed within half a minute, and pre started oozing down her shaft. It wasn’t clear or thin like normal precum, though, but incredibly thick and sticky. I quickly brought one hand to my mouth and licked the sweet goo off my fingers before continuing to jerk Beth off.

“Come on, you can get bigger than that for me, can’t you?” I purred.

Beth nodded, biting her lip. “Yes! Yes I’m going to get so fucking huge for you, and then I’m going to fuck your brains out!”

My nipples were rock-hard by then, and pressed firmly into the soft, welcoming flesh of Beth’s hyper-developed tits, and they started gushing in anticipation as soon as she said that. Meanwhile, I kept stroking her enormously fat fuckpole, which was growing in surges every thirty seconds or so. By the fifth surge, she was big enough that her cock had emerged from within the warm envelopment of her cleavage and was now visible to her—about fifteen or sixteen inches long. It was shockingly girthy, and I could tell that the way it stretched her cunt open, even though it was smaller at the base, was giving Beth plenty of pleasure.

“Oh fuck, I think I’m gonna cum!”

As soon as Beth said that, I took my hands off her dick and stepped back. A big glob of jizz emerged and oozed down her shaft, but a full orgasm was averted.

“Hey, why’d you do that? I was just about to cum,” she whined.

“Exactly—I don’t want you to cum yet, because it’ll make your cock smaller again. I made it so that your dick doesn’t fill up with blood; it fills up with jizz instead. Each of those big pulses you felt, when you got bigger? They’re like smaller, internal orgasms.”

“Wait, so, my cock gets hard because it’s pumped full of cum at high pressure?”

“Brilliant, isn’t it?” I asked, grinning.

“It is, actually! You are truly a freak, Erica. I love it. So, how—ohhhhhhh!”

She was cut off as another pulse of cum filled her rod and caused it to expand; this time it was actually more than one pulse, just as if she were ejecting multiple ropes of jizz. Her cock flexed hard against her body and bulged appetizingly with each expanding spurt.

“Wow, that one had to add three inches!” I said.

“Holy shit, it feels better every time.”

“That’s because they get bigger every time.”

“Of course they would, you perv. I was going to ask though, how do I control all this? How do I manage my size to my preference?”

“Well, once you’ve made your dick come out, it’ll grow no matter what you do. It’s just a matter of how fast it grows—which depends on how aroused you get. You don’t actually have to even stroke it or have anyone touch it; the hornier you are, the faster the pressure will build up and culminate in one of those growth spurts.”

Beth nodded. “I can feel it right now, the pressure in my groin. It goes down every time I grow, but then it starts building again. In fact, I can tell it’s about to go off again,” she said, and started rubbing the shiny head until another shuddering wave of pleasure coursed through her and her cock swelled proudly. “Jesus, it really is getting huge!”

“Trust me, it can get really, *really* huge. You’re not even close yet.”

“I hope not! I’m only, what, half as long as you?”

“Ehh, a fair bit less than that. But look, you’re already as thick as I am!” I pressed my cock up against Beth’s for comparison. They were almost exactly the same girth. “I didn’t specify what your proportions would be, so I guess that’s just your natural shape.”

“That makes sense,” she said. “My sister and my aunt are both hung like that—super thick. So, what happens when I come?”

“All the jizz stored up in your cock gets ejaculated when you climax,” I explained. “Well, not *all* of it. Not usually. Depends on how strong your orgasm is, but I think usually you’ll lose at least half your volume, or more if it’s really intense.”

“So the bigger I get first, the more I cum?”

“Yeah. Which is why I want you to get a lot bigger before I let you cum.”

Beth grinned and stroked her rod slowly with both hands. “I’m dying to put this thing inside you. Why don’t you bend over on that chair?”

“Ah ah ah, hold your horses. No need to rush things. Let’s go upstairs—we can go in your bathroom. That way the mess will be easy to clean up. Besides, we should savor this. It’s your first time with your new dick, after all.”

Beth moaned and shuddered in response, her cock swelling in her hands. When she caught her breath, she said: “Alright, but we better get up there quick, before I’m too big to move!”

“Just try to stay relaxed and keep your mind off of it—and your hands too. Trust me; I’m gonna make sure you truly enjoy this.”

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