Sigma Upsilon Chi

Meghan stood next to her friend, Chris, looking at the aging sorority house in front of them. Although ‘friend’ was putting it lightly; best friend was more fitting. And even then, that brushed over her deep running crush and affection for him. ‘Best friend and secret man of her dreams’ seemed to encompass Meghan’s true feelings for Chris. Which was why this was such a hard moment for her.

Together they stood next to his car, loaded down with her belongings for her new college life. Her adventure at Sigma Upsilon Chi--or ΣΥΧ--was about to start, and she had never felt so nervous. Meghan desperately wanted to grab for Chris’ hand, but the day they were going to go their separate ways was hardly the time to inject a romantic component into their fifteen year relationship.

A light late-summer breeze blew her hair into her face. She shook the few strands away, looking around at all the other girls moving in around them. Lines of them were flowing in and out of the white three-story before her. She thought they all looked like worker ants, building up a new home.

“Hey there!” a voice called, Meghan’s head turning towards it. An older girl was walking towards them, a dramatically high sense of confidence seeming to flow out of her.

Meghan gulped; there was something almost overwhelming about her. Maybe it was her tall stature and the way she carried herself, or her black hair that almost seemed endless as it flowed behind her back. Or perhaps it was the plump lips, piercing eyes, and what must have been a pair of DD breasts rising out of her top into a perfect meeting of cleavage. This woman had an overpowering sense of sexuality flowing from her. Meghan actually found herself feeling a bit envious. Her own C cups seemed to shrink under her shirt, feeling inadequate.

“You must be Meghan, am I right?” she asked, holding out her hand with a kind smile.

“Y-Yes…” Meghan shook it, but she felt powerless, maintaining eye contact.

“I’m Alexis! One of the senior sorority girls here at Sigma Upsilon Chi. Kinda of the head of the house, really. If you need anyone I’m the one to come see!” Alexis greeted her. See seemed so bubbly and full of life. She looked at Chris. “And who is this? Your boyfriend, I assume?”

Chris blushed even in the warm morning sun, and Meghan coughed on her own breath. “N-No no! Just friends!” she desperately tried to recover. She looked at Chris; he was laughing, holding out his hand.

“I’m Chris, just an old friend helping her move in.”

“Oh *my*, that’s a strong grip!” Alexis awed with giggles. “I’ve always admired a man with strong hands. If you’re not dating him, Meghan, I might have to!” She laughed at her own joke, making her chest bounce tightly. Meghan saw Chris’ eyes flit to her front for a split second. That cleavage was intoxicating, even for a straight girl like her. Everything about her new sorority sister seemed intoxicating.

“Well, you can just start moving in like the rest of your sisters. We’re having a little welcoming party at 1 o’clock, so make sure you’re there! And sorry, Chris, no men allowed.” Alexis winked at him before turning to walk towards another freshman, her arms full of boxes.

Meghan was too stunned to speak for a moment. Thankfully Chris broke the silence. “They sure are big, aren’t they?”

“What??” Meghan asked, surprised he would say something so crude out loud to her. He had never spoken about other women like that around her.

“The houses! All these sororities lined up along this road; they’re all at least three stories! I can’t remember the last time I saw a house over two. They must be pretty old.”

“O-Oh… Yea, I think the school was founded in the 16th century. Some of these houses are over 100 years old, I think.” She nearly sighed with relief. She didn’t need to feel any smaller than she felt already after seeing Alexis.

Chris smiled, brushing his brown hair from his face. “Shall we get started?”

Together they unloaded his car within an hour, and had her room set up in another. It was a bit of a somber experience, as if Chris was helping move her out of his life. His college experience was going to start next week, five states away and too many hours to drive in two days. Meghan was going to miss her friend, and crush, but life had started to pull them in different directions. But she was determined to stay in contact with him. Silently she wondered how many people thought that at first and actually stuck with it.

Chris fell heavily into her desk chair with a huff, his heavy lifting done for the day. He watched Meghan make her new bed, stealing a glance at her petite rear whenever she bent over to wrap a sheet around the mattress. He had gotten more than a few peeks down her shirt throughout the unpacking process as well. Lately he had found himself regretting not trying to take their relationship further in high school.

A redhead was walking down the hall, calling out into the bedrooms bustling with young women. “Welcome party in twenty minutes, girls!” she declared.

Chris gave a weak smile. “Looks like our time is about up… They’re going to kick me out of here soon.”

“I could just hide you under my bed if you want!” Meghan joked, although deep down she was hoping he would agree more than she was willing to admit.

“Alexis would sniff me out for sure,” Chris chuckled, stretching. He still had a two hour drive back home, and his own packing to do. “I had better get down to the car; I’m still parked in the fire lane.”

“I’ll come with…”

The walk to his car seemed to happen in slow motion, and she didn’t want it to end. The friend she had leaned on and laughed with and dreamt of for so many years was about to drive away without her. Chris barely had a chance to speak before she hugged him tightly. He was nearly a foot taller than she was, and her head fit neatly into his chest. He smelled sweaty like a man, and that only made her tighten her grip, pressing her breasts into him as best she could. She hoped he noticed.

“Will you send me letters?” she requested.

Chris seemed a little taken aback, but quickly realized the sentimentality of her question. “Of course. But only if you write back.”

She giggled, trying not to cry. Goodbyes had always been rough on her.

“Meghan! We’re about ready!” Alexis called from the porch.

“You had better get going…” Chris warned. He hugged her tightly once more, before kissing her forehead and releasing her. Meghan again found herself too stunned to react.

Chris climbed into his car, and the engine came to life. “Call me tonight when you’re settled in!” He gave her one last smile as she waved, before driving away.

“Welcome, everyone!” Alexis squealed. She clasped her hands loudly in front of her, standing before the house.

They had all been grouped together by their respective grades. Meghan looked around, astounded by the features of her new sisters. It looked as if they all got bustier as the years went higher. Many of the girls looked like they could be models, their butts and boobs perfectly sculpted. The three senior girls all seemed like they could fulfill any man’s dream. One was the shot redhead from earlier, named Amy, and another was a tall brunette, Jenn. They stood on either side of Alexis, who had the most commanding beauty in the room by a wide margin.

“We can’t tell you how excited we are to see so many freshman joining us this year! More than anything, this house is going to be a family for everyone here. We look out for each other. Speaking of which, did everyone get some of the cookies and punch?” Alexis asked, casting her eyes around the room. There wasn’t an empty hand in the room, save for the senior’s.

Alexis tried not to smile too wide; this year would be more fruitful than any in the past. Her and her succubi sisters stood to gain more energy than ever. Amy had been in charge of spiking their food, Jenn had been in charge of making sure all girls had food in hand. After over 200 years, Alexis and her succubi sisters had turned this into a routine process.

After accepting unsuspecting girls into their sorority, they would feed them a powerful formula made from their pheromones that would change their bodies, thickening their hips and rears, plumping their lips, filling their breasts, and ramping up their sex drive. Succubus pheromones are a surprisingly effective catalyst for female growth. The girl’s increased sexuality, libido, and sexual encounters fuels them in return, maintaining their lifeforce. And the process continues each year. The three of them had found it much easier than stealing away men; that caused too much suspicion. It was also why so few of their kind were alive now.

Meanwhile, Meghan munched on her third cookie. The pain of Chris leaving was still fresh, but the thought of a year of excitement and new experiences could almost overpower it. She wondered what she would encounter over the next few months, as she swallowed another moist bite, listening to Alexis speak.

One thing Meghan had not been prepared for had been living with so many girls at once. There were just over thirty of them total. The house seemed constantly permeated by a sweet feminine odor, as if they were a flower trying to attract bees. And from what Meghan saw, it worked. As school started and days turned into weeks, she caught more and more men sneaking in and out of other girls’ rooms.

Sigma Upsilon Chi seemed almost like a sex palace. Freshman girls who had previously been dressed rather modestly had begun wearing more revealing clothes, their necklines sinking lower and their skirts rising higher. Not only that, but Meghan could swear they all seemed more voluptuous as well.

This included herself. On her third day, she found her boobs overflowing her C cup bra. Although she simply attributed this to water retention. A little swelling was normal for every girl now and then. She welcomed the temporary increase.

But Meghan began noticing more and more changes in her body as the weeks went on. Her jeans had grown uncomfortably tight around her thighs, and she felt like her ass was swallowing her panties more every day. Her lips began feeling full and plump, and was especially noticeable when she drank from a glass or slid them across her fork or spoon at dinner. She couldn’t get enough of Alexis’ cooking. None of the girls could. And Alexis seemed happy to could all they could want. She assumed that this change in her diet had been what caused her weight gain, and resolved to eat less.

A month had gone by when Meghan was forced to admit that her body was truly changing. The simple act of stretching back in her chair in class made it obvious when a button popped from her blouse front, exposing the overworked pink bra beneath. Looking in the mirror that night, Meghan decided she couldn’t wear her favorite blouses anymore; her boobs were simply spreading the holes too wide between the buttons for them to be acceptable.

Regardless, she had absolutely no complaints. Her tits had almost doubled in size after only a month at school, E cups resting firm and round on her chest. She giggled as they bounced in the mirror. “I almost don’t even need a bra!” She squeezed them, feeling them fill into her fingers.

She locked the door, intending to play with herself. A tense, sex filled energy had been building in her and she desperately wanted to release it. She squeezed her nipples, sliding her fingers in and out between her legs, gasping from her increased insitivity. Meghan’s body seemed aflame with pleasure. But as she started sweating, working hard to please herself, Meghan found her body unable to fall over the edge.

Too exhausted to continue trying, Meghan tried to fall asleep, her libido still coursing through her like a river. Her chest tingled, and her loins ached for a man’s touch. But only from Chris. That night she had the first dream of many involving Chris. Meghan found herself begging for his massive cock, feeling his shaft slide against her thickened thighs, each pump feeling like it made her tits swell.

These dreams continued on, only becoming more sexual as the days wore on. And each morning Meghan would try to orgasm in the shower, always failing. Something in her mind was locked.

But while her mind was constrained, her body seemed only more open to expand. Her E cups continued to engorge, and Meghan had begun wearing stretchy tank tops. They fit her better, and she enjoyed the looks guys threw at the cleavage she showed. Alexis almost seemed pleased at the sight, when she caught Meghan reading in her room.

“Woo! Meghan!!” Alexis cried out, “You’re going to make me have to turn the AC on you’re so hot!”

Meghan giggled, feeling her new curves jiggle. “I’m sorry, most of my shirts won’t fit anymore…! Even these tank tops are getting a bit too revealing…”

“I say show them off; those puppies might be bigger than mine! In fact…” Alexis reaching for Meghan’s phone, snapping a picture of her and her cleavage. “There, why don’t you send that to your ‘friend’?” Alexis winked at her before leaving.

Meghan thought for a bit. Chris has indeed been sending her letters. And she loved every second of reading them. It only took her a moment to make up her mind, being mostly clouded with sexual thoughts nowadays. In her next reply to Chris, she included the picture Alexis had taken of her. Along with it, she said,

*Alexis said I should send a picture of myself to you. Do you think my shirt is getting too revealing? She says no!*

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Meghan almost couldn’t believe she had said something like that to Chris. She had never been sexual around him like that before! But now, her mind clouded and her clothes overflowing, she couldn’t help herself. She had a feeling he probably wouldn’t mind. She hoped.

The school year continued on, as did Meghan’s bra size. Much to her joy, her chest didn’t stop at E cups. They continued out, slowly and surely. Her skin filled and tightened, internal pressures filling her body. Her hips widened, her ass growing wider than her thighs until she was forced to buy new pants and underwear. Her lips popped softly whenever she spoke, their surfaces soft and smooth. But her breasts still took the prize for most changed.

Within another week, her tank tops were failing her modesty, their necklines now stretching almost low enough to reveal her puffing nipples. Reluctantly, she chose to stop wearing them. The choice was a difficult one; she had never had this kind of attention from men before. Some had almost pleaded with her to go on a date, but she always turned them down. Her heart belonged to Chris, no matter how much Alexis urged her to get to know a guy on campus.

All of this seemed to feed back into itself, her dreams increasing in strength and frequency. She once even awoke, her pussy slick and wet, from a dream where Chris’ cock had grown as big as his forearm, plunging deep and long between her tits, each swollen larger than basketballs. The thought alone made her moan. How she wished she could feel the sweet release of an orgasm, and Chris’ strong touch.

But in waking reality, tank tops and blouses both now out of the question, her breasts had left her no other choice but to go around in her sportswear. Her breasts had been growing constantly since school began it seemed, and from her perspective they showed no signs of stopping. Every day, she would look down at herself and found that her cleavage looked just a bit deeper. Meghan loved every minute of it.

And the tight spandex of her workout clothes did very little to hide her growing form. In fact it seemed to accentuate it, making her already firm and perky body appear especially full and round. Each day her sports bras felt filled to the brim, threatening to tear with each wobble. Meghan was beginning to feel a little naughty walking around like this, but this only seemed to fuel her libido.

Her body felt like a endless pool of sexual tension, begging for the dam to break, her nipples eager for lips to latch. It was driving her mad. To the point that she had taken to sucking her own nipples at night sometimes in hopes of release, with no luck. The tension building up inside her was enough that she actually had to fight urges to sending pictures of her new body to Chris. The very thought of herself going through this second puberty was exhilarating, and she only wanted to show herself off to the one she loved.

It wasn’t until two weeks into wearing only her gym clothes that she finally gave in, texting Chris a picture.

*You would NOT believe the looks I’m getting at the gym today. I think it might be time to get some new clothes :)*

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This was not like her at all. But Meghan just couldn’t help herself. She wanted so desperately to show off this new body to the man she craved. To flaunt it and have him grope her and squeeze her new curves. She loved every bit of her new, bulbous tits. The fact that they had now grown larger than her own head was only more of a turn on.

And Alexis seemed to notice this. Two months into the school year, she approached Meghan, as confident and bubbly as ever, almost radiating life. “Meghan! How’s school going?”

“Really good!” Meghan replied with a smile.

“Got any guy friends?” Alexis asked, not wasting time to beat around the bush. They could be friends, but Meghan was still her prey, her source of life. If Meghan wasn’t releasing her sexual energy, that meant Alexis wasn’t getting any in return.

“W-What?”

“Well I’ve just noticed what nice curves you’ve got! I can’t believe guys aren’t climbing all over you!”

“To be honest, they have been…” Meghan giggled. “I can’t seem to shake their eyes since these puppies came in!”

“Trust me, I know what you mean,” Alexis smiled warmly, crossing her arms under her own breasts. “So why aren’t you giving any of them a taste? It’s college! Have fun!”

“There’s kind of this guy I liked already… Before college...”

That’s when it clicked for Alexis. Meghan still had feelings for Chris. It had been obvious the day he dropped her off, and it seemed obvious now. “Ah… I see.”

“I know it’s kinda dumb… Long term relationships never work. And I never even told him!”

Alexis thought for a moment. Maybe she could still turn this around for her benefit. “So let’s fix that, hmm?”

“What do you mean?”

“What kind of sorority sister would I be if I didn’t help you get the man of your dreams!”

“I’m not sure what you--”

“Just trust me. Now change into something sexy. Got any tight dresses?”

Meghan giggled. “Everything I own is tight on me now…” She got up and grabbed a green single-piece from her closet, stripping without shame in front of Alexis. She had grown incredibly proud of her new form. “How’s this?” she asked, posing.

“Hot like *fire*!!” Alexis squealed. Now let’s go outside for just a moment for a picture.” She couldn’t help but grin.

A few minutes later, and Alexis had snapped a picture of Meghan posing, her dress filled to the seams with her soft flesh. “And what is this for?” Meghan asked.

“Just wait, you’ll see…” Alexis grinned. She could almost feel the energy flowing into her already.

Chris had been doing homework and thinking about his last picture of Meghan when his phone buzzed. It was from a number he didn’t recognize.

*Hey! It’s Alexis! From Meghan’s sorority! Remember me?*

How could he forget? Images of overflowing cleavage came to his mind. *Of course!*

*Meghan reeeaaaally misses you…*

*I know, I miss her too :(*

*In fact, I took a picture of her earlier that I think you’ll want to see! She said something about wishing you could see how much she’s changed…*

Chris was been texting back when his phone buzzed with a follow-up text, an image popping up. It made him start choking.



*Oh dang!* He felt ridiculous replying with only that, but all the blood had left his head.

*I know right?! Girl has been drinking her milk! You know, if you wanted to come visit her I could cover the cost.*

Chris didn’t need to have his arm twisted. As strange as the offer normally would have seemed, he could only see the picture of his life-long love crush, now curvier than ever and dripping with sex. He agreed instantly. And the very next weekend he found himself on a plane, heading towards Sigma Upsilon Chi.

It felt weird being in town without telling Meghan, but Alexis had told him to keep it quiet. It was supposed to be a surprise for her. He was happy to oblige. He met her at the airport later than day, and within the hour he was standing in Meghan’s room.

“Now you just wait here, and I’m going to find Meghan, ok?” Alexis instructed. She grabbed a small bottle of water from her purse, fortified with her own special formula; she needed Chris to really perform. She handed it to him, “In case you get thirsty!”

“I can’t believe you’re doing this for us…! I’m not sure how I could thank you…” Chris seemed flabbergasted that he was actually about to see Meghan. “This all happened so fast…”

“You can thank me by telling that girl you love her! She’s keeping the same feelings bottled up inside, *trust me*. Now hush while I go find her.” Alexis left him alone in Meghan’s room, closing the door.

Chris stood there for a moment, before nervously chugging the water. It made him feel warm inside like alcohol, but his mind was clear. His body felt stronger than ever. He eventually decided to look through Meghan’s things while he waited, specifically her bra and panty drawer.

“32J!!” he cried aloud. When had his friend grown so much? He adjusted his pants, his cock growing hard and becoming constrained. He continued looking. There were thongs and lacey panties as well. He grew harder. But he was having a difficult time adjusting now. It felt like his dick was swelling down into his pant leg at an odd angle. He looked and his eyes grew wide, the biggest bulge he had ever seen in his pants staring back at him. It looked like his member had lengthened three inches, even grown thicker.

“What the--” he began to say, but was cut short when his whole body started to prickle. His muscles seemed to tense, and he felt like he was flexing everything at once. He gazed at his arms, as veins pulsed and rippled across his muscles as he seemed to bulk up by the minute. The minutes passed in gasps, his shirt tightening across his pecs, his abs becoming defined and chiseled.

But then he felt his jeans start to constrict his legs. Pressure seemed to emanate all around them and in his crotch. He could feel his cock being mashed into the fabric as his quads grew against it. And he could swear he felt his balls moving and shifting. A seam popped along his thigh, and he immediately decided he had to strip before his clothes became worthless.

His jeans were a challenge, already stretched to the limit. But as they fell around his ankles, his boxers with them, he felt massive. In the near hour he was been waiting for Meghan, his genitals had engorged massively, his cock nearly twelve inches long and four inches thick. His balls looked like mangos, and they were throbbing, aching for release. His entire body was toned, each muscle clearly defined. He actually had to take off his shirt for fear of ripping it.

“Did...Did I get taller too?” he asked, noticing a slightly different angle of sight. He could still feel himself growing.

Suddenly the door opened to reveal Alexis and Meghan. Alexis looked at Chris, almost dumbstruck. “Oh! That’s...a big bigger than I was expecting…” She eyed his package hungrily.

But Chris and Meghan were ignoring her. Their eyes had met instantly, and locked together. She stared at his enormous cock, his developed muscles. He stared at this curvy version of his best friend.

She was clad in a tight pair of yoga pants, her hips and ass much wider than her waist. A camel toe could clearly be seen, formed from how stuffed the pants were. On top she wore a spandex tank top, filled to the brim with her enormous mammaries, resting firm and rounded on her chest. He gulped.

Alexis smiled, pushing Meghan inside and closing the door. He job was done.

“Meghan… You look…”

She giggled. “I know, I’ve changed a little bit… I guess I’m a bit top heavy now!”

“I’ll say…” Chris’ eyes were wide.

“And you look…” she almost whimpered as she saw his dick throb, as thick as her arm.

Not another word was spoken between them. Their hands flew at each other like rockets, clawing at one another and tearing off any clothes between them. Chris ripped her top down the middle, an easy task for his new muscles, as he leapt at her mammaries. They more than filled his hands, each like a volleyball, and her nipples fit into his mouth like a hard candy.

“Mmmm, Chris…” she began to moan, all of her dreams seeming to come true. Her chest felt hot and full, her skin jiggling as they fell to the ground.

He began to suck furiously, her cleavage large enough to engulf his head.

“Ohhh...*Oh*!!” she cried out, feeling his engorged cock prod her pussy. She needed him. Now. “C-Chris…” she moaned. He lifted his head, but never removed his hands from her oversized bust.

She sat up slightly, and flipped over onto her stomach, getting onto her knees and elbows. “I need you inside me.” She wasn’t asking him, as she presented her basketball ass to him.

He throbbed, feeling his balls and cock each swell bigger. In another easy rip of fabric, her pussy was laid bare before him, puffy and wet, squished between her thickened thighs. She was ready.

He groped each side of her two and a half foot hips to steady her, and in one smooth motion thrust his massive cock into her.

“*AHHHH!!!”* she cried out in pleasured anguish. Her pussy had begged for this for so long. It was almost too much for her mind to take in. He seemed to fill every crevice of her. Slowly he began thrusting.

Meanwhile, Alexis sat with Amy and Jenn in their room on the third floor. Alexis closed her eyes and sighed. “Ahhhh… There, you feel that, ladies? Our last little farm cow is finally giving milk…”

“Mmm, yea I can feel the energy coming into me!” Amy agreed, almost basking in it.

“This is top notch stuff! She’s higher quality than all the other freshman put together this year!” Jenn laughed.

Alexis giggled. “We should keep them apart from their crushes more often!”

Chris began thrusting faster and faster, feeling every inch of his new shaft sliding between Meghan’s massive thighs. Her moans were like a chorus. “OH! OH!” she cried out, clawing at the carpet in front of her face. “MmmmmmMMMM, *Chris!!*”

“I’ve wanted this for so long!” Chris yelled out, feeling her butt bounce against his hips.

“I-I can feel you growing inside of me! You’re cock is harder than I imagined!!”

This seemed to spur Chris on, and he began to lean over her, giving his full length into her body. Meghan was shaking with the strain, sweat beading up on her back. Chris could see the curves of her breasts bulging out from either side of her, her hands massaging them as her torso rested on them like pillows.

“I’ve had dreams of you being inside of me!” she cried out. Suddenly, Meghan decided she needed more. She leaned to the side and firmly grabbed her right mound, pulling her nipple to her mouth. It reached easily, standing erect and pleading. With a swift motion, her tongue wrapped around it, pulling it into her lips as she began to suck while Chris pounded away.

“M-Meghan… I…” Chris strained to say, his balls each like a cantaloupe.

“Mmmm, what? Please don’t stop!” Meghan said, her mouth full of her breast.

“I...I’ve always wanted to tell you... I love you!” he plunged into her deeper than ever, feeling every curve of her quake.

“A-*AHH!*” she groaned. “Chris… I… I love you too! For so long!!” she confessed.

All at once, it was like a massive weight was released from the house. Any and all blockades between Chris and Meghan disappeared, and their pleasure and passion erupted.

“Oh *wow!*” Amy gasped, feeling a great rush of energy, “You guys feel that?!”

“You...bet I did…” Alexis said, panting. “This...This is stronger than anything I’ve ever felt!”

The three succubi began to feel hot then, their bodies tingling. Alexis ran her hands down her front, her breasts feeling full and heavy.

“W-What is this…?” Jenn asked, looking at herself. “I’m growing!”

“No, t-that’s impossible!” Amy cried out. Her hands flew to her chest, already blowing up to supple DD cups.

Alexis squeezed her own boobs, feeling her tits quickly surge past basketballs. She noticed she was also rising higher off the bed, her ass blowing up beneath her. “They’re releasing too much energy for the three of us to take in; I think it’s being stored away!” Alexis explained.

The three of them looked on in pleasure as their bodies expanded before them, their lips thickening more than ever, their rears tripling in size as their chests followed suit. Alexis looked at her two succubi sisters, and grinned. “Amy, Jenn, why don’t you two come over here…?” She pulled them on top of her.

All around the house, an overwhelming sexual energy began to backflow into each girl. They found themselves so horny and overcome with ecstasy that they were removing their clothes as if in fear of heat stroke. Their breasts were flushed red, and their thighs were wet with fluids. One by one, roommates began to grope each other, as plump and tight boobs were sucked, while other girls were fingered.

“C-Chris!” Meghan cried out. His cock felt massive inside of her, like she could feel it all along her torso. “*Please just a bit more!!! I’m almost there!!”*

Chris was beginning to struggle with effort, his cock threatening to blow at any second as he looked at the curvy mountain range of a girl before him. He had to finish her now or never. He leaned forward, grabbing each of her tits from behind. “*O-O-OHHH!*” Meghan cried in surprise.

He twisted each nipple as he pulled her entire body back onto him, thrusting forward. He slammed into her with a loud wet smack, and he felt himself give way, filling Meghan with his juice.

She tensed up, shuddering in pleasure as every orgasm from the past two months was released in a great wave, her tits jiggling, her thighs and pussy quivering. She nearly passed out, as Chris removed himself from her, and pulled her head close onto his chest as they both breathed heavily on the floor. “I’ve wanted this for so long…” he whispered to her.

Neither paid much attention to the choir of moans that then erupted around the house as each sorority member came to orgasm, passing out from exhaustion as Meghan’s and Chris’ energy flowed through them.

But the loudest moans were from the top of the house. The three succubi had engaged in a three way that would make the devil blush. The bed was a mass of taut, jiggling womanly flesh, both Amy and Jenn having swelled to possess breasts like basketballs.

“These...These are bigger than I’ve ever been!” Amy said, exploring herself.

“I think I’ve got you beat there…” Jenn moaned, feeling overwhelmed by her own massive new bust.

Between them, Alexis moaned loudly, still recovering from her orgasm. “I’ve...I’ve got you both beat…” she panted, “That girl is a goldmine!” Their eyes grew large as they looked upon their head succubus.

Her body had blown up to massive proportions. Her hips and ass were easily three times as wide as her waist, her thighs like thick tree trunks. Her waist quickly tapered in, before expanding out into a incredibly overgrown pair of tits, each like an overripe watermelon, hanging full and round off her front, covering her navel. The buttons of her blouse strained and pulled, cleavage billowing out of it like dough. She could barely speak through her puffy lips.

Amy giggled. “I guess this is what we get for putting Meghan through so much sexual torture…”

Alexis was still exploring her new curves, her body hidden from view below her tits. “On the contrary,” she said, struggling to sit up straight. She turned to her sisters, showing off her new bust in its full glory. “I think we just found a whole new method of harvesting energy.”

