

Author's Note: The idea for this story and the protagonist's name are based on suggestions from two of my awesome Patrons. Standard disclaimer applies: this story contains graphic depictions of sex, so if it's illegal or immoral for you to be reading this, stop now! All characters in sexual scenes are at least eighteen, all situations are entirely fictional, and any resemblance to any real-life individuals or situations is entirely coincidental. Copyright Fidget, 2020. All rights reserved. Enjoy!

The Apple Doesn't Fall Far From the Tree

by Fidget

Chapter 2 - Completing the Circle

"I think our changes are getting stronger, Amy. I've been feeling... really horny around you lately. Even more than usual," Josh grunted during one of Amy's daily after-school visits. His large dick throbbed visibly against his athletic shorts, and his new girlfriend's eyes widened rhythmically in excitement with each pulse. "It's making it... hard to think," he concluded roughly, as his own eyes hungrily devoured his girlfriend's curves. Her bust and hips had put on at least another three inches in the past month, and at this point his formerly petite best friend had to be at least a D-cup. It was getting harder not to grab her increasingly appealing feminine body as soon as he saw her each day, and squeeze, and grope, and thrust.

Josh had learned over the past month just how good thrusting could feel. In the weeks after their first explosive contact they had continued to explore their exciting new sexuality, encouraging each other's powerful new desires even as their urges continued to strengthen.

At first, they had experimented with heavy petting and hand play. The next time they hung out, Amy had secretly snuck Josh's cock out into the open after getting it all nice and hard under his shorts, and she was completely entranced the first time she watched his dick straining and jerking under her gentle strokes as it delivered its thick load onto Josh's washboard abs. Josh had gotten over his initial embarrassment more quickly this time, and had returned the favor with his own fingers, probing and exploring the tantalizing topology under Amy's shorts as he groped her heavy breasts with his other hand while Amy moaned in pleasure. His inexperience hadn't seemed to matter much, because the excitement and sensation soon had Amy clamping her toned thighs around his hand and grinding against his fingers as her own strengthening core muscles involuntarily clenched in her own climax.

They had quickly graduated to blowjobs, since the sight of Josh's cock twitching and throbbing filled Amy with an inexplicable desire to feel it moving like that within her own body. Josh clearly felt the same way, and as he eagerly watched Amy's soft lips closing around the head of his dick for the first time, he let out a low groan as his pelvis began reflexively

thrusting into her slick mouth, and Amy sighed with pleasure as she felt his surprisingly tasty dick twitching strongly against the rough, wet stimulation provided by her tongue.

That stimulation quickly became too much for him, but he couldn't bring himself to stop, and his cock began to stiffen as his automatic thrusting increased in speed and urgency. "Amy, I think I'm gonna..." he growled, but Amy only cupped his balls gently with her free hand in response, suddenly obsessed with feeling them powerfully contracting as they forced his gooey reward out into her waiting mouth. Something about that process suddenly seemed so attractive, so *masculine*, and Amy couldn't help but feel a giddy thankfulness at Josh choosing *her* to receive his seed.

For his part, however, Josh had felt a distinct lack of choice ever since he had touched that stupid football, and even now a primal urge drove him to continue mindlessly thrusting into the willing female in front of him. His powerful muscles clenched in anticipation, and then choice was suddenly taken away from him entirely. His final thrust brought his mind back to reality even as he felt himself lose control, and his dick began involuntarily emptying itself into Amy's eager mouth. She did her best to swallow as much of the delicious liquid as she could, but Josh's heavy balls continued pumping, and eventually it overflowed her soft lips, ran thickly down her chin, and dripped down onto her large chest.

When Josh saw the mess he had made of his girlfriend's face and breasts, he felt an unexpected, inordinate swelling of pride and satisfaction at his actions, and that scared him a bit. Not enough to prevent him from compulsively repeating the entire process every time he saw Amy's fuckable body for the next month, but enough to regret how good he felt about his actions afterward as Amy lay back on the bed, apparently delirious with pleasure at being covered in his cum.

In sum, the main takeaway of the past month was that Josh liked thrusting now. He liked thrusting *a lot*, and he wanted more of it.

Amy was bobbing her head, making her tits jiggle delightfully to let him know that she agreed with his assessment. She was feeling even hornier lately too, if that were possible. Amy understood all too well how hard it was to think whenever she was near her tall, increasingly muscled boyfriend, and she was eager to let him know as much.

"I know what you mean Joshie. Whenever we hang out my little pussy gets so wet and tingly for you that I can hardly stand it!" Josh wasn't sure how he felt about "Joshie", but after what she had done to his dick with her still-growing tits the previous night, he figured she could call him whatever she wanted.

"Amy! You've never said anything like that before!" Josh exclaimed, trying to hide the fact that her words were going straight to his boner, which was also larger than it had even been.

"I can't help it. I know that whatever's changing us is making me feel this way, but you just smell so *good* and it makes me wanna... do things..." she said, her voice trailing off as she

was once again distracted by her need for his powerful body. Over the past few weeks, Amy had noticed that whenever she was in Josh's presence, it became increasingly difficult to string together multiple coherent sentences. She looked back up at him and opened her mouth as if to speak, hesitated, and then decided to come right out and say it. "Josh, I think we should fuck."

"What? Are you sure that's what you want?" Josh growled as his stiff cock strained against the polyester of his practice shorts. He was barely able to hold himself back already, and knew that any more encouragement on her part would inevitably result in him fucking her, whether he wanted to or not.

"Oh god yes! I even bought a pack of condoms a few days ago, so that we could finally enjoy ourselves without worrying about anything!" she said enthusiastically, proud to display what remained of her ability to plan ahead.

"But we always said we would never do this, and there's no turning back from here," Josh responded even as his body had already backed hers up to the foot of the bed. His cock had decided to fuck her whether Josh wanted to or not, and its patience was wearing thin.

"I know, but I'm horny and want to feel your dick cumming in my pussy this time!" Amy giggled at the intense look on his face as he approached her, knowing that her words had had their intended effect on her big, manly boyfriend. She knew all too well how overwhelming his sexy, masculine urges had become for him, and now he definitely wouldn't be able to resist her big titties and curvy hips any longer as her small, receptive body continued to call to his.

Josh pushed her down onto the bed, gently but firmly, and ripped her tiny, soaked shorts from her hips. His own shorts soon followed, and then his dick was bouncing into view, fully erect and eager for action as it dripped with precum.

Josh was briefly distracted by what looked oddly like a hint of regret in Amy's eyes as she slowly rolled the condom over the tip of his cock, but then the feeling of her soft hands stroking the condom down his stiff shaft pulled his attention back to what she was doing. Finally Josh could take the delay no longer, pushed Amy down on the bed, and mounted her in his need, plunging himself into his enthusiastic girlfriend and unrolling the condom the rest of the way as he pressed himself fully into her.

He moaned as the tight pressure of her pussy pulled at his sensitive dick through the thin latex, and then his hips began their instinctive thrusting once again, sending him deep into his girlfriend's stimulating passage as the sight of Amy's firm breasts bouncing beneath him spurred him on to even more vigorous motion inside of her.

For Amy, the pleasure of feeling Josh powerfully pounding into her and the throaty grunts and moans he let out as he did so, clearly oblivious to everything but the call of her seductive pussy and the pleasure it could provide, was driving Amy wild with desire. She slammed herself down onto his dick, wanting his cock as deep inside of her as possible as her own high-pitched gasps and moans of pleasure echoed his with each thrust.

Her soft, increasingly alluring body was entirely too good at sex, however, and soon Josh felt a familiar euphoric feeling building within him, but many times stronger than ever before now that a silky, receptive pussy was the one doing the coaxing. The testosterone coursing through his veins wouldn't allow him to hold himself back, and the man who had so recently been a weak, stringy nerd with a squeaky voice now groaned in deep baritone satisfaction as his mind blanked with pleasure and his body began its procreative pulsing, sending a thick, heavy load spurting against the tenuous latex barrier protecting his girlfriend's vulnerable reproductive tract from his torrent of catalyzing seed.

Josh didn't remember pulling out, but when he came to and saw that Amy's tiny, curvy figure was snuggled up against his, he was overcome with a sudden, overwhelming urge to protect her as his body released powerful post-orgasm bonding hormones, and over the next few minutes he waxed poetic (or at least as poetic as he was currently able given their diminishing mental faculties) about how much he loved her and how she would always be the only one for him.

Amy, full of happy satisfaction herself after a good fucking, was drinking in every one of his words of devotion. Even so, she found herself frequently gazing over at the spent condom with disappointment; her first time with her sexy, masculine boyfriend had been amazing, but she couldn't help but feel like all of that tasty-looking jizz belonged inside of her instead of in the trash. She'd earned it, after all.

Josh's physical prowess on the football field had been improving just as quickly as his prowess in bed, and when the first game finally rolled around early in the school year, he was surprised to discover that his coach had made the choice to start him at quarterback. With the excitement and intensity of a real game it took a few minutes to settle down into the position, but by the end of the first half Josh already had two passing touchdowns and nearly a hundred yards rushing.

His dad came to watch him play, of course, and when Josh was off the field between possessions, he would look up in the stands and think about how he'd never seen his dad more proud than he was at that moment.

On the field, however, Josh wasn't thinking about anything. He was in his element, and everything was instinct. It was the best feeling in the world to just shut his brain off entirely once the play had been called, and let his strength, reflexes and muscle memory do the work for him. He loved the way his powerful legs flexed as he flew down the field on running plays, but his favorite part was taking hits from defenders larger than he was, testing his body against theirs as he roared with cathartic rage, and he won the clashes as often as not.

Football had become an important emotional outlet for Josh over the past month or so. He had been slowly losing his natural state of calm, objective detachment as his emotions became more intense and harder to control, but here on the field he was finally able to

release all of his confusing, pent-up feelings about his father, Amy, and himself in a relatively controlled environment where he didn't have to hold anything back.

On the sidelines Josh's grunts and exertions were having a visible effect on the busty Amy, and she felt herself tingling with arousal as she tried to focus on leading the cheers, jiggling and bouncing in her revealing outfit for Josh's eyes alone. She was proud of his success, of course, and proud to be his girlfriend, but it went beyond that - watching his powerful body flexing as he established his dominance over the other players was striking a primal feminine chord somewhere deep within her, and she was filled with an oddly contradictory sense of submissive possessiveness, almost a need for Josh to mark her as his own in some more permanent way.

After winning handily, Josh was unprepared for his newfound popularity the week following the game, having been mostly ignored in school his entire life. Now, however, guys were chest bumping and high-fiving him as he walked through the halls wearing his letter jacket, but it was the senior girls' reactions that he really took notice of as they began seeking him out and showering him with flirty attention. The curves of their tight, eighteen- and nineteen-year-old bodies had grown increasingly enticing to him over the past month, and, though few of them could hold a candle to Amy's tits and ass at this point, his drastically strengthened reproductive urges still welcomed the other attractive females' not-so-subtle displays of sexual interest. He found himself eagerly anticipating the frequent embraces and other light physical contact the girls began giving him as their natural desire for his new chiseled looks and muscular physique increased. Their arched backs and "innocent" touches frequently sent blood rushing to his dick, resulting in a bulge too large for him to hide, and seeing the result of their flirtations and physical contact left many of the girls flushed and practically panting with their own arousal.

During the pep rally before the next game, Josh was surprised to see that there were actual signs made about him. He tried to keep his eyes on Amy as she flexed her own muscles and showed herself off for his benefit during the pep rally cheers, but his attention kept drifting to the smooth skin and petite curves of the other senior cheerleaders as well, and though he was still more attracted to Amy, he couldn't help but wonder how the other girls would feel pressed up against his powerful body, mewling with need as his thick cock probed and sought for what they both wanted.

Amy was more popular as well of course, with her busty new body, though she wasn't getting anywhere near the attention from the older senior guys that Josh was getting from the girls. This was partially because Josh had quickly made it known that she was taken, but also because Amy never showed any interest in the other guys in the first place. She felt a strong physical attraction to a few of the more masculine jocks on the various sports teams, but it paled in comparison to what she felt for Josh, who had quickly outstripped all of the others, and his attentions were more than enough to meet her needs.

Still, Josh noticed that the mysterious changes had affected her just as strongly as they had affected him, and mentally just as much as physically. Their much less frequent conversations were rarely about anything more complex than cheerleading or football, and Amy was also becoming increasingly obsessed with makeup and fashion. She no longer hung out with her nerdy friends from before her transformation, and instead spent all of her time with the other cheerleaders and popular girls. Also, Amy's grades had dropped, and on some level Josh found himself missing the close friendship he had had with the girl Amy used to be.

Even so, Josh was finding it harder and harder to care. His own grades had slipped a bit due to all of the time he devoted to football (and fucking Amy), and his interests had shifted as well. Even if Amy were the same person she used to be, he didn't think they would have enough in common to share that kind of friendship any longer. Also, he appreciated what her new interest in makeup and clothing did for her ridiculously sexy body, and, though he wouldn't admit it to himself, he also found himself appreciating her increasing submissiveness and eagerness to please him sexually. So, in the end, as much as he missed the friendship they used to have, he couldn't deny the intense, carnal pleasure he got from fucking every part of her willing, delightful little body over and over again.

At home, the two of them were fucking more and more often, especially with the sexual frustration building up inside Josh everyday at school from the other girls' flirtations, and Amy was more than willing to relieve all of that pressure, encouraging Josh to use her any way he wanted, especially if it resulted in watching his balls clench as he covered her with his cum. If Amy was ever bothered by the other girls' interest in her man, she never mentioned it.

Josh was filling their condoms up fuller and fuller each day as his balls continued to grow and he produced more and more cum with each release. Amy eyed each discarded condom full of potent jizz greedily, and first brought up the possibility of fucking bareback in early October, initially couching it as a response to the fact that at this point most of his cum squeezed out of the condom and ended up all over her crotch anyway. Her advances were getting harder for Josh to resist, especially because he too was now feeling a desire to thrust himself into his girlfriend's enticing body without protection, and that need was growing stronger and more insistent with each passing day. He would come home incredibly horny after eight hours of constant titillating yet unfulfilling sexual attention from the other senior girls, and it was all too easy to just lie back and let his seductive, smoking hot girlfriend release all of that tension with her body. It felt so good to let her go further and further each day before reluctantly telling her to put a condom on, and then he'd throw her down and fuck her with reckless abandon, grunting and straining with his need for release, asking himself why he was still wearing a condom and coming up with fewer reasons each time.

For her part, Amy was completely unable to resist her growing need to feel him thrusting raw inside of her. It was like a primal instinct deep within was driving her to get just the tip of his dick inside her pussy, where she knew everything would take care of itself and all would be right with the world, whatever that meant.

One inevitable day in late October the mindless pleasure of thrusting his naked cock against the curvy, inviting body beneath his was more than Josh could resist, and after Amy had teased his throbbing erection against the smooth skin of her mons a few times, she eased it a bit lower and looked up at him with the coquettish, come-hither eyes her transformation had recently caused her to develop, and which tugged at his cock whenever he saw them. That look, combined with the soft, encouraging folds surrounding the entrance he suddenly found himself pressing up against, ready to submissively give way to his eagerly probing dick, silently convinced him to allow just the tip to slide into her warm, slick canal unprotected, just to see what it felt like. Predictably, it felt very good, and as Amy pressed her new bombshell body up against the hard muscles of his chest and abs in wide-eyed urgency, it was all too easy to allow himself to slide in another centimeter.

This felt even better, and just as Amy's honed reproductive instincts had known it would, the pull of her tight pussy against the sensitive skin of his hard cock as he squeezed it into her was too much for Josh to resist. His body flooded with a cocktail of testosterone and endorphins specifically designed to convince him to drive his dick further into that pussy, and Josh's resistance to his body's compelling new urges finally broke down entirely. He released a primal groan as his powerful abdominal muscles clenched instinctively, sending his hard cock sliding deep into his girlfriend's tight, unprotected pussy, where it throbbed with pleasure as Amy cooed encouragingly. She playfully offered her massive, tempting tits up to his greedy male gaze, secure in the knowledge that her virile, masculine boyfriend would no longer be able to resist doing to her what came naturally.

Josh had been convinced that giving in to his body's insistent demands and fully thrusting into Amy's enticing pussy bareback like this would somewhat *relieve* the desire and need that currently overwhelmed him, but now that his dick was inside her where it belonged, experiencing the soft slickness of her pussy rubbing directly against his sensitive skin, Josh instead felt his need becoming even more unbearable. A new urge was growing within him now, driving him to continue moving his dick inside of her, to stroke it against the stimulating pressure of her tight embrace. He slid out a bit to experience more of that delightful friction, but his cock knew what its true objective was, and he found himself helplessly shoving himself back inside, feeling the silky grip of her slick walls pulling and tugging at him enticingly.

This new pleasure built on top of the pleasure of his previous stroke, and Josh lost himself in chasing the sensation, feeding and encouraging it as he increased his pace, sliding his cock back into her seductive depths again and again, groaning in need as the feeling continued to build. It felt like the cycle could go on like this forever, growing more and more intense, but Josh's ability to indulge in the pleasures of Amy's flesh without consequence was finite, and eventually his mindless bliss began to tingle with urgency as pressure slowly began building at the base of his shaft. He briefly recalled the ultimate purpose of this pleasure and realized that result was becoming more of an inevitability with each thrust, but his body was moving on pure instinct now, driving him back into his slutty girlfriend over and over again as his dick throbbed and tightened ecstatically inside of her, each new burst of dangerous pleasure threatening to trigger his involuntary ejaculation.

Amy was deep in the grip of instinct and thousands of years of human evolution as well, her hypersexual body knowing exactly what to do to get what it needed from the irresistible hunk of testosterone and powerful masculinity that was plunging himself into her. Josh lost more control with each thrust as her receptive body exerted its own power over his, and Amy knew that soon he'd no longer be able to resist the urge to cum inside her. She arched her back to let her swollen tits, symbols of her fertility and suitability as a mate, bounce and jiggle in her boyfriend's face, and she enjoyed the pleasure of friction and fullness as he continued to slam himself into her, panting and grunting from the exertion of driving himself ever closer to the edge. Meanwhile, the slick folds of her sly pussy continued to gently massage his cock with each deliberate stroke, quickly eroding what remained of his self-control as she drove him toward his blissful release.

"Oh God Joshie, you're gonna cum in me! You're gonna fill me up! I can feel it! I want you to do it!" Amy cried, overwhelmed with need at being this close to her goal, and full of satisfaction from using her body for its intended purpose. She had never felt more in love with Josh than she did at that moment, looking up at him euphorically as his eyes clouded with mindless intensity, no longer seeing hers as the pressure building within his body threatened to overwhelm him.

Josh, on the other hand, didn't care who the girl beneath him was at that moment - he just knew his dick wanted to cum inside that pussy. The testosterone his body had been manufacturing nonstop for months had given him an irresistible urge to spread his seed, to pass on his strong genes to the next generation and add as much of his strength to the world as he could. It didn't occur to him that his former weak, nerdy self had been the product of his father's body, but even if it had, his testosterone-fueled need to reproduce was beyond his power to resist. Thrusting himself to completion inside whoever this chick was was an inevitability, a law of nature, and even now his body was tightening, his large muscles clenching, wavering on the edge of release.

He had never felt manlier than he did at that moment, as he chose to thrust his stiffening dick into the hot slut beneath him once more knowing full well what would happen even as he did so, and then he was roaring out the satisfying agony of his climax, a flash of anger rippling through him as control of his body was forcibly wrested away by unstoppable reflex. The muscles of his arms tensed as he grabbed Amy's shoulders and sank himself fully into her one last time, and his large balls clenched with irrevocable finality. His dick began its own rhythmic pulsing deep inside the fertile body of his former nerdy best friend, and Josh couldn't help but send his largest load yet spurting into her unprotected depths as his bimbo cheerleader girlfriend's slutty pussy continued to exert its irresistible influence over his powerful body.

For her part, Amy was overwhelmed with bliss as soon as she felt his cock jerking inside of her, steadily pushing against her walls with each throb. She remembered the first time she had been entranced by the hypnotic pulsing of his cock in her hand, watching it tense and surge as it released its load in response to her stimulations, and the knowledge that that was happening inside her flirty pussy at that very moment was more than she could take. She

sank her fingernails into her Josh's broad back as she screamed out her own orgasm, and the contractions of her powerful abdominal muscles involuntarily pulled Josh's potent seed further up into her fertile reproductive tract, making it more likely that his strong genes would merge with hers. Amy had finally accomplished her goal, and she reveled in the sensation of warm, sticky fullness growing within her as his large balls continued to pump what seemed like an endless supply of cum into her body, full of catalyzing potential.

As her virile mate filled her pussy to overflowing, unknowingly intent on using her body to make more copies of himself, Amy realized she'd never felt happier or more fulfilled in her life.

The day after not being able to resist busting a fat nut raw inside his sexy girlfriend for the first time, Josh finally decided that it was time to face his father.

"Dad, what was Grandpa like? I was so young when he died that I don't really remember him." Josh said, trying to stay calm and control his churning emotions as he fished for info.

His father leaned back in his chair, and his eyes took on a faraway look. "He was a powerful man. Even taller than I am, and strong as an ox. He played professionally for a couple years, but this was before you could make any money at it, so he quit to get a factory job to support his large family."

"Was he always that big?"

"He did mention a few times that he had hit a sudden growth spurt after he turned eighteen."

"What about you, dad? Were you always this big and strong?"

His father looked him solidly in the eye for a few seconds before answering. "No. I was pretty small when I was a kid. Kinda bookish. I got beat up a lot, and didn't have many friends. That all changed around my 18th birthday. I met your mom, went out for the football team, and from that point on life kept getting better."

Josh felt himself growing angrier, and his frustration at himself for not being able to help it just increased his rage.

"It's the football, isn't it?! That's what's changing me and Amy?"

"Yes son, it is," his father responded calmly.

"Why would you do something like that to your own son!?"

"Because I wanted you to see the same success your grandfather and I have. Also, it's an heirloom in our family, and it's your birthright."

"Birthright!? How is becoming dumber and angrier a 'birthright'? And how is working for an auto shop 'success'?"

His father ignored the jab. "Son, you have to look at it pragmatically. Eventually you'll see that it's a change for the better, just as I did."

"But I didn't *want* to change!"

"Are you sure? Do you hate being the star quarterback of the football team? Having beautiful women throw themselves at you day after day? You would rather choose to continue to be ignored, in the hopes that a decade from now you might make enough money from being smart to make up for losing the best years of your youth?"

Josh was a bit taken aback at the intensity of his father's words, though his father was just as patient as ever as he uttered them. Josh took a second to calm himself down and tried to think about the situation rationally, still unused to how much harder it was to spend any lengthy amount of time in thought. He wasn't sure how much he could trust his feelings after his transformation, but as much as he hated it, his dad was right. He loved playing football now, and he loved the attention and popularity that came with being really good at it. And he especially loved the attention he was getting from women. *Particularly from Amy*, he thought, remembering how good her sexy body had felt on the end of his cock the night before as he emptied himself into her.

"But what about Amy? She didn't ask for any of this!" he demanded next, having remembered that he wasn't the only one affected by his current predicament.

"Ah yes, Amy. I've noticed the way she's been filling out recently. She was an excellent choice, son."

"It wasn't a choice! She touched the ball by accident and now she's becoming a sexy bimbo cheerleader!"

"Have you talked to her about all this? What does she think about what's happening? Son, you're going through some pretty powerful changes right now, and you're probably starting to feel some powerful new urges to go along with it. It was very important that you pick someone who can go through this alongside you, who can *keep up* with you, because things can easily get a bit... out of control if you're not careful. Don't worry about Amy. I promise that if she's anything like your mother, she's loving *every bit* of what's happening."

That evening Amy came back over, now that the cat was out of the bag about their relationship. His dad greeted her politely, told the two of them to stay safe and have fun, and went back to watching his football game.

"I talked to Dad," Josh informed her once they were alone. "He confirmed that the football is what's been changing us, and that he did it to us on purpose," Josh said, watching her face intently for her reaction to the news.

"Oh. Well, that's what we thought anyway though, right? At least now we know, I guess. Wanna fuck?" she asked, grinning and cupping her bra-less tits for him, knowing the effect they would have on his supercharged libido.

"Amy, don't you even care that this has been done to you without your consent?"

"I mean, I guess. But there's nothing we can do about it now, right? I know that you'll take care of me, and I'm really enjoying cheerleading and fucking you, so I'm not too worried about it. Plus, I feel so *good* all the time now!"

"But what about your dreams? You were going to be an award-winning author!"

"Yeah, and I guess I should totally be sad about that, but that stuff just seems so boring now..." Amy made a show of acting disappointed about not becoming an author, but Josh could tell that, ultimately, she was glad the football had made her so happy and sexy. "There are plenty of people writing books, though, and I, like, want to enjoy my own life! With you!" she said, glancing down at his crotch suggestively.

"If you're sure..." he grunted as his dick swelled. Josh felt the familiar sensation of his mind clouding as the proximity of his sexy girlfriend's enticing pussy began monopolizing his thoughts once more.

"I'm sure! Will you fuck me now? I forgot to bring the condoms though," she said impishly, looking down at his hardening dick with a twinkle in her eye. She already knew the answer, of course.

End of Chapter 2

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 find yourself enjoying my stories, please consider supporting my work on Patreon, at www.patreon.com/fidget1. Patrons get a full two months of early access to my stories, input into which stories I write, and some other fun perks. Every little bit helps, and your support is what enables me to keep doing what I love!