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Extra-Perceptual

by Fidget

Amy was sitting at home, lounging comfortably in a bathrobe, reading a trashy romance novel when it happened.

You might think it odd for an up-and-coming aeronautics research scientist to spend her Saturdays reading smut, but there was something about the stories of plain, everyday women having torrid affairs with gorgeous, unattainable men that she couldn't get enough of, possibly because she herself was plain, with mousy brown hair and no curves to speak of. She had tried to get the attention of the popular boys in school, but just didn't have what it took, and had turned to books about unrealistic relationships instead. Her love of reading was what had started her on her ridiculously successful career path, but it was also what had earned her her nickname, "Worm", short for "Bookworm". She absolutely hated her nickname, as it simultaneously pointed out both her underdeveloped body, and the social isolation that had resulted from it.

That fateful Saturday, Amy's feelings of pleasant arousal from the sexual antics in her book were shattered as her entire house shook, accompanied by what sounded like a small explosion from her backyard. Running outside, she saw a small crater, with a still-glowing lump of metal in the center. As she approached it, she noticed a strange buzzing sensation in her head that got stronger the closer she got to the stone.

What the hell was that?!? she suddenly heard, and turned around to see her neighbor, Tom, leaning over the fence between their property.

"I think it's a meteorite!" Amy responded. "It must have just landed in my back yard!" Amy drew as close to the glowing rock as she could, before the heat radiating off it became too strong, and she was forced to retreat over to the fence by Tom.

"Weird!" Tom said, before shaking his head as though he was feeling the same buzzing. *I hope this weird headache goes away soon - I think Melissa might be in the mood tonight, and I don't want to miss my chance to get lucky!*

"Wait, what did you just say?" Amy asked, sure she must have somehow misheard him. Which itself was odd, since she didn't think she had seen his mouth move.

"I didn't say anything," Tom said, confirming Amy's suspicions that his mouth in fact *hadn't* been moving, which just left her feeling more confused.

Even so, the thought of Tom having sex had caused Amy to take a few surreptitious glances at his arms and chest before heading back to her house. For an accountant, Tom was pretty attractive, and as Amy glanced back at him while walking inside, she briefly thought, *I bet he looks like he just stepped out of a romance novel under those clothes*, before closing the door behind her.

Tom gave his neighbor an odd look as she disappeared, as though he'd somehow heard what she had thought, but as he turned back toward his own house, his muscles began to bulge and ripple under his dress shirt. Completely unaware of his new physique, Tom walked inside and proceeded to make powerful love to his incredibly lucky wife like he did every day. As Melissa recovered from her usual string of orgasms, she wondered, as she often did, how on earth she managed to snag a ridiculously hot underwear model with a massive cock, who was also godly at sex.

Melissa is such a lucky girl, Amy thought as she walked out her front door to check the mail, still in her bathrobe. She still couldn't believe that she lived next door to a real-life underwear model. It was like fate was tormenting her daily with what she couldn't have.

More importantly though, what was going on with Tom? She was certain that he hadn't been moving his lips, yet she'd still heard him talking about banging his wife, plain as day. Maybe it had something to do with the weird buzzing she had felt in her head, which hadn't decreased in intensity, even though she was now dozens of feet away from the meteorite. Well, she was a researcher, wasn't she? It was time for an experiment.

Reaching into her mailbox to grab her daily junk mail, Amy looked around for a likely test subject. Spotting the crotchety old woman who lived across the street sitting on her porch, Amy called out, "Hi Mrs. Henderson!" and waved. As usual, the old woman seemed to completely ignore her, but then Amy clearly heard, *Young people these days, always desperate to draw attention to themselves*, even though Amy was sure that Mrs. Henderson's lips hadn't moved.

I have always been pretty desperate for attention, Amy conceded. She recalled her high school days, where after constantly being rejected by her crushes, she had taken to wearing increasingly revealing outfits in an attempt to draw their attention, but that had only drawn more attention to her complete lack of curves, and her acting out had earned her a healthy amount of detention. Even so, Amy couldn't seem to help it, and her habit of wearing revealing clothing had stuck.

Amy looked down at the low-cut, midriff-baring tank top and dangerously short shorts currently hanging off her boyish figure, before continuing to excitedly wave at the old woman across the street, bouncing up and down this time, overwhelmed with youthful exuberance at being the center of her attention, until finally the old woman grew tired of her antics and turned away.

Even so, Amy's excitement was undiminished. It had happened again! It had to be that meteor that had fallen in her backyard - somehow that weird buzzing it had put in her head was allowing her to hear what other people thought!

Still half-convinced that she was crazy, Amy focused her attention on a girl down the street standing beside her squatting dog, and clearly heard the words, *Nobody will notice if I don't pick it up this once*, as the girl ignored her dog's business and continued walking.

There was no doubt about it - Amy could read minds. This was the discovery of the century! Amy couldn't wait to be the center of the scientific community's attention as she showed off her mind-reading powers in front of hundreds of other researchers, and it was all thanks to that weird glowy rock that had fallen into her backyard.

She suddenly felt a familiar urge to be near other people, partially so that she could test out her newfound mind-reading powers, of course, but mostly so that she could hear what other people thought about *her*.

She ran inside, grabbed her keys, hopped in her car, and headed to the mall.

Along the way, while stopped at a red light, she glanced into the car next to her and noticed a cute guy looking in her direction. She smiled at him, always eager for the attention, and focused on his thoughts. *She's kinda cute* was all she heard before the light turned green, and he drove off.

I am kind of cute, Amy thought to herself happily, not noticing as her complexion cleared and took on a bit of color, her eyelashes lengthened, and her lips reddened, swelling a bit into a seductive pout. As the man's words echoed in her mind, Amy could remember her face getting all of the attention as she was growing up, as it was by far her best feature. If she had a nickel for every time she overheard someone in high school say, "Worm? Yeah she's cute, *but...*", well, she'd have a lot of nickels.

Once she arrived at the mall, she briefly glanced in her vanity mirror to check the carefully-applied makeup that had appeared on her face minutes before as the words *I'm kinda cute* continued to buzz around inside her mind, before getting out of the car and heading toward the mall.

Upon opening the doors, she was immediately overwhelmed by the thoughts loudly coming at her from every direction.

...no way it'll fit...

...a watch for his birthday?

...just get a pizza! I don't...

Maybe coming to the mall was a mistake, Amy thought to herself as the cacophony started to give her a headache, but then she noticed that when she focused her attention on one voice in the crowd at a time, the other voices got quieter. Proud of herself for discovering a new aspect of her mind-reading powers, Amy began to make her way through the crowd, excitedly listening in on the thoughts of all of the people she passed.

Twenty minutes later, after overhearing to the exact same thoughts in the minds of hundreds of horny men and insecure women, however, Amy began to grow bored. Not a single person had so much as noticed that she was there, and even though she now knew the deepest secrets, desires, and insecurities of dozens of people, she still hadn't heard a single person think anything about her at all.

Her familiar desire to act out began to grow, and Amy began to sway her hips as she walked, as weird and unnatural as it felt with her narrow figure. She remembered similar desperate attempts to get the attention of the popular kids in high school, which had only resulted in her embarrassment, but she had to do *something*.

After a few minutes of exaggerated swaying, she passed a thin, mousy girl that reminded her a lot of herself. She saw the girl glance over at her as she walked by, and heard her think *I wish I had hips that made me sway when I walk like that girl does*. Amy grinned at finally getting some of the attention she craved, and, running her hands over her wide, flaring hips, Amy was thankful once again for the natural, effortless sway they gave her walk as she felt them pressing outward into the sides of her tight shorts. She hadn't always liked them - she'd gotten made fun of in high school for her "birthin' hips", as her bullies had often called them, once puberty had hit and caused them to swell into their current, overtly sexual curve. In the end, however, it had been worth it for all of the attention they got her, she thought, throwing a bit more suggestive swagger into her disproportionately wide hips.

A few minutes later she noticed a guy walking toward her, and she felt a small flush of pride as her natural swaying strut immediately drew his attention, as it had so many other guys in the past. It was unfortunate that her only assets were her wide hips and cute face, but even so, she focused in on his thoughts, eager to find out his opinion of her.

Damn that girl is thicc, she heard, and gave an appreciative jiggle of the large ass and thick thighs that perfectly complemented her flaring hips. Amy wasn't trying to overhear another thought, but one came nonetheless, and as *I can't wait to see that bubble butt she's got going on back there* entered her mind unbidden, she smiled at just how right he was as her ass bounced even more heavily. When he finally passed her, she blushed as she heard him give a low whistle at the sight of her booty and hips continuing to jiggle and shake with each step she took, like they always had.

Amy had always been pear-shaped, with hardly anything up top but plenty going on down below. It was the reason she'd been somewhat popular in high school, as hormonal teenage boys were instinctively lured by the pleasure they knew they could find between her thick, cushiony thighs. And, since she'd loved the attention, and wanted to be popular, she'd gone along with them a bit too far, giving out more than her share of handjobs and blowjobs to quench the desire they felt for her plump pussy. That was where she'd gotten her nickname, "Dumtruck", as much as she hated it, both for her thick ass and for all of the loads the boys had dumped on her face and down her throat.

Amy was beginning to feel a bit wiped from walking on high heels all afternoon, even though she loved the attention they drew to her ass and thighs as she strolled through the mall. Plus, the constant buzzing in her head was starting to get a bit tiresome, and she thought she had learned enough about

her new powers for one day. As she turned toward the exit though, another stray thought about herself from yet another horny guy behind her suddenly popped into her mind. *Man, with an ass like that, she's gotta be packin' some tits too.*

Once heard, it couldn't be unheard, and now Amy couldn't seem to ignore those words as they wrote themselves across her consciousness. Instead of continuing toward the exit, she impulsively decided to turn back around to show him that she was indeed "packin' some tits". To be honest, Amy was kinda self-conscious about leaving the house without a bra that day, not sure why she'd thought her large C-cups with their prominent nipples wouldn't need one as her bouncy breasts pressed out tightly against the thin material of her tank top. *Oh well, too late now, better just own it*, she thought, before swinging her top-heavy torso around for his appreciation.

I was right on the money! Damn she's got some sweet tits. Amy blushed as she looked down at her heavy chest in pride, not noticing that it now jutted out even further above her narrow waist than it had before. She *did* have some pretty sweet tits, she thought happily, giving him a wink before turning back around and continuing on her way. It briefly occurred to her how odd it was that she somehow seemed to be getting more and more attention after each new thought that she overheard, but that was exactly what she wanted anyway, so she didn't dwell on it.

Still gradually making her way toward the exit, Amy was excited to notice a butch girl openly checking her out as she walked by. While her attention was fully on the girl, Amy clearly overheard her thinking, *Man, I wish I was on her cheerleading team in high school*, which made Amy grin as she thought back to all of the wonderful years she had spent on the squad. Amy had been far too curvy to participate in many of the lifts or acrobatics, but every cheerleading squad needed eye candy, and Amy filled that role perfectly. Her grades had dropped significantly because of all the time she dedicated to practice and hanging out with the squad, but it had totally been worth it in the end with all of the attention and popularity she had gotten as a result, and she was still able to pass most of her classes through a combination of showing off her young, sexy body to her male teachers during class, and by flirting and begging afterward.

Thoroughly exhausted by this point, Amy was just trying to make it back to the mall exit without overhearing anything else about herself, but before she could get there, from out of nowhere came, *That slut looks like she's out to get some dick*. She spun around to see where such a crude comment could have come from, but having no way to tell she instead began considering the veracity of the remark.

I guess that's because I am out to get some dick, she thought smugly as her horniness started to get the better of her. Her exhaustion forgotten, Amy was now on the hunt, and, with her body, she knew it wouldn't be long before she got the dick that she was looking for. It briefly occurred to her how weird it was that everyone's thoughts about her had been so on the nose, but with how much the curvy, oversexed body nature had decided to bless her with stood out in a crowd, she supposed it was no wonder. Her musings couldn't distract her from her craving for cock forever, though, and before Amy

knew it, she was once again scanning the food court for the lucky guy that would get to fill her hungry pussy as she made her way to the exit.

It had been this way since high school, with the hormones that had given her her voluptuous body also sending her sex drive through the roof. It wasn't like she could help it though, so she eagerly accepted her role as the cheerleading team's slut, especially because she got her pick of the hottest guys in school to fuck, and was still solidly in the popular crowd since she was entirely too hot not to be. She had even sucked off a few of her more lecherous teachers, when giving them an eyefull of her tits and pussy in class all year hadn't been enough to get her a passing grade. All of that was how she had gotten her nickname, "Cumslut", which she absolutely loved, because it was so accurate.

Finally making it to the exit, Amy walked past a sleazy guy by the door blatantly ogling the women as they passed by. *I wonder what creeps like him think about*, she mused, briefly focusing her attention on him as she walked by.

Just another dumb blond type who thinks she's better than me, she heard, and was momentarily confused. *But I'm not-* she began, reaching up toward her brunette hair even as it immediately began to lighten toward a bright, audacious platinum. *-a real blond! I have to go get my roots done every week! And I'm not that dumb!* she thought, even as her mind clouded and her thoughts began to jumble.

Even so, she still knew how much better she was than this creep. "Like, I'm totally out of your league," she shot back as he stared at her, completely bewildered by her unprovoked outburst. Amy was proud of herself though - even with her constant need for dick, she still had some standards, though she did give his crotch one final, sad look before turning and walking off toward her car.

As she jiggled away, however, her mind reading powers forced her to overhear yet another unbidden thought. *She acts all high and mighty, but I bet she's actually a submissive little slut that gets off on doing what she's told*, she felt him think, and momentarily had the presence of mind to be offended, before the command he shouted after her, "Get back here, bitch!" stopped her in her tracks.

Like, is it that obvious? she wondered, even as she couldn't resist turning around and slowly walking back over toward him, helplessly turned on by doing what she had been told, and enjoying the sight of him openly leering at her massive D-cups as they jiggled and bounced, threatening to spill out of her straining tank top.

"That's right bitch! You want to come home with me, don't you?"

"Yes," Amy heard herself respond meekly, mesmerized by the sleazy guy's confidence as she followed him out to his car.

A few minutes later, she found herself inside his cheap apartment being commanded to take her top off. She immediately complied, feeling the fresh rush of arousal that always came with doing what she was told, as he began to painfully grope her large, sensitive tits.

"Time to suck my dick bitch, since it's probably all you're good at!"

"I'm totally good at other stuff too though!" Amy managed to reply, offended by his outburst even as she sank down to her knees in front of him. "I can even read minds!"

What a bunch of horseshit. She can't read minds, she heard him think, and suddenly the buzzing sensation that had been in the back of her mind all day finally started to fade to a blissful silence.

"Ok then, prove it! What am I thinking about now?" he asked, but as she listened in on his incredibly offensive thoughts, that internal voice grew ever quieter, and she couldn't quite catch the last few words as they dwindled away to nothing.

"You were thinking that maybe I'm just, like, a dumb, submissive bimbo slut that's about to suck you off?" she guessed as her hand unconsciously reached out to stroke the dick sticking out of the guy's jeans. She was almost aware of the sensation of her clothes filling out one final time, as her fuzzy thoughts grew cloudier and her need for his cock became even stronger.

"Wrong bitch! I was thinking, 'maybe this dumb, submissive bimbo slut that's about to suck me off is actually a brilliant rocket scientist'", he said sarcastically. "Except that's clearly not true, since, like you said, you *are* just a dumb, submissive little bimbo slut sucking me off, isn't that right?"

Amy nodded obediently and got to work. Scant seconds later, however, it became apparent that the cocksucking skills she had honed over the years were entirely wasted on this loser as she felt his cock already beginning to stiffen reflexively in her mouth. He sneered down at the curvy, slutty body and big blue eyes looking up at him as her deepthroating sent him over the edge, and he found himself spurting burst after burst of his thick seed into her mouth.

Amy giggled as she wandered out of his apartment minutes later with a belly full of cum, completely satisfied. She was living the dream. It was as though her entire life had somehow been one long, trashy romance novel magically brought to life, and she had loved every second of it.

Back at Amy's house, Tom the underwear model had grabbed the meteorite and brought it inside with him to show to his wife, whose head had started filling with a weird buzzing as soon as the rock had come inside.

As Melissa held the still-warm object in her hand, she glanced up to catch her husband checking out her body. She stuck out her chest a bit in pride, but then somehow heard his voice inside her head, filling her with an odd sense of *deja vu*:

Man I wish Melissa had gigantic tits.

Author's Note: Thanks for reading! If you have any feedback, comments, or questions, I'd love to hear from you at fidget1@protonmail.com. If you enjoyed this story so much you'd like to support my work on Patreon, you can find me at www.patreon.com/fidget1. Patrons get early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some fun other perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!