

The Big City

An Aphrodite Syndrome Tale by The Light Fantastic

Wyatt stepped off the bus, tugging a duffel bag over one shoulder and wrestling with his suitcase. In the hand that steadied the strap of his bag he also gripped a well-worn scrap of paper, with an address visible in amateurish pencil.

“Gee, I wasn’t expecting the city to be so *big*.”

The last thing you expected as a farm boy from Ellendale, Alabama, population 4,800 including the hound dogs, was to open a letter with a full-ride scholarship to a big-city college. Apparently, though, one of Chuttenhaw University’s alumni had been an Ellendale native, and the old man made it big. Big enough to send the occasional Ellendale boy off to Chuttenhaw, all the way over in Bellport, Massachusetts.

A proud ma and pa had seen him off at the bus stop, and a friend who had some of his own friends in the city had given him an address of some people who’d be looking for a roommate near Chuttenhaw. Of course, he hadn’t realised that finding the place would be that difficult.

Lost in thought, he turned around and bumped bodily into someone, who pinwheeled, trying to keep her balance. Wyatt dropped his bags, reaching out to help steady her.

“I am so sorry, ma’am, I didn’t see you there—”

He couldn’t help his eyes bugging as he gazed into a sea of breast big enough to get lost in. Her immense tits swayed back and forth in a straining tee shirt, the collar stretched to bursting point. She’d managed to tuck it in at one point, but the impact had made her tits heave the hem out of the top of her skirt.

She cradled them in her arms to stop the motion of the massive mounds. Her face flushed red, and she took several deep breaths.

“W-watch where you’re going!”

She didn’t move away, even after she’d regained her balance. She seemed to fight with herself for a minute, her eyes locking with Wyatt’s. He noted that her eyes were a deep, saturated purple, and her face was framed by a mass of twisted, wavy strands of buttercup yellow and candy red hair that reached to her knees. She groaned slightly, pushing around Wyatt, stumbling, and then hurrying off quickly. A lemony scent followed her.

They’d told him the city would be interesting, but not this interesting. He headed over to a nearby 7-11 in confusion, tugging his bags along.

He dispensed a slushie and grabbed a candy bar off the shelf, sliding them over to the bored-looking clerk along with the address slip. “’scuse me, sir, do y’all know where this address is?”

He nodded. “Not far from here. Couple blocks up, take a left, take the second right.”

“Thank you. Big change bein’ here in the city. People are very strange. Bumped into a lady out there, she didn’t know whether she was coming or going. Got all worked up, even after I said sorry, but looked like she didn’t want to go, neither.”

He chuckled. “You probably ran into an aphie, from the sounds of it. Too bad you didn’t ask for her number.”

“Aphie?”

The clerk raised an eyebrow. “This, uh, lady. She have big, uh-“ he held his hands out in front of his chest, making a cupping motion. “You know. Really big?”

“Uh, yeah, but I’m not sure what-“

“Weird coloured hair?”

“Yeah, like, yellow and red. Sorry, I don’t-“

“You don’t have any aphies where you’re from?” The clerk looked half puzzled, half amused.

“Looks like you’re going to be getting a real education here.”

Wyatt was more confused than ever. “Uh, I guess? I’m going to Chuttenhaw.”

He shook his head. “No, I mean... Aw, forget it. Young man like you’ll find out soon enough. Just, next time that happens, ask for her number, okay?”

Wyatt made his way to the sharehouse, still mulling over the cryptic conversation with the clerk. His directions were sound, at least, and Wyatt found himself at the entrance to a small rowhouse. He knocked, and extended a hand out as the door opened.

“Hi, I’m Wya-“ he stopped, dumbfounded. An absolute goddess had just opened the door for him. She had full lips and thick blue eyelashes that crowned bright, golden eyes, surrounded by a thick, glossy crown of wavy, light-blue hair, shot through with darker blue streaks. It fell down far past her waist, which was visibly trim, a pair of yoga pants hugging the full, sensuous curve of her hips and thighs and starkly outlined against the most visible camel-toe he’d ever seen.

Of course, none of those were what made the words leave Wyatt’s throat entirely. That honour went to the gargantuan pair of boobs that jostled and sloshed in a thin, stretched-out tank top. Completely unsupported, they hung down as she leaned forward, so deep that Wyatt could almost see the entirety of at least one of her breasts thanks to the ruined collar of the tank.

He realised she was looking at him, and that he’d choked up and started staring. He immediately pulled his eyes back up to hers. “S-sorry, I’m Wyatt, ma’am. I’m, uh, here about the room?”

She stretched back up, her eyes sweeping up his body. The lowest curve of her breasts was level with her navel. Even without support, their fullness added a considerable circumference to her body, their mass below her ribcage. Nipples wider than his thumb outlined over an inch against the thin fabric of the top, and her breasts were full enough that their teardrop shape left her nipples pointing considerably forward, not practically towards the ground as you’d have expected for breasts that size. They were especially visible when she subtly thrust her chest out at the end of her stretch, with an accompanying jiggle from the mass of flesh on her chest.

“The room? Mm, it’s definitely available. Come on in, I’m Jennifer, call me Jen.”

She bit her plush lower lip lightly as Wyatt lugged his luggage through the door, her eyes following him all the way into the kitchen. She closed the door and followed him, her hips swinging back and forth with exaggerated motion, her tits sloshing from side to side, easily visible from behind.

“Sit down, Wyatt, take a load off.” Wyatt dropped his bags and obediently pulled out a chair. He was practically straining with the effort of not staring at Jennifer’s swaying rack or the roll of her hips and thighs. She giggled, flashing a smile of perfect, straight white teeth, and thrust out her boobs again.

Wyatt felt himself draw back in shock, slamming his eyes back above her décolletage. “Oh God, I’m so sorry–”

“No problem, honey.” She giggled again. “Anyway, about the room. A hundred and ten a week, utilities and cable. You’re not one of those super-religious types, are you?”

“Why?”

She snorted. “Haha, yeah, good one. Can’t think why, right?”

Wyatt’s blank look made her stop. She pointed to her chest and her hair. “Uh, hello? Do I really have to explain why I wouldn’t get along with some fundie?”

She leaned back in the chair, letting out a low whistle through her teeth. “You’re fucking with me, right? You can’t seriously not know.”

“No ma’am, no idea. Sorry.”

“Wow.” She almost looked amused, leaning forward again and resting her head on her hands. Wyatt couldn’t help but notice the motion squashing her massive breasts together. “That’s actually really cute. Kinda weird, but cute. I haven’t met someone who didn’t have any preconceptions about me in years.”

Wyatt blushed, shifting awkwardly in the chair. She was staring intently with those gorgeous yellow eyes, and she had a line of cleavage running down between her forearms. “What sort of preconceptions, ma’am?”

“Oh, uh,” she flushed a little. “Don’t worry about it for the moment. Anyway, the room’s yours, if you want to come and have a look.”

Wyatt did, but unfortunately he was a little hesitant to get up. Between the sultry purr in her voice, her gorgeous face and the milky display of cleavage in front of him, he was having a minor pants space emergency that he didn’t want to reveal to the world. On the other hand, unless Jennifer left the room, it wasn’t likely to get any better.

He rearranged himself as subtly as possible as they got up, turning to the side to hide the bulge in his jeans. *Was she staring at my pants?*

As he followed her upstairs, he caught a strong earthy smell wafting in her wake. “Sandalwood?”

“Wow, polite, handsome AND knows his scents. You’re a treasure.”

He blushed again. "Thank you, ma'am. My ma makes that sort of thing, perfume and incense and candles."

"Ah. Well, mine's kind of homemade too."

Her ass swayed back and forth in front of his face as they climbed the stairs. Her pants were scandalously tight, and left absolutely no curve of her thick thighs or her massive ass to the imagination, and that scent filled his nostrils. His cock throbbed treacherously with each stair. His mouth went dry as he realised he could see the bounce of her breasts to either side of her waist, as well. *God, she's huge. Even bigger than Mrs. Gulliver.*

Mrs. Gulliver had been a frequent object of schoolyard rumour, discussed in hushed voices by groups of furtive young men. Originally Mrs. Gulliver had just been Owen's ma, a skinny, quiet woman who worked for the PTA and made muffins for the bake sale. One year, when Wyatt was about ten, she started coming to school in a headscarf, bundled up even in the heat. Didn't have much time for the PTA any more either. Eventually she stopped going out in public at all.

One day Wyatt had to head over to their house to pick something up, and instead of Mr. Gulliver answering the door like was normal anymore, Mrs. Gulliver answered. The memories were hazy, but what Wyatt definitely remembered was one of her old house dresses stuffed to the brim with a huge pair of tits that definitely hadn't been there two months ago. He also remembered a waft of cinnamon, the sight of pastel green hair, the blank, distracted look on her face and that had been it before Mr. Gulliver shouted from inside and she went wide-eyed, hurriedly darting back into the hall before he slammed the door in Wyatt's face.

There'd been shouting. The next day, Mrs. Gulliver was gone. They said she'd gone to Birmingham, and weren't coming back. They'd split up because she was tired of small town life. Other kids said they'd seen her too, and the stories generally corroborated. The question, of course, was why she left.

Jen got to the top of the stairs and opened up one of the doors. The room was reasonable, not too small, decently furnished.

"There's one full bathroom up here and a half bath downstairs. A month upfront, and a five hundred dollar deposit. Sound okay?"

One bathroom might be a problem, but other than that, it all seemed good, and Jen seemed keen. "Looks right t'me. Okay, y'all got yourself a deal."

While they were talking, one of the other doors opened, a head peeking around the jamb. She had a small, oval-shaped face with soft cheeks and deep-socketed eyes. Thick-rimmed black glasses perched on her nose, framed by hair a bizarre ombré, several inches of thick, bouncy pure white ending in mousey, bushy brown. "Jen, what are you doing?"

"Afternoon Siobhan. You're looking good."

"Who is that? I haven't seen him before." Her eyes were fixed on him.

"This is Wyatt. He's our new roommate!"

She recoiled. "B-but you said you wouldn't... We agreed—"

“No, you asked, I said I’d think about it. I thought about it, and decided no. Wyatt’s staying with us.”

Siobhan huffed, loosing her grip on the door and coming out from around it. She was short, probably not more than five-two, and sported her own pair of outsized breasts, although nowhere near the size of Jen’s. She was outrageously curvy, and between the too-small shirt trying to stretch over her breasts and a pair of white cotton panties that did almost nothing to cover the pale expanse of her massive ass, hips and thighs, projecting out harshly from a comparatively tiny waist, her entire body was on display. He couldn’t help but notice the front of those panties was dark with moisture.

“Jen, you know that I-“

“I know. You think it matters?”

“I...” Siobhan looked over at Wyatt, who was beginning to look concerned. Her gaze lingered on him again.

“Besides, it looks like you’ve forgotten something. Like, uh, pants.”

She looked down and yelped, ducking back behind the door. Wyatt turned to Jen as Siobhan’s door clicked shut. “I’m really sorry, ma’am. Didn’t mean to cause no fuss.”

She giggled. “Oh, don’t worry Wyatt, she’ll be fine. She’s just going through some stuff at the moment, and it’s taking a lot of getting used to for her. Let’s get you settled in.”

While Wyatt lugged his bags up to his new room, Jen knocked her way into Siobhan’s room. She smirked as Siobhan closed her laptop guiltily, pulling her hand away from her groin.

“Jen, I can’t believe you’d do this!”

“What do you mean? We needed a roommate.”

“You *know* what I mean!”

Jen sat down on the bed, beside her roommate. “Look, a friend of a friend referred him and vouched for him. It’s not my fault he has a strong jaw, broad shoulders, big farmboy muscles...”

Siobhan gasped. “Jen...”

“He could probably grab you by the ass cheeks and lift you up... Those soft lips on your nipples while his stubbly jaw rubs against the rest of your breast...”

Siobhan’s mouth hung open with a low moan, her hand returning between her legs. “Jen, stop...”

“His fat cock throbbing against your pussy as he grinds his muscular body against you...”

“Jen, fucking *stop!*” She threw her hands back to either side of her legs, face red and chest heaving, squeezing her thick thighs together.

“When are you going to stop pretending you can just ignore what’s happened to you? Seriously, you think you’re better than me? You think you’re special?”

Siobhan's first impulse was to grab her breasts, to stop them bouncing as her chest heaved with lust, but she'd already learned from experience that her hands sinking into the pliant flesh only made things worse. She cursed not having put on her bra, as much as she wanted to act like she didn't need the stupid thing.

"This... This isn't who I am. I'm not *like* this..."

"You think the Aphrodite cares? You think it matters what sort of girl you were? This is your life now, and avoiding being around men isn't going to change that. That's why if I pulled up your laptop there'd be more than schoolwork. That's why you forgot to put on pants when you heard a guy's voice in the hall. How'd you sleep last night? No interesting dreams? I mean, you're so special, you wouldn't get the dreams, would you?"

Siobhan's protestations fell silent, her eyes lidded and her cheeks flushed. Jen continued on. "We *all* tried to fight it. Every single one of us thought it didn't have to be that way for us – that we could beat it. You think I just shrugged my shoulders and went "well, guess I'm a slut now?" The sooner you get over yourself and accept what's happening, the easier it'll be."

Siobhan looked close to tears. Jen sat down next to her, patting her on the back. "Seriously, you can have fun with this. It's not a death sentence. It's just kind of a new hobby. A, um, permanent hobby that you can't ever stop doing ever again."

Jen got up, stretching. The act of thrusting out her chest seemed almost subconscious. "Oh hey, interesting fact. Wyatt doesn't know about us."

"Doesn't know what about us?" Siobhan was fidgeting, looking furtively at her laptop.

"*About us.* About Aphrodite. He thinks I'm just a girl with big tits, coloured hair and sandalwood perfume. He apologises for looking at my boobs. It's adorable."

"Wow, what are you going to do?"

Jen pursed her lips. "I kind of don't want to tell him. I'm enjoying him not knowing about me."

"Weren't you the one who was going on about needing to accept that I'm going to turn into an insatiable whore and guys are just meat to me now? Why are you acting like he's a person?"

"Stop being such a drama queen, that's not what anybody said. Anyway, I'm going to go help Wyatt. Enjoy your porn."

Jen wandered back into Wyatt's room, and gasped, her mouth going dry. Wyatt had stripped down to a tight white undershirt as he put his things away. He wasn't a cut gym rat, but he had a wholesome muscularity and a farmer's tan which set off against his short-cropped blond hair and the stubble of his travel. Wyatt turned around, catching a glance of Jen biting her lip with wide, hungry eyes.

"Jen, you okay?"

Christ, he's hot. Okay Jen, calm down, wait until he's at least signed the lease.

She took a deep breath, and smiled glassily. “I’m fffffffine.” She walked over and sat on the edge of his bed. She could feel that her outsized nipples were pressing hard against her thin tee, but there wasn’t much she could do about it. She squirmed a little when he turned back to the closet, letting her draw her eyes up and down the muscles in his back and his ass. She drew another rattling breath.

“So, Wyatt. Tell me something about yourself.” *Like, how big is your cock?*

“Well, my parents own a farm outside Ellendale. I’ve got two brothers and two sisters. I’m gonna be doing engineering at Chuttenhaw.”

Jen slipped a hand up underneath her top while Wyatt wasn’t looking, her fingers rubbing softly over one of her enormous nipples, pinching and tweaking it. Her eyelids fluttered. “Y-you have a girlfriend?”

“Naw. Had one, ‘fore I got the letter for here. Trouble was she’s goin’ to California. We decided it just weren’t worth it.”

“Well that’s a shame.” Her left hand had moved down to her crotch, rubbing lightly through her yoga pants. They were absolutely saturated. She saw him start to turn back around and quickly pulled her hands away, her tits jiggling with the motion and drawing out a muffled yelp. Wyatt caught the smell of sandalwood again, even stronger than before.

“Well, I’m goin’ to have to go get some cash out, might buy some groceries while I’m out. Y’all need anythin’?”

Yes, I really do. “N-no, I’m fine. I’m gonna, um, head back to my room, so you, uh, just head out and knock when you’re back and we’ll sort out the paperwork.”

Jen burst back into her room after Wyatt left. Her knees were knocking together, her breathing sharp and harsh. One hand was down her pants, rubbing desperate circles around her absurdly-sized clit, the other was sinking into her left breast, squeezing hard. She was lucky she’d learned what self-control she had – two years ago, he’d have turned around and seen her brazenly masturbating, lost in her own lust.

She threw herself down on the bed, azure tresses fanning out around her, reaching across to her bedside table and pulling out her Hitachi, which had a permanent place plugged into the powerboard. She was realising grimly that this was a mistake. She’d been in this state many times before. At best, her magic wand could work to bleed off the urge when it started creeping up on her, taking the edge off for an hour or two and at least giving her space to think. When she was like this, she might as well have been spraying a water pistol at a bonfire.

Not for the first time, she lamented whatever twist of fate had led her to be lumbered with this curse. It wasn’t to say that it was all bad, but three years of your body being little more than an absurdly-altered vehicle for endlessly attempting to satisfy a gnawing, unnatural desire left you feeling good and ready to have your real life back.

Why me? Why my body? She didn’t even bother pulling down her pants, spreading her legs apart and applying the buzzing head of her vibrator directly to her massive, throbbing clitoris through

her pants, drawing out a whole-body shudder, a flood of juices and combination between a gasp and a moan. She grabbed and pinched her fat nipple, squealing at the rush of sensation. It was beyond belief that breasts so large could also be so unbearably sensitive, but so many things about her condition were beyond belief.

The first orgasm hit her within minutes, her pussy clenching and fluttering, injecting a brief flood of pleasure into her body that made her squeal but, horribly, not even dulling her arousal. Ten of those could maybe help extend the time she needed before the familiar feeling, the need for a man, became too much to bear. This was far beyond even that relative comfort.

Another couple of orgasms came and went, but she was so overwrought that it all it did was make her crave more. That was when Siobhan entered the room, raising her voice over the buzzing.

“I grabbed your phone and texted Nathan. He’ll be over in ten minutes.”

Jen managed to squeak a thank you between the moans and gasps. She noticed through the haze that Siobhan’s hand had crept idly down between her legs, a flush rising in her cheeks.

“I, uh, should go. I’ll let Nathan in when he gets here.”

She left the room as Jen started to squeal over her fourth profoundly unsatisfying orgasm.

His wallet bulging with cash, Wyatt wandered into the closest Shopfast to pick up some essentials and some snacks. It was in the confectionary aisle, leaning down to reach a packet of Milky Ways, that he felt someone move up behind him, a pneumatic warmth pressing into the small of his back, a dainty brown arm reaching past to the rack above him and the smell of strawberries wafting past him.

“Ooh, sorry about that. Thought I could just reach around you.”

Wyatt turned around, and realised that the warmth was the fourth pair of absurdly oversized breasts he’d seen that day. They were bound up in a bright pink, low-cut blouse, with arm holes large enough to show a good amount of fluoro-green bra and sideboob. Even through the bra, her thick nipples were plainly visible. Wyatt looked up into a wicked, perfect grin, framed by thick lips with bright-pink stick.

Its owner was clearly Asian in heritage, her almond-shaped eyes surrounded in dark liner and set off by thick eyelashes and appealing pastel-pink eyebrows. Her long, straight hair was the same shade of milky, pastel pink. Below the projecting mass of her rack, her tiny midriff was bare, leading down into a short, pristine white skirt that barely covered the bottom of her butt, which projected out behind her like a shelf and curved out and back in a perfect arc to join at the top of a pair of smooth thighs, the whole effect so perfect it seemed to have been sculpted from marble. A pair of rainbow striped socks covered her legs from mid-thigh down into white buckled shoes.

“Uh, no problem, ma’am. Here you go.” Wyatt handed her the packet he’d grabbed. She took them without taking her eyes off him.

“Ooh, a cowboy. That must mean you know how to use rope, huh?”

“Uh, sure, ma’am, I guess.”

“You ever had to restrain a wild, bucking animal?” She pressed closer to him. “You know, had to overpower something with only one thing on its mind?”

What is happening to my life? Are all city women this weird? “Uh, I guess so. Ain’t done it in a while.”

“Well that’s a shame. Maybe you need to get back into the practice.” She examined Wyatt’s blank, slightly worried look for a moment. “Aw, I’m not being direct enough for you, am I, country boy? I’m sorry.”

She leaned in even closer, squishing her breasts against the side of his body, whispering into his ear. “I want you to tie me down and fuck me senseless.”

Wyatt’s eyes went wide, looking down at her eager, happy smile, breathing in the fruity smell of her perfume. His cock throbbed mercilessly against his jeans. “I don’t even know you, ma’am...”

She giggled. Wyatt gasped as she grabbed his crotch, fondling the bulge of his erection. “I didn’t ask if you wanted to get to know me, I asked if you wanted to stick your cock inside me. And uh, forgive me for making assumptions, but it feels like he’s okay with the idea.” Her right hand gently grabbed his free wrist, placing it on her heaving breast. “You like titties, country boy? Do they grow them like this where you’re from? Go on, have a squeeze. They’re real.”

It might have taken her literally shoving a breast bigger than a cantaloupe into his hand, but Wyatt got the hint. He gave it a rough squeeze, his thumb rolling around the lump her nipple made in the front of the fabric, drawing out a pleasurable hiss. “Mm, you *do* like titties, don’t you? Why don’t we go somewhere private and you can see every square inch of them?”

Wyatt nodded, leaving his basket behind as she grabbed his hand and marched him over to the other end of the store, into the men’s bathroom. She found a free stall and led him in. Fortunately it was fairly roomy, because her tits took up a tremendous amount of the free space. She pushed him down onto the toilet seat, then immediately ran her hands up her body, swinging her hips as she peeled her top up and off, hanging it on the bag hook behind her.

Her breasts wobbled like jelly in their lime green prison, before she winked at him, reaching back and unhooking it, holding it in place and slowly pulling it up until her breasts fell heavily against her torso with a hard slap. Wyatt’s mouth went dry at the sight of the ponderous, weighty mounds. They were firm and smooth, and astonishingly perky for their size. As it was, their sheer weight pulled them into a deep hanging teardrop, her nipples about half an inch off centre. They fell to about a quarter of the way down her taut stomach, but were full enough not to flatten, projecting out into rounded curves, her nipples only a little off-centre. She lifted them, the mass overflowing her fingers, taking in a deep, heady breath, and fixed Wyatt’s wide eyes with a sultry smile. That strawberry scent was even stronger, filling the cubicle.

“What do you think?” He nodded, his breathing shallow, his cock straining against his pants.

“Mm, good. So, country boy, I was going to let you decide what I did, but I think we’d die of old age before you came up with an idea. So take your pants down.”

Wyatt unbuckled his jeans, lifting his ass up off the seat to reveal white briefs, his nine-inch erection tenting out the front. The girl giggled and kneeled down in front of him.

“Tightie-whities? You’re such a boy scout.” She regarded his twitching member for a moment. “No, you’re packing too much for a boy scout.” She grabbed the band of his underwear, pulling it over his cock and tugging them down. “You’re a nice, big boy, aren’t you? I think a lovely cock like that deserves a reward.”

She lifted her breasts in her hands and dropped them in his lap, pressing them together from the sides and squeezing his dick between them. “You ever had a titty-fuck, country boy?” She swished around in her mouth, spitting down into the smooth canyon of her cleavage, lubing up the passage from his cock. “I bet you haven’t.” She squeezed them hard, moaning, and started to drag them up and down against him. Her hips rolled and bucked as she did, almost like she was getting off as much as him.

“It feels really good, country boy, but you have to promise me–“ she changed direction, squeezing them together and rolling his cock between them from side to side, like a pump, “that you’ll blow a HUGE boiling hot load all over them and up onto my face. Okay? That’s what I need to feed the beast.”

Wyatt groaned. He could feel the spasms of pleasure running up the underside of his dick, and he knew his lover’s request wasn’t going to be hard to fulfil. She picked up the pace, ducking her head down to lick at the tip of his dick on each downstroke of her mounds.

Almost embarrassingly fast, he felt the dull throb of an impending orgasm at the base of his cock. He tried to tell her, but all he could do was gasp. She seemed to get the hint though, pulling her face back and just concentrating on pumping her tits around him.

“Yeah, country boy, cover me in a load of fucking spunk– fuuuuck yeah!” Her command turned into a moan as Wyatt’s dick shot a rope of cum straight into her face. She squeezed her tits and pulled in time for his second shot, milking an even harder spray that splattered off her features and dripped down into her cleavage. By the third pump, her own hips were rolling and she was pulling in harsh, rattling breaths as an orgasm passed through her body.

Wyatt slumped back against the cistern, taking in deep breaths as his heart thudded against his chest. It wasn’t his first time with a woman, of course, but no girl had ever done *that* for him before. She pressed her tits together, dragging her tongue down her cleavage and slurping up a puddle of cum with relish, looking him dead in the eyes with thick streaks of spunk across her face.

“Mm, yeah, that’s the way baby. You came too quickly, though. You must have been backed up pretty bad, huh? When’s the last time you had some girl drain those balls?”

She didn’t even really wait for an answer, standing up, her rack bouncing against her chest.

Wyatt didn’t really notice, but she was red-faced and panting, and her legs were trembling.

“Move. I didn’t get to cum properly from that because you shot off too early, and now I *need* it or I’ll go insane.”

They awkwardly exchanged places, allowing her to sit down on the seat, spreading her legs wide and nearly bowling Wyatt over with a blast of thick strawberry smell.

“Wait, that smell... That’s your...”

She snorted. “Of course it is, what else would it be?”

Wyatt had no answer to that, and he was more fascinated by the girl’s pussy. Her mons pubis was plump and swollen, each lip the size of her two thumbs side-to-side, to the point where her thighs would have put pressure on it as she walked. Her inner labia were enlarged as well and would have been easily visible from outside, even with her legs closed. Her clitoris was the most astonishing part – a far cry from the little fleshy bud most women had hidden behind a hood, her clit was huge and stood out proudly at the top of her pussy, as big as a cherry tomato. She was completely bald and smooth, without even shaving stubble.

“Uh, country boy,” she tried to be measured, but she couldn’t hide the affronted desperation in her voice or the involuntary panting of her lust, “I know it’s probably the coolest cunt you’ve ever seen, but how about less looking and more licking?”

“Oh, right, sorry!” He knelt down, bending forward and licking his way up one of her thighs. He smacked his lips as a sweet taste tickled his tongue, growing stronger until he reached her pussy, where he planted a quick kiss directly on the top of her overgrown clitoris before diving down to her labia with his tongue.

He realised in utter shock that her pussy juice was sweet. He’d been introduced to oral sex by his first girlfriend, and he’d dutifully worked his way through the bitter taste of quim to pleasure her. This, on the other hand, was an oral sex dream. It was the sweetness of slightly dilute Kool-aid, not so thick or rich as to be overpowering, but enough to keep him hooked. He started to lick and suck on the plush inner lips of her pussy with gusto, revelling in the scent of strawberries that surrounded him, the flood of sweet juices his ministrations brought out and the melody of her rattling moans, then thrust his tongue inside the well-lubed walls of her vagina.

“Oh fuck you’re *good* at this, Jesus, aaah!” She writhed, one hand running through her milk-pink hair, the other groping at one of her enormous breasts, jiggling the gelatinous flesh and tugging the fat, swollen nipple, falling back into a continuous stream of high-pitched moans.

Wyatt happily ate her out, even powering through the point when one of her orgasms made her squeeze her thighs together, shoving his face hard into her pussy mound for probably ten or twenty seconds while she came down from the pleasure high, before she let go, allowing him to take a deep breath and start licking again. She lost any volume control she may have had as she crested towards orgasm, screaming loud enough to echo throughout the bathroom.

Wyatt went down on her until his cock had rallied back to full erection and he’d drawn about three minor orgasms from the oversexed girl. He pulled back, his face sticky with strawberry-scented juice, and stood up. She caught sight of his erection again, staring with hooded eyes and a slack mouth, her shoulders and her cum-covered bust heaving.

“Y-yeah, you know what I need, country boy. You know I need dick. Don’t make me beg.”

Wyatt had no such plans. He stepped forward, gripping her hips and pushing his dick into the swollen, inviting folds of her pussy. She bit down on the start of a shriek, gripping her tits hard and rolling her hips forward. She was so lubricated that Wyatt slipped in with ease. All his previous girlfriends had recoiled a little at his size, and sex had been at best kind of uncomfortable. His new lover's pussy accepted him like a glove, soft and yielding while at the same time gripping him firmly and powerfully.

He started thrusting, reaching forward and kneading her breasts. She began to babble and shudder, her eyes rolling back in her head, until at barely past the half minute mark she started convulsing again, her moans turning to choking shrieks sounds as her most powerful orgasm yet gripped her. Wyatt didn't stop, and her cum didn't seem to either, the pleasure mounting as she thrashed and squirted fruity juice around the shaft of his dick.

Thanks to having already cum once earlier, Wyatt was able to be a little bit more resilient this round, but the boiling heat of her silken folds was already starting to bring him close. It was when her pussy clamped down on him when she began the next set of orgasmic spasms that he couldn't resist any longer. He groaned, slumping forward and bucking as he started shooting off hard inside her, her cum redoubling as she felt the sticky warmth fill her insides.

Wyatt pulled back, trailing cum from her glistening folds, and braced himself against the cubicle door. His heart thumped in his chest, his legs weak and shaky. She cooed in afterglow, trailing her finger around in the cold puddle of spunk on her right breast, her other hand affectionately fondling her lower lips.

"N-not bad, country. Only two from the actual fuck, but that foreplay performance was worth at least another two."

It might have been the lingering fog of sex, but Wyatt couldn't work out what she was talking about. "I'm sorry, ma'am?"

"Orgasms, you hayseed. Proper toe-curling orgasms that actually help calm me down. Did you live under a rock or something?"

She set about cleaning herself up, scooping the cum off her tits and licking it from her fingers before wiping the rest down with toilet paper, her eyes started hunting around. Wyatt sheepishly located and handed over her discarded bra. He noticed the fascinating way she buckled it up first, then poured her massive tits into it, giving it a weighty shake that audibly stretched the straps to let her frontage settle.

"Anyway, what's your number?"

"Uh, don't have one yet. I just moved here."

"A cell phone? No? Christ, did I just fuck nineteen-fifty-five?" She paused for a moment.

"Although... Me in my cheerleader's uniform with a pink sweater vest stretching over my boobs... You in a varsity jacket, plowing me in the back of your Cadillac..." She giggled, shaking her head. "No, can't start that or I'll never get home. Okay, country boy, take this and call me when you get a number, okay?"

She grabbed a slip of card and a pen from her purse, scribbling a cell number and a simple diagram of a wasp-waisted woman with huge breasts and a message of “call me 4 sex!” with a heart. He stood staring at the card for a moment, then looked up as she started to leave.

“Wait, I don’t even know your name!”

She blew him a kiss. “Call me Pink.”

Wyatt needed answers. He was more confused than ever by the city and he was getting tired of being treated like an idiot. There’d only been one person he’d run into today who actually seemed interested in explaining anything, and that’s why he had one destination in mind after getting his shopping. The automatic doors of the 7-11 slid open, the clerk giving him a wave.

“Hey, you’re back. How you goin’, man? Find the place okay?”

“Good, thanks, and yeah, I did. Uh, look, I don’t want to bother y’all, but I’m so confused right now and I didn’t know where else to go to find someone helpful.”

“Well, I’m touched. Sure thing, brother, we can chat. I’m Neil, by the way.”

“Thanks. Wyatt. Look, I need to know what’s going on with the girls in this city. The, uh, affees?”

“Aphies.” Neil gave a low chuckle. “Not gonna pretend I’m a genius, but I know a little, yeah. Why you so curious all of a sudden? Meet one you want to get to know a little better?”

“Well, uh-“ Wyatt couldn’t stop the blush. Neil chortled. “That’s the way, man! Okay, so like, I don’t know what causes it. Nobody really does. About ten years back these women started showing up with I guess what you’d call mutations. You’ve seen the big ones, no pun intended. Tits for days and huge asses. Weird coloured hair and eyes. Interesting stuff going on downstairs, too.”

Wyatt nodded. “Yeah, I kno- er...” The clerk’s eyes went wide, and he leaned in, peering at Wyatt’s face.

“Wait, you’re not just *trying* to get with one. Homeboy got his dick wet?” Wyatt blushed even harder, and the clerk fell back in his chair laughing. “NICE one dude! You got game!”

“No but, that’s the thing. I didn’t DO nothin’. This gal basically jumped me in the store.”

“Sounds about right for a fit young one like you.” Wyatt’s blank expression led him to go on.

“All right, so basically, you’ve seen the surface shit. All of that’s just, like, symptoms, though. The real condition is their sex drive. Whatever that bug inside them is, it basically makes any girl who gets it want the D, constantly.”

Wyatt’s stomach dropped like a cannonball. A rush of images went through his head, the girl he’d run into earlier, Pink’s scandalous behaviour... Jen...

The clerk grinned. “Didn’t see the signs and feeling kind of dumb? It’s cool man, everyone’s kind of like that the first time they meet an Aphrodite girl. You’re socialised to deal with girls a certain

way, and you're not really emotionally built to handle a girl who's basically just a walking sex drive."

Neil's bluntness rubbed Wyatt the wrong way, and the clerk could see it in his eyes. "Hey man, that's not my words, that's what my ex-girlfriend called herself by the end. I didn't really discuss it that much with her, but she never, ever stopped being horny."

"Jesus. So this girl from before—"

"She was probably climbing the fucking walls, brother. When they get really bad, they stop even caring who's around. They stop thinking about, like, social norms and shit. They stop thinking about things like cheating, too." The last one sounded more bitter than he probably intended.

"Must be horrible."

Neil shrugged. "I dunno. I've known some who're cool with it. I mean, there's upsides. They're all fucking hot. Like, the ugliest, flattest Aphrodite girl could have any man she wants. My friend knows one who's fifty five and she looks like she's in her mid-twenties. They can eat whatever they want and never gain an ounce. They can't get pregnant or catch STDs. They basically get to spend their entire lives having sex with who they want, when they want."

"Still." Wyatt was half dwelling on the idea of living life that way, but his mind was also on Jen and the way she'd been hanging over him, showing off her breasts and... Fuck, she'd been masturbating on his bed, hadn't she?!

Neil pushed a magazine over the counter. "You might be interested in this, brother."

"*Playguy*. Seriously?"

"It's for the articles." Neil grinned like the Cheshire Cat. "No, really, there's an article about it in this month's issue. It's not like you can read about it in the daily paper."

He leaned back as Wyatt took the magazine, sliding over some bills. "Here's my advice, man. Relax. From the sounds of it, you've got what these girls are looking for. I mean, I'm not gonna pretend that's some sort of deep statement about you being boyfriend material," he winked, "but you're obviously good enough for an Aphrodite booty call. Enjoy it, don't take it too seriously, and don't get too attached."

"It... It's a lot to think about. Thanks though, Neil, you've been a big help."

"Any time, brother. You take care, I've gotta get back to work."

Jen answered the door again when Wyatt got back. He wasn't sure if he was just feeling sensitive, but he started noticing other things about her appearance besides her swollen chest. Her surf-blue hair was tousled and messy, standing out even bigger and thicker and frizzier than before. Her soft cheeks were touched with a rosy glow underneath the glints, and her clothes were askew.

"Wyatt, you're back! I was starting to worry."

"Uh, yeah. Sorry. I jus' decided to see a bit of the city, you know?"

She was a lot less clingy than when he'd first met her. Still reactive and interested, but she no longer seemed to hang desperately off his every word and move. *She must have gotten laid while I was out.*

"Of course. So uh, are you ready to sign?"

That was a hell of a question. He felt like his world had been, if not turned upside down, then put on a pretty significant tilt. He looked at her eager face and the slow rise and fall of her absurd breasts. His hand brushed over the corner of the card in his pocket, pulling up the memory of Pink's sweaty, heaving, oversexed body, covered in streaks of his spunk. A part of him wanted to freak out and run back home to Ellendale. He looked back up at Jen, who was starting to look concerned.

"Yeah, okay. Let's do it."

It was a short matter to sign the forms and for Jen to hand over a key and a chores roster. "Okay, so, I work from home. I don't need like total silence or anything, but if the sign's up on my door that I'm working, I'd prefer if you didn't knock unless the house were on fire."

"Okay. What y'all do?"

"Uh—" she suddenly flushed madly. "Web stuff." Wyatt took the hint not to pry. He knew it was silly to feel like this girl who didn't know him from Adam was hiding something from him. Her sex life wasn't really his business. However, her reaction earlier to him not knowing about her condition was making him grumpy. If he'd been some city guy who knew all about these living sex goddesses, she would have treated him completely differently. She might even have jumped him before he got a chance to leave the house. But since he's some ignorant rural hick he's, what, a carnival attraction? Some rare rainforest species to carefully conserve?

"Wyatt, are you okay?" Her big, bright eyes were hooded with worry as she chewed on her lip. *Jesus, she's adorable.* Jen had a wholesome girl-next-door attraction that Pink didn't; of course, he hadn't actually seen Jen naked.

"Uh, yeah. It's just, y'know, real confronting bein' in the big city and all. Feel like there's things people ain't telling me. Some big ol' joke and I'm the butt of it."

To her credit, Jen at least had the decency to look guilty. "You're really sweet is all, Wyatt. There aren't many guys in the city like you. It's very appealing, honestly."

Wyatt raised an eyebrow. "Appealing?"

She immediately turned red. "Uh, all I mean is, uh, well. Wyatt, imagine what it must be like for me with guys. You know what they say, they only want one thing, right? Or, uh, two things, I guess."

Ouch. She probably wasn't trying to guilt-trip him, but that certainly put the kibosh on his slighted feelings. It also made him realise he'd been staring at her bust, and pulled his eyes back up. She went on. "This is one of the longest conversations I've had with a guy in months that wasn't about my tits or what's in my pants. Or his pants. The contents of pants generally. Three years of guys talking to your tits about your tits gets kind of old."

“Three years? Bloomed late, if y’all don’t mind me asking?”

“Yeah, thought I was heading for nothing but B-cups by sixteen, but uh, puberty had its last stand.” She shook them from side to side a little, then closed her eyes and took a deep breath. They sat awkwardly for a moment while Wyatt’s fingers kept brushing the card in his pocket.

“Oh, hey, uh, y’all have a landline? Might just call home.”

She nodded, writing a number down on a slip of paper. “There’s a book by the phone, write down the calls you make. I’m gonna head back up to my room, okay?”

He watched her hips sway sensuously back and forth as she left, noting the jiggle of her ass cheeks as she took the stairs, before he went and found the phone in the living room. He made a quick call back home, letting his ma and pop know he was okay. After the receiver hit the cradle, he pulled out Pink’s card, took a deep breath, and dialled.

“Hello?” Her voice practically purred out of the handset. Wyatt swallowed, feeling himself throb in his pants. “Uh, howdy Pink, it’s Wy-“

“Country boy! Oh, thank God! Listen, the limp-dick I had booked in tonight bailed. You need to come over and get freaky.” He could hear noises in the background, and her voice dropped away from the mic slightly.

“Uh, tonight? I dunno, I only just got moved in here...”

“It wasn’t really a question, dude. I’ve been having a dry week and I already need it again, so you’re going to come over and ream me until I can think straight. Pink needs her medicine, you understand?”

Is she panting? Neil hadn’t been joking about these girls. “Uh, okay Pink. What time were you thinking?”

“Let me put it this way.” There were definitely muffled moans mixing with her speech. “I’ve got seven inches of my favourite purple plastic cock inside me and a bullet vibe on each of my tits. I’ve cum six times in the last hour and it’s done nothing for me. I’ve thought about ordering pizza so I can jump the delivery guy. *Come over and fuck me.*”

Pink started giving him her address, stopping partway through as a shriek burst from her, an orgasm rolling through her body. “Fucking *hell*, I can’t remember the last time it got this bad. Okay country, I’m expecting a piping hot delivery of Vitamin D in the next half hour.”

The phone call ended there, just after the beginning of another moan.

Pink’s place was on one of the lower floors of a large apartment block. He’d barely even knocked when he heard the desperate thud of feet and the door flew open.

Pink was stark naked, her astounding breasts glistening and heaving, her pink locks streaked with sweat. The bullet vibes she’d mentioned were still there, taped to her nipples and buzzing. She grabbed him by the shirt, yanking him inside the apartment and pulling his face down to savagely lock lips with him, whining as her tongue probed his mouth.

She wordlessly walked him back into her bedroom, one hand going straight down into his pants to fondle his erecting cock, making sure to keep him in close contact with her immense frontage. She sat down at the edge of her plush, spacious bed, spreading her thighs and licking her lips with hungry eyes.

“Come on, country boy.”

Pink’s swollen, moist pussy was every bit as inviting as it was before, and if anything was wreathing the room in even more of its heady strawberry aroma. He dove in, gratefully lapping up strings of her sugar-sweet juice. Her pussy lips curved out obscenely from the mound of her pussy, inviting him in to kiss, nibble and press his face against the soft, yielding flesh. He reached his hands around her and gripped her voluptuous ass hard, his fingers sinking deep into the firm curves, inviting a shriek from his lover.

Her slowly and deliberately built her up to a peak, carefully observing her movements and her breathing, pulling back and just starting to kiss around her thighs and the outer lips of her pussy, making her whine loudly as her orgasmic tension ebbed away. He edged her three more times that way, until by the final one she’d been left on such a hair trigger that she spontaneously came barely after he’d started building her up again.

He had to grab onto her hips hard to keep her from bucking like a carnival bull ride. Her hips rose off the bed with inexorable force, her thighs gripping together and holding his face in place like a vice. Her shrieks of pleasure echoed off the walls, her tits bouncing madly in fascinating fluid patterns, while Wyatt continued to work away at her until she finally fell back, panting, eyes unfocused. The vibrators had scattered their way to the corners of the room.

“Holy *shit*. Who taught you to do that?”

“My ex.”

“She deserves a fucking medal.” She locked eyes with him, swallowing, her breathing heavy, then grabbed him, leading him around to lay down on the bed. “You know what I really need, though.”

She pulled down his jeans, mewling at the throbbing bulge in his boxer shorts, pulling her face in close and breathing in with closed eyes and an exultant expression. “God, I love cock.” She freed it from its fabric prison, giving the tip a quick, cheeky kiss. “You’ve got a pretty nice one, did you know that? I’ve seen a lot of them and yours stacks up well.”

She giggled, suckling the tip into her mouth and dragging her tongue around the underside of the glans, before pulling it off with a *pop*. She drew her legs under her, pulling herself up into a kneeling position and shuffled forward until the swollen folds of her pussy reached the bucking tip. Wyatt was stunned at how tiny her waist was, especially compared to the hourglass formed by her boobs and hips.

She dropped herself down onto him, her moans cascading with each inch until her plush lips hit the base of Wyatt’s dick. She wasted no time in starting to ride, rolling the swell of her hips back and forth, grinding the sensitive folds of her slit against his shaft. Her hands crept up to cup and hold her chest, halting its motion to protesting jiggles that threatened to overflow her fingers in

waves of flesh. She winked at him, her efforts as much for his amusement as to actually corral her breasts.

She moaned passionately with each thrust of her hips against him, driving his cock deep inside her, rearing back, and then spearing it again. She grinned through a sweat-slicked lock of pink hair and squeezed, her muscles clamping on his cock.

“Mmf, you’re so deep, you’re stirring me up inside. I can feel you all the way in, country boy. Fuck me, you know I need this, you know I’m nothing but a cock-mad aphie slut who needs to be fucked!”

It was when she pulled up one of her breasts and shoved the oversized nipple into her mouth, sucking herself to a staggering orgasm, the moans muffled by a mound of titflesh, that Wyatt was sent over the edge and started groaning, shooting off hard up into her body. She rode him hard with each orgasmic twitch, the heat of his spunk drawing out her own pleasure, until she collapsed forward onto him, shivering and panting, squishing her breasts into his chest and rolling her hips back and forth, working the last spasms of pleasure out with him inside her.

“Oh God, yeah. That helped. That helped a lot.” She gave a low, happy moan, rolling off him and lying back. Her nipples were still thick and erect and, looking down, Wyatt realised her clit was still glistening and swollen with need, and she was rubbing it absent-mindedly. He yelped as he felt her other hand reach down to his groin, looking down into her grinning, glassy-eyed face.

“Ready for round two yet, country boy?”

He grimaced, his dick still sensitive from just having came. “You mean you’re... already?”

She giggled, her eyes dropping down while she gently played with his cock, attempting to coax it back to life. “Well yeah. What did you think, country boy, you were going to be the first guy to ever satisfy an Aphrodite chick? You’re hot, you’re not Jesus.”

“Pink, I don’t think I can go again, that was my third time today!”

“Psh.” She rolled over again, pulling herself along his body, lifting herself up and letting her swaying boobs bump against his face. “You think that’s the first time I’ve heard that? I can kick-start your big guy again.” She pressed them together, mashing his face into her boobs as she straddled him, rubbing her strawberry-scented juice across his flaccid cock.

“The thing is, all guys love titty, and if you offer them this much, they can’t help it. Suck them.” Wyatt pulled his head out from her cleavage, struggling to breathe. She grabbed one, shoving her massive nipple into his mouth. “Suck!”

She moaned passionately as he started to suck, rolling his tongue around her nipple. One hand went to her clit, pressing into it and guiding it against his swelling dick, the other kneaded her remaining breast. By the time he was fully hard again, she’d already had another orgasm, falling against him and forcing her breast even harder into his face, until she recovered and looked back at his cock hungrily, sliding back to spear herself on it again.

After their second session, when Wyatt was adamant that not only was he physically done, that he didn't mentally feel up to another roll in the hay either, Pink unceremoniously declared that it was time for him to leave.

"Well, unless you're ready to go again right now, I don't really need a big, sexy, muscular guy and his fat c-" she took a deep breath, "I mean, I don't need you sitting in my bed being all hot and getting me worked up, okay?"

"You've never had a guy stay the night?"

"Sometimes, if they're going to be up for a midnight bang or morning sex. Otherwise it's really not worth it. Country boy, let's get something straight. I'm not your girlfriend. I don't do boyfriends. You're not a special exception to the rules."

"The rules? What rules?"

"The rules of my fucking body, you idiot. You're not my knight in shining armour who's going to save me from the Aphrodite, okay? I want one thing from you, and that's it. Otherwise, I don't need you hanging around my room and making this shit even fucking harder to deal with, okay?"

Wyatt got up, gathering his jeans. He recalled what Neil had told him about Pink's libido – was it actually so bad that she couldn't even be around men unless she was fucking them? She rolled over, laying across the bed, her tits filling up the entirety of the space between her chest and arms, and the bed. He saw her shiver as her nipples dragged along the quilt.

"Ugh. Stupid. Anyway, before you go, give me your digits." She entered them into her phone as he recited the number. "Ugh, a landline? Can you get a cell so I can just text you for a booty call?"

He shrugged, making her groan. "Fuck, you don't realise how big a deal cell phones and the Internet are for dealing with this shit until you want to bone someone who fell out of the fifties. It was bad enough before FaceSpace and Kndling."

She realised Wyatt was still there, watching her breasts wobble gelatinously underneath her. She flushed. "Why are you still here? Go home!"

Night had well and truly fallen when Wyatt got back. Both Jen and Siobhan had retreated to their rooms, so Wyatt busied himself with unpacking the last of his things, setting up his room the way he wanted it, and then falling back on his bed. Usually at this time of night he'd be watching the TV with his brothers and sisters, or maybe jockeying for some time on the one family computer.

He reached under his bed, where he'd left the bag from the store, and pulled out the *Playguy*. There was an enormous-busted Latina woman on the front, with massive waves of navy-blue hair.

All About Aphrodite issue!

Exclusive centrefold interview with Aphrodite model goddess Azul!

All your questions answered by resident sexologist Dr. Heaven Mounds!

Plus, ten tips to help you score your own night with an Aphrodite girl!

Still feeling the after-effects of his multiple-orgasm fuck session with Pink, he hadn't originally been interested in anything but reading up a little about the condition. Azul's thick, tanned body, though, was incredibly enticing, and he first turned to the centrefold.

Azul was bigger in almost every way than either Pink or Jen. In fact, it was pretty obvious that Pink's body was a slim, boyish example of how Aphrodite girls could look. Every inch of Azul's body was smooth, mocha-coloured plush femininity. She was tall, her breasts were absurd, inches more around than her head, hanging heavily against a hint of plumpness at her waist that still did nothing to ruin the hourglass effect thanks to the eye-popping width of her hips and the curve of her perfect, enormous thighs. Her plump, swollen pussy, smooth and bald, was glistening with lust.

He began to grow hard in his pants, his cock aching protestingly. He turned back to the interview, the type set off by pictures of the hypersexual woman in a variety of outfits, all of them designed to show off boobs that rivalled Halloween pumpkins. In one picture, she wore nothing but her own locks, gathering her hair around her to artfully cover her nipples and the plump Y of her crotch.

It's a warm day in Los Angeles, and Playguy reporter Hugh Wang is at a downtown coffee shop, waiting for a goddess to walk in off the sidewalk. Even in a city with more than its fair share of women blessed with the greatest little bug ever discovered, Azul stands out from a crowd. She takes a seat at the table, not even embarrassed by how much space her boobs take up, or how her huge ass barely fits in one of the outdoor seats. Her smile is heart-melting and cock-hardening, all at the same time.

Q: Thanks so much for agreeing to this, Azul!

A: My pleasure. I love doing as much as I can for all my beautiful fans. Especially all their beautiful dicks. I can't help it.

Q: And you do have a lot of them, don't you? They want to know more about you, just like we do. An insight into the girl behind the rack. So, speaking of the rack, when did it first happen?

A: Ten years ago. I was one of the first lot of Aphrodite girls that got noticed. I was living in Tijuana and I was working as a, well... a prostitute. I was kind of chunky – not obese, but overweight, and I was a C cup then-

Q: I can't imagine you being a C-cup!

A: Heh, I can't even remember what it was like. I just remember slowly getting leaner and fitter, putting on curves where they were supposed to be. My boobies were getting bigger and firmer. I thought I'd gotten my diet and exercise under control. I was doing better business than ever, and I was actually enjoying it for the first time. I never used to cum with guys before that, but I was having two, three a night, even with the grossest dudes. I started craving it; I'd get excited every night when it was time to start work, because I'd been thinking about cock all day.

Q: When did you realise something was going on?

A: Well, every Aphrodite girl knows that day, don't they? The day you flip your switch. You wake up, and your whole body's on fire. Nothing you do helps. Your boobs have gone up a size or two overnight. You get so desperate that you climb into bed with a guy and – wow. The biggest orgasm of your life. And another two or three on top of that. You feel great, that horrible need goes away – for like a week. Then you need it again, and this time, you know what helps. But it doesn't help as much. So you do it again, and again... then one day, you do it, and the urge doesn't go away. It takes about three months for most girls. It took me less than two. Your tits go into overdrive, too, and your hair starts changing colour and growing like crazy.

The day I finally decided I needed to see a doctor was when I went in and got measured and found out I was nearly an L cup. My hair was growing like a weed and coming out dark blue – everything else but my eyebrows was falling off. I barely fit into a single piece of my old clothes, and of course, I had that constant need for dick. That was when I thought I was sick or something, and I found a doctor. He had to call a specialist from the United States, who came out to see me and run his tests.

Q: And so they made history. As well as being one of the hottest adult stars in the world, you also run a non-profit for girls like you, is that right?

A: Mmm-hmm. I started up Changed Forever about four years ago, to try and help girls like me cope with catching the bug. It's not easy, you know, and I think it's even harder now that the Internet knows just enough about it to be wrong. You get girls getting all these ridiculous things they're told, and it's really scary. We fund information packs, research and local support groups in each city, to get girls the right information and show them they don't need to deal with Aphrodite alone.

The thought of the pretty Mexican woman's breasts gradually getting bigger, her body filling out, her need for sex growing day by day, had Wyatt hard in his jeans. He breathed deeply, unzipping his jeans, when he was interrupted by a knock at his door. He hurriedly pulled up his fly and dropped the magazine on the other side of his bed. "Come in!"

He nearly choked. Jen leaned against his doorframe. Her tits were bound up in a scandalously small lacy bra, with a pink arc of areola clearly visible over each cup, the cups bowing around it to cope with its puffiness and giving up entirely at covering her erect nipples. The bra pressed her boobs together into inches and inches of perfect cleavage. A tiny pair of panties was being swallowed by her thighs, the thin straps showing off the curve of her hips. Thick blue hair fanned out like a cape, wider than her shoulders, down to the bottom of her butt.

"Hi, Wyatt. Did you go out again?"

She didn't even try to hide the way her eyes found the bulge of his erection. She didn't seem upset, though. "Uh, yeah, I did. Got back a little while ago."

"Did you have fun? Are you liking the city? There's a lot of interesting things to see."

Did she just shake her boobs? "Yeah, it was good. I'm really liking it here."

She grinned. "Great! So, you want pizza? We were thinking of ordering in tonight. I've been working, Siobhan's been... busy. What do you think?"

"Sounds good. You goin' to answer the door like that?"

She grinned, flushing red. "Maybe. Why not?"

He had to admit, he didn't have a reason for someone who looked like Jen to cover up. "Anyway, I'm going to call in a few minutes, so work out what you want on your pizza."

He watched her enormous ass sway back and forth as she turned around and went back downstairs, groaning as his cock throbbed.

He got up, rearranging himself, and nearly walked straight into Siobhan as he left his room. She was dressed this time, wearing sweats and a hoodie, her hair pulled back in a ponytail that accentuated the bizarre half-colour. Her eyes narrowed, her cheeks flushing slightly.

"Oh, it's you. So, you're our new roommate, then?"

"Yup. Siobhan, right?"

She grunted. An awkward silence hung between them as they went downstairs. "Listen, I'm sorry if—"

"Just— just don't. I'm not interested. As far as I'm concerned, you aren't here. You just keep to yourself."

She stalked off, huffing. A realisation hit Wyatt. She was *another* one? Her hostility suddenly made a little more sense.

Wyatt laid back in his bed. It had been a weird day, to say the least, and he was finally getting a chance to decompress and sort out his thoughts. And, of course, peruse more of his magazine.

Dinner had been a strange affair. Siobhan grabbed a plateful of pizza and retired to her room. Jen had gotten more dressed, but her tank top still displayed miles of cleavage. At one point, when an errant sauce drop escaped, she lifted her entire rack to lick it up. They chatted, but about nothing consequential, while Wyatt dropped in and out of arousal the whole time. He couldn't deny that, as amazing as Pink's body had been, that Jen was hotter – thicker, curvier, more plush, bigger up top.

He pulled out the Playguy, opening it to a section showing some of the info for new Aphrodite girls.

It's the funniest thing. For each really obvious weird way the Aphrodite affects a woman, there's one you wouldn't really think about. There's a lot of consequences from turning up someone's sensitivity and sex drive that far. One of them is the dreams.

Put simply, say goodbye to regular dreams. Say goodbye to nightmares as well. Instead, say hello to sex dreams. Every single night. All night. Not content with making you crave sex every waking hour, your new body's going to make sure that instead of getting a break while sleeping you're going to spend all night fucking in your head, exploring the filthiest, most depraved and perverted fantasies your brain can produce.

Your libido will basically plug straight into your subconscious. You'll fuck literally everyone you know, twice over. You'll explore fetishes you didn't know you had, and that you didn't know existed. You'll feel dirty every time you wake up, and without even the consolation prize of a good, satisfying orgasm. Just one more way the Aphrodite takes over your life.

Almost on cue, that was when Wyatt heard a strange noise from out in the corridor. He got up and crept over to his door, hearing it again from one of the doors in the corridor. Was it... a moan? His cock throbbed as he carefully made his way out, and a high-pitched whine let him know the noises were coming from Jen's room.

Her door had been left ajar, and an uneven jamb had let it drift open a little. Jen's bed was massive – easily queen-sized, and she laid on her side in the middle of it, sheets and covers askew. She was entirely nude, fluffy strands of blue hair scattered about her body, her breasts sitting off-level with her chest, the left one having slid off the right to land below it, quivering as Jen's body shook. Her hands were between her legs, working away slowly but determinedly.

Wyatt initially drew back, fearing being caught, but he realised her eyes stayed closed and her body was slumped, and that she was masturbating in her sleep. She moaned and breathed heavily, locked in one of the sex dreams Wyatt had just read about. He briefly wondered what she was dreaming about, but soon his question was answered.

“Wyatt...”

His breath caught in his throat, his cock straining hard against his boxers. The remaining rational part of his mind knew that he'd only just *read* that she was locked in a dream she had no control over, that it didn't necessarily mean anything, but it was having a hell of a time getting anything through the sight of a living goddess writhing and moaning his name. For a moment, he advanced forward, rubbing himself, but a sudden vision stopped him. He remembered Pink, and how little she'd wanted to do with him once she got what she needed. Would Jen be the same? Did she even *want* him, or would she just not be able to resist?

He wrenched himself away from the sight and padded back to his room, his erection swinging as moans followed him back. Not just one set, though; they were coming from further down the corridor as well.

What have I gotten myself into?

The next morning started late. Wyatt got the impression most mornings started late for the girls, and he was tired out from both travelling and from his unusually busy day, so it wasn't until about 10:30 that he dragged himself down to the kitchen for breakfast, resolutely ignoring the low buzz from Jen's room. She came down a few minutes later, smiling at Wyatt.

“Mornin', Jen. How'd you sleep?”

“As well as I ever do. How was your first night?”

The image of her writhing curves and sweat-streaked blue hair passed through his mind. “Er, uneventful.”

“Gooood.” She purred as she sat down, looking him in the eyes. She didn't seem even aware of it, like flirting was subconscious. She slowly wiggled her hips, and fluffed out her tresses of hair, which even at their heights of post-orgasmic frizz only served at worst to give her a comfortable, rumpled sexuality. She munched on toast, taking short periods between each couple of bites to take a few deep, measured breaths. Her eyes continued to drift to him.

I mean, I don't need you sitting in my bed being all hot and getting me worked up, okay?

Was he taking a toll on her composure, just from being there? She smiled, and he realised he'd been staring. He went back to his cereal, flushing, when Siobhan entered the room, ruffled and breathing heavily. She twitched as she walked, picking her way carefully to the table.

"Afternoon, Siobhan."

"Jen, I... I need a number off you..."

"Oh, what sort of number would that be?"

Siobhan whined, running her fingers through her white locks, her eyes fixed on Wyatt. Her body heaved with exertion, sweaty and red-faced. "You kn-know what sort of number I mean. Please, Jen."

"Oh, that's funny. What were you saying yesterday about not being that sort of girl?"

Siobhan watched Wyatt with a slack, open mouth, her breath rattling in her throat. "Pleeease, I can't take it any more." Her nipples pressed against her top, visible to all the world through the thin fabric.

"How long did you last this time? Three days? Surely you could have locked yourself in your room and held out another few hours?"

"Jen!" Tears were starting to well in her eyes. Jen sighed, pulling out her phone.

"Fine, I'll text Danny. But this is the last time – you need to start collecting numbers or you're on your own. I'm serious, I can't curate a collection for two."

She rushed back up the stairs, tits bouncing wildly. Wyatt turned to Jen "What was all that about?"

Jen went cold. She hadn't forgotten Wyatt was there, exactly, but he could tell that she'd forgotten that she hadn't wanted to speak candidly about her condition. Her big, adorable eyes darted to the side as she stumbled over her words.

"It's- uh, it's, well, you see, it's kind of a..."

Wyatt sighed. "Don't worry 'bout it."

"Well, um. Anyway, I've got to get ready for work." She left the room as well, leaving Wyatt to finish his cereal before heading back up as well. He sat back at the desk at his room, grabbing the *Playguy*. The next article was an excerpt from the *Changed Forever* kit.

Dear Aphrodite,

You have received this kit because you are one of the one in ten thousand women who have developed Onset Hypersexuality Disorder, better known as Aphrodite Syndrome. You've more than likely heard of it – it's hard to avoid in modern life. Unfortunately, that means you've probably heard a lot about it that isn't true, or is even dangerous.

This is going to be a period of change in your life. It's going to be difficult to adjust, no doubt, but your life isn't over. You are still who you are inside, and nothing about Aphrodite changes that. You have

nothing to be ashamed of, and nothing to hide or fear. You can carry yourself with pride and dignity, and tackle life on your own terms.

This kit contains information to help you through the time it'll take for your body to transition completely into your new life as an Aphrodite girl. It will tell you what to expect, what to start preparing and some tips and advice on how to organise your life and cope with your new body. It also includes your exclusive password to access changedforever.org, where you can chat online in a safe space with other women like you, sharing your stories and your advice, so you know you never have to go through this alone.

Stay positive and look for the good in life, and of course, always keep your list of names up to date. The best of luck to you on your journey.

Yours,

Francisca "Azul" Fernandez

The next pack was fairly dry medical information, a sort of cheat-sheet of the general effects of Aphrodite. He'd only known about the transformed girls for a day, but thanks to his fairly intimate crash course in Aphrodite anatomy, he was familiar enough with most of what was listed. Uterine reconfiguration was a new one – no more womb or cervix, and it was coated with a mucous that was impenetrable to STDs. There was also a page of frequently-asked questions.

"I just went to buy my first Aphrodite bra – how is it an F? I was a D when I started, and I've grown way more than that!"

Your new bra is an "AF" – an Aphrodite F. Aphrodite bras go up a cup size every two inches, instead of one. In normal bras, you'd be an L cup. Most girls end up bigger than that – the average is AI, a traditional R cup.

"L, R? That's insane. This whole thing is crazy." His cock didn't agree – it was quite all right with the whole situation, as well as the pictures festooning the page of Aphrodite girls pouring themselves into giant bras. Before he could consider doing anything about it, though, the doorbell rang, and he got up, adjusting himself with a sigh.

There was a slim young man with dishevelled hair waiting outside. He jumped when he saw Wyatt. "Oh, uh, hi. I think I've got the wrong house, sorry."

"Are you here for, um... Did you get a text from Jen?"

He nodded. Wyatt pointed a thumb behind him. "Upstairs. Follow the moans."

Wyatt bumped into Jen on his way back up. She was wearing a light tank top and a pair of shorts that would have been tiny on even a smaller woman, and had a duffel bag slung over her shoulder.

"Oh hey, I'm heading out for a job."

"Like a client visit thing?"

Her brow furrowed, her perfect blue eyebrows scrunching up, and then her golden eyes went wide. "Oh, right, yeah! Exactly."

He watched the plump curve of her ass sway back and forth as she left, the perfect curves of her milky thighs uninterrupted down to her flip-flops. He could see either side of her breasts bounce as she walked, drawing a protesting ache from his cock. A faint scream of pleasure echoed down the stairs.

The afternoon crept on. Siobhan's paramour left, the roundly embarrassed girl cloistering herself in her room. Jen returned after a few hours, flushed and rumpled, with heavy eyeliner, eyeshadow, lipstick and blush that hadn't been there when she left.

"Big job?"

"Yeah, it was really hard." She giggled. Looking down, Wyatt realised he could see the curve of a g-string rising above the side of her denim shorts. She followed his eyes and giggled again.

"You like?"

"Uh, yeah, sure. Is that what y'all usually wear to fix someone's computer?"

"If you've got it, flaunt it, right? Helps business and stuff. "Hot girl will come and fix your IT.""

He nodded. "That's why y' did your makeup when you were out, too?"

She gasped, clearly not having realised she was wearing it. Wyatt signed. "Jen, look. I know what's going on, okay?"

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"I know what you are. What happened to you. I learned about it."

Wyatt almost wished he hadn't broached the subject. Jen's whole body drooped, her head slumping. "Oh... Oh God, you must hate me."

He shrugged. "Jen, I've known you for two days. Y'all didn't owe me anythin', 'specially not your private business."

"God, you're impossibly sweet, you know that?" She sat back, fidgeting. "So, um, you know about the..."

He shrugged. She took a deep breath. "You know. The sex thing."

"Well, yeah. I mean, I don't really understand it exactly, but I know what's up."

"Don't feel bad. Nobody really understands it except girls like us. It's not even just being horny. It's way beyond that. It's a *need*, and nothing I do stops it. It's like a combination of every single urge a person ever feels – lust, hunger, thirst, shelter, companionship, everything you've ever wanted or needed, rolled into this emptiness between my legs. I'm starving, and I can never eat enough to fill up – and that's before it gets really bad."

She took a rattling sigh, her chest shaking. "The urge eats away at you, constantly. It's the same as when you're hungry, really. You can't think about anything else over your growling stomach and your mouth watering, it's like a filter over your whole life. Only, uh, instead of my stomach, it's my..."

Wyatt scratched the back of his head, his eyes downcast. "Jeez. I don't know what to say..."

"There's nothing you need to say, really. What could you? I don't... I wasn't like this at all, you know? I mean, I liked guys, I enjoyed sex, but this body, this mind, it's like being trapped in a nightmare. I can't control myself. I want to play with myself, all the time. It doesn't matter where I am. If I lose concentration for too long, well, I come to and my hands are in my pants or up my skirt. Have you ever been kicked out of a restaurant for having a public orgasm? I have. I have to have sex with a guy every single night, minimum, just to keep myself sane, and it's just barely enough even with my vibrator a few times a day."

She buried her head in her hands. Wyatt noticed the way she was rolling her hips, even as she poured out her frustration. "I just can't stop it. I can't resist the urge. I just got back from shooting a porno, Wyatt, and you know what? I still can't think about anything but wanting to have sex!"

She sniffed, wiping her eyes. "Heh. I'm sorry. I don't know why I dumped all that on you. You're the first guy I've ever opened up to—er, that I've ever opened up to like *that*."

They both giggled, and Jen sighed. "That's another part of it. It fucks with your mind. I know I was flirting hard with you yesterday, I can't help it. It's really hard, like, not reacting physically when a guy talks to you, touches you, asks you to do something..." She shivered. "And when you look like this, I can guarantee you what every guy asks you."

Wyatt nodded. "I can imagine. You're very, umm. Intimidating. In a good way, I mean. But it, I guess, you'd have to be a certain type of guy to just..." Jen giggled as he stumbled over his words.

"I just gave you a crash course in my sex life, I think you've earned the right to be honest. I look like a slut – hell, I *am* a slut. Guys know what I am from a mile off. They know what they think they can get from me. I can't really blame them, because they're nearly always right."

"Wasn't goin' to say that at all. You're, well, you're beautiful. Most guys wouldn't think they had a chance with you."

She met his gaze with deep sadness in her golden eyes. "God, you really are sweet. Wyatt, every guy knows what I am. Or what they think I am, at least. It's not like I can hide it. The hair, the scent, the eyes, the body, the tits – there might as well be a neon sign over my head that says "easy fuck.""

She put her hand over his, smiling at him. "Speaking of, I guess since you know what's going on there's no point in dancing around the issue any more. Are you up for it now, or do you want to wait until later tonight?"

He swallowed, staring down into her canyon of soft, milky cleavage, drawing his eyes up to her plump, wet lips and her perfect features. His cock strained against his boxers, making what he was about to say next even more difficult.

"No."

Blink. "What?"

“I- I don’t want to. Wouldn’t be right.”

She paused for a moment, speechless. “Wow. I’ve forgotten what that feels like.”

“I mean, you just got done telling me about how you can’t control yourself, how you don’t really have a choice. How could I feel right doing that to you?”

“You’re... Well, you’re wrong, but you’re also not wrong, I guess?” She patted his hand with a glassy smile. “I appreciate you being honest, and you’re probably right, it’s not really a good idea for us as roommates.”

Wyatt looked down, pursing his lips. “Oh, uh. Okay. Never mind then.”

“What?”

“Well, uh, was goin’ to ask if y’were busy this Saturday night...”

“Not any more than usual, I don’t- wait. Are you asking me out?”

Wyatt fidgeted uncomfortably. “I guess, yeah.”

“On a *date*?”

“Well, I want to get to know y’all better.”

Her mouth had dropped open, although at least partially because of how she was squeezing her thighs together.

“I haven’t gone on a date in over three years. I don’t know if I-“ she looked into his eyes, biting her lip, still shifting her hips on the seat as her tits slowly sloshed back and forth. “I... You know I can’t, you know, be exclusive, right? Whatever else happens? I can’t really commit to anything.”

“Let’s worry about that when it matters. So, uh, Saturday?”

She smiled, although there was more than friendship in her eyes. Her soft cheeks were flushed, beaded with sweat, and she took deep, measured breaths. The air around her was thick with sandalwood scent. “Saturday.”

Wyatt returned to his room to deal with the absolutely heroic erection he was left with, between watching Jen’s body and the adrenaline pumping through his body. Fortunately for him, all of his tension and libido took only a single moment to unleash, leaving him relieved and sticky. Jen wasn’t as lucky. She’d already begun fantasising about Wyatt when she’d made her offer to him, and once your mind slipped, once you gave the urge even the faintest crack in your composure, it was near impossible to dislodge.

It was tiring, if nothing else. It was a tiring way to live, your thoughts constantly on edge. Your swollen pussy throbbing and leaking against your constricting panties, your massive nipples pulsing with your heartbeat on the ends of your huge, gelatinous, sensitive breasts as they bounced unchecked by even the strongest bras, every motion of your plush, tight body a testament to the profound changes that had left you little more than a walking fuckdoll. Over all that, the insistent chorus of your body’s needs, your physical desire, you had to try to keep your

mind *away* from sex. You couldn't allow yourself to entertain thoughts about the men you passed on the street, their hard, glorious cocks, the sensation of sliding your permanently-lubed lower lips around a fat shaft and revelling as your body wrung out orgasm after wonderful, glorious, mind-blowing orgasm until you felt hot cum shooting deep inside you, to the very core of your gut where that urge would rekindle time and again no matter how often you put out the fire.

Jen knew, somewhere in the back of her mind, that once upon a time she'd had satisfying sex. She got horny, she found a guy she liked, invited him to her bedroom and fucked him. She had an orgasm, maybe two, and rolled over, relieved and satisfied. She knew it had to have happened, that she'd had a last fuck before her libido took over for good. After three years, she wished she could remember what it felt like. As it was, no matter how amazing it felt to cum, the only lingering sensation from the parade of men through her bedroom was regret that it was over. No afterglow. No pillow talk. Sometimes, when it got really bad, the sight of her naked, post-sex lover was enough to set her off again immediately.

She'd tried everything. Meditation, cold showers, all manner of libido suppressants, herbal supplements, the list went on. Every aphie had tried at least something, and there was always a new piece of snake oil on the horizon promising to give you your life back. Going the other way, too, was all manner of elaborate sex toys that promised to take the need away, satisfy you inside and out and save you having to seduce a guy every night. Those were the worst, since you always felt like surely it just had to be about giving you the hardest possible orgasm, by whatever means, and it had to work. In just one of the myriad mysteries of Aphrodite, though, the need for a man, for raw, hard cock, was an unavoidable part of the package.

She stood in the bathroom, her hands gripping the counter as she took deep breaths, closing her eyes to try and blot out the red fog of the familiar feeling spreading from deep inside her. She splashed her face with cold water, squeezing her thighs together as cold rivulets ran down the vast expanse of her breasts, throwing up goosebumps in the smooth, milky flesh. She was soaking wet between her legs, boiling with heat, but she needed to get a grip. Her fuck wasn't going to be there for hours, and she needed to be careful with calling her list too often. Danny would have been good for it, but she'd already used him up covering for that stupid bitch Siobhan and her stubborn insistence on acting like she didn't need cock until she was climbing the walls.

She had to make a decision. Even after three years, she wasn't always able to evaluate her own arousal – strangely, having every inch of your body screaming for dick made it difficult to make rational decisions. She could retire to her magic wand and burn half an hour or so bleeding off the urge. If she was wrong, though, and was already over the tipping point, then the last thing she'd want would be to start masturbating. Once you went over that cliff, once the urge was strong enough, all it would do was send her even deeper into it. She made that mistake yesterday, and she'd had to call in an emergency. That wasn't an option today.

She was close enough from her last fuck that it might turn out okay. She took a deep, decisive breath and went back to her room. She peeled off her top, casting it aside, and unbuckled her bra, wincing as her mounds fell heavily out of the cups and against her stomach with a fleshy slap. She rubbed the welts the cups had left across her tits, taking in a sharp intake of breath as her fingers moved down across the thick, pebbly nipple.

Her shorts followed soon after, and she stretched back on the bed, luxuriantly naked. One hand guided her magic wand between her thighs, the other gripped her left breast, lifting the heavy mound up towards her face. Realistically she needed two hands to properly lift and control one of her huge tits – with one hand, soft flesh overflowed her fingers and threatened to slip straight out with a gelatinous quiver of she wasn't careful. One hand was enough to guide a thick, stiff nipple to her waiting lips, though, enveloping the sensitive tip in warm wetness.

She could actually remember the day she realised she could suck on her own nipple, a few months into her transformation. That had been before her switch flipped for good, and she'd happily indulged herself in a night of powerful breast orgasms, without putting a hand near her crotch. Even after the urge took over completely, it drove her lovers wild, and it helped masturbation bleed away some of the need.

She suckled at herself, rolling her magic wand in circles around her bloated clitoris, dripping a cauldron of sandalwood-scented juices into a puddle on the sheets. The other good thing about nursing on herself was keeping the noise down. Aphies were physically incapable of silent orgasms, no matter how hard they tried or how minor and unfulfilling the orgasm, and muffling it with tit was her best option to avoid wall-rattling screams. The first one hit her hard, her back seizing as her stomach muscles began to writhe, jerking her up off the bed. Her breast fell out of her mouth to come down against her torso with a hard slap, drawing another full-body crunch from her as the sensations reverberated through the sensitive mound, the resulting shriek echoing through her room.

She wasn't even close to done, of course, and as soon as she regained the use of her limbs, she pushed the buzzing head of her vibrator back against herself again with the other hand, pulling her right hand back up to grope around for the sloshing weight of her right breast – "wearing them evenly," as she liked to joke. Her purring moans muffled again as her mouth closed down on the neglected, throbbing nipple.

Twenty minutes and three more orgasms later, she gritted her teeth and, with a supreme act of will, pulled her hands away from her body, switching off her wand. She could have kept going. She could always have kept going. Without any other pressures on her life she could quite easily spend the entirety of the average day masturbating, but if nothing else, that would leave no time for securing the cocks she really needed.

Fortunately she'd been right – she hadn't been far gone enough that getting herself off didn't help the urge. She was back under control – teetering on the precipice, but she'd pulled herself back. Now all she had to do was keep up the balancing act until her evening fuck arrived. She groaned, picking herself up off the bed to get dressed and find something to distract her from her throbbing pussy for a few more hours.

The rest of the week mostly went by without much incident. Siobhan avoided Wyatt wherever possible. Wyatt mostly didn't say much to Jen, either, aside from household matters. It was slightly awkward, especially, Wyatt noticed, when it had been longer since she'd had a man in her bedroom. She maintained that she absolutely understood the arrangement and that she was looking forward to their date, but that didn't stop her from flirting mercilessly. Cleavage flashes,

bumps and grinds in the hallway, lots of accidental spills and moans and at one point a full nip slip.

Saturday arrived, and rather than in the kitchen in nothing but an apron, as Wyatt was half expecting, she'd barricaded herself in her room. What she was doing wasn't really a secret between the buzzing and moaning, but Wyatt had never known her to go for that long. She finally emerged in the early afternoon, scurrying across to the shower with a huge towel just barely wrapped around her astounding tits, grinning at Wyatt's stunned expression as she passed.

"Don't worry handsome, I didn't forget about our plans tonight. I hope you've got a big list of questions for me!"

"What do you mean?"

"If you don't know me well enough by the end of tonight to fuck me, I'm going to be mad." She giggled.

Wyatt's brow furrowed. "Is that... Is that really all it is for you?"

She sighed. "Wyatt. I like you, okay? It's not that I don't like you. It's just – I don't get to decide how my body, this whole stupid thing, works, okay? If I could just decide it didn't matter if I was going to get laid tonight, don't you think I would?"

She pouted at him with plump, wet lips. "I mean, it's not all about getting laid, but it's like... eighty percent about getting laid? It's not your fault. It's not really *my* fault. It's this... this *thing* inside me."

Her eyes darted to the side, and she stepped forward, giving Wyatt a quick, daring peck on the cheek. He blushed, making her grin. "I want you to have fun tonight, all right? Can you just want the same thing for me?"

"You're right. I'm sorry, Jen. It's a lot to get used to, you know?"

"Uh. Yeah, believe me, I know. I just don't want you getting the wrong idea about what this means. There's a lot I can't promise you, whatever happens, you know?"

She winked, pushing her hands up against her towel-clad breasts with a sharp intake of breath. "Mmm. I can promise that you get to see these tonight, though. Now, I'm going to shower. No peeking!"

She ducked her head back around the door after walking into the bathroom. "No, just kidding, you can peek if you want."

Wyatt nervously waited in the front room in a button-down shirt and jeans, his hair wet-combed back and his face smoothly shaved. He stood up when he heard Jen stepping down the stairs, and went slack.

She'd put on a tight, high-necked brown sweater. They normally made even regular-sized women look enormous, so they highlighted Jen's massive frontage to the point of absurdity, although they didn't look quite as big as he would have expected. Her boobs were pulled up by her bra, sitting in a high and firm spherical shape on her chest that would have blocked her view

of looking down at anything several feet in front of her. The sweater only served to make absolutely clear how rapidly her figure tapered off to her tiny waist. Her legs were covered in tight white denim that showed off every curve of her thighs, with brown boots up past mid-calf.

Her makeup was exquisite. She didn't need foundation, but her lips were a dark plum and her eyes were lined and shadowed with a glittery blue to match her hair.

"Hiii." She purred, smiling as Wyatt gawped. "What do you think?"

"You look, uh, wow." She followed his gaze, riveted to the swell of her tits, and giggled.

"Yeah, I'm a bit top-heavy, aren't I? That's one of the problems with being so big – you either look shapeless or borderline pornographic, so we just kind of roll with it. Is that okay? I don't want to embarrass you."

He shook his head. "It's fine. You look amazing."

"So where are we heading, Prince Charming?"

They struck off on foot. Jen had mentioned she had some problems with most transport, but the bus especially.

"God, buses are the worst. Everything vibrates if you're sitting down, and if you're standing, you end up pressed on every side. I've knocked people over with my boobs before, although I'm a bit better with my spatial awareness now."

"You don't drive?"

"I used to. I don't really trust myself now. I mean, if I can even find a car I can fit my tits into, unless it's got good suspension, well... I've had orgasms in the passenger seat before. Not good for your focus, you know?"

Jen's boobs were bouncing considerably less than he was generally used to seeing, along with sitting higher on her chest. "Jen, uh, are you wearing a different bra?"

"So glad you noticed. I'm wearing my Aphrodite bra. I also call it my "I have to exist in the real world for a few hours" bra. It's basically just a thick, ultra-strong containment bra that stops a lot of the bouncing and keeps things from rubbing against my nips. Normally, they bounce *everywhere*, and, uh, I'm not sure if you've heard anything about how sensitive they are?"

He rubbed the back of his head sheepishly. "Uh, a bit–"

"You know *nothing*. They're crazy sensitive. All of us can cum just from having them played with. If they jiggle around too much, it ends up setting off the urge and it's a downward spiral from there. Hell, sometimes even just a couple of good, hard bounces, and you're done. These things are horrible to wear, but they help me stay kind of in control."

Wyatt noticed the blatant stares of people as they passed, and no small amount of disgusted expressions on women. He nearly said something to a man who blatantly licked his lips while staring straight at her boobs, but Jen touched his arm gently.

"Don't worry about it, sweetie. It happens all the time. At worst, I don't even notice it. The only bad thing about it is if the guy staring is even vaguely hot."

“What happens then?”

“Well that’s when sometimes I start fantasising about jumping them in the street.” She smiled sheepishly at him. “I keep telling you, Wyatt, my mind doesn’t work the same way as a regular girl any more. I can’t help it. Sexual interest is a big blinking invitation for this thing inside me. I’m hardwired to enjoy staring.”

He scratched the back of his head, stopping at a crosswalk. “So, when I was, uh, starin’ at you earlier...”

“I wanted to do *unspeakable* things to you. Still do. You’ve got no idea how hard I’m trying not to think about you naked right now.”

“Jeez, I’m sorry...”

She slapped him gently on the arm. “You’re impossible. Stop apologising for something I’ve told you I enjoy!”

“But I don’t want to make the night uncomfortable for y’all...”

“Doing anything but climbing into bed with a guy is kind of uncomfortable for me. I’m used to it. I spent all morning preparing for tonight, so I’ve mostly got a handle on it.”

“Preparin?”

“Uh, earth to Wyatt. Why do you think I spent all morning masturbating? It doesn’t take the urge away, but it helps me control it. It’s just not really something I can do every day. Of course then I made the stupid decision of having a shower, and having to, you know, soap up and dry off...”

He went red, turning away and focusing down the street. “Uh, so it should be up here. It’s just a little Italian place.”

She hugged him close. It was meant to be platonic, but Wyatt felt her involuntarily rub herself against him, taking deep breaths. “I’m sure it’ll be perfect.”

The waiter seated them at a table for two at the back, trying his best not to goggle-eye at Jen’s breasts as he handed them menus and recited the specials. She chuckled as he left.

“Poor guy nearly popped a vein. Maybe I should get his—” she looked at Wyatt, and shook her head. “No, no collecting tonight. We’re here together, at least for tonight.”

He coughed. “Right. So, uh, I kind of know all ‘bout your, uh, obvious hobbies...”

She cradled her face in her hands, her boobs jostling between her arms. “You don’t know the half of it, but go on.”

“Well, uh, what else are you into? What do you do with your free time?”

“Well that’s the thing. If I have free time, there’s not really anything I’d rather do than fuck. Hobbies get in the way. I guess the closest thing I’ve got is I spend some time on the Changed Forever forums, but that’s mostly just for advice and news.” She pursed her lips. “Sorry. I’m really not a very interesting person outside of my body.”

“I don’t think that’s true. You’re kind, you’ve got a good sense of humour...”

“I’m kind to *you* because I want you to put your dick inside me, silly. It’s not really a big tick in my favour.”

“That don’t mean anythin’. Girls can be awful and still get guys.”

Jen raised a perfect blue eyebrow. “You sound very sure about that.”

“I, uh, well, everybody knows that, right?”

“Hmm.” Her expression remained skeptical.

“So uh, what about before you changed?”

She sat back, thinking. “I haven’t thought about it in years. I was halfway through arts in college – doing photography. I used to be a really good photographer, I actually won awards in high school. I... I haven’t picked up a camera in 3 years. I’m in *front* of a lot of them, though.” She winked.

“That’s a shame. I’d like to see some of your photos sometime?”

“Oh, uh,” her eyes sank down, fixed firmly on her bust. “I don’t have them anymore. Two years ago, I... well, I got in a really bad place. It really hit me that my old life was completely over. I was struggling to cope with all the stuff I had to deal with. One day, to try and distract myself from the need, I... I burned all my photos. All the negatives. And you know what? It didn’t even help to distract me. I fucking rubbed myself off while my entire portfolio burned.”

She looked back up at him, smiling manically, tears beading at the corners of her perfect eyes.

“Still think I’m pretty and fun? I don’t know what you want from me, Wyatt. I don’t know why you wanted a date. Find a normal girl and date her, and come to me when you just want to bone a huge titted bimbo. That’s all I’m good for, and honestly? That’s all I want.”

“I think you’re lyin’.”

She snorted. “I think I know what I want.”

“Then why’d y’ agree to come on a date? You’ve got how many numbers in your phone? There’s a reason y’didn’t tell me about this Aphrodite thing when we first met.”

Before she could respond, a waiter (a new one, female) turned up with their appetisers. “Let’s not worry about it for a bit and just eat, okay?”

She agreed whole-heartedly and dove into her food. Wyatt was continually impressed by her ability to pack away food; aphie metabolisms were on permanent overdrive. Besides, when nothing you ate had even the slightest effect on your figure, why restrict yourself?

The mains were well-timed, and the pair didn’t talk much before they arrived. This time, though, the plates were delivered with an unmistakeable sneer on the face of the waitress. Jen rounded on her.

“Excuse me? Do you have something you’d like to say?”

She sniffed. “Nothing at all, ma’am. Please enjoy your food.”

“Well if you’ve got nothing to say, wipe it off your fucking face, got it?”

Agitated, she turned to her pasta. Wyatt noticed her left hand was missing from the table and her breathing was starting to catch. Her eyes were focused on him.

“Go on, what else have you got to ask me? What else would I like to remind me I can’t do anymore? I know, why don’t we go to the movies? A day at the zoo? How about a wedding?”

The two sat eating in silence, until Wyatt coughed, his fork loaded with fettucine.

“There is a reason y’didn’t say anything to me about it. Y’know, when we met. You ain’t shy. You said it yourself – you liked havin’ a guy who didn’t just treat you like free sex.”

She shrugged, but Wyatt pressed on. “I think you want more than you’re sayin’. I don’t mean you don’t want loads of guys, either but– I dunno. Both?”

“So you’re saying all I want a beautiful monogamous relationship *and* to fuck as many guys as I need?”

“Heh. Well, when you say it like *that* it sounds stupid, but I dunno. You think it’s impossible?”

“Would *you* do it? Be on the other end of that, I mean. Just one more guy in my life? I don’t do, like, intimacy. Romance. There’s nothing to my life that isn’t sex any more.”

He gave her a tiny smile. “Willin’ to try and find out.”

She blushed and went back to her food. She was shifting in her chair, taking deep breaths, taking great care as she manoeuvred her fork around her gigantic tits.

“You okay?”

“Hmm? Oh. Uh, yeah. Mostly. I’m, uh, really fucking horny. I don’t know how much longer I can hold out before I jump you from across the table.”

He nodded. “I understand. You’ve done real well. Uh, I appreciate it.”

She looked into his eyes hungrily, licking sauce from her lip. “Oh you’ll be showing me how much you appreciate it. I am going to fuck you until you cum *dust*.”

“So uh,” he said, changing the subject, “somethin’ I’ve been meanin’ to ask. You’ve got blue hair ‘cause of the Aphrodite. You’ve also got blue eyebrows, and, uh–”

She giggled. “I haven’t grown a single hair anywhere below my nose in three years. I’m butter-smooth.”

“Huh. Neat.”

“Yeah, it’s pretty cool I guess. I mostly get away without doing much besides showering and brushing my hair. I do makeup for special occasions.”

“It must take a lot of brushin’. You must have been growin’ it a while.”

“Four months, dude. Aphrodite hair grows like a weed. Most of us barely bother doing anything to it besides hacking it back to neck-length once it touches the floor. Forget styling – anything you do to the style is gone by the next morning. Fortunately it looks pretty damn good anyway.”

They kept eating until Jen pushed her plate away, sitting back and taking a deep breath, wiping her forehead with a napkin. She was actually beginning to pant. "Okay... huh... Wyatt. I am not messing around here anymore. I need something inside me ten minutes ago. Can we *please* go?"

One check later, Jen hanging off his arm and visibly trying not to pant, they were off down the street. No sooner had they walked out the door when Jen grabbed him as they walked, pushing her face against his body and taking deep breaths. Wyatt could smell the sandalwood wafting towards him.

"God, you smell *good*. So fucking manly. I love men. I love you."

One of her hands was tracing circles around her areola, which made her breath catch even through the layers of sweater and bra. "Touch them, Wyatt. Grab my boobs, you know you want to."

"N-not here, Jen! People can see us!"

"Fuck 'em. You wouldn't believe some of the places I've had sex." She bent up to nibble on his ear, throwing an arm across his well-muscled chest and pushing her jiggling mounds against his side. "Let's give them a show! Bend me over that car there and plow me!"

He resolutely kept walking, even as her hand slid down his torso, rubbing across the front of his jeans. "Come ooonn, let me see your coooock!" She giggled. "I bet it's *big*!"

"Jen, can you stop?!"

"But I'm horny!" She grabbed his face, trying to pull him around to lock her plump, wet lips with his, but he pushed her away.

"Jen, I'm serious! If you keep it up, then... I won't sleep with y'all when we get back!"

She drew back, actual shock passing over her face, her golden eyes going huge and her lips a perfect O. "You wouldn't!"

"If you behave till we get home, I promise I'll fuck you."

She pouted, falling in beside him, her breathing ragged. "Fiiine. God, my pussy feels so *empty*. You can't get comfortable, your head's just telling you there's something missing. It's fluttering inside like it's trying to pull something in, it's so bad it's aching. It burns and itches outside, it's throbby and tender. It aches, Wyatt, it hurts, I can't stand it!"

At least talking about how horny she was seemed to be distracting her from trying to seduce Wyatt. She was stumbling as she walked, her hand down the front of her pants, although they were tight enough to obstruct her attempts to rub herself, let alone get a finger in.

"Fuck, why didn't I wear a skirt?!"

"Probably because you were tryin' to stop yourself, uh, doin' stuff like this in the restaurant."

She groaned. "They're so tight, they're pressing and rubbing against my pussy. My pussy's so big, Wyatt. Do you want to see it? Do you want to see my big, squishy, sexy pussy and my big fat clitty?"

"When we get home, Jen, you know that!"

She let out a low, deep groan that rolled through the street. She may as well have mounted Wyatt in an alley for the attention she was attracting. Wyatt went cold as he saw that some of the attention she'd attracted was a beat cop, who was walking over to the couple. "Hey, what's her deal?"

"Uh, yeah, sorry officer, she's—"

She pushed in front of Wyatt, swinging her shoulders from side to side to show off her boobs. "She's a bad, filthy girl. I think a big, muscular policeman should lock her up, get out his nightstick and strip-search her!"

Wyatt pulled her back from the cop before she had the opportunity to lift and present her tits to him. "Oh God, I'm so sorry, officer. She's not well."

The policeman had gone red in the face, his eyes locked to Jen's heaving, pulchritudinous body. "I know what she is. You wanna keep that girl on a leash, kid. And, uh, keep her hands out of her pants while you're on the street, okay, or I'm gonna have to lock her up for indecency."

"Yes, of course officer. Thank you." He grabbed Jen, pulling her hand out from between her legs and hurrying her along. She moaned, struggling playfully against his hand.

"Ooh, that's hot. You're so *strong*. Are you going to force me to keep my filthy slutty hands away from my aching pussy? Mmm, maybe you should do what he said and put a leash on me."

She mewled and whined, play-fighting against Wyatt, who was uncomfortably aware that now he just looked like someone dragging a struggling woman down the street. "Jen, please. I look like I'm attackin' you. We're nearly there, can you just work with me?"

Jen giggled again, but caught the fear in his face and the worry in his voice and stopped, eyes downcast. "I'm sorry. I'll... I'll try."

She twitched and moaned the whole way back to the house, her hips swinging and stumbling. By the end, she was walking slightly bow-legged in an attempt to keep some of the pressure off her snatch. She was too focused on keeping her composure together to get out her keys, but as soon as Wyatt got the door open, she grabbed him, pulling his face down to hers and shoving her tongue into his mouth.

She moaned deeply into him, pressing almost the entire swell of her massive tits against his body. The hand not holding the back of his head slid down his body and straight into the front of his jeans. When she found his dick, though, she broke off the kiss, looking into his eyes with a pout.

"Yeah uh... That was kind of a stressful walk home..."

Wyatt's eyes went wide as she actually snarled, grabbing her tits and shoving them against him, into the lounge room, leaving the door creaking open in the breeze. He fell back into the couch and she scrabbled at his pants, groaning in frustration as she failed to unbutton them. He pushed

her hands away to start taking them off himself, and she took the opportunity to shuck off her sweater, revealing the globular mounds of pale flesh trying their best to bounce in her thick contraption of a bra, managing only some jostling flesh above the tight cups. Strands of wavy blue hair cascaded down across them, framing her cleavage in an azure arc as she reached back around and unhooked her bra.

Her tits practically exploded out of it, falling down against her body with a weighty slap that made her yelp. She lifted them in her hands, cooing as she massaged the remaining ache of binding out of them, running her thumbs across her massive, tight, hard nipples. By the time Wyatt had slipped out of his pants, she'd actually managed a minor breast orgasm just from playing with herself, which of course did nothing but leave her even hungrier.

She tugged his boxers down, revealing his semi-flaccid dick, and then dropped her breasts in his lap, giggling. She fished around between them, fixing her big, golden, black-lined eyes on Wyatt as she daintily peeled back his foreskin from inside her cleavage and then ducked her head between her tits, suckling on the tip. She moaned as she felt him twitch and slowly grow hard against her tongue, rubbing her breasts against the tops of his thighs before pulling her face off with a *pop* and just squeezing his erecting member between her mounds.

Pink's titfuck had been amazing. Jen's was nothing short of sublime. Wyatt's lap was smothered in a sea of warm, soft, pliant flesh, pouring in and filling up every nook and cranny between his legs. She grinned evilly between her face going slack with pleasure, pushing her breasts back and forth against one another to roll his dick between them. If anything, she seemed to be getting off on the act as much as he was, maybe even more.

That proved true a minute or two after she switched to pushing her breasts together and tugging them up and down. She stopped suddenly, shrieking, taking in air in desperate harsh gasps as her hips started to buck uncontrollably. Her tits dropped in a jiggling pool into his lap as she reached straight for her nipples, squeezing and tugging the sensitive tips to draw out the pleasure of her cum.

When she regained control of her faculties, she stared up at Wyatt through strands of sweat-slicked blue hair, her face red with exertion. He was fully hard underneath her mounds, his cock doing its best to twitch against the gelatinous weight. She grabbed them to pick herself up out of his lap, letting them slap against her body as she unbuttoned her pants. There was a large dark patch all across the thighs and crotch of her jeans, and her tits bounced wildly as she rolled her hips out of the tight denim. She finally managed to tug them down over her huge ass, revealing a pair of utterly soaked panties, bulging with the volume of her swollen pussy. Strands of juice hung from between her thighs, giving off a heady, overpowering blast of sandalwood scent. She bent over, her tits hanging pendulously in front of Wyatt's face as she slipped the abused, overstretched panties down over her milky thighs.

She was a goddess. Every inch of her body screamed unfiltered, raw sexuality, from the top of her enticingly-coloured hair to her flawless, soft, girl-next-door face, to her sensual hourglass figure with its wide hips and perfect, enormous breasts and her almost shamefully erotic, puffy, milky bare juicing snatch. She stood arms akimbo, biting her plush, lower lip with perfect teeth, and

then broke the moment by stepping forward, swinging her leg over Wyatt's and giving him a brief view of the whole of her swollen mound before sinking straight down onto his cock.

His dick probed her velvety-soft, well-lubed insides down to the hilt, and with every inch of him that slid inside her, her moans built in a crescendo until her lips bumped against his pubic bone, drawing out a bellow that trailed off into a series of speechless grunts as her stomach muscles started to ripple and contract.

"Uh-g-g-gguuuh guh ffuhhFUCK!"

Her hands flew to her chest as her tits started to bounce wildly, sloshing up and down as her body locked up. Squeezing her tits only pulled even more force out of her orgasm, locking her face in an erotic rictus of pleasure as moans echoed off the walls. She tried not to move, but the orgasmic spasms jerked her hips, sliding Wyatt's dick inside her and overstimulating her almost to the point of pain. She finally gained the sense of mind to pull herself off with a *squelch* and brace herself against Wyatt's chest, panting as the tremors died down.

"Shit! God, oh God, I needed that... Oh jeez..." She grabbed Wyatt and dove her face down to meet his, locking lips with a purring moan, kissing him as she writhed on top of him.

"Mmm, okay... Let's take it from the top..."

She giggled, still kissing him, and rubbed her pussy lips against the tip of his glistening dick, sliding it in more slowly, rolling her hips with deep moans.

"Mmm, you're-ah so fucking big! So-GOD-big, ohh fuck!"

Panting, she grabbed one of her boobs, the soft flesh overflowing around the sides of her hand, and lifted it to Wyatt's face. Under normal circumstances, she wouldn't have been tall enough for Wyatt's face to come anywhere near her nipples while he was balls-deep inside her. With her jumbo Aphrodite tits, though, they easily reached his lips.

"T-touch them, suck them, pplleeaaase! Guh, ffuck, fuck oh God, do something..."

Wyatt was again dumbstruck by not just how much *bigger* Jen was than Pink had been, but how differently the two girls dealt with their respective bounties. Pink used her boobs – they were a part of her body and a foundation of her seduction, a weapon in her arsenal to fulfil her desires. Jen's boobs, on the other hand, pulled her along for the ride. Their size, their weight, their almost savage effect on her libido – she had utterly no control over them. Pink's boobs had certainly been larger than her hands by a significant margin, but they hadn't overflowed like Jen's. They'd certainly bounced and jiggled, but not with the reckless abandon of Jen's. Jen's breasts dominated her body, her life and her mindset.

He focused on the massive nipple being presented to his face. An inch and a half wide, sticking out an inch long, cylindrical with a flattened top and a raised ridge around the edge. It was crinkly and pebbly with a fascinatingly swollen texture. It was nestled in the middle of an almost perfectly circular deep pink areola over four inches across that sat raised ever so slightly against the curve of its breast, ringed by a series of smaller bumps and covered with an enticing crinkly texture. It was perversely erotic – this wasn't a nipple for any practical purpose. This was a nipple for pleasure.

His hand sank deeply into the pale flesh as he grabbed the side. It practically smothered him as he drew the huge, throbbing nipple into his mouth, filling the shape of his face with its hot, sweaty weight. She shrieked as he started to suck, his other hand grabbing fiercely at her other hanging tit.

“AaaaAAAAHH FUCK, yes! Jesus fuck-guh-ooooh!” Her pussy clamped down on his dick as he sucked, spreading her apart hard as her ass rammed back against his pelvis. She quivered, trying hard to keep a fucking rhythm, but all it took was a few minutes of just having Wyatt inside her while mauling away at her amazing tits before she started to cum again, her golden eyes going wide as her body started to lock and jerk.

Wyatt took the opportunity to pull his mouth away from her nipple, and just start lightly tugging them one after the other, rolling the thick buds between his thumbs and forefingers. Jen babbled, drooling, dripping a thick stream of sandalwood juice down his cock as the jerking of her absurd body rammed him up and down spasmodically inside her pussy. The feel of her heaving breasts overflowing his hands, the sensations of her velvet-glove vagina and the deliciously slutty expression on her face as she moaned and came brought him over the edge as well, and he began to grunt and gasp, shooting up a hard load inside her.

The feeling of hot cum filling her insides only redoubled the force of her orgasm. The first shot nearly made her buck straight off him with a howl, making her grab his torso and grind her sensitive lips against him until he'd finishing shooting off, dropping off his body and sitting next to him panting hard as he started going soft. Her thighs squished together, and she moaned gratefully at the feeling of his love mixing with her juices and sticking her together.

“Holy *shit*. Oh God, I can think again, thank you.” She turned over, kissing him with a vaguely contented moan; more tenderly this time, soft and affectionate. He let his arm run down the smooth curve of her hip, resting his hand on the curve of her bottom.

“Mmm. That was really good.”

“Was? Oh honey,” she kissed him again, sliding her tongue sensuously into his mouth, lifting up her tits and pressing them into the side of his body, “I’m not even close to done. You’re going to bring that big, fat cock upstairs with me, I’m going to quickly shower, and then you’re going to fuck me all night.”

Wyatt noted how she had to cradle her tits as she got up, corralling them in her arms to make sure she kept her balance. She caught Wyatt staring, and stuck out her tongue playfully.

“Yeah, smartass, I have to hold them to get up. Lift with your legs, not your back, et cetera. Not that my back’s really a problem.”

“What do you mean?”

She turned around, letting her boobs drop, and pushed her hands around the back of her neck, parting her hair so that Wyatt could see her back. Like the rest of her body, it was smooth and soft, but when she rotated her arms, he could see she was densely muscled under the soft flesh.

“Aphies get killer muscle tone. They’re still heavy, but they don’t wreck up our backs. We also get awesome thighs and killer squat butt without doing a thing. Now, are you coming?” She held out a hand.

“Uh, sure.” She lifted him to his feet and pulled him in for another hug, dropping one hand around to his ass and the other down to cup his testicles.

“Hi.” She giggled again, and gave him another kiss. “You’re fucking sexy, did anyone tell you? And God, your dick, you’re so big!” She gently rolled his sack in her hand. “These are nice and big, too. After I shower, I’m going to show you my blowjob trick with them.”

“Uh, thank you. Not that I mind, but why’re you showerin’ halfway? Didn’t you already shower today?”

She broke off, leading him upstairs by the hand. “I’m just a conscientious lover, and I’m not going to make a guy lick cum out of my pussy. Unless he’s into that, of course.”

“Oh. Yeah, ew. Thanks.”

“Don’t mention it, sexy. Also, I really like having a hot guy making sure my tits are *super*-clean.”

The shower was big enough for two, although Jen took up a fair bit more than the usual floor space for one. Unfortunately, the view of the perfect cleft of flesh where her huge, round ass cheeks and thick, taut thighs met was covered somewhat by the bottom of her curtain of hair. Wyatt ended up pressed into Jen from behind as she squirted some body wash into her hands, spreading her legs apart. The hot spray washed over the pair as Jen passed the bottle back while Wyatt attempted to part her hair to either side of the couple.

“Come on, boob duty. Chop-chop!”

Wyatt was again fascinated by how deeply his hands sunk into the soft skin of her breasts. Navigating them by feel, they seemed to go on forever. Every inch his hands moved found more soft, pliant flesh. He began lifting and squeezing gently, noting their tremendous weight. He was rewarded with a low moan from Jen.

“Y-yeah... Like that. Ooh, ye-yeess... Get underneath them, please, th-that’s where they get all sweaty.”

He obliged, sliding his hands down the fronts, making her yelp as his hands caught her gigantic nipples, until he cupped them around and underneath. He could definitely feel their weight from there, the bulk that jiggled with each motion of his hands, rubbing the body wash into the smooth skin. Jen had dropped all pretence of cleaning herself, letting the soap run off her hands before plunging several fingers inside herself, her palm grinding against her oversized clit as Wyatt worked away at her breasts.

He started to grind against her, his cock starting to grow hard again against the cleft of her ass. Her tits were a dream – a crazy, fucked-up, perfect dream. He’d always liked boobs as much as any man, but just the knowledge that pairs like Jen’s existed, let alone that he had his hands roaming all over them, was impossibly hot. Even hotter was how much control he seemed to

have over her while holding them – he was starting to notice the different moans and reactions he could prompt from moving to different parts of her tits.

Her chest heaved as she pushed back against Wyatt, her fingers sliding rapidly across her pussy, slick with juice. “Don’t... oohhg... don’t waste that boner, baby-*aaah!*”

He’d grabbed her nipples, tugging them out, making her whole body jerk. “Fuck, W-Wyatt, I’m gonna cuuum... Make me cum!”

From through her hair, he could see the smooth curve of her neck. He bent down and sucked hard on it, dropping his right hand down from her breast to chase her own hand away from her clit. She shrieked, bucking against him as his hand worked away between her legs. She grabbed her free tit, lifting it to her mouth and sucking on her nipple. Between that, Wyatt’s hand on her clit and left breast and his mouth roaming across her neck and shoulder, she started to shudder and jerk against him, moaning her orgasm into the wobbling flesh of her breast.

Wyatt felt a flood of juice squirt down past his hand, leaving strings down her thighs as it was pushed down by the hot spray. She slumped, leaving him to hold her momentarily as she recovered, before she turned around and kissed him.

“Mmm, Goddamn, you are incredible! Most guys with dicks like yours have no fucking idea how to do anything but pump, but you – wow.”

“Well, uh. The girls I’ve been with before you, I was, uh – a little big for ‘em. Had to learn t’do other things.”

“Aw.” She kissed him again. “I’m sorry your big, fat, sexy dick was too much for a normal girl to handle.” She reached down, gently tugging on it. “I mean I’m not sorry you had to learn to do *that*, but don’t worry, your awesome dick is the perfect size for every part of me.”

She knelt down, looking up at him with her flawless smile, rubbing his dick against the side of her face. Her cheek was soft and smooth, and tacked against the skin of his cock as she turned her head and started pressing her plump lips against it. She stuck out her tongue and dragged it up the length of the shaft, making Wyatt’s eyes go wide as he realised that her tongue hadn’t gone untouched by her condition either. It was subtly but noticeably wider than the average tongue, and long enough that the tip easily reached down past her chin. She caught his eye and pulled back, curling it up to lick the tip of her nose.

“You like? Not even my coolest trick though. Watch this.”

She suckled her lips around the tip and, without slowing down the entire way, gently plunged her face down on his dick to the very base. Humming happily, she looked up at him as she stuck out her tongue, curling it down to lap at his balls.

Wyatt groaned and staggered, throwing his arm out to brace himself against the wall of the shower as Jen gave him an effortless deep-throat ball-licking. She grabbed his ass cheeks to keep herself anchored as she sucked, before drawing back off him with a wet *pop*, slowly jerking his glistening pole.

“I have absolutely no gag reflex and I can cum from having my face fucked. You want to turn off the shower, go back to my bed and do whatever you want to my slutty mouth?”

The pair quickly towelled off. Jen normally had to pat herself dry; dragging even soft towels across any part of her sensitive body, especially her breasts or pussy, sent her into paroxysms of sensation that destroyed any self-control she was managing to maintain. With the promise of Wyatt's erect cock, though, she took great glee in the normally forbidden sensations. Wyatt looked on as she indulgently dried underneath her breasts, moaning.

"Oh g-god yes. Fuck, I love being able to enjoy a shower."

"You don't normal- oh, of course you wouldn't. Uh, how d'you normally wash without, uh, upsettin' yourself?"

"Honestly? I shower as little as possible, and I try to save it for either before or just after I fuck, and when I shower I mostly just rinse and dry. I smell awesome, so I get away with it."

She closed her eyes, moaning deeply as she rubbed the towel across her nipples, and then gasped as she moved her hands down to dry between her legs.

"It must be hard, having to be so careful about stuff like just dryin' off."

She let the towel drop, fluffing out her hair. "I'm used to it. Mostly. When I first changed, though, I lost *days* to setting myself off with stupid shit like showering."

She put a finger on Wyatt's lips, trailing her other hand down to caress his dick and bring it back to full erection. "Can we... not talk about it, please? Fucking is the only time I can let go and forget what I am. Don't spoil it?"

He looked into her pleading eyes for a moment, nodded, and then grabbed her, pulling her close into him and forcibly kissing her. She moaned and melted into him, whining and bucking her hips as he probed her mouth.

"So, uh. Y'said something about using your mouth?"

She giggled, padding over to the bed. "Oh yeah. Get your ass over here. You haven't had a blowjob until you've had Aphrodite mouth-pussy. I will suck out your *soul*, stud."

She started out sucking, but after a minute or two she pulled her hair behind her, grabbed her boobs in both hands and started to bob her head up and down, fucking him with her throat. True to her word, she didn't stop for even a moment no matter how far down she got. Even when she quickened her pace, the most she began to do was moan into his dick, squeezing her breasts tightly.

It didn't take much of her throat rippling around his dick before Wyatt shuddered, thumping the bed and starting to cum hard. She slipped her mouth back up to the top of his cock, letting him fill her mouth with jizz before she swallowed the whole load in one go while looking him in the eye. His chest heaved as she carefully cleaned every last drop off his cock.

"Mmm. Tastes like you enjoyed that. That was a nice, big, yummy load."

"You- huff... You like the taste?" Wyatt thought back to previous girlfriends, and even the ones who enjoyed oral sex never really described semen as appetising.

She nodded, gently squeezing his cock to milk the last beads of cum out and lapping them off the tip. "Love it. It's another one of the, uh, benefits. I can vaguely remember thinking it was disgusting, but now I can't get enough of it. So hey, uh... You were obviously really worked up, and I didn't get to cum from blowing you..."

Wyatt stared foggily for a minute, then suddenly realised what Jen meant. "Oh, sure!" He moved as if to start getting up, but Jen was quicker, swinging her thighs over his head and bringing her bloated pussy and massive clit straight down on his face.

Wyatt found his face surrounded by a thick, hot, fleshy sandalwood cauldron. Her Aphrodite scent and the plush lips of her soaking pussy filled his world. He could feel her enormous love bud pressed up against his nose and the subtle strength of her massive thighs pressing on the sides of his head. Her taste was similar to Pink, still sweet but subtly different. *Man, I could get used to this.*

He lavished attention on her sex, even as he struggled slightly to breathe in the humid furnace that enveloped him, and Jen responded gratefully with a chorus of shrieks, howls and desperate demands for him to keep going. She gathered up her boobs in her arms and began rocking against his tongue, rolling her hips in ecstatic bliss as he ate her out.

He became directly acquainted with Aphie muscle tone when Jen came while sitting on his face; her powerful thighs squeezed him so hard he thought his head might pop. She mashed herself down onto him, howling, squirting thick juices down across his face as her orgasm spent itself, before she slumped forward, panting, still straddling him.

"Holy *shit*. You... Oh my god... You're a fucking cunnilingus wizard or something..."

He made a muffled reply, patting the side of her thigh. She realised what she was doing and swung her leg off him with an apology, letting him take a deep, much-needed breath before she kissed him, sharing the taste of the juices that left his whole face glistening.

"Have you got one more load for me, baby? I think I- I just..."

"It's okay Jen. I understand. I think I'm good fer one more. If y'all give me, uh, the right encouragement?"

She bit her lower lip, lifting up her breasts and shaking them. "Anything you want, baby. I'm yours."

After bringing him back with her tits and lips, Wyatt took her from behind. He slammed hard into her as his hands roamed over the vast, curvaceous expanse of her ass and her boobs swung pendulously. Her nipples grazed the soft covers of her bed as she howled her encouragement. By the time Wyatt came again, she'd fired off two more body-wracking orgasms, and the pair collapsed into an exhausted sleep with Wyatt's arms around Jen.

He woke up to desperate moaning, Jen writhing in his arms, rubbing her enormous butt against his crotch and pushing the spicy scent of her hair into his face. Her hands were groping at her breasts, her thighs squeezing together in unrequited need. He slid his hands to displace her own,

gently palming and rubbing the massive mounds, rolling her thick nipples between thumb and forefinger. His cock lurched as he drew out a low, purring, grateful moan.

He dropped a hand down between her legs, finding the cleft at the top of her thighs covered in strings of boiling hot juice. It was no wonder the girl walked around smelling like sandalwood constantly; she never stopped dripping. He found her cherry-tomato bud and started rubbing gently, working her natural lube into it while palming her left breast, rubbing the pad of his thumb into her swollen tip.

She groaned, arching back into him, her body writhing between his two hands. She was still asleep, but clearly locked in the throes of her dream, drooling on the pillow as Wyatt happily manipulated her sensitive body. Before too long, she shuddered, making choking noises as her stomach rippled and her body started to jerk. The chokes turned to a shriek as she crested her orgasm, dying down as she twitched back into deep sleep. Wyatt's erection brushed against her butt, but hugging her close, he drifted back to sleep alongside her.

Wyatt stirred, groaning, mid-morning light breaking across the bed. He could feel a dull, warm, pleasant sensation coming from his crotch, and glancing down, saw a sea of blue and seafoam locks bobbing beneath his stomach.

"Mmmf... G-good morning..."

She purred appreciatively, letting out slurping noises as she slid her lips down to brush his pubic hair, taking his whole length down her throat.

"I've, ugh, never had a wake-up blowjob before. Mm. Could get used t' this."

Her mouth slid off his dick, her hand coming up to slowly pump as she lifted her eyes to look at him. "Honey, if you keep making me cum like last night, I'll suck you awake every morning. Were you messing with me while I was asleep?"

His mind went back to the previous night, when he'd hugged Jen close in her slumber and rubbed her off. "Uh, yeah. You were moanin' in your sleep and woke me up."

"Oh God, I'm so sorry..."

"It's no problem. Especially if you keep, uh—"

She grinned. "Oh, of course!" She dropped her mouth back to the tip of his cock, bobbing her lips up and down as her hand kept pumping, adding a rotating motion like churning butter, her contented moans mixing with the wet, sloppy sound of sucking.

When Wyatt thumped the bed and started to cum, she pulled back up, letting him fill her mouth before swallowing gleefully, licking her lips and gently kissing the remaining beads of cum from his dick. She gripped and tugged from the base to milk out the last few drops.

Surprisingly, she then cuddled up close to him, throwing her arm across his chest and letting her boobs press into his side. He could feel her harsh breathing, mingled with the rising scent from between her legs. "Uh, Jen, are you..."

“Shh.” She took deep breaths. A light sheen of sweat was beading on her forehead. “I want... I want to thank you. Properly. Not just with sex. Wyatt, did you know nobody’s ever done what you did for me last night?”

“What d’you mean?”

“Brought me off in the middle of the dreams, while I was asleep.”

“Oh man, sorry. Uh, is that weird?”

She snuggled even closer. “I’ve *never* cum in my dreams since I caught the bug. Haven’t slept better in three years. Sure, I’ve had plenty of guys notice what I’m doing and wake me up to fuck, but you just, well, handled it.”

She looked up into his eyes, and Wyatt could see, even over the clear arousal, a warm, affectionate smile. “You treat me like a girl. Not a sex toy. You act like my pleasure’s important, not just, like, a given. You act like my condition matters to you.”

“I want to be your girlfriend, Wyatt. I want that more than you can imagine. This is something new and totally special to me. I don’t deserve it. You deserve so much better. But I... I don’t care. I want to try.”

Wyatt pulled Jen close, running his hand down her naked arm. “I want that too, Jen. You’re real special. I’m willin’ to work with whatever I have to.”

Jen was red-faced, panting hard. “I had a lovely date with my boyfriend, he took me home for amazing sex and I’ve just woken him up with a blowjob. I shouldn’t want or need anything else, right? I can snuggle up to him and just chill.”

There were a few moments of silence, punctuated only by heavy breathing and light whines, as well as the cloying scent of sandalwood. “You really need it, hey?”

“I could fuck the entire Patriots starting lineup and have room left over for the waterboy.”

“Well, uh, I can’t get you that, but I can get all up in there an’ make you feel good?”

She bit her lip impishly, and then gave him a quick kiss. Even in her current state, it carried more affection than passion. “Even better.”

The rest of the morning, after Wyatt wrung an orgasm or three from Jen, was spent establishing ground rules.

The first, of course, was exclusivity. Jen made perfectly clear that though it wasn’t an open relationship, it also wasn’t a monogamous one. Between her condition and her work, it was utterly inevitable that she would be sleeping with other men.

“We’re not dating anybody else. Casual sex and one night stands are a different thing, but not romance.”

Wyatt shrugged. “You sure y’all are okay with me sleeping with other girls?”

“To be honest? No. I don’t like it one single bit. I want you all for myself. Maybe sometime in the future if they work out how to cure this stupid thing, I could have that luxury. Until then,

how can I ask you to put up with anything I wouldn't? I'm not going to be keeping count or anything, so it's not a one-for-one deal or something."

Second was that physical affection was either at Jen's instigation or by request. Hugging, kissing, hand-holding, groping – Jen's carefully cultivated self-control would not last long under the assault of unsolicited PDAs. Additionally, if Wyatt wanted to spend the night in Jen's bed, he had to be prepared to tend to her dreams.

She smiled, placing her hand over his. "I want to be clear, though. Any time of the day or night you want sex from me, any way, any position, any costume, any roleplay, it's yours. I can't promise you much in this relationship but I can definitely promise I'm *always* up for a roll in the hay.

Third, and finally, was that this might not last.

"I really do like you, Wyatt, and I want this to work. I want you to accept, though, that it might not be possible, no matter how much we want it. I've spent three years learning I can't fight this body. It's not you. It's not me. It's the Aphrodite. Even if it works okay, this is not something that's going to result in marriage or something."

He nodded. "I understand. And, uh, thank you."

"No, thank *you*, babe." She pulled him close, hugging him in one of her pneumatic embraces. "You're being so accommodating and sweet about this. You know that you could treat me like dirt and I'd still give you everything you're going to be getting out of this, physically. All you're really getting is a relationship with a single-minded slut. I've got no idea what you see in me aside from my body."

"Y'all let me worry about that, okay?" He leaned in to give her a kiss, but she held up her hands in a blocking motion.

"Ah-ah! Rule Two!"

"Oh, right. Uhh, can I kiss you?"

She turned her head, dimpling her cheek with her finger. "Yes you may."

He gave her a peck on the cheek, which she returned with a giggle and a stifled moan. "This is going to take some getting used to. When you kissed me just then, I felt it in my pussy a little bit. This would all be so much easier if you weren't such a fucking hottie."

He smiled. "Sorry ma'am. I'll work on gettin' real fat."

"You'd better." They looked into each other's eyes for a moment, Jen's awe-inspiring chest rising and falling as she took deep breaths. "Well, uh, I'm going upstairs. You take care of yourself, okay?"

Wyatt watched his girlfriend's ass wiggle up the stairs.

The relationship started fitfully, but earnestly. Wyatt had to be constantly aware of Rule Two. Even something as simple as snuggling on the couch involved a significant psychological

commitment from Jen, and generally involved an orgasm or two in return. Jen happily indulged in a ready source of sex, easing the demand on her contacts list. She went down from calling a guy every single day to only once every two or three, and tried her hardest to keep her passion locked up for when Wyatt got back home. More than a few times Wyatt would arrive home from class to find Jen writhing in need in her bed, sweating and groaning, saving herself for his cock.

“Baby, y’all don’t have to do this,” he said, after drawing a few orgasms out of her writhing body. He lay in the bed next to her, ever-so-gently exploring the massive, plush swell of her breast with one hand. “We have Rule One for a reason.”

She whined, running her hand through his hair and kissing him deeply, thrusting her hips up. “I *want* to, though. I want to be good for you. I want this to be your pussy, so badly. Your tits, your hips. I want to be your slut.”

“It’s killing you, baby. You can’t keep windin’ yourself up and sittin’ here stewin’. You’ve got other things to do.”

“Nothing is more important than your dick, sweetie.” She threw her leg over him, sitting up to straddle him, letting her breasts drop down and gently bounce as she dragged her juicing slit over his groin. He groaned.

“I can’t keep up with you, Jen. You know that. The spirit is willin’ but the flesh is weak, you know?”

She stopped for a moment, pushing her hair out of her eyes. “You’re right. It’s funny, isn’t it? This whole stupid thing is so fucked up that even when I’m trying to give myself to you, I’m being selfish. I can’t expect you to keep up with my needs on your own. You care enough about me that you can’t just watch me like that and tell me you’re too tired or sore. You’ll do what you have to do, huh?”

She bent forwards, her breasts dangling against his chest, kissing him deeply and affectionately. “I’ll be more careful. Uh, how’s the flesh now, though?”

Wyatt laughed, then began tweaking her nipples, making her shudder on top of him.

As their relationship developed, so did Siobhan. Wyatt learned from Jen that she was a month past “flipping her switch.”

“The bug happens in, like, two parts. The first can be subtle. It’s when you grow the curves, and you put on a bit of titty, but not too much. Like four cup sizes. For Siobhan, she also lost a bunch of weight. She was over two-fifty before she caught the bug.”

“Wow.” Wyatt couldn’t help but picture what she must have looked like before her outrageous hourglass. “How do you know you’re into the second part?”

“When you wake up absolutely, impossibly horny. You’ve been getting hornier over the last two months, and *really* sensitive, but this is something else. Now, nothing helps. It only goes away when you fuck a guy.”

It also involved another, very noticeable change. None of Siobhan's clothes fit her, because the growth of her breasts was out of control; she'd swelled up eight or nine cup sizes since flipping her switch. She was already approaching as large as Azul, and Jen, giggling, informed him she had a few weeks of growing left, yet. It also kick-started the growth of her hair. After the last couple of weeks, Siobhan had added four inches of white.

Siobhan was not taking well to her transformation. She refused to buy new clothes, so her shirts were stretched painfully tight over her prize pumpkin breasts, every detail of her gigantic nipples visible through the abused fabric. She walked around in skirts or, more often, just her increasingly-stretched and soaked panties, since none of her pants fit either her waist or hips.

Wyatt was coming back from class for the day when he heard shouting coming from behind the door.

"It's not my fault you haven't done a single Goddamn thing to prepare for this! Too busy sitting in your room and rubbing off to fan fiction to take some fucking responsibility for yourself!"

"Jen, why are you being such a selfish bitch?! I need help!"

"You *always* fucking need help! Who shares her names with you? Who went out and bought you new panties because your fat ass shredded the last ones? Who's tried to take you out clothes shopping every week for three months? Who's coached you through this every single step of the way in valuable time she could have been using to get *laid*?"

Wyatt stepped through the door, finding Jen standing, red-faced and shouting at Siobhan, who was sitting on the couch dressed in nothing but a pair of panties soaked dark with pussy juice. The absurd size of her breasts was on full display with how deep the bottom curve reached down her torso, and they were capped with thick, dark nipples and huge, deep brown areolas. She was puffy-eyed and crying, her lewd body swaying and jiggling with each sob.

"Ladies? What's wrong?"

Jen turned around, smiling an equal measure of sweetness and rage. "Hi honey! Your useless fucking bimbo roommate needs someone to either slap or fuck the stupid out of her, that's what!"

Wyatt went to hug her, but she pushed him away by the chest. "Rule Two, and I really don't need that right now. This fucking specimen of shitty decision-making has somehow managed to forget that, despite her libido coming back like clockwork, she needs to start finding her own fucking guys! Somehow she's gotten down to every two days without being able to sack up and seduce a guy at a bar!"

Wyatt realised Siobhan wasn't just crying. She was masturbating, her right hand fiercely groping her breast while she rocked her hips against the other, shoved down her underwear. She was staring straight at Wyatt, her mouth hanging open.

"Hey, eyes off my fucking boyfriend, bitch! You don't deserve him!"

Jen grabbed Wyatt and kissed him, forcing her huge tongue down his throat and reaching down to fondle his junk, making Siobhan whine and break down into even more sobs as she started rubbing harder.

“Yeah, go on, fuck yourself to what you can’t have because you’re too much of a fucking coward. Hey, Wyatt, why don’t you come upstairs and blow a load all over my tits?”

She grabbed his hand and led him up the stairs, Siobhan’s desperate cries following them. They went into Jen’s room, where she slammed the door behind them and thumped the wall. “*Bitch!*”

Wyatt let her cool down a minute, sandalwood spreading through the room. “Honey, I know it must be frustratin’, but it’s obviously real hard for her...”

“You think it wasn’t hard for me, too? You think it still isn’t?”

“She ain’t as strong as you.”

Jen stared at him for a moment, tits quivering, and then groaned. “Fuck you, you smooth piece of shit. I *hate* it when you know exactly what to say. Okay fine, Christ, I’ll help her. I can’t leave her in the middle of the need or she’ll go insane.”

“I reckon we should take her out to find a guy tonight.”

“Yeah, but the question is how... Wait, I’ve got it!” She pressed up close to Wyatt, tracing her finger down his chest. “I need you to do me a big favour.”

“Anythin’.”

“I need you come downstairs with me and give Siobhan exactly one orgasm.”

He blinked. “Come again?”

“I need you to use your magic fingers and bring her off once. Just once. No matter if she screams, begs or hits you, she gets one little cum. It’ll take the edge off, but it won’t be enough to get rid of the need. Not by now. Just bring her off once, don’t do any of the fancy stuff you do with me where it lasts twenty seconds. She gets the rest when she agrees to come to the club with me tonight.”

“Wow. You’re evil.”

“You love it.”

Jen gave him a kiss, and they headed back downstairs. Siobhan was sprawled out on the couch. She’d shed her panties, leaving every inch of her soft flesh on display. One of her nipples was in her mouth and her fingers were deep inside her pussy, the pad of her hand pressed tight against her clit. Her thick thighs quivered. Wyatt’s nose wrinkled as he realised Siobhan hadn’t yet hit whatever stage of the transformation caused the scented quim, because she reeked of pussy.

She looked up at him as he entered the room, and whined desperately, thrusting her hips into the air and popping her boob out of her mouth to display it to him. She nearly screamed with joy as he sat down next to her, taking her breast in his hand and lifting it to his mouth to suckle deeply on her throbbing nipple.

Her breast was far bigger than Jen’s. He nearly lost himself in it, huge rolling waves of soft flesh, his face sinking deeply into it. Her breasts dominated her short, curvaceous body, their size, weight and sensitivity out of even the merest semblance of her control. If Pink used her chest, and Jen was owned by her chest, then Siobhan was a slave to it.

Her hand kept working away as he rolled his tongue around the stiff bud, reaching down and allowing his hand to sink into her huge, pillowy ass. He'd thought Jen was gifted in the posterior, but Siobhan was another level. He gripped it hard, moving his fingers into the warm cleft between her cheek and her shapely thigh, drawing out a pleased squeal from the girl.

Wyatt saw her hand start to shake before the orgasm overtook her body. She arched up, shrieking, thrusting her chest out and shuddering her hips against her hand. Wyatt immediately let go, letting her tit slap down against her chest. She came down from her peak far quicker than he'd ever seen Pink or Jen, and turned back over to him, panting, her big brown nipples heaving.

"P-please keep going! I need more!"

Jen leaned down across Wyatt's shoulder, her breasts hanging in a warm blanket. "Nope. Girlfriend's orders. That's all you get until you get off your ass, come shopping with me and then go out to the club and find some of your own guys!"

She whined, starting to rub at herself again. "Jen, th-that was just one tiny cum! You kn-know that's not enouuuugh!"

Jen was acting in control, but Wyatt could feel her heaving as the familiar sensation built inside her as well. She just had slightly more command over it than Siobhan. She grit her perfect teeth, her nipples hardening over Wyatt's shoulder. "Nope. That's it. And unless you want to waste it, I'd suggest you stop masturbating and get yourself ready to go out."

Siobhan stared at her for a minute, and then heaved herself off the couch. Her knees knocked together as she staggered forward, her body twitching and jiggling, and she had to stop halfway to the stairs, holding onto the wall and panting, her tits dangling as she leaned forward and dripped sweat onto the floor. They watched her slowly and painstakingly make her way back upstairs to the shower, before Jen turned to Wyatt and reached her arms around him, grabbing his ass. Wyatt could see the lust eating away at her behind her eyes.

"Baby, could I ask you another favour?"

A few hours later, the three had made their way to Jen's favourite prowling grounds, a bar downtown called the Golden Hat, although more often known these days by its more informal name, the Swollen Tit. The Hat's proprietor, a slim, dark haired man in his late 30s by the name of Jamie Torrens, took an understandable liking to the candy-haired busty seductresses that seemed to be popping up everywhere, but it wasn't until his then-girlfriend began to transform that he had the idea for his bar.

At the time, the Hat had just been muddling along from week to week – not unsuccessful, but certainly not bustingly busy. Jamie realised there was a market for somewhere that understood and provided for the needs of Aphrodite girls – a safe space for them to socialise, flirt, collect numbers and, if necessary, hide from their own desires. Every table in the bar had a stack of blank cards and pens, for phone numbers. Every worker in the bar was female. The bar featured both a back room with a series of spacious booths (partially just to keep the bathrooms free for their intended purpose) as well as a no-men-allowed safe room for girls to escape from their own needs for a few minutes if they didn't trust themselves with somebody.

The result was amazingly successful. Though several other bars attempted to dip their toes into the same market, the Hat had forever cemented itself as the Aphrodite Bar, where Aphie women could go to collect numbers and get laid and men could go to, well, get laid.

The first thing that greeted you on entering the bar was generally a tangle of expanded flesh, as some oversexed Aphrodite locked lips with a random man, pushing her enormous, barely-covered boobs against him. Skin was on full display in the skimpiest, most scandalous outfits, although the discerning eye could tell that the more experienced, self-aware women were actually more circumspect about their clothing. Instead of a smorgasbord of heaving, oversexed flesh, they instead chose artful constructions of just enough cleavage to entice the eye, just enough smooth thigh to invite wandering hands, smouldering eyes that betrayed only a hint of the uncontrolled lust that boiled behind them.

Of course, Jen and Siobhan had no eyes for the other women. Their focus was on a rich buffet of men who ranged in age and attractiveness from the timid stares of skinny young ones barely out of their teens, stammering at heaving chests to the raucous encouragement of their friends, to rich older men looking to spend their way past the younger bucks into the exclusive affections of women who needed both sex and cash, and weren't picky about where either came from.

Siobhan fitfully pulled down at the sides of her dress. It was a good length, white with black spots in a pleated rockabilly style, with a simple loose black bodice and shoulder straps. At least, it had been a little loose on Jen. It was visibly too small in the top for Siobhan's expanded breasts, and the skirt, despite its length, was definitely showing several inches too many of smooth thigh, after clearing her bulbous ass and wide hips. The overall effect felt utterly scandalous to Siobhan, but on the other hand her growing awareness of her Aphrodite needs couldn't help but react to the many eyes on her bulging chest. Worse was that she'd spaced out while dressing, and had ended up out of the house before realising she wasn't wearing any underwear.

Wyatt found himself diverted away from the girls almost immediately after walking into the bar. It wasn't any explicit action on the part of the bar staff, but an almost unconscious Brownian motion that served to separate men from the women with whom they walked in. He briefly protested, but Jen blew him a kiss and waved as she moved with her arm behind Siobhan towards a group of waving young men at the edge of the room.

Wyatt sat at a bar stool, staring at the foam on somewhere between his fourth and fifth beer. He was caught between two problems. One was the nagging sense of emptiness in being in a setting like this without having Jen with him; he wasn't much of a barfly at the best of times. The other problem was that, as well as a beer, he was nursing a fairly substantial erection. Bouncing cleavage and swinging hips passed by in his peripheral vision. Making eye contact at best involved an enticing lick of the lips or smouldering wink, and more often a far more blatant invitation in the form of a pushed-out chest or, more than once, a pumping clasped hand next to an open mouth, complete with a tongue pushing out a soft, flawless cheek. He sighed, turning away, when a familiar voice sailed out over the crowd.

"Country boy?"

Pink slid past a furiously-kissing couple, sporting a sultry grin. She had apparently opted for the “as much skin as possible” approach to trolling for cock at the Hat. Her bubblegum pink locks had been cut back into a pixie ‘do, the freshness of the style suggesting it could very well have been that day. She wore nothing besides a bright yellow bikini top and a pair of shorts that barely even ended below the curve of her ass cheeks and did nothing to hide the bulge of her swollen pussy. Everything else, every inch of her breasts outside of a few square inches of areola coverage, the long, smooth curve of her thick, toned legs, her tight, tiny midriff, was on full display. She sat at the stool next to him, batting her eyelashes.

“Didn’t expect to see you here, boy scout. Thought I might have scared you off, but apparently you’ve been keeping yourself busy scoring Aphie puss?”

He shook his head. “No, uh, I’m here with my girlfriend.”

“Girlfriend? Boy scout, are you trying to get rid of her? This isn’t exactly a place for a romantic night out.”

“What? No, uh, she’s like you. But we’re not here for her, we’re here for her friend. It’s kinda complicated. Anyway, how you been?”

“Fine.” She waved away the question. “Your girlfriend’s an Aphie? Which one is she? I probably know her.”

Before Wyatt could answer, Jen strode over to the bar, pushing a lock of sweat-slicked hair out of her face. She smiled at Wyatt, but the smile immediately dropped from her face.

“Christine.”

“Jen. How have you been?”

“Oh, you know, keeping okay, dealing with things. Coming over to talk to my boyfriend.” She laid a hand on Wyatt’s shoulder. Pink’s (or Christine’s) eyes went slightly wide.

“SHE’S your girlfriend, boy scout? You didn’t waste any time on the express train to Whore Central, did you? I swear, you give a boy one taste of Aphrodite and they lose their mind completely.”

“Listen here, you- wait, what? Give him a taste?”

Christine smiled, lifting her breasts with her hands. “He never told you? I gave him a welcome basket the first day he got here.”

“That’s ridiculous. He didn’t even know what an Aphro-“ Her perfect brow wrinkled before she turned to Wyatt. “Wait. You DID know. Did you seriously fuck her?”

“Well, it was kinda more she fucked me, but yeah, the first day I got here.” He said it quite nonchalantly, and was clearly overlooking the deadly tone in Jen’s voice.

“So all that BS about needing to get to know me and dragging me out on a stupid date just so I could get into your pants, that was, what, a game? See how for you can play with the Aphrodite girl? What is it? Am I too fat? If I was tiny and perfect, would that have changed it?”

“What? Jen, no-“

Christine giggled. “If it helps, he was a perfect gentleman. I had to practically shove my tits in his mouth to get him to take the hint.”

“Stay the fuck out of this, skank! Well, Wyatt, what have you got to say for yourself?”

“How can you take an attitude about this? You were just grinding on a guy so hard he was practically inside you, and y’all gonna lecture me about a one night stand before we even got together?”

“You know that’s not the same thing! They’re meat to me. A means to an end. They might as well be dildoes for all it matters. It matters to you, though, or so you said. You’d be taking advantage of me, you said! Did that not count for that pink haired slut? How many other Ditie girls have you “taken advantage of?””

“None, but why does it matter? I’m with you, or’ve you just been pretendin’ to care about anything other than my dick?”

She slammed the bar, her boobs heaving heavily. “This isn’t *about* you, Wyatt! It’s about why I had to run a fucking gauntlet just to see your dick when you’re apparently willing to just give it away! I thought you weren’t like the others and I put up with it, but I don’t know what I’m supposed to think now!”

“I don’t know, that I’m your boyfriend and I thought that meant somethin’?!”

“I thought it did, too, and that’s why I put up with the shit you made me do! I thought it was actually important to you, and not just a big old game of “let’s see what the slut will do for cock!” I thought you were *different*.”

“So that’s all I was – somethin’ to put up with until I fucked you?!”

They had drawn a small crowd of staring people now. Jen was heaving with exertion, and Wyatt knew that as she got angry, she lost control over her libido, and getting horny only made her more agitated. “Fuck you, Wyatt. We’re done.”

She stalked off, her legs wobbling slightly, grabbing the hand of a guy as she went past. Wyatt was left sitting in stunned silence at the bar. Christine tilted her head, watching the girl go. “Shit. Uh. Sorry, bro. On the other hand, that means you’re single now! Do you wanna fuck my face?”

Wyatt blinked for a moment, still staring back at where Jen had gone, not quite processing the question. “What?”

“Look, I feel sort of bad for you losing your girlfriend or whatever, and I really feel like sucking a dick. That’s like a win-win or whatever, right? He stared at her, her deep blue eyes, the rising swell of her barely-covered bust, her glistening lips.

“Fuck it. Why not?”

The pair wasted no time in making their way back to Christine’s, formerly Pink’s, apartment. Wyatt was again struck by how Spartan the apartment was; it barely looked any different to how it had when he first stepped into it. It wasn’t a place where someone lived, it was a place where someone existed. He didn’t take much time to look however, because shortly after entering the

door Christine turned to him, shucking off her top and pushing one of her massive, jiggling mounds into Wyatt's hand.

The variety in Ditie endowments was still astonishing to him; the variety in size and shape, where they sat, how they hung. He particularly noticed how Christine's areolas were far smaller and more evenly shaped than Jen's. Where Jen's were huge, pebbly and textured, a deep pink that simply gradually faded into the surrounding skin, and Siobhan's were wide and thick, and a deep chocolate brown that set off against her pale skin, Christine's were small, circular and puffy, the nipples forming the tip of a cone-shaped bump.

He brushed his thumb across it, watching Christine close her eyes and moan appreciatively. His thumb sank into the puffy flesh, pushing the thick nipple inside the cone of her areola. He lifted the other and suckled the whole mound into his mouth, rolling his tongue around the stiff nipple. While the size and shape of Aphrodite breasts ran a large gamut, the texture was uniformly, unfailingly erotic. Smooth and soft, without mark or blemish, with a tautness and elasticity that bounced back against the finger or tongue. They occasionally bore a tracery of blue veins, a beauty mark, an enticing tan-line or a dusting of freckles, but the flesh was always fatty, firm and full.

Christine responded with coos and low, rolling moans, her hands working away between her thighs at the plush mound of her pussy. Aphrodite pussies were so full and sensitive that even just a hand squeezing and kneading the mound would be enough to bring them off, although of course it didn't come close to the penetrative orgasms they so desperately needed. One hand went back up, grabbing the back of Wyatt's head and shoving him even harder into her breast, drawing in a deep sucking breath and bucking her hips.

"Mmm, fuuuck... Fuck yeah, suck them, country boy." Her heavy hips gyrated against her hand, her juices dripping out rather side of her palm, filling the room with her sweet strawberry scent; an interesting change for Wyatt to the heady aroma of sandalwood that normally accompanied his lovemaking. He pushed her hand out of the way, inserting a finger inside her, the pad of his thumb grinding against her clitoris. His other hand roamed behind her, gripping one of her outsize ass cheeks and squeezing. Of course his hand didn't come close to covering it, but she shrieked her appreciation all the same.

It took only a few minutes before she was shaking, humping against his hand and babbling, while he moved his mouth to her other breast and took the hand that had been groping her behind and pinched and twiddled the spit-slick remaining nipple, carefully stimulating her to even higher heights of her orgasm. It took quite some time before she came down, staring at him and panting with the occasional involuntary mewl of afterglow.

"Fucking hell, you know how to start things off, don't you? You've been practising. My turn!"

She flipped him over, sliding down his body, until her breasts rested on his thighs while she unbuckled his belt and opened his fly. She swallowed with undisguised lust as she revealed the erection tenting his briefs, licking her lips as she flicked it out of its cotton prison to greet the bedroom air, twitching.

She immediately plunged her face down on it, effortlessly taking its entire length into her throat, moaning happily the whole way, before sliding back up and pulling off it, smacking her lips lasciviously.

“Hey, stud, why don’t you make yourself useful while I use your dick?” She turned around, rubbing his dick lightly as she moved, swinging a leg over his shoulders and bringing the curvaceous expanse of her ass in front of his face, before raising her legs to plunge her pussy straight down onto his face. She went back to blowing him, less forcefully to make sure she stayed anchored in place, and then even less forcefully as she began to writhe and moan from the sensation of Wyatt eating her out.

Instinct won out, though, the unnatural pleasure of her throat being stretched out enough to keep her going, even as she had to stop briefly while she came, leaking sweet juice across Wyatt’s face. Eventually Wyatt’s stamina let up, and he shot off hard into Christine’s mouth, shuddering, his hands trembling against the girl’s ass cheeks. She rolled off him, cleaning up the errant streaks of cum from his cock with her tongue then biting her lip as she stared him directly in the eyes.

Wyatt’s brow creased as he looked back, panting. He knew that in reality he was looking at Christine, her slim body, almond eyes and oversized perky breasts, but somehow the only thing he could see in his mind was Jen.

All he could perceive was Jen’s plush curves, her milk-white overflowing flesh, her enormous, soft, delectable breasts. The scent of strawberries felt cloying and sickly; he craved the tang of sandalwood. He wanted his girlfriend.

He shook his head as she gathered her breasts together, preparing to bring up back to erection. “What? You want something else? You’d prefer I keep using my mouth?”

“No, I... I don’t want to. I’m sorry.”

“Look sometimes I get tired of foreplay too, and you’d better believe I’m hanging out for the day they create a guy who’s ready to go four times in a row, but, uh, you need a bit of help before...”

Wyatt pulled back, grabbing his pants and sliding them back up his legs. “No, I mean I don’t wanna keep going. I’m sorry. It’s not you, it’s just... It feels wrong.”

She scoffed. “Didn’t feel wrong when you were shooting off into my mouth, country boy. Come on, I’m not even close to done.”

“Christine, I’m serious! I’m sorry, but I can’t.”

Wyatt began to roll off the bed, when he felt Christine grip him by the upper arm. Her touch was soft, but he could feel a desperate strength behind it. “Come on, dude. Don’t be silly. Look, I’m sorry I made fun of you, okay? The whole country boy thing is sexy, in a weird way.” Christine was taking deep breaths, her hand rubbing between her thighs.

She grabbed him from behind, sliding around until her breasts were in his face, subtly but inexorably coaxing him to lay back in the bed. Wyatt capitulated, his face surrounded by pneumatic warmth, but as Christine straddled him with his cock starting to grow back to erection against her slick pussy, looking up at her slim, busty, olive-toned body, he again had the

uncomfortable dual-sensation of seeing Jen riding him cowgirl, every inch of her thick body shaking or writhing...

He tried to pull away, but he felt Christine's unexpectedly strong thighs grip harder. "Christine, *please*, I don't want--"

His sentence was cut short as Christine's fist connected with the side of his face. He looked back up in shock, his hand moving up to cradle the impact site. Fury was etched in every line of the pink-haired harlot's face.

"Listen, *fucker*. You do *not* get to leave me stewing in my own juices all night. You are *meat*, do you fucking understand, and you are here for *one goddamn purpose*. You are going to lie there, you are going to get hard, and you are going to fucking plow me until I am done!"

Despite his shock and the ache in his cheek, he grew hard under her writhing hips, biological reflex betraying his wishes. Intellectually he knew he could have overpowered her – that she was strong, but not *that* strong, but the thought of another punch left those thoughts cowering, in favour of just laying back and accepting feeling his penis slide into Christine's sopping, squishy folds.

He didn't plow her as she'd demanded, but she unquestionably rode him, wringing the pleasure her unnatural appetites demanded from his supine body. He may as well have been a living dildo, but realistically that's all Christine actually needed.

If anything his lack of enthusiasm for the task helped delay his own release, giving space for Christine's next two orgasms. When he finally came, it felt good, of course; how could ejaculation ever *not* feel good? It was hollow, though, toxic and tainted, and even as he shot cum deep into Christine's mutated womb, looking up at her fuck-fantasy body, the spasms of pleasure in his gut were overlaid with nauseous revulsion.

She rolled off him, falling back onto the bed and panting. She didn't react as Wyatt slid out of the bed; not a single acknowledgement or so much as a goodbye as he pulled his clothes back on and stumbled out the door. He barely got more than a few feet from the apartment building before he turned into a side street and threw up.

Wyatt slumped back against the shower wall back at home, letting the hot spray run down his skin, wincing slightly where it hit the raw bruise on the top of his cheek. The strawberry smell that clung to his skin turned his stomach, and he shuddered as it washed away.

His mind was swirling with thought, but somehow empty and numb at the same time. He focused on cleaning himself, particularly around his mouth where he could still smell and taste traces of Christine's juices.

He could hear filtered thumping and moans as Jen and Siobhan entertained themselves with their guests, or more accurately sated themselves, which did nothing for the revulsion he was feeling. He finished his shower dragged himself back out into the kitchen for a glass of water and some ibuprofen, the thumping still following him downstairs.

That was how Jen found him when she finally exited the bedroom, coming downstairs in a filmy nightgown to rehydrate, leaving her paramour snoring in her bed. “Oh, you’re back. Why aren’t you still out wit- Jesus Christ, what happened to your face? I’d have thought you’d be getting your dick wet, not getting into a fight.”

“Why do you care?” He winced. The bruise must have been getting worse, because Jen actually looked concerned.

“Oh fuck off, man. You’re an asshole and I’m pissed off at you, I didn’t want to see you get beaten up.” She got up and headed over to the freezer, grabbing a tea-towel and filling it with ice. “What happened?”

“Uh, Christine did.” Saying it out loud made his stomach turn again, as memories of what came after flowed back. Jen kept wrapping the towel, snorting. “What, hit the bedpost? Fell off the kitchen table?”

“No, s-she...” Wyatt had to stop as a hacking sob rose from his throat, tears beading in the corner of his eyes. Jen sat down across from him, still holding the makeshift icepack.

“Jesus dude, she- wait. She *hit* you?”

He nodded, sniffing, tears rolling full stream down his cheeks. “I t-told her I wanted to leave. We’d s-started, but I... I didn’t want to, and I tried to l-leave and shee-“ he broke down, bawling into his hands. Jen sat wide-eyed, still holding the icepack, then got up, made her way around the table and pulled Wyatt into a gentle embrace.

“It’s okay... It’s okay...” Her sandalwood aroma wafted up around Wyatt, her embrace soft and warm. He sniffed, accepting the ice pack off her and pressing it against his swollen face.

“Heh. It must sound weird to y’all, a guy, y’know, losing it like this because he didn’t wanna have sex.”

“Oh, Wyatt. Guys don’t want to have sex all the time. Believe me, I *know* what it means to want to have sex all the time, and I’ve literally never met a man who comes even close to my appetite. Unlike me, you’re not just a walking sex drive.”

She sat back, letting out a deep breath. Wyatt could tell by how she shifted her legs that she was still feeling the urge.

“Also nobody likes being hit- uh, nonconsentually, anyway. I’m sorry, Wyatt. One of the things Aphies have to learn is that no means no. We’ve got a bad enough reputation without people thinking we’re rapists.”

Rapist. The word sounded out of place and Wyatt went to object, but stopped, mulling the concept over. Jen looked at him levelly, although Wyatt could tell the look in her eyes betrayed lust. “It’s the line we can’t cross. Sure, guys are a means to an end. Don’t get attached, don’t have expectations. But if you’re not wanted, there are fifteen other guys who’ll give you what you need. You don’t need it from the one who’s done.”

It was cold, clinical, but of course that was the mentality you had to have to survive the Aphrodite. Men were satiation first and foremost, and silly things like *feelings* just got in the way. Jen had taken a major gamble on him.

“I can’t imagine what you’re going through. Literally, I can’t. I think you should talk to somebody; somebody who isn’t me. You know, a real person.”

“I think I just need ice an’ a good sleep.”

“Whatever you think. I’m going back up to see if I can get some more of what *I* need.” She paused at the bottom of the stairs, looking back at Wyatt and sighing. “You know what passed me off the most?”

“What?”

“That he isn’t half as good as you.”

In his dreams, Wyatt stood naked before a giant feminine figure, wreathed in shadow. She laughed evilly, malice rolling from every inch of its form. It particularly seemed to sheet off her tremendous bouncing breasts like mist. Perfect white teeth glowed from inside the figure’s dark face, flashing with unrestrained glee as Wyatt cowered before her terrible beauty.

She reached out for him, her fingers shadowy talons. They brought with them a terrible sickly reek, something sweet and rancid that made him gag as it rolled across him like a tide. She seemed to grow even bigger as her hand approached him until he fit in her fist like a child’s doll.

He knew she wanted something, but couldn’t work out what. She held him roughly, still glinting with malice, and pressed him into one of her gigantic, shadowy breasts. He struggled and writhed, smothered by the oily, wobbling mass, before she pulled him off just in time for him to gulp for air.

She flicked him with one of her terrible nails, catching him on the side of the face, before pushing him into her other breast, laughing as he struggled for breath. The sickly scent filled all of his senses, choking out anything but her body. His penis, erect despite his fear, rubbed against her flesh. He soon came, spraying a load that seemed almost pitiful against her vast body, but which nevertheless made her moan, a deep rolling moan which reverberated through every cell in his body.

She pulled him away from her breast, her eyes glinting as he trembled and gasped for air. With a wicked smile, she began to lower him down, his eyes tracing the soft curve of her stomach before he realised where he was heading and he began to struggle vainly, strength leaving him as he approached closer and closer to the cleft of her thighs...

Wyatt awoke with a start, his breath catching and heart racing. He was covered in a sheen of clammy sweat. Looking around for a moment confirmed he was in his room, and not in the clutches of a horrific monster slut from beyond space and time, and he slumped back into the bed, rubbing his eyes.

His cheek still ached from last night, and that brought back a flood of memory. Sensing that his sleep wasn’t going to get any better, looking over at the clock indicating 6:30, he groaned and slid out of bed, heading downstairs.

Surprisingly, Siobhan was downstairs, slumped backwards on the couch with the television on low. There was a game running, sitting at the menu screen and occasionally running through the recorded demo. She didn't appear to be really watching it, exactly, more staring past it as she masturbated. Her left hand was down between her generous thighs, her right lifting one of her enormous breasts to her mouth. It struck Wyatt how her lips couldn't even come close to covering the extent of one of her areolas. He coughed, making her jump slightly and lose hold of her tit.

"Wha- oh, it's you. What are you doing up?"

"Couldn't sleep. I'd ask you the same thing, but, uh-"

"Hah. I couldn't stay in my bed. Thought I'd come down here and play something. Stupid idea, really. I think I might have started out paying attention to what was on the screen. Maybe?"

She sighed, staring up at the ceiling, squeezing her thighs together. "I can't believe this is going to get worse. It's already so hard to concentrate, even during my relief time."

"Relief time?"

"Well, like, I haven't gone all the way yet. Once it's taken over completely, you basically never get fully satisfied ever again. For now, though, I get this period of time after having sex where the need actually mostly goes away for a while. Not completely, but enough. It's gotten shorter, though. A few weeks ago I could go like, twelve or fifteen hours before it came back. Now it's more like six, maybe."

As she spoke, her hands had already started groping her breasts again, her words punctuated with a series of small whines and moans. "The w-worst part is it feels *good*. So fucking good-oh!" Her fingers subconsciously rolled her outsized nipple between them. "I hate it, I hate everything about it, but once the p-pleasure starts, my brain just turns off..."

She'd now fixed him in the eye, her half-white half-brown hair messy and sweaty around her flushed, gorgeous face. "It makes your emotions run hot, too. You're so focused on controlling your need that you forget about things like not being angry. Don't blame Jen. She feels like she's sacrificed a lot for you - denied something that's basically impossible to deny."

One hand had slipped down to her sex, slowly tracing a finger along the swollen, sensitive labia while the other kept kneading away at her outsize breast.

"Maybe I just need to, I dunno, do somethin' that makes her feel more like a person again?"

Siobhan breathed deeply, still staring Wyatt in the eye as she pawed at her overfilled body. "M-maybe, yeah. Or you should pin me down and fuck me raw right on this couch."

There was an awkward moments silence, before Siobhan's eyes went wide, her cheeks flushing beet-red. "Oh, shit, did I just say that out loud?!"

Wyatt snorted a little as Siobhan flushed even harder, the shock not quite enough to stop her hands. "See, uh, brain turns off. Although, uh, if you're up for it..?" She bit her lip, lifting her breasts and pressing them together into an almost endless line of cleavage that made Wyatt's mouth go dry. He swallowed and shook his head.

“Really wouldn’t be best at the moment, I reckon.” His eyes didn’t leave her chest, though, and she shimmied them from side to side, watching his eyes as they heaved gelatinously with the motion of her shoulders.

“I w-won’t tell, I promise...”

Wyatt felt his stomach turn slightly. “Siobhan, please. Don’t do this, okay? I... Let’s jus’ say I didn’t have a good night, okay? This ain’t what I need right now.”

She rolled her eyes, slumping back, her hands going back to groping and squeezing her tits, her breathing harsh and moist. “Uuuugh. Fiiine.”

She looked back at the TV, where the game had cycled back to sitting at the menu screen. “I used to love this game. Now I can’t concentrate long enough to even start it. Heh, maybe if I download a nude patch or something it could keep my interest.”

Wyatt’s brow furrowed for a moment. “Huh. Yeah, it might be easier for you to focus on if it... Huh.”

“What.”

“I just had an idea.”

It stayed cool that day even into the afternoon, but Jen still comfortably made her way to her afternoon photo shoot from her morning filming in nothing but a slim tank top and the barest of booty shorts, her overactive metabolism keeping her comfortably warm.

She sighed, twirling a lock of wavy blue hair around a finger, unusually aware of how hard her nipples were against the thin fabric. They were always visible to the street, but today they seemed to almost throb in an effort to appeal to passers-by.

She couldn’t ever remember feeling like this in her 3 years of grappling with the condition. Not feeling sexually unsatisfied; that was standard operating procedure for Aphrodite. This was something entirely different. She had a sneaking suspicion that, in her pre-A days, her libido would have been in the toilet. As it was, “her heart just wasn’t in it,” according to her director. Like porn needed to demand anything but her vagina, but the fact that someone like that sleazeball could tell something was off definitely meant something.

The photographer for that afternoon’s shoot, Sergio, had asked her to come in an hour early. When she arrived, though, the lights were off in his studio and he was nowhere to be seen. She switched on the main light switch at the front of the small industrial loft and went through into what Sergio jokingly called his “boudoir,” and nearly jumped out of her skin.

Sitting in the middle of the bed Sergio maintained for his photo shoots was Wyatt. He wore nothing but jeans and a simple white tank top, and he smiled sheepishly, stretched out horizontally on the bed.

“Uh, hi. Wow, this is more awkward than I thought it’d be.”

“Wyatt, what the fuck are you doing here?”

He swallowed. "Okay uh, so, first thing: I am unbelievably sorry for hurtin' you. I know that can't fix it, but I wanted to start there."

"And why did that involve turning up at my work? This isn't a Hugh Grant movie, following women around isn't romantic, it's creepy." Of course even as she said it she couldn't hide the change in her breathing as she watched Wyatt. He was sweating nervously, making his shoulders glisten under the lights.

"Oh, that, well, uh. I had an idea. About, like, why I did what I did an' why you feel the way you do."

"Wyatt I asked for an explanation, not—"

"No, it's... It'll make sense, I swear. Hear me out?"

She groaned, rolling her eyes back and crossing her arms under her bust. "*Fine*. But only because I'm enjoying the view for the moment."

"Well, uh, okay, so. I know y'thought that me doin' stuff with Pi— uh, Christine, was because I liked her more than you or something? Or that I thought she was prettier than you?"

"Great start, Casanova."

"No, no, I mean, it's the opposite of that. She just... Pushed herself on me. L-like she did last night. I didn't care about her or really want her. The first time it happened, I just... Went with it, you know? I didn't really understand what was happenin'. The way she was, though... When I thought about you, someone as nice, as pretty as you..."

Wyatt swallowed. He'd been rehearsing this in his head, but somehow the words weren't coming. Jen still stood impassively, or at least as impassively as she could with so much of her body either jiggling or twitching with building erotic tension.

"It didn't feel the same. You aren't like her. You live like her, but you aren't her. And last night really, y'know, confirmed that for me? You wouldn't have done that to me. Y'all got the same condition, the same need... But you're *better* than her. That's why I took you out. That's why I wanted to be your boyfriend, not just a number."

Jen remained standing stock still, but her lips were pursed. Tears made their way down her perfect cheeks. "I know you think you gave in, but you didn't. Givin' in would mean you just accepted that this thing was who you are now, but you never did. I don't think you did, anyway, and if I'm right, I can prove it."

He pointed to the camera, screens and lights. "Somewhere in there is the Jen who still loves photography. She's just... drowned out by the A. So I figured, if we just give the A something to, y'know, distract it, then the real Jen can start thinkin' about how to take pictures."

She sniffed, uncrossing her arms and padding over to the camera. "Wyatt... I've already told you, I just can't concentrate on it any more. I can't concentrate—"

"—on anything but sex. I know. But what if you were filmin' something you *can* concentrate on? Something your... well, urges can let you focus on?"

He lay awkwardly on the bed for a moment as Jen tried to work out what he was saying. “Wyatt, please, stop the mystery. I’m already having enough trouble thinking with you laying there without a shir-”

She stopped, then curled her lips in a knowing, hungry smile. “You know, the lighting’s *good*, but I think that if we shift the one on the left it’ll highlight right on the top of your bicep. And uh, slip your jeans down a little bit so your hipbones are a little bit visible.”

She stepped behind the camera’s viewfinder, biting her lip and lightly rubbing between her legs with one hand. “You’re a little bit, um, isolated in the shot. It makes you look smaller than you are. Shift a bit more diagonally and, uh, stretch your shoulders out.

Wyatt grinned, complying with her directions. He heard her breathing grow harsher as she snapped some shots. “Mmm. Yeah. Okay. Can you, uh... Can you get hard? I want to get a shot where your dick’s all, like, pressed against the crotch of your jeans.”

“My body’s your canvas, Jen. Could I get a little help with that, though?”

She stuck her tongue out past the side of the camera, then smiled as she lifted the bottom of her tank top with one hand, sliding it up past the buds of her enormous nipples and gasping as they greeted the air. She palmed one with the free hand while Wyatt stared and reached one of his arms down into his jeans, slowly rubbing two fingers against his erecting shaft. Before too long he was fully hard against the denim, and Jen moaned her appreciation as Wyatt went back to his pose.

“Mmm, yeah, look at that big” *click* “fucking” *click* “cock...” She leered at him around the side of the camera again. “Take off your tank and jeans. Just the tightie-whities.”

He obliged, blushing slightly with embarrassment, his rigid cock tucked up through the side of his briefs. Jen kept snapping, prompting him into a variety of poses that left Wyatt feeling silly, but whether Jen honestly felt they were sexy or just wanted to get back at him a little, he didn’t mind.

“Okay, now I’m gonna have to ask you to take your underwear off.”

Wyatt blushed sheepishly, hooking his thumbs down either side. “O-okay. Whatever you want.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I’m done with the camera.” It switched off with a whine as Jen emerged from behind it, flushed with desire, slipping down her shorts and stepping out of them to reveal her full, glorious nudity.

“I don’t know what I did to deserve you, Wyatt, but... Thank you. That was fun. I felt... free, for a little while.”

She laid down next to him, pulling him close into the soft expanse of her bare chest and just holding him in her arms for a moment. “Uh, yeah. I guess I don’t really have to tell you that it didn’t take it away, right; just sort of let me ignore it for a while?”

He smiled, draping a hand across her back and kissing her gently on the lips. “Of course not. I didn’t think it’d be a *cure*. Just, y’know. An idea.”

“Well, that’s fine then.” She returned the kiss, harder, moaning as she pressed her body against him. One of her hands drifted down his body to gently drape over his penis, pushing lightly into the cleft on the underside of the head and then rubbing a circle around the shaft behind it.

“Hi. I missed you, you know? I didn’t want to admit it” her fingers curled around the shaft, tugging lazily, “but when I was with that other guy... I was thinking about you.”

She turned to him, lifting one breast up as she kept tugging him. “Hey, stud. I want you to show me how sorry you are and plow me until I can’t think straight.”

He grinned, reaching for her other breast and sinking his fingers deep into the soft flesh, making Jen gasp. “Yes ma’am!”

There wasn’t any need for foreplay. Jen laid back while Wyatt took position between her thighs. One of his hands gripped one to help anchor him. It always amazed him at the enticing mix they were between soft and muscular, their curves held into place by a firm core that took just a little effort to reach. The familiar, comforting and above all unbelievably sexy scent of sandalwood wrapped around him, Jen’s pussy a soaked, boiling cauldron. It accepted his cock like a hand in a glove, sliding through and spreading her apart almost effortlessly.

He leaned forward, grunting and thrusting as Jen squealed, her legs rising up to wrap around behind his back. His hands reached forward and found her tits, bouncing and jiggling in every possible direction, and started to knead them, catching her nipples between the pad of his thumb and the side of his hand and squeezing.

Her hips rose up in undulating waves to meet his thrusts, her big, expressive eyes alternately looking deeply into his or closing in pure bliss, plump lips hanging open and slack as moans rolled from her throat.

“F-fuuhhck! Y-yes, please, oh yes, yes, *yes!*”

It was barely another minute before her eyes snapped open and she shrieked, her legs gripping him even harder and her pussy starting to ripple and flutter around his shaft. The spasms in her legs worked him into her even harder, bottoming out the length of his cock until his crotch bumped the smooth mound of her pussy.

“Harder! *HARDER!*” Jen’s whole body quaked, setting up raw, sexual jiggles throughout her body, especially her breasts, which heaved like they had a mind of their own, her nipples following untraceable patterns in the air. Wyatt obliged her request, grunting as he summoned all his strength to push back against her legs and slam hard into her.

For any normal woman, Wyatt using all his force to go the entire length of his cock deep would have been nothing short of painful. For Jen, spreading apart her transformed insides, no cervix to accidentally bump, perfectly lubricated further than any man could ever hope to find, it was exquisite.

“Yes, *yes!* Fuck me, plow me, oh fuck *YES!* I’m y-yours, I’m yours, j-just fuck me harder!”

Each savage thrust brought with it its own commentary of moans and exultations. Jen could feel another orgasm building deep in the pit of her stomach. Al thought followed it, a strangely solid

and coherent thought for being locked deep in the fuck-haze of feeding her need. It only grew as her orgasm mounted, poisoning on the tip of her tongue, her judgement shot.

As her vagina began to contract again, the spasms ripping their way through her body, the last remaining thought in her head exited:

"I love you!"

Neil whistled, improvising a small tune as he cleared up one of the shelves in the 7-11. He heard the beep as a customer made their way through the automatic doors, and stood up to return to the counter. His face broke into a wide grin as he saw a shaggy blond mane that he recognised.

"Wyatt! Brother! Good to see you, man! Oh, and uh, sorry, I don't know your friend?"

Wyatt stood hand-in-hand with a modern goddess. Her body was like something from a teenager's fantasy, a wonderland of curve and thickness with a staggeringly-huge pair of breasts bound up into a frilly yellow blouse that displayed acres of delicious, jiggling cleavage. Her skirt was black and pleated, and only just covered the massive expanse of her ass and thighs. Her legs were uninterrupted milky smoothness from the tops of her thighs down to a pair of simple yellow heels. Her blue-green hair offset the yellow of her top interestingly, the light throwing off iridescent flashes of turquoise.

She smiled, a plump-lipped lascivious smile that screamed sexual promise. "I'm Jen. You must be Neil? Wyatt's told me about you."

Her eyes followed him hungrily as he nodded. "That's right, miss. All good, I hope?"

She laughed, and despite himself Neil couldn't help notice her breasts bounce. "Of course!"

She turned back to Wyatt. "Okay honey, I'm going to head across the street to the camera store. Come over when you're done?"

She tapped her cheek and Wyatt gave it a perfunctory kiss. "See you in a minute, darlin'."

Both men watched her leave, her ass swaying from side to side hard enough to make someone seasick, before Neil turned back to Wyatt with a low whistle.

"Honey? Darling? Anyone'd think you two were dating."

"We are." Wyatt beamed while Neil stood looking confused. "We're a couple. It's not, uh, a *traditional* couple, but, y'know."

"Wow. How do you deal with her... You know, other guys?"

"Well, you've gotta be, y'know, philosophical about it. It's not like she's cheating. Not exactly. She's got this thing inside her, she does what she needs to do to keep it in check. Might as well get jealous of the guy that sells her lunch, or at the counter at the RMV. It's just somethin' she needs to get through the day."

He chuckled. "Besides. She might need other guys, but she *wants* me, and I trust her on that. It makes a big difference."

“Huh.” Neil stood in thought as Wyatt shook his hand and headed back out. “Good to see you, Neil. Take care, okay?”

Neil barely moved for a few moments, then sighed deeply. He reached into his pocket, pulling out his phone, and scrolled down to a number he hadn’t used in a long time.

His heart thudded as the phone rang, and then a sharp intake of breath as a sultry voice rolled out the other end.

“Meliissa? Hi, it’s– it’s Neil. Y-yeah, I’m doing okay. You?”

“Yeah, uh, it has been a while, hasn’t it. How is everything treating you? You know, the, uh, the new lifestyle?”

“Huh. Yeah. Listen, I’ve been doing some thinking... Are you free this afternoon? I’d like to catch up...”