

Adulterated

A Light Fantastic Tale

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The suited man looked up from his desk at the curt rap on his office door.

“Enter.”

A slight blond admin assistant walked in, a sheaf of papers in his arms. He gulped nervously before proceeding in a querulous voice.

“Mr. Symonds, sir, um, I-uh, have some news about the Venus compound prototype shipment. Bad news.”

The man grunted. “What kind of bad news?”

“There was a crash, sir. The, uh, the courier apparently swerved to avoid hitting a cat, and managed to dump the entire shipment of the product into the local feeder dam. The, um, dam that covers the water supply of the town he was driving through. Smallish college town.”

“Jesus Christ, that’s horrible! That’s absolutely awful, what are we going to d- wait, did he report it?”

“Only to us, sir. We were able to dispatch a crew to tow away the vehicle and clean up what we could.”

Symonds’ lips pursed. “So, we haven’t reported it to the town? The EPA?”

The assistant shook his head. “Not yet, sir. I’ve drafted an email-“

“Hold up, lad. The town doesn’t know. The G-man doesn’t know. There’s nothing linking it to us. Son, have you heard the saying that when God closes the curtains, he opens up the back door?”

“Sir, I don’t think that’s the phra-“

“This is an *opportunity*, son! We’ve got a whole college town worth of test subjects to observe! That amount of data would have cost millions! Forget the email, send out an observation team ay-sapp!”

The assistant went to reply, spotted the gleam in his boss’s eye, and nodded, spinning on his heel to rush out of the office. The man at the desk leaned back, grunted, and shuddered lightly, slumping lazily as an enormous mane of bright-red hair emerged from under the desk in front of him.

It framed an unbearably pretty face, one so perfect you’d think she’d had a team of makeup artists and digital airbrushers work on her in real life. Her lips were thick, deep red, and glistened in the afternoon light, and her wide, bright eyes were ringed with thick eyeliner and shadow. Beneath her exquisite shoulders were a hanging pair of perfectly-shaped teardrop breasts the size of her head with just the right amount of

bounce and wobble to bump off each other as she looked up at the man, smiling serenely.

“Did you enjoy that, sir?”

He grunted approvingly, and her smile brightened even more.

“Thank you for being so understanding, sir. It was so nice of you to offer to let me suck your cock whenever I need it!”

“Well, I take care of my staff, Chrissy. Even if that means letting them take care of my staff!”

She giggled and stood up, re-buttoning the blouse that was hanging loosely on her arms. When her bras had begun to stop fitting entirely, Symonds had graciously allowed her to go bra-less to work, even though her shirts were so tight that the shape of her areola could be traced through the fabric and they bowed between the overtaxed buttons. A pencil skirt only barely contained wide hips and a pert, luscious butt, and her long, bare, unstockinged legs slipped into outrageously tall bright-red heels.

“I just... I know I haven’t been getting as much work done because I spend most of the day having sex... You’ve been so sweet and understanding, you’re the best boss ever.”

Her eyes kept drawing themselves back down his body to what she knew lay beneath the desk. A flawless tooth gently bit her plump lip. Her chest heaved. Symonds feigned a deep sigh.

“Oh Chrissy, you’re such a slut, aren’t you? Do you want to come over here and use your big titties to get me hard again so I can fuck you?”

She gasped, her legs trembling and her mouth dropping slack. “C-can I? Please, sir?”

He nodded and she darted forward, actually ripping the buttons of her blouse apart in her desperation to release her tits, dropping to her knees and moaning in relief as she dropped her breasts into his lap.

This company was sitting on a gold mine. They were going to change the world, make tons of money, or both.

The water from the tap tasted sweet. The perfect sort of sweet, in fact; not cloying or rich, just enough to tantalise the taste buds. Casey took a sip, and then, without thinking, refilled the glass.

“It tastes funny, right?” Genevieve scowled from one of the plush chairs. “It started tasting like that yesterday. We all noticed it.”

“I kinda like it.” Rose was slumped backwards over the dorm common room couch, staring at the ceiling. Wisps of curly brown hair played across her eyes. Her overripe body strained at yoga pants and a too-small tanktop that showed off the curve of her hefty breasts, to her general approval, and the projection of her belly, which she approved of much less.

Gen leaned back, the chair creaking, her massive rump straining the rear legs. She was in her usual outfit of oversized hoodie and baggy jeans, hiding as many of the waves and rolls of her obese body as she could. Freckles played across her small nose and plump cheeks.

“And you’re still drinking it! Why the fuck would you do that?”

Rose shrugged. “The city would have said something if it was dangerous, right? I don’t feel sick or anything. Honestly, I feel really good.”

Casey took another sip of the glass and then sat tailor-fashion on the floor, her skinny legs wrapped around each other. Brown-haired and rail-thin, with a pointed face and aquiline nose that projected out under big round glasses, she looked over to Rose, then to Gen.

“They would surely, right? It’s not as if they couldn’t have noticed – Jack says his water’s been tasting the same since the same time you guys noticed.”

“Unless the city put it in there. You know, like one of those mass-medication experiment things they did in the 50s.”

Casey cast her eyes over at the dark-haired girl, sitting legs-up on a lounge chair in her purple pyjamas. Dora had the skinny-fat look of someone working on their freshman fifteen, which unfortunately for Dora seemed to be going everywhere but her chest. Normally, copious amounts of makeup hid her acne scarring.

“You don’t really think that, do you Dora?”

She shrugged. “I don’t assume anything. Governments do weird things and cover it up. Happens all the time.”

Gen grunted. “I just assume the water authority’s fucking incompetent. Remember how long it took them to fix that pipe on Main Street?”

Casey realised she’d lifted the glass to her lips without even noticing until the cool, sweet liquid hit her tongue. She shook her head and put it down. She noticed both Gen and Dora’s eyes were following it.

“So what do we do? We can’t just, you know, not drink water. Nobody’s gotten sick, it doesn’t feel weird in the shower.”

In fact, though Gen wouldn’t have admitted it, her shower that morning had felt wonderful. The water had loosened all the tightness out of her back muscles, the tension she normally carried around constantly.

“We can drink things that aren’t out of the faucet.”

“What about showering? Brushing our teeth? Cooking?”

Gen shivered thinking about another shower. “I guess we just have to... avoid all that, too. Until we find out what’s going on.”

Dora sniffed. “Good luck with that.”

“Well, what are you going to do?”

“Observe. Journal. Leave something so we can work out what’s happened once we all go full Manchurian Candidate or whatever.”

Casey’s glass was half-full now, and the only hint she had that she’d been drinking was the moisture in her mouth. Her phone buzzed with a message from her boyfriend.

*hey babe
u still good for tonite?
im lookin forward to doing things to u
with my penis*

The soul of romance. Classic Jack. On the other hand, it was still appealing – she’d been wound up for a few weeks between assignments and prepping for mid-terms. She had one more to do, but she had her break tomorrow for it...

She sent back a thumbs-up, and slipped her phone back into her pocket. She stood up, gathering up her bag from the foot of the sofa. “Well girls, it’s been fun working out if we’re all going to die, but I’ve got a class to head to before I see Jack tonight.”

Gen groaned, while Rose giggled. “Fuck him hard for me, Case!”

With her mind still on the water as she walked across campus, it took a little while to notice a certain pattern in a number of the people wandering around. They all wore the same expression – not necessarily a smile, but a serene, satisfied elation. They were common enough to be noticeable, but not enough that they didn’t stand out. A pretty redhead curled up on a park bench with a magazine and a water bottle. A tall, handsome man leaning over the coffee counter, flashing straight white teeth at the chubby, blushing barista. A couple walking past, hands in each other’s back pockets, the girl closing her eyes and pressing into her boyfriend’s broad chest. As normal for her liberal arts campus, there were a lot more women than men.

Come to think of it, a lot of them were awfully good-looking, too. It may have just been Casey’s drought of loving, but she found herself staring. The inner glow of comfort and happiness seemed to be manifesting as an outer glow of being strangely hot.

Casey ran into a classmate waiting outside their lecture hall, stopping and staring open-mouthed. It was still definitely Joanna – Joanna’s ripped jeans, faded band t-shirt, knit beanie – but carrying the glow. Her bottle-blond hair, normally limp from repeated dye jobs and poor treatment, was thick and bouncy and lush, throwing off golden glints where it caught the light. Her eyelashes were thick and dark, her lips plump, her skin soft and smooth and blemish-free without a scrap of makeup. It was like she was looking at the girl through one of those beauty filters on her smartphone camera. She smiled, and Casey realised that her normally nicotine-stained teeth had gone white.

“Hey Casey!”

“Oh, hey Jo. You’re looking good.”

She grinned from ear to ear. “I *feel* good!”

“Did you go to the salon or something?”

“Haha, no, I woke up like this!”

Casey stopped dead, blinking slowly. The girl stared at her, gently chewing on her plump lower lip with a gleaming tooth.

“What do you mean woke up like this?”

“I mean I got up and saw this in the mirror. Isn’t it awesome?!”

“Uh, it’s something, alright.” *Something fucking impossible. It could be hormones, but that doesn’t explain the teeth...*

Joanne flipped her hair to the side, sending out a waft of an enticing scent. “Hey, class is starting.”

As they started to shuffle into the lecture theatre, Casey noted more odd behaviour. People seemed unfocused, and there seemed to be a lot of water bottles around. She barely paid attention as the lecture started, her mind flicking back to Joanne’s changed appearance and the influx of remarkably attractive people on the college campus. Something weird really was happening. She was also incredibly thirsty.

There wasn’t much to pay attention to in the lecture, and she spaced out. She was brought back to reality by her phone buzzing, then choked and nearly dropped it after unlocking her screen.

A penis. Jack’s erect penis, specifically, sitting in her message log. Another buzz, then beneath it, as if it required explanation, *im horny*.

Jack, I’m in a lecture, don’t send me pictures of your cock.

*but im horny
head over asap pls?*

On one hand, it was not the soul of romance. On the other, she was pretty wound up and seeing Jack sounded nice.

I’m coming after the lecture, okay?

oh ull cum alrite ;)

The next message was just an eggplant emoji, three sweat droplets and a peach.

Getting out of the lecture felt like it took a thousand years, but Casey finally dragged herself out and made her way up into Jack’s sharehouse apartment as the sun was just setting. She knocked, prompting Jack to call out that the door was open. Opening the door, she nearly shrieked at the sight that greeted her.

Jack was sprawled out on the sharehouse couch, totally nude. His legs were spread and one hand was wrapped around his erect shaft, lazily pumping. His cock glistened in the afternoon sunlight. His brow wrinkled as he looked up at her.

“What’s wrong, Casey?”

“Jack, what are you doing?!”

He looked down, hand still slowly but determinedly pumping. "Waiting for you?"

"Yes, but, but- you're naked! And jerking off!"

"I told you I was horny. You were taking *ages*."

Her mouth opened and closed a little as her eyes darted back to the door behind her.

"What if someone had come in? The door's still open!"

He looked around behind her, then settled back, staring at her as he stroked himself.

"Yeah?"

She quickly pushed the door closed behind her. "People will see you!"

He blinked, still stroking. "Oh, yeah. I guess, hey. So, uh, you're here now, and I'm still really horny?"

Casey stopped for a moment in the middle of her tirade. Jack honestly didn't seem to care, and it was throwing her off her stride. It also didn't help that he looked *really* good. His nude body was tight and firm, his not-particularly-impressive musculature somehow showing off its best, like he was under some sort of amazing studio lighting. His cock glistened with moisture, steel-hard in his hand.

Casey swallowed, then sat down next to him on the couch and started to kiss him deeply. Any further concerns about his lack of inhibitions melted away both at the touch of his mouth and the scent of him that wafted into her nostrils, simultaneously a manly musk and a sweet, floral scent.

He responded gleefully, his hand leaving his shaft to reach up and palm one of her nipples, mashing gently into the modest flesh of her chest, while the other curled around to grip one of her buttocks.

He was at the same time more controlling and wild than he'd ever been and more conscious of her pleasure than she'd ever thought possible. His hands and tongue hit all the right spots and left her a melting, moaning mess, one that was helpless under the onslaught of his need. Almost without thinking about it, without noticing, she let him undress her, spread her legs for him, let him ram that glorious cock inside her. She was so wet, wetter than she'd ever been and he slid into her like his cock was built for her and pumped with a desperate, ferocious strength.

That strength didn't wane, either, long after she expected it to. Casey was used to the fact that she didn't really orgasm just from having Jack inside her. Sometimes, she came close, but Jack's staying power wasn't really close to enough for her to build up to a hard cum just from being penetrated. She was nearly there this time, and Jack didn't feel or sound even close to done. She bucked and moaned, legs bouncing either side of Jack's hips, exulting in the rapidly-building tension that heralded the arrival of-

She bucked and shuddered, the pleasure slamming through her body, eyes rolling, mouth slack, unable to do anything but choke and moan as Jack kept plowing her, even while her pussy throbbed around his shaft, forcing her orgasm to greater and greater heights.

When he finally came, unloading inside her with further desperate thrusts of his hips, she was more thoroughly and deliciously fucked than ever before in her life. She laid back on the couch in almost comatose afterglow while Jack flopped back beside her. It wasn't until thoughts could start swimming back into her head that, while she looked at his taut, heaving chest, she could consider – *this was not normal*.

“Did that feel good for you, Jack? It took you way longer to cum than usual.”

He nodded sleepily. “Yeah, it was awesome. I just... I dunno, I felt like I could go for longer.”

Casey smacked her lips. Her mouth was bone dry. “Jack, I’m going to go get a glass of water, okay?”

His eyes lit up. “Get me one too!”

It took walking into the kitchen, filling two glasses, handing one to Jack and starting to gulp before she remembered about the water supply. It was like the information was refusing to stay in her head – and she was so thirsty. One glass would be fine, surely.

It was sweet, and cool, and totally worth it. So was the second glass. Jack was still nude on the couch, and the sight of his body brought back images of the last twenty minutes or so. She suddenly became aware of a very different thirst. His eyes followed hers and he grinned.

“Why don’t you stay a while, babe? You don’t have anything super-important, do you?”

She bit her lip. “I do, I’ve got my assignment to finish, and a big exam tomorrow...”

“Yeah, but you’re really smart, you’ll be fine.”

His hand crept down between his legs, gently playing with himself. He was already half-hard again. It couldn’t hurt to stay a while, right?

“A while” turned out to be overnight, after Casey collapsed completely spent on top of Jack after her third orgasm and woke up blinking in the morning sunlight. She turned over to look at her boyfriend, and giggled lightly as she realised he was tenting the sheets with morning wood that throbbed as she watched.

He groaned and rolled over a little, blinking up at Casey. She gasped, realising he was *gorgeous*. His beard was smooth and even, his skin was clear and soft, the lines of his face were somehow more angular but also less harsh. Disappointingly she realised he’d also rolled his erection along with him and it was no longer visible under the sheets.

“Morning, babe.”

“Good morning Jack.” She gave him a peck on his perfect cheek. “Last night was *amazing*.”

He grinned. “Yeah it was. Wanna go again?”

Her mouth seemed to go even dryer. She really did. Just as she was about to melt into the idea, she caught the clock behind him.

“Jack, it’s ten-thirty! I need to go to my exam!”

He reached up for one of her mosquito-bite tits. “Nah, babe, I told you, you’ll be fine. I’m horny, let’s fuck.”

“Jack!” She swung her legs out of the bed, hunting around for her jeans. “I’m very flattered you think I can pass an exam without turning up, but you’re being ridiculous.”

She turned around, pulling the denim on, and realised one of his hands was under the sheets, slowly pumping away at his cock as he watched her. Colour rose in her cheeks as she turned around, trying to put the sight out of her mind.

“Come on, Case, you can miss one exam.”

“Jack, I’m serious, stop. This is silly. Come to my dorm tonight after work, okay?”

He gave something halfway between a groan and a sigh, and fell back on the bed, still stroking himself.

“Ugh, *fine*. This is so lame.”

Casey grabbed and filled a water bottle before rushing out of Jack’s apartment.

Emily Corrigan, registered nurse, sat staring into space at the front desk of the college’s little clinic, absently sucking on a lollipop with her head in one hand. For some reason she’d had the urge to suck on something all morning. She popped it out, running it gently across her lips and taking a deep breath, before draining half of the glass of water next to her.

The door opened up and two people in lab coats walked in, checking briefly around the tiny waiting room before the man walked up to Emily. The blond nurse’s breath caught for a moment as she looked at him, her mouth hanging open with the lollipop in contact with her lips.

“Good morning, uh, Nurse Corrigan.”

“Call me Emily.” *Please, dear God, call me Emily.*

He smiled. “Emily. I’m Doctor Eric Grosman, I’m a new replacement doctor for the campus here.”

Emily hadn’t heard anything about a new doctor. “What happened to Doctor Sykes?”

“Early retirement.”

Her brow wrinkled. “But, uh, he was twenty-three.”

“Extremely early retirement.” He leaned forward, placing his left hand across hers, and looked deep into her big eyes. “Emily, don’t worry about it, okay? I know all these decisions are very complicated and you have much more *important* things to do, don’t you?”

She wiggled in the seat as the new doctor continued. “I understand your needs, Emily. I know that happy workers need plenty of time to themselves.”

Her mouth went dry. She was feeling awfully needy today as well, and it had been a long time with only her on the desk. “What do you say, Emily? You can head off on a break. Marcelette and myself can hold down the fort here for you.”

She nodded and practically launched herself out of the seat, grabbing a few spare lollipops and heading to the bathroom. The doctor scratched his head watching her bottom wiggle on the way there.

The woman who’d accompanied him grunted, dropping her bag on the ground and fanning out her frizzy dark-red hair before pushing her glasses back up. “This is gross, honestly. I know we’re here to make observations for the cleanup effort, but is the company seriously researching something that can do *that* to people?”

“You don’t know that she wasn’t already like that, Marcy.”

Marcelette snorted. “Yeah, there really are women that just walk around like that, sucking on lollipops and helpless before your masculine charms. Nothing to do with the “marital aid” that your research division’s been developing, right?”

He shrugged while the woman sat down at the desk, draining the last of her bottle of water. “Look, Eric, I’m Legal. I’m here to make sure that whatever you’re doing isn’t going to get us sued into oblivion. Make your observations, run your tests. I can be professional. Don’t expect me to like it.”

He nodded. “Understood. Hey, want me to refill your bottle?”

She raised an eyebrow. “*All* the water in this town is completely contaminated, Eric. You know that as well as I do. There’s another one in the car.”

“Of course. Let me get it for you while you get set up.”

Marcelette was still in the back of the clinic when Eric returned. He looked down at the desk at Emily’s half-finished glass, then back at the bottle. When she returned, she didn’t notice that the glass was empty as she accepted the bottle from her colleague.

Oh yes. We’re going to make some very interesting observations.

“Hey, Casey, where are you off to in such a hurry?”

Halfway to her exam, Casey barely noticed Rose approaching her from the other direction. It didn’t help that she had to look twice to be sure it was her room-mate. It wasn’t that Rose wasn’t usually attractive, but the thick little Latina was devastatingly pretty. Her hair was thick and luscious and bounced with each step, just like her breasts, and her flawless cheeks showed off just enough light to look enticing and soft. Her body looked a little different, too – a little tighter and firmer, a bit more toned. When she moved her head Casey noted the lighter-brown highlights in her hair.

“Uh, h-hi Rose.”

“You must be heading back to Jack’s house, huh?” She winked lasciviously. “I saw you didn’t come back last night. Must have been good?”

Casey flushed again, the memories of the previous night sending up pleasant tingles between her legs. “Y-yeah, uh. It was great. But no, I’ve got an exam, so I’ve-“

“Aw, poor Jack’s all alone? You should skip out on the exam and go back and have some fun with him.”

Casey huffed. “What is it with everyone today? I’m not going to skip a major exam to have sex, not even if-“

Her phone buzzed, cutting her off, and she pulled it up. Jack’s naked lower torso, and his erect cock, glistening with his fluids. Casey’s brain momentarily faulted, and her jaw went slack. Rose craned over to have a look, her tits falling into jiggling cleavage, and then gasped.

“Is that Jack?! Why did you never tell me his cock was so gorgeous?”

Is it? Casey thought to herself. Then she realised she was still staring at it, so she guessed it was. She’d never actually really paid attention to how it looked before, but something about the shape, the texture, brought back memories of the previous night and made her want to turn around and head back.

“It is so not fair that you’re keeping that all to yourself!”

Casey blinked. “What?”

“Are you going to share, or what? Girls are out here perishing for lack of good dick and you’re just going to hoard it?”

“Rose... you’re talking about my *boyfriend*.”

“Yeah, but I mean, come on!” Rose pinch-zoomed on Casey’s phone on the tip, and her breath visibly caught. “God, it’s glistening.”

Casey turned off her phone. “Rose, are you okay?”

Rose blinked, slightly confused. “I, uh. Yeah. I am. Sorry, I’ve just been really wound up the last couple of days. I actually considered calling my ex last night, can you believe it?”

“Uh, okay. Anyway, I have to go to my exam.”

Not only was Jack acting weird, but so was Rose, now? Not to mention the strange way they both looked, and Joanne from yesterday... The thoughts preyed on her mind as she shuffled into the exam room, compounded by the fact that she was noticing similar changes among her other classmates, who all seemed to be more interested in looking at each other than their test papers. There were a lot of hunky guys with roving eyes and gorgeous girls with heaving bosoms, and an unusual amount of flesh on display. Everyone had water bottles with them.

Casey’s eyes kept slipping off her exam paper. She simply couldn’t focus, and every time her mind wandered it went back to Jack, his firm body and the orgasm after orgasm he wrung out of her. Twenty minutes in, she was sopping wet between her legs and her bottle was empty, and there was no way she was going to be able to get her mind back on the test.

She meekly asked permission to go to the bathroom and shuffled off to try and clear her head. A few splashes of cold water later, along with a refill, and the image of Jack between her legs, pumping hard, sweating and grunting and splitting her apart with powerful thrusts, hit her again. Almost without thinking she turned and entered a stall, sitting down and pushing her hand down the front of her jeans.

It wasn't that she never masturbated, but she never masturbated in public bathrooms on a spur-of-the-moment impulse. It was unquestionably what she needed, though, her fingers pushing deeply against her throbbing clit, mouth going slack as she rubbed herself to images of last night's entertainment. Her nipples pulsed hard against her shirt, begging for the touch of her free hand, and before too long she shuddered and gasped as she brought herself off.

She sat, stunned, happy and dopey in afterglow for a moment, before her eyes snapped open and she remembered the test.

Casey sat head-in-hands on a bench outside her classroom building. She'd spent half a test *masturbating*. There was no way she hadn't failed. The only consolation was the room full of flushed and ashen faces that told her she wasn't alone.

There was something dreadfully wrong. Jack and Rose's behaviour. Her classmates' changing looks. Her own rising libido. Even now, despairing at her performance, there was an insistent pulse at the back of her mind that wanted her to head back to Jack's place.

Her phone buzzed and popped up with a picture of Jack's nude lower torso. The accompanying message read "3rd time 2day". She wanted to go back. She *ached* to. She took a deep breath and texted back sorry, *got to go get ready for work* and turned her phone off. Stocking some shelves would take her mind off things, hopefully.

Casey arrived back at her dorm just in time to see Gen exiting the bathroom, steam billowing out from behind her, wrapped in a large bath sheet with her hair pulled up in a smaller towel. It was a noteworthy sight, because Gen normally never let anyone see her anything but fully-dressed – to the point of even bringing in a spare set of clothes to put on until she got into her room. For some reason Casey was struck by how buxom she was – the silver lining of being as astoundingly fat as Gen was a whopping great pair of tits, she supposed.

Although... While Gen was still big, Casey realised "astoundingly fat" was probably unfair. She looked like she'd lost weight, though fortunately not in her tits.

Then it occurred to her she was thinking about her roommate's breasts.

"Hi Gen. I thought you were avoiding the water?"

"I am!" She declared proudly. "I've only been drinking bottled water."

"Uh-huh. And are you showering in it, too?"

Gen looked down. Casey practically saw doubt cross her forehead. "Uh. Well. That's different, isn't it? Like, just taking a shower isn't going to hurt anything, right?"

"Yeah, I'm sure it's fine." Gen's boobs really were pretty spectacular. Casey found her eyes glued to them. "Where's Dora?"

"She said she'd be back soon--"

With that, the door swung open behind Casey. Dora was there in her usual black-as-her-soul clothes with a large shopping bag. She grinned.

"Oh, hi Casey. Good to see you found your way back eventually. Did Jack fuck your sense of direction out of you?"

Before Casey could reply Dora pushed past her. "I'm joking, I'm joking. Lashing out because of jealousy. Well, no reason to be jealous any longer, I finally bought this!"

She pulled a box out of the bag, and out of that--

"Dora, is that a fuckin' dildo?" Gen sounded affronted, but like Casey, her eyes were drawn to the wobbling rubber.

"Don't be such a prude. I have needs, and my fingers just aren't doing the job they used to do." Dora took a long, slow lick up the side of the fake cock, then chuckled.

"But, it's... it's so big." Casey practically stuttered. Dora nodded in response.

"Ten inches. I saw it in the shop and just had to have it. Speaking of which, if we're done here, I'm really fucking horny."

She strode into her room, gleefully shaking the dildo around, and clicked the door behind her. Soon, Casey and Gen could hear throaty moans coming from the other side.

"S-so, are you, uh, done with the shower?"

Gen didn't take her eyes off the door as she nodded.

Casey stared at the clock from the library desk. Four hours to go. Her evening was a mess from before she'd even set foot into the campus library. The moment the warm, soothing jets of water hit her body in the shower, her mind freshly imprinted with the image of Dora cramming herself to the brim with her huge new toy, her brainstem detached completely.

All night, she hadn't been able to keep her mind off sex. She'd had an hour or so of stacking that let her keep focus, but now, sitting on the front desk, waiting for someone to walk in and need assistance, her thoughts kept slipping back to Jack like they were at the top of a greased hill. She'd lost count of how many times she'd refilled her water bottle.

Casey was alone at the moment, and she couldn't tell if that was a good or bad thing. The head librarian had sequestered herself in her office the entire time Casey had been there. Kira, the intern, was probably hiding in a stack somewhere texting. The other two workers at the library, Will and Reggie, weren't there at all. Reggie wasn't back from a trip yet, and Will wasn't rostered on.

Kira emerged from wherever she'd been lurking, flipping rainbow-dyed hair over her shoulder. The girl did absolutely no work, but wasn't being paid, so Casey usually didn't

begrudge her that. What she did begrudge was that Kira had unfathomably rich parents and her entire time at the college was based around keeping her in a holding pattern while they sorted out buying her way into an Ivy League school. She was pretty, in that constructed way that most people with enough time and money usually were, although she was overdue for a touch-up on the roots of her hair.

“Casey, you’re never going to believe this. I’ve hacked dating apps!”

Casey blinked. Kira looked gorgeous, her olive-toned face smiling through that living beauty-filter effect, her normally slim-and-shapeless body now popping just enough in enough of the right places to be appealing. Casey squirmed on her seat, trying to get the thought of Kira’s body out of her head.

“Wh-what do you mean, Kira?”

“Well, like, we spend so much time trying to take the right photos and put the right stuff in our bio so that boys will click on us, right? Well, all boys want to see your boobies, so why not offer to show them if they click on you?”

Casey took a moment to process this. “Kira, are you offering to send people nudes on a dating app?”

“Yeah! I’ve had guys messaging me all afternoon, it’s great! Oh, uh, that reminds me, I’m going to have to leave work early.”

This was all getting too much for Casey. “How early?”

Kira shrugged and turned her phone, revealing a picture of a man’s erect penis. “Well this dude is hard right now, so... now?”

The idea was ridiculous, of course – even for an intern, leaving work early because of a booty call she’d found while playing on her phone and cruising for dick on the clock?! It was absurd. Beyond belief. On the other hand, Casey was annoyed that she hadn’t thought of the idea.

“Um, I, uh. I think you’d need to ask Monique?”

“Ooh, if you could that’d be great! I have to text this guy a picture of my pussy if I’m not out in, like, fifteen minutes, and that’s going to be a pain in the ass to take in the bathroom.”

Casey was briefly struck with an image of Kira spreading her legs for some drooling guy with a throbbing-hard cock on the other end of her phone, and gulped, before turning and heading back into the head librarian’s office. On knocking and opening the door, the pleasant middle-aged black woman turned to her, halfway through applying a bold gold lipstick in the mirror behind her desk.

“Yes?”

“Uh, Monique, Kira says she wants to leave early.”

“Why?”

“Uh. She wants to go sleep with a guy she found on the Internet.”

Monique kept applying her lipstick, pursing her lips in the mirror. She was looking divine as well, and her usually-conservative clothing was a bit more daring tonight. "Well far be it for me to stand in the way of a young woman's sexual conquests. It's a quiet night. Tell her go get that dick."

The strangest thing Casey noted as she left the office wasn't her frumpy boss putting on makeup, or letting Kira go early to have sex, or that she was as unearthly pretty as every other person she'd met that day. No, it was the hardcore porn video playing on her computer that she made no effort to hide.

Casey wandered back out to the desk, blinking. Her head felt heavy and full, like her brain was full of mush. Kira was still there, staring blankly at her phone.

"Uh, Monique says you can go."

"Huh?"

"You can go. She said it's fine. Uh, you asked about going?"

Kira was still staring at her phone. "Um, I- oh, OH! Right! Awesome, thanks!"

Casey watched her butt wiggle the whole way out. It definitely hadn't been that wiggly last shift. She was briefly struck by an image of sharing the erect shaft she'd seen in the picture with Kira, staring over its throbbing length over Kira's rainbow hair and watching it wiggle, nude and tan.

She coughed and opened her phone, revealing the last dick pic Jack had sent her while negotiating when she was getting off work and how long it would take her to get to her dorm. That short-circuited her brain for a little bit. It wasn't until she heard a cough from in front of her that she jerked her head up and locked eyes with a slim, smiling man in a tight shirt, swoopy hair and a soft, short beard.

"Uh, hi, sorry. Didn't mean to interrupt, but I just need to check these textbooks out?"

Casey went red, slamming her phone down and grabbing the books, squeaking "of course!" She could feel his eyes on her as she passed the books over the demagnetising strip.

"Are you new here? I'm sure I've never seen you before."

She blinked. "Um, I've worked here for two years."

"Really? Oh my god, I'm sorry. I must somehow never have seen you, because I would have remembered you. I'm Harrison."

"Uh. Casey." She stacked the textbooks on the bench. "You're completely unmemorable" shouldn't have been effective flirting, but she was feeling warm and tingly.

"Well, Casey, I hope you don't mind me telling you that you are the prettiest librarian I've ever met in my life."

Casey dropped the scanner, nearly choking. Her face flushed red as he continued. "I'd really like to take you out sometime, get to know you better, get you alone. Would you be into that?"

God yes, *I would*. "Um, I, uh, I have a boyfriend..."

He grinned. His teeth were perfect. "Aw, he doesn't have to know about it, does he?"

Casey's mouth was dry, and she almost agreed before the guy went on. "Nah, I'm kidding. He's a lucky guy. Make sure he takes care of you. If he doesn't, well... My name's Harrison. You've got my details in that computer."

He winked, grabbed his textbooks and walked off. Casey stared at his butt as she left. She'd *never* fallen apart for a guy like that before, ever. She took another look at her phone, sighed, and tried to find something to occupy herself.

Casey flew out the door the moment the clock ticked over, not even stopping to clean or organise for tomorrow. Her mind was set firmly on getting to her dorm. She was wetter between her legs than she'd ever been in her life, and her brain felt packed full of warm cotton wool. Her head was full of the images that had been assaulting her for hours, an endless train of Jack, of Kira, and even of Harrison.

Before she pushed the door open she was greeted with a deep moan, and the sound of creaking springs. Her mouth watered as she pictured Jack playing with himself again, and she threw the door open.

She stood stock-still, staring straight into Rose's eyes as she straddled Jack's pelvis on the couch. Jack thrust up inside her, and her eyes rolled back into her head accompanied by a higher-pitched moan than the one Casey had heard.

What struck Casey was that Rose was *hot*. Her chubby body had definitely taken on a different shape, leaving her luscious, smooth and thick. Her big breasts were full and firm and bounced perfectly. Her skin practically glowed under the sheen of sex sweat.

Jack looked different, too. He was both more muscular, and smoother. What little body hair he'd had was thinning out, and instead he glistened. With the pair of them looking real-life airbrushed it was like looking at a high-budget porno shoot.

It took a remarkably long time before the other problem occurred to her.

"J-jack! Rose! What are you doing?!"

Jack's head turned back over the couch as he kept thrusting up into Rose. "O-oh, hey Casey, mmmh, j-just a sec okay?"

He reached up and grabbed Rose by the hips, increasing his pace. She clutched her breasts, the flesh overflowing her hands, whining with each push of Jack's hips up against her. Her lower body rolled and writhed, her soft midriff flexing until her eyes went wide.

"J-Jack, oh, oh god I'm g-gonna, I'm, I'm-uuugnnng!"

She pitched forward, tits dangling, with a shriek that echoed through the common room as the orgasm seemed to grip every inch of her ripe body. Having the curvaceous girl shaking on top of him seemed to bring Jack over the edge too, and he moaned deeply as he began to buck and shoot off straight up inside her. They both came for what felt like an eternity to Casey's molasses-thick thoughts before Rose finally rolled off Jack, panting and gasping.

“Jack, why are you having sex with Rose?!”

His brow wrinkled, and he answered like it was obvious. “Uh, you weren’t here?”

Casey’s mouth dropped open to reply, but she found the reply dying in her throat. “Yes, but that- you can’t just... You can’t have sex with Rose!”

“Why not? She really wanted to.”

“Because I’m your girlfriend!”

“Yeah, but, like you weren’t here.”

Casey was having serious trouble penetrating his ironclad logic. Watching his nude body glisten on the couch wasn’t helping either. By now, Dora and Gen had both emerged from their rooms, looking on at the scene. Both were watching Jack hungrily. Casey turned to both of them, gesticulating at the couch.

“I’m not wrong, am I? I’m his girlfriend and that means he isn’t supposed to have sex with Rose!”

Gen shrugged. “Men have sex with whoever they want, they’re pigs. Big, muscular, well-hung pigs.”

Dora smiled faintly. “I can see how it happened. Rose’s really hot, and I bet Jack’s been tugging that big fat cock all day waiting for some pussy. I don’t think it’s *that* big a deal. You’re still his girlfriend, right?”

Jack stood up, bits of him rippling that had never rippled before. His cock hung, dripping with mixed juices. “What was I supposed to have done, Casey?”

Outnumbered, she began to second-guess herself. “Uh, you’re supposed to, um, jerk off, instead of fucking Rose. Yeah. Jerk off if I’m not there!”

He sighed. “I’m *tired* of masturbating, I’ve done it like seven times today!”

Dora’s eyes went wide and she licked her lips. “Wowww. Seven, really?”

Casey was flailing her arms about now, as if she could grab hold of the thought she was positive was waiting somewhere outside her brain to get through and remind her why she was right. “It’s just, it’s... It doesn’t matter if you’re tired of it, it’s the rules!”

Jack shrugged. “What rules? You’re being really weird, Case.”

Casey rubbed her temples. It felt like her brain was too heavy for her skull, like it had been crammed in like Rose’s tits in a too-tight shirt. Why couldn’t she *think*?

“Just... Just don’t, okay! You’re not allowed!”

Jack huffed in frustration, slumping back onto the couch and gripping his cock again. “Fine. This is so fucking *lame*.”

Dora slipped next to him on the couch, on the other side of Rose’s afterglow-addled body, watching with wide, dark eyes as Jack brought his cock back to hardness. Casey stood watching him for a moment, before walking towards the couch while slipping her hands under her shirt and sliding it up. She was half naked and standing in front of Jack

before she dimly realised that Rose and Dora were still either side of Jack, each gazing lasciviously at her.

“Jack, m-maybe we should go into my room?”

Jack shrugged, still slowly pumping. “Why? This is fine.”

Casey couldn’t take her eyes off his pulsing cock. “But Dora and Rose are here...”

Rose giggled. “So what? We’re just going to watch, we’re not going to fuck him.”

Casey’s brow wrinkled. “I... Yeah, I guess that’s fine.”

Dora’s hand was already between her legs, her focus entirely on Jack’s crotch. “You should fuck her doggie-style, Jack. Push her down onto the couch and plow her.”

Jack grinned, turning his head and using his free hand to pull Dora into a deep, sensual kiss. Her eyes fluttered and she moaned, hips bucking, as he explored her mouth with his tongue. By the time he pulled back she was panting in ragged breaths.

“Awesome idea. Are you gonna play with yourself while you watch?”

She nodded blankly, rubbing even harder. A vague protestation rose up in the dense, warm mush of Casey’s mind that faded instantly when Jack stood up, muscles tensing, a glob of thick fluid dripping from the end of his throbbing cock. When he grabbed her from the back of her head and roughly pushed her into the couch she nearly came, and when he shoved his cock roughly into her pussy from behind she came instantly. She dimly heard Rose and Dora both gasp as he started to thrust, pushing her face into the cushions with each motion, his cock probing inside her in a way she’d never felt before.

She shrieked and drooled into the cushion before feeling hot breath on the side of her face, Rose practically purring. “You look so good like this.” She felt Rose slide her hand over Jack’s, pulling her face to the side so the shorter girl could kiss her, their lips mashing together hot and wet while Jack continued to plow her with hard, savage strokes. Casey came again with Rose’s tongue in her mouth. From the other side of the pile of bodies she heard Dora whining, accompanied by the slick noise of her rubbing herself. That sound mingled with her own muffled moans, Rose’s heavy breathing and the staccato slap of Jack’s balls against her thighs into a lewd symphony that drove her to ever-increasing heights of pleasure until Jack grunted, sliding out of her and shooting his load all over her back while she howled and spasmed her way into unconsciousness.

Casey groaned, lifting her head from the pillow. It was wet with drool where her head had been laying. She shifted her legs and yelped at the sensation that surged from between them, a combination of intense heat and moisture and the lingering feeling of the downright savage fucking she’d received last night. She moved her body and gasped as her erect nipples dragged against the sheets, her clitoris throbbing in sympathy with the sensation.

G-g-god, my tits, they feel...

Her breasts may have been humble in size but they were working overtime this morning. Sliding one hand underneath her to grip one and letting the other scrub her

sheets blasted her with enough sensation that she couldn't resist rising her hips up and sliding her free hand between them, rubbing herself hard, moaning, humping into the bed. Her ass swayed and wiggled in the air, completely nude, and it occurred to Casey that if someone walked into the room, they were going to be able to see *everything*. She pictured Jack opening the door, shocked at first, but then growing hard as he watched her ass swaying from side to side, sliding down his jeans and walking towards the bed— She came, shrieking into the sheets, her body shaking and spasming until she slumped in a fucked-out gurgling puddle.

Wow. Good morning.

She realised she could hear moaning and grunting filtering in through her closed door from the shared room. She groaned and rolled out of bed, trying to push the buzzing sensation of her still-sensitive tits to the side, scrabbling for some scraps of clothing from the floor. Each time she moved her legs against each other her clit buzzed with pleasure.

On the way out, newly-clad in an old tank-top and shorts, she caught sight of her face in the mirror.

Is that... me?

It was her, but also not her. It was like someone had described her features to the sort of artist who exclusively draws a specific kind of attractive woman. It was all there – thin, long nose, pointed features, but all somehow just working better, fuller, clearer and fucking *hot*. Her fingers brushed across her face as if to check that it was really her, but the dream refused to go away.

She stepped back, looking down her body in the mirror, noting the small, subtle changes that had happened, like her body had gone through the same process as her face. Her legs especially were long and lithe, shapely instead of skinny. She giggled as she realised her nipples were making tents in her top, then stopped for a moment as she realised she'd giggled at her own tits. She squeezed her thighs together and gasped at the pressure on her nub. She shook her head and walked out into the shared room.

Jack sat on the couch across from her door. He was completely nude, and his muscles were bigger and even more defined than yesterday. His meaty hand was wrapped around a penis that looked gigantic to Casey's eyes, but it had to have been a trick of perspective.

What wasn't a trick of perspective, though, was the pair of big, full tits Dora was pressing together while kneeling between his legs. She was licking her black-coated lips, staring up at him with hooded eyes surrounded by perfect winged eyeliner and purple-black eyeshadow.

"Mmm, Jack, baby, cum for me, please, cum all over my big titties..."

He grunted, stroking faster as she mashed her tits together in circular motions, whining, eyes fixed on the end of Jack's dick. When his strokes started to shake and quiver, a low moan rising from his throat, Dora's eyes went wide and she leaned in just in time for him to blow his load all over her face. Cum fountained from the end of his

dick in thick ropes as Dora squealed in delight, letting it drip down her face and onto her breasts, her tongue extending from her mouth to lick up as much of it as she could reach.

“Oh fffuuck, yes, I love your cum so much...”

Casey’s mouth hung open, slack and dry, pussy fluttering as she stood motionless, taking the scene in. The pearly, glistening strands of Jack’s jizz across Dora’s huge, heaving tits, his sweaty, muscular body, the weighty cock in his strong hand... It took a second for Casey to clue in that something was wrong.

“J-jack... You... You aren’t supposed to be doing that...”

He looked over at her. She felt him undressing her with his eyes and her cheeks flushed.

“Hey babe. You said I couldn’t fuck other girls and I should jack off instead. Well, when I started jerking off, Dora said it’d be a huge waste to not shoot off all over her because she really wanted to watch me and have me cum on her face. She even offered to show me her boobs to help me cum faster, and they’re really big now, did you see?”

Casey nodded blankly while Jack continued. “So we didn’t fuck, I just came all over her face and titties instead.”

He was right, she’d just said he wasn’t allowed to fuck other girls. There wasn’t a rule about jerking off onto their tits, so that was fine. Dora rose to her feet and strode over to where Casey was standing, running her hand across the back of Casey’s head and pulling her into a deep kiss, the pair moaning as Dora shared Jack’s load with his girlfriend. When Dora pulled back, licking her lips, Casey’s face and top were streaked with spunk and the taste of it danced on her tongue. She wanted more – and she also wanted to keep kissing Dora. She bit her lip, looking deeply into the Goth girl’s eyes, prompting a smile in return.

“Did you enjoy that, Casey? Because I did, and your boyfriend *definitely* did. Want to do it again and give him a show?”

She looked over at Jack, who was smiling widely and gently stroking himself, his cock still hard, and then when her head turned back Dora was pulling her back in for another kiss.

Her mouth still tasted of salty jizz, and her lush body was a complete contrast to Jack’s strength and firmness. Dora had been an unfortunate combination of skinny, soft, pudgy and poorly-endowed as long as Casey had known her, but whatever weirdness was spreading through the college was working its magic, and it was like every ounce of excess weight on her body had spread throughout her curves. Casey’s nipples were scrubbing against Dora’s tits, the girl’s tongue was probing her mouth and her hands were falling down to grip the modest cheeks of Casey’s rear. She broke off the kiss, purring.

“You’ve got a real cute little butt, Case.”

Casey tried to gather her thoughts over the thudding of her pussy and the ache in her nipples.

“And you’ve g-got... really big tits...”

“I do, don’t I? It’s like they doubled in size overnight, it’s so freaky. Do you want to taste them?”

Casey stared dumbly as Dora lifted her breasts in both hands, presenting a bouncing sea of pale cleavage above her thick brown nipples. Casey grabbed one with both hands, latching her mouth onto it, prompting a squealing moan from Dora.

As well as the perfect texture of Dora’s tit-flesh and her hard, bumpy nipple and areola, she could taste more of Jack’s cum. One of the girl’s hands brushed through her hair, the other still clutching her ass, as she desperately nursed at the busty Goth’s chest. Over on the couch Jack was staring open-mouthed at the pair, stroking even harder. Dora caught his eye, her mouth curling as she watched him.

“Mmhh, hey Casey, Jack’s back. I think you should suck his cock.”

Jack nodded. “Yeah, she should. But I want your boobs while she does, Dora. She’s got, like, no tits.”

Casey suddenly went cold, looking down at her chest. Jack’s brutal assessment of her endowments was like a knife in her ribcage.

“N-no tits? I thought you liked me...”

“Yeah, of course I like you, but you have to admit, Dora’s got huge boobs, right?”

Dora grinned at her, still holding the offending funbags while tears beaded at the corners of Casey’s eyes. Jack continued on. “I’ve been fucking you for *ages*, it’s fun to play with some curves for once. Why are you getting so worked up?”

Casey shook for a moment, blurted out “I have to go” and dashed out of the door. Anxieties she thought she’d squashed over the last few years were rising back up. Insecurity over her skinny body, her tiny tits, the fear that a hotter woman was waiting to steal her boyfriend away from her. Dora hadn’t *stolen* him exactly, after all, he wasn’t fucking her, just jerking off all over her giant bloated titties, but it hurt all the same.

She sat on a bench in the university quad, wiping tears from her eyes. Speaking of bloated titties, overstuffed chests were *everywhere* on the campus now. Casey watched a girl walk past in a midriff top, her oversized boobs bouncing unrestrained by anything but her hopes and dreams. The girl’s nipples poked through the thin fabric. She admired the turn of the girl’s legs as she passed, her high heels shaping them for maximum effect.

The chubby server who’d been behind the coffee shop counter the day before was there again, only it looked as though she’d shed a good fifty pounds overnight. Her uniform was baggy everywhere but over her breasts and butt, which not only hadn’t shrunk but seemed to have grown. She was pulling coffees but in a vague, staccato way, seeming to only remember she had to make them every minute or two while the line at the shop grew larger. Her clientele didn’t seem upset, though, watching her boobs shake and ass wiggle as she pottered around behind the counter.

Couples strode around the quad, hanging off each other. Men pawed at their girlfriend's tits, girls reached down for the thick prizes hidden under slacks and jeans. A redhead was making out with her boyfriend under a tree, running one hand through his long blond hair, the other grabbing his hand and pushing it to her chest. A girl walking along the pavement path was taking slow, careful steps, her face locked in an expression between concentration and ecstasy. Her legs twitched and wobbled as she walked.

"Casey?"

She hadn't noticed her workmate Reggie until he was right next to her, and he clearly hadn't recognised her until then either. He was short and thin, with medium-length curly dark hair and mocha-toned skin. Unlike everyone else in the quad, Reggie's face still bore marks and blemishes. Casey still found her body responding to him.

"Hi Reggie. I didn't know you were back."

"Casey, are... Are you all right?"

She slumped. "No. Jack's tired of me."

He paused. "Th-that wasn't what I meant at all. Jesus, what did he do?"

"He said I could suck his dick but he wanted to play with Dora's tits at the same time because he's tired of my tiny boobs." She started to sob into her hands, while Reggie processed the scene.

"Did... You guys always have an open relationship?"

"What?"

"Did you guys always include other people in your private life? I thought you guys were pretty, you know, monogamous?"

The question sat heavily in Casey's brain for a minute. "I'm... Not sure? He's still my boyfriend and he says he won't fuck other girls after I told him not to when he was fucking Rose yesterday."

Reggie choked. "He *cheated* on you?!"

Another puzzled expression. "What do you mean?"

"Casey. Your boyfriend had sex with another girl, without you knowing or approving? He cheated on you?"

"Oh. I mean yeah, I told him that's against the rules and he was upset but agreed, so instead this morning he was just jerking off over Dora's tits instead, which is okay but I really wish I had huge boobs like her."

Reggie sat down next to her. "Casey, I really think you should go to the clinic. I don't think you're feeling right."

She turned to him with big, moist eyes. "Would you take me please?"

Emily Corrigan, registered nurse, sat at the desk in the waiting room of the college's little clinic, paying absolutely no attention to the two people who'd walked into the

clinic. Her attention was focused solely on the lollipop she was sliding in and out of her mouth with a desperate energy and the fingers working away between her legs, the old fabric of her chair soaked in her juices. She yelped when Reggie coughed, disturbing her reverie.

“Y-yes?”

“Uh. Are you the nurse on duty?”

She nodded, staring deeply into his brown eyes. He wasn't as cute as some of the boys who'd been through that day, but he was still a boy. He stared back at the near-pornographic caricature in front of him. Masses of curly blond hair cascaded from her head, contrasted with deep dark eyeshadow and a thick dark red lipstick. The buttons of her white nurse's top were stretched to bursting over E-cup tits and, of course, she was still slowly masturbating while talking to him.

“I was going to say my friend isn't feeling right and needs to see a nurse, but I'm not sure if you're feeling right either. Is someone else here? A doctor?”

She purred. “Doctor Grosman can see your friend while I see you. Unless you want me to see both of you?”

He swallowed. “I would, uh, like him to see both of us.”

“Oh.” She sighed, then leaned backwards. “Doctor, two, um, people to see you? A boy and a girl?”

She waved them into the doctor's office with her free hand and set her mind back to her original task while Reggie and Casey shuffled into the doctor's office. He stretched out a hand to Reggie, but his eyes were on the girl – and her eyes were directly back at him.

As they sat down, Casey craned her head to try and look back out into the front room, then sighed and wiggled in her seat.

“What can I do for you?”

Reggie coughed. “Well, doctor, my friend, she, well. Is acting strangely.”

They both looked at Casey, who had her hands cupped in front of her chest, advancing them in and out as if sizing herself up.

“She seems fine to me?”

Reggie spluttered. “Doctor, you can't be serious? She didn't look like this a day ago. She's... I had to explain to her this morning what cheating means after her boyfriend... Had sexual relations with another woman! She's not the sort of girl who'd have an open relationship, she's forgetting things...”

The doctor steepled his fingers, looking seriously at Casey.

“Sir, it seems like your friend is just exploring new experiences in her relationships and sexuality. It's perfectly healthy and normal. I'm seeing a lot of that around the campus at the moment, it's really quite heartening.”

“You can't be serious, this isn't just *exploring*, this is-“

The doctor held up his hand.

“Sir, please, I am a doctor. I think I understand what I’m talking about. Miss, would you please step outside for a moment while I discuss this with your friend?”

Casey nodded happily and bounced up and out of the office to sit down in the waiting room across from the busty nurse, who was still masturbating in her office chair.

Casey’s mouth hung open watching the woman, who finally realised she had an audience and smiled with perfect teeth.

“You can do it too, if you want! Don’t feel shy.”

“N-no, thank you, but, um, can I ask... Were your boobs always that big?”

She giggled.

“No, actually! They used to be way smaller, until this morning, when I woke up and they were all big! Aren’t they sexy?”

Casey nodded. “I wish I had boobs like yours.”

The nurse blew a kiss from between plump, ruby-red lips. “I’m sure things will work out for you soon. You’re really hot!”

Casey blushed. “Thanks, but... My boyfriend thinks I’m flat.”

“Maybe you need to find another guy then?”

“B-but... He’s my boyfriend?”

“Uh, why does that matter?”

With that the doctor poked his head out of the office, grinning at Casey when he found her. “Darling, you’re welcome to leave. Your friend is going to be staying here for a bit, he had a bad turn. He was very upset, making things up about you.”

He watched Casey leave, then exited out the side door of the clinic to the black van he’d driven up the day before. He slid open the side door, looking down at the hogtied and gagged Reggie laying on the floor. Marcelette, the legal rep from his company, was sitting at the other end, chuckling to herself.

“God, I feel so much less stressed out here. I think the small town air is good for me. Hey, uh, why is that guy tied up in here? I mean, that’s hot, but...”

Eric shook his head.

“Nothing to worry about, Marcie. It’s a restraint technique we use on psychotic patients. This young man was a danger to himself and others. I was going to give him a sedative. You relax, have a drink.”

Marcelette nodded, grabbing her bottle and draining half of it before she looked at it with a confused expression. Eric had already fetched a needle from his kit before she spoke.

“Hey, wasn’t there like... Something about the water? Something I was supposed to do...”

Eric nodded. “Stay hydrated. Very important for your health.”

She giggled and drained the rest of the bottle as Eric calmly injected a dull pink liquid into Reggie's restrained arm. He looked daggers up at Eric for a moment until he began to shake. His eyes rolled and he slumped, shuddering and moaning into the gag as Eric pulled out his notepad and began writing. Marcelette looked on at the man as he lost himself in an extended and powerful orgasm.

"Hey... That stuff looks fun. Can I try it?"

"I don't have any more. For now, at least, depending what happens with this one. Let's see."

Casey's phone reminded her she had a class that afternoon. On her way there, she walked past a couple who made her stop and double-take.

"Gen?"

The girl turned. The suspicion Casey had held yesterday was proven even more true today – Gen had lost an incredible amount of weight. She was still on the generous side of curvy, but she had an actual figure now, pinching into a real waistline, her legs emphasising rather than overwhelming the roundness of her ass.

An even bigger shock, though, is that she was walking alongside Eric Scheer. Eric was in a few of Gen's compsci classes, and Gen had always been very open about how much she despised him.

"Oh, hey Casey! Eric and I were just- uh, talking. About our last class."

He grunted. Eric had always been, to put it lightly, a very large, round man. Gen had often privately hoped for his heart attack sooner rather than later. He was still big, but the impression he was giving now was *tall* rather than *enormous*. His shirt was billowing around his torso where much less stomach was holding it in place than had been the case yesterday. His patchy neckbeard was still there but fuller, joined by more hair across his jaw and cheeks, almost forming an actual beard.

"Who's this?"

Gen blushed. "Oh, Eric, this is my dorm-mate Casey."

Eric's eyes openly scanned up and down Casey's body, evaluating her. He grunted again. "Right. Anyway, are we going?"

"S-sure, Eric. Right away. See you later, Casey!"

She watched the pair walk off. She particularly noticed Gen's ample rear wiggling as she walked, then looked down at her own narrow hips and frowned. She'd never even considered the possibility of being jealous of Gen's figure before, but she had to admit her curmudgeonly friend's curves were really killer now. It was like she was being left behind – Rose and Dora and even Gen were sprouting incredible man-catching curves and she simply wasn't. Casey's hand rose up and brushed across one of her nipples, making her gasp. Her pussy throbbed, and she immediately began to regret running out of the dorm earlier before at least getting Jack's cock in her mouth. She couldn't even

remember why she'd left, now – what could possibly have been more important than this need?

Her phone buzzed again. Yes, class. That's right. She had to go to a class. Class was important. She was going to learn... something. Something that wasn't about sex, or her friends' boobs. She had to keep telling herself it was important because her pussy was screaming at her to find a bathroom and let off some tension – or even better, find a man.

Half of her class wasn't even in the lecture theatre when she arrived. Those who were, were only barely there mentally. Joanna was gently rubbing her tits through her shirt, twice the size they were yesterday, and softly giggling to herself. Her head was crowned by a halo of bright-blond hair. Behind her, Derek was staring goggle-eyed over her shoulders at the sight, surreptitiously rubbing himself through his jeans. Over the other side, near the front, nerdy workaholic Lauren had her book and pencilcase out like she normally would, but was staring glassy-eyed at the far wall, gently pushing a Sharpie in and out of her mouth. It slid past spit-slick plush pillowy lips, a decent amount of drool flowing past it and pooling on her notebook and her gigantic breasts. The normally pear-shaped girl's outrageous frontage was turning a frumpy sweater into an erotic display of globular felt.

Their professor sidled into the theatre, and it was clear that the weedy academic had swollen drastically over the last few days, his shirt straining to fit over huge, bulging muscles. The eyes of every girl in the room swung down and riveted between his legs, where his tan slacks made it abundantly clear he was huge and rock-hard. There was an audible whine when he stood behind the lectern and straightened up.

"G-good afternoon, class. I'm glad to see that a lot of you have still managed to make it to class despite the... distractions available to you."

Speaking of distractions, his eyes were clearly having trouble staying on his notes and not the dozens of bloated breasts available to settle on in front of him. Some of the girls smiled as his eyes passed over, pressing their arms together to enhance the effect. He went red, dropping a sheaf of papers. He began to haltingly stumble through the content, losing his place, missing information, his eyes constantly roving over the bodies of the student body. At one point he bent over to retrieve a notebook and the back of his shirt split open as his unfamiliar muscles flexed, to a collective gasp from the room. He shot back up with wide eyes and coughed, declaring the lecture over a mere thirty-four minutes in. As students blinked and began to file out of the lecture room, though, he pointed at Lauren.

"Miss Vadisic, would you stay behind for a moment, please?"

She stared at him adoringly as the others left, and as Casey peeked around the door while sidling out, she saw Lauren already pulling up her sweater as she approached the podium. A few days ago Lauren had been practically invisible, but now the gigantic pleasure pillows she was hauling around made her the pick of the litter. Casey looked down at her chest and sighed.

Untethered and not wanting to head back to the dorm, where everyone was acting weird and girls with huge tits were getting action, Casey found herself wandering over to the library. Inside, it was a mess. Returned books were piled everywhere. Nobody was at the front desk. It was reasonably quiet, though, which allowed her to hear the thudding and moans coming from the head librarian's office. She peeked through the rectangular window in the door, and saw her boss Monique bent over her own desk, rocking and shrieking as someone fucked her savagely from behind. Monique's tits, already hefty before this crazy week had started, were pooling like molten chocolate underneath her, too big to even swing but instead sloshing back and forth. A shimmering gold micro-dress was bunched up around her waist, the same shade as the bright metallic eyeshadow and lipstick she wore and even had filaments of running through her hair.

She spun and leaned against the wall, a combination of needing deep breaths to overcome the sudden throbbing between her legs and the sting at seeing *another* ridiculously busty woman getting railed instead of her. It didn't take long, though, before her lust overpowered her shame, and she was peeking around the corner again with one hand down her pants and one hand rubbing into her diamond-hard nipples.

It was like her brainstem disconnected. Everything around her faded out, the only things she could see, hear and feel were the raucous fucking through the window, and the red-hot pulses of pleasure buzzing from her chest and between her legs. Moist whines rose from her throat, juice pooling in her panties as her fingers rubbed determinedly over her clit. She was so focused on masturbating that she didn't notice the presence come up behind her until a hand gripped and squeezed her butt.

She yelped in shock and turned around, realising that it was Harrison, the man from the library desk the other day. He was even more attractive, his hair was even swoopier and the shirt that had already been tight on his slim frame was even tighter over new lean muscle. She could see the enormous line of his erect penis strapped down against his thigh by his jeans. That hadn't been there the other day. She would have remembered it. His deep blue eyes went wide with recognition.

"Oh, hey, Casey, right? It's Harrison, remember me?"

She nodded, biting her lip, her eyes still welded to his crotch. He followed her gaze and raised his eyebrows. "See something you like? Me too. I didn't realise it was you when I saw you, I just saw a hottie with a great ass rubbing herself off."

She considered that for a moment. "Wait, you were just going to grab a random girl's ass?"

He shrugged. "Yeah. What's wrong?"

She thought again for a second. She'd reflexively responded that way, but now that she actually considered it, what was wrong with what he'd done? He saw a nice butt and gave it a friendly squeeze. It was a compliment, if anything. "Nothing. Say, um, is... Is my butt why you've got a boner?"

He chuckled. "Kind of. I was half hard already, I sort of have been all day, but seeing you definitely helped things along."

A happy warm rush flooded to Casey's cheeks. She gave him a boner! Before she could say anything else, he'd unbuckled his belt and undone the clasp of his pants waist, sliding them down and letting his cock tent out his tight boxers. The fabric around the shaft, particularly at the tip, was visibly damp. Her mouth dropped open as she watched it throb, tugging at the already-taut elastic. It was a little shorter than Jack's, but thicker, and between it and his overlarge testicles his underwear was only barely holding together.

"You like it?"

She nodded, still stunned into silence. Harrison stepped out of his pants and made his way over to one of the couches in the library lobby, beckoning Casey to follow. She did so unquestioningly, and knelt between his legs after he sat down. Tentatively, she reached out and pulled down his boxers, navigating the rigid shaft around the waistband to extract his endowment from its cloth prison.

His glistening shaft throbbed to greet her, disgorging a small glob of clear precum to slide down the underside. The musk was incredible, every breath Casey took filling her lungs with pure, uncut male essence making her pussy quiver and drip. Her mouth suddenly felt dry, and the promise of the thick fluid from his cock became all she could think about.

She sucked the head of his cock into her mouth, moaning into it as the thick meat slid past her lips and filled her. She swirled her tongue around to gather up his pre, letting it sit against her taste buds before pulling her mouth off and swallowing. She gripped his dick with her hand and gently started to tug on it while staring at it, waiting until it produced another bead of pre, and then lapping at it as it appeared.

Harrison leaned back, groaning happily, looking down at Casey's pretty face partially obscured by his shaft. She was treating his dick like she'd never seen one before, touching, kissing and stroking it in rapt fascination, pushing her face against it to feel the texture against her cheeks.

"Mmh... You all right there, babe?"

"It's... beautiful. I've never just... sat down and looked at one like this. How have I never noticed how hot dicks are?"

Harrison blushed, putting a hand behind his head. "Uh, I was never the biggest guy..."

She shook her head. "You're *huge*, Harrison. You're close to the same size as my boyfriend. I guess I just never looked at his this closely."

She ran one of her nails up the underside, watching him shiver, then followed it with her tongue. "God, the texture of your cock... It's so smooth, except for that long bump there... Oh, that's a vein, wow, it's *big*. Oh, mm, what about..."

Her thick lips planted sucking kisses as she moved her head down to the very base of his cock, her lips level with his testicles. Each one was the size of a small hen's egg, and the sack containing them was large, soft and loose, and squished around her face as she buried her head into it. Her moan was muffled by the skin, her ass wiggling, before she

started swirling her tongue around one of his balls and reaching a hand up to slowly stroke up and down his shaft.

She busied herself like that for a little while before she felt Harrison's hand behind the nape of her neck, gently pulling upward. She purred, taking the hint, and returned her lips to the end of his dick, giving it a quick suckle to cleanse it of precum before plunging her mouth down onto it.

Her lips came into contact with Harrison's pubic mound with barely a hitch. It was like her throat was made for accepting his cock, like its curves and ridges were fitted perfectly to the contours of her throat. She purred again, this time to transfer the vibrations down his cock, then drew her mouth back up his length until just the tip remained in her mouth. Harrison gave out a pleased grunt, his hand drifting up to push gently but insistently against the back of her head, leading her to slide her mouth back down until she could kiss his crotch again.

She got into a slow rhythm, exulting in the feeling of her throat being spread out on each down stroke and the drag of the ridge of his cock as she pulled back. His scent and taste filled her entire world and she could do nothing but let herself sink into it.

Harrison, however, had other ideas. He gratefully enjoyed the slow, thorough strokes of her throat along his dick for a while, but Casey's lack of experience meant that she never began to increase her speed, and he was beginning to become frustrated. He took things into his own hands, placing a hand each side of Casey's face and, with a muffled squeal from the surprised girl, started to thrust.

Casey's eyes rolled back in her head, her hands dropping limp as her careful blowjob turned into a savage face-fucking. Moans and gurgles emerged around his thrusting shaft along with strings of drool as Casey's brain melted. Casey let herself be used like this until Harrison finally began to shudder, pushing forward and sealing her lips around the base of his shaft before it began to lurch and shoot off straight down her throat. Casey closed her eyes and purred as she felt the hot goo slide down inside her, and gasped happily for air as Harrison withdrew himself from inside her. She slumped backwards onto her butt, swaying with a drunken expression on her face, giggling softly to herself.

Harrison heard slow claps from the other side of the lobby. Monique was walking away from her office. She'd poured herself back into the dress but it was clearly built for a less-gifted woman, and the line of her dark brown areolas peeked over the overstuffed bodice. Her hips stretched it out so far that there was barely an inch or two of give before it would ride up and show off her pussy, only the lower curve of her ass cheeks kept it in place. She grinned, her lips glittering gold.

"Wow, you broke that little bimbo's brain. Want to take a swing at mine? My friend in there did his best but the poor baby's all tuckered out."

Harrison sat silent for a moment before his face split open in a gigantic smile. "Hell yes! I just need a little, uh, "encouragement" to get everything back in working order. You up for that?"

She made an appreciative noise, then pulled her top down, letting her two fat, jiggling breasts drop out to hang nearly to her navel, easily larger than her head, and knelt between Harrison's legs. She hip-checked Casey out of the way, waving her hand.

"You aren't needed here anymore, Casey. I've got things under control. Go home."

"B-but... He hasn't even fucked me..."

"And he isn't going to, now that he's got a real woman to spend his time with. Fuck off."

Casey watched as she spread her tits in Harrison's lap, pushing the fleshy mounds together around his softening dick and starting to gently push and rub them together. Dumbfounded, Casey got up and left the library.

Casey sat in the corner of a café on campus, sipping a glass of water and cramming a chocolate bar into her mouth. She was hungry but it wasn't satisfying, exactly – not like Harrison's cum had been satisfying. A conversation floated over her as she ate.

"Marie, I don't know what to do! I've been so fucking horny!"

One of the girls in the conversation, with big curly brown hair and glasses, was visibly distressed, agitated and sweating. She wiggled on the seat as the pair talked. A sweater-bound pair of tits the size of basketballs projected from her chest and sat wobbling and bouncing on the table in front of her. Her lips were hugely swollen, bee-stung pleasure pillows that smacked together as she talked.

Her friend, a slim dark-haired girl with olive skin, calmly sipped some tea. Her breasts were a little bigger than Casey's, that is to say, still disappointingly small for their current context.

"Just buy a vibrator and get off, Kelsey. You do know how to do that, right?"

Kelsey whined. "I *did*! I feel like I've had it up inside me for two days, it doesn't help! I cum and cum and cum and I still feel like I need to cum!"

Marie pursed her lips, taking another sip of tea. "Oooh, I know. You need a dude. I kind of felt like that for a while until I found this guy and sucked his dick. I came like crazy after that."

Kelsey blushed even harder, looking guilty. "I've... Been thinking about that. Doing that. Except that, um, my lips are really, uh... My lips can make me cum. Won't that be a problem for doing that?"

"No. Worst case scenario he'll just grab you and finish off himself. You're not looking for a relationship or something, you just want some guy to jizz down your throat."

Kelsey wiggled in the seat again as her friend continued. "Also your tits are fucking monstrous. Just titty fuck him."

"Titty fuck? What do you mean, like, him sticking his dick into my tits?"

"Between your tits, you fucking virgin. Do you not know what a titty fuck is? Push your boobs together around his dick and stroke it with them until he shoots off all over your face. How did someone so useless at sex end up so fucking hot?"

Casey shook her head as the two girls gathered themselves up and left. Something still felt wrong. Was that the sort of conversation you heard in a public place? She couldn't think of ever hearing one like that before. There wasn't anything wrong with it, it was just about sex and it was pretty hot, but was it... normal?

She thought back to Reggie. He'd seemed very certain something was wrong with her. There was something wrong with her, of course, her tits were tiny, when every other girl was walking around with huge boy-pleasing funbags. Reggie had seemed to think there was something else wrong, though, not just her boobs. She needed to ask him. She got up and threw the packaging for her snack out, passing the counter as she did. The girl at the counter was leaning down over it, her breasts spilling out of her tank top, moaning as she was determinedly plowed from behind by a man whose uniform shirt was bulging at the seams with unfamiliar musculature. The girl looked up at Casey and smiled, even as her face swayed back and forward from the motion of each of her lover's thrusts.

"G-goood after-oh-noon! We ho-ooh-oohpe you enjoyed your meal, oh fuck! P-p-please ah oh my God please cooo-uuhhmm again! Please oh God I'm gonna fucking cum..."

Casey nodded vaguely and exited, though not without her eyes sticking to the man behind the girl for a moment. Another big-muscled horndog slaking his lusts on a huge-breasted slut. It made her think of Jake, and that just made her sad. She blinked away a tear as she left the café and headed towards the clinic.

When she entered the clinic this time, the blond nurse was completely topless, her nurse's uniform scattered on the desk in front of her. She was sizing up a small black dress, holding it away from herself and then against the curves of her chest. She looked up as Casey entered.

"Oh hi, it's you! I was just finishing. Dr. Grosman said I could try on all my new clothes here and didn't need to go home, isn't he sweet?"

Casey was transfixed by the perfect curve of the girl's tits, even against their size, as well as the thickness of her bloated nipples.

"I went shopping at lunch. I wanted to go out tonight but nothing I own would fit my titties now. The doctor said I don't need a bra either, though, he's so helpful! He even let me suck his dick to say thank you."

"Oh, that was... Nice of him. Guys always want their dicks sucked though."

"Oh yeah but Dr. Grosman wants to fuck that lawyer lady from the company, so he was, like, doing me a favour by letting me blow him."

The girls heard the door open and a young man wandered in. He was short and slight, but with a well-shaped wiry strength. His dirty blond hair was shoulder length and stubble was forming on a chin that had clearly never carried it before. Casey squinted and then realised it was another workmate from the library.

"Will?"

"Oh, uh, hey, uh..."

“Casey.”

“Right. Uh, I thought this was the clinic, but you’re both busy–“

Emily grinned. “This is the clinic! What can I do for you?”

His eyes were laser-focused to her nude chest. “I just, uh, I had a, um, a q-question, but it’s about, uh, guy things? Should I talk to the doctor?”

Emily giggled at him, following his gaze and gently shaking her boobs from side to side. “I know all about guy things! I love guy things.”

He sat silent for a moment, watching her, before realising he had to speak. “I, uh, I wanted to check if something was, um, normal?”

“What is it?”

“Uh, it’s um, it’s my...”

“Just show me, sweetie.”

He sighed and started to unzip his jeans. Emily raised her eyebrows happily, then her whole face dropped in a shocked O as her patient revealed the inconceivably huge erection straining at his boxer shorts. It was longer than his forearm and not much less thick, and his underwear was stretched to breaking point trying to hold it. As the two girls watched it throbbed, visibly stretching the shorts even further, a dark stain spreading out from the tip.

“M-my girlfriend... Well, uh, ex-girlfriend... I showed her over the phone and she... She said I was a freak and that she didn’t want anything to do with me.”

Emily swallowed, trying to gather her thoughts. “Oh, no, this is... This is *better* than normal. You’re so *big*.”

“Y-yeah I thought... I thought girls liked big dicks, but she said it was too big, it was disgusting, she couldn’t do anything with it...”

Emily gasped. “She’s so wrong. Your dick is awesome! Of course I need to give you a, um, an ex-am-in-a-tion! Just to make sure your *huge* cock is, like, healthy. Yeah, um, healthy.”

Emily dropped her dress and moved to the side of the clinic, opening the door to a small examination room and ushering the young man in to sit up on the table, tits bobbling and swaying with each motion of her body.

She barely gave him the time to comply before ripping his jeans off the bottom of his legs, then pulling down at the hem of his boxer shorts. The hem wouldn’t stretch far enough to accommodate the new length of his penis, though, and Emily had to stop, take a deep breath and compose herself in order to create the presence of mind necessary to navigate extracting it.

It rose up from his underwear like a vengeful god, thick and rigid, a gooey trail of slime stringing from the sodden fabric to the weighty tip. Emily gasped, watching the pillar of flesh reverently, her breathing ragged.

“It’s... so big... so hard... How can it be that size and so *hard*? It must hurt!”

He grunted, his face red and sweaty. "It, it kinda hurts yeah."

She gripped it around the base, slowly dragging her hand up tugging thick masses of his skin. She felt it try to buck in her hand but struggle against its incredible hardness.

"Mm. Oh wow, it's great. And, um, healthy! Yes, very healthy, but so hard! When's the last time you shot of- I mean, uh cam- um, I mean, ej-ac-u-lat-ed?"

He gasped as Emily started to stroke it. "It, um, it was, uh, y-yesterday, before I talked to my gir-my ex, in the afternoon..."

Emily let out a shocked, borderline offended gasp, so shocked she stopped pumping. "It's been *over a day* since you've cum?! What is wrong with you?!"

His mouth gaped as she looked up at him with adorable fierceness, going back to stroking him, faster this time. "Boys are so *stupid*! Your cock is rock hard and throbbing and leaking cum everywhere! You *need* to cum! Men with big, fat balls like you should be cumming all the time!"

She leaned forward, letting her breasts spill into his lap, taking no time at all for them to become slick with his natural lube, settling into an industrious tit-fuck. Once she had the rhythm of it, she darted her face down to start taking him into her mouth on each downstroke. Her subject made a choking noise, his body shaking as the nurse grabbed her tits to independently rub and grind them around his shaft in complex patterns. More gobs of precum belched from the slit as she serviced him, running in thick rivulets down her chin and the sides of her breasts, until he finally thumped the examination table and practically screamed. Emily felt his cock strain against her flesh, waited for a few incredible moments of buildup, and then gasped in delighted wonder as his cock first spewed out a lazy but thick river of cum, and then shot off a hard, powerful rope.

Will continued to scream as his penis ejaculated out of control, rope after high-speed-rope of thick pearly goo spraying into the air to fall back down onto Emily's expectant face and chest until the slutty nurse looked like a glazed doughnut. She ran her hands through the muck for a moment, rubbing it against her skin, then began to shake and moan as her own orgasm bulldozed through her body.

"Oh... Oh my God... S-so much cum..." She moaned as she began to scrape gobs of it from her face and feed them into her mouth. "Mph. Oh my. Ve-very healthy, everything is ooh, very good. Ohhmm. Working so well."

Casey had been watching the whole scene silently, slack-jawed, bracing herself against the wall with one hand working away between her legs. The bulk of her attention was on Will and his enhanced endowment but watching the busty blond nurse be doused in ounces of cum tickled something deep in her lizard brain as well, leaving her in the position of both wanting her and wanting to be her.

Emily managed to compose herself a little and realised that, even though Will was leaning back against the wall and panting, his cock was still rock-solid, pulsing and bright red fading to purple at the tip. His erection wasn't showing even a hint of flagging.

“Oh goodness! You’re still... You’re so backed up! We need to deal with this or you could get hurt!”

She got up and walked over to where Casey was still standing and pulled her over in front of Will’s slim, spread legs. “Casey, I need your help. You need to get down there and polish his nuts with your tongue while I give him my titties to suck!”

Casey’s brain felt like it was being pushed through soup, but immediately sparked on reception of the command and without a conscious thought she found herself kneeling down and lifting up the hot, heavy orbs hanging beneath his giant cock. The fleshy sack that held them glistened with rivulets of his high-powered ejaculation and again without even thinking she mashed her face against his scrotum with her tongue fully extended.

Dimly, she was aware that if you’d asked her a week ago, she would have said the scrotum was the weirdest and least appealing part of the male body. Now, though, the thick flesh was a tactile symbol of virile manliness that spoke to her brain on a primal level. Every fold and wrinkle practically screamed promises of the rivers of cum she could extract from them as long as she worshipped suitably at his temple.

She cupped his peach-sized testicles in each hand, gently squeezing the one in her left as she lapped at the one in her right, moist lips planting sucking kisses on the loose skin around it. She couldn’t help but moan at the taste of his cum as she found each string of it.

Above her, Emily had taken a seat in Will’s lap, legs wrapped around his waist, his cock projecting directly up between them as she held his head against her breast, carefully feeding a nipple into his mouth. When he pulled back, sucking hard, she shrieked and shuddered, only pure lizard-brain instinct keeping her held against him as she lost control of her muscles. Hearing Emily cumming hard right above her face made Casey want to touch herself, but the urge to keep touching and caressing Will’s balls was an even stronger draw.

“Oh... Oh my god... My titties feel so good, do you like them? Do you like Nurse’s big soft boobs? Have they got you ready for another big cum?”

She slid off his lap and gently pulled Casey away from his crotch before using his shoulders to guide him to lay down on the examination table, sliding his butt up to flatten him out with his cock sticking straight up in the air, glistening and throbbing as much as it was able against its own hardness. His balls sat loose and heavy on his slim thighs. Between their volume and the size of his penis they dominated his body. Emily stepped back, reaching out with both hands and wrapping them at different heights on his cock. She began to stroke him in long motions, twisting her hands slightly with each pump, biting her lip as he groaned and writhed on the table.

“Mmm, yeah baby, cum for me, cum hard for me, let out all of that spunk, empty out those big fucking balls-”

He began to make choking sounds as his hips bucked off the table, followed by thick, powerful ropes of spunk spewing from his dickslit. They flew up high into the air again, wrapping around in midair and landing across his face and chest. Emily began to time

her pumps with his cumshots, making him howl as she increased the force and pleasure of his shots to an impossible degree. Eventually they finally died off, Emily moving forward to dutifully clean him with her tongue as Will gasped while his cock weakly spewed out its last few globs of goo.

Casey was whining now, her face still smeared with Will's musk. He was still hard, but before she could gather her thoughts enough to do anything Will had already risen off the table and grabbed Emily by the shoulders. She squealed happily as he spun, pushing her into the examination table and throwing his legs over her, his cock extending up to nearly her face even from his position over her torso, throbbing and gently dripping onto her. Her face went slack, her eyes riveting to the fat head of his swollen dick.

"F-fuck mee..." she whined, thrusting her hips up against him, before he drew back, pressing the tip of his cock against her lower lips, and then pushed hard. Instantly she screamed, her body locking up and thrashing, legs twitching and kicking beneath Will. Her overgrown tits bounced with her motion as her arms wheeled, trying to find something to grab onto as what felt like every muscle in her body spasmed at once. He wasted little time before pulling back, grunting as her pussy squeezed and convulsed across his shaft all the way down to just below the glans, before pushing forward again, this time not stopping until his hips made contact with hers.

Any semblance of language died in Emily's throat, replaced by happy squeals and moans as she was penetrated deeper than she could ever have thought possible. Will leaned in, bracing himself against the table, and on instinct Emily reached up, grabbing him and pulling him against her, humping up against his thrusts. The little degree to which she'd been in control was dissolving away now, replaced by her desperation to keep feeling Will spread her apart.

Casey's body felt like it was melting. She was more turned on that she'd ever felt in her life, more than she could ever have thought possible. Every single cell in her being was screaming to cum, but even with her fingers working rapidly away between her legs, her orgasm was just refusing to arrive while her focus was distracted watching the gorgeous pair rut in front of her. She whined, her free hand reaching out to try and remind them that she was still there, that she could still be involved, but Will was single-mindedly plowing into Emily and Emily's brain was barely functioning.

She couldn't wait until Will was done with the slutty nurse to cum. She couldn't. Desperate, she wheeled out of the clinic, knees knocking together as her pussy screamed at her to go back, beginning a panting, stumbling journey back to her dorm.

Each step made her acutely aware of how wet and swollen she was as her folds squished around her needy clit. In the cool night air her nipples were printed hard against the thin fabric of her top, which she swore she could feel scrubbing across them as it moved. She passed a few people still out in the college grounds, but most people had either left or retreated to dorms. She attracted some glances and stares as she walked past, but nobody stopped her.

She burst into her dorm's common area. It was dark, and clothes and mess were scattered everywhere. From inside Gen's room she could hear shrieks and moans, as well as muffled commands in a deep voice. Almost on instinct she crept closer to the

room, just the tone of the voice stirring things inside her, and stumbled over a large object on the floor. Reaching down, she found cool, thick rubber, and realised it was the extra-large dildo Dora had bought earlier, clearly discarded as no longer necessary upon her discovery of a viable source of dick.

Casey licked her lips, shivering lightly. Maybe that was the answer – taking control of her own needs with a dildo! Finding an alternative to being in thrall to men, men with their big swollen muscles, deep pussy-tingling voices, huge, pulsing cocks, heavy balls full of thick, salty cum being sprayed over her servile face–

She gulped, refocusing on the rubber cock. Next to it were two small bullet vibes. She didn't know who they belonged to but she scooped them up alongside the dildo and scurried into her room, locking the door behind her.

Tonight was the start of a new, empowered Casey. One who didn't need to care how boys felt about her undersized tits or tiny butt or how well she sucked off their giant cocks. One who could deal with her own arousal any time she wanted with the tools available to her instead of needing to prostrate herself in front of a big, commanding, assertive man telling her what to do with her soft, needy body, using her for his own pleasure–

She tried to get on top of her breathing but her legs were quivering now, and she collapsed onto the bed. Almost without thinking she took the ten-inch dildo and, spreading her legs apart, plunged it to the base into her pussy.

Her shoulders tried to scootch up the bed as she reflexively recoiled from the oversized intruder into her body, but with nowhere left to go she was forced to realise that, despite the minor discomfort of feeling herself being spread and filled so much, it didn't hurt at all. In fact, after wiggling and acclimatising for a moment, she realised it felt great.

She slowly started to move the shaft back and forth, intending to let herself get used to the sensation but finding that within a couple of strokes her body was accepting ten inches of fake dick like she'd been made for it, at which point she started to desperately pump.

One hand went up under her shirt, groping her left breast, while she lifted her legs into the air to expose a greater target for her hand, which was trembling with each thrust of the dildo as it sent paroxysms of pleasure up her spine. Her fingers rolled and pinched around her erect nipple, granting happy spasms stronger than the ones she used to feel rubbing her clit. It briefly occurred to her that she never used to masturbate by putting something *inside* her, that it always involved her clitoris, but for some reason now penetration just felt *right*. The only problem now was she kept sinking into imagining that the cold rubber was the hot, hard flesh of a real cock, because she could only feel her actual orgasm mounting when she did. That wasn't how a liberated, independent woman was supposed to behave, but on the other hand she also genuinely wanted to cum.

She let her mind wander as she fucked herself with the toy, not just imagining a cock but imagining it was Jack standing over her, gripping her legs and spreading them apart

as he rammed inside her, his angular features harsh and masculine, sweat dripping from his broad chest as he used her for his pleasure, sating his lusts on her body in the purest selfish desire-

She gasped as her body hitched up, but instead of the freight-train orgasm she was expecting based on her experience over the last few days, it was a smaller, lighter one, more a mini-orgasm than a full one. She certainly felt it, and it felt nice, but after a few seconds and a sigh it was over... and she was still horny.

Grunting and gasping, she started up again, reaching out with her free hand for one of the bullet vibes and shoving it against her nipple while switching it on. The sensation flooded into her again, but just like last time, it didn't really seem to build anything until she started filling her mind with images of cocks and cum. She licked her lips, trying to recall the faint taste of Harrison's cum and imagining the hot slime coating her face and sliding down her throat again, fresh after he grabbed her by the sides of the head and used her mouth as a fuck-hole and *fuck yeah* there it was, that was the magic moment building again...

It took longer than she expected to crest the wave again, and just like last time it was disappointing. It hit her, she moaned lightly for a moment as it passed through her body, and then she was left hot and wet and needy again.

She sat up against the headboard of her bed, panting and sweating, staring down at the base of the dildo protruding out from between her legs. Clearly, despite how much it felt right to be cramming something inside herself, she needed to go back to how she normally did things. She grabbed the other vibrating egg and pressed it against her bud, shuddering with a hissing intake of breath.

The vibrations were incredible, and it felt like she could feel the pleasant, buzzy tingles throughout her entire body, like her clitoris was wired directly into every other nerve. It was incredible, and a couple of days ago it would have had her cumming within a few minutes.

Not now, though. Now, her pussy was fluttering like it was trying to grab hold of something, and every time it failed, it felt wrong. She closed her eyes and tried to sink back into fantasy. This time she was imagining Harrison between her legs, looking down at his swoopy hair as he lashed his tongue around her most sensitive areas, gripping her buttocks as he prepared her to accept his massive cock, waiting and ready to be shoved deep inside her-

She squeaked as she looked over to her side at the dildo again, her mouth watering, and dropped the bead against her breast to grab it and suckle the tip of it into her mouth. Her body reacted immediately, her hips bucking forward, pussy finally clenching instead of flexing aimlessly, brain flooding with the image of a man standing over her, feeding his enormous shaft into her mouth. She pushed it further down, throat spreading easily to accept the oversized intruder, pressing the bullet vibe even harder against her clit. Shockingly, the dildo didn't stop until its base was pressing against her lips, Casey effortlessly deepthroating the toy. Despite the thrill of sensation finally coming back to her, it still took her a shockingly long session of pulling the fake cock in and out of her

mouth while rubbing herself for her to finally cum, and when she did it was even more disappointing than her last few.

Despite wanting just to lay back on the bed and catch her breath, her desperately twitching body forced her to put the dildo between her legs again, aching for a release that she wasn't sure would arrive. Over and over again she fucked herself with the toy, her orgasms getting weaker and weaker as the night drew on...

Casey gasped, shooting awake. Morning sun was filtering through the windows. She was hot. *Burning* hot. She shifted her thighs and felt the cooling puddle of her own juices that had spread across her sheets through the night, whining as just the sensation of rubbing herself against the bed made her twitch. There was another sensation underneath her as well, though, a pressure on her chest, unpleasant from the sweaty heat but soft and pleasant at its core. She rolled to her side and the sensation shifted, and for a brief moment she registered it was her tits.

Then she rolled over and bolted upright. Her tits bobbed and bounced as she did. Her-
Tits! I have tits!

-were taking up a shocking amount of her lower vision. She gripped them, hissing at the rush of sensation, then marvelling at how they filled her hands. The bloated nubs of her nipples were still erect, and brushing her palms against them made her pussy twitch in sympathy. Similarly when she squeezed, her fingers sinking into the soft flesh.

Still holding them, she rolled out of her bed and padded over to the mirror, looking up and gasping in shock at the girl staring back at her, holding her big tits up proudly. Her brain was refusing to process that the hottie in the mirror was *her*.

The mirror girl had the lean curves of a cardio bunny, the butt of one who did squats, and the boobs of one who'd had implants, though these tits were obviously completely natural. Her hair was light, thick and bouncy, with so many blond highlights running through that she almost looked blond, her dark-lined eyes were surrounded in light, soft eyeshadow and her sensuously thick lips glistened with a moist pink coating. Beneath her trim stomach, her pussy was also glistening, the lips fat and swollen, her bloated clitoris poking out from the folds.

She let her tits drop against her chest, then experimentally jumped once, just able to watch her boobs bounce gelatinously before a crippling blast of pleasure thudded into her brain. She nearly dropped to her knees, stumbling for a moment, then realised that she could feel even the minor motions of her lips rubbing against each other.

Tentatively, she reached up and rubbed her thumb across them, unable to hold back the moan and certainly unable to stop herself from inserting her thumb into her mouth, delighting in how it felt to use her new lips to suckle on it.

Hearing some noises from outside snapped her out of her reverie, and she finally realised that she was *hot* now. She could compete. Jack would want to fuck her. She strode over to the door and threw it open, not even realising she was totally naked.

Over at the kitchen table was a mountain of a man, tall and broad with a lumberjack beard and shoulder-length hair, whose ultra-defined muscles seemed to be attempting to burst off his body. From his seated position he was humping against the enormous plush butt of a tiny, tan-skinned woman, each of her cheeks bigger than a basketball, while massive, gently-sloping breasts hung down and swung back and forth below her chest, bouncing off each other with each of his thrusts. Her small face, locked in ecstasy, was made up with deep, dark shadow and the thickest, reddest lipstick Casey had ever seen, surrounded by thick wavy hair of a shimmering copper that caught the light like actual metal.

Standing next to the pair was a tall girl with masses of scarlet hair bound up into two huge pigtails. Glittering blue eyeshadow surrounded her hooded eyes, her similarly-shaded lips spread apart by a ball gag. She had the biggest breasts Casey had ever seen, nearly twice the size of her head and sloping down to her navel but still fat and full, and the rest of her figure had the curvaceous indulgent ripeness of a fertility goddess. Her face and the tops of her massive chest were both dusted with freckles. Her arms were tied behind her back, which only made her thrust her enormous breasts out even further. Between her legs, her clitoris was visibly the size of a candy gum ball, and juices glistened all down her milky thighs. She watched the fucking next to her with undisguised need, her hips twitching intermittently. A leather collar around her neck allowed the seated man to hold an attached lead.

Over on the couch a couple fucked so hard and savagely that the couch creaked and groaned with every thrust. The man was tall and well-built, although less grossly muscular than the other man. His partner had straight black hair down to her ass, shot through with pink and purple stripes, her forehead covered with deep, even bangs. She was nearly white-pale, which highlighted the dark purple makeup and black lipstick she wore. Her breasts weren't as large as the redhead but by any reasonable standard were huge, high and firm, and bounced wildly as she bounced on her lover's lap. Her massive nipples bore shiny black steel bars, matching similar rings on her lip, in her septum and up and down her ears. She was more clothed than the other girls, in that she was still wearing her heavy black boots, studded bracelets on her arms and a spiked collar around her neck.

The first face she recognised was Jack, on the couch. That slowly made her realise the Goth slut fucking him-

Dora. That's Dora. Holy shit. Her boobs had doubled in size *again*, not to mention the upgrade she got to the rest of the sensual curves of her body. Nothing was left of her unfortunate, chubby, pear-shaped roommate, instead there was just the thick, big-titty Goth girlfriend of every boy's dreams.

That of course made her realise the other two girls were Gen and Rose. Rose was a compact package of ludicrous curves, particularly her gigantic butt and enormous thighs, and she was painted up like getting fucked like she was right now was her job. Gen, the fiery, fierce, independent one, so opinionated, so angry, bound and gagged and watching on as a man fucked someone?

The man's moans reached a crescendo and he gripped Rose's cheeks hard, slamming into her, thrusting with each rope he unloaded inside her body. Rose responded with what looked and sounded like an entire orgasm for each of the twenty-three high-powered ejaculations he pumped into her pussy, before she slumped forward, eyes rolling and babbling softly to herself. He turned to Gen beside him, reaching up and unhooking her gag.

"Okay fucktoy, you're going to go suck every last drop of my spunk from out of that whore's snatch before I cum all over those those monster boobs. Got it?"

The Gen Casey knew would have castrated him. This one, though, went wide-eyed, replying "Yes, Master! Whatever you want, Master!" in a high, breathy voice before she buried her face between Rose's thighs. He slapped her generous ass hard, prompting a wiggle and a happy, muffled squeal from the girl.

On the couch, Jack and Dora reached their respective climaxes, Dora pitching forward, crushing her breasts into Jack's face as he unloaded an even harder, larger orgasm into the girl than the other man had into Rosa, roaring as he came for a full minute and a half until spunk dripped from the sides of Dora's pussy, the girl's brain ravaged by continuous, high-power orgasms. She dropped to the side with barely even a sigh, shuddering on the couch as the aftershocks worked their way through her body.

Casey's mouth went dry seeing Jack. He was cut, smooth, glistening, with a narrow slim beard and shaggy hair. He shifted his muscular legs and the shaft of his cock swayed side to side, easily a bit more than a foot long, perched atop a loose scrotum that held testicles the size of apples. Cum dripped from its slit as it twitched, still rock-hard even just after he'd shot off. He sighed, leaning back and stroking it lazily, then looked over at the door.

"Oh hey Casey, you're up."

She nodded, still dumbstruck by Jack's changed appearance and his incredible dick. She heard a snort from over at the kitchen table, where the other man was also stroking himself, eyes fixed on Gen's massive ass as she moaned, cleaning out Rosa's pussy. He looked up briefly and Casey finally realised through the beard that, somehow, this was Eric.

"Hah, she's finally worked out how to grow some fucking tits. Too bad you fucking stopped halfway, you dumb bitch."

Casey went cold and looked down at the boobs she'd been so happy and proud of a few minutes ago. All three of the girls in the room were still much, much bigger than she was.

"I mean jeez, you can get away with having no tits if you've got a big ass or a fucking gold plated cunt or something, but why fucking bother with some generic-ass slut who doesn't have massive boobs? Right, fucktoy?"

He smacked her ass again and she pulled her glistening face away from Rose, and nodded. "Master says girls are supposed to be thin and have enormous breasts. He says that's what makes an ideal woman."

“Correct, fucktoy. And why do I put up with you even though you didn’t lose all the weight you should have?”

Gen actually *grinned*. “Because I’m the most compliant and subservient girl Master has ever met and I have *enormous* titties!”

Eric brayed with laughter, leaning in and unlocking her cuffs. “Fuck yeah you do. How about you turn around and fucking use them?”

She squealed with happiness, turning around and dropping her gigantic chest into Eric’s lap, pressing them together and starting to work them around his cock. Casey turned to Jack, shaking a little. “J-Jack... Is Eric right? Are my boobs too small?”

Jack tilted his head, still stroking. “I mean. They’re pretty small, Casey. Like, Dora’s gone up to an L cup or something.”

“B-but... You still like me, right? I’m still your girlfriend, and the rules mean you have to fuck me, even if you’re fucking other girls sometimes?”

That didn’t sound right, but it was what her brain was telling her the rules were. Jack shrugged.

“I was thinking about the rules. Like, I don’t think they’re right. Who would make rules that say you can or can’t fuck people, or about how you fuck them? Like, I wanted to fuck Dora, so I fucked her. Rose asked if she could suck me off, so she’s going to do that a few times- oh, hey Rose.”

The curvy Latina girl had taken a position on her knees in front of Jack, gripping his cock around the base and starting to slather her tongue around it, making Jack close his eyes and groan happily. “Oh fuck, yeah. Mm. So, like, she’ll-ggh- suck me off a couple of times, then I’m meeting up with Lauren from class who’s got this, like, anime elf slut cosplay she made- fuck yeah, suck it Rose, umm, and put up on FaceSpace and like you can see ALL of her titty in it, then I-ffffuck, I uh, ung, need to talk to Professor Dorset about my grades and she’s got this, y’know, slutty professor thing happening where she wears this suit jacket so you can see miles of c-c-cleavage-“

With a deep rumbling gasp, he grabbed Rose’s head but was too slow, because she’d already plunged to the hilt onto his cock to accept his load. With a growl his hips bucked against her and he launched himself into another savage minute-and-a-half orgasm. By the time he was done, Rose was swallowing completely on instinct, her brain carpet-bombed by the taste of his cum. He used his hands to keep her where she was, though, gently thrusting until Rose took the hint and started sucking again.

“Mmph. Yeah, not done, Rose. Uh, what was I... Oh yeah. Uh. Girlfriend. Like, whatever, you can be my girlfriend, but I’ve got way hotter girls I can fuck now, so like, you can be my girlfiend, and then I just fuck other girls.”

Casey shook where she was standing, eyes darting back and forth, trying to make words. It was completely reasonable, of course. Why shouldn’t a guy just fuck whoever he wanted, whenever he wanted? They had those huge cocks and needed to cum *all* the time, like Emily said yesterday. It seemed unfair to make them wait for just one person instead of plunging them into any nearby willing hole, and Dora and Rose and even Gen

somehow were all incredibly hot, and it made sense that guys would want them instead of flat, frigid, boring Casey...

She sobbed, then darted out of the door as she started to cry. Jack and Eric's eyes both followed her, before they looked at each other and shrugged, and settled back into being serviced by their respective girls.

Casey ran through the campus, eyes blurred with tears. It only occurred to her when she stopped at the main quad to compose herself that she'd run outside completely naked, and also that nobody actually seemed to have noticed or cared. Huge-breasted, unnaturally gorgeous girls were walking around in the most outrageously skimpy clothing, less to cover themselves and more to enhance their curvaceous bodies. The average one was the same size as Rose, and even the smallest among them filled out shirts in a way that very few girls on campus did a few days ago. Bikinis, crop tops, lingerie, more exotic arrangements of leather straps and filmy fabric, all for girls who seemed to be revelling in the male attention they were able to attract. Men's clothing was utilitarian, not chosen in any way for the pleasure of their targets but only for maximum room and comfort for the sudden wave of bulging muscles and bulging crotches that had emerged that morning. Even the baggiest tracksuits couldn't hide the erections every man on campus was sporting, none of which were smaller than nine inches and most of which were several inches longer than that, and some men had thrown caution to the wind and allowed their hard cocks to poke out of an array of basketball shorts and boxers. She watched stunned as a girl whose huge, round tits were covered by only the barest of bikini tops strolled up to a muscular man in beach shorts, waved, introduced herself and immediately dropped to her knees to pull his shorts down.

It also made her college's enrolment disparity a lot clearer, given that there seemed to be far more than one girl for every guy. Half naked or totally naked couples and groups of people were grinding, rutting and fucking in every direction. A slim man was sitting under a tree, two girls either side of his thirteen-inch pole licking up and down it like they were worshipping at a temple. One girl on a picnic blanket with masses of blond hair and tits the size of soccer balls was being spit-roasted while a line had developed behind her, looking on and drooling. A fair number of men had huge dopey grins on their faces as they showed off the huge boobs of their conquests with the girls riding them cowboy style on the grass. One girl, covered in so much spunk that she looked glazed, was sitting on her knees inviting men to jizz all over her as she passed.

The redhead at the coffee cart, her uniform bursting with ridiculous curves, was servicing a customer with her oversized fat breasts and drooling mouth. Next to her the specials board had been desperately rubbed out and replaced with a list of sexual favours and prices. The prices had all been struck-through and replaced with "FREE." Behind her, a gorilla-sized male barista was pulling coffees, letting female customers jerk off his thick cock across their drinks and pastries. There were more than a few girl-on-girl makeouts happening as frustrated sluts tried to burn off some of their mounting libido, while other girls just drooled into their cleavage, hands down their pants or up their skirts, staring at the sex going on around them. Moans, groans, roars and shrieks

echoed through the quad, along with the ever-present moist, sloppy noise of vigorous fucking – and Casey knew she couldn't have any of it.

Every single girl on the campus was bigger than her, curvier than her, prettier than her, better with their hands and mouth and pussy than her, *sexier than her*. There wasn't a single unpaired man in the quad, and Casey was going to be competing with a long line of wet, busty sluts to get within kissing distance of a cock, a competition she knew she couldn't win.

Then she stopped. There was one guy left. She knew one guy who not only wasn't taken, but wasn't like the guys out here. Wasn't just interested in putting his cock between the biggest pair of tits or fattest ass. She needed to find Reggie, and the last place he'd been was the clinic. She had to go there. It was her only chance.

Emily Corrigan, still technically a nurse, sat at the front desk of the college's little clinic, absent-mindedly sucking an eleven-inch dildo to the base down her throat, bright-red lips spreading around it. The world's smallest nurse's uniform was full to bursting with lightly-veined tits like moderately-sized watermelons, her miles of cleavage smeared with the same cooling milky-white goo that dripped from her chin. A faint buzzing was audible from under the desk, possibly related to where her right hand was located. She was vaguely annoyed that Dr. Grosman had told her she still had to *occasionally* be at the desk when she really wanted to be extracting more cum from the fourteen inches of permanently-erect cock that was currently snoozing in the exam room, but she also couldn't even conceive of not doing what he told her to.

She looked up as the door opened, then smiled around the fake cock in her mouth as she saw who entered.

"Gs-eh!"

Casey blinked, then Emily giggled softly to herself as she remembered she was fucking her own face, withdrawing the dildo in a smooth motion.

"Sorry babe. Hi Casey! How are you?"

"Emily? Is that you? Did you get *bigger*?"

Emily giggled. "Uh, yeah, guess I did. I've got real huge boobies now. Must have been all the cum I got from that boy. You know, the one from last night with the amazing dick?"

Casey nodded. "Uh, Emily, I, um, I need to see my friend? The one who stayed here yesterday?"

Emily's brow knotted for a moment. "Uh. I think you should talk to the doctor maybe? Yeah, he said anyone who asked about that guy should talk to him!" She leaned backward in the chair, tilting her head to the back office, revealing that she was wearing nothing from the tits down aside from red high heels.

"Doctor, there's a girl here asking about that guy? The one you said to tell- oh, okay." She nodded at Casey. "Go on in, 'kay?"

The doctor was drinking from a water bottle, poring over reports. Casey saw that a lot of the reports had pictures of people in them. Pictures of a lot of massive naked tits and big dicks. That was probably normal for a doctor. He motioned to her to sit down.

“Miss-“

“Casey!” She answered a little too enthusiastically but he was a man and she was hornier than her brain could handle. “I, uh, need to see my friend.”

“I’m afraid your friend is still recovering. Is there something we can help with?”

Casey’s breathing was growing ragged. “I just, um, I was hoping that he might want to fuck me? I’m too flat and ugly for all the other guys, but I *really* need to have sex.”

The doctor looked her up and down. “Hmm. The condition does seem to not have progressed as far in you. Perhaps you were exposed later to the compound... Wait. Wait. This is *perfect!*”

Even just what sounded like faint praise from a man gave Casey a rush of pleasure better than stroking herself.

“You’re at the peak susceptibility for the trial I’ve been planning! Miss, please come with me.”

Casey blinked, rising from the seat and giving her hand to the doctor. “Are you going to fuck me?”

He shook his head. “No, but, well. Let’s just say I can make sure you get to fuck whoever you want whenever you want for the rest of your life. How does that sound?”

Casey gasped as her pussy twitched just from hearing that. She nodded vigorously. The doctor led her out of the back of the clinic and across to his van. He’d set up a sort of patio area with an extendable shade cloth outside it with some mod-cons and comfortable chairs, and connected it to a large tent. The tent was shaking faintly, and as Casey passed it she could peek into the main flap.

Inside, sprawled out on the padded bottom, was an absurdly-endowed woman. Breasts like prize pumpkins dominated her torso, jiggling and sloshing with every movement of her body, and there was a lot of movement because she was brazenly masturbating. One hand was rubbing away between her thick legs, the other pinching and rolling one of her bloated nipples, producing a trail of pale pink fluid. She bolted upright as she saw the two of them, her face breaking out in hope. Cherry-red curls fell down around it nearly to the floor.

“Eric! You need to fuck me! I really need you to fuck me, right now!”

“Later, Marcelette, I’m working. I promise I’ll be there soon.”

She whined, still masturbating, using her hand to lift one of her absurd breasts and present it to him. “Come on Eric, please, don’t you want to fuck my titties?”

“Yes, of course I do, but I am busy. You’re going to have to sort yourself out for a bit longer.”

She groaned, leaning back and rubbing even harder. “It isn’t *working* any more. I need a cock!”

Eric shook his head and kept moving, even as Marcelette theatrically moaned behind him to try and re-attract his attention. Eric grabbed the bars holding the van’s back doors together and wrenched them open.

Casey gasped. Sitting at the back of the van was the biggest man Casey had ever seen in her life. Even in the amount of space he had available he was hunched over. Corded muscle attempted to leap off his gargantuan body with even the most minor movements. His dark skin glistened with sweat, his hair and beard long and wild. The most incredible thing, however, was what rose from between his crossed legs.

It wasn’t merely a penis. Such a word would have been too clinical, too ordinary. This was not merely a reproductive organ designed for base functions. It was a cock, designed for fucking, for destroying pussy. Nearly fifteen inches long, thicker than a man’s wrist, so hard that it could barely even throb or twitch even as it belched a constant stream of strangely pink thick liquid.

The monstrous man raised his head, grunting, and Casey gasped again as she realised who it was.

“R-reggie?”

“Casey?!” His voice rumbled with deep bass. “Is that you, Casey?”

“Reggie, what... What happened to you...” Her question trailed off as her eyes fixed on his cock, as it disgorged another glob of fluid. He, on the other hand, was staring at her breasts, then followed her eyes and grinned.

“The doctor made me *hot*. Goddamn, Casey, look at these muscles. Look at my *dick*. Oh wait, hah, you are. You’re staring at *me* now instead of that fucking jock asshole you were dating. I bet I’m bigger than him in every way now. And that’s all that matters to you, isn’t it? That’s all that ever mattered. You didn’t care how much I wanted to be with you, because it was just about how much pipe some meathead could swing at you. And now look at you.”

Casey nodded, dumbstruck. Every rumble from his throat found purchase directly in her pussy, and it was like his bulging muscles were speaking to her in their own special language.

“How many hours did I spend hearing about how badly your fuckwit boyfriend was treating you? And then you’d go right back to his dick and I could jerk myself to sleep?”

He shuffled forward and Casey stepped back as he walked out of the van and drew himself up to his full six-foot-eight height, his cock projecting almost straight forward, bobbing from side to side as he stood firmly. “Well, no more. You’re *mine* now, Casey.”

Casey’s chest was heaving, her breath coming in ragged, small whines issuing from her throat. “Y-yes, Reggie, oh please, I’m your girlfriend now.”

He barked out a short, humourless laugh. “*Girlfriend?* You’ve got a lot of work to do before you’re my *girlfriend*. You’re my slut. You’re my pet. You’re my fucking cock-slave. I can see it in your eyes. This cock fucking *owns* you, bitch.”

Casey moaned, hips twitching, legs shaking, staring at his penis. “Y-yeessss, Reggie. Oh fuck, I’m a slut, I’m a dick-obsessed whore, I’m whatever you want, j-just fuck mee-“

She didn’t even get to finish before Reggie’s huge hands grabbed her shoulders, one moving behind her head, pulling her lips down to the tip of his dick. Despite its ludicrous, unnatural size, her lips spread around it without an issue and in just a single, smooth motion he pushed it inside her to the very base. Muffled choking noises came from the girl, her eyes rolling in the back of her head as fifteen hard-flexing inches of pure sex spread her throat apart.

She came instantly as he bottomed out inside her, losing control of her body as spasms overtook her muscles, leading Reggie to take it upon himself to grab her by the side of her head and the hair and begin thrusting, fucking her throat with savage force. Spit and precum oozed from Casey’s lips as Reggie used her as a masturbation toy, the sensation bringing her off another three times before he roared, pushing her face even tighter into his crotch and unloading. His shaft lurched and tightened hard, his hips shaking in preparation for his cumshot, a few excruciating moments passing before he was finally able to thrust and shoot off his first load of cum. He roared like an animal for around four whole seconds as his cock pumped, his voice dying off for a second before he roared and shot off again. Casey felt each of his ejaculations flood into her stomach, each shot alone more than a normal man could produce in an entire orgasm, and just lost herself in orgasm after orgasm until, almost two minutes later, he withdrew his glistening cock and let her slump to the ground.

“Oh fuck yeah, I’ve been needing that. So, Doc, you said my cum is supposed to make her hotter? Like that redhead bitch you got me to fuck that one time?”

The doctor nodded. “Yes. Your semen delivers a concentrated dose of our Venus compound. Hopefully, we’ve hit a sweet spot in her resistance to the compound where she will begin expressing it in bodily fluids in a lower concentration than Marcelette, but not to the point where she’s no longer susceptible to it.”

Reggie shrugged his enormous shoulders. “I don’t give a fuck about that science shit any more. I’ve got sluts to fuck.”

Casey groaned, rolling over on the blanket in front of the van. Both men immediately noticed that her blond-highlighted hair was lightening to a milky white as it crept down her shoulders, developing pink streaks as well. Her light eye makeup was developing a bright pink hue, to match the glossy pink of her swelling lips, but they weren’t all that was swelling.

Her breasts, the breasts she’d been so proud of when she woke up and then so ashamed off afterwards, were growing like a water balloon under a faucet, the flesh spreading by the second. Her nipples and areolas expanded along with them as well, angling down slightly as the bloating flesh succumbed slightly to gravity, though still remaining in a firm teardrop shape.

Her hips expanded slightly as well to accompany the swelling of the flesh of her buttocks, and between her legs her already distended clitoris was bloating even more, her labia spreading apart and unleashing a flood of her juices. Her quim carried with it a faint pink colour.

Reggie grinned, looking down at Casey's thickening body with a lewd grin, one hand gently pumping his cock. "That's the fucking stuff. You guys are fuckin' geniuses. So, uh, she should be able to fit this inside her?"

Eric nodded, staring down at the moaning, growing woman. "Yes, she's extremely flexible now. Possibly the only woman in the world who could, honestly."

"Good enough for me." Reggie knelt down between her legs and, with no ceremony whatsoever, manoeuvred the tip of his cock against Casey's pussy, and then pushed himself in. She gripped him like a vice, squeezing so hard against him that he had to push even against how slick and wet she was, screaming at the top of her lungs in utter ecstasy with every inch he fed inside her. Sensation of a kind that the human brain was never meant to have had to process was crashing against the walls of her sanity, her breasts continuing to balloon outwards until they were even larger than Marcelette's were, as big as the most well-endowed porn stars Reggie had ever seen but perfectly shaped and deliciously smooth. Her body quaked with what could barely even be described as a mere orgasm any more, a pleasure so profound and powerful that it smothered anything resembling conscious thought, not even fading away but just growing and ebbing in rapid cycles as Reggie started to thrust into her, plowing against her sensuous legs and quaking buttocks, her tits heaving back and forth in sloshing, gelatinous motions.

She was so lost in sensation that she barely even felt it as Reggie started to cum again, until a white flare blossomed from in the middle of the bright pink fire consuming her brain, Reggie's cum inside her abdomen somehow unlocking an even higher plateau of pure ecstasy. Reggie barely even slowed down, though, only stopping to start shooting for his first rope. On his second four-second shot, his sweating muscles heaving, he became so gripped by the need to keep fucking that he started thrusting again, even while he was still ejaculating.

"F-f-fuuuck, oh shit, not done yet oh God, not done bitch, never fffucking done, take it, take *all of it you whore!*"

Eric noted that pink liquid was beginning to flick from Casey's nipples as they bounced and shook, and made a mental note to test it once the two were done. He walked back towards the tent, starting to undo his shirt.

The suited man looked up from his desk at the curt rap on his office door.

"Enter."

A bulky blond admin assistant walked in, carrying several thick folders in his broad arms. He proceeded confidently in a deep, clear voice.

“Mr. Symonds. I have an update on the Venus program.” He dropped the folders on the man’s desk.

Symonds grunted. “Give me an executive summary? I’m a busy man.”

The admin assistant gave a withering look down at the desk, from which he could unquestionably hear moist noises and high-pitched grunting. “Marketing of Venus is proceeding well. We’re seeing a 320% uptick in sales over last month. Word is spreading widely, and we think the new campaign with M and C is a big part of what’s successful. Marketing are suggesting we increase our marketing to partnered males by 30%.”

Symonds grinned, leaning back. “I told you we needed to be marketing this to guys. Maybe we should consider repackaging it under a guy’s line, or maybe a his and hers for a discount. Is there, like, a dude version of Venus? Get the marketing lads onto it, if they’re not too busy fucking the receptionists.”

“Absolutely, sir.” The enormous man made a note. “Also, Dr. Grosman is here to see you.”

Symonds perked up. “And his two lovely assistants?”

“Of course, Carl. I know how much you appreciate our meetings.” The doctor strolled into the office, flanked by two living goddesses, radiant visions of pure sexuality. One had masses of bright pink hair that fell past her waist, with eyeshadow and lipstick in a similar fluorescent shade. Her vast breasts were covered by only the skimpiest white swimsuit, strips of fabric that barely covered the extent of her areolas or hid the swollen camel toe between her legs. Her lithe, shapely legs were raised up on tall pink heels. Her companion’s bright-red curls fell to knee-length, offset by dark smoky makeup and thick red lipstick. She had opted for a tight black micro dress which covered more but also clung more strongly to her figure. Both of their pairs of breasts moved like they had minds of their own, jostling and wobbling ahead of them, particularly with the exaggerated swing of their gait from their wide hips.

Symonds grinned wide enough to split his head apart. “Ah, girls, so good to see you!”

They both giggled as Eric sat down at the desk. The buff admin assistant retreated back, but not before both Casey and Marcelette had eyed him up and down, brushing their hands over his shoulders. Casey locked lips with him for a moment until Eric coughed, at which point she yelped and grudgingly let him go. Symonds sighed as he left.

“Casey, darling, you can’t distract my staff like that. I bet that poor boy’s pants are close to bursting now.”

She responded with a light moan. “Oh, I hope so, sir. I’m going to try to find him when we’re done here.”

He chuckled. “Eric, I don’t know what to say. Look upon your works.”

Eric replied with a grin of his own. “Yes, I’m amazing and they’re amazing. So amazing that, in fact, I’ve come in here to renegotiate our contracts and my share of the revenue.”

Symonds coughed. “You... Don’t have a share of the revenue, Eric. You’re on salary.”

“Exactly. Carl, between these two girls and my good friend Reginald, they represent the ONLY supply of Venus in the world. We have no more of the synthetic compound in a

useful, usable state. Marcie's milk preps girls to receive Reginald's Venus-laden semen, turning them into girls like Casey who actually make our product. The milk is what lets us market this shit without turning people into fuck-brained bimbos. No offense, ladies."

Both girls giggled while the doctor went on. "You won't be able to reproduce the conditions of the first Venus trial, not without some very inconvenient questions. So Reginald and Marcie have you over a, shall we say, barrel-sized cock. And what they have, I have, because we're all such good friends."

Symonds sat considering this for a moment. "I see. Ordinarily, you would be leaving with company property, but they're paid employees. And we can't exactly exercise intellectual property over them without a lot of difficult questions. What are you asking?"

"Thirty five percent of net profits plus stock options. Give me that and I'll keep my mouth completely shut and work on making more Venus girls to increase production."

"That's a lot of money."

"Sixty-five percent is also a lot of money."

Symonds sighed, slumping back in the chair. "Throw in a daily blowjob from one of your girls and it's a deal."

"Done! Pleasure doing business with you, Carl. Marcie, would you mind staying here and upholding my end of this deal?"

She blinked at him. He sighed.

"Marcie, stay here and give Mr. Symonds a blowjob."

She brightened up and scurried under his desk. There was a brief exchange of high-pitched squeals and a slim girl with big breasts, massive dark-brown nipples, olive-toned skin and long, rainbow-coloured hair stumbled out. Her lips were a complicated horizontal rainbow pattern as well.

"I was *working*, bitch!" She turned around and locked eyes with Casey.

"Kira?"

"Casey! Hey girl, how's it been?"

"Oh, you know," she juggled her gigantic tits in her hands, "good. You?"

Kira raised her head proudly. "I'm an official physical relaxation specialist! I help all the boys at this company to relax when they need it. With my mouth. And my pussy. And my hands, if everything else is busy. The boys at this company need to cum a lot." She pulled out her phone from the small bag she wore in lieu of any other clothing. "Oops, I'm late for my next appointment. Mr. Symonds always wants me for longer. Hey Casey, we should get together and share a boy sometime. See you!"

They watched her pert butt sway out of the room and turned back. Symonds was sitting back in pure bliss as Marcelette worked her magic below the desk.

"Holy fuck. This is so worth 35%. You're a genius, Eric."

Eric looked up at Casey, waggling his eyebrows. Casey giggled and knelt between his legs, pulling down his pants and depositing her barely-covered chest into his lap with an obscene *slap*. Eric leaned back as well, exulting as his life's work began to extract an orgasm from him.

"Just trying to build a better world, boss."