

SWEET TOOTH

By The Light Fantastic

“You really shouldn’t be eating sugar, you know.”

Philia stopped chewing for a moment, her chin and cheeks dusted with a coating of cinnamon and sugar. The woman standing next to her was tall and willowy, with a harsh brown ponytail, dressed in workout gear. She held a lunchbox full of an array of sliced carrot and celery.

“Excuse me?” Philia had stepped outside of the office building to enjoy a doughnut to herself. The woman pointed very meaningfully at it.

“That. Sugar is a poison, you know. It’s why everyone’s so sick nowadays. Everything’s sweet, packed with sugar. It’s also why you’re- uh, that is-”

Philia’s eyes narrowed above her little upturned nose. The plump woman stood up, brushing the dust from her clothes. “Why I’m what?”

The thin intruder coughed. “Well, you know. Like you are. You’d find it so much easier to keep weight off if you gave up sugar.”

Philia pointedly shoved the rest of the doughnut into her mouth, staring as she chewed it down. “Okay, listen here. I’m perfectly happy with “how I am” and I don’t really appreciate you coming over here and lecturing me about sugar.”

“Look, that’s wonderful, but so many people just don’t understand how *bad* it is for them to carry extra weight, and sugar’s such a huge part of that-”

Philia clapped her hands together. “All right, that’s it. I’ve been nice to you up until now. I have a wonderful relationship with sugar, and frankly I think you could learn to be closer to it too!”

As she pulled her hands apart, there was a brief sensation of vertigo, like the world was shifting slightly, before she rolled up the wrapper of her doughnut and walked away.

Cassie wandered back into the convention centre they’d been standing outside. Shaking her head. *What was that little porker’s problem, anyway? I guess she’s just self-conscious.*

Cassie knew better of course. A devotee of sugar-free vegan diets and the writer of the bestseller natural diet book *Natural Eating*, she felt it was both her pleasure and her duty to share her knowledge of health with the world. Today, she was promoting her new book at *HealthFest MidWest*, Indiana’s premier health services and diet convention.

She was feeling uncharacteristically sluggish as she made her way back to her booth – overwarm, like she’d been standing in the sun too long, even in the fairly powerful air-conditioning of the convention hall.

She slumped forward onto her hands back at her booth watching the small crowd through hooded eyes. She wiped her brow, which crinkled at the sensation that met her hand. She was sweating, despite not having worked out, and even odder, her sweat was slightly sticky. She pressed and rubbed her fingertips together, watching them tack on each other.

What the hell?

She got up, taking a deep breath, and shrugged her shoulders to resetttle her bra. It normally wasn't problem, her exercise and diet taking care of what little Mother Nature provided her, but probably because of her hot flush, it was causing her some issues at the moment.

Wiping her brow, feeling a sticky smear against her hand, she signalled to the booth next door that she had to leave for the bathroom. She shuffled uncomfortably there, noticing that not only did her bra feel strange, so did her pants.

She did a few easy stretches in front of the mirror before leaning in to examine herself. Her sweat glistened oddly, and was still bizarrely sticky. It even resisted being washed off with water, and took a fair amount of soap to shift. By the time she'd gotten back to her booth, though, still flushed, she was just as sweaty again - and it was, if anything, even thicker and stickier.

She truly realised something was wrong when she put her arm on a customer's book in order to sign it and inadvertently ripped the front page. She replaced the book, apologising profusely, and signalled again that she'd need to head to the bathroom. It was entering the relatively enclosed space of the bathroom that she also caught ascent she realised she'd been able to smell for a while - a cloying, sweet scent. Lifting up her arms to wash her face, the scent became even stronger until, with furrowed brow she tentatively licked the top of her arm.

Syrup. She hadn't tasted it in years, but she knew it immediately. Her sweat was thick, sweet and syrupy. Her underarms were starting to stick together, and she realised her bra was saturated. Shucking off her top, she stopped and stared in horror at the mirror.

She wore a fairly utilitarian white cotton sports bra. Its modest cups were now filled to bursting. Pulling it away from her chest she confirmed that, yes, it was indeed full of far more of her than she'd ever seen. In the space of an hour, she'd easily swollen up two cup sizes.

Oh god, I'm retaining water and expressing sugars. I need to see my naturopath right away - I only just got a cleanse done, but he might have a homeopathic remedy or a referral to an acupuncturist...

She splashed water on her face, trying to calm her heart and the unbearable heat, but it continued unabated. She was sweating so badly that by the time she'd washed her face clean she could already feel the stickiness building up again. The bathroom was beginning to smell like a pancake stack. Worse, she discovered that not only was she sporting a substantial pair of breasts, they were also highly sensitive. Palming one to examine it resulted in a rush of heat through her body that centred firmly on her private areas and left her gasping.

Tidying herself back up as much as possible, she made one final discovery. Her underwear and workout pants normally lay smoothly across her narrow hips. Now, though, a small amount of glistening flesh rose either side of her panty line, and her pants were definitely stretching. She really *was* swelling up.

Her agent, Dom, found her on the way back to her booth. "Cassie, you've been away from the booth a lot, are you- wow, you look uh..."

"I know, I look bloated and awful. I'm really not well."

"I wasn't going to say that, actually. You're glowing. You look upset, but, uh, not *bad* exactly? Are you doing something new today?"

Cassie fixed his gaze for a few seconds. "Are you serious? I'm blowing up like a balloon, and I'm all sticky. I must look disgusting."

He shrugged, his eyes still following up and down her body. “Whatever you say. Can you tough it out for a little while longer? We’ve got your panel later, that’s all...”

She pursed her lips and nodded. She was so hot, and the lingering tingles downstairs from her examination of her bloated breasts were affecting her - she couldn’t stop her eyes from flicking back to Dom periodically. The tingling didn’t stop, either, and as she sat sticky and flushed at her booth, it only got worse. Her boobs were definitely still growing, her overworked sports bra starting to dig in. People were starting to glance down at her cleavage – cleavage she’d never had before.

Her notice, however, was firmly on the succession of men that went past her booth. For some reason she couldn’t take her eyes off them, no matter whether they were slim hippies or cut gym rats. She normally had fairly specific tastes, but for some reason today was different – which probably meant this stupid sickness was something hormonal. Maybe she’d accidentally eaten some soy?

The pain across her chest began to distract her from her ogling. She took a deep breath, and her eyes went wide as she felt a stitch pop in her sports bra.

“Dom, this bra is *really* starting to hurt. I’m going to have to go take it off.”

Dom coughed, his eyes flicking to her body. “Uh, okay, just make it quick, all right? Panel’s in ten minutes.”

She nodded, and stood up. Not only was her bra binding her chest down savagely, but her panties were digging into her hips. The front bulged and felt strangely full as she walked, like something was stuffed down there.

Back in the bathroom again, locking herself in a cubicle, she lost her top and attempted to slide the bra off. Unfortunately she’d gotten so large that there was no slack in the garment, and it refused to budge. Grunting in effort, she pulled at the burst stitch until it ripped, her boobs exploding out of the bottom of the cups as she released the pressure, sending a pulse of pleasure through her that brought her to the brink of orgasm.

Her boobs were *huge*. Soft, heavy mounds that would easily have overflowed her hands, topped with thick, stiff pink nipples and broad areolas. Almost without thinking her hands went up to grab them, both to confirm their existence and to massage some of the ache of binding out of them, but grabbing them, letting her fingers sink into the soft flesh, made her vagina spasm and drew out a rattling moan.

What is happening to me?! I look like some sort of overstuffed, fat-ass porn star freak!

Trying to pull her hands away reminded her that she’d been continuing to sweat unabated, and her enormous breasts were coated in a thick, tacky sheen of syrup. They wobbled and jostled as she panted, their weight tugging down on her muscles. Her heart was pounding, a combination of her fear, her core temperature and her growing arousal. Shifting her thighs made her uncomfortably aware that her panties were an overstuffed, sloshing cauldron. The sight that met her, peering down between her breasts as she pulled out the front of her pants, made her stop and stare numbly.

Her pubes had turned *pink*.

A fluffy pink bush greeted her over the rim of her panties. She was used to having a fair amount of hair down there; part of the natural living idea. However, now she was being greeted with an enormous, fluffy pink cloud, so thick it left a visible bulge in her panties. The texture was odd,

too; she couldn't make out individual hairs, only thick clusters. With a trembling hand, she reached out and brushed at the unfamiliar bush. The texture felt smooth and fluffy at first, but after a moment against her sticky fingers it became gritty. A tuft pulled away with her fingers, rapidly shrinking and turning dark and wet. It almost looked like...

No, it can't be. She tentatively pulled her fingers up to her mouth and licked, her eyes going wide. It was cotton candy.

She was clearly hallucinating now. She was sweating and bloating up, and now she was seeing things – and tasting things, she realised, looking down at the remnants of soggy crystals on her fingers. She reached down and pulled again, a huge hunk of fluffy pink candyfloss hair tearing away from her mound and gradually growing back before her eyes. Surprisingly it didn't hurt to tear out at all, only a pleasant tingle.

All thought of the panel forgotten, she pushed her hand down further and pushed it against her pussy, boiling hot and squishy with need, as her left hand went to one of her breasts, squeezing and tugging at her erect nipple.

She slumped against the counter, her forehead leaving a sticky smear down the mirror. Her fingers groped at the thick bud that had replaced her tiny, pert nipple, electric fire running down her nerves and centring on the boiling honeypot between her legs.

Her mouth fell open with a hungry gasp, rivulets of syrup stretching across her lips, her cheeks flushing with heat. Her breast felt soft and heavy against her hand, and it was larger than any she'd ever seen in her life. Despite how rapidly they'd swelled to overflowing her hands, they were free of any stretch marks or blemishes, perfectly smooth and taut.

The syrup on her breast and hand tacked and tugged at her skin, stimulating it even more than just her regular touch. As she squeezed it, her nipple glistened enticingly. Her eyes fixed on it, even as her right hand kept working away below her candyfloss bush. She felt her mouth water, increasingly thick and sweet as whatever oddity she was experiencing worked its way through her. She realised, her breast jiggling in her hand, if she just lifted it...

Almost without thinking, she lifted it up and latched her mouth onto her nipple. She suckled, each caress of her lips feeding the squealing need between her thighs. Her fingers plunged deep into her pussy, her thumb working away at the swollen, juicing nub of her clit. She turned her back to the sink counter, feeling her butt press up against the tile.

She choked, squealing mutely as her nipple throbbed into her mouth, her stomach muscles crunching up and pussy lips fluttering and then clamping as a sudden sensation gripped her body and shattered its way through her nerves.

She'd cum before, of course. A healthy sex life was important for the therapeutic properties of natural living, so she found time for carefully-planned, curated orgasms with selected partners. This, though, was raw and unchained, a complete loss of control over her body. Her hormones rampaging, her need burning at the base of her brainstem, she couldn't help but surrender and let the orgasm crash through her.

The effect was so profound, so utterly mind-melting, that she barely even noticed as the sensation rallied back again and again, even once her hands left her body to spasm and flail with out of control sensation. It was as if scaling the crest had unlocked years of denied feelings, nights upon nights of need that had gone unknown to this point. Whatever had happened to her body, it wasn't just making her horny, it was as if she'd always *been* horny.

“S-stoop... Ooh... P-please stop-aaaAAAHH!”

It was after the fourth rally of pleasure, as she sobbed and pleaded with her own body, that the sensations finally began to subside. Her pussy stopped fluttering, the twitching in her nipples began to slow and her heart stopped pounding. The unbearable heat still remained, though, suffusing her body, cold air raising goosebumps underneath a layer of syrup.

Leaning forward as she was, her huge, heavy breasts dangled and bumped against each other. Gingerly touching one revealed that they were no less sensitive than before she came; brushing her nipple made her flinch with an hiss of shock, and that set her chest jiggling and bouncing again, making her overworked clit twitch.

How? How can I still need it? What is wrong with me?

She stepped back from the mirror, taking a good look at herself. Her hair was slick and plastered against either side of her head. Her skin was red with exertion, but under the heavy flush it was actually a little darker, a light tan.

She'd swollen out all over. Her breasts overflowed her hands, and projected out over her folded arms like a wave of flesh. The nipples were as wide as a dime, thick and tight, and along with her areolas hadn't darkened like her skin, leaving them stark and bright against the flesh of her breast.

Her stomach, formerly tight and flat from obsessive care, projected out in a gentle curve – not a gut but definitely a soft, chubby tummy. Her waist was still narrow, and flared out to wide hips that each cradled an ass cheek the size and shape of a basketball atop thick, smooth, firm thighs. Her cheeks wobbled enticingly but didn't droop at all. She might have been thick, but nothing about her body was sloppy. Her legs ended in slim, toned calves and feet that, if anything, were daintier than before.

Her thighs rubbed together as she moved, and *that* just put pressure on the bloated, squishy mound of her pussy. A moan built in her throat and rolled out of her mouth, making her thighs squeeze and grind even harder on her clit. While her orgasm might have calmed her a little, now she could barely move without stimulating herself.

Before her hands could creep back to her private parts, she heard a knock at the bathroom door. “Uh, miss Devarro? Dominic sent me. He said you, uh, need to get to the panel immediately.”

She turned to the door, her mouth suddenly watering. She knew exactly what she wanted. Needed. Without even pausing to put her shirt back on, she strode across to the door and threw it open, presenting a pair of huge, heaving breasts to the young conference usher standing outside.

“Oh good, mis- oh God, I'm sorry, I didn't realise you were-“

She didn't even speak to him, She merely stepped forward, throwing her arms around his waist to press the entire soft, heaving bulk of her swollen body against him. She lifted her hands up to the back of his head and pulled him down into a deep, forceful kiss, moaning as she felt sensation buzz down from her lips through her entire body.

She pulled him back into the bathroom, kicking the door back closed. Keeping his lips locked with hers with one hand, she slid the other down his back and then around, into the front of his pants. Her questing fingers found his penis, already beginning to grow hard, and her mouth and throat went slack. Without thinking, barely even consciously, she broke off the kiss and sank to her knees.

She'd never given oral sex before in her life. It was unappealing, dirty and pointless. She knew that, and she could feel those objections bubbling somewhere at the back of her brain, but they were taking a back seat to the arousal and the overpowering hunger. She slid down his pants, watching transfixed as his penis rose behind the front of his boxer shorts, throbbing with the rhythm of his heartbeat, growing harder with each pulse. Without even removing the shorts she simply nuzzled her face between his thighs, taking a deep breath of his scent and feeling his meat twitch against the side of her face.

She reverentially removed his boxers, letting a good-sized dick greet the air of the bathroom, humid with her ministrations. She gently dragged the skin up and down the hot, thick core, letting his glans free of his foreskin and greeting the tip with a gentle kiss. The touch of her lips to him was electric, and she couldn't stop herself from filling her mouth with the head of his dick, moaning as the taste drove its way straight to the centre of her brain.

Somewhere in her head there was a dim, distant memory of the taste of dick; unpleasant and salty. What was happening now, though, was beautiful, wondrous. Where she expected salt and musk instead she found sweet, rich flavour. It was unnatural, like a rich chocolate mudcake somehow combined with a juicy, sweet roast, savoury meaty sweetness that made her gurgle with the need to taste more of it.

She took the length of his cock into her mouth, moaning happily the whole way down until her plump lips kissed his pubic mound; one smooth motion without a hint of a gag reflex. A stab of pleasure rushed through her crotch as she felt her throat stretch around his pole, before she slowly dragged her mouth back, letting her tongue caress the contours of his dick and ending off with a quick kiss to the tip before sighing, pressing it against her cheek and breathing in his intoxicating musk.

Theo found himself standing dumbfounded, erection at full mast. Not that he was complaining, but it wasn't every day one found themselves unexpectedly pulled into a bathroom by a curvaceous slut desperate to worship their cock. Her mouth was hot and sticky around his cock and left thick, glistening strands of spit in its wake.

She lovingly suckled the head back into her mouth, closing her eyes and just exulting in the feeling, before sliding it down to the back of her throat again. The noises she was making bespoke a combination of comfort, satisfaction and lust, moans and purrs as she let it fill her and gently worked her throat around its pulsing length. She began to bob her head, gently fucking his dick with her mouth.

Despite the slow, deliberate pace of her oral worship, her mouth was working overtime, thick ropes of syrup coating Theo's cock and rolling down Cassie's chin, prompting a symphony of sloppy squishing noises with each movement of her lips and tongue. She smiled around his cock, giddy, giggling, and started to increase the pace of her blowjob. While it meant she couldn't revel in the sensation of cock, it brought its own benefit in the sensation of having her face delightfully fucked, sending spasms of pleasure down to her needy pussy.

It also brought with it a steady stream of precum, which hit her tongue like nectar and rolled down her throat like molten gold. It somehow even cut through the sloppy mess of her own spit, musky notes in the sea of sweetness. Above all, it gave a giddy promise for what was to come, and spurred on her efforts to bring him off.

She sucked him off in long strokes, unflinchingly taking him to the very hilt each time, raising one hand to gently caress his balls while the other pawed at her swaying breast. She paused only

to look up at him, using her hand to keep up the rhythm. “Tell me when... when you’re going to cum, okay?”

He nodded, groaning, and she went back to happily working her throat along his dick. He was definitely close; it was like she was personally devoted to his cock, like its pleasure was her sole mission in life. His legs shook as the feelings mounted, the insistent strain through his muscles and the familiar yawning sensation at the tip letting him know what was about to happen.

“Uh-fu-I... I’m gonna...”

Cassie purred excitedly, slipping her mouth back so just the head of his penis was inside her, still massaging his balls, which were now hot and moist with her bizarre sweat, suckling in preparation for his impending orgasm. It hit, his cock flexing with an accompanying grunt, and a thick, steaming hot shot of cum hit her tongue and the back of her throat.

If the taste of his dick was indescribable, then the tide of flavour that hit her when he blew his load into her mouth was transcendental. It built off a base of the cake icing licked off the spoon, hit notes of the flavourful, fatty crackling on a good pork roast, a buttery hollandaise and the cream off a fruit tart. It was every flavour in the world and yet nothing she’d ever tasted in her life.

She shuddered as the taste travelled up to her brain, where it spread out through her entire body. She could taste his cum in every cell, the flavour dancing across her fingertips, pooling in her belly and spreading through her boiling, churning pussy. A titanic orgasm followed like the tide, every muscle going into delicious spasm. Only the lizard-brain need for cum kept her sucking to accept the rest of his ejaculation, but that just meant more of the sensory overload kept entering her mouth, compounding the orgasm that was already whiting out her awareness.

From Theo’s viewpoint, she was hanging off the end of his dick, screaming muffled screams into the hard, twitching flesh, arms flailing, legs shaking, but mouth anchored firmly on him and still sucking down his load. It was only when he’d finished shooting off that she fell back flat on the floor, flailing, arching her back, bead of cum rolling down her lips.

It took over a minute for her orgasm to subside, leaving her twitching with aftershocks. Theo had already pulled his pants back up, watching her with concern, but she stirred and sighed, smiling.

“Wooooow. Oh my God, that was unreal.” She smacked her lips, moaning at both the sensitivity and the leftover taste of cum in her mouth. “Huh. Mouth feels funny. Tingly. Hehe.”

She picked herself up, looking back at him with a giddy grin. He realised that something was indeed happening to her mouth – where there was previously syrup dripping from her mouth, it was now thicker and... dark brown. He chanced leaning down to wipe off a glob with his finger, making her whine and suck her lips at his passing finger, and sniffed it.

“Chocolate? It smells like chocolate?” Brow wrinkling, he licked at his fingertip, then stared wide-eyed at Cassie. She smiled, cupping her boobs in her hands, letting some of her chocolate drool drip down into the cleavage.

“You like it? It feels nice and slippery... I bet it’ll make my titties feel *awesome*.” She didn’t know what drove her to say that, but it felt completely natural. She stood up, still cupping her breasts, the tender flesh bouncing and wobbling. She stared into his eyes, lightly biting her lower lip, then moved in and kissed him.

He almost reacted at being kissed by someone whose mouth was just on his junk, but that was before the rich, melted chocolate taste hit his tongue. He closed his eyes and moaned, letting her choc-coated tongue probe his mouth, moving his hands down to grasp her chest. She groaned into the kiss, twitching as he stimulated her sensitive mounds.

Warmth spread through him, the chocolate rolling down his throat, the sensation falling through his stomach almost feeling as if it was pooling in...

He grunted and whined into her mouth, feeling his penis, returned to full torpor after his orgasm, start to rally back. Despite the ache, it throbbed against Cassie's curves, slowly filling with each pulse of sensation. It felt different, though – hotter, straining harder, like it wasn't his own body controlling his erection, but some outside force.

One of her hands caressed it, and she giggled, sinking back down to her knees again to press her cheek against it, just revelling in the sensation of the hard throbbing meat against her face. He reached full mast, the head flushed with blood and glistening, steel-hard, but somehow he was still pulsing, his cock still growing longer and harder.

“Uh, s-something's wrong, I-“ He yelped in pain as Cassie sat wide-eyed, watching his penis slowly expand beyond its normal size, straining against his muscles as it pumped bigger and bigger.

“You're *growing*! Oh my God, you're getting so big!”

He'd started out just shy of six inches long, but in the minute or so since gulping down her chocolate drool, his pole was already an inch longer and noticeably thicker. His balls felt full, too – tight and packed to bursting, and Cassie noted with glee that they seemed to have gotten bigger as well.

She wanted to keep reverentially watching his dick as it grew, but she also needed to have it between her tits. She lifted them again, pressing them around his shaft, moaning as she felt it throb against the sensitive masses, precum rolling out of the eye and mixing with the syrup and chocolate pooling between her tits. The scent of his pre hit her nostrils, even over the sickly-sweet musk her body was producing, and as she ducked her head down as soon as the tip emerged from her cleavage and kissed it, moaning deeply as more of that gorgeous taste rolled down her tongue.

She found only one issue with her plan of bringing him off with her newly-grown breasts; they were so sensitive that she couldn't grip and hold them in place without stimulating herself to the point where her hands shook and her brain fogged. It took her several false starts of gathering her breasts, pressing them together and losing the whole heavy load to slap against her chest as her hips bucked before she was able to get herself into a sustainable rhythm. By that time, her pussy was pulsing and straining, squeezing out a flood of thick syrup with every contraction.

Focusing so hard on keeping her squishy orbs of sensation corralled around his dick meant she lost control elsewhere, her mouth hanging open and drooling ropes of chocolately spit into the cleft of her cleavage. Within a couple of dozen strokes, Theo's penis was thrusting up into a pool of slick, sugary fluid, chocolate starting to drip through the seal of her tits as well as up and around the sides. She assiduously lapped up every drop of precum he produced, seeking it out even in the fragrant mess she'd created.

There was a lot of it, too. It rolled almost continuously out of the tip of his expanded cock, a slow stream broken up with periodic globs that rolled out as it throbbed. Theo panted and

grunted, red-faced, his cock almost painfully hard and, even though he couldn't really see it within the sea of lightly-tanned breast and sloppy chocolate, definitely much bigger.

The orgasm actually took him by surprise. Over the ache of his dick continuing to try and grow harder even at full mast and the general shock of what was happening to him, he wasn't paying attention to the mounting sensation of cumming and by the time it hit his awareness it was too late, and the first load of cum was already erupting from the end of his swollen cock. Despite it being so soon after his last cum, his spunk was thick and heavy, and the first shot was easily twice the size of his previous one.

Cassie had pushed forward right before his orgasm hit, meaning it was aimed straight into the air. It sailed almost four feet upwards to curve down in a graceful arc down onto Cassie's hair. The second shot didn't go anywhere near as far, because Cassie had immediately dropped her breasts and ducked her head forward to latch onto the head of his dick, letting the high-pressure burst spray across her tongue and down the back of her throat. Wrought up as she was from trying to keep her sensitive tits squished around his pole, the euphoric taste brought her to another immediate orgasm, leaving her relying on her newfound blowjob reflex to ensure the rest of his voluminous load went into her mouth.

The pool of chocolate and precum hit the tiles with a splash, revealing the full length of Theo's expanded cock. A thick and rigid nine inches long, supported by a heavy scrotum roughly the size of a grapefruit. His muscles burned, working overtime to keep shooting cum into her hot, needy mouth, endlessly building orgasm on top of orgasm as her mind worked to process the taste. Not only was he shooting off twice as hard and twice as much, but far longer, too: six ropes in he was at the point where he'd normally trail off into little dribbles and yet he was still going strong.

It wasn't until roughly his twelfth contraction that the flow started to slow down, and, legs quivering, he let himself fall back as Cassie's mouth finally came off his cock. He scooted back against the wall, panting, his expanded cock slowly growing soft, but froze in place as he realised Cassie was changing again.

Her hair was fluffing up, slowly beginning to lighten from the roots out. At the same time, her skin was shifting colour, taking on hints of yellow to end up the golden-brown of a freshly-baked cookie. As she writhed in her spunk-induced stupor, her hands flying up to knead her tits, the chocolate slid off her lips to reveal them plumping and turning bright white.

"Wh-what is happening to you? What's happened to me?!"

She only moaned in response, pressing her huge boobs together into a line of chocolate-streaked cleavage. Her hips bucked, her strained spandex pants starting to look thin and frayed over the bulk of her thick thighs and huge butt. The roots of her hair were not just light but white now, thick and fluffy and spreading out and down her back as they grew in. She licked her lips, spreading chocolate across them, her eyes fixed on Theo's dick as, miraculously, the sight of her body slowly brought it back to erection.

He looked down at the rigid nine-inch stem, then back up at Cassie's eyes as she crawled forward, tits swinging, ass swaying in the air, pulling down her pants and underwear.

Dominic stalked angrily through the backrooms of the convention centre. The panel was a write off. After waiting around for Cassie, even after sending that useless kid after her, nobody turned up; a lot of potential resellers and customers walked out in frustration.

He saw people with confused expressions walking out of the corridor that led to the bathrooms, and realised why as he heard the echo of soft moans as he approached them. He thumped on the women's bathroom door as a giggle mixed with a moan rolled out from behind it.

"Cassandra? *Cassandra*?! Are you still in there? What the fuck are you doing?!"

Another giggle, and a distinctly male moan. He threw the door open, his expression quickly morphing from fury to wide-eyed shock.

Straddling the idiot he'd sent to find Cassie was a golden-brown sex goddess with a flood of fluffy white hair, breasts the size of her head and an enormous ass. Something brown was leaking from her mouth down over her bouncing tits, and above where Theo's huge cock stretched her pussy apart was a voluminous thatch of fluffy pink pubes.

"What the hell?"

Cassie's face broke from its closed-eyed, rapturous expression to look up. "Dom! You're-oooh-just in time! Mmmph, aaahh, take your pants ooooff..."

She threw her head back, moaning deeply, still working her hips in a circular motion, driving Theo's cock inside her to the hilt. "I c-can taste him, even like this! Oh Goodddd I can taste his dick, s-soooo good! W-want more, please, more dick!"

Theo groaned, his hands on her expansive hips. Her pussy was a moist furnace, and both tight and slick, and it worked his cock in ways he'd never experienced before. Dominic stepped back, hands shaking, watching the pair rutting on the floor. "C-Cassie?"

She looked back into Dominic's eyes, tongue hanging out with a lascivious expression and a rattling exhalation of breath. "Yeesss... Dom, p-aaah! Please fuuuuck me!"

Still staring him straight in the eyes, mouth slack and drooling chocolate, she worked her pelvis on top of Theo. The young man grunted and groaned, his hands faintly slapping the flanks of her thighs. A few seconds later, Cassie shrieked as she felt a flood of hot cum shoot up hard inside her, managing to hold on for a few seconds until the second shot joined it and the sensation became too much, pitching her forward as another orgasm overtook her.

"Cassie, Jesus Christ... We need to get you a doctor." He raced back to the booth to grab his oversized coat, arriving back at the bathroom to find her face back down at Theo's crotch, licking and nuzzling the half-hard stem of his dick.

"Cass! Stop it!" He grabbed her, lifting her to her feet. She whined, scrabbling for Theo's cock, but soon turned to Dominic, grabbing his face and kissing him. He pushed her away, but not before swallowing a mouthful of melted chocolate.

"No, not now!" He threw his coat over her shoulders, wiping his mouth. She whined even harder, pressing her impossibly sticky body against him, her hands questing for his crotch. She seemed to lose control of her hands once Dominic grabbed her and forced her out of the bathroom, moaning as his strong hands pulled at her soft, sensitive flesh.

He frog-marched Cassie out of the convention centre, herding her into her SUV. He tried to ignore the sickly-sweet smell and the sensation of his erection as Cassie brazenly masturbated

next to him, one hand on her pussy, the other on one of her swollen tits, with conference attendees and local press pulling out phones and cameras.

Cassie spread her legs in the front seat of the car, letting cool air hit the cauldron of her vagina and her sweaty, sticky skin. Dominic rearranged his pants, grunting, stepping into the driver's seat. Cassie went back to masturbating as Dominic took them out of the parking lot, although instead of her tits her left hand was instead groping around searching for Dominic's penis.

"P-please Dom, just let-mmmph, let me suuuck it? I *need* it." She was almost sobbing. Soon, though, her brow wrinkled, her fingers slowing down. "Feel weird. My t-tits, they feel... Uuuhh..."

Glancing to the side, Dominic could see that her nipples had turned a fierce, bright red, and seemed to have increased in size. He heard a gurgle as Cassie's stomach rumbled, and her hands flew to her scarlet nipples as she moaned.

"Oh God, something's happening! T-tight... Aaahhh..."

It took a few minutes to notice, but it became fairly obvious with her hands against her boobs: they were slowly expanding. Not content with a size that eclipsed most porn stars, they had started to grow again, and worse, it felt as if they were filling; not simply growing but being expanded from the inside. The feeling was different, but with her new sensitivity it was unquestionably erotic. Dominic swallowed, turning back to the road and shifting as he felt strange pressure at his crotch.

By the time they'd reached the hotel where they were staying for the con, they'd visibly grown. Her areolas had spread further, still vibrant red against her cookie-crust coloured tit flesh. Dom realised, pulling her out of the SUV and covering her up, that her breasts weren't the only thing that had changed. Her fingers and crotch were covered with a thick white cream that she exultantly licked up, offering it to Dominic as he ferried her through the hotel up to her room, walking oddly as his pants bulged.

It looked and smelled a lot like... No, in fact, it looked and smelled *exactly* like sweet whipped cream. He ignored it, though he could feel how rigid he was against his trouser leg as her warm flesh jiggled and gyrated next to him, her hips swinging with each step. His cock lurched painfully, steel hard.

He finally got her into the hotel room, fighting off her clumsy efforts to unzip his fly in the elevator, leaving a trail of creamy droplets. Before he dropped her onto the bed, though, she leaped up, throwing her arms around him and locking her chocolate-coated lips with his, shoving her tongue into his mouth and coating the inside with the sweet taste of chocolate and marshmallow; revealing the nature of her plush, soft white lips.

She immediately dropped a hand to her pussy and the other to one of her slowly growing breasts, now approaching the size of watermelons. She moaned deeply as her fingers squeezed near the centre of her mound and down towards the swollen nipples, and then squealed in delight as a bead of thick, bright-red fluid beaded at the tip.

Despite his shock, Dominic's dick lurched against his pants as he wiped his mouth, heat flooding down through his body. The whole experience was entirely surreal; that this brazen slut was what had happened to his business partner of years. That the champion of clean healthy eating and self-control was somehow turning into candy before his eyes and losing herself to uncontrollable urges.

“Look at you, Cassie. What the fuck happened to you?” He grunted, his cock straining against his boxers. “You’re a chunky little pig. You would have been embarrassed to be *seen* like this before.”

She whined, rolling her hips and lifting her breasts to face her nipples towards him. “Dooom! Suck on them, please! Fuck me!”

He leaned forward, his hands reaching out. Instead of grabbing her breasts, though, he took handfuls of her plush stomach. He groaned, swearing, his mouth tingling where he’d tasted her chocolate, and kneaded her belly to excited yelps.

“Look at this. All this... flesh. Does this e-“ he groaned as his penis lurched hard, slowly making its way down his trouser leg, “excite you? Do you enjoy this? Do you want me to suck on your fat fucking tits and have my way with your chubby body?”

She nodded desperately, squealing, thick red fluid the consistency of jelly running down either side of her prize-pumpkin breasts. “Y-yeah, please!”

“I want you to say it.”

She moaned desperately, squeezing her breasts to a flood of crimson jelly. “F-fuck me? Suck my titties?”

“I want to hear you admit what you are.”

She humped the air, nearly in tears as he kept massaging her stomach. “I-I’m a f... I’m a f-faaat slut?”

“Louder. Say it like you mean it, you candy-coated bitch!” The words rolled out of his mouth almost unthinkingly. Cassandra was difficult to deal with at the best of times, her demanding schedule, her bizarre and arbitrary diet, and seeing her like this was unlocking something primal.

“I’m a chubby little whore! I need you to suck on my fat tits and fuck me! Please!” She was starting to have trouble speaking as her mouth filled with chocolate, and whipped cream leaked constantly from her pussy between her thick thighs. An overwhelming mix of sweet scents flooded the room.

Dominic laid next to Cassie, cradling her breast in his hands for a moment, marvelling at the size, then started to suckle at her radiant red nipple. Strawberry jelly squirted into his mouth, impossibly thick and sweet, leaving tingles through him and spreading warmth down into his chest and stomach, collecting in his groin. Cassie instantly came, her ass rising off the bed, howling as the let-down in her tits flooded sensation through her body.

Dimly, he realised he could feel the tip of his cock brushing down near the bottom of this thigh, strapped down by his slacks. His balls were under tremendous pressure, the fabric of his pants cutting into him with every small motion, making a tremendous mound in the front of his pants. He stepped back and pulled down his pants, gasping a little as the tip of his dick dragged against the fabric. He realised his pants were damp quite a long way down the leg, his skin clammy.

His mouth went dry as his boxers slid down to reveal the biggest cock he’d ever seen. He’d always been gifted, a string of girlfriends appreciating a respectable nine inches, but now he’d grown considerably. Over a foot long, almost as thick as his wrist and coated with a slick sheen of the precum he’d been belching out, sitting atop a cantaloupe-sized scrotum that hung loose and heavy. Cassie stared slack-jawed while Dominic grabbed it, giving it a few experimental tugs and shivering.

Quicker than he could have imagined, her plush body was up, kneeling at the edge of the bed and grabbing his cock, her eyes wide and hungry. One of her tiny hands couldn't encircle its girth, so she held it two-handed, mouth slack as she watched precum bead at the tip. She dragged her cheek down the side, whimpering lightly, then started to slowly, gently kiss back up, leaving chocolate spots, maximising the time spent in contact with his cock, lapping up the coating of pre. She reached back up to the top and delivered a sucking kiss to the tip, gulping down the bead of fluid and moaning.

She ducked her head back down and dragged her tongue up the length, smearing her kiss-marks, then moved it to lick up the other side. She spent some time tugging it, nuzzling her face against it; dimly, dumbly, worshipping it.

"You're ssoooo big! It's uh-amazing. God, your smell, your taste, it's-" she licked up another bead of precum and shuddered, before gripping it and suckling the head into her mouth. Her fluffy white lips stretched to accept the enormous, bloated head, gurgling contentedly, and she started to slide her head down the shaft. She had a brief moment of indecision as what was left of her rational brain screamed at her that there was no way that monster was going to fit any further, but that evaporated as she felt her throat stretch with delicious pleasure. It was still slow going, but that only meant more time in contact with his shaft.

She deliberately pushed her way further down, eyes rolling, hips shaking, cream pouring down her thighs and mixing in a puddle of jelly that dripped from her taut, overfull breasts. Amazingly she had no issue holding her breath like this, and was easily able to make it all the way to the base, her tiny nose pressed into his pubic hair. She gurgled happily, her pussy fluttering, reaching up to squeeze her tits and let down the pressure, which only served to compound her pleasure and, when his cock throbbed and leaked a glob of precum down her throat, outright brought her off.

She grunted and shuddered, trying to scream but muffled by the cock sealing her shut, her whole body shaking as the orgasm slammed into her. Dominic groaned as her throat contracted, his dick lurching and leaking even harder, which of course only compounded Cassie's pleasure.

When she finally came down, still firmly sealed with cock, she gathered herself and started to work her mouth, moving her head in circular motions as much as she was able around the rigid pole. She dragged back to about halfway back up his shaft and then plunged back down, moaning. Her hands reached up to caress his enormous balls, feeling their heat and weight as they dangled and bobbed in their sack.

Smears of chocolate dripped down the length of Dominic's shaft as Cassie fell into a rhythm, fucking his dick with her throat, rolling his massive balls against each other, her own jelly-streaked massive golden-brown breasts swinging back and forth madly. She felt no need to stop and breathe, no need to slow down, not even the pleasure wracking her brain able to take over the lizard-brain need to keep sucking, to keep milking his dick for all she was worth.

Dominic groaned. He knew his orgasm should have been approaching, but his transformation left the sensations confusing. His dick was so hard that he could barely feel it throb, and certainly could barely feel the lurching strain of an impending orgasm. There was only the burn on his muscles as they strained against his hardness and the pleasure of Cassie's throat wrapped around him. That was why he was barely able to choke out a warning before he felt the first burst of spunk from the tip of his cock, a white-hot line of viscous fire that clamped down on his muscles like a vice for what felt like an eternity.

Cassie squealed as the cumload burst into her mouth, far more than she was prepared for, squirting down her throat at high pressure and instantly setting her off, leaving it to her newfound blowjob reflex to keep gulping it down after she lost all control. The first shot finally subsided, and within moments he was shooting again, just as hard, the pressure not letting off until the entire rope had forced its way out and into Cassie. He grunted and whined through half a minute of triple-length cumshots, filling Cassie with more cum than he would have ever thought possible, her orgasms blending into one single endless brain-breaking cum.

Her tits let down as she came, spraying warm jelly all over the bed and Dominic's legs as they swayed and bounced with the motions of her body. Cream squirted from her pussy, dripping down her thighs in thick whipped clumps. Everything from her nose down was smeared with chocolate as she drooled uncontrollably, and her candyfloss hair was crystallising in the moisture and the humid air of the tiny hotel room.

She fell back once he finally stopped cumming, twitching and jerking on the bed as the spasms worked their way out of her muscles. Her hands came up to knead her breasts almost subconsciously, moaning at the squirts of thick gel from her oversensitive nipples. Everything about her was a sweet, sticky mess. Dominic watched, panting, his cock only growing semi-soft.

"Look at you. You're ridiculous. You're a complete mess." His mouth watered watching her lush body writhe, while she moaned at his words. His hand stroked his cock, thickening back up, slick and lubed with her chocolate drool, staring at the cream-filled prize sitting between Cassie's golden thighs.

Before Cassie could even react the fat head was pushing at the entrance to her bloated slit, slick with a mix of precum and cream, trailing clumps of cotton candy. He pushed, her mound opening up to allow his huge cock access, sliding his pole two inches inside her.

Her shriek echoed off the walls. Her hands squeezed savagely at her massive breasts, her brain breaking as it tried to process the pleasure of being stretched apart by Dominic's gigantic dick. Jelly squirted from her nipples in a sympathetic let-down. Chunks of her white candyfloss hair stuck to the bed and tore off, regenerating immediately to leave her with her thick, ass-length locks.

"Oh yeah, oh fuck-ooooh, Dooomm, yeah, uuh-mmph!" Her hand guided her breast into her mouth, feeding her with her strawberry goodness and muffling her encouragement.

Dominic shoved himself in further, feeling her pussy writhing along the length of his pole, sweating and groaning as her muscles worked the spunk out of his balls. Sensation jammed its way up his spine, every inch of his expanded dick on fire, and barely halfway inside her he already felt close to shooting off. He grit his teeth, pushing and straining, her snatch like a glove around him and cream squirting out around the seal his cock made with her lips.

Her plush curves jiggled and bounced as he fucked her, the sight so enticing that he leaned in from his position standing between her legs, crawling next to her on the bed and thrusting as his hands roved all over her skin, groping and kneading and rolling.

"F-fuuck, yes! Fuck me Dom, fuuuuck me! I'm your faa—aaah! FAT LITTLE FUCKTOY!"

The combination of her lewd body, his supernatural erection and the stream of filth coming from her mouth meant it wasn't long before he lost control again, a deep rattling moan rising from his chest as the tip of his cock yawned, his balls tightened, and he started to cum.

It felt like the floodgates opened up. His cock tightened as his muscles shoved his cum out, the strain lasting for what felt like forever as the burst went on and on, again, so soon after his last orgasm. Cassie screamed into her breast, cumming instantly as the feel and taste of sperm flooded into her, writhing in a sea of confectionary bodily fluids.

By the time he'd stopped cumming, another half minute of burning, aching pleasure, Cassie was insensible again, babbling and groping herself before coming down, while Dominic rolled over next to her, dozing, not even caring about the tremendous pool of candy he laid in. It was just after he'd started dozing that he felt a touch on his balls, and opened his eyes to find Cassie draping her breasts over his thighs, gently running her fingers up and down his flaccid length. She stared at him with big eyes, licking her marshmallow lips.

"More? Please, I... I need more?"

His cock answered for him, making him groan as he felt the pressure on his muscles and the low tingle as it started to rise to erection again.

Philia, the chubby little witch, strolled through the stalls of *SeXXXpo*, the "adult entertainment industry" annual convention. One hand held a cream pastry, the other a stall bag of newly-purchased vibrators and other "marital aids." All in all, it had been a good day – she'd bought some things, ate a lot of great food and made out with eight different people of varied and indeterminate sex.

The program for a stage show caught her eye, making her giggle: *Candy Cass's Temptation Foodoir*. "The newest, biggest thing in adult art! Candy Cass combines a love of sweet food and a love of hot sex into a steamy cocktail sure to excite and delight! Marvel at the erotic applications of chocolate and cream, gaze upon pure sexual perfection and wonder at the possibilities for your love life! Stop by the gift stall to purchase your bottle of Candy's intimate confectionary creations sure to add the spark back into your pants!"

She waited a few minutes for the show to begin as a crowd built at the stage. Spotlights turned on with a thud and aimed down at the stage, drawing a cheer from the crowd which, Philia realised, contained a significant number of women as well as men. Not only was the crowd eager for the show, they also all seemed to Philia's eye to be... rather gifted. There was unquestionably an abundance of bosom, and there also seemed to be a fair amount of rather snug-fitting pants on the men. Couples cuddled close, while people on their own looked around hungrily.

Cassie strode onto the stage to a crescendo of whoops and cheers. Acres of her ripe golden-brown flesh were on full display, covered only by a large white apron. It only just barely reached to the side of her huge hips, and her breasts bulged out the sides of the top, the edge of her bright red areolas peeking around. Her thick nipples caused huge indentations in the fabric, the colour easily visible under the white. She'd cleaned off her mouth and her bright white lips and hair set off the apron against her skin, while a pair of white high heels turned her curvaceous calves enticingly.

She threw her arms in the air, her tits heaving. One nipple had popped out of the side of her apron already. She glistened under the spotlight, covered from head to toe in golden syrup. "Hello SeXXXpo! I'm Candy Cass and I'm here to bring the sweetness back into your sex life!"

More whoops and cheers as she tucked her breast back into its overworked prison, winking lasciviously at the crowd. "You see, I used to be so obsessed with *control*. Controlling myself,

controlling my diet, controlling my body. That's what you've all been told, too! Just keep everything under control and you'll be happy!"

Another cheer. Cassie licked her lips, leaving a light smear of chocolate, then ran her hands down the side of her body, tracing her outrageous curves. "Let me tell you, sweeties: they're wrong! If you want to be truly happy, you have to let go!"

She grabbed her breasts from underneath, lifting them up behind the apron, displaying their tremendous weight and size to the crowd. They flowed over the sides of her hands, jiggling wildly, and this time both popped out from behind her apron. Philia watched her with glee as she fought back a moan.

"Mmph... Do you think anyone obsessed with control could *ever* end up with such huge, luscious boobs?" She turned around, dropping her breasts and grabbing handfuls of her enormous ass cheeks. "Or this fabulous ass?"

"Of course not! I was miserable, bored, and ugly! But that all changed when I let sweetness back in and let it take over! Now, sugar is every part of my life, and I'm fat, free and happy!"

She punctuated "fat" with a slap of her butt, making her lower body jiggle. "And that's what I'm offering you beautiful people today! Fat, free, happy, and above all *sweet*. My treats and sweet delights will help you achieve what I have and help you let go. And, of course, my special prize: buy a product, get a number! If your number gets called, you go backstage with me for an up close and personal look at how Candy Cass' Temptations are made!"

That announcement drew the biggest cheer from the crowd yet, especially punctuated as it was by a shake of Cassie's massive, nude breasts and then a turn and bow to show off the entire expanse of her cookie-crust ass. Philia raised an eyebrow as she spotted clear evidence of trickles of cream running down the confectionary girl's thighs.

It was a clever little business venture – Philia had to admit, even with Cassie's mind permanently fogged with the need for cock, the former fat fighter still had a canny head for business. The sweet treats her body produced would have amazing effects on the consumers – each swig of chocolate syrup making guys an inch or two bigger, each tablespoon of whipped cream adding a few cup sizes to the average girl, giving either one a savage boost to their libido, wearing off after a day or two. If they were careful, a bottle would last a few months. Not long enough to completely flatten the market, but just long enough to make it worth going back again for another hit. There was also the lovely side effect of making cum and pussy juice taste like cake icing: basically the ultimate sexual aid.

A crush of buyers mobbed the table, grabbing bottles of chocolate syrup, tubs of thickened cream and jars of jelly. Philia crept around, opting for some jelly. Cassie offered encouragement from the stage, both by her words and by the way her hands crept across her body, tweaking her nipples, caressing her stomach and ducking behind her increasingly stained and sticky apron. Within minutes the stall was mostly empty, some people already opening their purchases and greedily slurping down the contents, everyone paying attention to their numbers as a bingo cage was wheeled out on stage by a tall man Philia didn't recognise but could tell by his stride and the cut of his pants was seriously packing.

Cassie bent over behind the cage, breasts hanging and bobbing against each other, turning the handle of the cage as she looked across the crowd with a sultry leer. "And the first lucky sweetheart is... Number 46! Come on up!"

Number 46 turned out to be as small, slim blond girl with a substantial bust, who turned and looked apologetically at her male partner before dropping his hand to bound happily up onto the stage. As she reached the centre near the cage, Cassie grabbed her by the arm, pulling her close and locking lips to a chorus of whoops and whistles. Cassie kissed the winning girl almost savagely, hands roaming down to caress her body, gripping her ass cheeks and pulling her close into the kiss. The girl stumbled back to the side of the stage, dazed and smeared with chocolate, as Cassie turned back to the crowd, wiping her mouth.

3 more winners were chosen in the same way, their number called, brought up unto stage and deeply kissed. As the last ball was to be drawn, Philia surreptitiously waved a hand at waist-level, eyes focused on the cage, and smiled wryly as the pulchritudinous host called out the number she'd snagged with her bottle of syrup.

Cassie's eyes went wide as Philia walked up onto the stage. In her shock, Philia was able to grab her and plant her own kiss on the dumbstruck porn star. Cassie recovered, shaking her head and squeezing her thighs together, then turned back to the crowd with a flourish.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen! You've all been wonderful! Remember, stay sweet, stay happy!"

Her male attendant started showing the winners backstage, leading them over to the room her team had booked at the convention centre for her after-show prize giveaway. As they walked over, Cassie hung close to Philia, unable to take her eyes off the little witch as she rubbed strings of cream from her cunt.

"You... You're that girl from that day at the health convention..."

Philia smiled and winked. Cassie looked down at her own body, her hands working away at her crotch and one of her breasts. Jelly was already trickling down the soft slope of her tit, and she was leaving a trail of cream drips.

"Does that mean you... You did this to me?"

"Maybe. I did say you needed a closer relationship with sugar."

They looked ahead where the door had been opened to the boudoir she had set up. Cassie's prize winners were already stripping naked, swigging their treats in preparation for meeting their goddess. Dominic, her attendant, was standing at the ready, all fourteen inches of his taut, thick dick pulsing in heartbeat rhythm. Cassie turned back to Philia, biting her lip.

"Thank you."