

Yuri's Antiques: Magnetic Manaism

#4

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If you are still here, please continue reading and enjoy!

Shae was internally screaming. The realization that the present was going to become her new normal was bringing her to the brink of a complete meltdown. She would be trapped on house arrest with her roommate Carly's boyfriend, Nick. Carly and her went way back to before college. They were best friends in high school even though they ended up existing in totally different social circles. Carly, ever the athlete, embraced a life of running, hitting, and sweating. She was the start track athlete at their high school as well as a top field hockey player and swimmer. She was the object of desire for every boy in school – incredibly toned with an amazingly round ass. Shae never had any lesbian inclinations, but if she ever wanted to experiment, Carly and her ass would be the first test.

Then there was her. Shae had opted for a different path. Rather than embracing the world of athletics, Shae had ventured out into the arts and music. She was certainly gifted in both of those areas – her art was celebrated in high school and consistently put her near the top of her class in college and her skills on the piano and guitar were great. Unfortunately, she couldn't sing, nor had the appearance of a singer. Her life, she admitted, would be resigned to the shadows as an artist or designer, but never as a celebrated musician publicly appearing to large crowds – such things were reserved for people like Carly.

Appearance was the most noticeable difference between the two young women. Carly was incredibly thin and toned. Her muscles clearly noticeable on her taut skin, ever so perfectly tanned. Her thighs were robust and muscular, her calves like hammers, yet she still had the most feminine of appearances. Her stature was only average, but her pale blue eyes were haunting and hypnotizing. Her milk chocolate hair only donned her shoulders. Carly had the appearance of a super heroine. The only claim Shae had over her physical appearance was her chest. Carly's was relatively non-existent compared to all the other women. There were times when Carly would lament such a fact, but Shae was quick to remind her that she was blessed in countless other ways.

Carly's breasts were probably no more than about the size of a fist each. Shae, on the other hand, was able to display a chest where each breast was a large handful. They weren't too big, nor were they as small as Carly's. Yet, on her larger, heavier frame, they might as well have been exactly the same as Carly's. Where her roommate and friend consistently had luxurious locks and a blemish free face, Shae's hair was a confused sandy blonde – it was flat in

color and volume. Her eyes an uninspiring molasses and herself slightly overweight. Art and music didn't require quite the same physical demands Carly's athletics did.

All of that internal reflection had brought her back to her present prison – listening to Carly's walking caricature of a meat head boyfriend Nick explain about a necklace that he had gotten from some antique store in town.

"So, it's called the Hei-Matua which means fishing hook!" he boasted in his deep, booming voice. The necklace was made of bone carved out in a tribalistic looking hook. Inlays of abalone ran over different features of the hook, giving it an aura like glow.

Regardless of her opinion of him, Shae was sure Nick could find success in voice acting or radio or something. She loathed nearly everything about his personality, but his voice was a smooth, sensual baritone.

"And its supposed to represent like masculinity or something! So of course I had to have it because I'm, like, the most manliest man ever!" He laughed off the own stupidity of his comment. Shae could never figure out why Carly kept him around. Nick had an attractive chiseled face with a slight beard and sharp evergreen eyes. But his body was positively average. He was lanky and skinny – six foot four with no bulging muscles like Carly had from her years of working out. Nick was a star runner and had powerful legs, but he was just a bean pole! Yet, he had the bravado of a quarterback who had carried his team to a championship despite not being the best runner on any of the teams. Perhaps she kept him around for his confidence, maybe she liked being smarter than him, or, maybe, he had a huge dick. Whatever the reason, she was going to be stuck with him for the duration of the quarantine.

"The old guy also told how I can like absorb others' energy with the necklace and like change them! He called it mana or something."

"So he told you it was magic?" Shae cut in, her scathing tone surprised even her. Carly gave her a glance and Nick was caught off guard.

"Uh, yeah," Nick said dead pan, "Obviously I didn't believe him, how dumb do you think I am?"

Shae only grumbled under her breath. Why couldn't Carly date someone who didn't move across the country to attend school here? He could be home. Unfortunately, he had asked and Carly accepted his request to stay indefinitely in their apartment without her permission. Shae couldn't take it any longer and got up retire to her bedroom for the evening and paint.

Her canvas was adorned with swatches of bold colors, loud reds and blues – each glob of red representing her festering rage at Nick, the blues a quiet despair and frustration, and every other color in between a small piece of fragmented emotion as the quarantine loomed in the background of her mind. The quarantine was the real issue – it had trapped her with

Muscles McGee and she'd have to endure for however long she could. Perhaps the quiet rage could help her produce some more work for her portfolio. She'd have to begin looking for jobs after graduation next year and what a good time to start.

With a plan in her mind, Shae stepped out to get a snack before bed. Carly and Nick were nowhere to be found, but a soft banging down the hall had confirmed what she had assumed she'd be hearing for all of quarantine. Even a few muffled moans escaped to her ears from the kitchen. Shae could only roll her eyes to herself as she prepped the coffee pot for the morning. She would simply have to retreat to her bedroom to dine and read before bed less the thumping and moaning drive her mad. It would seem that her room was about to become her only sanctuary in her own home.

Daylight peered through the blinds, stirring Shae from her slumber. Her abstract piece of art starred back at from its easel. The conflagration of her festering frustration frothed forward to her consciousness once again. She sighed, and resigned herself to get coffee. The clock read 7:30 – perhaps too early for her new roommate.

Carefully, as if she were in a real life horror game, Shae peered out her bedroom door and scanned the living room and kitchen – nothing. Quietly she moved to the kitchen to pour her morning cup of coffee and load it with her favorite creamer. She relaxed and sunk into the couch, embracing the tranquility of the morning. As if on cue, the thumping returned.

“Really?” she whispered to herself. Accepting the cruel reality for what it was, she popped in her headphones and put on some background music as she cracked open her newest tome – one on political theory. Shae couldn't let Nick and Carly completely take over her home. It was a small victory, but one nonetheless. Philosophy, coffee, and music, it was still wonderful even if it was tarnished with the knowledge of what was happening just down the hall.

Shae had been in a trance in her book when Carly had broken her hypnosis. Shae had to do a double take as Carly gently scooted her over and settled into the couch as well, turning the TV on. The woman next to her resembled Carly in face, but not in form. She had on one of her loose, relaxation tanks that had large holes cut for the arms, Shae could see sizable tit flesh peering around the corner of the fabric. Shae broke her gaze and scanned the rest of Carly's form – the muscle tone was gone – she looked pretty much like a thin woman with a perfectly normal layer feminine fat over her stomach and legs. The clear muscle definition was gone, but she still looked like a knockout.

“You, uhh, feeling okay there Carly?” Shae cautiously stated, popping out her headphones and putting her book down, as if the wrong word would trigger a bomb in her close friend.

“Yeah, I feel great!” Carly beamed at Shae’s bewildered face before turning her gaze back to the TV – she had a trash reality show on; something that Carly never watched. It was always sports, news, or cooking shows for her with the occasional cartoon on bad days.

“So, watching Real Housewives now?” Shae inquired, trying to carefully resolve the mystery of the rapid change in Carly’s appearance, “No sports or cooking shows?”

“No, not really feeling and sports or news today – too depressing to hear about y’know?”

The answer made sense, but even when bored or depressed, Carly would workout, read, or cook – something that kept her mind focused on something different rather than the issue at hand. Something was definitely off – did Nick actually fuck her stupid?

“Did you go for your morning run yet?”

“Nah, why run when you can just hang out here?”

That was the red flag. Something was seriously wrong or an alien had poorly cloned Carly overnight. Carly always ran – even if she wasn’t feeling good. She actually ran when she had the flu once. She would never skip runs just to hang out at home.

“Okay, so what’s with your tits?” Shae had had enough – something was off, and she was getting nowhere fast with her other questions.

“What do you mean?” Carly asked, a look of stunned confusion plastered across her face.

“Your tits have never been that large Carly!” Shae stated with exasperation, “You’ve always complained about having A-cups! And you’re like what now? A D-cup? Boobs don’t just magically grow overnight!

Magically.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

The word was like a mental trigger, waves of anxiety crashed violently over her mind. But it couldn’t be true. Nick had said the necklace could let him change people, but it couldn’t could it? Yet, if it were true, her home was now infinitely more menacing than it had even been. Nothing in her mind was more concerning than a douchebag with a magic body morphing necklace.

Shae hopped off the couch, leaving Carly bewildered as she stood up off the couch too asking, "What's wrong?"

"Something isn't right Carly! We've been friends forever! You've never liked shows like this and you always go running! That's like your thing! What happened to you?" Shae spoke in hushed, hurried, aggressive whispers, fearful that Nick may realize that she was onto something. She was shaking Carly's shoulders when one of her breasts found its way out, exposing her caramel nipple to the world.

"Sorry about that!" Carly half giggled, leaving her chest exposed.

"Who are you right now Carly?" she asked. Carly would never just laugh off a wardrobe malfunction like that. Carly wasn't super prime and proper, but she also never went around joking about her chest getting exposed to people.

"You know what? Don't worry about it Carly," Shae sighed, taking a deep breath. Heightening the situation would only attract Nick. She'd be better off dealing with him on his own, "Just keep watching your show, forget I said anything okay?"

"Uhh, yeah sure Shae. Will do," Carly said suspiciously, eying Shae as if she had a dirty secret to hide.

Shae quickly and quietly marched down the hall. She had to be careful. Nick could be up, or sleeping still. Did he look different now too? Would he try and change her? Did he actually change Carly or was it an accident? Or, did Carly have some weird bizarro growth spurt and this whole thing was actually in her head?

As thoughts raced through her mind, Shae rounded the corner was greeted by Nick emerging from the steam of the bathroom, nothing but a towel around his waist.

"Oh, hey what's up Shae?" he smiled, like nothing weird had happened to his girlfriend. But, even through the steam, Shae could see that he had changed as well. Before, he had been incredibly skinny, but now clear muscles adorned his frame. His chest had a definition that she was sure different exist before and his core had a clear-cut chisel to it. His arms had enlarged slightly too – they were no longer just bony extremities, but looked like that belonged on an actual adult man.

"Hey!" Shae said, caught off guard, "H-Ho-How are you feeling this morning? Sleep okay?"

"I slept and feel great! Thanks for asking!" he smiled walking past her and into Carly's bedroom. He had an aroma that was new, intoxicating. Shae shook her head and brought herself back to reality. Maybe he really had no idea what was going on.

Confused, Shae walked back to her room. She needed to think. Thoughts swarmed like angry wasps, she could feel a headache coming on. Magic couldn't be real – she had to be

dreaming. She stared at her face in her bedroom vanity mirror, the stress painted to her face, molasses eyes staring back, and slapped herself. Nothing. Not dreaming.

But, her slap, did jump start her brain. The least she could do was some research – there had to be more information about this antique store that he had said he had gone to, something about his necklace somewhere. Maybe if she knew what she was dealing with, she could fix the problem.

She spent hours researching. The occasional thumping could be heard every now and then. How much sex were they going to have? Everything she found though disturbed her and distressed her even more – Nick should be in control. There shouldn't be any ignorance in how manaism worked. He had to be willfully absorbing masculine energy from Carly and dumping feminine energy into her, molding her. He wanted to Mr. Macho Man and her his personal slut.

But was it bad to be a slut? His dick had to be huge by now then...

Where did those thoughts come from? Was it her or Nick? True, she had been horny over the past week, and hearing them while trapped indoors certainly didn't help, but were those thoughts hers, or Nick's? Did he plant them?

Those thumps were pretty loud, I wonder how hard he fucks...

She needed to leave.

Things weren't going to get better if she stayed here. Perhaps she could find another person to room with for a bit and come with some friends to get her stuff later. If Nick wanted to room with Carly, he could.

Shae opened the door and was greeted with quite a sight. Nick was standing, leaning against the counter, completely naked. His form was rugged with masculine topography – small hills made his abs while enormous plateaus with steep sides composed his chest. His arms were like rugged ridges, smooth, yet sharp contours with vascular rivers running the length of his arms. His legs were like redwoods, thick, strong and massive.

In between those legs was Carly, yet Shae could only see her from behind. Her hair was a deep mahogany color and cascaded down to her ass which was now enormous, yet still firm. She was on her knees and Shae could see a finger tracing and exploring her folds below. Her head bobbed vigorously on Nick's erection. Shae could see glimpses of her breasts, easily twice the size they had been earlier, they bounced with equal, if not greater vitality than her head.

Carly removed herself from her treat to run her tongue the length of his shaft. His erection was enormous – nearly a footlong and incredibly thick. It was larger than anything she had seen in porn before. It felt as if she had opened her door and entered a porn set as it was being recorded. She could hear audible erotic moans and whimpers escape Carly's lips as her tongue explored his masculinity, her fingers rubbing herself maddeningly before returning her mouth to his cock, like a magnet.

Would he let me have a taste?

“Oh, hey Shae,” Nick grinned while also basking in the pleasure of Carly’s efforts below, “How’s it going?”

“What the fuck did you do Nick? What the fuck is going on?” She was unable to completely break her gaze from the erotic display before her. Fear and anxiety clung to her words.

“I just, made some improvements,” he sighed, placing a hand behind Carly’s head, holding her on his cock for moment before continuing, “This necklace is so cool! I can change you too if you want!”

“Why would I want any part of this?”

Because it would be fun to be down there with her, sucking that massive cock.

“Look, I know you’re insecure about your body, I can give you any body you desire, that alone is worth it!”

“What the fuck do you know about my insecurities? Is that what Carly wanted? You to fix her body image issues?” Shae said pointing at her friend, still busying herself with her toy.

“Actually, yes,” he replied, “She wanted bigger tits and I tried and it happened. She loved the feeling of me draining her masculine energy and becoming bigger and stronger while she become more and more feminine – I personally think she turned out great.”

“Did you mess with her mind? Because I know for sure she would never just be out here blowing someone!” Shae inquired. She wanted to know if he was planting ideas in her head or if those thoughts were completely her own.

“I just made her hornier,” he confessed, “I can literally make everything right again Shae! I can make things even better! Let me change you! You will be beautiful! I’ll make sure you’re still an artist and a musician! I can probably even give you a good singing voice so you can have a career there if you want!”

The offer was tempting – she could be gorgeous, a singer, the things she had always dreamed of, but always felt just out of reach. But, that would require letting Nick mold her – would he keep his word? Carly seemed like nothing but a slut at the moment, but he could change them back right? It seemed like a deal with a devil...

Submit. Everything is easier when you just let go.

You could have your lesbian experiment with Carly now...she certainly looks willing.

You know you want that cock inside of you.

The thoughts raced through her mind once more. Their erotic burden wearing her down, like an assault against the fortress of her judgment. Was she really going to give in to this offer? It would be nice, to be in Carly's position where nothing else mattered but sex. No worry about school, art, music, jobs, politics, philosophy, or the pandemic – *just cock. She did love cock and it had been awhile.*

Shae bounced the idea around. The door was right there. She could just walk out and not come back. She had enough money to buy some new clothes online. It could work. But then again, she could also join her best friend. Carly never stopped her work, her moans still hung in the air. Plus, maybe she could get everything she every dreamed out of this deal – if she played her cards right.

"Okay, I'll bite Nick, but I keep my art and music," Shae said confidently, trying her best to mask her apprehension to the whole deal, "What do you want me to do?"

"Art and music. Got it," he smiled, "I just want you to strip down. I'll take care of the rest."

"Do I have to?"

"No, but wouldn't you like to see yourself change?"

"Fair point. Fine," she huffed.

Shae discarded her clothes, just a sweatshirt and pants. She was nervous, she hid her most intimate areas, ashamed of her form. Shae could feel the extra weight around her waist. Her breasts, once her lone advantage over Carly, were now dwarfed by her new and improved bust. Despite losing muscle mass, Carly was still thin and fit looking. Shae's rear was nothing compared to Carly's – even more so now than before. Her own nudity made her feel increasingly vulnerable and inadequate as her roommate continued to suck on her boyfriend's engorged member.

"So how does this work?" she asked.

"I just think it and it happens. Why don't you just enjoy?" he sighed as Carly moved to sucking his large testicles while lovingly working his shaft, "Keep that up babe."

Shae kept her eyes on Nick, the necklace around his neck had begun to glow. The abalone giving off an opal like shimmer and haunting seafoam glow. Her eyes darted from her partially covered form to Nick. She still didn't fully trust him, but would he actually even let her leave knowing what she knows? Maybe this was the compromise to keep herself intact.

"Fuck that feels good, don't stop babe," Nick grunted as Carly continued her work.

"Is that going to be a problem?" Shae sighed with condemnation, gesturing towards her friend.

“No, it’s fine. Just sit tight.”

The glow grew more intense and Shae could definitely feel something happening. It felt, humid almost, heavy like a hot summer day, but without any of the moisture. She could feel it washing over her, like sifting sands beneath the waves. It would go in, and back out. With each give and take, she felt one kind of feeling leave her and new invade her. She could only surmise that the masculine parts of were siphoning to Nick while even greater feminine energy coursed through her.

Soon, the currents of energy became less intense and she could feel new sensations racing along her veins. The first feeling was the creeping encroachment of her hair down her bare back. Deciding modesty was at this point unnecessary, Shae let her breasts free to twirl a lock of it in front of her eyes. It was a deep, golden blonde. Vibrant with color, sheen, and health.

She only had a moment to marvel at her cascading locks before she felt new sensations. Next, Shae could feel as if her stomach was contacting, but not in any kind of painful way, but rather in such a manner one might feel knowing that they had completed a vigorous work out – tired, but satisfying. Forgoing all modesty, she removed her last hand, presenting her sex before Nick and exploring the taunt flesh that now existed where her fat had been.

That fat had to have gone somewhere and Shae was pretty confident of the next destination. She felt her rear tightening, expanding ever so constantly. Her hands quickly explored the newest change, kneading herself caringly. She felt her loins alight. The changes were amazingly pleasant, each sending a thrill through her system, fueling the flame deep within her. She soon found herself again nursed the flame in her folds. Each sweep, flick, and fold like throwing kerosene on her libido. Another hand ran itself in a quick reconnaissance over her thighs, they were perfectly smooth and strong too.

“Nick, this feels amazing!” she cooed, even astounded by her new heavenly smooth voice. Like honey layered with a touch of spice and smoke. It was gorgeous. She let vocal cords go a moment, basking in the alluring, siren like sound the emanated from them.

“I’m not done yet,” he said with a grin, “Fuck, babe, don’t stop working that cock.”

Shae felt the currents return and begin to coalesce and swirl around her chest. Her fingers began to work with fervor below while she brought the other up to her already bountiful bosom. Her nipples stood erect, like little lightening rods. She could feel the energy focus itself to these points. Each labored breath released a moan and a slight surge of expansion. She kneaded the fatty flesh in her hand, her fingers sending sensations through her form. It was ecstatic, wonderful.

Shae had been a healthy C-cup before, but she could easily feel the tit in her palm expanding beyond her grasp, the weight of the other was soon cognizant in her mind. The feeling of her skin stretching, accommodating such divine features was euphoric. She opened

her eyes for a moment to drink in her ever changing form. Her chest was massive, shaming the grandeur of Carly's enhanced bust. She smirked mentally, she was back on her righteous throne. Her breasts were easily the size of moderately sized pumpkins. Perfectly round and massive, protruding proudly from her figure. Shae was now in direct competition with some of the bustiest porn stars in the business. If she had to take a guess, her bust was hovering around the G-cup range and there was no end in sight.

Her fingers, slick with her own juices, were furiously rubbing her folds. The tide waters had receded, she could feel a powerful tsunami coming just over the horizon. The sensations from her breasts, coupled with the tender and intimate care she was giving to herself, the waves of orgasm crashed hard. Her legs went limp and she fell to her knees, not failing to keep pleasuring herself as her breasts rocked like a colossus. The sheer force of their movement leaving the collapse in on themselves leaving a loud, slap of tit flesh. Her mouth was agape as the pleasure convulsed and short circuited her form. It was far greater than any orgasm she had ever brought herself to. She had brought herself to the highest precipice and dove headlong into the most refreshing and satisfying sensations that one could feel. They drained her and restored her all the same. She would find exhaustion, but a deep peace. She closed her eyes to let the rest of the sensations roll over her.

Just as Shae was basking in the throes of her own orgasm, Nick felt his approach. Carly had clamped down on his ever-expanding erection. It was easily a foot long and as thick as small drinking glass. He felt his testicles hang full and heavy as Carly's tongue, lips, and hands worked the behemoth with quivering lust. She had fallen in love with the thing, as if it were an idol to worship. Her tireless efforts inched Nick closer and closer to his breaking point. As he was finishing Shae, he felt Carly take a vacuum like seal on him and he erupted into her mouth. Carly could not help but gag and let the excess seep from her lips as she swallowed what she could and tickled the tip with her tongue.

Shae felt her bliss subside and opened her eyes once more. Tentatively she brought herself up, legs still weak and wobbly from the earth shattering orgasm she had just experienced. The golden hair still fell into view. She turned and saw Nick, eyes closed, basking in his own afterglow as Carly finished her work.

Nick was an Adonis – carved like a Greek sculpture. Each muscle painstakingly clear and defined, as if he was somehow existed in a higher definition of reality than the rest of them. His chest was like a barrel, adorned with dark hairs that ran down his core. The hairs, like a forest, only slightly obscured the hills and rolls of his abs. Each a perfectly cut diamond. Nick's arms looked as if they belonged to a gorilla, impossibly large and mighty. Each thigh revealed a clear definition of his musculature and matched with a fist of a calf protruding off his legs. A small, dark beard lined his face too. There, she saw his eyes open wide, drinking her in.

Shae had almost forgotten that she herself had undergone a metamorphosis. She looked down over herself, but her view was immediately obstructed by the gargantuan

protrusions from her chest that were now her breasts. She hefted her breasts, each a mighty thing and impossibly sensitive. Her nipples were nearly size a micro penis, insanely large and long for what part of the human anatomy they were to belong to. A simple passing brush ignited an inferno deep within herself.

I need to fuck.

The thought cut through her self inspection. Shae caught a glimpse of herself in the reflection from the window. She looked like a walking wet dream. Golden hair that wove down her back to the top of her ass which itself now shamed Carly's. Enormously round and firm, yet with enough give that she was sure she could clap it if she tried. Her hands ran over her thighs once more. They were thick, yet slender. Almost too thin for the load she now carried behind her, but wonderfully beautiful. Her core was smooth with just traces of powerful abdominal muscles. Then there were her breasts. Wonderfully massive, largely than Carly's head and the only thing capable of drowning Nick's newest asset. They were pert, but still hung low due to their sheer volume, the base of her breasts resting nearly into the top of her core. They felt massive, but her back didn't feel any strain. Her surely must have made her strong enough to sport such things.

You are a goddess. Claim your rightful space by your god.

Her subconscious was right. Carly was old news now. Shae was the alpha in this house, the true queen bee. She could listen to Nick fucking her senseless while she rubbed herself to completion. Of course, she would let Carly join every now and then, but she had to assert the new order now.

"Lick it," Shae commanded as she approached Carly, still on her knees. She was apparently basking in her own afterglow following the work she had just done on Nick. Carly eyed Shae, smiled, and brought herself to her loins, lips meeting, as Carly worked a delicate dance with Shae's most sensitive regions. Shae let out a deep moan while eyeing Nick and drawing him closer.

Shae adjusted herself, bent over as Nick rested himself atop the counter. Carly was still on the floor, busying herself with Shae's sex while Shae eyed the monster before her. It was a cock far larger than any she had seen in any adult film and one that she needed to assert herself as the rightful partner to.

She ran her tongue up and down the massive pole. Taking time to stop at the bottom and carefully attend to each swollen teste. Even though he had just erupted into Carly, Nick's balls already felt full again and he felt his otherwise limp member begin to stir with life once more. Each of Shae's kisses, licks, and deep sucks resuscitating his 'smaller' self back to life.

Shae caught a glimpse of herself in the window reflection once more. Just the sight of her working on Nick and Carly between her legs vigorously working and doing as she was told was deeply erotic. But, the sheer weight of her breasts, like massive pendulums, was the most

satisfying. With each bob of her mouth on Nick's monster, she felt them bounce and roll, completely carefree and it was satisfying.

"Fuck," she breathed, looking up at Nick, "I look like a fucking bimbo."

"Yeah you do," he smiled, "Just need one more thing."

As soon as the words left his lips, she realized her mistake, but the thought was there only for a moment before a flood of new thoughts and ideas crashed through her mind. Gone were the ideas of just political theory, no more Machiavelli, Madison, or Locke, no more need for Vivaldi or Beethoven, those things were distant memories in a flash.

Those were things that didn't matter, what did was this. Keeping her tits perky and healthy, buying sexy bras for a chest so impossible, how to pleasure Carly just right, and how they could find the right rhythm to fuck their man just right. Nothing else mattering but cock, tits, and pussies and Shae was swimming in all of those at this moment. She felt her mind free itself of its other worries, no more concern for work or school. They could just film porn here in their apartment, her, the true bimbo getting fucked stupid every night and her best friend slobbering over a monstrous piece of masculinity forever. The dollars would flow in. Her and Carly could do lesbian scenes, there would be threesomes of course, but also solo scenes, and more. Her mind was filling with sex and the ways to market her newest asset, herself.

She was brought out of her hazy thoughts as Nick began to pump himself into her mouth. She was surprisingly taking the whole thing, savoring it as it fucked her mouth. The saltiness of his precum, the fragrance of his musk, it was like getting drunk.

"Now both of you," Nick commanded. Shae popped herself off her new favorite toy as Carly crawled out from beneath her legs. Both girls were on their knees, presenting their breasts like offerings to some ancient deity before they both resumed their oral tasks. Shae focused on the balls while Carly worked the shaft. Her not massive, yet equally impressive bust would occasionally smack Shae as she eagerly slurped on Nick.

Fuck. This is the life.

Soon, Nick had them both on their knees, running his cock between their lips, their tongues dancing with one another and massaging their personal Adonis. Each girl allowed a hand to explore the others' loins. Deep, humming moans only added to Nick's pleasure. He was enjoying the pure power he had over his girlfriend and her roommate. He could theoretically make a harem with his necklace.

"Both of you, bend over the couch."

"Yes sir," both girls replied as they sashayed their wide hips to the couch before bending over. Their sex presented for their man, each dripping with anticipation, inviting him in. Nick couldn't decide who to take first. Shae and Carly hadn't waited for him, both girls were soon locking their lips and massaging one another's breasts.

Shae's eyes bulged open as she felt Nick enter her. She couldn't help but let out a deep moan. It was one of the most satisfying sensations she had ever felt. His mass easily filled her and stretched her.

Such. Good. Dick.

Nick busied a free and with Carly, she was whimpering with pleasure. Soon, their kiss as broken as her boyfriend vigorously fucked her roommate. Her massive tits flailing as Carly tried to reign in just one to play suck on the enormous nipples. Carly didn't think this was where things would end up when she asked Nick to make her tits bigger, but she couldn't complain. Her and Shae were just two sluts who loved cock.

Just as she pondered her love of cock, Carly felt Nick enter her, she could only let out a yell of pleasure, the carnal lusts erupted from her mouth, "Fuck yes!" There was no need to hide herself anymore. She had always kept her sexual escapades quiet when Shae was around, but that didn't matter now.

Nick was loving his life. He was ludicrously ripped. He looked like a smaller, less green version of the Hulk. Shae had left the her position over the couch to kneel on it, presenting herself for Carly whose head was slamming into her pussy driving both women wild. Shae was busy playing with her nipples, lost in pleasure as milk began to squirt out.

"Nick, you naughty boy," Shae smiled devilishly before moaning once more.

"Both of you, knees. Now," he commanded. Both girls quickly obeyed and presented their breasts once more, waiting to receive their due reward. It didn't take long, the girls were there only a few moments before Nick erupted torrents of sperm over the faces of both girls and their chests. Nick could only sigh n relief.

But the girls weren't done, they were soon on top of one another on the floor, a pussy in each's mouth and busy pleasuring one another. Nick couldn't help himself, Shae's chest inflated more, nearly lifting her off of Carly, away from her sex while Carly's tits slowly lifted Shae's hips. Soon, both women were erupting into one another's mouths, their own torrent of girl cum washing one another's faces.

"Fuck, I love having you sluts around, ready to shoot some porn?" Nick asked with a grin from ear to ear, the glow of the necklace still warm around his neck.